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DR TALMAGE ON THE CHASE AFTER THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

People Who Pursue Worldly Pleasures As Eagerly as the Hound Follows the Mare-The Grandour of the Christian's

A HUNTING SCENE.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 26.—In the forencen service at the Tabernacle te-day, Rev. Br. Talmage took for his subject a most seasonable one: "A Minning Scene," the text being Genesis, 49:27: "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil."

A few uights ago eight hundred men encamped along the Long Island Railroad so as to be ready for the next morning, which was the first "open day" for deer hunting. Between sunrise and two o'clock in the arternoon of that day fifteen deer were shot. On the 20th of October our woods and forests resound October our woods and forests resound with a shock of firearms, and are tracked of pointers and septers, because the quail are then a lawful prize for the sportsman. On a certain day in all Engagers land you can hear the crack of the sportsman's gun, because grouse hunting has begun; and every man that can afford the time and ammunition, and can draw a bead, starts for the fields. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far East, people, elephant-mounted, chase the tiger. The American Indian darts his arrow at the buffalo until the frightened herd tumbles over the rocks. European nobles are often found in the fox chase and at the stag-hunt. Francis
I. was called the father of hunting. Moses declares of Nimrod: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." Therefore, in all ages of the world, the imagery of my text ought to be suggestive, whether it means a wolf after a fox, or a man after a lion. Old Jacob, dying, is telling the fortunes of his children. The Queen Dowager of Navarre was offered for her wedding day a costly and beautiful pair of gloves, and she put them on; but they were poisoned gloves, and they took her life. Better a bare hand of cold privation than a warm and He prophesies the devouring propensities of Benjamin and his descendants. With his dim old eyes he looks off and sees the hunters going out to the fields, ranging them all day, and at nightfall com-

wild beasts that slay their prey, and then drag it back to the cave or lair, and divide it among the young.

I take my text, in the first place, as descriptive of those people who in the morning of their life give themselves up to hunting the world, but afterward, by the grace of God, in the evening of their life divide among themselves the spoils of Christian character. There are aged of Christian character. There are aged Christian men and women in this house who, if they gave testimony, would tell you that in the morning of their life were after the world as intense as a hound after a hare, or as a falcon swoops upon a gazelle. They wanted the world's plaudits and the world's gains. They felt that if they could get this world they would have everything. Some of them started out for the pleasures of the world. They thought that the man who world. They thought that the man who world. They thought that the man who laughed loudest was happiest. They tried repartee, and conundrum, and burlesque, and madrigal. They thought they would like to be Tom Hoods, or Charles Lambs, or Edgar A. Poes. They mingled wine, and sunsic, and the spectacular. They were worshippers of the harlequin, and the Merry Andrew, and the buffoon, and the jester. Life was to them foam, and bubble, and cachinnation, and roystering, and grimace. They were so full of glee they could hardly repress their mirth, even on solemn occasions, and they came near bursting out hilariously even at the burial, Lecause there was something so odorous in the tone or countenance of the undertaker. After swhile, misfortune struck them hard on the back. They found them was something they could not laugh at. Under their late hours their health gave away, or there was a death in the house. Of every green thing their soul was exfo-They found out that life was more than a joke. From the heart of God they blazed into their soul an earnestness they had never felt before. They awoke to their sinfulness and their immortality, and here they sat sixty or seventy years of age, as appreciative all innocent mirth as they ever were, but they are bent on a style of satisfaction which in early life they never hunted; the evening of their days brighter than

game, and one takes a coney, and an-

other a rabbit, and another a roe. "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil."

Or it may be a reference to the habits of

the morning. In the morning they devoured the prey, but at night they divid-Then there are others who started out for financial success. They see how lim-ber the rim of a man's hat is when he bows down before someone transpicuous. They felt they would like to see how the world looked from the window of a four thousand dollar turn-out, They thought they would like to have the morning sunlight tangled in the headgear of a dashing span. They wanted bridges in the park to resound under the rataplan of their swift hoofs. They wanted a gilded baldrick, and so they started on the dollar hunt. They chased it up one street and chased it down another. They followed it when it burother. They followed it when it burrowed in the cellar. They treed it in the roof. Wherever a dollar was expected to be, they were. They chased it across the ocean. They chased it across the land. They stopped not for the night. Hearing that dollar, even in the darkness, thrilled them as an Adizonal content and the land of the content and the strength of the stren rondack sportsman is thrilled at mid-night by a loon's laugh. They chased that dollar to the money vault. They chased it to the government treasury. They routed it from under the country. All the hounds were out—all the pointers and the setters. They leaped the hedges for that dollar, and they cried:—
"Hark away! a dollar! a dollar!" And "Hark away! a dollar! a dollar!" And when at last they came upon it and had actually captured it, their excitement was like that of a falconer who has successfully flung his first hawk. In the morning of their life, oh, how they devoured their prey! But their came a better time to their soul. They found that the primported pature cannot live out that an immortal nature cannot live on bank stock. They took up a Northern Pacific bond, and there was a hole in it through which they could look into the uncertainty of all earthly treasures. They saw some Ralston, living at the rate of twenty-five thousand dollars a month, leaping from San Francisco wharf because he could not continue to live at the same ratio. They saw the wizen and paralytic bankers who had changed their souls into molten gold stamped with the image of the earth, earthy. They saw some great souls by avarice turned in homunculi, and they said to themselves:—"I will seek after out that an immortal nature cannot live said to themselves:-"I will seek after

the robe of the Savieur's nighteousness; nor if they were sandalled with moreoco or ealf-skin, if they were shod with the preparation of the Gospel. Now you see peace on their countenance. Now that man says:—"What a fool I was to be enchanted with this world. Why, I have more satisfaction in five minutes in the service of God than I had in all the first years in my life while I was gain getting. I like this evening of my day a great deal better than I did the morning. In the morning I greedily devoured the prey; but now it is evening, and I am gloriously dividing the spoil."

My friends, this world is a poor thing

My friends, this world is a poor thing to hunt. It is healthful to go out in the woods and hunt. It rekindles the lustre of the eye. It strikes the brown of the autumnal leaf into the cheek. It gives to the rheamstic limbs the strength to leap like a roe. Christopher North's pet gan, the muckle-mou'd-Meg going off in the summer in the forests, had its echo in the winter time in the eloquence that rang through the university halls of Edinburgh. It is healthy to go liunting in the fields; but I tell you that it is belittling and bedwarfing you that it is belittling and bedwarfing and belaming for a man to kunt this world, the hammer comes down on the gun-cap, and the barrel explodes and kills you instead of that which you are pursuing. When you turn out to hunt the world, the world turns out to hunt you; and as many a sportsman aiming his gun at a panther's heart has gone down under the striped claws, so, while you have been attempting to devour this world, the world has been devouring you. So it was with Lord Bryon. So it you. So it was with Lord Bryon. So it was with Coleridge. So it was with Catharine of Russia. Henry II. went out hunting for this world, and its lances struck through his heart. Francis I. aimed at the world, but the assassin's dagger put an end to his ambition and his life with one stroke. Mary Queen of Scota wrote on the window of her cas-

poisoned glove of ruinous success. "Oh," says some young man in the audience. "I believe what you are preaching. I am going to do that very thing. In the morning of my life I am ing home, the game slung over the shoulder, and reaching the door of the tent, the hunters begin to distribute the going to devour the prey, and in the evening I shall divide the spoils of Christian character. I only want a little while to sow my wild oats, and then I will be good." Young man, did you ever take the census of all the old people? How many old people are there in your house? One, two or none? How many in a yest assemblage like this? many in a vast assemblage like this?
Only here and there a gray head,
like the patches of snow here and
there in the fields on a late April
day. The fact is that the tides of the years are so strong, that men go down under them before they get to be sixty, before they get to be fifty, before they get to be forty, before they get to be thirty; and if you, my young brother, resolve now that you will spend the resolve now that you will spend the morning of your days devouring the prey, the probability is that you will never divide the spoils in the evening hour. He who postpones until old age the religion of Jesus Christ postpones it forever. Where are the men who, thirty years ago, resolved to become Christians in old age, putting it off a certain number of years? They never go to be old. The railroad collision, or the steambast explosion, or the steambast explosion, or the steambast explosion, or the steambast explosion. the steamboat explosion, or the slip on the ice, or the falling ladder, or the sud-den cold put an end to their opportuni-ties. They have never had an opportunity since, and never will have an op-portunity again. They locked the door of Heaven against their souls, and they threw away their keys. They chased the world, and they died in the chase. The wounded tiger turned on them.
They failed to take the game they pursued. Mounted on a swift courser, beared the hedge, but the courser fell on them and crushed them. Proposing to barter their soul for the world, they lost

both and got neither. While this is an encouragement to old people who are still unpardoned, it is no encouragement to the young who are putting off the day of grace. This doctrine that the old may be repentant is to be taken cauticusty. It is medicine that kills or cures. The same medicine, given to different patients, in one case it saves life, and in the other it destroys it. This possibility of repentance at the close of life may cure the old man

while it kills the young. Be cautious in Again, my subject is descriptive of those who come to a sudden and a radical change. You have noticed how short a time it is from morning to night
—only seven or eight hours. You know that the day has a very brief life. its heart beats twenty-four times, and then it is dead. How quick this transition in the character of these Benjamites! "In the morning they shall devour the prey, and at night they shall divide the spoils." Is it possible that there shall be such a transformation in any of our characters? Yes, a man may be at seven o'clock in the morning an all-devouring worldling, and at seven o'clock at night he may be a peaceful, distributive Christian. Conversion is instantaneous. A man passes into the kingdom of God quicker than down the sky runs zig-zag lightning. A man may be anxious about his soul for a great many years ; that does not make him a Christian. A man may pray a great while; that does not make him a Christian. A man may resolve on the refor-mation of his character, and have that resolution going on a great while; that does not make him a Christian. But the very instant when he flings his sonl on the mercy of Jesus Christ, that instant the mercy of Jesus Christ, that instant is lustration, emancipation, resurrection. Up to that point he is going in the wrong direction; after that point he is going in the right direction. Before that moment he is a child of sin; after that moment he is a child of God. Before that moment devouring the prey; after that moment dividing the spoil. Five minutes is as good as five years. My hearers, you know very well that the best things you have done you have done in a flash. You made up your mind in an instant to buy, or te sell, or to invest, or to stop, or to start. If you had missed that one chance, you would have missed it forever. Now just as precipitate, and quick and spontaneous will be the ransom of your soul. Seene morning you were making a calculation. You got on the track of some financial or social game. With your pen or pencil you were pursuing it. That very morning the point is going in the religious journals tells an amusing story of the Rev. Dr. Macaguegr, of St. Cubert's, Edinburgh. Entering one of the Scottish pulpits, Enterin

soul?" And they told me, "To-night."
And I said to others, "When did you
give your heart to God?" And they said,
"To-night." And I said to stiff others.
"When did you resolve to serve the Lord
all the days of your life?" And they
said, "To-night." I saw by the gayety
of their apparel that when the grace of
God struck them they were devouring
the prey; but I saw also, in the flood of
joyful tears, and in the kindling raptures
on their brew, and in their exhilarant
and transporting utterances, that they

is imparadisation. It is enthronement. Religion makes a man master of earth, of death and of hell. It goes forth to gather the medals of victory won by Prince Emanuel, and the diadems of Heaven, and the glories of realms terestrial, and celestial, and then, after ranging all worlds for everything that is resplendent, it divides the speil. What was it that James Turner, the famous English evangelist was doing when in his dying moments he said: "Christ is all? Christ is all?" Why, he was entering into light: he was rounding the Cape of Good, Hope; he was dividing the spoil. Good Hope; he was dividing the spoil.
What was the aged Christian Quakeress doing when at eighty years of age she arose in the meeting one day and said:
"The time of my departure is come. My grave clothes are falling off?" She was

dividing the spoil. What is Daniel now doing, the lion tamer? and Elijah who was drawn by the flaming coursers? and Paul, the rattling of whose chains made kings quake? and all the victims of flood, and fire, and wreck, and guillotine—where are they? Dividing the spoil.

Ten thousand times ten thousand In sparkling raiment bright. The armies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light.

Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Lift high your gelden gates,
And let the victors in.

Oh, what a grand thing it is to be a Christian ! We begin now to divide the spoil, but the distribution will not be completed to all eternity. There is a poverty-struck soul, there is a businessespoiled soul, there is a sin-struck soul, there is a bereaved soul—why do you not come and get the spoils of Christian character, the comfort, the joy, the peace, the salvation that I am sent to offer you in my Master's name? to offer you is my Master's name? Though you knees knock together in weakness though your eyes rain tears of uncontrolable weeping—come and get the spoils. Rest for all the weary. Pardon for all the guilty. Labor for all the bestormed. Life for all the dead to wearly believe that the the dead. I verily believe that there are some who have come in here, downcast because the world is against them, and because they feel God is against them, who will go away saying:

I came to Jesus as I was, Weary and worn and sad; I found in him a resting place, And he has made me glad.

Though you came in children of the world, you may go away heirs of Heaven. Though this very autumnal morning you were devouring the prey, now, all worlds witnessing, you may divide the spoil.

Fact or Fancy.

The story that tells of swans singing before death is very old, and of course is founded upon fancy. The idea has been brought down from the ancient myths. The voice of the swan is extremely harsh and disagreeable, without a single musical note in it, and no good reason can be found for liking some of the world's sweetest poets to this unmelo-dious-voiced fowl. If not intended as a bit of sarcasm, calling Pindar the "Heliconian Swan of Thebes," Virgil the "Swan of Mantua," and Shakespeare the "Swan of Avon," seems the acme of the

The only approach to a verification we have ever seen is the following, clipped some years ago from a Virginian news.

paper: "A sporting friend, recently returned from a foray upon the Potomac River, below Mount Vernon, was the guest of a venerable and highly intelligent lady, who has always lived on the Potomac. Speaking of the swan, she gave it as her decided opinion that this bird was in the habit of singing or making a plaintive noise when dying. The reason she gave for entertaining this belief was that on very many occasions in the last fifty years she had been awakened at night by a sweet and exceedingly sad noise, something like the tones of a flageolet. coming over the water, and that on every subsequent morning a dead swan was found to be floating on the water or to have been washed ashore."

death.

It Reminded Her.

The young man was prematurely gray, and was not a little proud of it. "Looks you were devouring the prey; but that you were in a different mood. You wondered how you could get it for yourself and for your family. You wendered what resources it would give you new and hereafter. You are dividing the spoil.

The young man was prematurely gray, and was not a little proud of it. "Looks quite poetic, don't you think?" he could not forboar asking of the young woman he was calling on. "It does remind me of a certain poem, I must admit," said she. "And what poem is that?" "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin." And his hair went on whitening at a more rapid rate than ever.—Indianapolis Journal.

SCHENCE IS PROGRESSING.

read before the Chemical Sec

of their apparel that when the grace of God struck them they were devouring the prey; but I saw also, in the flood of by unit is was as and in the kindling raptures on their brew, and in their exhilarant and transporting utterances, that they were dividing the epoil. If you have been in this building when the lights are adding to, if not enriching, our hung were dividing the epoil. If you have been in this building when the lights are struck at night, you know that with one touch of electricity they are all blazed. Oh, I would to God that the darkuess of your souls might be broken up, and that by one quick, overwhelming, instantance ous fisses of illumination, you might'be brought into the light and the liberty of the sons of God!

You see that religion is a different thing from what some of you people supposed. You thought it was decadence; you thought it was decadence; you thought it was indivary robery; that it struck one dewn and left him half dead; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; that it plucked out the pluness of the soul; the soul is the soul; the soul is the

Hew Aristophanes would have loved this

Appetizing Finds.



The magnitude of the Pullman Sleeping Car Company is impressively indicated by the following figures from its annual stronger just issued and compiled by The Reilway Age: Assets, \$61,791,643; capital stock, \$36,000,000; net surplus, \$25,151,643; earnings from cars last year, \$9,200.685; earnings from manufacturing and investments, \$2,189,199; total revenue, \$41,339,896; disbursements, implified operating expenses and dividends, \$7,398,447; surplus for the year, \$4,006,448; number of cars—sleeping, dining, parlor and tourist—owned and controlled, 2573; passengers carried last year, 5,673,129; mileage gers carried last year, 5,673,129; mileage of railway covered by contracts, 126,975; number of employes, 14,635; wages for the year, \$7,751,644.

Only ten years ago the assets were but \$23,095,399; the capital stock, \$13,269,000; the earnings, \$4,093,245; the number of cars, 579. An Adventure in Paris?

An American girl who has lived in Paris declares that that great metropolis is absolutely provincial and countri-fied in many respects. Here in Chi-cago one may go her way andisturbed, though she wears a tub on her head, but there one has to subscribe to the tradi-

The girl in question tells how at one time she bought a pretty little felt cap, very much alse a Tam O Shanter, in the Latin quarter. Naturally, having bought it, she pit it on her head and went out. Now, it seems that these parcicular hats were worn only by men, though the fact did not dawn upon the American girl until she found herself with a following of small boys, who hooted at her and gived her, and men who laughed tempetuously. It men who laughed tempethously. It really looked as it she would have to call a closed carriage in order to get home dive, but she suddenly bethought her of a more speedy and economical plan. She snatched off the offending cap, rolled it in her hand, and went on bare-neaded. At once she ceased to be an enject of attention. The grisette, you see, often goes bareheaded, even when she is very nicely dressed, and so, disguised as a grisette, the and so, disguised as a grisette, the "frank and free young Yankee maiden"

got home in beautiful safety.

She never donned that cap again while she remained in Paris—never But when she returned to her native heath she wore it complacently, and still wears it when the fancy seizes her, and no ene looks at it twice or seems to care. Whereupon Paris seems countrified by contrast, or so she says.

Trees may be transplanted in the fall after the leaves have fallen, or in the spring before the buds have swollen and started to grow. Any time when the trees are dormant if fit for the purpose. eds of trees should be sown in a bed Seeds of trees should be sown in a bed of fine soil, in rows two feet apart and a foot apart in the rews. They are kept free from weeds as other plants are, and may be transplanted when a year old, in the spring. The tap root is cut off and only the side roots left. These are trimmed a little and the trees set in the ground in the protein as pastural a position. with the roots in as natural a position as when they were taken up. The roots must not be permitted to dry. Evergeen trees may be transplanted in the winter by preparing the new ground for them in the fall, where it was necessary en account of the freezing of the soil. The trees are dug about in the fall or before the ground is frozen, and the long roots are cut. The trench is filled with leaves with some loose soil on them. The holes for the trees are filled in the same manner, and when the ground about the trees is frozen they are toosened and moved to the new places. The trench around the roots is then filled with fresh soil kept for the purpess, unfrozen, and earth is heaped about the trees and covered with leaves or brush until the spring; then the loose soil is worked down around the roots and the trees grow right on. Large trees may be moved safely in this way. with the roots in as natural a position

ELECTRIC HARNESS ON A RIVER.

A Massachusetts Scheme Which Is Expected to Build a Manufacturing Town.

Conway Village, in Massachusetts, three miles and a half from the well-known summer resort of Ashfield, is to be convented into a bustling manufacturing town and market center, if an ambittown water power scheme described by The New York Evening Post now on by The New York Evening Peet now on foot is ever consummated. It involves the harnessing up of Seuth river by the electricians, Conway, it is true, already has cotton and woolen mills, but they are not large enough to give it distinction as a factory town. In the feur miles of ils course from Conway Center to the Deerfield river South river falls several bundred feet, rushing down over rocks and ledges, and then out over a sandy bed, but always confined between high hills, which in places becomes almost inaccessible cliffs. This valuable water power has hitherto been lost to manufacturers. Some distance before the Deerfield River is reached a ledge of rock rines sixty to one hundred feet above the bed of the stream, extends at right angles from the north wall of the river gorge to within ninety-five feet of the opposite wall, and forms almost a perfect dam. It is proposed to complete this dam, by which means the water could be made to flow back three-quarters of a mile and a capacity of 125,000,000 gallons could be obtained. The depth of water just above the dam would be nearly sixty feet; 1200 feet from the dam it would measure 45 feet, and one-half a mile back 22½ feet. The proposed power-house for the generation of electricity will be located 450 feet below the dam, and the fall from top of the dam to the water wheels will be 108 feet. It is estimated that with two 15-inch wheels on a herizontal shaft over 600 horse power can be developed. The electricity generated will be used chiefly horse power can be developed. The electricity generated will be used chiefly to operate an electric railroad for freight to operate an electric railroad for freight and passengers between Conway Center and the steam railroad in the valley. The result would be to bring Conway into touch with the outer world and to make of it the railroad town for pastoral Ashfield. Another prospective use for the electricity is the transmission of the current to neighboring towns or cities for lighting purposes. Northampton, is only fifteen miles distant, and electricians say that a current could be sent to that say that a current could be sent to that place sufficiently strong to light the whole city.

Ragged Robert (on a weary journey)—
Wot's that yeh jus' picked up?
Tired Tolliver—A bundle o' toothpicks some feller has drepped.
Ragged Robert (hungrily)—That's encouragin'. Mebby we'll find a finger-bowl by-an'-by.

PULLMAN COMPANY FIGURES.
Wonderful Growth of the Organization in Ten Years.

A Passenger's Vivid Dream.

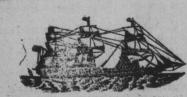
A young business man of Moline, Hi., beught a furnace and had it set up Saturday. Sunday he werked all day showing his wife how to work it, so she would not burn the house down, and that evening he took a sleeper for St. Louis. Near Fulton he had a vivid dream. He thought his house was aftround his family was locked up inside. With yells of desperation which fairly freze the blood of the other passengers in the sleeper he kicked in the door and found the floor burned away, his wife and everything in the house cremated, A Passenger's Vivid Dream.

broken glass. The passengers notified the conductor, and when the train was backed they found the man walking to meet it. He was clad only in his night elothes. It was almost impossible to believe his story, but his condition and the deserted berth containing his clothes and the broken window confirmed it.— St. Louis Globe Deserts.

Poor Old Kossuth. Louis Kossuth, who is now in his 92nd year, has for some time past been growing increasingly weary of life, and now in every message to his compatriots he expresses the hope that he may soon be relieved of the burden of the flesh. Last week, in writing to a society which had congratulated him on his ninety-first birthday, he said: "It will be a blessing for me if your congratulations are the last I receive, as I earnestly hope they will be." To-day, again, a private letter is published, in which the ex-Dictator of Hungary says: "The weight of years bows me down. My old hands, indeed, do not yet tremble, but my eyesight is darkened. I see only the outlines of objects, and can read neither manuscript or printed matter, I write without being able to see one words, and while in this condition I have been obliged, not through any contract. but by a promise, to finish a book." Kossuth here refers to the new volume of his memoirs, which is now in the hands of the printer.

In the Interest of Matrimony. Railers against matrimony will find a hard nut to crack in the fact that in France it has been computed that 75 per cent. of the male criminals are unmarried men. Marriage may have its drawbacks, but it evidently checks crime, a least in France, and the best thing the French Government can do, therefore, is to encourage all young Frenchmen to marry as soon as they can.

LAKE ONTARIO STEAMBOAT COMPANY.



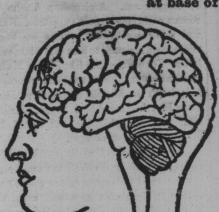
NORTH KING

NEW FAST AND ELECTRIC-LIGHTED.

DAILY FOR ROCHESTER

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

STOMACH AND LIVER CURE The Wonderfal HEALTH BUILDER & NERVE FOOD Chronic Diseases are caused by Deranged Nerve Centres at base of the Brain.



T ATE discoveries have absolutely proven that the Stomach, Liver, Lungs, and indeed all internal organs, are controlled by the nerve centres at the base of the brain. The manufacturer of SOUTH AMERICAN NERWINE has studied this subject closely for more than twenty-five years, and has lately demonstrated that two-thirds of our Chronic Diseases, are due to the imperfect action of nerve centres, either within or at the base of the brain and not from a derangement of the organs themselves; hence that the ordinary methods of treatment are wrong.

As all know, a serious injury to the spinal cord, will at once cause Paralysis of the body below the injured part, it therefore will be equally well understood, how the derangements of the nerve centres, will cause the derangement of the different organs of the body which they supply with Nerve Fluid or Nerve Force.

The wonderful success of South American Nervine is due alone to the fact that it is based on the foregoing principle. The use of a single bottle of this remedy will convince the most incredulous. It is indeed, a veritable Nerve Food and Will Relieve in One Day the varied forms of Nervous Disease and Stomach Troubles.

Nervous Diseases.

This class of diseases, is rapidly increasing each year, on account of the great wear our mode of living and labor imposes upon the nervons system. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir, are dependent upon nervous exhaustion, impaired digestion, and a deteriorated and impoverished condition of the blood. The SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE is a great nerve food and nerve builder and this accounts for its marvellous power to cure the varied forms of nervous disease, such as Neuralgia, Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, St. Vitus's Dance, Nervous Choking, Nervous Paroxysms, Twitching of the Muscles, Hot Flashes, Mental Despondency, Forgetfulness, Sleeplessness, Restlessness, Nervousness of Females, Palpitation of the Heart, Sexual Weakness, etc., etc.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

My daughter, twelve years old, had been afflioted for several months with Chorea or St. Vitus's Danee. She was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk, could not talk, could not swallow anything but milk; I had to handle her like an infant. Doctors and neighbors gave her up. I commenced giving her the South American Nervine Tonic, and the effects were very surprising. In three days she was rid of the nervousness, and rapidly improved. Four bottles cured her completely. I think the South American Nervine the grandest remedy ever discovered, and would recommend it to everyone.

Mrs. W. T. Ensminger.

State of Indiana
Montgomery County,
Subscribed and sworn to before me this May 19, 1887.
CHAS. M TRAVIS, Notary Public.

A WONDERFUL CURE FOR
INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA, Loss of Appetite, Weight and Tenderness in the Stomach, Sour Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Wind upon the Stomach, Nausea and Sick Stomach,

Sick-Headache, Hiccough, Water-Brash, Heartburn, Vertigo and Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Frightful Dreams, etc. The Stomach suffers more than any of the other organs from disease, because into it are taken so many indigestible and irritating substances as articles of food. In its great effort to digest these, it soon becomes weakened and diseased. Under such circumstances, it is not wonderful, that so many complain of Indigestion and weak stomachs. When the Stomach fails to digest and assimilate the food, the whole body falls into a state of weakness and decay, for Nature has decreed that the body must constantly receive nutriment

through the Stomach, to repair the waste of tissue constantly going on in the The South American Nervine Is probably the greatest remedy ever discovered for the cure of all Chronic Stomach troubles, because it acts through the nerve centres. It gives marked relief in one day, and very soon effects a permanent cure. The

first bottle will convince anyone that a cure is certain. WHAT EX-MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, REUBEN



E. TRUAX, SAYS. E. TRUAX, SAYS.

I have been for about ten years very much troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia, have tried a great many different kinds of patent medicines, and have been treated by a number of physicians and found no benefit from them. I was recommended to try SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE. I obtained a bottle, and I must say I have found very great relief, and have since taken two more bottles, and now feel that I am entirely free from indigestion, and would strongly recommend all my fellow sufferers from the disease, to give SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE an immediate trial.

(My signature) Ruben & Lung Walkerton, Ontario. Price, One Dollar



In Bed Six Years Hartford City, Blackford Co., Indiana, June 8, '93. South American Medicine Company.

Gentlemen: I received a letter from you May 27, stating that you had heard of my wonderful recovery

from a spell of sickness of six years duration, through the use of South American Nervine, and asking for my testimonial. I will gladly state how I was afflicted and how I was delivered from my pain and suffering. I was near thirty-five years old, when I took down with nervous prostration. Our family physician treated me, but without benefiting me in the least. My nervous system seemed to be entirely shattered, and I constantly

FROM NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

The physician seemed to be entirely shattered, and I constantly had very severe shaking spells. In addition to this I would have vomiting spells, and there would be from eighteen to twenty days at a time that I could not retain anything on my stomach. Many consultations were held by physicians over my case, but they all agreed that I would never leave my bed. During the years I lay sick, my folks had an eminent physician from Dayton, Ohio, and two from Columbus, Ohio, to come and examine me. They all said I could not live. I got to having spells like spasms, and would lie cold and stiff for a time after each. At last I lost the suse of my body—could not rise from my bed or walk a step, and had to be lifted like a child; all the time suffering intense pain, and taking almost every known medicine. Part of the time I could read a little, and one day saw an advertisement of your medicine and concluded to try one bottle. By the time I had taken one and one-half bottles I could rise treal well. The shaking went away gradually, and I could eat and sleep good, and felt real well. The shaking went away gradually, and I could eat and sleep good, and my friends could scarcely believe it was I. I am sure this medicine is the best in the world. It was a god-send to me, and I believe it saved my life. I give my name and address, so that if anyone doubts my statement they can write me, or our postmaster or any citizen, It was a god-send to me, and I believe it saved my life. I give my halfe and addition, so that it anyone doubts my statement they can write me, or our postmaster or any citizen, as all are acquainted with my case. I am new forty-one years of age, and expect to live as long as the Lord has use for me and do all the good I can in helping the suffering.

MISS ELLEN STOLTZ.

Will a remedy which can effect such a marvellous cure as the above, cure you? A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL SPEAKS.



A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL SPEAKS.

PETERBORO, Ontario, June 27, 1893.

To the Proprietor of South American Nervins.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in recommending the great South American Nervine to all who are afflicted as I have been, with nervous prostration and indigestion. I found very great relief with nervous prostration and indigestion. I found very great relief from the very first bottle, which was strongly recommended to me by my druggist. I also induced my wife to use it, who, I must say, was completely run down and was suffering very much from general debility. She found great relief from SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE, and also cheerfully recommends it to her fellow sufferers.

(My Signature). Rev WS Barker

Sick Headache.

Is dependent on deranged nerve centres and indigestion. Hence its cure must come through building up the Nervous System and curing the Stomach. SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE will absolutely cure this dreaded malady and

E. GREGORY

Wholesale and Retail Agent for

LINDSAY.