SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S STIRRING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Narrow Escapes."

TEXT: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth," Job xix., 20.

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavements and bankruptcy and a fool of a wife he wished he was dead, and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul, but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but, as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance. You can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel and hold on with your fingers until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you; you drop into it; you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but after all get off—"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out, and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say: "That is just what might have been expected." He always was of that turn of mind, in youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At seven he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse he dared not ride, no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckless; his midlife very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say: "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say: "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian."

In other words, we all admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the gospel than for others.

I may be addressing some who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays and who have at present no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on. And yet you may find yourself escaping before you hear the end, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch and drop their nets and after awhile come ashore pulling in their nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish; the wind is in the right direction; the gospel net is strong. O thou who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us to-day how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state I know not. There are two gates to your nature—the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword stroke for sword stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood, but if I come and knock at the door of your house you open it and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you today with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you answer me with sarcasm, blow for blow, stroke for stroke, but when I come and knock at the door of your heart you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life and die the same peaceful death? I received a letter sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality and look upon the deathbed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I may not doubt? Ah, skepticism is a dark and doleful land! Let me see that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples.

We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men in the churches who would not be trusted for $5 without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they let off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God, a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we drew a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

Again, there may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against, and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know of a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church, but if you will go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosions of temper. Now, there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle these hot breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world that we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting redhot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation and not a petulancy that blurs and unravels and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in midlife who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will, yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven, the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong and start anew, God will help you. Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for a while and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon, they will give it and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven—yea, seven hundred times—yea, though this be the ten thousandth time He is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

If, with all the influences favorable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder it is when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue and pulls a man down with bands of destruction! If under such circumstances he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side and bend and twist and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke until, with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins start out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as with the skin of his teeth.

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer and John Knox and Huss and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Water street, Pearl street, Broad street, State street, Third street, Lombard street and the bourse. On earth they were called brokers or stockjobbers or retailers or importers, but in heaven Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet, no inquisition demanded from them recantation, no soldier aimed a spike at their heart, but they had mental tortures, compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged that they have lost faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy turvy they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate argument to prove to them the truth of Christianity or the truth of anything else touches them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but I put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world, but the earth seceded from His government, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years He has been coaxing the world to come back to Him, but the more He has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try Him and see if He will not help. Try Him and see if He will not pardon. Try Him and see if He will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of His heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust into the cool mountain torrent the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks, but the panting heart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded and shall never die.

DON'T let delay discourage you, but remember that the best fruit ripens slowly.

DR. R. C. FLOWER,

And His Congress of Physicians—Miracles in Medicine.

Monstrous Tumors Melt Away---The Lame Throw Aside Their Crutches and Walk---Cancer, Consumption and Chronic Troubles Cured in a Mysterious Manner.

Our readers are well acquainted with the name of Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston. His miraculous cures of the most desperate and abandoned cases when given up as incurable by leading physicians has caused the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago, *Cincinnati Enqutrer* and *New York Tribune* to say if miracles were ever performed, many of Dr. R. C. Flower's cures belong to that class of wonders. The *Cincinnati Enquirer* recently interviewed numerous prominent people in all sections of the country regarding Dr. Flower's treatment of patients. Here is what they say. They speak for themselves.

A Wonderful Cure.

Wm. Mix, a prominent lawyer and wealthy gentleman of 1044 Third avenue, Louisville, Ky.: Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston, Mass., cured my wife several years ago of the most terrible and dangerous diseases woman can be heir to. I consider Dr. Flower's cure of Mrs. Mix almost miraculous. I had spent thousands of dollars on prominent physicians in Louisville and New York without any help. After several months under the best specialists of New York she continued to grow worse, and I brought her home in the deepest despair. Under these conditions I took her to see Dr. Flower. He told her her trouble better than she could have told him, without asking a question. In a few months under Dr. Flower's treatment she was entirely cured, and has enjoyed ever since the finest health. As a physician Dr. Flower leads the world, I believe. He is a great man, his judgment is the highest authority. As a man Dr. Flower is one of the most pleasing, entertaining and cultured gentleman you ever met, and a man of the highest integrity.

Marasmus.

Henry D. Posey, 615 Chestnut street, Evansville, Ind., said: "I consider Dr. Flower the greatest physician in all the world. I don't believe there was ever such a doctor, and I doubt if there will ever be another, and I form my judgment from his work.

"I was a living skeleton when I went to see Dr. Flower, over a year ago. I could not eat anything, not even milk, without great distress. I had wasted to a shadow; I had given up hope and was given up. I resolved, as a very last resort, to consult Dr. Flower. I did so. He told me all my trouble without asking a question. Then I knew I was in the presence of a man who knew his business. I put myself under his care, and improved immediately, and am a sound, well man today. You can say for me I believe he has no equal on earth."

Fibroid Tumor.

Mrs. James E. Smith of Corydon, Ind., said: When I went to see Dr. R. C. Flower about a year ago I was suffering with a large advanced tumor. I had consulted and been treated by all the best doctors in this section of the country. They all advised an operation, and stated that unless I had one performed I would live but a few weeks, and it was by no means certain that an operation would help me. Dr. Flower told me my troubles, their origin and growth, without asking me a question. He stated that in his opinion an operation would prove fatal; on the other hand, he believed I could be successfully treated and cured without an operation. I placed myself under his treatment and began to improve immediately; today I am a well woman—no tumor, no pain, strong and happy. I wish every sick person knew of Dr. Flower.

Paralysis and Tumor---A Miracle.

Mrs. Wm. Deakyne of Sheridan, Ind., said: About a year ago I visited Dr. Flower. I was then helpless, in a paralyzed condition; went on crutches whenever I went out. A terrible tumor increased my already abnormal size rapidly. I measured over three and a half feet around the waist and over four feet from hip to hip. The disease had settled in one limb, and I had no use of it; was also fast losing my eyesight. My nerves were shattered and I had no memory. Not one of my friends ever thought I could be helped. The physicians had given me up as incurable. Dr. Flower had told me my troubles without asking me a question, or how they came upon me. I took a course of treatment under him, and, thank God, I am today a well woman. Look at me—tumor gone, natural in size, light restored, memory good, nerves like iron, no crutches—I can walk for a mile and not feel tired. Why, sir, I believe Dr. Flower to be the greatest man of this age. He is a marvel!—a giant in his work. Several of my acquaintances he has cured in the same way. The people in Sheridan speak of this cure as wonderful and miraculous.

Consumption.

"I was a sufferer with consumption," said Mrs. John D. Becker, 103 John street, Evansville, Ind. "I had doctored with numerous physicians without relief. As a last resort (and the lady laughed as she added: 'Dr. Flower is always the last resort,') "I went to see Dr. R. C. Flower. He told me all about my troubles without asking me to say a word. So pleased was I with the examination that I placed myself under his care, and began to improve immediately, and today am a well woman. Ten months ago I could do no work, could scarcely walk, spent my time lying down or in a rocking chair; now I can do any kind of work, walk as much as when I was a young girl. I cannot speak too highly of my physician," said this cultured and refined woman. "Dr. Flower is a great man, an honest, candid man. He is smart, quick and keen and wonderfully fascinating. I don't think the sick have any cause to fear if under his care."

Confirmed Invalid.

Mrs. Joseph Cromwell, Xenia, O., said: I was a helpless and confirmed invalid when I went to see Dr. R. C. Flower. I could not walk 100 feet without sitting down. Besides, I was a nervous wreck. He diagnosed my case accurately. I began to improve immediately under his treatment. Can now skip, run and do what I want. Am well, and think Dr. Flower a medical wonder.

Chronic Stomach Trouble.

Rev. S. W. Keister, Dayton, O., said: "I went to see Dr. R. C. Flower as a last resort. He told me my troubles better than I could have told him; he cured me of a dreadful stomach trouble and nervous exhaustion. I consider him the most wonderful physician living."

Saved From a Fatal Operation.

Mrs. C. E. McOmber, of Ballston Spa, N. Y., said: Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston, cured me of an enlarged, fallen, inflamed and ulcerated womb. An operation by surgical physicians was the only thing advised, and had been given up as incurable. I had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when as a last resort my husband took me to see Dr. R. C. Flower. I was under his treatment for a few months, began to improve immediately, and in a few months was cured.

Gastritis.

Mrs. Etta Miller (wife of Mr. Miller, the merchant), of Binghamton, N. Y., says: I had been a great sufferer for years with stomach trouble. I had been treated by the best physicians in New York, who all in time gave my case up as incurable. They had treated me for gastritis, catarrh and cancer of stomach, for nervous dyspepsia and consumption of stomach and bowels. As a last resort I consulted Dr. R. C. Flower, and he took my case, and in a few months I was permanently cured.

Nervous Prostration.

Mrs. Joseph R. Sprague, Brewster, N. Y.: "I had been ill for ten years when I went to Dr. R. C. Flower. After the first month's treatment felt that he had helped me wonderfully. Was in a terrible condition; had nervous prostration and cancerous stomach trouble; also suffered with terrible headaches. Had been given up as incurable by all doctors and had given up all hope myself. But, thanks to Dr. Flower's skill, I am a well woman today and able to attend to my household duties and do just what I like.

"He also cured my son of enlargement of the liver.

"I don't believe there is any need of anyone dying if they will place themselves under his care."

Fungus Stomach.

Dr. Brooks, of Brooks & Evans, a prominent dentist of Portland, Me., said: "I am an admirer of Dr. R. C. Flower. I consider him the ablest physician of the age. Why, sir, he can tell a sick person his disease without knowing anything about him or asking him a question, just as easy as he would read his name. He has most successfully treated and cured me of a very serious and dangerous internal trouble which threatened not only my immediate health, but life (fungus of the stomach.) I was almost incapacitated for work, was wasting away and rapidly losing my strength. Under his treatment I sprang into health, have gained in strength and flesh, and am now young again. Dr. Flower is to me a marvel, an unsolved wonder. He is the most fascinating and genial man you ever saw. He is quick and brilliant, and it makes one feel well and young to talk with him."

The Worst of Blood Troubles.

Mrs. A. G. Thompson late of Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, now of Pittsfield, N. H., says: Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, cured me over ten years ago of the worst blood trouble man or woman ever had. It was eating the flesh rapidly from my bones. I suffered all the misery and torture of time every hour of my life. All the leading physicians of New York and New England had treated my case and all had given me up as incurable. In this condition I applied to Dr. Flower, and in a few months was permanently cured, for in ten years I have had no return of the trouble."

(Mrs. A. G. Thompson is one of the best-known women in New York and New England, her husband being for over twenty years one of the leading heads of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.)

Throat and Lung Trouble.

Rev. P. R. Dan ey, 614 W. Edmond street, Springfield, Ill., said: "Dr. R. C. Flower saved my life. He cured me of throat, lung and heart trouble. I was a physical wreck and would soon have been in my grave. I improved immediately under his treatment, and in a few months was permanently cured."

Blood Poisoning.

Mrs. Josephine Boardman, Norwich, Vt., said: "Before going to Dr. Flower I had been given up to die by several physicians, who pronounced my disease blood poisoning and cancer.

"After a few months' treatment with Dr. Flower am entirely cured. I was confined to my bed for several years and almost paralyzed. Today I am perfectly well."

Cancer of Breast and Neck.

Mrs. Hiram Bond, Haverhill, Mass., (and wife of one of the largest shoe manufacturers in America), said: "Dr. Flower cured me in 1882 of cancer of breast and neck, also tumor of womb and left ovary. I had three operations performed, but in each case the cancer returned more violent than before. I was pronounced incurable by the leading physicians of New England. In this condition I went to see Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston. He cured me, removing every trace of cancer, tumor and bad blood, and all this without the use of a knife, without pain or my losing a drop of blood. I was under Dr. Flower's treatment about twelve months. He has cured many of my friends of similar diseases."

Gastritis.

Hon. J. Willard Rice of Boston, said: "Dr. R. C. Flower cured me of a gastric stomach trouble which threatened not only my health, but my life, and that after the best skill of New York and Boston had failed to give me relief. Dr. Flower is one of the most able, learned and skilful physicians of this age, besides he is a most genial and fascinating man and as brilliant as a star."

Stomach and Catarrh.

J. H. Tucker, a prominent farmer of Lebanon, Conn., said: "Dr. R. C. Flower has cured me of a most serious stomach and bowel trouble, together with aggravated chronic catarrh and nervous prostration. I was in absolute despair when I visited Dr. Flower. I had been disappointed by doctors in their vain attempt to cure me. No sooner did I begin Dr. Flower's treatment than I began to improve; my cure seems miraculous. Now I begin Dr. Flower's treatment than I began to improve; my cure seems miraculous. Now I am in the finest of health; I owe it all to him. And that is not all. Dr. Flower told me my troubles when I visited him without asking me a question, better than I could have told him."

Malignant Tumor.

Mrs. A. T. Longley, 801 Massachusetts avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C., said: Eight years ago Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, cured me of malignant tumor of womb and ovary, after all kinds of treatment and operations had failed. He stopped the hemorrhages and removed those eating growths without pain and without the knife. Her husband, A. T. Longley, the superintendent of government seed department, said he knew of other cures equally wonderful.

A Rheumatic Miracle.

Mrs. J. B. Shrier, Jr., 81 Spring st. eet, Charleston, S. C., said: "I truly can say that by the skill of Dr. R. C. Flower, I escaped a most horrible death. I had had rheumatism for eight years, but lately it developed chalky joints. I was informed after being treated by the leading physician of this city, that there was no cure for my disease, and that amidst great suffering I would gradually turn to stone. Besides my continual suffering I was helpless, had but little use for any of my limbs, was suffering from insomnia and nervous prostration. In other words, I was a helpless, ruined and abandoned wreck. In this condition I was taken to see Dr. R. C. Flower during one of his visits to Savannah. Under his treatment I began to improve immediately, and today I can walk as fast and well as anyone; use my limbs freely; the swelling in my joints has disappeared; I sleep well; my nerves are strong, and my cure is considered by all my friends as a miraculous escape from death."

A Miracle.

Mrs. J. D. Clark, of Jonesboro, Ga., [illegible] "I had a supposed incurable spinal [illegible] double curvature, besides other serious almost fatal troubles, a woman [illegible] braces and on crutches. The most [illegible] physician in Atlanta had treated me, [illegible] hospitals had had me for treatment, and had all given me up as incurable. In a helpless, suffering and dying condition I was taken to Dr. Flower, when almost, as if by magic, he restored me to perfect health. I don't pretend to say how he did it, but he did it."

Cancer of the Tongue.

Mrs. E. A. Selling, Avenue L and Twenty second street, Galveston, Tex., said: "In [illegible] I first consulted Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston. I was suffering from a terrible cancer on the tongue, and had given myself up to die, but in a few months he entirely cured me. I am perfectly well today. Everybody who knew my condition look upon my cure as a miracle. Dr. Flower is the most wonderful physician and wonderful man I ever knew. Go into his presence and you feel his power."

Fungus Liver.

Joel Huey, president of First National Bank of Corsicana, Texas, said: "Dr. R. C. Flower is the most wonderful physician I ever knew. He cured me of a fungus cancerous condition of the stomach and liver after numerous physicians had failed to help me and I had been given up to die."

The above testimonials are from many of the most prominent, wealthy and influential men and women of this country. They calmly and deliberately say that Dr. R. C. Flower cured them after they had been given up to die, and that if it had not been for him they would have been in their graves. They represent all kinds of business, all professions, all positions of prominence, and nearly all sections of the country. The testimony of one is the testimony of all, proving his almost supernatural power in curing the sick and that his practice girdles the world.

Dr. Flower has established a congress or staff of physicians, and is locating a physician in every state in the union. These physicians are the most skilled and able men (regardless of their school). These physicians examine patients, arrange for the treatment and send a written diagnosis of each case to him. From that time on they are under his care, the same as if the doctor had personally examined them himself. Dr. Flower's patients can be examined or re-examined as needed by skilled physicians who are in close touch and communication with the doctor's practice. Dr. Flower spares no expense in making the cure of his patients absolute and complete.

Those wishing to know more of Dr. R. C. Flower, by sending two 2-cent stamps to the Flower Medical Company, 559 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass., will receive his work entitled, "Dr. R. C. Flower in the Sick Room."

A Lost People.

A lady whose home is in the south of France writes of a visit she made recently to an island on the coast of Brittany. Those of you who have read the story of King Arthur and his knights will remember that they started out over the sea in pursuit of the dragon.

In this—the Morbihan Sea—is a little island which can be reached from the mainland only when the water is smooth. The sole inhabitant is a Breton shepherd, who lives in a little hut and spends his time caring for his sheep. The party landed and were met by the kindly faced old man, who led them over the grassy slope where his flock was feeding, and showed them the way around a hill, on the east side of which they found the entrance to a tunnel, says Goldthwaite's Magazine.

This extended some distance, and its floor, sides and roof were made of immense flat pieces of stone, covered with hieroglyphics and figures "looking somewhat like wreaths, and again like coiled serpents." At the end of this tunnel was a hall, also floored, roofed and walled with the same curious stones, and in the centre was an altar and a stone upon which it is thought that human sacrifices have been offered.

The strangest part of all is that the stones or rocks like those used in the tunnel can be found on the island and at no place nearer than 100 miles inland. Who brought them? How did they come? There is no record left—at least none has been found to tell who these people were, or anything about them.

They must have lived many centuries, but have vanished entirely, yet their work is as perfect apparently as when first built.

It is thought that they may have been Druids, who came here after they left Great Britain; others, again, think that they were worshippers of the serpent god called Hoa. But this is conjecture. All we know is that the stones are here, strangely carved, skillfully put together, but of the builders there is no trace.

In 1790 there were 4.75 inhabitants to the square mile; now there are 20.70.

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due to an impoverished condition of the blood. It should be toned, vitalized, and the best way to do this is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures

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A Big Feline Reared as a Household Pet in India.

The ounce, or snow leopard, is one of the rarest and most beautiful animals of the feline family. The London Zoological Gardens have just secured one of these animals. It will be one of the few interesting beasts lacking in the wonderful London collection.

The snow leopard inhabits the mountainous districts of Central Asia, one of the most inaccessible and least explored parts of the globe. The fine animal now at the gardens came from the Western Himalayas. He was captured when young by the retainers of Thakir Debi Chand, Chieftain of Gundla, in Lahanla, and sent as a present to Mrs. MacKay, at Kullu. She brought him up as a household pet, and this year presented him to the Zoological Gardens. He is now 6 feet long.

The snow leopard has markings similar to the ordinary leopard, but the fur on the stomach and chest is entirely white. In the other places where the fur of the ordinary leopard is yellow, it is nearly white in the snow leopard. The fur is very long and silky. The animal is also adorned with a tail of great length and beauty.

The white leopard is indeed a dandy among leopards. The expression of his magnificent eyes shows that he appreciates his own physical qualities. He puts forth proudly his fine white chest with its long, wavy hair, and he carries his tail with as much grace as a well-built young woman the train of her ball dress.

He is strong and swift and an excellent sportsman in his native places. But, in spite of his muscular strength, he is very delicate, and only thrives in mountain air. The climate of the Indian seaports has invariably been fatal to those specimens which it has been attempted to ship to Europe.

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