

# Sore Eyes

The eye is always in sympathy with the body, and affords an excellent index to its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflame and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Sarsaparilla, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Sore eyes, which produce a painful inflammation in the eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. The advice of a physician I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely cured.

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever. Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a tumor in my eye, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers. C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Sore Eyes. I have been treated with various remedies, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the first bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete. W. E. Sautter, Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, I was persuaded to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers. C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

By Taking three bottles of this medicine, I have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye. Kendall T. Brown, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing examined her, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the first bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete. W. E. Sautter, Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢, at bottles, \$1.

**SEAL SKIN SACSQUES.**

HAVING received our collection of London dyes, Double Extra Quality Alaska Seal Skin, we are now prepared to receive orders for

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**Discovered**

The discovery of the blood is the

foundation of health. The blood is the

source of life, and its purity is the

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# "The Burden"

To, whoever on earth  
God gives a burden to be carried down,  
The road that lies between the cross and  
Heaven is wholly free.

No one is wholly free,  
He is free to three.

Some carry it aloft,  
Open and visible to any eye;  
And all way are its form, and weight, and  
size.

Some hide it in their breast,  
And deem it thus concealed,  
They burden God's gift.

And it will make the bearer calm and  
strong.

Yet, test it press too heavily and long,  
He says, Cast it on Me,  
And it shall carry thee.

And those who heed his voice,  
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,  
Have quiet hearts that never can despair;  
And hope lights up the way  
Upon the darkest day.

Take then thy burden thus  
Into thy hands, and lay it at his feet,  
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,  
Or pain, or sin, or care,  
It will grow lighter there.

It is the lonely load  
That comes out the life and light of  
heaven.

But, borne with him, the soul restored,  
forgiven,  
Sings out through all the days  
Harmonies and God's high praise.

—Marianne Farmingham.

# Selected Serial.

# IN BLACK AND GOLD.

A STORY OF TWIN DRAGONS.

BY JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

# CHAPTER VI.

# THE COBBLER'S STORY.

"Good-morning! Haven't seen you for a week." Thus the hymn-writer to the cobbler.

"That's your fault for not calling. Haven't you been selling hymns?"

"Oh, yes, every day; but you're not a rich man, and I don't expect you to buy."

"I bought you 'The Road to Rain' this morning. You'll buy that; it will suit you."

"I'm afraid 'The Road to Rain' would be a poor love interest."

"Not as a warning. It meets your case. As I don't come often, I'll sit down. I regulate my visits by the Scripture; it says, 'Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest by thine often coming thou weary of them, and so hate thee.'"

"That's a good sound sense," said Jonas.

"Ain't it? The Bible's chock full of sound sense. Now, the 'Road to Rain' is out to be a good belief and obeying the Bible. We tackled that question a while ago. Do you say any more talk on it?"

"I've no objections. You made some very fair remarks. I'm open to arguments, if there are any. Let us hear them."

"Well, now, it seems to me that the Bible is the true Book of God, as it claims to be. It is that it has lived for over eighteen hundred years, and some of it over three thousand."

"I don't know as it can be proved so old, still, we'll say it is the oldest book in the world. But there are others that are as old as the hills, and have been as long as the hills. There are the works of Xanthos, Plato, Herodotus, Homer, for instance."

"Well, here they lived down so many attacks on 'em. Has there been a steady change against them that they are false and foolish, and not the work of their claimed authors? You see a fort that has stood all the attacks of all the war-planes in the world shows it is a good, solid fort. Then, here these books have been translated into all tongues, and become the property of all the world, high and low, rich and poor, learned and stupid, sick and well, young and old, men and women?"

"No, they are not of such general interest."

"And how does it come that no book that claims to have been, or shows to have been, written by man, is of this general interest that it suits and fits everybody in all ages and countries, while the book that claims to have been written by God takes just that place, and does just that work? It looks as if He, who made all men and knows what is in us, made a book to hit man's need, as no man could have fitted up?"

"That is certainly a very strong argument," said Jonas.

"So it is," said the hymn-writer, charmed with his own argument. "Did you ever see such a book for tackling vice and showing 'em up, and leading re-forms? People call 'em selves reformers and think they've earned something new, and there is that blessed old Book carrying the banners far ahead of 'em all. Just look at the Temperance work. You uphold that—and all its arguments and its principles, and its finest precepts have been in the Bible, while men were dead and dumb, letting poor souls drown in drink—and for all it is old it is always up with the times, and new and fresh. Why, it's just like Aaron's rod; they said it was only dead wood, but it all broke into bloom. Well, now, Mr. Cobbler, I say if the Bible was a human book it would have the luck of some other human book."

"I don't know," said the Cobbler; "how about Shakespeare?"

"Him as wrote the plays? Well, I'll fetch a remark as to him that I heard made by a lawyer. Shakespeare's plays have got a yoke-feller in 'Pilgrim's Progress'."

"Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated as much, reprinted as much, sold as much copies, quoted as much, commented on as much, lived in people's thoughts as much as Shakespeare. And here's another observation. Then two books both stand by and quote and believe in the Bible. 'Pilgrim's Progress' is pretty near all Bible, and Shakespeare never thought of following the Bible; it like a believer. Did ever 'nuff come home to the heart like him? Why, I've read him, and he made me cry copious. I do assure you!"

The hymn-writer saw that Jonas had no dispute with his concerning Shakespeare. But he had set himself not merely to talk to Jonas, but to win him to a belief in the

Book she loved. So she got back to her theme. "Now, my friend, we'll go where we started from. The Bible claims to be like no other book in its author or its authority, and no other book can run counter to it. Where is a law given, the Bible has it. The story of the world, the more Bible it keeps printing. Sail to any coast in the world, and somehow you'll find that book there. Its everywhere, like air and water. And here's another fact which speaks wonders for its influence and its power—and if it was a lying book it couldn't have such moral and influence—the more Bible there are in a country, the more schools, the more good homes, the more good laws, better order, the more honest property, more education. I don't see how it can be so, unless it is a lying book. You'd rather invest in Massachusetts than China. You put one of your infidels, that lives by cursing the Bible, into a cash-book house. Put in his pocket the cash he got for his last attack on the Bible, and he'll go out a night, and put in the house six strings of money, with rifles, and big knives. The infidel will fear for his money, and get out his revolver and sit up all night. And if through a blink in the door he sees him reading a portion of a worn old Bible before he goes to bed, he'll put his revolver and his big knife in the fire, and he'll be a better guard in his estimation than three policemen. He knows recals don't read it or live by it, while he is rascal enough to make his living by running it down, to people who don't read it, and won't hear of it."

"That's another strong argument," said Jonas.

"Well, I'm done arguing for today. We'll tackle this again. You read the 'Road to Rain'; here's a verse."

"There was one light to light his path, And teach him to escape from wrath; He sang the Bible clean away; 'Till meet him at the Judgment Day.'"

Yes, there'll be one place where we'll have to meet the Bible square in the eye, and be judged by it. Then, for good or evil we and the Bible will part forever."

"Are you talking about the Bible?" asked a soft voice. It was Doro, standing in the inner door. "Here is a verse about the Bible:"

"A comfortable book for them that mourn, And good to raise the courage of the poor; It lifts the veil, and shows, beyond the veil, Their Elder Brother, from His home secure, That for them desolate He died to win, Repeating, Come, ye blessed, enter in!"

Your Bible usually has dust on it, Jonas. I think you would be happier if you read it more. It is good for all trouble."

"Something has gone wrong in your life, Cobbler," said the hymn-writer.

"You wouldn't think it much, perhaps, but it was much to me."

"Yes," said the old woman, "the Scripture has it, 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddeth not with it.' But there is One who need not be a stranger to any of us, and He is our comforter. He was afflicted."

"Not in any way such as mine," said Jonas.

"Mine is a trouble of the nineteenth century. I'll tell you the whole of it, though I never told it before. From the first I can remember, I wanted above all things to be a writer, and I set myself to write a book that should last, and be remembered when I was dead. I thought I could immortalize myself. If I had had the choice given me of a fortune or authorship, I would have taken authorship and a crust. I preferred the honor of making a book to any other honor. I was not a rich man, but I was a writer, and I set myself to write a book that should last, and be remembered when I was dead. I thought I could immortalize myself. If I had had the choice given me of a fortune or authorship, I would have taken authorship and a crust. I preferred the honor of making a book to any other honor. I was not a rich man, but I was a writer, and I set myself to write a book that should last, and be remembered when I was dead. I thought I could immortalize myself. 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