REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Mothers in Israel."

ried out.

TEXT: "The mother of Sisera looked out al a window."-Judges v., 28.

Spiked to the ground of Jael's tent lay the dead commander in chief of the Canaanitish host, General Sisera, not far from the river Kishon, which was only a dry bed of pebbles when in 1889, in Palestine, we crossed it, but the guliles and ravines which ran into it in-dicated the possibility of great freshets like the one at the time of the text. General Sisera had gone out with 900 iron chariots, but he was defeated, and, his chariot wheels inter-locked with the wheels of other chariots, he could not retreat fast enough, and so he leaped to the ground an ran till, exhausted, he went into Jael's tent for safety. She had just been churning, and when he asked for water she gave him buttermilk, which in the east is considered a most refreshing drink. Very tired, and supposing he was safe, he went to sleep upon the floor, but Jael, who had resolved upon his death, took a tent pin, long and round and sharp. in one hand and a hammer in her other hand, and, putting the sharp end of the tent pin to the forchead of Sisera, with her other hand she lifted the hammer and brought it down on the head of the pin with a stout stroke, when Sisera struggled to rise, and she struck him again, and he struggled to rise, and the third time she struck him, and the ommander in chief of the Canaanitish host lav dead.

Meanwhile in the distance Sisera's mother sits amid surroundings of wealth and pomp and scenes palatial waiting for his return. Every mother expects her son to be victori-ous, and this mother looked out at the window expecting to see him drive up in his chariot followed by wagons loaded with embroideries and also by regiments of men van-quished and enslaved. I see her now sitting at the window, in high expectation. She watches the farthest turn of the road. She looks for the flying dust of the swift hoofs. The first flash of the bit of the horse's bridle she will catch. The ladies of her court stand round, and

she tells them of what they shall have when her son comes up—chains of gold and carca-nets of beauty and dresses of such wondrous fabric and splendor as the Bible only hints at, but leaves us to imagine. "He ought to be here by this time," says his mother. "That battle is surely over. I hope that freshet of the river Kishon has not impeded him. I hope those strange appearances we saw last night in the sky were not ominous, when the stars seemed to fight in their courses. No! No! He is so brave in battle I know he has won the day. He will soon be here." But alas for the disappointed mother! She will not see the glittering headgear of the horses at full gallop bringing her son home from victorious battle. As a solitary messenger arriving in hot haste rides up to the windows at which the mother of Sisera sits, he cries, "Your armies are defeated, and your son is dead." There is a scene of horror and dead.

anguish from which we turn away. Now you see the full meaning of my short text, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window." Well, my friends, we are all out in the battle of life; it is raging now, and the the battle of hie; it is raging how, and the most of us have a mother watching and waiting for news of our victory or defeat. If she be not sitting at the window of earth, she is sitting at a window of heaven, and she is going to hear all about it. By all the rules of war Sisera ought to have been triumphant. He had 900 iron chariots and a host of many thousands vaster than the armies of Israel. But God was on the other side, and the angry freshets of Kishon, and the hall, the lightning and the unmanageable warhorses, and the eapsized chariots fited Sisera. Josephus in his history describes the scene in the following words : "When they were come to a close fight there ame down from a vast quantity of rain and hail, and the wind blew the rain in the face of the Cansanites and so darkened their eyes their arrows and slings were of no advantage to them, nor would the coldness of the air permit the sol-diers to make use of their swords, while this storm did not so much incommode the Isra-elites because it came on their backs. They also took such courage upon the apprehen-sion that God was assisting them that they fell upon the very midst of their enemies and slew a great number of them, so that some of them fell by the Israelites, some fell by their own horses which were put into disorder, and not a few were killed by their own char-Hence, my hearers, the bad news brought to the mother of Sisera looking cut at the nity. window. And our mother, whether sitting at a window of earth or a window of heaven, will hear the news of our victory or defeat-not according to our talents or educational equipment or our opportunities, but accord-ing as to whether God is for us or against "Where's mother?" is the question most frequently asked in many households. It is asked by the husband as well as the child coming in at nightfall, "Where's mother?" It is asked by the little ones when they get hurt and come in crying with the pain, "Where's and come in crying with the pain, "Where's mother?" It is asked by those who have seen some grand sight or heard some have seen some grand sight or heard some good news or received some beautiful gift, "Where's mother?" She sometimes feels wearied by the question, for they all ask and keep asking it all the time. She is not only the first to hear every case of perplexity, but she is the judge in every court of domestic approximation. appeal. That is what puts the premature wrinkles on so many maternal faces and powders white so many maternal foreheads. You see, it is a question that keeps on for all the years of childhood. It comes from the nurs-ery, and from the evening stand where the boys and girls are learning their school les-sons, and from the starting out in the mornsons, and from the starting out in the morn-ing, when the tippet or hat or slate or book or overshoe is lost, until at night, all out of breath, the young-sters come in and shout until you can hear them from cellar to garret and from front door to the back fence of the back yard, "Where's mother?" Indeed, a child's life is so full of that question that if he be taken away one of the things that the mother most misses and the silence that most oppresses her is the absence of that question, which she will never hear on earth again, except she hears it in a dream which sometimes reshe will never hear on earth again, except she hears it in a dream which sometimes re-stores the nursery just as it was, and then the voice comes back so natural, and so sweet, and so innocent, and so inquiring that the dream breaks at the words, "Where's that the dream breaks at the words, "Where's mother?" If that question were put to most of us this morning, we would have to say, if we spoke truthfully, like Sisera's mother, she is at the palace window. She has become a queen unto God forever, and she is puiling back the rich folds of the king's upholstery to look down at us. We are not told the par-ticulars about the residence of Sisera's mother, but there is in that scene in the book of Judges so much about embroideries and needlework and ladies in waiting that we know her residence must have been princely and palatial. So we have no minute and par-ticular description of the palace at whose window our glorified mother sits, but there is so much in the closing chapters of the good old book about crowns, and pearls big enough to make a gate out of one of them, new songs and marriage sup-in the stirrups, and golden candlesticks that we know the heavenly residence of our mother is superb, is unique, is colonnaded, is domed, is embowered, is fountained, is glorified beyond the power of penell or pen or tongue to present, and in the window of that palace the mother sits watching for news from the battle. What a contrast be-tween that celestial surrounding and her once earthly surroundings. What a work to bring up a family, in the old time way, with

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There was then no reading of elaborate | from the time when the Lord Almighty from treatises on the best modes of rearing chil-dren, and then leaving it all to hired help. he heavens ordered in regard to the emportidered door of the ancient tabernacie "Thou shalt make a hanging for the door o the tent of blue and purple and scalet and fine twined linen wrought with needlework." down to the womanly hands which this with one or two visits a day to the nursery to see if the principles announced are being car-ried out. The most of those old folks did the sewing, the washing, the mending, the darn-ing, the patching, the millinery, the mantua winter in this tabernacle are presenting for benevolent purposes their needle-work. But there was nothing exmaking, the housekeeping, and in hurried harvest time helped spread the hay or tread cept vanity and worldliness and social splast down the load in the mow. They were at the same time enterers, tailors, doctors, n what Sisera's mother said about the nee dlework she expected her son would bring home from the battle. And I am not sur-prised to find that Sisera fought on the aplains and nurses for a whole household all together down with measles or scarlet all together down with measles or scariet fever, or round the house with whooping coughs and croups and runround fin-gers and earaches and all the infantile distempers which a some time swcop upon every large household. Some of those mothers never got rested in this world. Instead of the self rocking cradles of our day, which, wound up, will go hour after hour for the colors of the young slumberar if was weary rong side when his mother at the window of my text in that awful exigency had her chief thought on dry goods achievement and social display. God only knows how many social display. God only knows how many homes have made shipwreck on the ward-robe. And that mother who slis at the window watching for vainglorious triumph of millinery and fine colors and domestic pasolace of the young slumberer, it was weary foot on the rocker sometimes half the day or geantry will, after a while, hear as bad news rom her children out in the battle of life as half the night-rock-rock-rock. In-stead of our drug stores filled with all the isera's mother heard from the struggle at Esdraeion. But if you still press the question, "Where's mother?" I will tell you where she is not mother?" I will tell you where site is not, though once she was there. Some of you started with her likeness in your face and her principles in your soul. But you have east her out. That was an awful thing for you to, but you have done it. That hard, grinding dissipated look you never got from her. If you had seen any one strike her you would have struck him down without much here whether the blow was just sufficient or

stead of our drug stores filled with all the wonders of materia medica and called up through a telephone, with them the only apothecary short of four miles' ride was the garret, with its bunches of peppermint and pennyroyal and catnip and mustard and camomile flowers, which were expected to do everything. Just think of it! Fifty years of preparing breakfast, dinner and supper. The chief music they heard was that of spinning wheel and rocking chair. Fagged out, headachy and with ankles swollen. Those old fashloned mothers—if any persons ever fitted appropri-ately into a good, easy, comfortable heaven, they were the folks, and they got there, and care whether the blow was just sufficient or fatal; but, my boy, you have struck her down-struck her innocenee from your face and struck her principles from your soul. they were the folks, and they got there, and they were the folks, and they got there, and they are rested. They wear no spectacles, for they have their third sight—as they lived long enough on earth to get their second sight—and they do not have to pant for breath after going up the the emerald stairs of the Eternal palace, at whose window they now sit waiting for news from the battle. But if anyone keeps on asking the ques-tions "Where's mother?" I answer, "She's in your present character." The probability is that your physical features suggest her. You struck her down! The tent pin that Jael drove three times into the skull of Sisera was not so eruel as the stab you have made more than three times through your mother's heart. But she is waiting yet, for mothers are slow to give up their boys-waiting at some window, it may be a window on earth or at some window in heaven. And others

may cast you off. Your wife may seek divorce and have no patience with you. Your father may disinherit you and say, "Let him never again darken the door of our is that your physical features suggest her. If there be seven children in a household at house." But there are two persons who do not give you up-God and mother. ast six of them look like their mother, and the older you get the more you will look like her. But I speak now especially of your character and not of your looks. This is at the window ! easily explained. During the first ten years of your life you were almost all the time window are not great glass plate, bevel edged and hovered over by exquisite lamwith her, and your father you saw only mornings and nights. There are no years first ten. Then and there is the impression them, in summer wreathed with trailing vine and in winter pictured by the Raphaels made for virtue or vice, for truth or false-hood, for bravery or cowardice, for religion or skepticism. Suddenly start out from be-hind a door and frighten the child, and you needle on homely repairs, when she looks up and sees coming across the bridge of the may shatter his nervous system for a life-time. During the first ten years you cantell him enough spook stories to make him a coward till he dies. Act before him as heavy knocker of the farmhouse door. "Come in "is the response. He gives his name and says, "I have come on a sad errand." "There is nothing the mattar with my son in the city, is there?" she asked. "Yes!" he says. "Your son got into an unfortunate encounter with a young man in a liquor saloon last though Friday were an unlucky day, and it were baleful to have thirteen at the table, or he will never recover from the idiotic superstitions. You may give that girl before she is ten years old a foudness for dress with a young man in a liquor saloon last night and is badly hurt. The fact is he canthat will make her a mere "dummy frame," or fashion plate, for forty years. Ezekiel xvi., 44, "As is the mother so is her daugh-ter." Before one decade has passed you can night and is badly hurt. The fact is he can-not get well. I hate to tell you all. I am sorry to say he is dead." "Dead !" she cries as she totters back. "Ob, my son! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee!" That is the ending of all her cares and anxio-ties and good counsels for that boy. That is her pay for her seif sacrifices in his behalf. That is the bad news from the battle. So the tidings of derailed or Christian sons traval fo decide whether that boy will be a Shylock or a George Peabody. Boys and girls are gena George Peabody. Boys and girls are gen-erally echoes of fathers and mothers. What an incoherent thing for a mother out of temper to punish a child for getting mad, or for a father who smokes to shut his boy up in a dark closet because he has found him with an old stump of a cigar in his mouth, or for that mother to rebake her daughter for staring at rebuke her daughter for staring at herself too much in the looking glass when my cvildoings since she went away?" Says some one else, "Are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my self sacri-fice and moral bravery and struggle to do the mother has her own mirrors so ar-ranged as to repeat her form from all sides ! The great English poet's loose moral char-acter was decided before he left the nursery. acter was decided before he left the hursery, and his schoolmaster in the schoolroom overheard this conversation: "Byron, your mother is a fool," and he answered, "I know it." You can hear all through the heroic life of Senator Sam Houston the words of his mother when she in the war of 1812 put a musket in his hand and said:

It Ofter, Happens So.

"So that's Josiah's picter that ye had tuk in the city," said Mrs. Corntossel's visitor. "Yes."

"Wal, I can't say thet it looks much like 'Siar. It hez a skeery expression 'round the eyes, an' a drawed look aroun' the mouth thet ain't nachural. An' I never saw his hair like thet in all my born days."

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York Sun.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Corntossel, "Josiar did wanter go to the photograph man an' git his money back, but I told him they wan't no use o' doin' it. I was just ez disapp'inted ez he was, but I can't deny ez thet's how he looked when the picter was tuk."

Which Won the Prize;

Three students of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Marseilles, were talking in a cafe. "My dear fellow," said one; "I painted the other day a little piece of pine wood in imitation of marble so perfectly that it sank to the bottom of the water." "Pooh!" said another. "Yesterday I suspended my thermometer on the easel that holds my 'View of the Polar Regions.' It fell at once to twenty below zero." "That's nothing," said the last; "my portrait of the marquis is so lifelike that it has to be shaved twice a week."

To Measure Ocean's Depths.

An instrument has been invented for sounding the depths of the sea without using a lead line. A sinker is dropped containing a cartridge, which explodes on touching the bottom: the report is registered in a only be watchful, patient and acmicrophone apparatus and the depth reckoned by the time at which the explosion occurred.

Electrics.

There ought to be an electric machine to jog the memory ; we forget too much and learn too little. We know what's best but forget it at the wrong time. Brain action should be like a flash. There are thousands

ward transferred, sac and all, to now suffering intensely with neuralgia. Let white flannel the growing insect will them remember the cure, St. Jacobs Oil. Its effects are electrical. slit its red flannel covering and enlarge it with a covering of white flan-

Rapid Molecular Movement.

The average speed of the transmission of earthquake shocks is nearly 16,000 feet per second.

"Sweet Sixteen."

Hood's calendar, always a welcome guest, has made its appearance for 1894, and is more beautiful than ever. The head is that of a lovely girl just "sweet sixteen," in delicate and natural colors. Besides being a thing of beauty, it is especially valuable for the gen-eral information presented. The figures are plainly printed in plersing and harmonious colors, and the effect is most estimated.

satisfactory. The calendars can be obtained of any druggist, or by sending six cents in stamps for one and ten cents for two to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Over eight millions of them were printed to supply the immense demand.

right?" No! Heaven and earth are in con-stant communication. There are trains run-Ladies needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria Indigestion, Biliouaness and Liver Complainta, makes the Blood rich and pure. These calendars are issued by the pro prietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the well ning every five minutes-trains of immortals ascending and descending-spirits going from earth to heaven to live there. Sprits descending from heaven to earth to minknown medicine which has gained such renown by its wonderful cures in cases where the blood was poisoned or impure. The great laboratory in which it is made has a capacity for fifty thousand bot-tles a day, and is the largest building in the The youth of the soul is everlasting. world devoted to the manufacture of a medicine. The sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla in all sections of the country are chormous. The proprietors have never claimed that it would are average and the sales of the sales would cure every ailment, but they show by thousands of testimonials that Hood's thousands of testimonials that Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood, builds up the system and cures those dis-eases caused by impure blood and debility, such as scrotula, salt rheum, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. It is a great preventive of the grip, and it restores the wasted vital forces after a siege of that dreaded malady, iortifying the system against future attacks. The fact that screet care is aversized in the is one of the first good effects felt by users of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with Hypophos-The fact that great care is exercised in the preparation of this medicine, and that noth-ing has ever been claimed for it except as phites. Good appetite begets warranted by previous curses, has much to do with the confidence felt by the public in its curative powers. The motto of the pro-prietors is, "It is not what we say, but what theory is for the progood health. Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story," and it is what Hood's Sarsaparilla hac done, as shown by the published state-ments of persons whom it has cured, that has placed it at the head in the field of mediown tonic. Instead of a tax upcine in the present day.

Restanding Herrow Tories Tories Tories

TN all receipts for cooking 1 requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK. Karekerekerekerekerekerekerekerek

Stub Ends of Thought.

It's a cold day when you can't find Few persons suspect that the comsunshine somewhere in this world. mon moth may be utilized as a deco. It makes your burden twice as rative artist, but he may be, if one heavy to think about it.

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If the flowers were as dissatisfied as human beings are, we would have The larva of the moth has a habit of to use disinfectants on them.

spinning about itself a sort of sac A poem without a soul cannot hope from the material upon which it for immortality. feeds. As the worm grows it en-

The man who takes a smile away from his family to give it to somebody else ought to be lynched.

Beauty speaks the same language to all peoples.

Love is the molasses on the bread of matrimony-somebody must provide the bread.

Hope is a necessity; realization a luxury. If, then, the worm and the sac be

More women stop thinking to talk, transferred to blue bannel, the creatthan stop talking to think.

ure will in course of time enlarge the A million persons need one dollar sac with blue flannel, and thus clothe to one who needs a million dollars .-itself patriotically in red, white and Free Press. blue. Entomologist Southwick, of

> TREE. If you have not re-ceived one of the August Flower and German Syrup Diary Almanacs for 1894, send your name and address on a postal at once, asking for Almanac No. 34, and you will receive by return mail, free of all expense, one of the most complete Illustrated books of the kind ever issued, in which you can keep a Daily Diary or Memoranda of any

matters you desire. Write

There, my son, take this and never disgrace it, for remember I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than that one of them should turn his back on an enemy. Go and remember, too, that while the door of my cettage is open to all brave men it is always shut against cow-Agrippina, the mother of Nero, murards." Agrippina, the mother of Nero, mur-deress, you are not surprised that her son was a murderer. Give that child an over-dose of catechism, and make him recite verses of the Bible as a punishment, and make Sunday a bor3, and he will become a stout antagonist of Christianity. Impress him with the kindness and the geniality and the loveliness of religion, and he will be its advocate and exemplar for all time and efterards." dvocate and exemplar for all time and eter-

A few days ago right before our express train on the Louisville and Nashville ral-road the preceding train had gone down through a broken bridge, twelve cars falling 100 feet and then consumed. I saw that only one span of the bridge was down and all the

one span of the bridge was down and all the other spans were standing. Plan a good bridge of morals for your sons and daughters, but have the first span of ten years defective, and through that they will crash down, though all the rest keep standing. O man, O woman, if you have preserved your integrity and are really Christian, you have first of all to thank God, and I think next you have to thank your mother. The most impressive thing at the inauguration of James A. Garfield as President of the United States was that af-ter he had taken the oath of office he turned round and in the presence of the Supreme Court and the Senate of the United States kissed his old mother. If I had time to kissed his old mother. If I had time to take statistics out of this audience, and I could ask what proportion of you who are Christians owe your salvation under God to maternal fidelity. I think about three-fourths of you would spring to your feet. "Ha!ha!' said the soldiers of the regiment to Charlie, one of their comrades. "What has made the change in you? You used to like sin as well as any of us." Pull-ing from his pocket his mother's letter, in which, after teiling of some comforts she had sent him, she concluded, "We are all pray-ing for you, Charlie, that you may be a Chris-tain," he said, "Boys, that's the sentence." ing for you, Charne, that you may be a Chris-tain." he said, "Boys, that's the sentence.' The trouble with Sisera's mother was that, while sitting at the window of my texi watching for news of her son from the bat-tlefield, she had the two bad qualities of be-ing dissolute and being too fond of personal adornment. The Bible account says: "Her ing dissoute and being too fond of personal adornment. The Bible account says: "Her wise ladies answered her yea. She returned answer to herself: 'Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey—to every man a damsel or two, to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides?'' She makes no anxious utterance about the wounded in bat-tle, about the bloodshed, about the dying, about the bloodshed, about the ples involved in the battle going on, a battle so important that the stars and the freshets took part, and the clash of swords was an-swered by the thunder of the skies. What she thinks most of is the bright colors of the work. "To Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides." Now neither Sisera's mother nor any one

Now neither Sisera's mother nor any one else can say too much in eulogy of the needle. It has made more useful conquests than the sword. Pointed at one end and with an eye at the other, whether of bone or with an eye at the other, whether of bone or ivory, as in earliest time; or of bronze, as in Pilny's time; or of steel, as in modern time; whether laboriously fashioned as formerly by one hand, or as now, when 190 workmen in a factory are employed to make the different parts of one needle, it is an instrument di-vinely ordered for the comfort, for the life, for the health, for the adornment of the human race. The eye of the needle hath seen more domestic comfort and more gladdened pover-ty and more Christian service than any other that palace the mother sits watching for news from the battle. What a contrast be-tween that celestial surrounding and her once earthly surroundings! What a work to bring up a family, in the old time way, with part little or no hired help, except perhaps for the washing day or for the swine slaught-ering, commonly called "the killing day!"

descending from heaven to earth to min-ister and help. They hear from us many times every day. Do they hear good news or bad news from the battle, this Sedan, this Thermopylæ, this Auster-litz, in which every one of us is fighting on the right side or the wrong side. O God, whose I am, and whom I am trying to some as a result of this some non lower serve, as a result of this sermon, roll over on all mothers a new sense of their responsi-bility, and upon all children, whether still in the nursery or out on the tremendous Esdraelon of middle life or old age, the fact Example of middle file of old age, the fact that their victories or defeats sound clear out, clear up to the windows of sympathetic maternity. Oh, is not this the minute when the cloud of blessing filled with the exhaled tears of anxious mothers shall burst in

How many disappointed mothers waiting at the window! Perhaps the panes of the

brequin, but the window is made of small panes, I would say about six or eight of

of the forest, a real country window. The mother sits there knitting, or busy with her

meadow brook a stranger, who dismounts in front of the window. He lifts and drops the

tidings of derelict or Christian sons travel to the windows of earth or the windows of heaven at which mothers sit.

"But," says some one, "are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of

showers of mercy on this audience? There is one thought that is almost too tender for utterance. I almost fear to start it lest I have not enough control of my emotion to conclude it. As when we were chil-dren we so often came in from play or from a hurt or from some childish injustice prac-ticed upon us, and as soon as the door was theed upon us, and as soon as the door was opened we cried, "Where's mother?" and she said, "Here I am," and we buried our weeping faces in her lap, so after awhile, when we get through with the pleasures and hurts of this life, we will, by the pardoning mercy of Christ, enter the heavenly home, and among the first questions, not the first, but among the first, will be the old question that we used to ask, the question that is being asked in thousands of places at this very moment—the question, "Where's mother?" And it will not take long for us to find her or for her to find us, for she will have been mothing at the minder for our comparison watching at the window for our coming and with the other children of our household of earth we will again gather round her, and she will say: "Well, how did you get through the battle of life? I have often heard from others about you, but now I want to hear if from your own souls. Tell me all about it, my children!" And then we will tell her of all our earthly experiences. her of all our earthly experiences, the holidays, the marriages, the birth hours, the burials, the heartbreaks, the losses, the gains, the victories, the defeats, and she will gains, the vectories, the detects, and show me say: "Never mind, it is all over now. I see each one of you has a crown, which was given you at the gate as you came through. Now cast it at the feet of the Christ who Now east h at the feet of the order who saved you and saved me and saved us all. Thank God, we are never to part, and for all the ages of eternity you will never again have to ask, 'Where's mother?'"

A Coin Recovered After Thirty Tears,

It is not often that a marked coin once put into circulation is returned to the person who marked it. George Troup, Superintendent of Forest Lawn Cemetery, before he left Scotland, had his name stamped upon a coin of the issue of George II. It was done in fun, and at that time he never dreamed that the coin would ever be returned to him. The coin was put into circulation, and a short time afterward Mr. Troup came to this country. More than thirty years passed by, and he thought nothing more about the circumstance. One day recently a friend of his at lodge said to him: "I have a coin with your name upon it." "I asked him to let me see the coin,"

said Mr. Troup, "and when I looked at it I found it was the identical piece that I had marked so long ago. I wrote to the man who was present when the coin was marked in Scotland, and he recalled the circumstance, and I got the coin from my Buffalo friend, and now I would not take a good sum of money for it. Where that coin had been during the thirty

The earth, in revolving on its axis, goes almost as fast, reckoning at the equator, as a cannon ball—that is to say, it goes a mile in a little more than three seconds.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy. Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and \$1 bottles.

A gross outrage-Finding it a few packages

Millions of Dollars

Millions of Dollars Are annually lost because poor seed is planted Now, when you sow you want to reap. For intance, A. M. Lamb, Penn., made \$5800 on ten acres of vegetables; R. Bey, Cal., cropped 1213 bushels Salzer's onlons per acre; Frank Close, Minn., 100 bushels of spring wheat from two acres; A. Hahn, Wis, 140 bushels potatoes per acre; Frank Winter, Montans, 216 bushels 8 pounds oats from one bushel planted. This is what Salzer calls reaping. If you with, cut this out axp symp it with Not to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis, you will receive their mammoth cata-logue and ten sample packages of farm seeds. Catalogue alone, 5c postage.

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quainted with the creature's habits.

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no great trouble to put a moth

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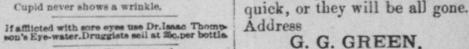
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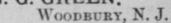
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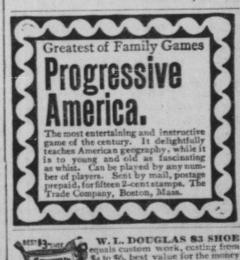
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