Money stringency is not the only cause of hard times, and it takes very little money to make a good deal of happiness, as the following shows . Mr. R. B. Kyle, Tower Hill, Appomattox County, Va., writes that he was afflicted with rheumatism for several years, and physicians gave him no relief. Finally he was rubbed all over with St. Jacobs Oil and it cured. During his illness he had spasms and was not expected to live. This points a way to many who think times hard, but who can find an easy way out of their

Eveny time the devil makes a hypocrite he has to admit that nothing pays so well as being good.

1410 Bus. l'otatoes Per Acre.

This astonishing yield was reported by Abr. Hahn, of Wisconsin, but Salzer's polatoes always get there. The editor of the Rurai New Yorker reports a yield of 736 bushels and 8 poun is per acre from one of Salzer's early potatoes. Above 1110 busuels are from Saizer's new seedling Hundrel-fold. His new early potato, Lightning Express, has a record of 803 bushels per acre. He offers potators as low as 25.30 a barrel, and the best potato planter in the

world for but \$4. IF YOU WILL COT THIS OUT AND SEND IT WITH 6c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive free his mammoth potato catalogue and a package of sixteen-day "Got There, Ell," radish.

Much bending breaks the bow; much unbeading the mind.

How's This !

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarra Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c., per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The great fact is that life is a service. The only question is, "Whom will we serve?

Malaria cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general all health, giving new energy and strength.

If thou desire to be wise, be so wise as to hold thy toague.

FOR COUGHS AND THROAT TROUBLES use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They relieve all Throat irritations caused by Cold or use of the

Every generation of man is a laborer for that which succeeds it.

Japanese Tooth Powder, Genuine, A large box mailed for 10 cents. Lapp Drug Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

He who is firm and resolute in will molds the world to himseif.

Brown's Iron Fitters cures Dyspeps's, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives strength, aids Durestion, tones the nervescreates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

Riches exclude only one inconvenience, and that is poverty.

Grass and Clover Seed.

The largest grower o in the world is Salzer, La Crosse, Wis. Over 50 hardy varieties, with lowest prices! Special low treight to New York, Pa. and the

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT WITH 14c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive eleven packages grass and clover sorts and his mammo n farm seed catalogue; full of good things for the farmer, the gardener and the citizen.

Speak but little and well if you would be emed a man of meri:

Beecham's Pills instead of slosby minera aters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cts. a box

Romance has been elegantly defined as the offspring of fletion and love.



AGONIZING HEADACHES Indigestion-Distress in the Stomach.

Fenner, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Accomplishes Desired Results.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Dear Sirs:-I gladly testify to the efficacy and curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla and cheerfully state that it has done wonders for For years I have been a great sufferer from agonizing hendaches and

Distress in the Stomach after eating and at other times, accompanied by sour stomach. I was very bad with indigestion also. I noticed in different papers men-

Hood's Sarsa Cures

tion of the cures Hood's Sarsaparilla had wrought and thought I would try it. It has Accomplished the Desired Results. The pain and distress in the stomach and the severe headache spells have been overcome as well as my indigestion. I can now enjoy a meal without any distress and can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as one of the best of medi-cines." ELIZA E. HILLS. Fenner, New York. Hood's Pills are purely ve.etable, perfectly armie s, always reliable and efficient.



REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Lightning of the Sea."

TEXT: "He maketh a path to shine after him."-Job xli., 32.

If for the next thousand years ministers of religion should preach from this Bible, there will yet be texts unexpounded and unex-plained and unappreciated. What little has been said concerning this chapter in Job from which my text is taken bears on the controversy as to what was really the leviaeribed as disturbing the sea. What creature it was I know not. Somesny it was a whale. Some say it was a crocodile. My own opinion is it was a sea monster now ex-No creature now floating in Mediterranean or Atlantic waters corresponds to

What most interests me is that as it moved on through the deep it left the waters flashing and resplendent. In the words of the He maketh a path to shine after What was that illumined path? It cosphorescence. You find it in the was phosphorescence. You find it in the wake of a ship in the night, especially after rough weather. Phosphorescence is the lightning of the sea. That this figure of speech is correct in describing its appearance I am certified by an incident. After crossing the Atlantic the first time and writing from Basic, Switzerland, to an American magazine an account of my voyage, in which nothing more fascinated me than the phosphorescence in the ship's wake, I called it the lightning of the sea. Returning to my hotel, I found a book of John Ruskin, and the first sentence my eyes fell upon was his description of phosphorescence, in which he ealled it "the lightning of the sea."

Down to the postoffice I hastened to get the manuscript, and with great labor and some expense got possession of the magazine article and put quotation marks around that one sentence, although it was as inal with me as with John Ruskin. I sup-pose that nine-tenths of you living so near the seacoast have watched this marine appearance called phosphorescence, and I hope that the other one-tenth may some day be so happy as to witness it. It is the waves of the sea diamonded; it is the inflorescence of the billows; the waves of the sea crimsoned as was the deep after the sea fight of Lepanto the waves of the sea on fire.

There are times when from horizon to horizon the entire ocean seems in conflagration with this strange splendor as it changes every moment to tamer or more dazzling color on all sides of you. You sit looking over the taffrail of the yacht or ocean steamer, watching and waiting to see what new thing the God of beauty will do with the Atlantic. It is the ocean in transfiguration; it is the marine world casting its garments of glory in the pathway of the Almighty as He walks the deep; it is an inverted firmament with all its stars gone down with it. No picture can present it, for photographer's camera cannot be successtrained to eatch it, and before it the hand of the painter drops its pencil, over

This phosphorescence is the appearance of myriads of the animal kingdom falling, playing, flashing, living, dving luminous animalcules for nearly 150 rears have been the study of naturalists and the fascination and solemnization of all who have brain enough to think. Now, God, who puts in His Bible nothing trivial or use ess, calls the attention of Job, the greatest cientist of his day, to this phosphorescenand as the leviathan of the deep sweeps past points out the fact that "he maketh a path o shine after him.'

Is that true of us now, and will it be true we live in the same house, and transact business in the same store, and write on the same table, and chisel in the same studio, and thrash in the same barn, and worship in the same church, we are in motion and are in many respects moving on, and we are not where we were ten years ago, nor where we

will be ten years hence. Moving on! Look at the family record, or the almanac. or into the mirror, and see if any one of you is where you were. All in motion. Other feet may trip and stumble and halt, but the feet of not one me went for the last sixty cen-turies has tripped or stumbled or haited. Moving on! Society moving on! The world Moving on! Society moving on! The world moving on! Heaven moving on! The universe moving on! Time moving on! Eter-nity moving on! Therefore it is absurd to think that we ourselves can stop, as we must move with all the rest. Are we like the creature of the text, making our path to shine after use? It may be a peculiar question.

out my text suggests it. What influence will we leave in this world after we have gone through it? "None," answer hundreds of voices; "we are not one of the immortals. Fifty years after we are out of the world it will be as though we never in-You are wrong in saying that. I nass down through this audience and up through these galleries, and I am looking for

some one whom I cannot find. I am looking for one who will have no influence in this world 100 years from now. But I have found the man who has the least influence, and I inquire into his history, and I find that by a yes or a no he decided s one's eternity. In time of temptation he gave an affirmative or a negative to some tempta-tion which another, hearing of, was induced

to decide in the same way.

Clear on the other side of the next million able to realize that it ever existed at alk. years may be the first you hear of the long reaching influence of that yes or no, but hear of it you will. Will that father make a path to shine after him? Will that mother make a path to shine after her? You will be waiking along these streets or along that country road 200 years from now in the character of your descendants. They will be affected by your courage or your cowardice, your purity or your depravity, your holiness or your sin. You will make the path to shine after you or blacken after you.

Why should they point out to us on some mountain two rivulets, one of which passes down into the rivers which pour out into the Pacific Ocean, and the other rivulet flowing down into the rivers which pass out into the Atlantic Ocean? Every man, every woman, stands at a point where words uttered, or deeds done, or prayers offered, decide opposite destinies and opposite efemilies. We site destinies and opposite eternities. We see a man planting a tree, and treading sod on either side of it, and watering it in dry weather, and taking a great care in its culweather, and taking a great care in its culture, and he never plucks any fruits from its bough. But his children will. We are all planting trees that will yield fruit hundreds of years after we are dead—orchards of golden fruit or groves of deadly upas.

I am so fascinated with the phosphorescence in the track of a ship that I have second the same watched for a long walls and have

sometimes watched for a long will and have seen nothing on the face of the deep but blackness. The mouth of watery chasms that looked like gaping jaws of hell. Not a spark as big as a firefly; not a white scroll of surf; not a taper to illuminate the mighty sepulchers of dead ships; darkness 3000 feet deep, and more thousands of feet long and wide. That is the kind of wake that a bad man leaves behind him as he plows through the ocean of this life toward the vaster ocean

of the great future. Now, suppose a man seated in a corner grocery or business office among clerks gives himself to jolly skepticism. He laughs at the Bible, makes sport of the miracles, speaks of perdition in jokes and laughs at revivals as a frolic, and at the passage of a france in the passage of a france in the passage of a funeral procession, which always solemnizes sensible people, says, "Boys, let's take a drink." There is in that group a young man who is making a great struggle against drink." There is in that group a young man who is making a great struggie against temptation and prays night and morning and reads his Bible and is asking God for help day by day. But that guffaw against Christian and the century, and how many people have read them, and the effect not only upon those readers, but upon all whom

Another young man who heard that jolly skepticism made up his mind that "it makes no difference what we do or say, for we will all come out at last at the right place," and began as a consequence to purloin. Some money that came into his hands for others he applied to his own uses, thinking per-baps he would make it straight some other time, and all would be well even if he did not make it straight. He ends in the penitentiary. That scoffer who attered the jokes against Christianity never realized what bad ork he was doing, and he passed on through life and out of it and into a future that I am

not now going to depict I do not propose with a searchlight to show he breakers of the awful coast on which that ship is wrecked, for my business now is to watch the sea after the keel has plowed it. No phosphorescence in the wake of that ship, but behind it two souls struggling in the wave—two young men destroyed by reckless epticism, an unillumined ocean beneath and on all sides of them. Blackness of dark-

You know what a gloriously good man Rev. John Newton was the most of his life, but before his conversion he was a very wicked sailor, and on board the ship Har-wich instilled infidelity and vice into the mind of a young man-principles which de-stroyed him. Afterward the two met, and Newton tried to undo his bad work, but in vain. The young man became worse and worse and died a profligate, horrifying those who stood by him in his last moments.

Better look out what bad influence you start, for you may not be able to stop it. It does not require very great force to ruin others. Why was it that many years ago a great flood nearly destroyed New Orleans? A crawfish had burrowed into the banks of the river until the ground was saturated and the banks weakened until the flood burst.

But I find here a man who starts out in life with the determination that he will never see suffering but he will try to alleviate it, and never see discouragement but he will try to cheer it, and never meet with anybody but he will try to do him good. Getting his strength from God, he starts from home with high purpose of doing

all the good he can possibly do in one day.

Whether standing behind the counter. or talking in the business office with a pen be-hind his ear, or making a bargain with a felow trader, or out in the field discussing with his next neighbor the wisest rotation of the crops, or in the shoemaker's shop pounding sole leather, there is something in his ace, and in his phraseology and in his manner, that demonistrates the grace of God in his heart. He can talk on religion without awkwardly dragging it in by the ears. loves God and loves the souls of all whom he mests and is interested in their present and

For fifty or sixty years he lives that life, and then gets through with it and goes into heaven a ransomed soul. But I am not going to describe the port into waich that ship has

I am not going to describe the Pilot who met him outside at the "lightship." I am not going to say anything about the crowds of friends who met him on the cyrstalline wharves up which he goes on steps of chrysoprases. For God in His words to Job callis me to look at the path of foam in the waks of that ship, and I tell you it is all a-rieam with splendors of kindness done. and rolling with illumined tears that were wiped away, and a-dash with congratula-tions, and clear out to the horizon in all directions is the sparkling, flashing, billowing of a Christian life. "He

aketh a path to shine after him And here I correct one of the mean noions which at some time takes possession of all of us, and that is as to the brevity of human life. When I bury some very useful man, clerical or lay, in his thirtieth or for-tieth year, I say: "What a waste of enertierh year, I say: "What a waste of ener-gies! It was hardly worth while for him to of us when we have gone? Will there be subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trial of gloom or good cheer? Can anyone between now and the next 100 years say of the subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trial of gloom or good cheer? Can anyone between now and the next 100 years say of the subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trial of gloom or good cheer? Can anyone between now and the next 100 years say of the subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trial of gloom or good cheer? Can anyone between now and the next 100 years say of the subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trial of gloom or good cheer? Can anyone between now and the next 100 years say of the subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trial of gloom or good cheer? Can anyone between now and the next 100 years say of the subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trial of gloom or good cheer? Can anyone between now and the next 100 years say of the subsequent light or darkness? soon to quit it." But the fact is that I may us truthfully as the text says of the leviathan of the deep, "He maketh a path to shine after him?" For we are moving on. While earth as long as the world lasts. Sickness, troiley car accidents, death itself, can no more destroy his life than they can tear down one of the rings of Saturn. start one good word, one kind act. one cheerful smile, on a mission that will last until the world becomes a bondre, and out of that blaze it will pass into the heavens,

and women whose names you never hear! that others seeing your good works may glorily your Father which is in heaven."

Make one person happy every devel.

Make one person happy every devel. measure the gracious results of their litetime than you could measure the length and breadth and depth of the phosphores last night following the ship of the White Star line 1503 miles out at sea. How the courage and consecration of others inspire us to follow, as a general in the American army, ecol amid the flying bullets, inspired a trembling soldier, who said alterward, "I was nearly scared to death, but I saw the old man's white mustache over his shoulder and went on." Aye, we are all following somebody, either in right or wrong directions.

A few days ago I stood beside the gar landed casket of a gospel minister, and in my remarks had occasion to recall a snowy night in a farmhouse when I was a boy and an evangelist spending a night at my father's house, who said something so tender and becutiful and impresssive that it led me into the kingdom of God and decided my destiny for this world and the next. You will, before twenty-four hours go by, meet some man or woman with a big pack of care and trouble, and you may say something to him or her that will endure until this world shall have been so far lost in the past that nothing but the stretch of angelic memory will be

I am not talking of remarkable men and women, but of what ordinary folks can do.

I am not speaking of the phosphorescence
in the track of a Newfoundland fishing
smack. God makes thunderbolts out of
sparks, and out of the small words and deeds a small life He can launch a power that will flash and burn and thunder through the

How do you like this prolongation of your earthly life by deathless influence? Many a babe that died at six months of age by the anxiety created in the parent's heart to meet that child in realms scraphic is living yet in the transformed heart and life of those parents and will live on forever in the history of that family. If this be the opportunity of ordinary souls, what is the opportunity of those who have especial intellectual

or social or monetary equipment?

Have you any arithmetic capable of estimating the influence of our good and gramating the influence of our good and gracious friend who a few days ago went up to rest.—George W. Childs, of Philadelphia? From a newspaper that was printed for thirty years without one word of defamation or scurrility or scandal, and putting a chief emphasis on virtue and charity and clean intelligence, he reaped a fortune for himself smod when distributed a vast amount of it among the poor and struggling, putting his invalid and aged reporters on pensions, until his name stands everywhere for large heartedness and sympatny and help and highest style of Christian gentleman.

In an era which had in the chairs of its In an era which had in the chairs of its journalism a Horaco Greeley, and a Henry J. Raymond, and a James Gordon Bennett, and an Erastus Brooks, and a George William Curtis, and an Irenaeus Prime, none of them will be longer remembered than George W. Childs. Staying away from the unveiling of the childs. childs. Staying away from the unveiling of the monument he had reared at large ex-pense in our Greenwood in memory of Pro-fessor Proctor, the astronomer, lest I should say something in praise of the man who had paid for the monument. By all acknowl-edged a representative of the highest Ameri-

If you would calculate his influence for

tianity makes him lose his grip of sacred things, and he gives up Sabbath and church and morals and goes from bad to worse, till he falls under dissipations, dies in a lazar house and is buried in the potter's field.

They shall influence for all time, while you add to all that the work of the churches he helped build and of the institutions of mercy he helped found. Better give up before you start the measuring of the phosphorescence in the wake of that ship of the Celestial line. Who can tell the post mortem influence of a Savonarola, a Winkelried, a Gutenberg, a Marlborough, a Decatur, a Toussaint, a Bolivar, a Clarkson, a Robert Raikes, a Harlan Page, who had 125 Sabbath scholars, eightyfour of whom became Christians, and six of them ministers of the gospel.

With gratitude and penitence and worship I mention the grandest life that was ever lived. That ship of light was launched from the heavens nearly 1900 years ago, angelic hosts chanting, and from the celestial wharves the ship sprang into the roughest sea that ever tossed. Its billows were made up of the wrath of men and devils. Herodic and sanhedrinic persecutions stirring the deep with red wrath, and all the hurricanes of wee smote it until on the rocks of Golgo tha that life struck with a resound of agony that appalled the earth and the heavens But in the wake of that life what a pho rescence of smiles on the cheeks of souls pardoned, and lives reformed, and Nations The millennium itself is only one roll of that iradiated wave of gladne and benediction. In the sublimest of all senses it may be said of Him, "He maketh a path to shine after Him.

But I cannot look upon that luminosity that follows ships without realizing how fond the Lord is of life. That fire of the deep is ife, myriads of creatures all a-swim and aplay and a-romp in parks of marine laid out and parterred and roseated and blossomed by Omnipotence. What is the use those creatures called by the naturalists "crustaceans" and "copepods." not more than one out of hundreds of billions of which tre ever seen by human eye? God created shem for the same reason that He creates flowers in places where no human foot ever makes them tremble, and no human nostril ever inhales their redolence, and no human eye ever sees their charm. In the botanical world they prove that God loves flowers, as in the marine world the phosphori prove that He loves life, and He loves life in play, life in

rilliancy of gladness. life in exuberance. And so I am led to believe that He loves our life if we fulfill our mission as fully as the phosphori fulfill theirs. The Son of God "that we might have life and have it abundantly." But I am glad to tell you more abundantly. that our God is not the God sometimes scribed as a harsh critic at the head of the universe, or an infinite scold, or a God that oves funerals better than weddings, or a God that prefers tears to laughter, an omnipotent Nero, a feroelous Nana Sahib, but the loveliest Being in the universe, loving flowers and life and play, whether of phos-phori in the wake of the Majestic or of the uman race keeping a holiday

But mark you that the phosphorescence has a glow that the night monopolizes, and I ass you not only what kind of influence you are going to leave in the world as you pass through it, but what light are you going to throw across the world's night of sin and sorrow? People who are sailing on smooth sen and at noon do not need much sympathy. but what are you going to do for people in the night of misfortune? Will you drop on them shadow, or will you kindle for them phosphorescence:

At this moment there are more people crying than laughing, more people on th world this moment hungry than well fed, more households bereft than homes un-What are you going to do about it? 'Well," says yonder soul, "I would like to do something toward illumining the great ocean of human wretchedness, but I cannot

Can you do as much as one of the phosphori in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, creatures smaller than the point of a sharp pin? Ob. yes," you say. Then do that. Shine! Stand before the looking glass and experiment to see if you cannot get that seowi off your forehead, that peevish look out of your lips. Have at least one bright riobon in your bonnet. Embroider at least one white cord somewhere in the midnight of your apparel. Do not any longer impersonate a funeral. Shine! Do say something erful about society and about the world. Put a few drops of heaven into your dispoorange for a sour lemon.

nember that pessimism is blasphemy and that optimism is Christianity. Throw some light on the night ocean. If you cannot be a lantern swinging in the rigging, be one of the tiny phosphori back of the keel. Shine! "Let your light so shine before men

Make one person happy every day, and do that for twenty years, and you will have made 7300 happy. You know a man who has lost all his property by an unfortunate investment or by putting his name on the back of a friend's note. After you have taken a brief nap, which every man and woman is entitled to on a Sunday afternoon, go and cheer up that man. You can, if God helps you, say something that will do him good after both of you have been dead a thousand

Shine! You know of a family with a bad boy who has ran away from home. Go be fore night and tell that father and mother the parable of the prodigal son, and that some of the illustrious and useful men now in church and state had a silly passage in their lives and ran away from home. Shine!
You know of a family that has lost a child,
and the silence of the nursery glooms the
whole house from cellar to garret. Go beore night and tell them how much that child has happily escaped, since the most prosper-ous life on earth is a struggle.

Shins! You know of some invalid who is dying for lack of an appetite. She cannot get well because she cannot eat. Broil a chicken and take it to her before night and cheat her poor appetite into keen relish. Shine! You know of some one who likes you, and you like him, and he ought to be a Christian. Go tell him what religion has done for you, and ask him if you can pray

Shine! Ob, for a disposition so charged with sweetness and light that we cannot help but shine! Remember if you cannot be a leviathan lashing the ocean into fury you can be one of the phosphori, doing your part toward making a path of phosphorescence. Then I will tell you what impression you will leave as you pass through this life and after you are gone. I will tell you to your face and not leave it for the minister who of-

ciates at your obsequies. The failure in all eulogium of the departed is that they cannot hear it. All hear it exstance, is what I or some one else will say of you on such an occasion: "We gather for you on such an occasion: "We gather for offices of respect to this departed one. It is impossible to tell how many tears he wiped away, how many burdens he lifted, or how many souls he was, under God, instrument

tal in saving. His influence will never cease.
We are all better for having known him.
"That pillow of flowers on the casket was presented by his Sabbath-school class, all of presented by his Sabbath-school class, all of whom he brought to Christ. That cross of flowers at the head was presented by the orphan asylum which he befriended. Those three single flowers—one was sent by a poor woman for whom he bought a ton of coal, and one was by a waif of the street whom he rescued through the midnight mission, and the other was from a prison cell which he had other wisited to encourage repentance in had often visited to encourage repentance in a young man who had done wrong.

a young man who had dene wrong.

"Those three loose flowers mean quite as much as the garlands now breathing their aroma through this saddened home crowded with sympathizers. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

Or if it should be the more solemn burial at sea, let it be after the sun has gone dowt, and the captain has read the appropriate. and the captain has read the appropriate ou are let down from the stern of the ve into the respiendent phosphorescence at the wake of the ship. Then let some one say, in the words of my text, "He maketh a path to ships about him."

Virginia City, Nev., is 6400 feet above the sea-

THE U. S. Government Chemists have reported, after an examination of the different brands, that the ROYAL Baking Powder is absolutely pure, greatest in strength, and superior to all others.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 106 WALL ST, NEW-YORK

THE LATE DR. PHILIP SCHAFF. The Famous Biblical Scholar and Writer

of Church History. Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, eminent as a writer of church history and teacher of sacred literature, recently died

at his home in New York. He was born at Coire, Switzerland, in 1819, His father, who was a soldier, died early in life, and at 10 years of age the 2 boy was forced to earn his own liv DR PHILIP SCHAFF. ing. He worked his way through the gymnasium at

Stuttgart, and afterwards attended lectures at Halle, Tubingen and Berlin. He spent a winter at Rome, working in the library of the Vatican by special permission of the Pope. Last year, or fifty years later, he worked in this library, securing Pope Leo's permission through a letter from Cardinal Gibbons. Young Schaff was ordained in 1844. Then he came to this country and was professor in the Theological Seminary of the German Reformed Church of the United States until the year 1863. In 1870 he accepted the professorship of sacred literature in Union Theological Seminary, in which he was active until a short time ago. He was many times sent to Europe in the interest of the American Evangelical Alliance. Dr. Schaff is best remembered as President of the American Bible Revision Committee. His works are mainly historical and exegetical.

When a man is anxious to wed. but hasn't got the necessary \$1.50 for a license, it looks as if he were marrying for a home.

It is easier to run an engine without fire than it is to keep up the spirituality of a church without the prayer meeting.

THE friend of everybody is nobody's friend.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleas ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxstive; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

OUR RING CURES RHEUMATISM.



BNU9

ERE ALL ELSE FAIL

The Drummer's Advice. First Passenger (on railroad)-"Traveling man, eh? Familiar with Boom City, I presume?"

Drummer-"Yessiree. Take it in on every trip." "Glad to hear it. I have never been there. What hotel would you advice me to stop at?"

"The Boomton House. "Do you always go there?" "No, I have never stopped at that hotel. But I've been to all the rest." -New York Weekly.

How to Eat an Orange.

Those who take an orange every morning may like to try the manner of eating them that prevails in the land of oranges. Take a thin-skinned, heavy orange, thrust a fork through it from the stem end, and with a sharp knife cut the rind away, beginning at the fork and cutting downward. Place the orange on ice for half an hour and bring it to the table with the fork still in it. If oranges are good they can be eaten from the pulp with perfect ease, and with much more satisfaction than will be experienced in any other way

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