REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Human Face."

TEXT: "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the boldness of his face shall be changed," or as it may be rendered, "the hanged," or as it may be rendered, "the courness of his face shall be succetened." -Ecclesiastes vili., 1.

Thus a little change in our English trans-lation brings out the better meaning of the text, which sets forth that the character of the face is decided by the character of the were decided by the Almighty, and we canwhether we shall have countenances benignant or baleful, sour or sweet, wrathful or genial, benevolent or mean, honest or scoundrelly, impudent or modest, courage-ous or cowardly, frank or sneaking. In all the works of God there is nothing more wonderful than the human countenance. Though the longest face is less than twelve inches from the hair line of the forehead to the bottom of the chin and the broadest face is less than eight inches from cheek bone to cheek bone, yet in that small compass God has wrought such differences that the 1,600.of the human race may tinguished from each other by their facial appearance.

The face is ordinarily the index of charac-ter. It is the throne of the emotions. It is the battlefield of the passions. It is the catalogue of character. If is the map of the while the Lord decides before our birth whether we shall be handsome or homely, we are by the character we form deciding whether our countenance shall be pleasant or disagreeable. This is so much so that some of the most beautiful faces are unattrac-tive because of their arrogance or their deeitfulness, and some of the most rugged and irregular features are attractive because of the kindness that shines through them. Accident or sickness or scarification may veil the face so that it shall not express the soul, but in the majority of cases give me a deliberate look at a man's countenance and I will tell you whether he is a and 1 will tell you whether he is a cynic, er an optimist, whether he is a miser or a philanthropist, whether he is noble or ignominious, whether he is good or bad. Our first impression of a man or woman is generally the accurate impression. You at the first glance make up your mind that some man is unworthy of your friend-ship, but afterward, by circumstances being put into intimate association with him, you come to like him and trust him. Yet stay with him long enough, and you will be com-pelled to return to your original estimate of his character, but it will be after he has cheated you out of everything he could lay his hands on. It is of God's mercy that we have these outside indexes of character. Phrenology is one index, and while it may be carried to an absurd extent there is no doubt that you can judge somewhat of a man's character by the shape of his head. Palmistry is another index, and while it may be carried into the fanciful and necromantic there is no doubt that certain lines in the palm of the hand are indicative of mental and moral traits.

Physiognomy is another index, and while the contour of the human face may sometimes mislead us we can generally, after looking into the eye and noticing the curve of the lip and the spread of the nostril, and the correlation of all the features, come to a the correlation of all the features, come to a right estimate of a man's character. If it were not so, how would we know whom to trust and whom to avoid? Whether we will or not, physiognomy decides a thousand things in commercial and financial and so-cial and religious domains. From one lid of the Bible to the other there is no science so recognized as that of physiognomy, and nothing more thoroughly taken for granted than the power of the soul to transfigure the face. The Bible speaks of the "face of God," the "face of Jesus Christ," the "face of Esau," the "face of Israel," the "face of Job," the "face of the old man," the shining "lace of Moses," the wrathful "lace of Pharaoh," the ashes face of humiliation. the resurrectionary staff on the face of the dead child, the ary staff on the face of the dead child, the hypocrites disfiguring their face, and in my text the Bible declares, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." If the Bible has so much to say about physiognomy, we do not wonder that the world has made it a study from the early ages. In yain the Engdo not wonder that the world has made it a study from the early ages. In vain the Eng-lish Parliament in the time of George II. ordered publicly whipped and imprisoned those who studied physiognomy. Intelligent people always have studied it and always will study it. The pens of Moses and Joshua and Job and John and Paul as well as of Homer and Hippocrates and Galen and Aristotle and Socrates and Plato and Lavater have been dipped into it, and whole libraries of wheat and chaff have been gamered on this theme. ing to show that while we are not responsible for our features, the Lord Almighty having decided what they shall be prenatally, as the psalmist declares when he writes, "In book all my members were written, thy which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them." yet the character which under God we form will chisel the face most mightily. Every man would like to have been made in appearance an Alcibiades, and every woman would like to have been made a Josephine. We all want to be agreeable. Our usefulness depends so much upon it that I consider it important and Christian for every man and woman to be as agreeable as possible. The slouch, the sloven, the man who does not care how he looks, all such people lack equipment for usefulness. A minister who has to throw a quid of tobacco out of his mouth before he begins to preach or Christians with beard un-trimmed, making them to look like wild beasts come out of the lair-yea, unkempt, uncombed, unwashed, disagreeable men or women-are a hindrance to religion more than a recommendation. Now, my text suggests how we may, inde-pendent of features, make ourselves agree-able, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the sourcess of his face shall be What I say may come too late sweetened." What I say may come too tate for many. Their countenance may by long years of hardness have been frozen into stol-idity, or by long years of cruei behavior they may have Herodized all the machinery of ex-pression, or by long years of avarice they may have been Shylocked until their face is a bard as the arcelous metal they are hoardmay have been Shylocked until their face is as hard as the precious metalthey are hoard-ing, but I am in time to help multitudes if the Lord will. That it is possible to over-come disadvantages of physiognomy was in this country mightily illustrated by one whose life recently closed after having served in the Presedential cabinet at Washington. By accident of fire in childhood his face had been more piteously scarred than any human visage that I ever saw. By hard study he arose from being a poor boy to the very height of the legal pro-fession, and when an Attorney General for the United States was needed he entered the Presidential cabinet. What a triumph over destroyed human countenance! Presidential cabinet. What a triumph over destroyed human countenance! I do not wonder that when an opposing at-torney in a Philadelphia court-room eruelly referred to this personal disfigurement Ben-jamin F. Brewster replied in these words. "When I was a bake, I was a beautiful bine-eyed child. I know this because my dear dead mother told me so, but I was one day playing with my sister when her clothestook fire, and I ran to her relief and saved her, but in doing so my clothes took fire, and the fire was not put out until my face was as black as the heart of the scoundrel who has just now referred to my disfigurement." Heroism conquering physical disabilities! That scholarly regular features are not nec-cesary for making powerful impression wit-

with pale and sick face in invalid's chair while he thrilled the American congress with his eloquence, and thousands of invalid preachers and Sabbath-school teachers and Christian workers. Aye, the most glorious being the world ever saw was foreseen by Isaiah, who described His face brulsed and cashed and scarified and said of Him, "His visige was so marred, more than any man." So you see that the loveliest face in the unlverse was a scarred face.

And now I am going to tell you of some of the chisels that work for the disfiguration or irradiation of the human countenance. One of the sharpest and most destructive of those chisels of the countenance is cynicism. That sours the disposition and then sours the face. It gives a contemptuous curl to the lip. It draws down the corners of the mouth and inflates the nostril as with a malodor. What David said in haste they say in their deliber-ation, "All men are liars," everything is go-ing to ruin. All men and women are bad or going to be. Society and the church are the down grade. Tell them of an act of on the down grade. Tell them of an act of benevolence, and they say he gave that to advertise himself. They do not like the present fashion of hats for women or of coats for men. They are opposed to the adminis-tration, municipal and State and National. Somehow food does not taste as it used to. and they wonder why there are no poets or orators or preachers as when they were boys. Even Solomon, one of the wisest and at one time one of the worst of at men, falls into the pessimistic mood and cries out in the twenty-first chapter of Proverse, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" If he hal behaved himself better and kept in good associations, he would not have written that interrogation point implying the scarcity of good womanhood. Cynicism, if a habit, as it is with tens of thousands of people, writes itself all over the features; hence so writes itself all over the features ; he many sour visages all up and down the street, all up and down the church and the world. One good way to make the world worse is to say it is worse. Let a depressed and foreboding opinion of everything take possession of you for twenty years, and you will be a sight to behold. It is the chastisement of God that when a man allows his heart to be cursed with cynicism his face be-comes gloomed and scowied and lachrymosed

and blasted with the same midnight. But let Christian cheerfulness try its chisel upon a man's countenance. Feeling that all things are for his good, and that God rules. and that the Bible being true the world's floralization is rapidly approaching, and the day when beer mug and demijohn and distil-lery and bombshell and rifle pit seventy-four pounders and roulette tables and corrupt book and satanic printing press will have quit work, the brightness that comes from such anticipation not only gives zest to his work, but shines in his eyes and glows in his entire countenance. Those are the facts I look for in an audience. Those countenances are sections of millennial glory. They are heaven impersonated. They are the sculp-turing of God's right hand. They are ho-sannas in human flesh. They are halleluiabs alighted. They are Christ reincarnated. I do not care what your features are or whether you look like your father or your mother or look like no one under the heavens, to God and man you are beautiful.

Michael Angelo, the sculptor, visiting Florence, some one showed him in a back yard a piece of marble that was so shapeless that it seemed of no use, and Angelo was asked if he could make anything out of it, and if so was told he could own it. The artist took the marble, and for nine months shut himself up to work, first trying to make of it a statue of David with his foot on Goliath, but the marble was not quite long enough at the base to make the prostrate form of the giant, and so the artist fashioned the marble into another figure that is so famous for all time because of its expressive-ness. A critic came in and was asked by not of right shape. Angelo picked up from the floor some sand and tossed it about the face of the statue pretend-ing he was using his chisel to make the improvement suggested by the critic. life or old age, how you would like just once "What do you think of it now?" said the more to bury your face in her lap and have a critic. "Well," said the artist, "I have not changed it at all." My friends, the grace of critic. God comes to the heart of a man or woman and then attempts to change a forbidding and prejudicial face into attractiveness. Per-haps the face is most unpromising for the Divine Sculptor. But having changed the heart it begins to work on the countenance with celestial chisel, and into all the lineaments of the face puts a gladness and an exments of the face puts a guadness and an ex-pectation that changes it from glory to glory, and though earthly criticism may disapprove of this or that in the appearance of the face Christ says of the newly created countenance that which Pilate said of Him, "Behold the man!

which he so well illustrated when he said, "Some of our generals complain that I im-pair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happier as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family." Kindness! It makes the face shine while life lasts and after death puts a summer sunset between the still lips and the smoothed hair that makes me say at obsequies, "She seems too beautiful to bury.'

beautiful to bury." But here comes another chisel, and its name is hypocrisy. Christ, with one terrific stroke in His sermon on the mount described this charreter. "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast." Hypocrisy having taken possession of the soul, it immediately ap-pears in the countenance. Hypocrites are always solemn. They carry several country pears in the countenance. Hyporites are always solemn. They carry several country graveyards in their faces. They are tearful when there is nothing to cry about, and in their prayers they catch for their breath and have such general dolefulness that they dis-gust young people with religion. We had one of them in one of my churches. When he ex-orted, he always deplored the low state of religion in other monie and when he prayed religion in other people, and when he prayed it was an attack of hysteria, and he went into a paroxysm of ohs and ahs that seemed to demand resuscitation. He went on in that way until we had to expel him from the church for stealing the property intrusted to him as administrator and for other vices that I will not mention, and he wrote me the West, saying that he was daily praying for my everlasting destruction. A man can-not have hypocrisy in his heart without some how showing it in his face. All intelligent people who witness it know it is nothing but dramatization.

Oh, the power of the human face! I warrant that you have known faces so magnetic and impressive that, though they vanished long ago, they still hold you with a holy spell. How long since your child went? "Well," you say, "if she had lived she would have been term they are a state of the state. have been ten years old now, or twenty or thirty years." But does not that infant's thirty years." But does not that infant's face still have tender supremacy over your entire nature? During many an eventide does it not look at you? What a sanctifying, hallowing influence it has been in your life! You can say in the words of the poet, "Bet-ter to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Or it may have been a sister's face. Perhaps she was the invalid of the family. Perhaps she never went out except on very clear days, and then she had to be carried down the stairs to the piazza or for a short. ride, but she was so patient and cheerful ride, but she was so patient and cheerful under it all. As that face looks at you through the years with what an elevated and heavenly emotion you are filled. Or was it a father's face? The storms of life had somewhat roughened it. A good deal of the brightness of the eye had been quenched, and the ear was turned with the hand behind it in order to hear at all. But you remember that face so vividly that if you were an artist you could put it on canvas, and it would mean to you more than any face that Bembrandt ever sketched. That face, though long ago veiled from numan sight, is as plain in your memory as though you

this moment saw it moving gently forward and backward in the rocking-chair by the stove in the old farmhouse. Or was it your mother's face? A good mother's face is never homely to her boys and girls. It is a "Ma-donna" in the plcture gallery of the memory. What a sympathetic face it was! Did you ever have a joy and that face did not respond to it? Did you ever have a grief and no tears trickle down that maternal cheek? Did you ever do a bad thing and a shadow did not cross it? Oh. it was a sweet face ! The spec-Angelo for his criticism, and he said it was beautiful, but the nose of the statute was which she looked at you, how sacredly they which she looked at you, now sacreary they have been kept in bureau or closet! Your mother's face, your mother's smile, your mother's tears! What an overpowering memory! Though you have come on to midOyster.

A single full-grown oyster produces, at the proper season about a million young, which swim about for a week or so, and then settle down to home life, attaching their still microscopic shells to any solid body which in their wanderings they have encountered. They are now about the twentieth of an inch in diameter, and form little white specks, called "spat." In six months they attain the size of a threepenny-plece. At two years old they are two inches

inches.

iron Ships. The first account we have of an armored ship is in 1530. It was one of the fleet of the Knights of St. John, entirely sheathed with lead, and is said to have successfully resisted all the shot of that day. At the siege of Gibraltar in 1782 the French and Spaniards employed light iron bomb-proofing over their decks. The first practical use of wroughtiron plates as a defense for the sides of vessels was by the French in the Crimean war in 1853, to be used against the Russian forts in the Baltic.

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An Doctor's Combine.

The physicians of Brussels have recently banded themselves into a union, pledged to resist any attempt to cheapen their scale of renumeration, and have bound themselves not te accept any fee below a certain fixed sum. They have been led to take this course by a circular addressed to them by several industrial unions, informing them that physicians who would give medical attendance at the rate of 30 cents a visif, would be exclusively called in by sick members of the trades unions,

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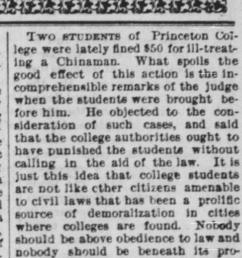
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Pictures by an Armless Painter. A remarkable art exhibition is announced at Bristol. It is an exhibition of thirty paintings by Mr. Bartram Hiles, an artist who, while quite boy, met with an accident by which he lost both arms. Having from childhood shown a strong dispositian and love for drawing, he was taken in hand by some artistic friends and taught to draw, holding the pencil in his mouth. After a time he became a student at the Merchant Venturers' Schools, and studied so assiduously that he won a National Scholarship, value 2.04, which also carries the privilege of studying at the National Art Training School at South Kensington for two years, during which time he also won one national sliver medal and two national bronze medals. In consideration of his having won these honors, the authorities at South Ken-

sington sent him to Paris for some months to study at the museums, paying all his expenses. The armless painter at Antwerp is well known; but it will be news to many people to hear of an English artist contending with the same disability .- St. James Gazette.



Closed, but Not "Busted." A closed bank in Arizona has issued the following notice: "This bank is not busted; it owes the people \$36,-000; the people owe it \$55,000; it is the people who are busted; when they pay we'll pay."

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on existention and urged Windwill Co's to put utfits. They would not, tried to prevent us They a regular organization fighting us, held meet-and appointed emmi-

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ave been dipped into it, and whole libraries of wheat and chaff have been gamered on his theme. Now, what practical religious and eternal ise would I make of this subject? I am go-ing to show that while we are not responsi-le for our features, the Lord Almighty hav-ng decided what they shall be prenatally, as in the revengeful countenance. Disfigura-tion of diabolic passion !

But here comes another chisel to shape the countenance, and it is kindness. There came a moving day, and into her soul moved the whole family of Christian graces, with all their children and grandchildren, and the command has come forth from the heavens that that woman's face shall be made to cor-respond with her superb soul. Her entire face from ear to ear becomes the canvas on which all the best artists of heaven begin to put their finest strokes, and on the small compass of that face are put pictures of sun-rise over the sea, and angels of mercy going up and down ladders all affash, and mountains of transfiguration and noonday in heaven. Kindness! It is the most magnifi-cent sculptor that ever touched human

neaven. Andness ' it is the most magnifi-cent sculptor that ever touched human countenance. No one could wonder at the unusual geniaity in the face of William Windom, Sec-retary of the Treasury of the United States, after seeing him at the New York banquet just before he dropped dead, turning his wineglass upside down, saying. ''I may by doing this offend some, but by not doing if I might damage many.'' Be kind to your friends. Be kind to your enemies. Be kind to the young. Be kind to the old. Be kind to your rulers. Be kind to your servants. Be kind to your superiors. Be kind to your inferiors. Be kind to your horse. Be kind to your dog. Be kind to your cat. Morn-ing, noon and night be kind, and the effects of it will be written in the language of your face. That is the gospel of physiognomy. A Bayonne merchant was in the south of Europe for his health, and sitting on the ter-race one morning in his invalidism he saw a rider flung from a horse into a river, and without thinking of his own weakness the merchant flung off his invalid's gown and swam to the drowning man, and clutching him as he was about to go down the last time bore him in asfety to the bank, when glancing into the face of the rescued man he cried. 'My God, I have saved my own son.'' All kindness comes back to us in one way or another ; if not in any other way, then in your own face. Kindness! Show it to others, for the time may come when you will need it yourself. People langhed at the Hon because he spared the mouse that ran over him when by one motion of his paw the mon-ster could have crushed the insignificant dis-turber. But it was well that the Hon had mercy on the mouse, for one day the Hon was ster could have crushed the insignificant dis-turber. But it was well that the lion had mercy on the mouse, for one day the lion was caught in a trap and roared fearfully because he was held fast by ropes. Then the mouse knawed off the ropes and let the lion go free. You may consider yourself a lion, but you cannot afford to despise a mouse. When Abraham Lincoln pardoned a young soldier at the request of his mother, the mother went down the stairs of the White House saying: "They have lied about the President's being homely. He is the hand-somest man I ever saw." All over that Presi-dent's rugged face was written the kindness

casary for making powerful impression wit-ness Paul, who photographs himself as in "bodily presence weak," and George White-field, whose eyes were struck with strabis-mus, and Alexander H. Stephens, who sat

But I can tell you of a more sympathetic and more tender and more loving face than any of the faces I have mentioned. "No, you cannot," says some one. I can, and I will. It is the face of Jesus Christ as He was on earth and is now in heaven. When prepar-ing my life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne." I ransacked the art galler-ies and portfolios of the world to find a picture of our Saviour's face that might be expressive, and I saw it as Francesco Francia painted it in the sixteenth century, and as the emerald intaglio of the sixth century presented it, and as a fresco in the catacomba near Rome preserved it, and as Leonardo da Vinci showed it in "The Last Supper," and I looked in the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, and the Vatican, and the Dresden, and the Berlin, and Neapolitan and London galleries for the most inspiring face of Christ, and many of the presentations were wonderful for pathos and majesty and power and exe-cution, but although I selected that by Ary Scheffer as in some respects the most expres-sive I felt as we all feel—that our Christ has been a them presented either in sould ure never yet been presented either in sculpture og painting, and that we will have to wait of painting, and the upper palace, where we shall see Him as He is. What a gentle face it must have been to

induce the babes to struggle out of their mother's arms into His arms! What an expressive face it must have been when one re-proving look of it threw statwart Peter into proving look of it threw staiwart Peter Into a fit of tears! What a pleading face it must have been to lead the psalmist in prayer to say of it, "Look upon the face of thine aniointed I" What a sympathetic face it must have been to encourage the sick woman who was beyond any help from the doctors to touch the hem of His garment! What a suffering face it must have been when sus-rended on the persondicular and horizontal pended on the perpendicular and horizontal pieces of the wood of martyrdom, and His antagonists slapped the pallid cheek with their rough hands and befouled it with the saliva of their blasphemous lips! What a tremendous face it must have been to lead St. John to describe it in the coming judg-ment as scattering the universe when he says. "From whose face the earth and the

says. "From whose face the earth and the heaven fied away." O Christ! Once the Nazarene, but now the celestial! Once of cross, but now of throne! Once crowned with stinging bramble, but now coroneted with the jewels of ransomed empires! Turn on Thy pardoning face and forgive us, Thy sympathetic face and console us, Thy suffering face and have Thy atone-ment avail for us, Thy omnipotent face and rescue us. Oh, what a face! So scarred, so lacerated, so respiendent, so overwheiminglacerated, so respiendent, so overwheiming-ly glorious that the seraphim put wing to wing and with their conjoined pinions keep off some of the luster that is too mighty even off some of the luster that is too mighty even for eyes cheruble or angelic, and yet this morning turning upon us with a sheathed splender like that with which He ap-peared when He said to the mothers hashful about presenting their children, "Suffer them to come." and to the poor waif of the street, "Neither do I condemn thee," and to the eyes of the blind beggar of the wayside, "Be opened." I think my brother John, the returned foreign mission-ary, dying summer before last at Bound brother John, the returned foreign mission-ary, dying summer before last at Bound Brook, caught a glimpse of that face of Christ when in his dying hour my brother said: "I shall be satisfied when I awaken in His like-ness." And now unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and domin-lon for ever and ever. Amen and amen! Amen and amen!

Oregon's salmon fisheries produce about 600,000 cases a year and its wool clip exceeds 16,000,000 pounds. There are 25,000 square miles of pine forests, and the annual gold yield exceeds \$1,-000,000.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries nearly all the rulers of Europe were bitten by the alchemist's

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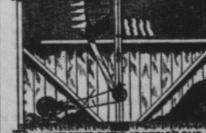
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