

Teething at Forty.
"It is an exceedingly rare experience to be teething at 40," said a Chestnut street dentist; "but I have just learned of such a case, well authenticated, in Pawling near Phoenixville. Wesley Free, a well-known citizen of Pawling and a man of just two-score years, has recently consulted several specialists concerning his exceedingly sore upper jaw. It has been discovered that Free is, beyond all doubt, cutting his third set of teeth. Moreover, this phenomenal experience is in a measure peculiar to the Free family, William, a brother of Wesley, and a resident of Valley Forge, several years ago, had a new tooth grow in his gum, out of which the second molar had been drawn years before.—Philadelphia Record.

The Magic Touch

Hood's Sarsaparilla

You smile at the idea. But if you are a sufferer from

Dyspepsia

And indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will think, and no doubt exclaim—"That just fits it!"

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

soothing effect is a magic touch! Hood's Sarsaparilla cleanses the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

LEATHER-LUNGED STATESMEN.

Life Pence Not a Circumstance to George C. Symes or Old Bill Allen.

Life Pence, of Colorado, has a high, penetrating voice, but, according to the Washington Star, it isn't a circumstance to that of one of his predecessors, George C. Symes, who died recently. Symes was an Ohioan by birth, served through the war in a Wisconsin regiment and lived most of his life in the Rocky Mountain region, where he was a lawyer and an orator noted for his great voice. Compared with it the roar of the bull of Hashan was a gentle murmur. It was a deep, heavy bass, proceeding, seemingly, from cavernous depths. Explaining the reputation his voice had given him, he said one day:

"Well, I'll tell you about it," and the words rolled out in his deepest, heaviest bass. "You see, I was out campaigning. I was addressing a Republican audience at Silverton. Over at Oroville, twenty miles distant, the Democrats were holding a meeting. Along about 9 o'clock there came up one of the awful storms which occur in that mountain country. The wind howled like a million devils. It was especially bad at Oroville. The people showed signs of alarm, and acted as if they wanted to break up the meeting and leave the hall. The chairman, becoming anxious, rose to assure them. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'do not be alarmed. There is a Republican meeting over at Silverton and George Symes is addressing it. He has just come to the part of his speech where he denounces the Mills tariff bill and the noise you hear is the indistinct rumbling of his voice.'"

Symes' voice was equal to that of Governor William Allen, of Ohio, commonly called "Old Bill Allen." He was noted for having the most tremendous voice of his day. Once when he was a member of Congress, before the days of railroads, one of his colleagues departed for his home in the Buckeye State. The day after he had left Allen was lamenting the fact that he had gone, as he wanted to consult him about some matter that had come up unexpectedly. "That needn't trouble you, Allen," said a fellow-member. "He hasn't got across the Alleghenies yet. Jus go out on the balcony and call him back."



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better 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 pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; 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 druggists 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.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Excited Governor."

Text: "Felix trembled and answered, Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season I will call for thee."—Acts xxiv, 25.

A city of marble was Caesarea—wharves of marble, houses of marble, temples of marble. This being the ordinary architecture of the place, you may imagine something of the splendor of Governor Felix's residence. In a room of that palace, floor polished, windows curtained, ceiling fretted, the whole scene affluently with Tyrian purple and stucco and pictures and carvings, sat a very dark complexioned man of the name of Felix, and beside him a woman of extraordinary beauty, whom he had stolen by breaking up another domestic circle. She was only eighteen years of age, a princess by birth, and unwittingly waiting for her doom—that of being buried alive in the ashes and scoria of Mount Vesuvius, which in sudden eruption one day put an end to her abominations.

Well, one afternoon Drusilla, seated in the palace, weary with the insupportable staidities of the place, says to Felix: "You have a very distinguished prisoner, I believe, of the name of Paul. Do you know he is one of my countrymen? I should very much like to see him, and I should very much like to hear him speak, for I have heard so much about his eloquence. Besides that the other day, when he was being tried in another part of the palace and the windows were open, I heard the applause that greeted the speech of Lawyer Tertullus as he denounced Paul. Now, I very much wish I could hear Paul speak. Won't you let me hear him speak?"

"Clank, clank, comes a chain up the marble staircase, and there is a shuffle at the door, and in comes Paul, a little old man, premature, thin, with a few white hairs, only sixty years of age, but looking as though he were eighty. He bows very courteously before the governor and the beautiful woman by his side. He says, 'Felix, we have heard a great deal about your speaking. Give us now a specimen of your eloquence.' Oh, if there were a chance for a man to show off, Paul had a chance there! He might have harangued about Greek art, about the wonderful waterworks he had seen at Corinth, about the Acropolis by moonlight, about prison life in Philippi, about 'what I saw in Thebes,' about the old mythology, but no! Paul said to himself, 'I am not on the way to martyrdom, and this man and woman will soon be dead, and this is my only opportunity to talk to them about the things of eternity.'

Can it be that there is now any young man saying, 'Let me have political office, let me have some of the high positions of trust and power which I will attend to with religion, but not now.' Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

And now my subject takes a deeper tone, and it shows what a dangerous thing is this deferring of religion. When Paul's chain rattled down the marble stairs of Felix, that was Felix's last chance for heaven. Judging from his character afterward, he was probably not so good as he seemed. And so was Drusilla.

One day in the southern Italy there was a tremble of the earth, and the air got black. The smoke intermingled with lightning, and Vesuvius rained upon Drusilla and upon her son a horrible tempest of ashes and fire. They did not reject religion. They only put it off. They did not understand that that day, that hour, that minute, that second, that was the pivotal hour upon which everything was poised, and that it tipped the wrong way. Their convenient season came when Paul and his guardsman entered the palace. It went away when Drusilla and her son were waiting for a convenient season. There is such a great fascination about it that, though you may have great respect for the truth of religion, yet you have partially to excuse the thought, "Not quite yet. It is not time for me to become a Christian." I say to a boy, "Seek Christ." He says, "No. Wait until I get to be a young man." I say to a young man, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I come to middle age." I meet the same person in middle, and I say, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I get old." I meet the same person in old age, and I say, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I am on my dying bed." I am called to his dying couch. His last moments have come. I bend over the couch and listen for his last words. I hear something in his ear, and I am by the motion of his lips, he is so feeble, but rallying himself he whispers until I can hear him say, "I am—waiting—for—a more-convenient—season," and he is gone!

I can tell you when your convenient season will come. I can tell you the year, it will be 1894. I can tell you what kind of a day it will be. It will be the Sabbath day. I can tell you what hour it will be. It will be between 8 and 10 o'clock. In other words, it is now. Do you ask me how I know this is your convenient season? I know it because you are here, and because the elect sons and daughters are praying for your redemption. Ah, I know it is your convenient season because some of you, like Felix, tremble as all your past life comes upon you with its sin, and all the future life comes upon you with its sorrow. The air is aglare with torches to show you up or to show you down. It is rustling with wings to lift you into light or smite you into despair, and there is a rushing to ascend, and a heaving against the door of your soul, and a great thunder of emphasis, telling you, "Now, now is the best time, as it may be the only time."

May God Almighty forbid that any of you, my brethren or sisters, at the part of Felix and Drusilla and put away this great subject. If you are going to be saved ever, why not begin to-night? Throw down your sins and take the Lord's pardon. Christ has been tramping after you many a day. An Indian and a white man became Christians. The Indian, almost as soon as he heard the gospel, believed and was saved, but the white man struggled on in darkness for a long while before he found light.

After their peace in Christ the white man said to the Indian, "Why was it that I was kept so long in the error of my ways and immediately found peace?" The Indian replied: "I will tell you. A prince comes along, and he offers you a coat. You look at your coat, and you say, 'My coat is good, but the price is so high, however low, and he offers me the coat, and I look at my old blanket, and I throw that away and take his offer. You, sir,' continuing the Indian, 'are almost alone, and you are good enough, and you keep your own righteousness; but I have nothing, nothing, and so when Jesus offers me pardon and peace I simply take it.' My reader, why not now throw away the worn-out blanket of your sin and take the robe of a Saviour's righteousness—a robe so white, so fair, so just, so true, so better than earth can weave it? O Shepherd, to-night bring home the lost sheep! O Father, to-night give a welcoming kiss to the wayward prodigal! O friend of Lazarus, to-night break down the door of the sepulcher and say to all these dead souls as by irresistible fiat: 'Live! Live!'"

Ah! Mamma—How came that hole in your glove, Ethel? It was not there this morning. Ethel—Where was it?—Truth.

of Tyrian purple in your palace wall, and the marble blocks of Caesarea will crumble, and the breakwater at the beach, made of great blocks of stone sixty feet long, must give way before the perpetual wash of the sea, but the redemption that Paul offers you will be forever! And yet and yet and yet you wave him back to the guardroom, saying: "Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

Again, Felix adjourned this subject of religion and put off Paul's argument because he could not give up the honors of the world. He had a ready answer for the man who promised himself in this matter. Remarks he made afterward showed him to be intensely ambitious. Oh, how he hugged the favor of men!

I have seen the honors of this world in their hollowness and hypocrisy so much as in the life and death of that wonderful man, Charles Sumner. As he went toward the place of burial, even Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, and that his remains should be carried on their way to Boston. The flags were at half mast, and the minute guns on Boston Common thrilled after his heart had ceased to beat. Was it always so? What he lived he was censured of legislative resolutions; how caricatured of the pictorials, how charged with every motive mean and ridiculous; how all the ills of scorn and hatred and billingsgate hurled upon his head; how, when struck down in Senate chamber, there were hundreds of thousands of people who said, "Good for him; serves him right!" how he had to put the ocean between him and his admirers, how he might have been the peace, and how, when he went off sick, they said he was broken hearted because he could not get to be President or Secretary of State!

O Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who is that man that sleeps in your public hall covered with garlands and wrapped in the stars and stripes? Is that the man who, only a few months before, you denounced as the foe of republicanism and democratic institutions? Is that the same man? Ye American people, ye could not by one week of funeral eulogium and newspaper leaders, which the dead senator could neither read nor hear, be so ready to give five years of maltreatment and caricature.

When I see a man like that, pursued by all the honors of the political kennel so long as he lives and then hurled under a great pile of garlands amid the lamentations of a whole nation, I say to myself: What an unutterably hypocritical thing is all human applause and all human favor! You took twenty-five years to try to win down his fame and then take twenty-five years to try to build his monument. My friends, there ever a better commentary on the hollowness of all earthly favor? If there are young men here who are inquiring about religion in order that they may have the favors of this world, let me persuade them of their complete folly. If you are looking forward to gubernatorial, senatorial or presidential chair, let me show you your great mistake.

Can it be that there is now any young man saying, "Let me have political office, let me have some of the high positions of trust and power which I will attend to with religion, but not now." Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

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BROTHER GARDNER'S BAND.

The Limekiln Club Discusses the Age of the World.

"Am Brudder Stepoff Johnson in de hall dis evening?" inquired the president of the Limekiln Club as he rose up and glanced up and down the aisles.

"He ar!" promptly replied a voice from the region of the alley stairs.

Brother Johnson is nearly seven feet high, as thick as a corn colored envelope and makes a regular broods of asthma all at once. He slouched forward, dragging his long feet behind him, and when he had reached the president's desk Brother Gardner said:

"Brudder Johnson, I war ober to my family grocery de odder night to see if de price of turnips had fell, and yo cum in an brought five pounds of buckwheat flour an a hunk o' codfish."

"Yes, sah, I war dar," replied Mr. Johnson.

"Yo' was jest about to go when de ole man Climax cum in for a pint of 'lasses, an' it wasn't two minutes befo' de two of yo' was disputin' 'bout how long ago de world was created."

"Yes, sah, but dat ole man hain't got no sense in his head."

"I heard yo' call him a liar."

"But he dun called me a fule."

"I heard yo' call him a crank."

"But he dun called me a humbug."

"Yes, I heard it all, an' now I want to have a little talk with yo'."

Brudder Johnson, how many 's ago was dis world created?"

"I dunno, sah, but I reckon I knows as much as dat ole man Climax."

"Dat's probably true, but neither of yo' knows nuffin 'tall 'bout it. Dat's whar de trouble cum in. He said it was 10,000 's ago, an' yo' stuck to it that it was a millyon. It's human natur' dat two intellingent pussons will sooner quarrel ober whar dey doan' know dan ober sunthin dey kin be suah ober. What we doan' know we try to make up fur in argyment. What we lack in argyment we try to make up in blab. If we can't bring a man to see things as we do, we call him a fule."

"How does he know dis world ar 10,000 's ago?" demanded Brother Johnson with a show of spirit.

"How does yo' know it's a millyon?" blandly replied the president.

"Mebbe yo've got some later news dan de rest of us, but I doubt it. Let me say to yo' as follows:

"What yo' believe in wid all yo' heart may be altogether wrong."

"De man who draps argument fur abuse admits dat he has no case."

"De man who will admit his ignorance has a chance to learn wisdom; de man who won't must continue to be a fule."

"Yo' may silence a man by holdin' an ax above his head, but he doan' undergo no change of opinyun."

The Vanishing Moose.

A deer when started by a hunter or driven by hounds usually returns in a few days to the same hill or mountain side where he was first found; but a moose, when once thoroughly alarmed, will start on a long, swinging walk, and taking with him his entire family, leave for good. It is one of the greatest difficulties—and there are many—in still hunting this animal, to avoid getting him under way, for then the hunter may as well break camp and try other fields, since not a moose will be found within miles. They scent a moose in track or the smoke of a fire at an incredible distance. A fresh trail may be found one day, and arrangements made to follow it at daybreak the morrow, returning to his old haunts, detects the danger signs, and all the hunters find in the morning is a trail six or eight hours old leading for parts unknown in an almost perfectly straight line. The moose is at that moment, perhaps, seventy miles off, and still going.

Although moose cannot be driven to water by hounds, like a deer, but will turn savagely to bay, still they will not remain in a locality where dogs are running; so that when the white hunters became numerous in the North Woods, and especially when they introduced hounding, the moose simply left the country, and passed either eastward to Maine or northward to Canada.

It is a well-authenticated, but little known, fact that they practically left in one season. They were numerous in the Adirondacks, especially in Brown's Tract—a large district in what is now the southwestern part of the wilderness—until the period between 1850 and 1855 (probably near the latter year), when they suddenly disappeared. Before this several had been killed yearly. Scattered ones were shot later, but 1855 marked their exit from the annals of New York game. Years later, four or five were brought back to Saranac, but would not stay.

Well, What Then? Tommy—Europe's in the east, isn't it, pa? His Father—Yes. Tommy—And you may get there just by starting west and going far enough, can't you? His Father—Certainly. Tommy—Well, then, whereabouts on the way 'round do you stop going west and begin to get east again?—Chicago Record.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Christopher Grove, a ninety-two year old resident of Bethany, Ind., is cutting a new set of teeth.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.

The Empire of Morocco is the most important State that is absolutely without a newspaper.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Bricks from what is believed to be the remains of the old Tower of Babel are still found in great profusion at Birs Nimrud, Babylonia.

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The Responsibility Fixed.

The professor of natural science in a well-known university was discussing the process of fertilizing plants by means of insects carrying pollen from one plant to another, and to amuse them told how the old maids were the ultimate cause of it all. The humble bees carry the pollen; the field mice eat the humble bees; therefore, the more field mice, the fewer humble bees, and the less pollen and variation of plants. But cats devour field mice, and old maids protect cats. Therefore, the more old maids the more cats, the fewer field mice the more bees. Hence, the old maids are the cause of it all.

Thereupon a sophomore with a single eyeglass, an English umbrella, a box-coat, with his "trousers" rolled up at the bottom, arose and asked: "I sa-y, Professah, what is the cause—ah—of old maids, don't you know?"

"Perhaps Miss Jones can tell you," suggested the Professor.

"Dudes," said Miss Jones sharply, and without a moment's hesitation. There was silence in the room for the space of thirty seconds, after which the lecture was resumed.

IT GIVES WARNING that there's trouble ahead—if you're getting thin. It shows that your blood is impoverished, and your organs deranged, so that whatever you eat fails to properly nourish you. And just as long you remain in this condition, Consumption, Pneumonia, and other Scrofulous and dangerous diseases are likely to fasten upon you. You should build yourself up with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Purify and enrich the blood, rouse every organ into natural action, and build up healthy, wholesome, necessary flesh. Ocean Port, N. J.

Dr. R. V. Pierce: Dear Sir—We have used your "G. M. D." in our family and find nothing else to equal it. One of our children had the pneumonia, and one lung became consolidated, but by the use of the "Discovery" she has entirely recovered, and is now in good health. Woodstock, N. Y.

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