

Do Bees Eat Fruit?  
Are not bees injurious to sound, ripe fruit? Do they not damage sound fruit in years of honey scarcity? During the fall of 1879 there was a great complaint made of the bees on that score, in this vicinity, especially in the matter of grapes. These complaints induced us to make careful experiments on the matter, and I ascertained and will say now, not that I believe that bees cannot injure sound fruit, but that I know that they may be starved to death upon it.

Some four or five years ago, a doubt of this assertion having been expressed in our public high school on this question, by the lady principal of the school, I offered to make a public test of this matter before the pupils, and this offer was accepted. The bees were attracted from neighboring hives to a table in the school yard, and damaged fruit offered them. After they got fairly to work upon it, the damaged fruit was removed and sound fruit put in its place, and in the course of fifteen minutes the bees had all abandoned the spoiled fruit. I earnestly request those who doubt my assertion on this question to make such a test for themselves. It is not difficult and is conclusive.

Most of the damage charged to bees is done by birds, ants, wasps, and hornets do their share, but as the little honey-bee sometimes gathers the remnants so nothing may be lost, she is often accused as the leading perpetrator of the offense.—Bee Journal.

#### Qualified to Speak.

"Now, then, who is the plaintiff in this case?" asked his Honor, as a case was called. No reply. "I ask who is the plaintiff in this case?" continued the court.

"I don't know anything about plaintiffs," replied a man in the corner, as he slowly rose, "but if you are asking for the chap who was chased a mile and a half, and then mopped all over his own burnard by two desperadoes, I'm your man."

#### \$5,000,000 Tobacco Bill Saved.

CHICAGO, September 8.—[Special.]—The Chicago Inter-Ocean's Illustrated Supplement, describing the great success and merit of No-To-Bac, has made it famous in a day. Mr. H. L. Kramer, the active man, was seen to-day at his office, 45 Randolph street, and in talking of No-To-Bac's growth, said it was hard to keep up with the rapidly increasing demand, as every box sold advertised No-To-Bac's merit.

He said: "No-To-Bac is not sold on the strength of the thousands and tens of thousands of testimonial statements, but under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. That made a long story about merit very short, as it absolutely protects the user from physical or financial loss. 'Why,' said he, 'No-To-Bac will make 100,000 cures this year, and the saving will average \$50.00 for every one cured, or a grand total of \$5,000,000 saved from going up in smoke and out in spit.' No-To-Bac, is indeed, a God-send to the poor man these hard times. According to the testimonial, however, the money saving is the least consideration, for almost every report an improvement of the nervous system, increase in weight, and a revival of physical and mental powers that is indeed miraculous.

Prominent physicians look upon No-To-Bac as a great success, and are very free to prescribe it. Every wholesale drug house in this country and Canada sells No-To-Bac, and the retail druggists are pushed to supply the demands of customers; the direct mail demand is immense.

The cost of No-To-Bac compared with the results is a small matter, as the saving in a week pays the cost of a cure for a lifetime. No-To-Bac is sold for \$1 a box, or three boxes, \$2.50, with a guarantee to cure, or money refunded.

A few extra copies of the Inter-Ocean Supplement (eight pages) illustrated in five colors, have been secured and will be mailed for the asking by addressing the Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago office, 45 Randolph street; New York office, 100 Spruce street; Laboratory, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

One of the hardest lessons to learn is that we are made out of the same kind of clay as other folks.

#### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh cured by our Catarrh Cure. Dr. J. C. 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 up with the large and increasing business of Catarrh Cure, sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

The present is made up of the fragments of the past.

#### Five Pictures Free.

Here's good news for any one of our readers who are pined by the hard times. The Woolson Spice Co., of Toledo, O., are giving away many fine pictures to drinkers of Lion Coffee in exchange for large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers. Besides pictures they also mail valuable books, a knife, game, etc. It surely pays to drink Lion Coffee, which is by far the finest sold for the price, and has a beautiful picture-card in every 1 lb. package. If you haven't an illustrated Premium List, ask your grocer for a copy, or send your name & address to the firm above named.

Man's good opinion of himself is a great stimulant.

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

By the sunshine of prosperity many people are sunstruck.

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

A locomotive lasts fifteen years and earns about \$200,000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

High string—the suspension bridge.

Headache  
Dyspepsia Indigestion  
are caused by bad blood, and by a run down, worn out condition of the body. Remember  
**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Be sure to get  
**Hood's Cures**  
Hood's Pills are gentle, mild and effective.

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Rescuer."

TEXT: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi, 31.

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now, but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine to-day we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groans of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn for their wasted estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God, pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is the song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped very badly whipped. The long lashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden stocks, and of course they cannot sleep. But the captain, Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. It is for Joseph. A lion's cage for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas.

But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake shakes the iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners and believing, in his panic, that he would be held responsible if Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—but his sword is in his own breast, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his existence. But Paul cried out and said, "Stop, stop! Do thyself no harm! We are all here!"

Then I see the jailer running through the dust and the rain of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer? "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake. Put handcuffs and hobble on these other prisoners lest they get away!" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo, and in Caracas. We live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe earthquake disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid for the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself, "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1857 or in 1873 a great earthquake strikes the foundation of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment.

Here is a man who has built up a very comfortable home. His daughters have all come home from an ordinary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happiness and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurried the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck upon the foundation of that beautiful home.

The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name upon them, or even your initials, but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," "Christ," but that there might be no mistake about the passage all three names come together—"the Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know that I shall be cheated if I make it in them. You cannot put your trust in the confidence of a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected by a man; you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you will not expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is.

But then, I ask you who this you want me to trust in, you tell me He is a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe His whole appearance as being repellent. There was no need for Christ to come to the children to come to Him, "Smile little children to come unto Me" was not spoken to the children. It was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom. John could not help but put his head there. I suppose a look at Christ was just to love Him. How attractive His manner!

Why, when they saw Christ coming along the road, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could and brought them out that He might look at them. Oh, there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did, in His very look! When these sick ones were brought out, did He say: "Do not bring before Me those sores. Do not trouble Me with these leproses?" No, no; there was a kind look; there was a gentle word; there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

"I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying, 'I will trust Him if you will only tell me how.' And the great question, 'How?' is asked. 'How, how?' And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowan Hill has often uttered in the midst of his sermons, 'Master, help! How are you to trust in Christ?"

Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or, an uncle, you go home to-day. You expect there will be foot on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same

confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says, "You believe; I take away your sins," and they are all taken away. "What?" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I cry over my sins any more? Before I believe in my sins any more?" Believe with all your heart, and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then even then the presence, but you do not think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are then deal with Him as fairly.

"Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your heart or your head? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you see that Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His fame will live forever with the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical fact.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting of the cry: "No top, no hope! We are lost, we are lost! The sail pins out its wings of fire, the robes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wreck hisses in the waves, and on the hurricane decks shales out its banner of smoke and darkness. 'Down with the lifeboats!' cried the captain. 'Down with the lifeboats!' People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room for only one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain.

Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with death in your eyes, with a full assurance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon—why, the salvation of your immortal soul depends on it. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of, but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. But Paul cried out, "Arch bridge blasted from the 'Book of Ages' and built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, I ask God to ask you to come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way out, and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, 'How do I get across?' But Paul cried out, 'Instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you."

Oh, there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and life, offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Put your hand on it, give me a thousand dollars? Less than that? One dollar? Less than that? One farthing? Less than that? "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only a heart that desires to be saved. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? There is a light in the darkness, an angel, can tell you. But I can hint at it, for my text brings me up to this point. "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death, and a blissful eternity. It is a right thing to do, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword, can do me any harm. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to see me through. The mountain may depart, the hills may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane, but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yes, further than that, it means peace. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and the heavy, unswerving pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody prying round about us. Dark, dark, dark, dark, dark, dark, dark, midnight and the wringing of the heart, till the tendrils snap and curl in the torture unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death, and I confess to you an infinite dread of the judgment. I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the farther on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round me. And as I get to be old, I get to be afraid of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the merry Christmas, shall I add no joy to the Year? Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. 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