

Drop a Nickel in the Slot.
The roar of Niagara has been phonographed and may be heard in any part of America for a small fee.

Homes of the Red Man.
There are 147 Indian reservations in the United States.

She—It takes two to make a bargain, you know. He—Yes; but only one gets it!—Boston Courier.

A Perilous Paraphrase.
"Our country if right, should be kept right if wrong should be put right," is a political maxim which paraphrased applies to other conditions of life, thus: our health if right, should be kept right; if wrong should be put right, especially in bodily ailments, such as pains and aches, which St. Jacobs Oil promptly cures. Many out of work should have to give it a chance to cure and it will give them a chance to go to work cured. Another adage is: "do the best, who do the best." Well, of course, you want to be well from all sorts of aches, and the best thing to do is to use the best remedy. He who does so is doing well indeed.

The man who minds his own business will always be a mind.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.
Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on the strictest directions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine, it is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co., The Lion Brand. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

You can't stop a vile man's tongue, but you can stop your own ears.

A Child Enjoy.
The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

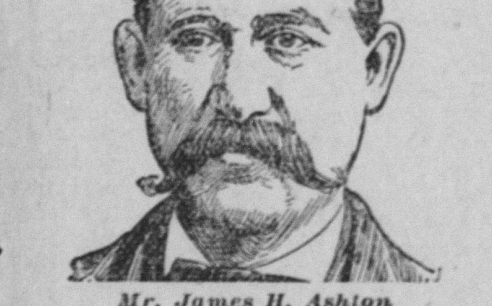
How weak a thing is gentility if it wants virtue.

Ripans Tablets.
Slip a vial into your vest pocket and your life is insured against the tortures of Dyspepsia and all kindred ailments. One price relief.

Precepts may lead, but examples will draw.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's E. O. Water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Criticism is one form of conceit.



Mr. James H. Ashton

I Am Well
Thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cured me of rheumatism and ulcers on my leg, which I had for years and could not cure. I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills standard medicines. J. H. ASHTON, night watchman at a Lexington bridge, West Rochester, N. H.

Take Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla
Can be made working for a few minutes. Parties preferred who can brush a horse and travel through a country's team, though, is not necessary. A few vacancies in towns and cities. No need of good character will find this an exceptional opportunity for profitable employment. Spare hours may be used to good advantage. R. F. JOHNSON & CO., 11th and Main Sts., Richmond, Va.

COOK BOOK
FREE
320 PAGES—ILLUSTRATED.
One of the Largest and Best COOK BOOKS published. Mailed in exchange for 52 Large Labels, made out from Labels Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp. Write for list of our other fine Free literature. WOODBINE BROS. CO., 40 HURON ST., TOLEDO, OHIO.

TOBACCO
PIEDMONT TOBACCO CO., WINSTON, N. C.

13 Cents a Lb.
GUNS SPORTING GOODS AND FISHING TACKLE
SEND STAMPS FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO
GEO. W. HARDER, Williamsport, Pa.

Don't leave home mad
If your breakfast doesn't happen to suit.
TELL YOUR WIFE
To have
Heckers
BUCKWHEAT
CAKES
For breakfast to-morrow.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Sick General."

Text: "He was a leper."—II Kings v, 1.

Here we have a warrior sick, not with leprosy or rheumatism or consumption, but with a disease worse than all these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete blindness and absolute loss of sight. He has something awful to tell you, General Naaman, the commander in chief of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person. He is a dead man. The commander in chief of all the forces of Syria! And yet he would be glad to exchange his position with the boy who sits at the feet of the prophet who blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out: "Is it possible that our great hero, who slew Ahab and around whom we came with such veneration when he returned from victorious battle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy?"

Yes, everybody has something he wishes he had not—David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn in his side; Job, enemies to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Naboth to deny him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, a childlessness to afflict him; John Wesley, a turgid wit to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked neck; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister, and you and you and you something which you never bargained for and would like to shake hands in the pleasant society of. We are only in the vestibule of a grand temple. God does not want us to stand on the door step, and therefore He sends aches and annoyances and sorrows and bereavements of all sorts to push us on and push us up toward ripeness and brighter society and more radiant prosperities. God is only whipping us ahead. The reason that Edward Payson and Robert Hall had more rapacity for heaven than other people had was because, through their aches and pains, God pushed them nearer up to it. If God dashes out one of your pictures, it is only to show you a brighter one. If He stings your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextinguishable thirst, it is only because He is preparing to substitute a better body than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality.

It is to push you on and to push you up toward something grander and better that God sends upon you, as He did upon General Naaman, something you do not want. Seated in his Syrian mansion, all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle, the eunuchs crowded with admiring visitors who just wanted to see him once, music and mirth and banquet, filling all the mansion from tessellated floor to plectrated ceiling, Naaman would have forgotten that there was anything better than would have been glad to stay there 10,000 years. But, oh, how the shields dimmed how the visitors fly the hall, and how the music drops dead from the string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with emphatic bang as you read the closing words of the eulogium! "He was a leper!"

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife, she was the only one who had dropped their work and was thinking of looking for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew slave, a servant girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story, as sometimes, when overcome by the sorrows of the world and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose or Dinah or Bridget—a help which the world could not give you.

What a scene it was—one of the grandest women in all Syria in cabinet council with a waiting maid over the declining health of the mighty general! "I know something," says the little captive maid, "I know something, as the boy is to her by her foot. In the land from which I was stolen there is a certain prophet known by the name of Elisha, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him, right away." "Hush!" you say. "If the highest medical talent in all the land cannot cure that leper, there is no need of your listening to any talk of a prophet." "But do not scoff, do not sneer. The finger that little captive maid is pointing in the right direction. She might have said: 'This is a judgment upon you for stealing me from my native land. Didn't I match me off in the night, breaking my father's and mother's hearts, and many times I have lain and cried all night because I was so homesick?' Then, flushing up into childish indignation, she might have said: 'Good for them, I'm glad Naaman got the leprosy. I wish all the Syrians had the leprosy.' No. Forgetting her personal sorrows, she sympathizes with the suffering man, and she commends him to the famous Hebrew prophet."

And how often it is that the finger of childhood has pointed grown persons in the right direction! O Christian soul, how long it takes you to get rid of the leprosy of sin! You say, "Let me see. It must be five years now." Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the Divine Physician? "Oh, you know, it was my little Annie or Fred or Charley that clattered up on my knee and you looked into my face and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and all the time stroking my cheek, so I could not get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers." There are grandparents who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are hundreds of Christian mothers who had their attention first called to Jesus by their little children. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the Divine Physician? "Oh, you say, 'my child, my dying child, with hands and wasted finger, pointed that way. Oh, I never shall forget,' you say, 'that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful sight. It was hard, hard, very hard, but if that little one on his dying bed had not pointed me to Christ I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy.'" Go into the Sabbath-school any Sunday, and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and toward heaven.

Years ago the astronomers calculated that there must be a world hanging at a certain point in the heavens, and a large prize was offered for some one who could discover that world. The telescopes from the great observatories were pointed in vain, but a girl at Nantucket, Mass., fastened a telescope, and looking through it discovered that star and won the prize and the admiration of all the astronomical world, that stood amazed at her genius. And so it is often the case that grown people cannot see the light, while some little child beholds the star of pardon, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Bethlehem, the morning star of Jesus. "Not many mighty men, not many wise men are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty and base things and things that are not to bring to naught things that

are." Oh, do not despise the prattle of little children when they are speaking about God and Christ and heaven. You see the way your child is pointing. Will you take that pointing or wait until, in the wretch of some awful bereavement, God shall lift you up to another world, and then it will be too late for you? Will you take that pointing, or will you wait for the beheading? Blessed God! that He should have a Hebrew slave led in the right direction. Blessed be God for the saving ministry of Christian children.

No wonder the advice of this little Hebrew captive threw all Naaman's mansion and his palace into utter confusion. Goodby, Naaman! With face scarred and ridged and inflamed by the pestilence and aided by those who supported him on either side, he staggered out to the river. He had fast the feet of the royal stable while the poor sick man lifts his swollen feet and pain-struck limbs into the vehicle. Bolster him up with the pillows and let him take a vigorous nap in that scented apartment, for perhaps the Hebrew captive may be mistaken, and the next time Naaman comes to that place he may be a dead weight on the shoulders of those who carry him, an expired chieftain seeking sepulture at the lamentations of an admiring nation. Goodby, Naaman! Let the chariot drive gently over the hills of Hermon, lest he jolt the invalid. Here goes the brave man of all his day a captive of a horrible disease. As the ambulance winds through the streets of Damascus the tears and prayers of all the people go after the world renowned leviathan. Here goes the brave man of your house on a health excursion. You know how the neighbors stood around and said, "Ah, he will never come back again. He has staggered out to the river, and you, when the invalid had departed, and you went into the room to make the bed, and to remove the medicine vials from the shelf, and to throw open the shutters, so that the fresh air might rush into the long closed room. Goodby, Naaman!"

There is only one cheerful face looking at him, and that is the face of the little Hebrew captive, who is sure he will get cured, and who is so glad she helped him. As the chariot winds out and the escort of mounted cavaliers, and the mules, laden with sacks of gold and silver and the mortal shall put on immortality.

How the courtiers gaped at the procession! They drive up to the door of the prophet. The chariotiers shout "Whoa!" to the mules, and the prophet, who is sitting in a wheeled chair, looks at the mules and says, "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says, "Two miles." "Two miles!" he says, "I would rather go to the groves of olive and oleander, and drink the water of the Jordan, than to go to Elisha's house. The fact is, the Lord has informed Elisha that the sick captive was coming, and how to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick and the Lord wants you to get well, the doctor tells you to get well, and the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions and not on the Lord God, and that always happens. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business."

General Naaman and his retinue waited and waited and waited. The fact was, Naaman had two diseases, the leprosy and leprosy. The one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house and does not go out. After awhile, when he thinks he has humbled this proud man, he goes to a servant girl and tells her to inform Elisha that the sick captive was coming, and how to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick and the Lord wants you to get well, the doctor tells you to get well, and the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions and not on the Lord God, and that always happens. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business."

General Naaman and his retinue waited and waited and waited. The fact was, Naaman had two diseases, the leprosy and leprosy. The one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house and does not go out. After awhile, when he thinks he has humbled this proud man, he goes to a servant girl and tells her to inform Elisha that the sick captive was coming, and how to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick and the Lord wants you to get well, the doctor tells you to get well, and the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions and not on the Lord God, and that always happens. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business."

Well, General Naaman could not stand the test. The chariotier gives a jerk to the right line until the bit snaps into the horse's mouth, and the whirl of the wheels and the fly of the dust show the indignation of the great commander. "He turned and went away in a rage." So people now often get mad at religion. They vituperate against ministers, and they sneer at the religion of the people. One would think from their irate utterances that God had been studying how to annoy and exasperate and demolish them. What has He been doing? Only trying to cure their death-dealing leprosy. They are not. Yet they whip up their horses, they dig in the spurs, and they go away in a rage. So, after all, it seems that this health excursion of General Naaman is to be a dead end. This little Hebrew captive might as well have told him of the prophet, and this long journey might as well not have been taken. Poor, sick, dying Naaman! Are you going away in high dudgeon and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment his servants clamber up in it and come in to see Elisha said. They say, "The prophet has told you that you are to walk for a mile on sharp spines in order to get rid of this awful disease, you would have done it. It is easy. Come, my lord, let me get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day anyway, and in this climate it is so hot that it will do you good. Do it on our account, and for the sake of the army you command, and for the

nation that admires you. Come, my lord, just try the Jordan. He says, 'I will do as you say.' The retinue drives to the brink of the Jordan. The horses enter the flood, and get into the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. They Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of his chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river and steps in until the water comes to his chest, and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle, and now standing so far down in the stream just a little inclination of the head will roughly immerse him. His horse comes into the flood and comes up and shows the water out of nostril and eye, and his attendants look at him and say, "Why, general, how much better you do look!" And he bows his head into the flood and the wild stars is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood, and comes up, and the shrivelled skin has got smooth again. He bows a fourth time into the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored; there are thick locks again all over the head. He bows the fifth time into the flood, and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish have gone out of the body. "Why," he says, "I am almost well! I will make a complete cure, and so I bow the seventh time into the flood and he comes up, and not so much as a fester or a scale or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him."

He steps out on the bank and says, "Is it possible?" And the attendants look at him and say, "It is possible." And as with the health of the body, so with the health of the soul, and drives on there up from all his attendants a wild "Huzza, huzza!" Of course they go back to pay and thank the man of God for his counsel so fraught with wisdom. When they left the prophet's house, they went off mad. They have come back glad. People always think better of a minister after they are converted than they do before conversion. Now we are to them an infidel, a nuisance because we tell them to do things that go against the grain, but those who have a great many letters from those who tell us that once they were angry at what we preached, but after they had read the gospel at our hands, they once called us fanatics or terrorists or enemies. Now they call us friends. Yonder is a man who would he would never come into the church again. He said that two years ago. He said, "My family shall never come here again if such doctrines as that are preached." But he came again, and his family came again. He is now a member of the church, and his children, Christians, the whole household Christians, and you shall dwell with them in the house of the Lord forever. Our undying coadjutors are those who once heard the gospel and "went away in a rage."

Now, my hearers, you know that this General Naaman did two things in order to get well. The first was, he got out of his chariot. He stepped out of his chariot, and he stepped out of the stuffy ottoman, seated on that embroidered cushion, until his last gasp, he would never have got any relief. He had to get down out of his chariot. And you have to get down out of the chariot of your pride if you ever become a Christian. You cannot drive up to the cross with a coach and four and be saved among all the angels. You cannot get into the Kingdom of God, never until we get down on our knees will we find mercy. The Lord has unburied us, unchartered us. Get down out of your pride. Get down out of your self-righteousness and your hypercriticisms. We have all got to do that. That is the journey we have to make on our knees. It is our internal pride that keeps us from getting into the Kingdom of God. Dear Lord, would you be proud of me? Proud of ourselves? Proud of our uncleanness? Proud of this killing infection? Bring us down at Thy feet, weeping, praying, penitent, believing, unspicily rejoicing. For sinners, Lord, Thou can't be proud, and I'm a sinner vile indeed.

Lord, I believe Thy grace is free; Oh, magnify that grace in me. But he had not only to get down out of his chariot. He had to wash. "Oh," you say, "I am very careful with my ablutions. Every day I plunge into a bright and beautiful bath. Ah, my bath is there is a good brighter than that which pours from these hills. It is the flood that breaks from the granite of the eternal hills. It is the flood of pardon and peace and life and heaven. That flood started in the tears of Christ and the sweat of Gethsemane and rolled on, accumulating flood, until all earth and heaven could bathe in it. Zachariah called it the fountain open for sin and uncleanness. We must ever call it the 'fountain that washes with blood.' Your fathers and mothers washed all their sins and sorrows away in that fountain. Oh, my hearers, do you not know that young Israelite who was down into this glorious flood, deeper, deeper, deeper! Plunge once, twice, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten times. It will take as much as that to cure your soul. Oh, wash, wash and be clean!"

I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when General Naaman got back. The chariotiers did not have to drive slowly any longer, but they jolt the invalid, but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus I think the people rushed out to hail back their chieftain. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband. He was so wonderfully changed, and he looked so new now or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out, clapping her hands and shouting, "Did he cure you? Did he cure you?" The man came up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away, that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and all feet went up and down in the air, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!" But a gladder time than that it would be if your soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swift white horses hitched to the King's chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loved ones that the torments would weaken the glad tidings. You will sit on a bench, with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive, would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner and would put your arms around your neck and say: "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O Lord God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

Utility of Compressed Air.

In the West Shore shops, at New Durham, N. J., compressed air is utilized in various ways. Oil is emptied from barrels into tanks by its means, and cars are rapidly and effectually cleaned. It is the most thorough duster, reaching every crack and crevice and rooting out dust, dirt and shreds with lightning rapidity. It even penetrates to the depths of upholstery and tufting. There is talk of introducing it into the hotels, where instead of the maid with broom and dust-pan we may soon see a stalwart man with a hose blowing the dust out of the rooms and cleaning them as beater and whisk-broom have never been able to do.—New York Ledger.

The big ditch excavated for the purpose of draining the Tow Head Lake and contingent swamps in Calhoun County, Iowa, is twenty-six miles long and twenty feet wide and eight feet deep.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WHAT NEXT?
New York Soon to Have a Forty-story Building!

The lofty buildings now in existence in our cities are as infants to grown men, as compared with the edifices in contemplation, says Demorest's Magazine. Among other massive fabrics, a New York newspaper company has begun the erection of an office building, which is to contain forty stories, and is to rise to the height of 400 feet. Swift and powerful pneumatic elevators are to furnish access to the many floors. Each elevator is supported from its construction to be absolutely safe; its fall, were such an event possible, being rendered harmless by air cushions at the bottom. A building of such a height manifestly could not rest upon regularly constructed walls of masonry. Therefore the architects have devised a system of interlocking of the interior fabric so that the whole framework is entirely independent of the outer walls, the mass of the floors and supporting columns resting upon deep sunk bases in the cellar. Thus the outer walls bear only their own weight, and even in case of fire, could fire attack so impregnable a mass of steel and iron, the outer skin would be borne by an elevator, we can only say that a way suffer should the inner portions of the edifice be entirely destroyed. On the other hand, should the walls fall, the interior—the organic portion of the fabric—would still remain intact, excepting such portions as might have been attached to the outer walls. We scarcely consider what forty floors mean. We have heard of the cross on the dome of St. Peter's, and the top of the pyramid of Cheops; but we have always looked upon such points of altitude as something just within the limit of faith. Now that we are to have actual buildings to the forty-fourth floor we are to be borne by an elevator, we can only pity the Arab guide who dashes down Crephrens and up Cheops, for a single piaster.

W. L. Douglas's \$3 Shoe is the Best. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH EMBELLED CALF. \$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.00 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 12 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.12 12 BOY'S SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES' \$3.50 \$2.12. SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

W. L. Douglas's \$3 Shoe is the Best.

Imperfect Drainage is a fertile source of disease. Is YOUR blood suffering from defective sewerage? Impurities cannot accumulate if you will use ordinary precaution and Ripans Tablets, the modern remedy for a sluggish condition of Liver and Blood. Try it now! Don't procrastinate.

W. L. Douglas's \$3 Shoe is the Best.

W. L. Douglas's \$3 Shoe is the Best. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH EMBELLED CALF. \$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.00 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 12 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.12 12 BOY'S SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES' \$3.50 \$2.12. SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

FOR BUSINESS YOUNG MEN

LASTMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., On the Hudson, is the most celebrated school in the United States devoted to the specialty of training Young Men and boys for a successful business life in teaching them how to get a living, make money and become enterprising, use as citizens. Its course of study is practical and its graduates are promptly assisted in obtaining situations. Expenses less than in other schools. Address for catalogue, showing hundreds of graduates in business. CLEMENT C. GAINES, 30 Washington St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Babies and Children

thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste. Thin Babies and Weak Children grow strong, plump and healthy by taking it.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes inherited weakness and all the tendencies toward Emaciation or Consumption. Thin, weak babies and growing children and all persons suffering from Loss of Flesh, Weak Lungs, Chronic Coughs, and Wasting Diseases will receive untold benefits from this great nourishment. The formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by the medical world for twenty years. No secret about it. Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.