

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject "Words With Young Men."

In his addresses at the New York Academy of Music Dr. Talmage meets many hundreds of young men from different parts of the Union, and representing almost every calling and profession in life.

Reverend Sir—We, the undersigned, being earnest readers of your sermons, especially request that you use as a subject for some one of your future sermons "Advice to Young Men."

Those six young men, I suppose, represent innumerable young men who are about undertaking the battle of life, and who have more interrogation points in their minds than any printer's case ever contained, or printer's fingers ever set up.

I attended a large meeting in Philadelphia assembled to discuss how the Young Men's Christian Association of this city might be made more attractive for young men, when a man arose and made some suggestions with such lugubrious tones of voice and a manner that seemed to deplore that everything was going to ruin, while the speaker himself, at seventy-five years, as young in feeling as any one at twenty, arose and said, "That good brother who has just addressed you will excuse me and spend an evening among such funeral tones of voice and funeral ideas of religion which that brother seems to have adopted that he would go and spend the evening in Le Roy cemetery."

First, get your soul right. You see, that is the most valuable part of you. It is the most important room in your house. It is the parlor of your entire nature. Put the best pictures on its walls. Put the best music under its arches. It is important to have in the kitchen right, and the dining room right, and the cellar right, and all the other rooms of your nature right; but, oh! the parlor of the soul! Be particular about the guests who enter it. Shut the doors in the face of those who would despoil and pollute it.

Word the next: Have your body right. "How are you?" I often say when I meet a friend of mine in Brooklyn. He is over seventy, and alert and vigorous, and very prominent in the law. His answer is, "I am living on the capital of a well spent youth."

Word the next: Do not postpone too long doing something decided for God, humanity and yourself. The greatest things have been done before forty years of age. Pascal at sixteen years of age, Grotius at seventeen, Romulus at twenty, Pitt at twenty-two, Whitefield at twenty-four, Bonaparte at twenty-seven, Ignatius Loyola at thirty, Raphael at thirty-seven, had made the world feel their virtue or their vice, and the biggest strokes you will probably make for the truth or against the truth will be before you reach the meridian of life.

Word the next: Remember that it is only a small part of our life that we are to pass on earth. Less than your finger nail compasses with your whole body is the life on earth when compared with the next life. I suppose there are not more than half a dozen people in this world 100 years old. But in very few people in any country reach eighty.

Word the next: Take care of your intellect. Here comes the flood of novelettes, ninety-nine out of a hundred belonging to every one that opens them. Here come deplorable newspapers, submerging good and elevated American journalism. Here comes a whole condition of printed abomination, dumped on the breakfast table and tea table and parlor table. Take at least one good newspaper with able editorial and reporters' columns mostly occupied with helpful intelligence, announcing marriages, and reformatory and religious assemblages, and charities bestowed, and the doings of good people, and giving but little place to nasty divorce cases, and stories of crime, which, like cobra, sting those that touch them.

You have all seen the photographs of negative. He took a picture from it ten or twenty years ago. You ask him now for a picture from that same negative. He opens the great chest containing black negatives of 1885 or 1875, and he reproduces the picture. Young men, your memory is made up of the negatives of an immortal photography. All that you see or hear goes into your soul to make pictures for the future. You will have with you till the judgment day the negatives of all the bad pictures you have ever looked at, and of all the debauched scenes you have read about. Show me the newspapers you take and the books you read, and I will tell you what are your prospects for well being in this life, and what will be your residence a million years after the star on which you now live shall have dropped out of the constellation. I never travel

on Sunday unless it be a case of necessity or mercy. But last autumn I was in India in a city plague struck. By the hundreds the people were down with fearful illness. We went to the apothecary's to get some preservative of the fever, and the place was crowded with invalids, and we had no confidence in the preventive we purchased from the Hindoos. The mall train was to start Sabbath evening. I said, "Pray, I think the Lord will excuse us if we get out of this place with the first train," and we took it, not feeling quite comfortable till we were hundreds of miles away. I felt we were right in flying from the plague. Well, the air in many of our cities is struck through with a worse plague—the plague of corrupt and damnable literature. Get away from it as soon as possible. It has already ruined the bodies, minds and souls of a multitude which, if stood in solid columns, would reach from New York Battery to Golden Horn. The plague! The plague!

Word the next: Never go any place where you will be ashamed to die. Adopt that plan and you will never go to any evil amusement nor be found in compromising situations. How many startling cases within the past few years of men called suddenly out of this world, and the newspapers surprised us when they mentioned the locality and the companionship. To put on the most important ground, you ought not to go to any such forbidden place, because if you depart this life in such circumstances you put offending ministers in great embarrassment. You know that some of the ministers believe that all who leave this life straight to heaven, however they have acted in this world, or whatever they have believed. To get you through from such utterances is an important theological undertaking. One of the most arduous and besetting efforts of that kind that I ever knew of was at the obsequies of a man who was found dead in a snowbank with his run just close beside him. But the minister did the work of happy transference as well as possible, although it did seem a little inappropriate when he read, "Blessed are the souls who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." If you have no mercy upon yourself have mercy upon the minister who may be called to officiate after your demise. Die at home, if you can, and have honest business, or where the laughter is clean, or amid companionships pure and elevating. Remember that any place we go to may become our tomb for the next world. When we enter the harbor of heaven, and the flood of light comes aboard, let us be able to show that our clearing papers were dated at the right port.

Word the next: As soon as you can, by industry and economy, have a home of your own. What do I mean by a home? I mean two rooms and the blessing of God on both. One room for slumber, one for food, preparation and the parking thereof. Mark you, I would like you to have a home with thirty rooms, all upholstered, pictured and studded, but I am putting it down at a home with two rooms. A husband and wife who do not have a home made up of two rooms would not be happy in heaven if they got there. He who wins and keeps the affection of a good practical woman has done better than any man in the world. What do I mean by a good practical woman? I mean one who can help you in almost every man's life when he is in a hole, and who, when you do not want a weaking going around the house whining and sniffing about how she had it before you married her. The simple reason why thousands of men never get on in the world is because they married nonentities and never got over it. The only thing that Job's wife proposed for his bolts was a warm blanket, and Job's reply, saying, "Curse God and die." It adds to our admiration of John Wesley the manner in which he conquered domestic unhappiness. His wife had slandered him over England until, standing in his pulpit in City Road church, he complained to the people saying, "I have been charged with every crime in the catalogue of drunkenness" when his wife arose from the back part of the church and said, "John, you know you were drunk last night." Then Wesley exclaimed, "Thank God, the catalogue is complete." When a wife reproaches her husband for heaven or hell, and it is more so when a woman marries you six young men in Fayette, Ohio, had better look out.

Word the next: Do not rate yourself too high. Better rate yourself too low. If you rate yourself too low the world will say, "Come up." If you rate yourself too high the world will say, "Come down." It is a law of nature when a man gets so exaggerated an idea of himself as did Earl of Baco, who in the freshman class, blessed that name, will yet be young men when the new century comes in, in five or six years from now. This world was hardly fit to live in in the eighteenth century, and it will be no better fit to live in during this nineteenth century. During this nineteenth century the world has been Christianizing and educational influences been fixed up until it does very well for temporary residence. But the twentieth century, which will be the time to see great sights and do great deeds. Oh, young men, get ready for the rolling in of that mightiest and grandest and most glorious century, the world has never seen! Only five summers more; five autumns more; five winters more; five springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old century and the birth of the new. I do not say that the world will be the pillow of the expiring centuries. But millions will mourn its going, for many have received from it kindnesses innumerable, and they will kiss farewell the aged brow wrinkled with so many vicissitudes.

Old nineteenth century of weddings and burials, of defeats and victories, of nations born and nations dead, their pulses growing feebler now, will stop on the 31st night of December! But right beside it will be the infant century, held up for baptism. Its smooth brow will glow with bright expectations. The then more than 1,700,000,000 inhabitants of the world will be born and pray for its prosperity. Its reign will be for a hundred years, and the most of your life, I think, will be under the sway of the God and righteousness we may have disappeared from earth. In you, we trust you. We pray for you. We bless you. And though by the time you get into the thickest of the light of God and righteousness we may have disappeared from earth, we will not lose our interest in your struggle, and if the dear Lord will excuse us for a little while from the temple service and the house of prayer, we will all come out on the battlements of Jasper and cheer you, and perhaps if that night of this world be very quiet you may hear our voices dropping down from the sky, saying, "O thou faithful one! death and though snail have a crown!"

Word the next: Remember that it is only a small part of our life that we are to pass on earth. Less than your finger nail compasses with your whole body is the life on earth when compared with the next life. I suppose there are not more than half a dozen people in this world 100 years old. But in very few people in any country reach eighty. The majority of the human race expire before thirty. Now, what an equipage in such a consideration, if things go wrong it is only for a little while. Have you not enough moral pluck to stand the jostling, and the injustices, and the mishaps of the small part of our life that we are to pass on earth? Is it a good thing to get ready for the one mile side the marble slab, but more important to get fixed up for the interminable miles which stretch out into the distances beyond the marble slab. A few years ago, on the Nashville and New Orleans railroad, we were waked up early in the morning, and told we must take carriages for some distance. "Why?" we all asked. But we soon saw that the first four or five spans of the bridge were up, farther on there was a span that had fallen, and we could not but shudder at what might have been the possibilities. When your rail train starts on a long bridge you want to be sure that the first span of the bridge is all right, but what if farther on there is a span of the bridge that is all wrong, how then what then? In one of the Western cities the freshets had carried away a bridge, and a man knew that the express train would soon come along. So he lighted a lantern and started up the track to stop the train. But before he had got far enough up the track the wind blew out the light of his lantern, and he stood in the darkness as the train came up he threw the lantern into the keystone, crying, "Stop! Stop!" And the warning was in time to halt the train. And if any of you by evil habits are hastening on toward drink or precipices or fallen spans, I throw this Gospel lantern at your mind

careers! Stop! Stop! The end thereof, it death! Young men, you are asked, are by many environments, but you will after awhile get your wings out.

Some one called a Rocky Mountain eagle and kept his seat on a procession you are until all the spirit and courage had gone out of it. Released one day from the cage, the eagle seemed to want to return to its native prison. The fact was that the eagle had all gone out of him. He kept his wings down. But after awhile he looked up at the sun, turning his head first this side and then that side, and then spread one wing and then the other wing and began to mount until the hills were far under his feet, and he was out of sight in the empyrean. My brother, when you leave this life, if by the grace of God you are prepared, you will come out of the cage of this hindering mortality, and looking up to the heavenly heights you will spread wing for immortal flight, leaving sun and moon and stars beneath in your snow and glory that never fade and splendors which never die. Your body is the cage, your soul is the eagle.

Word the next: Fill yourself with biographies of men who did gloriously in the world. How many startling cases within the past few years of men called suddenly out of this world, and the newspapers surprised us when they mentioned the locality and the companionship. To put on the most important ground, you ought not to go to any such forbidden place, because if you depart this life in such circumstances you put offending ministers in great embarrassment. You know that some of the ministers believe that all who leave this life straight to heaven, however they have acted in this world, or whatever they have believed. To get you through from such utterances is an important theological undertaking. One of the most arduous and besetting efforts of that kind that I ever knew of was at the obsequies of a man who was found dead in a snowbank with his run just close beside him. But the minister did the work of happy transference as well as possible, although it did seem a little inappropriate when he read, "Blessed are the souls who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." If you have no mercy upon yourself have mercy upon the minister who may be called to officiate after your demise. Die at home, if you can, and have honest business, or where the laughter is clean, or amid companionships pure and elevating. Remember that any place we go to may become our tomb for the next world. When we enter the harbor of heaven, and the flood of light comes aboard, let us be able to show that our clearing papers were dated at the right port.

You six young men of Ohio, and all the other young men, instead of wasting your time on dry essays as to how to do great things, go to the library of your village or city library, and acquaint yourselves with men who, in the sight of earth and heaven and hell, did the great things. Remember the greatest things are yet to be done. If the Bible be true, and I have no doubt it is, since the Bible is beyond all controversy true, the greatest battle is yet to be fought, and contended with it Karagosa and Gettysburg, and the great battle will be fought. We even know the name of the battle, though we are not certain as to where it will be fought. I refer to Armageddon. The great discoveries are yet to be made. A scientist has recently discovered what the air something which will yet rival electricity. The most of things have not yet been found out. An explorer has recently discovered the sea, and a whole fleet of ships buried ages ago, where there is no water. Only six out of the 800 grasses have been turned into food like the potato and the tomato. There are hundreds of other things to be discovered. Aerial navigation will yet be made as safe as travel on the solid earth. Cancers and consumptions and leprosy are to be transference from the stagnation of incurable disease to the curable. Medical science is successfully experimenting with modes of transferring diseases from weak constitutions which cannot throw them off to stout constitutions which can. Bismarck, who is going to be so improved that the sword and the musket of our time will be kept in museums as now we look at thumb screws and ancient instruments of torture. Oh, what opportunities are before you! The world is all the world over, an inheritance. How thankful you ought to be that you were not born any sooner. Blessed are the cradles that are rocked with the world, and the students in the freshman class. Blessed that name, will yet be young men when the new century comes in, in five or six years from now. This world was hardly fit to live in in the eighteenth century, and it will be no better fit to live in during this nineteenth century. During this nineteenth century the world has been Christianizing and educational influences been fixed up until it does very well for temporary residence. But the twentieth century, which will be the time to see great sights and do great deeds. Oh, young men, get ready for the rolling in of that mightiest and grandest and most glorious century, the world has never seen! Only five summers more; five autumns more; five winters more; five springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old century and the birth of the new. I do not say that the world will be the pillow of the expiring centuries. But millions will mourn its going, for many have received from it kindnesses innumerable, and they will kiss farewell the aged brow wrinkled with so many vicissitudes.

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LEGAL DEFINITION OF ELBOW.

A Line Around the Arm at the Base of the Radius.

AT A CITY POUND.

Where Many Odds and Ends Find Their Way.

The New York pound is a queer institution situated in an odd locality. It consists of a long, narrow yard, extending along Fifty-sixth street from Eleventh avenue west almost to the river. While the homeless living are transported to the Island, the unknown dead go to the Morgue, but every inanimate incumbrance found upon the city highways and byways eventually finds its way to the pound.

Major Sullivan, who is in charge, is an old army man and was a member of the secret service after the war. "Political pulls" can't break through my guard line here," he said to the reporter, "and my sentries won't be bribed. I am not responsible for the arrest of my prisoners, but once they come here they remain until ransomed by their respective owners. "Push carts and other similar wheeled contrivances pay a fine of \$1, while \$2 is charged for redeeming trucks and all the larger vehicles. This is of course for the first offense. If I recognize a wagon as an old offender \$2 is added to the price of ransom for each time it has been imprisoned. Over there in that corner are two trucks known as 'Brady's' and 'Flaherty's' hotels. They belong to men of those names and have been taken from West Fortieth street repeatedly. The owners have no horses, and the trucks remain in the streets week in and week out. A gang of homeless vagrants use them to sleep in regularly. Everyone in the neighborhood got to know them by the names given them by the lodgers. The 'hotels' were used by their patrons as meeting places in which to give mixed ale parties and the like."

The other portion of the corporation yard is under the control of the Department of Public Works. Here Henry Kinney is in charge of a heterogeneous collection of the city flotsam and jetsam. Every incumbrance not on wheels comes here. In the inclosure a barber's sign with a painted hand pointing toward a motley collection of bric-a-brac catches the eye. On top of the heap a transparency announced the "Annual Entertainment of the Dominican Union." A host of professional talent has been engaged for the occasion. "Another sign read, 'Welcome, Gospel Meetings. Every night except Saturday, St. John's M. E. Church. Come and hear Mrs. Clark. Bright speakers. Good singing. Come.'" Beside these stood two demijohns eight feet tall, which had been gathered in from in front of some liquor dealer's shop. Two little colored boys with the signs "Artist Tailor" and "Ladies' Hairdressing Saloon" on their backs received themselves into iron hitching posts upon closer scrutiny.

Under a shed a pile of well-worn furniture gave mute evidence of some one's misfortune. The household goods had belonged to families who had been dispossessed for one cause or another. Evicted, starving, homeless and friendless, the unfortunates had been sent to the poorhouse on the Island, while their few domestic treasures had been taken from the street to the vortex of the pound. Auction sales are held monthly in the yards, the proceeds of which go to the city treasury. Junkmen and second-hand dealers in everything flock to the scene to take advantage of the opportunity, and thus there is always room for "one more" from the driftwood of the great metropolis.

Gold Mining in Africa.

The rapid growth of the gold mining industry in South Africa, a country of which little was known five years ago, and which now ranks second among the gold producers of the world, is extraordinary. The production for the past four years was: 1891, 729,238 ounces; 1892, 1,210,868 ounces; 1893, 1,478,477 ounces; 1894, 2,035,970 ounces. The output for the last year was thus nearly three times as great as that of 1891. An important point, however, is that the returns for last year show a gradual and apparently steady decrease in the average returns per ton obtained. The total amount of ore worked in the mills last year was 2,827,865 tons, and the average obtained was 0.40 per ton, which is a decrease of 3.4 per cent. from the average reported in 1893. According to the complete returns, including all the gold obtained from concentrates and tailings as well as from millings, the average returns on ore mined in 1894 was 0.72 (0.576 fine ounce—\$11.91) per ton, and 0.67 ounce (0.596 fine ounce—\$11.08) per ton in 1893. That this increase was only apparent, however, is shown by the fact that the tailings worked over last year amounted to 2,674,673 tons, which included accumulations from previous years, while in 1893 it was only 1,217,792 tons. The preceding figures relate only to the Witwatersrand district, which produces about nine-tenths of the South African production.

A "squaw man" is the Western designation for a white man who marries an Indian woman and lives with her on an Indian reservation. He is generally a despised being among the whites, and the Indians do not think much better of him. The squaw can easily divorce herself by Indian law, and when she does, the property, with all the improvements he may have put upon it, remain hers.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

A Bit of Scandal.

This is a bit of genuine scandal. Everybody likes scandal. It is always such a comfort to find one's self a little better than one's neighbor. This bit of scandal is true, too. There is a young man now living in Chicago who used to live in Washington. He was engaged to a Washington girl, but rumors concerning her reached him out in Chicago. They said, these rumors, that she had gone out to supper after the theater, and looking on the wine when it was red, had become just a little boisterous.

Her immaculate fiancée came to Washington. He did not say a word to her of the rumors which had filled his soul with horror, but he took her to the theater, and to supper afterward. The widow Cluquet was the third party at the supper, and the girl, like every other woman on earth, likes champagne. Her sweetheart urged her to drink, assuring her it would do her no harm whatever. She drank. In fact, she conjugated the verb to drink in more than one tense. She became unmistakably intoxicated. Then the gallant young man slipped her engagement ring off, bundled her into a carriage and took her home. She hasn't seen him since. Of course, he couldn't think of marrying that sort of a girl, you know. It is things like that that keep one's belief in the innate chivalry of the modern gentleman from dying. We understand the man considers it a tremendous joke and you may be able to see where the laugh comes in. We are not.

An Excellent Plan.

In a certain New England factory the fire piles are all hung on spring hooks, each hook powerful enough to lift the pile when nearly empty, but being depressed by a full pile. If the water in the buckets becomes evaporated (as water in buckets of the kind has an ugly habit of repeatedly doing), or if any one of the piles is removed, the hook rises, closes a circuit, and rings a bell in the foreman's office.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y. JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE WASHING COMPOUND THE GREAT INVENTION

The Other Kind.

Not long ago a well-dressed woman entered the savings-bank in a Western town and told the clerk that she wished to deposit some money to the credit of George Sampson. Recognizing her as the wife of a man by that name, who already had an account open, the clerk quickly guessed that the money in question was to start an account for one of her children. "Is he a minor?" he inquired. "Well, I guess not," responded the depositor, indignantly. "That's something we've never had in our family yet! And if George shows any leaning toward it when he gets old enough—he ain't but 10 now—I reckon his pa can tell him yarns about mines exploding and shafts fallin' on top of folks, that'll settle him quicker'n a wink!"

Clapping the Hands.

"Electricity" says there is nothing theoretically improbable in the statement that an Ohio convict has invented a battery which converts sound into electric power by a device which "makes it possible to operate an ordinary call bell by simply clapping the hands in front of the battery."

WE GIVE AWAY

Absolutely free of cost, for a LIMITED TIME ONLY. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by E. Pierce, M.D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, a book of over 1,000 large pages and 500 colored and other illustrations, in strong paper covers to any one sending 2 cents in one-cent stamps for packing and postage only. Over 50,000 copies of this complete Family Doctor Book already sold in cloth binding at regular price of 1.00. Address: THE PEOPLE'S COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 65 Nassau Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN AND BOYS!

Want to know all about a horse? How to Pick Out a Good One? Know imperfections and so guard against them? Detect disease and prevent it before it is too late? Test the age by the Teeth? What to call the Different Parts of the Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Properly? All this and other valuable information can be obtained by reading our 100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED HORSE BOOK, which we will forward, post paid, on receipt of only 25 cents in stamps.

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WALL ST. N.Y. NEWS LETTER of value and interest. Best of all. Contains all the news of the day. Charles A. Baldwin & Co., 11 Wall Street, N.Y. PISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best of all. Contains all the news of the day. Charles A. Baldwin & Co., 11 Wall Street, N.Y. CONSUMPTION

It bristles with good points. And the minute they spy dirt they rise up and go for it. No matter what it's on—linen, laces, silk, woollens, flannel, marble, china, glass, wood, metal, or your own person, Pearline will get the dirt off with the least trouble and labor. It saves that ruinous wear and tear that comes from rubbing. But there's another point to think about, more important still: Pearline is absolutely harmless to any washable substance or fabric. Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled. If your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.