REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Wing and Hand" Text: 'The likeness of the hands of a

man was under their wings."-Ezekiel x., 21. While tossed on the sea between Australia and Ceylon I first particularly noticed this text, of which then and there I made memo-randum. This chapter is all aflutter with cherubim. Who are the cherubim? An or der of angels radiant, mighty, all knowing, adoring, worshipful. When painter or sculp-tor tried in temple at Jerusalem or in marble of Egypt to represent the cherubim he made them part lion or part ox or part eagle. But much of that is an unintended burlesque of the cherubim whose majesty and speed and splendor we will never know until lifted into their presence we behold them for ourselves, as I pray by the pardon-ing grace of God we all may. But all the ac-counts Biblical and all the suppositions hu-man represent the cherubim with wings, each wing about seven feet long, vaster, more imposing than any plumage that ever

floated in earthly atmosphere. Condor in flight above Chimborazo, or Rocky Mou. tain eagle aiming for the noon-day sun, or albatross in play with ocean tempests, presents no such glory. We can get an imperfect idea of the wing of cherubim by the only wing we see—the bird's pinion—which is the arm of the bird, but in some respects more wondrous than the human arm: with power of making itself more light or more heavy, of expansion and con-traction; defying all altitudes and all abysms; the bird looking down with pity upon boasting man as he tails up the sides of the Adirondacks, while the wing with a few strokes puts the highest crags far beneath claw and beak. But the bird's wing is only a feeble suggestion of cherubim's wing. The greatness of that, the rapidity of that, the radiance of that, the Bible again and again sets forth

My attention is not more attracted by those wings than by what they reveal when lifted. In two places in Ezekiei we are told there were hands under the wings-human hands, hands like ours. "The likeness of the hands hands like ours. "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." We have all noticed the wing of the cherubim, but no one seems yet to have noticed the human hand under the wing. There are whole ser-mons, whole anthems, whole doxologies, whole millenniums in that combination of hand and wing. If this world is ever brought to God, it will be by appreciation of the fact that supernatural and human agencies are to go together—that which soars and that which practically works, that which ascends the heavens and that which reaches forth to earth, the joining of the terrestrial and the celestrial, the hand and the wing.

We see this union in the construction of the Bible. The wing of inspiration is in every chapter. What realms of the ran-somed earth did Isaiah fly over! Over what baitlefields for righteousness, what corona-tions, what dominions of gladness, what rainbows around the throne did St. John hover! But in every book of the Bible you just as cartainly see the human hand that wrote it. Moses, the lawyer, showing his hand in the Tea Commandments, the foundation of all good legislation; Amos, the herdsman, showing his hand in similes drawn from fields and flocks: the fishermen apostles showing their hand when writing about Gospel nets. Luke, the physician; showing his hand by giving especial attention to diseases cured aul showing his scholarly hand by quoting from heathen poets, and making arguments about the resurrection that stand as firmly as on toe day he planted them, and St. John shows his hand by taking his imagery from the appearance of the bright waters spread around the island of vhen he speaks of Bible is so human, so full of heartbeats, so reef No more conspicuous the uplifting wing of inspiration than the hand, the warm hand. the flexible hand, the skillful hand of hu-man instrumentality. "The likeness of the bands of a man was under the wings."

Again, behold this combination of my text

in all successful Christian work. We stand or kneel in our pulpits and social meetings and reformatory associations offering prayer. Now, if anything has wings, it is prayer. It can fly farther and faster than anything I can now think of. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in England. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in India. It can girdle the earth in a shorter time than you can seal a letter, or clasp a belt, or hook an eye. Wings, whether that prayer starts from an emphasis and affection millions of the Queen's subjects have this day in chapels towers and hilltops of heaven if you can make a gladder time among the towers and hilltops of heaven if you can and cathedrals, and sea, supplicated, "God fetch home a wanderer."

rayer nies not only across continents, but across centuries. If prayer had only feet, it might run here and there and do wonders. But it has wings, and they are as radiant of plume and as swift to rise or a radiant of say that the city is the beauty and to plume and as swift to rise or swoop or dart or circle as the cherubim's wings which wept through Ezekiel's vision. But, oh, my friends, the prayer must have the hand under the wing, or it may arrount to nothing. The mother's hand, or the father's hand, must write to the wayward boy as soon as you can hear how to address him. Christian souls must contribute to the evangelism of that far off land for which they have been

And endowed with two hands, we might take the broad hint that for others as well as for ourselves we were to hold fast, to lift. to push, to pull, to help, to rescue. Wondrous hand! You know something of the "Bridgewater Treatises." When Rev. Francis Henry Bridgewater in his will left \$40,000 for essays on "The Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God, as Manifested in the Creation," and Davis Gilbert, the President of the Society, those eight persons to write eight books, Sir

Charles Bell, the scientist, chose as the subject of his great book, "The Hand: Its Me-chanism and Vital Endowments as Evincing Design." Oh, the hand! Its machinery be-ginning at the shoulder, and working through shafts of bone, upper arm and fore-arm, down to the eight bones of the wrist, and the five bones of the palm, and the four-teen bones of the fingers and thumb, and composed of a labyrinth of muscle and nerve and artery and flesh, which no one but Almighty God could have planned or executed. But how suggestive when it reached down to us from under the wings of the cherubim!
"The likeness of the hands of a man was un-

derthe wings." This idea is combined in Christ. When He rose from Mount Olivet, He took wing. All up and down His life you see the uplifting divinty. It flashed in His eyes. Its cadences were heard in His voice. But He was also very human. It was the hand under the wing that touched the woes of the world and took hold of the sympathies of the cen-turies. Watch His hand before it was spiked. There was a dead girl in a governor's house, and Christ comes into the room and takes her pale, cold hand in His warm grasp, and her paie, cold hand in His warm grasp, and she opens her eyes on the weeping household and says: "Father, what are you crying about? Mother, what are you crying about?" The book says, "He took her by the hand, and the maid arose." A follower, angered at an insult offered Christ, drew the sword from sheath and struck at a man with the sharp aggregate this color. sharp edge, aiming, I think, at his fore-head. But the weapon glanced aside and took off the right ear at its roots. Christ with His hand reconstructed that wonderful

organ of sound, that whispering gallery of the soul, that collector of vibrations, that arched way to the auditory nerve, that tunnel without which all the musical instruments of earth would be of no avail. The book says, "He touched his ear and healed him." Meeting a full grown man who had never seen a sunrise, or a sunset, or a flower, or the face of his own father or mother, Christ moistens the dust from His own tongue and stirs the cost from his own tongue and stirs the cost into an eye saive, and with His own hands applies the strange medicament, and suddenly all the colors of earth and sky rush in upon the newly created optic nerve and, the instantaneous noon drove out the long when you were young, and it was a beauti-

tha He sits down and cries with them. Some say it is the shortest verse in the Bible, but to me it seems, because of its far reaching sympathies, about the largest—"Jesus wept!" So very human. He could not stand wept!" So very human. He could not stand the sight of dropsy or epilepsy or paralysis or hunger or dementia, but He stretches out His sympathetic hand toward it. So very, very human. Omnipotent and majestic and glorious, this angel of the new covenant, with wings capable of encircling a universe, and yet hands of gentleness, hands of help-fulness. "The hands of a man under the wings." There is a kind of religion in our wings." There is a kind of religion in our day that my text rebukes. There are men and women spending their time in delecta-tion over their saved state going about from prayer meeting to prayer meeting, and from church to church, telling how happy they are. But show them a subscription paper, or ask them to go and visit the sick, or tell them to reclaim a wanderer, or speak out for some unpopular Christian enterprise, and they have bronchitis or stitch in the side or sudden attack of grip. Their religion is all wing and no hand. They can fly heavenward, but they cannot reach out

chair of moral philosophy in St, Andrew's University he had at the same time a Sabbath oniversity he had at the same time a Sabbath school class of poor boys down in the slums of Edinburgh. While Lord Fitzgerald was traveling in Canada he saw a poor Indian squaw carrying a crushing load, and he took the burden on his own shoulders. That was Christlike. That was "a band under the wing." The highest type of religion says little about itself, but is busy for God and in passengers of this shipwrecked planet. Such ple are busy now up the dark lanes o the sea of glass mingled with fire; scores of this city, and all through the mountain hands writing the parables, the miracles, the promises, the hosannas, the raptures, the sunlight has never visited, and amid the promises, the hosannas, theraptures, the sunlight has never visited, and amic consolations, the woes of ages. Oh, the the rigging, helping to take in another Bible is so human, so full of heartbeats, so sympathetic, so wet with tears, so trium-phant with palm branches, that it takes hold of the human race as nothing else ever can ton Territory, now of Washington State. take hold of it, each writer in his own style

Job, the scientific; Solomon, the royal blooded; Jeremiah, the despondent; Daniel, the abstemious and heroic—why, we know their style so well that we need not look to the top of the page to see who is the author.

The people of Seattle had raised a generous sum of money for the Johnstown sufferers from the flood. A few days after Seattle was destroyed by fire. I saw it while the whole city was living in tents. In a public meeting some one proposed that the money meeting some one proposed that the money raised for Johnstown be used for the relie of their own city, and the cry was No! No! No! Send the money to Johnstown, and by acclamation the money was so sent. Nothing more beautiful or sublime than that Under the wing of fire that smote Seattle the sympathetic hand, the helping hand, the mighty hand of Christian relief for people

thousands of miles away. Why, there are 100,000 men and women whose one business is to help others. Helping hands, inspiring hands, lifting hands, emancipating hands, saving hands. Sure enough, those people had wings of faith and wings of prayer and wings of consolation, but "the likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." There was much sense in that which the robust boatman said when three were in a boat off the coast in a sudwings, whether that prayer starts from an infant's tongue or the trembling lip of a centenarian, rising from the heart of a farmer's wife standing at the dashing churn, or before the hot breath of a country oven, they soar away and pick out of all the shipping of the earth on all the shipping of the earth on all the standing at the dashing churn, or beson the search of a country oven, they soar away and pick out of all the shipping of the earth on all the shipping of the earth on all give himself up to represent the seas the craft on which her sailor boy is voyaging. Yea, prayer can fly clear down into the future. When the father of Queen Victoria was dying, he asked that the infant.

An arctic traveler hunting beaver while the Victoria might be brought while he sat up in bed, and the babe was brought, and the father prayed, 'If this child should live to heard the ice crackle, and lo! a lost man, infather prayed, 'If this child should live to become Queen of Engiand, may she rule in the fear of God!' Having ended his prayer, he said, "Take the child away." But all who know the history of England for the last fifty years know that the prayer for that infant more than seventy years ago has been answered, and with what all the bells range and affection, willions of the von can make a gladder time among the

In our time it is the hab't to denounce the

say that the city is the heaven of practical heipfulness? Look at the embowered and fountained parks, where the invalids may come and be refreshed; the Bowery mission, through which annually over 100,000 come to get bread for this life and bread for the life to come, all the pillows of that institu-tion under the blessing of Him who had not where to lay His head; the free schools, where the most impoverished are educated; the hospitals for broken bones; the homes for the restoration of intellects astray; that far off land for which they have been praying. Stop singing "Fly abroad, thou for the restoration of intellects astray; mighty Gospel," unless you are willing to the Orphan House, father and mother to all who come under its benediction; the midmighty Gospel," unless you are willing to give something of your own means to make it fly. Have you been praying for the salvation of a young man's soul? That is right, but also extend the hand of invitation to but also extend the hand of invitation to the sheltering arms; the aid societies; the sheltering arms; the sailor's Snug Harbor. It always excites our sympathy to see a man with his hand in siing. We ask him: "What is the matter? Hope it is not a felon;" or, "Have your fingers been crushed?" But nine out of ten of all Christians are going their life long with their hand in a sling. They have been hurt by indifference; or wrong ideas of what is best, or it is injured of conventionalties, and they never put forth that hand to lift or help or rescue any one. They pray, and their prayer has wings, but there is no hand under the wings. From the very structure of the hand we might make up our mind as to some of the things it was made for—to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help and to rescue. And endowed with two hands, we might take the broad hint that for others as well as for There is also in my subject the suggestion

rewarded work for God and righteousness When the wing went the hand went. When the wing ascended the hand ascended; and for every useful and Christian hand there will be elevation celestial and eternal. Expect no human gratitude, for it will not come. That was a wise thing Fenelon wrote to his friend: "I am very glad, my dear, good fellow, that you are pleased with one of my letters which has been shown to you. You are right in saying and believing that I ask little of men in general. I try to do much for them and to expect nothing in retutn. I find a decided advantage in the On these terms I defy them to dispoint me." But, my hearers, the day neth when your work, which perhaps no appoint me." one has noticed or rewarded or hor will rise to heavenly recognition. W have been telling you that the hand was un-der the wing of the cherubim I want you to realize that the wing was over the hand. Perhaps reward may not come to you right way. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he triumpned at the last. Walter awav.

Scott, in boyhood, was called "the Greek blockhead," but what height of renown did he not afterward tread? And I promise you victory farther yet and higher up, if not in this world then in the next. Oh, the heavenly rest when your lifted hand shall be gloved with what honors, its finger enringed with what jewels. its wrists clasped with what splendors! Come up and take it you Christian woman who served at the washtub! Come up and take it, you Christian shoemaker, who pounded the shoe last! Come up and take it, you professional nurse, whose compensation never fully paid for broken nights and the whims and struggles of delirious sickrooms! Come up and take it, you firemen, besweated far down amid the greasy machinery of ocean steamers, and ye conductors and engineers on railroads, that knew no Sunday, and whose ringing bells and loud whistle never warned off your own anxieties!

Come up and take it, you mothers, who rocked and lullabled the family broad until the instantaneous noon drove out the long hight.

When He sees the grief of Mary and Marha He sits down and cries with them. Some say it is the shortest verse in the Bible, but one it seems, because of its far reaching to the sacrificing toil for others paled it, and many household griefs thinned it, and the ring work calloused it and the ring work calloused it and the ring that the sacrificing toil for others paled it, and the ring work calloused it and the ring work calloused it. which went on only with a push at the mar-riage altar now is too large and falls off, and again and again you have lost it. Poor hand! Weary hand! Wornout hand! But God will reconstruct it, readimate it, readorn it, and all heaven will know the story of that hand. What fallen ones it lifted up! What tears it wiped away! What wounds it baudaged! What lighthouses it kindled! What storm tossed ships it brought into the pearl beached haroor! Oh, I am so glad that in the vision of my text Ezskiel saw the wing above the hand. Roll on that everlast-ing rest for all the toiling and misunderstood and suffering and weary children of God, and know right well that to join your hand, at last emancipated from the struggle, will be the soft hand, the gentle hand, the triumphant hand, of Him who wipeth away all tears from all faces. That will be the palace of the King of which the poet sang in somewhat Scotch dialect:

They can fly It's a bonnie, bonnie warl that we're livin' in the noo.

An sunny is the ian we aften traivel thro'. While Thomas Chaimers occupied the But in vain we look for something to which

oor hearts can cling.
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o' the King.

We see oor frien's await us ower yonder at His gate. Then let us a' be ready, for, ye ken, it's get-Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin; let's raise

oor voice and sing. nelping to the heavenly shore the crew and | Soon we'll meet, to part nae mair, i' the paiace of the King.

FATE OF A TRAITOR.

Hardships Undergone by the Captain who

Betrayed French Secrets. The ex-artillery captain, Dreyius, has arrived in French Guiana and is now domiciled on a desolate island known as Devil's A house of two rooms has been built, one being occupied by the prisoner and the other by the five wardens who are responsible for his safe keeping. His rations are those of a common soldier, without the allowance of wine. The greatest precautions have been taken to prevent escape. A square patch has been marked out beyond the limits of which the prisoner may not move, on pain of being at once shot, and a still further area round the house has been denuded of all vegetation. The island is at all times difficult of access, being surrounded by reefs that make landing in the finest weather a dangerous proceedings even for small boats.

VIOLA'S SENSATIONAL LEAP.

The Queen of Aeronauts Drops to the Earth in a Burning Parachute.

The steamer Miowera brings news of an accident which occurred at Gympie, New South Wales, a few days before the ship sailed, by which Mile. Essie Viola, of San Francisco, known as the Queen of American aeronauts, nearly lost her life. When the balloon in which Mile. Viola ascended had reached an altitude of over 100) feet the thousands of spectators below were shocked at the appearance of the flames bursting through the huge silken bag. With great difficulty the aeronaut released the parachute; but this, too, caught fire as she was about to jump from the balloon. Neverthe-less Mile. Viola leaped from the car, and with her burning parachute fluttered down to earth. The strangest feature of the accident, which is authenticated by a number of Australian papers, is that the young woman was not seriously injured by the fall.

CHIEF WHIRLWIND DEAD,

Leader of the Cheyennes Dies on Rearing

of a Grandchild's Death. "Whirlwind," the head of the Cheyenne Indians, near Wichita, Kan., is dead. He dropped dead on hearing the news of a favorite grandchild's death. He was probably the wisest and bravest Indian chief of recent years, in fact, in the country. His phenom ed in striking the enemy at different and widely separated places in quick suc-cession was what gave him the name of "Whirlwind." He came from a royal stock "Whiriwind." He came from a royal stock on both sides, his uncle on his mother's side being Black Kettle, whom Custer killed at the Wichita fight. His death will create quite a change in the policy of the Cheyenne tribe, and from now on the young men will

Cotton Industry in Peru.

General Leon Jastremski, United States Consul at Callao, has made a report to the State Department on the cotton production of Peru. It is packed in bales of 175 pounds weight. The ginning and baling costs about seventy-five cents in gold per 100 pounds. Pay of laborers runs from twenty-five cents to fifty cents a day in gold. Cotton in Peru is a perennial plant and blooms twice a year for ten or twelve years. It is highly prized by American manufactur-ers, who mix it with wool in making underwear and hosiery.

To Try Coffee Raising in Kentucky. Garrard County will come to the front darrard County will come to the front this summer with an enterprise hitherto not found in Kentucky. Jacob Newland, who lives about seven miles east of Lancaster, has secured seed from some successful growers and will try to raise coffee as a product. Both Missouri and Texas have cultivated the same plant with con-

cultivated the same plant with great suc-Immigration to Canada Drops, The total number of immigrants arriving in Canada last year was only 27,911, a de .i.ne of fifty-six per cent. from 1893. Only 20,000 intended to settle in Canada. TREAD LIKE A CAT.

Excessive Care Exercised by Work men in a Powder Mill.

A devout Mohammedan who removes his shoe before entering a mosque is hardly more ceremonious than the every day workman in a gun-powder mill. For gun-powder has all the attributes of a jealous and exacting deity, and unless it is treated with due deference it has a habit of puncturing solid stone walls with the bodies of its devotees and making itself highly uncomfortable in other ways. So when the workman reaches the mill in the morning he stops in a little vestibule and brushes his shoes and clothing with great care, removing every particle of sand and grit. Usually he wears long rubber boots that he may tread softly while in the august presence of the gun-powder. In some of the processes he dons a rubber cap and rubber mittens, and he is always exceedingly careful to leave his pipe and matches at home. He cannot receive any visitors at the works, for gun-powder has a particular aversion to strangers and not infrequently it disintegrates and scatters a new or pretentious workman over several acres of ground.

Besides these peculiarities gun-powder has a distinct aversion to iron or steel iff any form. No nails or bolts can be used anywhere in the interior of the building, and the machinery must all be of copper or gun-metal, held together with wooden pegs. Dirt of any kind, especially grit, is tabooed. About half the time of the workmen is taken up every day in brushing down the walls of the mill and sweep ing off the floors. A visitor would think to see them stealing around so softly and quietly with their brooms that the place was haunted, but it is only their way of showing respect to the gun-powder deity.

The work is for the most part light and easy, the men receiving from \$1.25 to \$2 a day. They are necessarily of a high grade of intelligence, sober and industrious. One heedless or blundering workman might cause horrifying loss of property and life. At a great manufactory near Keokuk, Iowa, the employes, consisting of about forty families, have organized a little commune. They have a club containing a fine library and billiard and pool tables and lounging-rooms. There is also a co-operative store in which each workman holds a share, and the company guarantees the bills. It has been eminently successful. The discounts for cash on the merchandise bills are saved and used to purchase new shares of stock, which are presented to the bables of the town in the order of their birth, thus furnishing a distinct

encouragement to matrimony. While every precaution is taken against explosions the company always expects more or less of them, and the works are usually built in such way that they will do as little harm as possible. Yet a prominent dealer says that fewer men are killed every year by all the powder mills in the country than meet their death under the wheels of railway trains in Chi-

A LIVING SHADOW. DEMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION OF

A NORTH CAROLINA MAN. Strange, but True, Story From the Lumber Regions of a Southern State-Verified by Personal Investigation.

(From the Greenville, N. C., Reflector.) The following interview has just been given our reporter by Mr. G. A. Baker, the overseer at the farm of Col. Isaac A. Sugg, of Greenville, N. C. It will interest anyone who has ever had typhoid fever. Mr. Baker said in

"I was living in Beaufort County, and on the 2d day of October, 1893, I was stricken down with typhoid rever. I had the best poor-house. physicians to attend me and on the 15th day of January, 1894, I was allowed to get up. 1 was emiciated, weak and had no appetite. I could only drag along for a short distance and would be compelled to sit down and rest. This continued for some time and I tegan to give up hope of ever getting well. I lost my position in Beaufort County and baving secured one in Pitt County, clerking in a store, I undertook it, but was so weak I cut considerable assistance on her part. could not do the work and had to give it up. The disease settled in my knees, legs and feet. I was taking first one kind of medicine and then another, but nothing did me any good. I was mighty low-spirited. I moved out to Col. Sugg's about four or five months ago and commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pills. I took three a day for about three months. I began to regain my appetite in sweek's time, and then my weakness began to disappear, and hope sprung up with a blessedness that is beyend all telling. At the expiration of the three months I was entirely cured and could take my axe and go in the ured and could take my axe and go in th eured and could take my axe and go in the woods and do as good a day's work as any man. I was troubled with dyspepsia and that has disappeared. It is also a splendid tonic for weak people. I say, Mr. Editor, God bless Dr. Williams; may he live for a long time; I know he will go up yonder to reap his reward for he has done a wonderful lo of good. Tell everybody that asks you about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that if they will come to me I can certainly ratisfy them as to their merits. I always carry a box of pills with me and when ever I feel bad

We were forcibly struck with the earnestness of Mr. Baker and his statements may be

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a con-Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a con-densed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an un-failing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatics, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the niter effects of la grippe, pal-pitation of the heart, pale and sallow com-plexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female; and all diseases resulting plexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

The ancient Exyptians used wooden roller to move their huge blocks of stone.

Impaired Health is Not Easily Regained, yet Parker's Ginger Tonic has attained it is many cases. For every weakness and distress Cottonseed meal is a Missouri product,

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle. Artificial cloth is made of wood pulp.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

Four Feet of Snow.

have seen four feet of snow fall in eight hours, said Conductor Cobb of the Maine Central to the Lewiston Journal man, and yet it was so light that you could wade through it just as you can through water.

It was in the Sierra Nevada Mountains-a sort of frost-like snow that falls in the night, burying everything. Twelve feet away from another man you can just see him, with a sort of halo around him, as though somewhere the sun was shining through the storm. In these storms it is impossible to tell direction or distance. One is simply lost when only a short distance from eamp.

In the morning we walked down into town. One man went ahead breaking the snow, which came nearly to his armpits, as he moved through it. He would tread until tired, when he would drop to the rear, and some one else would lead the procession. As we walked into the valley it grew less, and down below in the town there had been no snow, and all the time the sun or the stars had shone. Such a snow goes like the dew-disappears, evap-

Beneficial.

Carrying weights upon the head gradnated to the strength of the bearer. tends to straighten the spine and improve the condition of the chest. This form of exercise, taken for say half an hour a day, will do much good to young people who are becoming stooped and round-shouldered. The exercise should be commenced at an early age, and the weight must be very light to commence with. It should at first, indeed, be more an exercise of balancing.

There are some people whose religion wouldn't fool the 'nost creduious person on earth, but they expect the Lord to swallow it.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away

Is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by Druggists everywhere, under a guarantee to cure Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

It would be a good thing if p ope could not play the violin until they know how .-

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Roor cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles Famphiet and Consultation frea.

Laboratory Binghamton, N. L. Good advice to a tippler-"Stake the bot-

Natice.

I want every man and woman in the United St-tes interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these discases. Address E. M. Wooley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 381, and one will be sent you free.

Hush money- he nurse's wages .- Phila-

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, alians pain, cores wind colic. 25c. a bottle "Riches have wings;" but not so many as

Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child-was quickly relieved; suffered but little; recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSTON, Eufaula, Ala.

Althings come to those who know when It is More Than Wonderful how patiently p-ople suffer with corns. Get comfort by removing them with Hindercorns,

"Faint b art never won a far lady " with-

It is Merely Good Health. That beautiful complexion is health, preserved by Rijans Tabules.
Ripan Tabules purify the blood, clear the skin or olemines and make life more worth

To feed upon one's own greatness is to beome a victim of crapial gout, - r'uck.

We will give \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. Chenev & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Wa nut logs are shipped from Mi-souri direct to furniture makers in Scotland,

We think Piso's Cure for consumption in the only medicine for Coughs.—Jannie Pinchard, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894. It is easy for a disagreeable person

to get the reputation of being "liter-

Not the Same Genesis.

A German Hebrew professor had five daughters, whom the students cailed Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy. One day the professor began his lecture by saying

"Gentlemen, I wish to speak to you to-day about the age of Genesis," which remark was greeted with a burst of feet scuffing and a general smile on the part of the class.

The professor, thinking that his subject was being appreciated, continued, with a still firmer note in his voice "Genesis is not so old as some of you

This was greeted with such a burst of merriment that the professor had plenty of time, before it quieted down, to think what should be his next remark. And this, after all, was not so wide of the matter.

"I may not be thinking of the same Genesis that you are."

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when pimples, eruptions, boils, eruptions, boils, and like manifes tations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your sys-tem in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood purifer; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It carries health

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