REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

"The Unpardonable Sin."

TEXTS: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—Matthew xii., 31, 32. "He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."—Hebrews xii., 17.

As sometimes you gather the whole family around the evening stand to hear some book read, so now we gather, a great Christian family group, to study this text, and now may one and the same lamp cast its glow on all the circle.

You see from the first passage that I read that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost for which a man is never pardoned. Once having committed it, he is bound hand and foot for the dungeons of despair. Sermons may be preached to him, songs may be sung to him, prayers may be offered in his behalf, but all to no purpose. He is a captive for this world and a captive for the world that is to come. Do you suppose that there is any one here who has committed that sin? All sins are against the Holy Ghost, but my text speaks of one especially. It is very clear to my mind that the sin against the Holy Ghost was the ascribing of the works of the spirit to the agency of the devil in the time of the apostles.

There is an impression in almost every man's mind that somewhere in the future there will be a chance where he can correct all his mistakes. Live as we may, if we only repent in time God will forgive us, and then all will be as well as though we had never committed sin. My discourse shall come in collision with that theory. I shall show you, my friends, as God will help me, that there is such a thing as unsuccessful repentance; that there are things done wrong that always stay wrong, and for them you may seek some place of repentance and seek it carefully, but never find it.

Belonging to this class of irrevocable mistakes is the folly of a misspent youth. We may look back to our college days and think how we neglected chemistry or geology or botany or mathematics. We may be sorry about it all our days. Can we ever get the discipline or the advantage that we would have had we attended to those duties in early life? A man wakes up at forty years of age and finds that his youth has been wasted, and he strives to get back his early advantages. Does he get them back—the days of boyhood, the days in college, the days under his father's roof? "Oh," he says, "if I could only get those times back again, how I would improve them!" My brother, you will never get them back. They are gone, gone. You may be very sorry about it, and God may forgive, so that you may at last reach heaven, but you will never get over some of the mishaps that have come to your soul as a result of your neglect of early duty. You may try to undo it; you cannot undo it. When you had a boy's arms, and a boy's eyes, and a boy's heart, you ought to have attended to those things. A man says at fifty years of age, "I do wish I could get over these habits of indolence." When did you get them? At twenty or twenty-five years of age. You cannot shake them off. They will hang to you to the very day of your death. If a young man through a long course of evil conduct undermines his physical health and then repents of it in after life, the Lord may pardon him, but that does not bring back good physical condition. I said to a minister of the gospel one Sabbath at the close of the service, "Where are you preaching now?" "Oh," he says, "I am not preaching. I am suffering from the physical effects of early sin. I can't preach now; I am sick." A consecrated man he now is, and he mourns bitterly over early sins, but that does not arrest their bodily effects.

The simple fact is that men and women often take twenty years of their life to build up influences that require all the rest of their life to break down. Talk about a man beginning life when he is twenty-one years of age; talk about a woman beginning life when she is eighteen years of age! Ah, no! In many respects that is the time they close life. In nine cases out of ten all the questions of eternity are decided before that. Talk about a majority of men getting their fortunes between thirty and forty years! They get or lose fortunes between ten and twenty. When you tell me that a man is just beginning life, I tell you he is just closing it. The next fifty years will not be of as much importance to him as the first twenty.

Now, why do I say this? Is it for the annoyance of those who have only a baleful retrospection? You know that is not my way. I say it for the benefit of young men and women. I want them to understand that eternity is wrapped up in this hour; that the sins of youth we never get over; that you are now fashioning the mold in which your great future is to run; that a minute, instead of being sixty seconds long, is made up of everlasting ages. You can see what dignity and importance this gives to the life of all our young folks. Why, in the light of this subject life is not something to be frittered away, not something to be smirked about, not something to be danced out, but something to be weighed in the balances of eternity. Oh, young man, the sin of yesterday, the sin of to-morrow will reach over 10,000 years—aye, over the great and unending eternity. You may after awhile say: "I am very sorry. Now I have got to be thirty or forty years of age, and I do wish I had never committed those sins." What does that amount to? God may pardon you, but undo those things you never will, you never can.

In this same category of irrevocable mistakes I put all parental neglect. We begin the education of our children too late. By the time they get to be ten or fifteen we wake up to our mistakes and try to eradicate this bad habit and change that, but it is too late. That parent who omits in the first ten years of the child's life to make an eternal impression for Christ never makes it. The child will probably go on with all the disadvantages, which might have been avoided by parental faithfulness. Now you see what a mistake that father or mother makes who puts off to late life adherence to Christ. Here is a man who at fifty years of age says to you, "I must be a Christian," and he yields his heart to God and sits in the place of prayer to-day a Christian. None of us can doubt it. He goes home, and he says: "Here at fifty years of age I have given my heart to the Saviour. Now I must establish a family altar." What? Where are your children now? One in Boston, another in Cincinnati, another in New Orleans, and you, my brother, at your fiftieth year going to establish your family altar? Very well, better late than never, but alas, alas, that you did not do it twenty-five years ago!

When I was in Chamouni, Switzerland, I saw in the window of one of the shops a picture that impressed my mind very much. It was a picture of an accident that occurred on the side of one of the Swiss mountains. A company of travelers, with guides, went up some very steep places—places which but few travelers attempted to go up. They were, as all travelers are there, fastened together with cords at the waist, so that if one slipped the rope would hold him, the rope fastened to the others. Passing along the most dangerous point, one of the guides slipped and they all started down the precipice. But after awhile one more muscular than the rest struck his heels into the ice and stopped, but the rope broke, and down, hundreds and thousands of feet, the rest went.

And so I see whole families bound together by ties of affection and in many cases walking on slippery places of worldliness and sin. The father knows it, and the mother knows it, and they are bound all together. After awhile they begin to slide down steeper and steeper, and the father becomes alarmed, and he stops, planting his feet on the 'rock of ages.' He stops, but the rope breaks, and those who were once tied fast to him by moral and spiritual influences go over the precipice. Oh, there is such a thing as coming to Christ soon enough to save ourselves, but not soon enough to save others.

How many parents wake up in the latter part of life to find out the mistake! The parent says, "I have been too lenient," or "I have been too severe in the discipline of my children. If I had the little ones around me again, how different I would do!" You will never have them around again. The work is done; the bent to the character is given; the eternity is decided. I say this to young parents, those who are twenty-five and thirty or thirty-five years of age—have the family altar to-night. How do you suppose that father felt as he leaned over the couch of his dying child, and the expiring son said to him: "Father, you have been very good to me. You have given me a fine education, and you have placed me in a fine social position; you have done everything for me in a worldly sense; but, father, you never told me how to die. Now I am dying, and I am afraid."

In this category of irrevocable mistakes I place also the unkindnesses done the departed. When I was a boy, my mother used to say to me sometimes, "De Witt, you will be sorry for that when I am gone." And I remember just how she looked, sitting there with cap and spectacles and the old Bible in her lap, and she never said a truer thing than that, for I have often been sorry since. While we have our friends with us we say unguarded things that wound the feelings of those to whom we ought to give nothing but kindness. Perhaps the parent, without inquiring into the matter, boxes the child's ears. The little one, who has fallen in the street, comes in covered with dust, and as though the first disaster were not enough she whips it. After a while the child is taken, or the parent is taken, or the companion is taken, and those who are left say: "Oh, if we could only get back those unkind words, those unkind deeds! If we could only recall them!" But you cannot get them back. You might bow down over the grave of that loved one and cry and cry and cry. The white lips would make no answer. The stars shall be plucked out of their sockets, but these influences shall not be torn away. The world shall die, but there are some wrongs immortal. The moral of which is, take care of your friends while you have them. Spare the scolding. Be economical of the satire. Shut up in a dark cave from which they shall never swarm forth all the words that have a sting in them. You will wish you had some day—very soon you will, perhaps to-morrow. Oh, yes. While with a firm hand you administer parental discipline also administer it very gently, lest some day there be a little slab in the cemetery and on it chiseled, "Our Willie," or "Our Charlie," and though you bow down prone in the grave and seek a place of repentence and seek it carefully with tears, you cannot find it.

There is another sin that I place in the class of irrevocable mistakes, and that is lost opportunities of getting good. I never come to a Saturday night but I can see during that week that I have missed opportunities of getting good. I never come to my birthday but I can see that I have wasted many chances of getting better. I never go home on Sabbath from the discussion of a religious theme without feeling that I might have done it in a more successful way. How is it with you? If you take a certain number of bushels of wheat and scatter them over a certain number of acres of land, you expect a harvest in proportion to the amount of seed scattered. And I ask you now, Have the sheaves of moral and spiritual harvest corresponded with the advantages given? How has it been with you? You may make resolutions for the future, but past opportunities are gone. In the long procession of future years all those past moments will march, but the archangel's trumpet that wakes the dead will not wake up for you one of those privileges. Esau has sold his birthright, and there is not wealth enough in the treasure houses of heaven to buy it back again. What does that mean? It means that if you are going to get any advantage out of this Sabbath day you will have to get it before the hand wheels around on the clock to 12 to-night. It means that every moment of our life has two wings, and that it does not fly like a hawk in circles, but in a straight line from eternity to eternity. It means that, though other chariots may break down or drag heavily, this one never drops the brake and never ceases to run. It means that while at other feasts the cup may be passed to us and we may reject it, and yet after awhile take it, the cupbearers to this feast never give us but one chance at the chalice, and rejecting that we shall "find no place for repentance, though we seek it carefully with tears."

There is one more class of sins that I put in this category of irrevocable sins and that is lost opportunities of usefulness. Your business partner is a proud man. In ordinary circumstances say to him, "Believe in Christ," and he will say, "You mind your business and I'll mind mine." But there has been affliction in the household. His heart is tender. He is looking around for sympathy and solace. Now is your time. Speak, speak, or forever hold your peace. There is a time in farm life when you plant the corn and when you sow the seed. Let that go by, and the farmer will wring his hands while other husbandmen are gathering in the sheaves. You are in a religious meeting, and there is an opportunity for you to speak a word for Christ. You say, "I must do it." Your cheek flushes with embarrassment. You rise half way, but you cower before men whose breath is in their nostrils, and you sag back, and the opportunity is gone, and all eternity will feel the effect of your silence. Try to get back that opportunity! You cannot find it. You might as well try to find the fleece that Gideon watched, or take in your hand the dew that came down on the locks of the Bethlehem shepherds, or to find the plume of the first robin that went across paradise. It is gone—it is gone forever. When an opportunity for personal repentance or of doing good passes away, you may hunt for it; you cannot find it. You may fish for it; it will not take the hook. You may dig for it; you cannot bring it up. Remember that there are wrongs and sins that can never be corrected; that our privileges fly not in circles, but in a straight line; that the lightnings have not as swift feet as our privileges when they are gone, and let an opportunity of salvation go by us an inch—the one-hundreth part of an inch, the thousandth part of an inch, the millionth part of an inch—and no man can overtake it. Fire winged seraphim cannot come up with it. The eternal God Himself cannot catch it.

I stand before those who have a glorious birthright. Esau's was not so rich as yours. Sell it once, and you sell it forever. I remember the story of the lad on the Arctic some years ago—the lad Stewart Holland. A vessel crashed into the Arctic in the time of a fog, and it was found that the ship must go down. Some of the passengers got off in the lifeboats, some got off on rafts, but 300 went to the bottom. During all those hours of calamity Stewart Holland stood at the signal gun and it sounded across the sea—boom, boom! The helmsman forsook his place; the engineer was gone, and some fainted, and some prayed, and some blasphemed, and the powder was gone, and they could no more set off the signal gun. The lad broke in the magazine and brought out more powder, and again the gun boomed over the sea. Oh, my friends, tossed on the rough seas of life, some have taken the warning, have gone off in the lifeboat, and they are safe, but others are not making any attempt to escape. So I stand at this signal gun of the gospel, sounding the alarm, beware, beware! "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." Hear it that your soul may live.

[A Shaft to Be Sunk One Mile.

Said was cut at Calumet, Mich., for shaft No. 5, Tamarack mine. The shaft will be large enough for eight compartments and will extend vertically almost one mile into the earth before striking copper lead. It will require four years working, day and night, with powerful dynamite to reach the vein.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Johnnie Knew—A Kansas Man's Yearning—Well Qualified—Why She Couldn't Use Them, etc., etc.

JOHNNIE KNEW.

The Teacher—Now, who can tell me which travels the faster—heat or cold?

Johnnie Bright (promptly)—Heat, of course. Anybody can catch cold.

A KANSAS MAN'S YEARNING.

Civilization consists in putting on stiff collars and two layers of clothes in summer instead of a towel.—[Atchison Globe.

WELL QUALIFIED.

Farmer Jones—What hev yer larned at yer college, son?

Son—Why, dad! I can throw the hammer further than anyone there.

Farmer Jones—Thet's good. I guess yer'll hev no trouble in gittin' er job in er blacksmith's shop then.

AN ENSTRANGEMENT.

Maude—How is your friend, Miss Flaunter, now.

Ethel—She is no friend of mine. I'm not on speaking terms with her now; we only kiss when we meet.

WHY SHE COULDN'T USE THEM.

This is what was heard in a theatre the other night. They were in a private box, and she was both pretty and well dressed. But she was in a bad temper because she could not see the stage. "Why," said he, trying to mollify her, "did you not bring your opera glass?"

"I did, but I can't use it."

"Is it broken."

"No, but I forgot to put on my bracelets."

AN INQUIRY.

"Where's the bar," said a dirty-looking stranger of a waiter at a hotel the other day.

"What kind of a bar?" asked the latter.

"Why, a liquor bar, of course; what do you suppose I mean?"

"Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know but you might mean a bar of soap."

TWO OF THEM.

Tramp—Do you know what it is, sir, to be shunned by all; to not have the grasp of a single friendly hand?

Stranger—Indeed, I do. I'm a life insurance agent.

IN THE WRONG PEW.

"I want to take out some life insurance," he said.

"Certainly," exclaimed the active young man as he hastily gathered an application. "What occupation, please?"

"Baseball umpire."

"You'll find the accident company just across the hall," coldly came the active young man's voice as he slowly laid his pen aside.

A KIND HEART.

Mrs. Kindle, (reading letter)—My goodness! Aunt Hetty, your great-aunt, you know, is coming on a visit, and may be here any moment.

Daughter—Yes, ma.

"You are younger than I am, dear. Hurry up to the attic and bring down that green pasteboard box lying among the old clothes and things in the corner."

"There are two green boxes there. Which do you want?"

"Bring the one with those outlandish Christmas presents Aunt Hetty sent us, and put them on the parlor table."—New York Weekly.

SHE LIKED HIM.

Mrs. Gray—Strange that you should consult Dr. Jalap, when your husband is a physician.

Mrs. Black—I find it more helpful to consult Dr. Jalap. When I begin to tell him about my bad feelings he always asks me to hold out my tongue. But my husband only tells me to hold it."—Boston Transcript.

REWARDED.

"What a charitable woman Mrs. Gabberly is."

"Isn't she; why, when the Hinkley failure came on, she sent for Miss Hinkley and gave her all her summer sewing to do, and paid her fifty cents a day for it. It was nice of her, I think."

"Very; she'll get her reward some time."

"Yes; she's had some reward already. She saved seventy-five cents a day on all the work Miss Hinkley did."—Harper's Bazar.

A LAW-ABIDING GIRL.

Mrs. McBride (entering the kitchen)—Bridget, didn't I see that policeman kiss you?

Bridget—Well, mum, sure an' yez wouldn't hev me lay mesilf open to arrist for resistin' an officer, mum.—Harper's Bazar.

A CONSIDERATE HOUSE-BREAKER.

Husband—I'm sorry that burglar got your watch last night, my dear; but there's one thing to be thankful for.

Wife—What's that?

Husband—He didn't wake up the baby.—Tit-Bits.

CRAZINESS.

Tommy—Paw, what makes people think the moon has anything to do with anybody being crazy?

Mr. Figg—I don't know. Probably the idea started in connection with the honeymoon.—Indianapolis Journal.

BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION.

Theodore—Tell me, what is the meaning of the expression, "pulling your leg?"

Richard—I can't tell you in so many words; but I will illustrate. You haven't $10 about you that you can let me have for a week or two? Thanks.—Boston Transcript.

A QUESTION OF PEDIGREE.

"Now who is that?" asked a dignified hen;
"That chicken in white and gray?
She's very well dressed, but from whence did she come?
And her family, who are they?

"She never can move in our set, my dear,'
Said the old hen's friend to her, later;
"I've just found out—you'll be shocked to hear—
She was hatched in an incubator!"

In France tobacco is a government monopoly.

The Small Things.

I don't think any nation pays more attention to military affairs than Germany, said a German citizen. Things of seeming little importance connected with the army are investigated with the greatest pains. Many years ago the matter of boot heels was taken up. What height of heel was best for infantry? A commission was appointed. One heel after another was tried, and a record of how far the soldiers could march a day in each was kept. Years piled on years, the commission carrying on the investigation with the care and exactitude of a chemical analysis. Constant improvements were made, and the distance an army could march in a day was thereby increased. At length the suggestion of a heel partly made of rubber was put forth. It was tried—instantaneous success! It was found that a regiment using such heels could march one-third farther a day and with less fatigue than when the investigation was begun. A small thing that to begin with, but what an important part the improved heel would play in a war.

He Will Not Drown Himself.

(*From the Troy, N. Y., Times.*)

R. W. Edwards, of Lansingburgh, was prostrated by sunstroke during the war and it has entailed on him peculiar and serious consequences. At the present writing Mr. E. is a prominent officer of Post Lyon, G. A. R., Cohoes, and a past aid de camp on the staff of the commander-in-chief of Albany Co. In the interview with a reporter he said:

"I was wounded and sent to the hospital at Winchester. They sent me, together with others, to Washington—a ride of about 100 miles. Having no room in the box cars we were placed face up on the bottom of flat cars. The sun beat down upon our unprotected heads. When I reached Washington I was insensible and was unconscious for ten days while in the hospital. An abscess gathered in my ear and broke; it has been gathering and breaking ever since. The result of this 100 mile ride and sunstroke was heart disease, nervous prostration, insomnia and rheumatism; a completely shattered system which gave me no rest night or day. As a last resort I took some Pink Pills and they helped me to a wonderful degree. My rheumatism is gone, my heart failure, dyspepsia and constipation are about gone, and the abscess in my ear has stopped discharging and my head feels as clear as a bell, when before it felt as though it would burst, and my once shattered nervous system is now nearly sound. Look at those fingers," Mr. Edwards said, "do they look as if there was any rheumatism there?" He moved his fingers rapidly and freely and strode about the room like a young boy. "A year ago those fingers were gnarled at the joints and so stiff that I could not hold a pen. My knees would swell up and I could not straighten my legs out. My joints would squeak when I moved them. That is the living truth.

"When I came to think that I was going to be crippled with rheumatism, together with the rest of my ailments, I tell you life seemed not worth living. I suffered from despondency. I cannot begin to tell you," said Mr. Edwards, as he drew a long breath, "what my feeling is at present. I think if you lifted ten years right off my life and left me prime and vigorous at forty-seven, I could feel no better. I was an old man and could only drag myself painfully about the house. Now I can walk off without any trouble. That in itself," continued Mr. Edwards, "would be sufficient to give me cause for rejoicing, but when you come to consider that I am no longer what you might call nervous, and that my heart is apparently nearly healthy, and that I can sleep nights, you may realize why I may appear to speak in extravagant praise of Pink Pills. These pills quiet my nerves, take that awful depression from my head and at the same time enrich my blood. There seemed to be no circulation in my lower limbs a year ago, my legs being cold and clammy at times. Now the circulation there is as full and as brisk as at any other part of my body. I used to be so light-headed and dizzy from my nervous disorder that I frequently fell while crossing the floor of my house. Spring is coming and I never felt better in my life, and I am looking forward to a busy season of work."

Even in house cleaning, when a woman passes a mirror, she "fixes" herself a little.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

The beauty of pain is not in the thing itself, but the way it is borne.

Does He Chew or Smoke?

If so, it is only a question of time when bright eyes grow dim, manly steps lose firmness, and the vigor and vitality so enjoyable now will be destroyed forever. Get a book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," and learn how No-To-Bac, without physical or financial risk, cures the tobacco habit, brings back the vigorous vitality that will make you both happy. No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Women talk better than men because they have more practice.

One Gives Relief.

It is so easy to be mistaken about indigestion, and think there is some other trouble. The cure is R-pans Tabules. One tabule gives relief. Ask any druggist.

Love is simple in sentiment and complex in action.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH EARLE, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

Talk moves fast when the burden of thought is light.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A man's affection is regulated by his digestion.

Why You Should Use Hindercorns.

It takes out the corns, and then you have comfort, surely a good exchange. 15c. at druggists.

Babies are the best educators of women.

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

The worry of the day is a bad bed fellow.

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

Love is an infinite capacity for suffering.

Money Spent in Parker's Ginger Tonic is well invested. It subdues pain, and brings better digestion, better strength and health.

Good advice is harder to take than bad.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

LIKE ANOTHER LAND.

The World Seemed Strange to These Two Convicts.

After spending twenty yars in the State prison at Lansing, Kan., where they were shut entirely from the world, two convicts named Winner and McNutt were recently set at liberty. So completely isolated had they been during their long confinement that when they walked out of the prison free men they could scarcely realize where they were. Everything seemed new and strange to them. Some of the questions they asked upon emerging into the outer world were peculiar indeed.

"See," cried Winner, the more demonstrative of the two. "There is a town! There was no town here when I went in." They were told it was Lansing. "Let's not go there," said Winner. "I want to go over to those woods." McNutt agreed, and they went over to a thicket by the roadside. The two came across a cow. "Is that a cow?" said Winner, hesitatingly. "Don't go on. Let me look at it." And he circled around the animal much as a man examines a lion in Barnum's. Then he approached her timorously, and laid his hand upon her back. "This," he said, "is the only cow I have seen in twenty years."

A little later they met a flock of geese. "Look!" said Winner again. "Tell me, I really do not know, are those geese or ducks?" He was told they were geese and he tried to pet them. "Winner," said McNutt, a moment later, "what is that scent? Do you smell it?" "Yes, it must come from those flowers." Both men descended upon an elderberry bush and stripped it of its blossoms. They were like two children. They picked every flower they saw and carried it with them.

"See here," said Winner, "here is a good old milkweed. How green and beautiful it is!" And he plucked it and added it to his armful of variegated vegetation. "Arthur," said McNutt, very slowly and deliberately, "do you notice how queer it is to talk loudly? How queer the words come?" "I wonder if I could sing. I guess not," said Winner. He did not try.

Both men curiously felt the bark of every tree they came upon. Finally, with their arms filled high with green twigs and flowers, they went to the hotel in Lansing, where breakfast was waiting for them. Winner drank three cups of coffee. "How nice it is," he said, "to have sugar in your coffee! And cream, too! Think of that!" "How does the butter strike you?" he was asked. "Oh, well," said Winner, "I'm used to that. We had butter every Fourth of July." Later they paid a visit to Kansas City, where they asked questions about everything they saw. They marveled at the high buildings and stared in astonishment at the street cars running along without any visible signs of propulsion.

Winner's folks are wealthy, among the most wealthy in Kansas City, and he went at once to their palatial home, where he was received with open arms. McNutt has no one to whom to go. His old mother still lives in Nova Scotia and is still very poor. Winner was 19 when he went to the penitentiary and McNutt 20 years of age.

Worse than War.

"I tell you what, Sophia, I reckon some of the men that fit in our war, an' got titles by so doin', would be glad to see the days o' battle an' blood sheddin' back agin,, turrible though they was," remarked Uncle Wilson Flanders, as he laid down the evening paper and wiped his spectacles.

"Why, what cur'ous things you do say, Wilson!" returned Mrs. Flanders, calmly. "I s'pose they jest live on their pension money, and rejoice in peace, most of 'em."

"No, they don't," said Mr. Flanders; "they have to work like all possessed, any number of 'em. Why, here's a man—here, jest listen to this," and the old man caught up the paper again and ran his finger down a column. "Here 'tis: 'Change in the Postoffice. General Delivery will be sent out from the main office six times a day to all parts of the city.'

"Now I'd jest like to have you put your mind on that, Sophia. A general—most likely wounded in his legs or somewheres—havin' to kerry letters all over the city six times a day! Why, there aint a hoss in Creekville that has to work like that! An' I don't s'pose they pay him enough to let him ride in them elekitral cars; an', anyway, I cal'late the houses is set so near together—comparative—that 'twouldn't scussly pay him for gettin' off an' on 'em, which I expect is pooty dangerous business, what with sparks flyin' all round the cars, as in course they must.

"I tell you," concluded Uncle Wilson, warmly, "I shouldn't blame that man if he was to hanker for the days when he marched an' fit in the midst o' turmoils an' upheavin's. I reckon he wan't a mite more wore out when night come than he is now—not a mite!"

Doctor—I would advise you, dear madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns. Husband (an hour later)—What did the doctor say? Wife—He said I ought to go to a watering place, and afterwards to the mountains and to get some new light gowns at once.—Fliegende Blaetter.

A woman's creed is made up principally of "Don'ts."

YANKEES FULL OF CURIOSITY.

Visitors to War Ships Show the Great National Characteristic.

Whenever a ship of the United States is anchored in an American harbor, says the Washington Star, the officers are sure that they will have to serve the purpose of the curiosity seekers. "The great American public," said one of Uncle Sam's noble seamen the other day, "is fully aware that it owns its share of a battleship or gunboat, and it intends to have the worth of its money when an opportunity offers." It is claimed by the officers that they do not object to allowing persons who desire to see a man-of-war to wander over the ship and see what it is like, but they do object to the curiosity of some persons who insist on coming into the wardroom and going through their cabins and all their private effects, as if they owned those articles as well as the ship. San Diego, Cal., is said to be the place most abhorred by officers on account of curiosity seekers. One of them said that a man could not lie down in his cabin and get the sleep necessary to stand watch without being roused out with the exclamation: 'Why, here's one of 'em, and he's asleep. Come and look, girls.' At other times the crowd would gather around the skylight over the wardroom and watch the officers at meals, making such comments as they chose on the appearance of the men and what they were eating, as if they had been a part of a menagerie that had just been fed. "Save us from riding at anchor at San Diego," say the officers who have been there.

Old Rip Van Winkle went up into the Catskill mountains to take a little nap of twenty years or so, and when he wakened, he found that the "cruel war was over," the monthly magazines had "forght it over" the second time and "blown up" all the officers that had participated in it. This much is history, and it is also an *historical fact* that, it took the same length of time, for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to become the most celebrated, as it is the most effective, Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy of the age. In purifying the blood and in all manner of pimples, blotches, eruptions, and other skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings, and kindred ailments, the "Golden Medical Discovery" manifests the most *positive* curative properties.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

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He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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