

Impure Blood

Manifests itself in pimples, boils and other eruptions which disgrace the face and cause pain and annoyance. By purifying the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures these troubles and clears the skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired, drowsy feeling so general at this season and gives strength and vigor. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents

Caught Their Attention.

The new Canon of Westminster was once terribly interrupted by the incessant coughing of his congregation. Whereon he suddenly paused in his sermon and interjected the remark: "Last night I was dining with the Prince of Wales." The effect was miraculous, and a deathly silence reigned as the preacher continued: "As a matter of fact, I was not dining with the Prince of Wales last night, but with my own family. I am glad, however, to find that I have at last secured your attention."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Dr. J. C. Kneass & Co., Toledo, O., have been making this medicine for thirty years and believe it the only honorable and safe business transaction made by their firm. Write & Triax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDEN, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is sold internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Many a corn may lurk behind a polished shoe.

They Cure the Cause.

Most of the discomfort in life comes from the stomach. You'll admit that without argument. The proof is in your own stomach. A great many seemingly different diseases come from the common cause—a disordered stomach. Coming from one cause, it is natural that they should all be cured by one medicine. Ripans Tablets not only cure the disease—they cure the cause.

They are good for dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, constipation, dizziness and all troubles of the stomach, liver and bowels. Druggists sell them.

Have but few friends, though much acquaintance.

Tobacco Lusted and Torn.

Every day we meet the man with shabby clothes, sallow skin and shuffling footsteps, holding out a tobacco-painted hand for the charity quarter. Tobacco destroys manhood and the happiness of perfect vitality. No-to-tobacco is guaranteed to cure just such cases, and it's charity to make them try it. Sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. At Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

About the hardest thing to reform is a reformer.

Mrs. Winslow's Sooling Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures croup, whooping cough, cures a bottle.

Happy is the man who sees his folly in his youth.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation Free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

What a sense of relief it is to know that you have no corns. Hindroocrem removes them, and is comforting. See at druggists.

Cast no dirt into the well that gives you water.

Pierce's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—REV. D. B. BUCKLE, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, 1874.

The mortal who expects bad luck will get it.

Parker's Ginger Tonic is Popular for good work. Suffering, ailing, nervous women find nothing so soothing and revivifying.

A pretty woman is never quite without hope.

Wife used "Mrs. ...'" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little; recovery rapid. R. L. JOHNSON, Easton, Ala.

A marriage is more prosaic and dull than an engagement, because there is no flattery in it.

FAIR SAILING through life for the person who keeps in health. With a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you are an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. That "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work.

That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into beautiful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

SOUTHERN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

NEARLY 400 STUDENTS LAST YEAR. Thoroughly PRACTICAL Commercial Course, with complete Bookkeeping and Other Department. Short Course and EVENING COURSE a specialty. Both sexes admitted. No vacation. Expenses moderate. Write for catalogue and Journal.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS THE BEST FOOD FOR

Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS

JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Man Overboard."

TEXT: "So the shipmaster came to him and said unto him: 'What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not.'"—Jonah 1, 6.

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh on an unpleasant errand. He would not go. He thought to get away from his duty by putting to sea. With pack upon his arms, he went on his way to Joppa, a seaport. He goes down among the shipping and says to the men lying around on the docks, "Which of these vessels sails to-day?" The sailors answer, "Yonder is a vessel going to Tarshish. I think if you hurry you may get on board her." Jonah steps on board the rough craft, asks how much the fare is, and pays it. Anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted, and the rigging begins to rattle in the strong breeze of the Mediterranean. Joppa is an exposed harbor, and it does not take long for the vessel to get on the broad sea. The sailors and the gale a hurricane. The affrighted passengers ask the captain if he ever saw anything like this before.

"Oh, yes," he says. "This is nothing." Marine men are slow to admit danger to landmen. But after awhile crash goes the mast, and the vessel pitches so far "abeam's end" there is a fear she will not be righted. The captain answers few questions, and orders the throwing out of boxes and barrels and so much of the cargo as they can get at. The captain at last confesses there is but little hope and tells the passengers that they had better go to praying. It is seldom that a sea captain is an atheist. He knows that there is a God, for he has seen Him at every point of latitude between Sandy Hook and Queenstown. Captain Moody, commanding the Cuba of the Cunard line, at sundown in the evening led the music and sang like a Methodist. The captain of this Mediterranean craft, having set the passengers to praying, goes around examining the vessel and every part of it. He descends into the cabin to see what the strong wrestling of the waves the vessel had sprung a leak, and he finds Jonah asleep.

Jonah had had a wearisome tramp and had spent many sleepless nights about questions of duty, and he is so sound asleep that all the thunder of the storm and the screaming of the passengers does not disturb him. The captain lays hold of him and begins to shake him out of his unconsciousness with the cry: "Don't you see that we are all going to the bottom? Wake up and go to praying if you have any God to go to. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." The rest of the story I will not rehearse, for you know it well. To appreciate the sea, they threw Jonah overboard.

Learn that the devil takes a man's money and then sets him down in a poor landing. The Bible says he paid his fare to Tarshish. But see him get out of a boat and bring him to the side of the ship, lift him over the guards and let him drop with a loud splash into the waves. He paid his fare all the way to Tarshish, but did not get the worth of his money. Neither does any one who turns his back on his duty and does that which is not right.

There is a young man who during the past year has spent a large part of his salary in carousal. What has he gained by it? A soiled reputation, a half starved purse, a disipated look, a petulant temper, a disturbed conscience. The man carries two bad habits that are pressing tighter and tighter will keep on until they wear to the bone. You paid your fare to Tarshish, but have been set down in the midst of a sea of disquietude and perplexity. One hundred dollars for Sunday horse hire. One hundred dollars for cigars. One hundred dollars for frolics that shall be nameless. Making four hundred dollars for his damnation!

Instead of being in Tarshish now he is in the middle of the Mediterranean. Here is a literary man tired of the faith of his father who resolves to launch out into what is called freethinking. He buys Theodore Parker's works for \$10, "Beman's Life of Christ" for \$1.50, Andrew Jackson Davis's works for \$23. Goes to hear infidels talk at the clubs and to see spiritualism at the table rapping. Talks glibly of Paul as a wise man, an old philosopher, of Paul as a devout and of Christ as a decent kind of a man, a little weak in some respects, but almost as good as himself. Talks smilingly of Parker as a good day to put a little extra blacking on one's boots and of Christ as the most part, hypocrites of eternity as "the great to be," "the everlasting now" gets his feet very wet and finds himself that night chilly; the next morning has a hot mouth and is headachy; sends word over to the store that he will not be there to-day; takes his feet; has mustard plaster; calls the doctor. The medical man says ask him, "This is going to be a bad case of congestion of the lungs." Voice falls. Children must be kept down stairs or sent to the neighbors to keep the house quiet. You say, "Send for the minister." But no. He does not believe in ministers. You say, "Send the Bible to him." No; he does not believe in the Bible. A lawyer comes in, and sitting by his bedside writes a document that begins: "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament. It is certain where the sick man's body will be in less than a week. It is quite certain who will get his property. But what will become of his soul? It will go into "the great to be" or "the everlasting now" or "the infinite what is it." His soul is in deep waters, and the wind is "blowing great guns." Death cries, "Overboard with the unbeliever!" A splash. He goes to the bottom. He paid \$5 for his ticket to Tarshish when he bought the infidel books. He landed in perdition.

Every farthing you spend in sin satan will wrinkle you out of. He promises you shall have thirty per cent. or a great deal more. He lies. He will sink all the capital. You may pay full fare to some sinful success, but you will never get to Tarshish. Learn how stupidly men will sleep in the midst of danger. The worst sinner on shipboard, considering the light he had, was while they were heathen. The sailors were engaged in their lawful calling, follow on the sea. The merchants on board, I suppose, were going down to Tarshish to barter, but Jonah, notwithstanding his Christian profession, was flying from duty. He was sound asleep in the cabin. He has been motionless for hours—his arms and feet in the same posture as when he lay down—his breast heaving with deep respiration. Oh, how could he sleep? What if the ship struck a rock? What if it sprang a leak? What if the clumsy oriental craft should capsize? What would become of Jonah?

So men sleep soundly now amid perils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose, the Mediterranean might be sounded, but no line is long enough to fathom the profound beneath every impenitent man. Plunging thousand fathoms down, you cannot touch bottom. Eternity beneath him, before him, around him! Rocks close by and whirlpools about him, and hot-breathed Levanters. Yet sound asleep! We try to wake him up, but fail. The great surges of warning break over the hurricane deck, the gong of warning sounds through the cabin, the bell rings. "Awake!" cry a hundred voices. Yet sound asleep in the cabin.

In the year 1775 the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel found himself at night surrounded by icebergs and "lay to" until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about and saw a ship near by. He hailed

it. No answer. Getting into a boat with some of the crew, he pushed out by the mysterious craft. Getting near by, he saw the old whaler in a many a state as though keeping a logbook. He hailed him. No answer. He went on board the vessel and found the man sitting at the logbook, close at hand. The logbook was dated 1762, showing that the vessel had been wandering for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were found frozen among the hammocks and others in the cabin. For thirteen years the ship had been carrying its burden of corpses.

So from this gospel craft to-day I deprecate voyagers for eternity. I cry: "Ship about! ship about!" No answer. They float about, tossed and ground by the icebergs, men hoisting no sail for heaven. I go on board. I find all asleep. It is a frozen sleep. Oh, that Lord Jesus would come aboard and lay hold of every one of us, and send us down into the warm gulf stream of His mercy! Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life.

Again, notice that men are aroused by the most unexpected means. If Jonah had been told one year before that a heathen sea captain would awaken him to a sense of danger, he would have wakened by a dream, but here it is done. So now men in strange ways are aroused from spiritual stupor. A profane man is brought to conviction by the shocking blasphemy of a contrary Jew, attending church and hearing a sermon from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner," etc., goes home impressed, but crossing his barn-yard and seeing the ass and the ass's owner and the ass his master's crib, but I do not know God." The careless remark of a teamster has led a man to thoughtful reflection. In the hall of a child, "Father, they have prayers at uncle's house. Why don't we have them?" has brought salvation to the dwelling.

Some of us are slow to admit danger to landmen. But after awhile crash goes the mast, and the vessel pitches so far "abeam's end" there is a fear she will not be righted. The captain answers few questions, and orders the throwing out of boxes and barrels and so much of the cargo as they can get at. The captain at last confesses there is but little hope and tells the passengers that they had better go to praying. It is seldom that a sea captain is an atheist. He knows that there is a God, for he has seen Him at every point of latitude between Sandy Hook and Queenstown. Captain Moody, commanding the Cuba of the Cunard line, at sundown in the evening led the music and sang like a Methodist. The captain of this Mediterranean craft, having set the passengers to praying, goes around examining the vessel and every part of it. He descends into the cabin to see what the strong wrestling of the waves the vessel had sprung a leak, and he finds Jonah asleep.

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Now, let any of you should make this motto, I address you in the words of the Mediterranean seaman, called by a sailor, "est thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." If you have a God, call upon him. If you have a God, call upon your father's God. When your father was in trouble, whom did he fly to? You heard him in his old days tell about some terrible exposure in a snow-storm or a sea convulsion, is lashing itself, and nothing will stop it now but the overthrow of Jonah.

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SHAM EARTHQUAKES.

How San Francisco's City Hall Was Made to Shake.

The tragic death of James Wilkinson at the Old City Hall has called up many reminiscences of the ancient rattletrap, and many tales are told of how the structure has been considered dangerous for a quarter of a century and more—ever since it was so badly shaken up by the great earthquake of 1868. John J. Cunningham yesterday told of how earthquake became of everyday occurrence there along in the '70's and of how two court rooms were cleared by a couple of merry wags. This was his tale:

"In 1876 the southeast corner of Washington and Kearny streets—the part of the building that James Wilkinson lost his life in—was occupied by the Recorder's office. Otto H. Frank was then City and County Recorder. He was an amiable man, slightly affected with deafness and permitted his attaches to do about as they pleased.

"The copying clerks engaged at twelve cents a folio had considerable superfluous time on their hands and were generally mischievous. So they took to improvising earthquakes by shaking the building and frightening the uninitiated. The custom was to detail one of the clerks to take 'tab' downstairs, and make a note of the number of the unspokicated present. When things were propitious he reported up stairs, and the earthquakes were delivered to order. On the second floor there stood a number of bookstalls incasing old files of the Examiner from its first publication.

"Generally one of the copyists got on one side of the stands and alternated with the other in lifting and tugging. The building would begin to oscillate from north to south and the stampted would commence. None held the ground except case hardened clerks and timeworn searchers of records.

"All habitues of the old hall remember the shattered condition of the building that poor Wilkinson was killed in, how it was almost razed to the ground in the big earthquake of '68; the cost to the city for renovating it before it became habitable, and the great hurry of the authorities to move the Hall of Records to the beehive now occupied at the New City Hall."

"Then the Justices of the Peace and their clerks were ensconced at the old Hall of Records. Frank J. Murphy was then Justices' Clerk. Justices James C. Pennie and Edward Gilson held court in the upper story, and I well remember an afternoon when both Judges were holding court. Two of the scamps from the Recorder's office invaded the top story of the old building and commenced a rataplan on the iron shutters over the heads of both Judges. Both courtrooms were cleared as smooth as Mother Hubbard's cupboard in five seconds, judges, attorneys and clients all believed an earthquake was in progress and the courts were informally adjourned for the day. All of this I saw, and a part of it I was."

Reproof.

Perhaps the neatest reproof to a long-winded preacher was that given by Harvey Combe when Lord Mayor of Dr. Parr. As they were coming out of church together, Parr was so foolish as to ask the other how he liked his sermon. "Well, doctor, to speak, firmly, there were four things in it that I did not like to hear. They were the quarters of the church clock which struck before you had finished."

Zanzibarian Slavery.

The British agent at Zanzibar reports that slavery in the protectorate can be stopped only by maintaining an efficient coast guard, which would cost £35,000 a year, while to free the slaves now held as such would cost £200,000.

No More Old Age.

A French physician makes the announcement that he has discovered the microbes of old age and gives the results of some experiments tending to prove that his discovery is invested with all the importance that such a revelation merits.

The microbes he has discovered is not only found alone in the blood of aged people, but if it is injected into the veins of a young person it produces at once all the physical manifestations of senility.

But Dr. Bricsson goes a good way further and declares that the injection of a certain serum, which he has also found, destroys these microbes in the blood of an aged person, and that, barring accidents and disease, a man may live indefinitely so long as the microbes can be destroyed in the blood.

It may, therefore, be possible that we are on the borders of another Methuselan age, and it is probable that the reason for the remarkable longevity of the patriarchs in Old Testament times may be due to the fact that the "old age microbes" had not been developed, and so Methuselah and Noah kept living because an electric card did not run over them or the vermiform appendix did not get on the rampage and carry them off.

But with the improved facilities for killing people in these days of grade crossings, trolley cars and bicycles, it is really necessary that something should be done to give a man half a chance for existence, especially with this microbe galloping up and down in his veins, puckering up his face, destroying his eyesight and eliminating his teeth, so that in the youthful days hovering about the end of his four score years he breaks down and dies not because of old age but because he has his blood full of microbes.

A Seal Who Knew a Good Thing.

A Portland, Me., man captured a young seal a short time ago and took it to his fish house on the pier. After feeding the animal a few days the captor finally decided to release it. The seal would not swim away when put in the harbor, and cried to be taken back. Afterward it was taken down the harbor and dropped overboard, but swam alongside a vessel and cried so piteously that it was taken on board and brought back to its owner. Now it goes out to swim, but invariably returns for rations of milk, and is as intelligent as the most "knowing" dog.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CAVE IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

Dark Cavern Where Myriads of Bats and Other Creatures Make Homes.

Of all the strange places to be found in the remote recesses of the Sierra Nevada none is any stranger than a bat cave in Kaweah canyon. There is nothing particularly strange about the cave itself, but the fact that it is the dwelling place of thousands of web-winged animals makes it a most uncanny and unusual spot. The cave is in the wall of the canyon, not far back from the water in the rainy season, and there is nothing about the appearance of the opening to attract attention during the day. But approach the place at about dusk, and a black stream of shadowny forms will be seen passing in and out of the opening accompanied by the most peculiar odor in the world and a soft rustling sound. The bats have been asleep all day and are going in search of food. To enter the cave in the daytime is not a difficult task, but is somewhat unpleasant. The opening is large, and a man can enter in an erect position. About ten feet in the entrance makes a turn, and an inky blackness exists. Go a little farther, so as to be away from the air at the entrance, and a most disagreeable odor strikes the nostrils and every few feet one treads upon the body of a bat. While the cave is in darkness a profound silence exists, but strike a light and a sound like a waterfall is heard. Thousands of bats that have been asleep at once awake and commence to fly in circles about the cavern, which can be seen to be very large. Round and round they go, increasing in speed every moment, and the odor of the cave becomes more and more disagreeable. When this happens it is a wise thing for the explorer to make his escape and postpone further investigation until night, at which time the cave is deserted. Even the dead bats on the floor will disappear, having been eaten by the others as soon as they awake.

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But with the improved facilities for killing people in these days of grade crossings, trolley cars and bicycles, it is really necessary that something should be done to give a man half a chance for existence, especially with this microbe galloping up and down in his veins, puckering up his face, destroying his eyesight and eliminating his teeth, so that in the youthful days hovering about the end of his four score years he breaks down and dies not because of old age but because he has his blood full of microbes.

A Seal Who Knew a Good Thing.

A Portland, Me., man captured a young seal a short time ago and took it to his fish house on the pier. After feeding the animal a few days the captor finally decided to release it. The seal would not swim away when put in the harbor, and cried to be taken back. Afterward it was taken down the harbor and dropped overboard, but swam alongside a vessel and cried so piteously that it was taken on board and brought back to its owner. Now it goes out to swim, but invariably returns for rations of milk, and is as intelligent as the most "knowing" dog.

STORY OF A CALIFORNIA PIONEER.

At a recent gathering of California pioneers at Baltimore, one of the best stories was told by the secretary of the association, John L. Steff. He compared the "spread" before them with the pork and beans which were served in the mining camps twenty-one times a week, year in and year out, and said the absence of women in California had taught him how to appreciate them. Nearly all the time he was there he had to do all his own cooking, washing and mending. Part of the time he was in California he was merchandising and getting such prices as these for goods: Long shovels, \$16; checked shirts, \$3 each; long boots, \$22 a pair; copies of the Baltimore Sun, any date, \$1 each; flour, 50 cents a pound, and picks, \$16 each. A "stiff" drink of whisky was worth about \$8.

Every man longs to be a woman just long enough to show what a good wife he would be.

SYRUP OF FIGS



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.

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