

Possibly. A country paper declares that "Mr. Johnson, a farmer of our village, on returning to his house the other day found in his ground floor bedroom, the door of which had been left open, a cow, probably astray." The conjecture expressed in the last two words may be set down as, on the whole, a fair one.—Presbyterian Messenger.

Here Below. "Man wants but little here below, and wants that little long," and just as long as he can get it. The words of the old hymn have a meaning, which, interpreted that way, is very little to ask to be freed from it. A short cut to the attainment of this is to use St. Jacobs Oil. It is a little thing to get, but the amount of good it does in the cure of pains is something enormous.

In nine cases out of ten the man who has riches paid too much for them.

There are some people who couldn't be made interesting even as characters in a novel.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CUNNEY & Co., Prop., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cunney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by them.

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

We may shape our friendship, but not our love.

The More One Uses Parker's Clearer Tonic the more its virtues are revealed in dispelling colds, indigestion, pain and every weakness.

Nothing can kill self-respect; every thing wounds it.

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

If there were no difficulties there would be no men.

I cannot speak too highly of Piro's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MORRIS, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 23, 1894.

A bald-headed man parts his hair on the what-is-left side.

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

When men lie they most always yawn wearily afterward.

FITS STOPPED Free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 bottle free. Dr. KLINE, 661 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A good man will hate a lie, no matter how white it may look.

Walking Would Often be a Pleasure were it not for corns. These pests are removed with Hinder's. 1c. at druggists.

There are people who have a great deal of religion, but no love.



Tainted Blood

Poisoned my whole system, local troubles being the origin of my suffering. My limbs and arms swelled and sores broke out. My nervous system was shattered and I became hopeless. Medical treatment availed nothing.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me vitality at once. I gained rapidly and the sores disappeared. I gained strength and was finally restored to health. Mrs. ELIZABETH E. SMITH, P. O. address, West Granville, Mass. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists, 25c.

"A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned."

But a penny saved in buying a poor article of food is a dollar lost to the doctor.

BUY

Hecker's SELF-RAISING Buckwheat.

Saves Health, Dollars And Time.

\$3 A DAY SURE. SEND your address to-day and we will show you how to work in the work and teach you how to work in the work where you live. Send us your address and we will send you a clear order of \$3.00 every 30 days. ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box 14, Detroit, Mich.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

DAILY \$3 PER YEAR. Presidential Year.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "All Heaven Looking on."

The subject of Dr. Talmage's opening sermon in Washington was: "All Heaven Looking On," the text selected being the famous passage from Hebrews xii. 1: "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

In his opening sermon in the National Capitol I give you heartiest Christian salutation. I bethink myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church, so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers beside Dr. Sunderland, but I do not know of any man except himself with enough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly forty-three years in this conspicuous pulpit. Long distant be the year when that gospel chieftain shall put down the silver trumpet with which he has struck such mighty blows for God and righteousness. I come to you with the same gospel that he has preached, and to join you in all kinds of work for making the world better, and I hope to see you all in your own homes and have you all come and see me, but don't all come once. And without any preliminary discourses as to what I propose to do I begin here and now to cheer you with the thought that all heaven is sympathetically looking on. "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and a few minutes bring you to the amphitheater. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise tier above tier until you count forty elevations or galleries—as I shall see fit to call them—in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads the victim into the arena. Let him raise his sword, with firm grip, into his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena swing open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke he will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena. Then, relying his waning strength, he comes up with fierce eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25,000 people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race, sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts. To an amphitheatrical audience Paul referred when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and your fiercest has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years, but it is strong of body and strong of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon! With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take his weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory. The sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trojan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle, this is with the roaring lion of hell. Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enock, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in an arena around which circles the galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

In the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the elevation of a celebrated sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On His head are many crowns. The Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our King hath come to His place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordman or the lion beat, but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard of considerations! I see Him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down His voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of My power!"

They gave to the men in the arena, in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are sons of His bone, flesh of His flesh, blood of His blood.

In all the anguish of our heart, The Man of Sorrows bore a part.

Once, in the ancient amphitheater, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with the other paw caught his shield.

The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair. The lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim was killed on a cross. "Shame, shame!" at such meanness. But the King, in this case, is our brother, and He will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of mortals that we can meet the lion will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in Him."

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are—the angel that swung the sword at the gates of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child; that one has been pulling the soul out of temptation! All those are messengers of light. Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sen-nacherib's living hosts into a heap of 185,000 corpses. Those yonder chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant awoke the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the newborn world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity, but this is a leader of the 20,000 chariots of God, and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, and the cherubim to the lower orders of heaven, hear the command and go forth on the high behest.

Now bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "Oh, shall give Him glory over them, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Though shalt tread upon the lion and bear him as thou wouldst a calf, and thou shalt trample underfoot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God and lean on their fallen bodies. Oh, how glorious a throng of bright, angelic faces and swift wings and lightning feet, I hail you to-day from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again, and I see the prophetic gallery. Who are these mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide, and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! They are howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon! They have been in the fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheater the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it now!" "Forward!" "One more!" "Look out!" "Fall by the wayside!" "Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out: "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lion, and thou shalt not be hurt." "Fear not! I am with thee!" "Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles are all with us. They make the welkin ring with shouting and halleluiahs.

I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure he would not give up his life for the truth preached, and so he died, the night before awaking from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—384,000—who perished for Christ in the persecution of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group—Pulchra, of Rome, and now they stand under in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage, down there in the arena!"

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever give up the fight? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us, shall we give up the fight and die? No, Son of God, who didst die to save us! No, ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No, ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. No, ye loved ones, whose arms are stretched to receive us. No, we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I would reign— Be faithful to my Lord, And bear the cross, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer though they die. They see the triumph from afar. And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thine armies shine, In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine.

My heroes, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier, dying in the hospital, rose up in bed the last moment and cried: "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted, "Here!" "Oh! I heard the roll call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls we shall cry: "Here! Here!"

A Woman County Physician.

Dr. Mabel Spencer, a Kansas City woman, has been appointed County Physician of Riley County, Kansas, to succeed Dr. Willard, who, recently retired. She is the first woman in Kansas to receive such an appointment.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

A Dead Man's Name and Place Taken By Another.

A remarkable story comes from Sedgwick, Wis. Sometime in the winter of 1892 Willis Gorman mysteriously disappeared, leaving a loving wife and a handsome property. Search was made, but the missing man could not be heard from, and his neighbors gave him up for dead. No reason could be assigned for his disappearance.

Eighteen months ago a man came to Sedgwick and announced himself as Willis Gorman. He looked like Gorman, talked like him and was familiar with matters known only to Gorman and his wife. Still there was something peculiar about him, and people had their doubts. He failed to recollect certain names and localities, but he explained by saying that he had wandered off when temporarily deranged, and a blow on the head had injured his mental faculties. During his absence he had been in Michigan, where his cousin, John McGuire, had nursed him back to health. This statement satisfied everybody, and Mrs. Gorman was convinced that the man was her husband.

The supposed Gorman resumed his old place as the head of his family, and everything moved along pleasantly until two months ago, when a man was born in the Gorman household. Then Mrs. Gorman and when he saw her husband he declared positively that he was not the real Willis Gorman. The whole story was told to him, and he pretended to be satisfied. But the Nebraska man was still suspicious. He went to Michigan and investigated the matter, and upon his return he exploded a bomb in Sedgwick.

To make a long story short, he had discovered that Willis Gorman died at the home of John McGuire, in Michigan. McGuire had found out all about his history and circumstances, and as he closely resembled him, he thought that he would go to Sedgwick and pass himself off for the dead man. He succeeded wonderfully well, and was getting along finely until he was unmasked by Mrs. Gorman's cousin. When McGuire realized that his deception was known, he burst into tears and offered to marry Mrs. Gorman at once. The lady's relatives wanted to accept the offer, but she would not listen to it, and demanded that McGuire should sign a written confession and depart from the State, leaving her and her child in peace. McGuire accepted these hard conditions and left. The case is the sensation of the hour out West.

A Dead City of Ceylon.

As I gazed, the moon rose slowly in the sky, a burnished shield of liquid light. Her long white rays glittered upon the solemn forest, and penetrated the far recesses of the hills, trailing a broad pathway of silver over the water, till it was lost at last in the distant shadows of the mountain.

As if drawn by some spell, I walked slowly toward the lake till I stood at last on a rising ground that overlooked the broad, still sheet of water. There, to the right, between the mountain and the shore, lay the ruins of the city of the long dead past. Flooded by the moonlight, it swam in a haze of glory, each mound of decaying stone crowned with trees, each crumbling wall clothed with a garment of nature's own providing. It was the very apotheosis of decay.

It had been no puny city. Far up the mountain's lower slope, far back to where the hills drew down to the shore, the long succession of its ruins extended—here in great shapeless mounds that stood alone, a few broken shafts and shattered pediments still standing out, clear, sharp-cut and angular, in the silver light, there in the long ranges of crumbling walls, through which vast fig trees shot up their wealth of leaves, that marked the course of some broad avenue which went on and on till it lost itself in the white distance.

For Chapped Skin.

Chapped lips, fever blisters and the like come often from bad digestion. Chronic sore mouth may be rubbed with oil or rosewater or glycerine, or with camphorated ice. Citron ointment is reliable and very efficacious for this difficulty. The face itself should not be anointed with cold cream unless very much chapped; otherwise it gives an oily look and enlarges the pores. Cocoa butter or pure sweet oil are better for the purpose, especially the former, which will improve the texture of the skin wonderfully in a short time. Lavender water is easily compounded and delightfully refreshing. Take one ounce of oil of lavender, one-half ounce of essence of ambergris, one-half pint eau de cologne and a pint of rectified spirits. Mix by shaking thoroughly in a large bottle until well mingled.

Not Dainty Cases.

Nicholas, "The Iron Czar," used enormous plates and cups and saucers of the commonest china, heavy and coarse, decorated with blue, and in the center bearing his initial with a crown and cross. The china of Alexander II., who was assassinated in quality, but of a similar design, only it bore the initial A and an eagle with outspread wings. That of the present Czar is of the same pattern and bears the same initial, with the distinctive III. under the A, to indicate that it belongs to the third monarch of that name.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ENVELOPE FLAPS.

There is a quaint story told of a couple of Scotch ministers who were taking dinner together one summer day in a little parsonage in the Highlands. It was the Sabbath day, the weather was beautiful, and the bubbling streams were full of trout and the woods full of summer birds. One turned to the other and said: "Mon, don't ye often feel tempted on these beautiful Sundays to go out fishing?" "Na, na," said the other, "I never feel tempted, I just gang."—Household Words.

Tender-Hearted. Mrs. Inane—"I have had a terrible time to-day." Mr. Inane—"Yes, I had to sit and fan Fido all afternoon to keep him from fainting!"—Truth.

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.

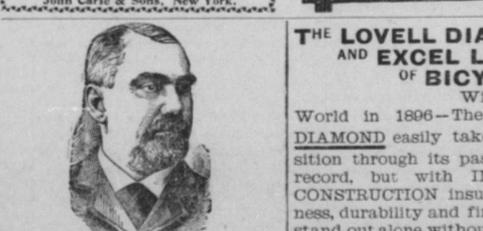
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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COL. BENJ. S. LOVELL. TREAS. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.

COL. LOVELL'S successful fight for the Concession nomination in the Second Massachusetts District was the subject of editorial comment in the Boston Journal as follows: "That animated and stubborn contest in the Second Concession District ends in the selection of an admirable candidate, Col. Benjamin Lovell of Weymouth. Col. Lovell is one of the best-known and best-liked men in the State. A gallant soldier, an energetic man of business, a staunch Republican, he deserves well of his party, which has honored him with more than one conspicuous mark of its confidence, and has made no mistake in giving him this present nomination. Col. Lovell has an army of warm personal friends. He should be carried into the Executive Council by a record-breaking majority."

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