REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Opening Winter."

Text: "I have determined there to winter."-Titus iii., 12.

Paul was not independent of the seasons. He sent for his overcoat to Troas on a memorable occasion. "Id now in the text he is making arrangements for the approaching cold weather and makes an appointment with Titus to meet him at Necopolis, saying; "I have determined there to winter." Well, this is the 8th day of December and the second Sabbath of winter. We have had a few ond Sabbath of winter. We have had a few shrill, sharp blasts already forerunners of whole regiments of sto. and tempests. No one here needs to be told that we are in the opening gates of the winter. This season is not only a test of one's physical endurance, but in our great cities is a test of moral character. A vast number of people have by one winter of dissipation been de-stroyed, and forever. Seated in our homes on some stormy night, the winds howling outside, we imagine the shipping helplessly driven on the coast, but any winter nigh if our ears were good enough, we could hear the crash of a thousand moral shipwreeks. There are many people who come to the cities on the 1st of September who will be blasted by the 1st of March. At this season of the year temptations are especially rampant. Now that the long winter evenings have come that long winter evenings have come, there are many who will employ them in high pursuits, a intelligent socialities, in Christian work, in the strengthening and ennobling of moral character, and this winter to many of you will be the brightest and the best of all your I ves, and in anticipation I congratu-late you. But to others it may not have such effect, and I charge you, my beloved, look out where you spend your winter

In the first place, I have to remark at this season of the year evil allurements are especially busy. There is not very much temptation for a man to plunge in on a hot night smid blazing gaslights, and to breathe the fetid air of an assemblage, but in the cold nights satan gathers a great harvest. At such times the casinos are in full blast. At such time, the grogshops in one night make more than in four or five nights in summer. At such times the playbilis of low places of entertuinment seem especially attractive and the acting is especially impression. sive, and the applause especially bewitching. Many a man who has kept right all the rest of the year will be capsized now and though last autumn he came from the country and there was luster in the eve and there were roses in the cheek and elasticity in the step, by the time the spring hour has come you will pass him in the street and say to your friend: "What's the matter with that man? How differently he looks from what he looked last September." Slain of one winter's dislast September." Slain of one winter's dis-sipation. At this time of the year there are many entertainments. If we rightly em-ploy them, and they are of the right kind, they enlarge our socialities, allow us to make important acquaintance, build us up in our morals, and help us in a thousand ways. I can scarcely think of anything bet-ter than good neighborhood. But there are those entertainments from which others will come besoiled in character. There are those ome besoiled in character. There are those who by the springtime will be broken down who by the springtime will be broken down in health, and though at the opening of the season their prospects were bright, at the close of the season they will be in the hands of the doctors or sleeping in the cemetery. The certificate of death will be made out and the physician to save the made out, and the physician, to save the feelings of the family, will call the disease by a Latin name. But the doctor knows, and everybody else knows, they died of too many levees. Away with all these wine drinking convivalities. drinking convivialities. How dare you, the family, tempt the appetites of the young people? Perhaps at the entertain-ment, to save the feelings of the minister or some other weak temperance man, you leave the decanter in a side room, and only a few people are invited there to partage, but it is easy enough to know when you come out, by the glare of your eye and the stench of your breath, that you have been serving the

Men sometimes excuse themselves and say Men sometimes excuse themselves and say after late supports it is necessary to take some sort of stimulant to aid digestion. My plain opinion is that if you have no more self control than to stuff yourself until your digestive organs refuse their office you had better of call yourself a man, but class yourself among the beasts that perish. At this section of the year the Young Men's Christian Associations of the land send out circulars asking ciations of the land send out circulars asking the pastors to speak a word on this subject, and so I sound in your ear the words of the Lord God Almighty, "Woe unto him that puttern the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Rejoice that you have come to the glad win-ter months that remind you of the times when in your childhood you were shone on by the face of father, mother, brothers, sisters, some of them, alas! no more to meet you with a "Happy New Year" or a "Merry Christmas." But again and again have we seen on New Year's Day the sons of some of the best families drunk, and young men have excused themselves by the fact that the wine excused themselves by the fact that the wine cup has been offered by the ladies, and again and again it has been found out that a lady's hand has kindled the young man's thirst for strong drink, and long after all the attractions of the holiday have passed that same woman crouches in her rags, and her desolation, and her woe under the uplifted hand of the drunken monster to whom she had passed the fascinmonster to whom she had passed the fascinating cup on New Year's Day. If we want to go to ruin, let us go alone and not take others with us. Can we not sacrifice our feelings if need be? When the good ship London went down, the captain was told that he might escape in one of the Marketing of the control o that he might escape in one of the lifeboata.
"No," he replied, "I'll go down with the
passengers." All the world applauded his
heroism. And can we not sacrifice our tastes and our appetites for the rescue of others? Surely it is not a very great sacrifice. Oh, mix not with the innocent beverage of the holiday the poison of adders! Mix not with the white sugar of the cup the snow of this awful leprosy! Mar not the clatter of the cutlery of the festal occasion with the clank of a madman's chain. Pass down the street and look into the

pawnbroker's window. Elegant watch, elegant furs, elegant flute, elegant shoes, elegant scarf, elegant books, elegant mementos. gant furs, elegant flute, elegant shoes, elegant scarf, elegant books, elegant mementos. You sometimes see people with pleased countenances looking into such a window. When I look into a pawnbroker's window it seems to me as if I had looked into the window of hell! To whom did that watch belong? To a drunkard. To whom did those furs beiong? To a drunkard's wife. To whom did those shoes belong? To a drunkard's ehild. I take the three brazen balls at the doorway of a pawnbroker's shop and I clank them together, sounding the knell of the drunkard's soul. A pawnbroker's shop is only one of the eddies in the great torrent of municipal drunkenness. "Oh," says some one, "I don't patronize such things. I have destroyed no young man by such influences. I only take ale, and it will take a great amount of ale to intoxicate." Yes, but I teil you there is not a drunkard in America that did not begin with ale. Three X's on the brewer's dray, three X's on the door of the ginshop, three X's on the side of the bottle. Three X's. I asked amon. He could not tell. I asked another what was the meaning of the three X's. He could not tell me. Then I made up my mind that they meant 30 heartbreaks, 30 agonies, 30 broken up households, 30 prospects of a drunkard's grave, 30 ways to perdition. Three X's. If I were going to write a story, the first chapter I would cali "Three X's" and the last chapter I would sail "The Pawnbroker's Shop." Oh, beware of your influence.

The winter season is especially full of temperation.

into his room and sit there from 7 to 19 into his room and sit there from 7 to 11 o'clock in the evening, reading Motley's "Dutch Republic" or John Foster's essays. It would be a beautiful thing for him to do, but he will not do it. The most of our young men are busy in offices, in factories, in banking houses, in stores, in shops, and when evening comes they want the fresh air, and they want sight-seeing, and they must have it, they will have it, and they ought to have it. Most of the men here assembled will have three or four evenings of leisure on the have it. Most of the men here assembled will have three or four evenings of leisure on the winter nights. After tea the man puts on his hat and coat and he goes out. One form of allurement says, "Come in here." Satan says: "It is best for you to go in. You ought not to be so green. By this time you ought to have seen everything." And the temptations shall be mighty in dull times such as we have had, but which, I believe, are gone, for I hear all over the land the prophecy of great prosperity, and the rail-

prophecy of great prosperity, and the rail-road men and the merchants, they all tell me of the days of prosperity they think are coming, and in many departments they have already come, and they are going to come in all departments, but those dull times through which we have passed have destroyed a great many men. The question of a livelihood is with a vast multifulat the great question. multitude the great question. young men who expected before this to set up their household, but they have been disappointed in the gains they have made. They cannot support themselves, how can they support others? And, to the curse of modern society, the theory is abroad that a man must not marry until be has achieved a man must not marry until he has achieved a fortune, when the twain ought to start

That is the old fashioned way, and that will be the new fashioned way if society is ever redeemed. But during the hard times, the dull times, so many men were discourged the dulttimes, so many men were discourged, so many men had nothing to do—they could get nothing to do—a pirate bore down on the ship when the sails were down and the vessel was making no headway. People say they want more time to think. The trouble is, too many people have had too much time to think, and if our merchants had not had their minds diverted many of them would loug before this have been within the four long before this have been within the four walls of an insane asylum. These long winter evenings, be careful where you spend them. This winter will decide the temporal and eternal destiny of hundreds of men in

at the foot of the hill and together climb to

this audience. Then the winter has especial temptations in the fact that many homes are peculiarly unaitractive at this season. In the summer months the young man can sit out on the steps, or he can have a bouquet in the vase on the mantel, or, the evenings being so short, soon after gaslight he wants to retire anyhow. But there are many parents who do not understand how to make the long winter evenings attractive to their children It is amazing to me that so many old people do not understand young people. To hear some of these parents talk you would think they had never themselves been young and had been born with spectacles on. Oh, it is dolorous for young people to sit in the house from 7 to 11 o'clock at night and to hear parents groan about their ailments and the nothingness of this world. The nothingness t this world! How dare you talk such lasphemy? It took God six days to make this world, and He has allowed it 6000 years to hang upon His holy heart, and this world has shone on you and blessed you and caressed you for these fifty or seventy years, and yet you dare talk about the nothingness of this world! Why, it is a magnificent world. I do not believe in the whole you world. I do not believe in the whole universe there is a world equal to it, except it dren to stay in the house these long winter evenings to hear you denounce this star lighted, sun warmed, shower baptised, ower strewn, angel watched, God inhabit-

violin or the picture. It does not require a great salary, or a big house, or chased silous upholstery to make a happy ver, or gorgeous upholstery to make a happy home. All that is wanted is a father's heart, I have known a man with \$700 salary, and he had no other income, but he had a home so happy and bright that, though the sons had gone out and won large for-tunes and the daughters have gone out into splendid spheres and become princesses of so-ciety, they can never think of that early home without tears of emotion. It was to them the vestibule of heaven, and all their mansions now and all their palaces now cannot make them forget that early place. Make your homes happy. You go around your house growling about your rheumatism and acting the lugubrious, and your sons will go into the world and plunge into dissipation.

They will have their own rheumatisms after awhile. Do not forestall their misfortunes. Oh, what a beautiful thing it is to see a young man standing up amid these temprations of city life incorrupt while hundreds are falling! I will tell your history. You will move in respectable circles all your days, and some day a friend of your father days, and some day a friend of your father will meet you and say: "Good morning! Glad to see you. You seem to be prospering. You look like your father for all the world." I thought you would turn out well when I used to hold you on my knee. If you ever want any help or any advice, come to me. As long as I remember your father I'll remember you. Good morning." That will be the history of your father I'll remember you. Good morning." That will be the history of hundreds of these young men. How do I know it? I know it by the way you start. But here's a young man who takes the opposite route. Voices of sin charm him the opposite route. Voices of sin charm him away. He reads bad books, mingles in bad society. The glow has gone from his cheek, and the sparkle from his eye, and the purity from his soul. Down he goes little by little, The people who saw him when he came to town while yet hovered over his head the town while yet hovered over his head the blessing of a pure mother's prayer and there was on his lips the dew of a pure sister's kiss, now as they see him pass cry, "What an awful wreck!" Cheek bruised in grogshop fight. Eye bleared with dissipation. Lip swollen with induigences. Be careful what you say to him; for a trifle he would take your life.

Lower down, lower down until, outcast of God and man, he lies in the asylum, a blotch of loathsomeness and pain. One moment he calls for God and then he calls for rum. He prays, he curses, he laughs as a flend laughs, then bites his nails into the quick, then puts his bands through the hair hanging around his head like the mane of a wild beast, then shivers until the cot shakes, with unuttera-ble terror, then with his fists fights back the deviis, or clutches for serpents that seem to wind around him their awful folds, then asks wind around him their awful folds, then asks for water, which is instantly consumed on his cracked lips. Some morning the surgeon going his rounds will find him dead. Do not try to comb out or brush back the matted locks. Straighten out the limbs, wrap him in a sheet, put him in a box, and let two men carry him down to the wagon at the door. With a piece of chalk write on top of the box the name of the destroyer and destroyed. Who is it? It is you, ob, man, if, yielding to the temptations of a dissipated life, you go out and perish. There is a way that seemeth bright and fair and beautiful to a man, but the end thereof is death. Employ these long nights of December, January and February in high pursuits, in intelligent socialities, in innocent amusements, in and February in high pursuits, in intelligent socialities, in innocent amusements, in Christian work. Do not waste this winter, for soon you will have seen your last snow shower and have gone up into the companionship of Him whose raiment is white as snow, whiter than any fuller on earth could whiten it. For all Christian hearts the winter nights of earth will end in the June morning of heaven. The river of life from under the throne never freezes over. The foliage of life's fair tree is never frost-bitten. The festivities, the hilarities, the family greetings of earthly Christmas times will give way to larger reunion and brighter lights and sweeter garlands and mightier joy in the great holiday of heaven.

The Demand for Pennies.

abil "The Pawnbroker's Shop." Oh, beware of your influence.

The winter season is especially full of temptation, because of the icag evenings allowing such full swing for evil indulgences. You can scarcely expect a young man to go

MYSTERIOUS SIGNALING.

Arabs Have a Secret Way Which

Nobody Can Discover. Throughout Asia there exists at the resent time a secret means of communiation between different people and naions which remains, and probably will always remain, enshrouded, so far as the European is concerned, with impenetrable

It is so perfect and so intelligible that commercial negotiations and transactions can be carried on between traders hailing from the north of China and others from the southernmost portions of Arabia while they remain in total ignorance of even the rudiments of one another's

language Their dealings, however, are conducted in the open. In any of the great Oriental markets one may see travelers from all parts of Asia engaged in buying and selling, making bargains and haggling over prices without the interchange of a single word. The merchants squat on the ground face to face, with their hands on one another's arms. Concealed beneath those flowing sleeves the mystic movement of the fingers is going on.

But even the strange language of the finger on the flesh of the arm is not the most wonderful of the varied means of communication which the Arabs especially possess. How is it that news will travel over thousands of miles in Egypt from one Arab community to another quicker than the same news is transmitted by telegraph? The fact is indisputable, but no explanation affords a satisfactory solu-

tion to the mystery. "When Khartoum fell in 1885," says a well-known traveler, "I was in Egypt, and I well remember that the Arabs settled in the neighborhood of the Pyramids knew all about it, as well as about Gen. Gordon's death, days and days before the uews reached Cairo by telegraph from the Soudanese frontier. Yet Khartoum is hundreds of miles distant from Cairo, and the telegraph wires from the frontier were monopolized by the Government. In the same way these Arabs had told me twelve months previously of the defeat of the Egyptian army under Baker Pacha at lokar, giving me not only the news, but also several particulars concerning the rout full two days before we received the intelligence from the Red Sea coast. In each case they proved correct as to date, and it was obvious that the reports could not possibly have been mere guess work. Yet how had they received the news?

"By signal fires? No. These fires must have been seen by British and native scouts, and, beyond that, the nature of the country is not by any means suited for such a means of communication. Besides, facts and figures cannot be sent by

The question still remains unanswered. One can only suppose that these Arabs, like the learned Pundits of Northern India, have some knowledge of the forces of nature that still remains hidden from our most accomplished scientists.

Perhaps telegraphy without wires, by and water, is a means which the profound the foundations of the buildings that De learning of their forefathers enables them Monts and Champlain had erected in 1604. to employ in their service. This is the and traced their outline, so that the most plausible explanation of the enigma, Identity of the island and of the river St. and one with which we must be content Croix was fully established. until the arcana of these strange people are revealed more fully.

A HATFUL OF GOLD.

How It Was Found by a Miner in the Nick of Time.

"Whew! wasn't some of those old diggings rich," exclaimed old Henry Merrineld, shaking his head regretfully as he reflected upon the manner in which the mountains had been robbed of their wealth. "When I first struck Weavertown, in El Dorado county, it seemed to me as if you could pick up coarse gold as fast as you could rocks on a Connecticut

"When I struck Weavertown in the Henry Clay, and eighty cents. I bought crackers with that eighty cents and fed early I went down to the creek, sat down on a big rock on the bank and watched the miners at work with their picks, shovels and pans. It was all new to me and the sight of the coarse gold they were washing out fairly made my eyes water. The creek was full of men, and it sudden-California too late. All the gold would be washed out right before my eyes.

"Say, partner, where can I get a claim? I inquired of an old man who was thirty-one of them in the herd, and we working at the base of the rock. "That's a purty good one you're settin' on,' he replied, as he pointed at the

rock, and resumed his work. "I inquired about the adjoining claims and found that there was a claim about five feet square right at the base of the rock that had not been taken. A couple of young missionaries who had been prospecting happened along with their of them. tools and I asked them if they wanted work. They said they did and the upshot | buffalo with all breeds of cattle, and of it all was that ' started them to work | the results are most satisfactory. The

end of the week worked all that day, all day Thursday and all day Friday without washing out half enough to pay their wages. I didn't have a cent and was going in debt for

"It was getting late Saturday afternoon and they had about washed out the hole. I was in a terrible fix and was wondering whether I would be shot or just lynched down to examine the bole. There at the bottom in a niche that an eddy had worn have no pairs to sell. in the rock was a hatful of coarse gold. the old man who had suggested that I work the rock helped us. We took \$1,800 out of that little pocket in half an hour, and before I worked that five-foot claim out I had cleaned up over \$11,000."

ISLE WITHOUT COUNTRY.

England and the United States

Jointly Occupy It. On the line which separates the United States from the dominions of Queen Victoria, where the St. Croix River rolls down from the forests of Eastern Maine, there lies a little island which belongs to 279 convictions,

neither country. It is Doucette, or Neutral Island. Its diminutive lighthouse is

maintained jointly by both governments. Here, in the heart of the primeval wilderness, was made the first attempt at colonization within the limits of the great tract explored by Champlain. Fifteen years before the Pilgrims set foot upon Plymouth Rock a settlement was made here, the walls of a fort, with brass cennon mounted on its ramparts, erected, and a tiny chapel consecrated by the devout Frenchmen who followed the Sieur

De Monts into the New World. On the American side the banks rise into bold, wooded promontories. On the Canadian side are fertile meadows. In 1604 Sieur De Monts' expedition ascended the St. Croix and established their little settlement on the island, as being safer than in the savage mainland forests. The October frosts nipped them, but the Indian summer deceived them with the idea that spring had come. When real winter began the seventy or eighty settlers were in sorry plight. Insufficiently clad, unprovisioned, and annoyed by Indians, these warm blooded natives of Southern France suffered terribly. Thirty-five died of scurvy, and when spring came and expected assistance from France failed, they decided to seek a more suitable location.

De Monts had hoped to found the capital of a new France in the Western continent, but he and his followers were not of the sturdy stuff of the Massachusetts pilgrims, and the hard winter congealed all their enthusiasm. Study of the history of their enterprise, however, is useful in reminding us that New England was called New France for fifty years, and that the Pilgrims were not the pioneers on "the stern and rock bound coast." During that one year these Frenchmen explored much of the coast and penetrated deeply into the interior. and many of the names they gave to natural features of the country still re main. In the spring De Monts, with his diminished company, coasted southward; they crossed Massachusetts Bay and harbor of Plymouth, circled (ape Cod, but found no suitable place, and sailed back north, and finally De Monts returned to France.

Since that time the St. Croix has been busy wiping out Doucette Island. Every year it grows smaller. The site of De Monts' settlement will soon disappear beneath the water and the whole isle become a mere sand bar in the river. Passengers on the steamers that ply between Calais and Eastport gaze at it, and some have a vague idea that some one, at some time, settled there.

The identity of the island became an important element in determining the international boundary line between New Brunswick and the United States. The treaty of peace of 1783, by which the independence of the United States was acknowledged, made the St. Croix River the boundary. But a commission had to be appointed to ascertain which river was the St. Croix, because the Americans contended that the Magaguadavic was the St. Croix. The commissioners who exmeans of the magnetic currents in earth amined St. Croix Island, in 1798, dug up

BREEDING BUFFALOES

Some of the Hybrids are Fine Animals. A famous Montana character is

'harlie Allard, of Ravalli. Mr. Allard is famous mainly because he is one of the owners of the largest herd of buffalo in the country, and no man living has given to these now rare animals more study and attention than he. "The coldest storms of winter do

not trouble them," he says, "for their thick, shaggy coats are wind-proof. During the heavy snows and blizzards they climb the hills and, turning their pring of '50 all that I possessed on God's | breasts to the wind, defy the storm. green earth was a young wife, a pony she They feed where the snow is thinnest. had bought from Jim Clay, a son of old Cattle are driven before a storm, and will often go with a wind 60 or 100 miles from the accustomed range, unthem to the pony. The next morning less they reach a sheltered spot. Horses turn their backs to a storm. but the buffalo faces it every time. They seem to keep in about the same condition of flesh the year round, and are as good eating in the spring as they are in the fall, and a buffalo steak ly occurred to me that I had reached is as fine a morsel as ever a man made a meal of. About two years ago I purchased the Jones herd of buffalo, which was at Omaha. There were paid (for I have a partner now) \$18,000 for the lot. Marchell Pablo, a wellknown cattleman, has joined me in the business, and for the past year has had entire charge of them, so that I do not know just exactly how many we have about 140, I should judge now, and by the next fall there will be fully 200

"We have experimented in crossing on my five-foot cie.m, with a promise to Polled Angus stock, when crossed with pay each an ounce of gold a day at the the buffalo, produces a magnificent animal. The fur is finer and closer "That was Wednesday, and they than that of the buffulo, and the ment as sweet and wholesome. We are procuring as many of these animals as possible, but will not put any on the market for several years yet. We are not selling any buffalo either, for the reason that we need them all at present. We receive letters every day from muwhen I saw a gleam on one of their seums, parks and shows, wanting them picks. I yelled to him to stop and got in all quantities, and, although we

"A good buffalo hide is worth \$100 We picked it out in great nuggets, and now in the market, and heads bring from \$200 to \$500 when mounted, and the value of these is steadily increasing, so that buffalo breeding is as good an investment as real estate. Our herd is the only one I know about of any size. There is a small one in the Texas Panhandle, and these, with the few that roam in the National Park are the sole remnants of the thousands which roamed the prairies but a few years ago."

> There is a female inebriate in Swansea. England, who has a record of

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

absolutely pure

Bacilli in Hay.

One of the latest discoveries in the pacilli kingdom is the "hay bacillus." lound guilty of what has hitherto been talled the "spontaneous combustion" of improperly cured hay. A scientistwho knows all about it, of course -says like" being, always and everywhere lound on grass and hay. When hay is slight a service."-Harper's Bazar. not sufficiently dry, the bacilli continue o live on the moisture still present. By their breathing, these misch'evous at oms generate heat, and as there are billions on billions of them, the heat rises until it reaches 100 degrees C, and more. Then the poor things die. But the mischief goes on. The blades of grass are turned into threads of coal; the coal, condensing the gases developed, increases the heat. Finally, when this transformation has progressed to the surface, a slight draft fans the emoldering mass into flame. In like manner, bacilli of the same genus cause the ignition of manure heaps.

Soap as a Microbe Killer. The hygienic value of soap is hardly realized by the general public. Recent experiments have shown that a solution of soap will kill typhoid or cholera 13icrobes. A 1 per cent solution will do so in twelve hours, while a 7 or 10 per cent solution will do it in a few mm-



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 Lealthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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

substitute. CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, M. B.

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No, of course not. You never want anything poor in the food line. Be careful when buying your buckwheat.



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I Want Agents to sell and advertise my specialties, Articles used in every family. Big money in a for you. FREE SAM P.J.E. furnished. Address, with stamp, J. J. FIEUK, Time, O.

The Obliging Poet, "I wish you would put your name down for \$10 to this subscription," said the lady to the poet. "Certainly," he said. "I'll put it down

for nothing." Then he wrote his name.

"Keep your \$10, Mrs. Patkins," he addthat the hay bacillus is a minute, "stick- ed, as he blotted the signature. "I would not charge the charity for so Not Interested.

They were telling of books that they had read, and the man with the forehead asked what the other thought of "The Origin of the Species."

The other said he hadn't read it. "In fact," he added, "I'm not interested in financial subjects."-Boston Transcript.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD. MPERIAL GRANUM Many competing FOODS have come and gone and been missed by few or none but popularity of this

FOOD steadily increases! Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! John Carle & Sons, New York.

A reporter called, on Wednesday evening, May 8, 1895, at the residence of Mr. William McMahon, No. 1688 Pearl street, Brooklyn village (Cleveland), O., to learn, if possible, the cause of the noticeable improvement in his physical condition over that of a year ago, when he was a sufferer from indigestion and various organic disorders. "You see," began Mr. McMahop, "to start with, my work-that of setting type at the case--allows me little chance for bodily exercise, and is altogether too confining for anybody who is in the least subject to indigestion or dyspepsia. Perhaps not more sothan many another mechanic or artisan who is constantly indoors and nder severe mental strain, while the physical development is sadly in need of something to keep it in trim. Well, that has been my complaint for years, and some months ago I became very bilious, and constipation made lite miserable for me at times. Then it took a seat in my LIVER, which became noticeably inactive, and I became alarmed about it. The first thing I turned my attention to was to secure a 'liver regulator,' which, however, failed to regulate; next I sought relief in 'liver pills,' which so pained and griped me that the cure was, I thought, worse than the disease. The next thing I did was to throw away the whole 'shooting match,' and resolve to take no more proprietory medicines. However, on hearing my tale of woe, one day, at the office, a fellow-workman offered me a small Tabule-Ripans, he called it-which, he said, he would guarantee to act on the liver. I took it under profest, expecting to be doubled up in about fifteen minutes with the 'gripes.' But I was agreeably surprised in its action. It was very gentle, and I resolved to try a box. Since then I have gradually noted an entire change in the working of my system, and think that Ripans Tabules are the best remedy for liver and stomach troubles this side of anywhere. They are really a substitute for

Ripans Tabules are sold by Gruppists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to Tue Ripans there cal Company, No. 10 Spruce at., New York

physical exercise. Have one before

you go?" And Mr. McMahon pro-

duced his box of "stand-bys" from

his inside pocket as the reporter

PISO'S CURE FOR RES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Ivational economy.

took his leave.

There's room for a little more of it. Too many women are wasting time and strength over a wash-board; rubbing their clothes to pieces; wasting their money. You'd be astonished if you could figure up the actual money saving in a year by the use of Pearline. Millions of women are using it now, but just suppose that all women were equally careful and thrifty, and that every one used Pearline! It's too much to hope for-but the whole country

would be the richer for it. . Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as it Back Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—sending back.