

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. "And now in the text he is making arrangements for the approaching cold weather and he has had a few 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 slight-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 winter nights. After tea the man puts on his hat and coat and he goes out in the form of allurements 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 prospect of great prosperity, and the railroad men and the merchants, they all take the days of prosperity they think are coming, and in many departments they have already come, and they are going to come from 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 multitude the great question. There are 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 he has achieved a fortune, when the twain ought to start at the foot of the hill and together climb to the top.

That is the old fashioned way, and that will be the new fashioned way if society is ever reformed. But during the hard times, the dull times, so many men were discouraged 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 have before this 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 this audience.

Then the winter has special temptations in its fact that many homes are peculiarly inoperative at this season. In the summer men and the young men 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 daylight 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 of this world! How dare you talk such a philosophy? 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 shown on you and blessed you and blessed 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 universe there is a world equal to it, except it be heaven. You cannot expect your children to stay in the house these long winter evenings to hear you denounce this star lighted, sun warmed, shower baptized, flower strewn, angel watched, God inhabited planet.

Oh, make your home bright! Bring in the violin or the picture. It does not require a great salary, or a big house, or chased silver, or gorgeous upholstery to make a happy home. All that is wanted is a father's heart, a mother's heart, in sympathy with young folks. 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 fortunes and the daughters have gone out into splendid spheres and become princesses of society, 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 rheumatism after awhile. Do not forestall their misfortune.

Oh, what a beautiful thing it is to see a young man standing up amid these temptations of life life in corrupt 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 will meet you and say: "Good morning! Glad to see you. You seem to be prospering. You look like your father for all that. 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 hundreds of these young men. How do I know it? I know it by the way you talk. But here's a young man who takes the opposite route. Voices of sin charm him away. He reads bad books, mingles in bad society. The glow has gone from his cheek, that sparkle from his eye, and the gaiety 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 blessing of a pure mother's prayer and there was on his lips the dew of a pure mother's kiss, now as they see him pass, cry: "What an awful wreck!" Cheek bruised in grouch flight. Eyes bleared with dissipation. Lips swollen with indulgence. Be careful that 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 biotch of leprosy and pain. One moment he calls for God and then he calls for rum. He prays, he curses, he laughs as a fiend laughs, then bites his nails into the quick, then puts his hands through the hair hanging around his head like the mane of a wild beast, then shivers under the coat shaks, with unutterable terror, then with his fists fights back the devils, or slashes for serpents that seem to bite him, or he 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, oh 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 studies, 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 name is written 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.

MYSTERIOUS SIGNALING.

Arabs Have a Secret Way Which Nobody Can Discover.

Throughout Asia there exists at the present time a secret means of communication between different people and nations which remains, and probably will always remain, unexplained, so far as the European is concerned, with impenetrable mystery. 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 solution 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 news reached Cairo by telegraph from the Sudanese 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 Pasha at Tokar, 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 flame."

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 means of the magnetic currents in earth and water, is a means which the profound learning of their forefathers enables them to employ in their service. This is the most plausible explanation of the enigma, and one with which we must be content 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 those old diggings rich," exclaimed old Henry Merrin, shaking his head regretfully as he reflected upon the manner in which the mountains had been robbed of their wealth. "When I first struck Weaver-town, 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 farm."

"When I struck Weaver-town in the spring of '50 all that I possessed on God's green earth was a young wife, a pony she had bought from Jim Clay, a son of old Henry Clay, and eighty cents. I bought crackers with that eighty cents and fed them to the pony. The next morning 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 suddenly occurred to me that I had reached 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 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 along with their tools and I asked them if they wanted it. They said they did and the prospect of it all was that I started them to work on my five-foot claim, with a promise to pay each an ounce of gold a day at the end of the week."

"That was Wednesday, and they 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 grub."

"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 when I saw a gleam on one of their picks. 'I yelled to him to stop and get down to examine the hole. There at the bottom in a niche that an eddy had worn in the rock was a hatful of coarse gold. We picked it out in great nuggets, and 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 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, unprovided, 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 find 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 remain. In the spring De Monts, with his diminished company, coasted southward; they crossed Massachusetts Bay and harbor of Plymouth, circled Cape 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 island 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 examined St. Croix Island, in 1798, dug up the foundations of the buildings that De Monts and Champlain had erected in 1604, and traced their outline, so that the identity of the island and of the river St. Croix was fully established.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Bacilli in Hay. One of the latest discoveries in the bacilli kingdom is the "hay bacillus," found guilty of what has hitherto been called the "spontaneous combustion" or "improperly cured hay." A scientist who knows all about it, of course says that the hay bacillus is a minute, "stick-like" being, always and everywhere found on grass and hay. When hay is not sufficiently dry, the bacilli continue to live on the moisture still present. By their breathing, these mischievous atoms generate heat, and as there are billions on billions of them, the heat rises until it reaches 100 degrees C, and more. Then 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 smoldering 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 vibrios. 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 minutes.

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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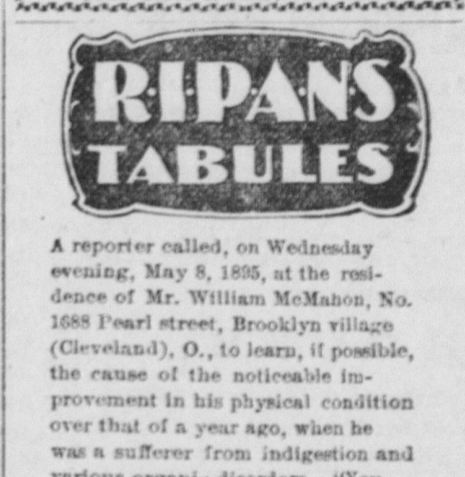
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National economy. There's room for a little more of it. Too many women are wasting time and strength over a wash-board; rubbing their clothes to pieces; wasting their money. You'd be astonished if you could figure up the actual money saving in a year 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 it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as" Pearline. IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.

World's Fair, HIGHEST AWARD. IMPERIAL GRANUM Many competing FOODS have come and gone and have been missed by few of none but the 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. McMahon, "to start with, my work—that of setting type in 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 so than many another mechanic or artisan who is constantly indoors and under several mental strains, 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 life miserable for me at times. Then I took a seat in my LIVER, which became so feebly 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 proprietary medicines. However, on hearing my tale of woe, one day, at the office, a fellow-workman offered me a small Table—Ripans, he called it—which, he said, he would guarantee to act on the liver. I took it under protest, 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 Tablets are the best remedy for liver and stomach troubles this side of anywhere. They are really a substitute for physical exercise. Have one before you go?" And Mr. McMahon produced his box of "stand-bys" from his inside pocket as the reporter took his leave.

Ripans Tablets are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price 50 cents a box is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 30 Spruce St., New York.

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CONSUMPTION. PISONS CURE FOR ALL THE LUNG DISEASES. It is the only safe and effective remedy for all lung diseases. It is sold by all druggists.

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