### **REV. DR. TALMAGE**

### The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

### Subject! "The Philippian Jailer."

TexT: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" -Aets xvi., 30.

Incarcerated in a Philippian penitentiary, a place cold and dark and damp and loath-some and hideous, unillumined save by the torch of the official who comes to see if they are alive yet, are two ministers of Christ, back for the form their feet fast in instruments of torture, their shoulders dripping from the stroke of leathern thongs, their mouths hot with in-flammation of thirst, their heads faint because they may not lie down. In a com-fortable room of that same building and amid pleasant surroundings is a paid officer of the Government whose business it is to supervise the prison. It is night, and all is still in the corridors of the dungeon save as It is night, and all is some murderer struggles with a horrid dream, or a ruffian turns over in his chains, or there is the cough of a dying consumptive amid the dampness, but suddenly, crash! go the walls. The two elergymen pass out free. The jall keeper, although familiar with the darkness and the horrors hovering around the dungeon, is startled beyond all bounds, and flambeau in hand he rushes througa, amid the falling walls, shouting at the top of his voice, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?

stan ! now among those who are asking the same question with more or less earnest-ness, and I accost you in this crisis of your soul with a message from heaven. There are those in this audience who might be more skillful in argument than I am; there are those here who can dive into deeper depths of science or have larger knowledge; there this audience those before whom I would willingly bow as the inferior to the superior, but I yield to no one in this assemblage in a desire to have all the people saved by the power of an omnipotent gospel.

I shall proceed to characterize the question of the agitated jail keeper. And first I characterize the question as courteous. He might have rushed in and said: "Paul and Silas, you vagabonds, are you tearing down this prison? Aren't you satisfied with dis-turbing the peace of the city by your infamous doctrines? And are you now going to destroy public property? Back with you to your places, you vagabonds!" He said no such thing. The word of four letters, "sirs," equivalent to "lords," recognized the maj-esty and the honor of their mission. Sirs! If Death is so cruel, so devouring, so relenta man with a captious spirit tries to find the way to heaven, he will miss it. If a man comes out and pronounces all Christians as hypocrites and the religion of Jesus Christ as a frau 1 and asks irritating questions about the mysterious and inscrutable, saying, Come, my wise man, explain this and explain that; if this be trne, how can that be true?" no such man flods the way to heaven. The question of the text was decent, courteous, gentl-manly, deferential. Sirs!

heaven. O brother! O sister! The grave-stone will never be lifted from your heart Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper by saying that it was a practical question. He did not as't way your friends, or the persecution of your ene-God let sin come into the world; he did not ask how Christ could be God and man in the tate-was it not an earthquake that starctled same person; he did not ask the doctrine of the decrees explained or want to know whom my text? Cain married or what was the cause of the earthquake. His present and everlasting welfare was involved in the question, and question of the agitated jail keeper as hasty, urgent and immediate. He put it on the rup. By the light of his torch as he goes to was not that practical? But I know multi-tudes of people who are bothering themselves about the nonessentials of religion startled look and see the earnestness. No What would you think of a man who should. while discussing the question of the light and heat of the sun, spend has time down in in earnest. He must have that question an-swered before the earth stops rocking, or a coal cellar when he might come out and see the one and feel the other? Yet there are a coal cellar when he might come out and see the one and feel the other? Yet there are multitudes of men who. in discussing the chemistry of the gospel, spend their time down in the dungeon of their unbelief when down in the dungeon of their unbelief when diate? If it is not, it will not be answered. God all the while stands telling them to come out into the noonday light and warmth of the sun of righteousness. The question for That is the only kind of question that is anmy brother, to discuss is not whethe Calvin or Arminius was right, not whether a handful of water in holy baptism or a baptistery is the better, not whether foreordi-nation and free agency can be harmonized. The practical question for you to discuss and for me to discuss is, "Where will I spand eternity? Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jall keeper as one personal to him-self. I have no doubt he had many friends. and he was interested in their welfare. I have no doubt he found that there were persons in that prison who, if the earthquake had destroyed them, would have found their case desperate. He is not questioning about them. The whole weight of his question turns on the pronoun "L" "What shall I thern. Of course when a man becomes a Christian he immediately becomes anxious for the salvation of other people, but until that point is reached the most important "What is to be my destiny?" "What are my prospects for the future?" "Where am I go-ing?" "What shall I do?" "Gae trouble is we shuftle the responsibility off upon others. We prophesy a bad end to that inebriate, and terrific exposure to that defaulter, and aw-ful catastrophe to that profligate. We are so busy in weighing other people we forget ourselves to get into the scales. We are so busy watching the poor garlens of other people that we let our own doorgard go to weeds. We are so busy sending off other people into the iffeboat we sink in the wave. We cry "lite" because our neighwave. We cry "lite" because our neign-bor's house is burning down and seem to be uninterested although our own house is in the conflagration. Ob. wandering thoughts, disappear to-day! Blot out this entire audience except yourself. Your sin, is it pardoned? Your death, is it provided for? Your heaven, is it secured? A mightier earthquake than that which demolished the Philippian penitentiary will rumble about your ears. The foundations of the earth will give way. The earth by one tremor will fing all the American cities into' the dust. Cathedrais and palaces and prisons which have stood for thousands of years will top-ple like a child's blockhouse. The surges of the sea will submerge the land and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans above the Alps and the Andes clap their hands. What then will become of ms? What then will become of you? I do not wonder at the anxiety of this man of my text, for he was not only anxious about the falling of the prison, but the failing of a world Again, I remark. I characterizathis question of the agitated jail keeper as one of in-comparable importance. Men are alike, and I suppose he had scores of questions on his mind, but all questions for this world are hushed up, torgotten. annihilated in this one question of the text: "What must I do to be saved?" And have you, my brother, to be saved? And nave you, my orother, any question of importance compared with that question? Is it a question of business? Your common sense tells you that? you will soon cease worldly business. You know very well that you will soon pass out of that part-mership. You know that, beyond a certain point, of all the millions of dollars' worth of goods soid you will not handle a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a penny's worth. After that, if a conflequation should sweep all Washington into ashes, it would not touch you, and would not damage you. If every cashier should ab-scond and every bank suspend payment and every insurance company fail, it would not affect you. Ob, how insignificant is busi-ness this side the grave with business on the other side the grave side the you made any purchases for eternity? Have you any secu-rities that will last forever? Are you job-bing for time when you might be wholesal-ing for eternity? Is there any question so brond at the base, so altitudinous, so over-shadowing as the question. "What must I do to be saved?" Or, is it a domestic question, is it something about father or mether or husband or wife or son or daughter that is ods sold you will not handle a yard of cloth, is it something about lather or mother or husband or wife or son or daughter that is the more important question? You know by universal and inexorable law that relation will soon be broken up. Father will be gone, mother will be gone, children will be gone, you will be gone, but after that the question of the text will begin to har set its chief

gains or deplore its worst losses or roll up its and the death warrant is on its way, and I mightiest magnitude or sweep its vaster Oh. what a question, what an important

must die; do not deceive yourself, my dear child," The daughter said, "Father, you shall not die," as she left the prison gate. At question! Is there any question that com-pares with it in importance? What is it now to Napoleon III, whether he triumphed or surrendered at Seman, whether he died at the Tuilaries or Chiselhurst, whether he was emperor or exile? Because he was laid out in the coffin in the dress of a field marshal, did thet drug hit or prison gate. At night, on the moors of Scotland, a disguised wayfarer stood waiting for the horseman carrying the mailbags containing the death warrant. The disguised wayfarer, as the horse came by, clutched the bridle and shouted to the rider—to the man who car-ried the mailbags. "Dismount!" He felt for ried the mailbags, "Dismount!" He felt for his arms and was about to shoot, but the In the colling in the dress of a field matsual. Field the matsuals. Dishould to shoot, but the his arms and was about to shoot, but the his arms and was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from his saddle, and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mail-bags, put them on his shoulder and wanished bags, put them on his shoulder and wanished ed or hissed at, welcomed in or kicked ou? While laying hold of every moment of the future and burning in every splendor or every grief and overarching or nuderrication. we walked or rode, whether we were bowed | in the darkness, and fourteen days were thus

every grief and overarching or undergirding its way. The disguised wayfarer comes all time and all eternity will be the plain. along and asks for a little bread and a little startling, infinite, stupendous question of the text. "What must I do to be saved?" wine, starts on across the moors, and they say. "Poor man, to have to go out on such the text, "What must I do to be saved?" Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper as one crushed out by his misfortunes, pressed out by his misfor-tunes. The failing of the penitentiary, his occupation was gone. Besides that the flight of a prisoner was ordinarily the death of the jailer. He was held responsible. If all had gone well, if the prison walls had not been shaken of the centhrunke, if the pris-the former the failer of the control of the pris-the failer of the periton walls had not been shaken of the centhrunke, if the pris-the failer of the centhrunke is the pris-the failer of the centhrunke if the prist. If the prist the farmer of the centhrunke is the farmer failer on the steed on the st been shaken of the earthquake, if the pris- the former journey, sourred on his steed. oners and all stayed quietly in the stocks, if when suddenly through the storm and the morning sunlight had calmly dropped on the jailor's pillow, do you think he would have hurled this red hot question from his soul into the ear of his apostolic prisoners? Ah, no, You know as well as I do it was the man the disguised wayfarer put his foot him, and the disguised wayfarer put his foot A.B. BO. Sou know as well as 1 do it was the earthquake that roused him up. And it is trouble that starts a great many people to ask the same question. It has been so with a multitude of you. Your apparel is not as bright as it once was. Why have you changed the garb? Do you not like solfer-ino and erimson and purple as well as once? ino and crimson and purple as well as once? days for the poor prisoner. Sir John Coch-Yes But you say: "While I was prospered and happy those colors were accordant with pired pardon had come from the King. The and happy those colors were accordant with my feelings. Now they would be discord to my soul." And so you have plaited up the shadows into your apparei. The world is a very different place from what it was once for you. Once you said. "Oh, if I could only have it quiet a little while." It is too quiet. Some people say that they would not bring back their departed friends from heaven even if they had the opportunity, but if you had the opportunity you would Cochrane read tham. They were his two death warrants, and be threw them into the but if you had the opportunity you would bring back your loved ones, and soon their fire. Them said Sir John Cochrane: "To whom am I indebted? Who is this poor fire.

wayfarer that saved my life? Who is it?" and the old times would come back just as the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiv-And the wayfarer pulled aside and pulled " the jerkin and the cloak and the hat, and, ing-days gone forever. Oh, it is the earth-quake that startied you to asking this queslo! it was Grizel, the daughter of Sir John Cochrane. "Gracious heaven!" he cried. "My child, my savior, my own Grizel!" But on-the earthquake of domestic misfortune. more thrilling story. The death warrant less, that when it swallows up our loved hat come forth from the King of heaven and ones we must have some one to whom we The death warrant read, "The soul earth. We that sinneth, it shall die." 'The death warneed a balsam better than anything that rant conever exuded from earthly tree to heal the night. rant coming on the black horse of sternal ever exuded from earthly tree to hear the pang of the soul. It is pleasant to have our friends gather around us and tell us how friends they are and try to break up the lone-gripped by the bridle the oncoming doom Christ can take the bruised soul and put it in His bosom, hushing it with the lullaby of heaven. O brother! O sister! The grave-stone will never be lifted from your heart until Christ iffs it. Was it not the loss of your friends, or the persecution of your ene-mies, or the overthrow of your worldly es-miss. Christ can take the bruised soul and put it His earthly humiliation and the disguise of His thorns and the disguise of the seamless obe, you find He is bone of your bone, fiesh of your flesh, your brother, your Christ, your pardon, your eternal life. Let all earth and But I remark again, I coaracterize this heaven break forth in vociferation. Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ! A guilty, weak and helpless worm,

On Thy kind arm I fall ou my strength and righteousness, Le Th

My Jesus and my all. CONVICTED ON SIGN LANGUAGE.

An Interesting Case That Has Been on Trial at Staunton.

For days past the case of the common-

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The coming of a National Convention to a city means the expenditure there, in one way or another, of \$2.-000,000 or \$3,000,000 for the benefit of local merchants

The bicycle face has become an old story, and in some parts of Europe the horseless-carriage face has just been noted. If this thing goes on we may expect to hear of a special "face" for almost every trade and occupation.

Farmers all over the South are busy hog killing now, and there is strong competition for the honor of having raised the biggest pig. A Kentucky farmer of Scottville seems to have the record so far with a hog weighing S00 pounds, and measuring 6 feet 6 inches from nose to tail, 3 feet in height, and two feet across the shoulders. Hogs weighing from 600 to almost 800 pounds are not at all uncommon this year.

An eider duck was recently shot on the coast of Normandy. When picked up it was found to have a ring about its neck on which were engraved the words, "Godthab, Greenland, 1876... If the inscription was genuine, as it probably was, the bird must have, accordingly, been over 20 years old. But, stranger yet, it showed that the duck must have winged its way across the North Atlantic, about 2,000 miles. though it may have been a stop-over at Iceland.

No better picture of the cowboy's peculiar traits and manners could be had than that indicated in outline by a little incident at Tucson, Ariz., a few days ago. A cowboy was brought into Tucson from a range in the St. Simon Valley to be treated for a wounded instep which had been shattered by a pistol bullet of big calibre. The shooting, it was explained, occurred during a roundup. There was no quarrel between the injured man and the man who shot him, "but one morning when they got out the air was pretty crispy, and they began shooting at each other to increase the circulation of their blood."

The payment recently of \$40,000. 000 by China to Japan, as the first instalment of the war indemnity, was made "through the Bank of England" according to the treaty stipulation. The fact illustrates to the Pathfinder, the triumph of our modern system of book-keeping with its credits and debits and balances. This large sum was paid by merely having the figures transferred on the bank accounts of the countries concerned so as to credit Japan, debit China, and deduct a snug commission for the bank, the transfer merely being made in the presence of the diplomatic representatives of China and Japan.

Bills for bounties on wolves and coyotes aggregating \$58,000 have been presented to the Secretary of State of Montana, and the season is said to be only just about opening. The Legisla-

There wealdn't have been any milk in a cocoanut if some dairymen had had the construction of it.

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

It takes all that a man earns to keep the present in such a shape that he may hope to save in the future.

A Sood Dog is Worth Looking After. If you awa a doy and think anything of him If you awa a coc and think anything of him you should be able to treat him intelligently when ill and understand him sufficiently to denot symptoms of libers. The dog dootor book written by H. Clay Glover, D. V. S. spe-cialist in cause diseases to the principal ken-nel clabs, will furnish this information. It is a eich bound, handsomely filestrated book, and will be sent postpaid by the Scole Publish-ing House. We Leonard St. N. Y. City, on receipt of 40 ess. in periseas steams.

The man who can pay his debts and won't do it would steal if he could do it without being locked up.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORES. No fitsafter first day's use, Marvelous cures. it eather and \$2.00trial bot-tiefree. Dr. KLINE, 131 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It is amazing to see the amount of comfort a man will take out of spoiling some other fellow's scheme.

THE MOST SIMPLE AND SAFE REMEDY for a Cough or Throat Trouble is "Brown's Bron Troches." They possess real merit.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of humor, which is no more a virtue than drunkenness,

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colle, 25c, a bottle,

Often woman, who inspires us with graat things, prevents us from accomplishing

Fvery Mother Should Always Have a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Nothing so good for pain, weakness, wids and sleeplessness

Some men are so particular that they need a whole kit of tools just to make a mis-

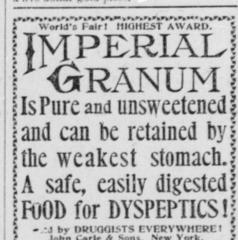
After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure,-MARY THOMSON, 29% Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '9.

Many a man exhausts himself doing uphill work after he has reached the top.

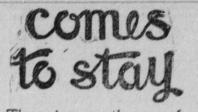
Now is the Time to Care Your Corns with Minder orns, it takes them out perfect-ly and gaves comfort. Ask your draggist, i.e., Charlie-Do these clothes look loud? Jack-Yes, like thunder!

if afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thomp son's Kye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per boltie

A cent can roll just as far under the bed as a five dollar gold piece,



John Carle & Sons. New York.



There is more than one food which will cause the body to increase in weight. A free supply of sugar will do this; so will the starchy foods; cream, and some other fats. But to become fleshy, and yet remain in poor health, is not what you want. Cod-liver oil increases the weight because it is a fat-producing food. But it does far more than this. It alters, or changes, the processes of nutrition, restoring the normal functions of the various organs and tissues.

# Scotts Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, is pure cod-liver in a digested condition. So that, when a person gains in weight from taking Scott's Emulsion, it is because of two things: First, the oil has acted as a fat-producing food; and, second, it has restored to the body a healthy condition. Such an improvement is permanent: it comes to stay.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable-always uniform-always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphiles.

Put up in 50-cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough of help your baby.



A gentleman of a methodical habit. who had adopted the practice of retaining a copy of every prescription issued by his family physician, became interested as time went on to note that the same ingredients were preity certain to be prescribed at some point of the treatment of every case. For a poor appetite, or a soro throat, for restlessness which disturbed the baby's sleep, and for troubles which beset the aged grandparents, the favorite remedy was aiways turning up, although slightly modified from time to time an i used

often in conjunction with others.

advertised remedy was identical

received from his own physician,

and in some surprise he state. I the

case to him. The family doctor.

One day our friend happened to ob-

serve that the formula of a cerisin

with the latest prescription he hall

swered. It is the urgent and immediate question of the gospel Christ answers. A great many are asking this question, but they drawi it out, and there is indifference in their manner, as if they do not mean it. Make it an urgent question and then you will have it answered before an hour passes. before a minute passes. When a man with all the earnestness of his soul cries out for God, he finds Him, and finds Him right

an carry our torn and bleeding hearts.

nies, or the overthrow of your worldly es-

you out to ask this stupendous question of

or the apostles, behold his face, see the

one can doubt by that look that the man is

laway. Oh, are there not in this house to-day those who are postponing until the last hour of living the attending to the things of the soul? I give it as my opinion that ninety-nine out of the one hundred death-bed repentances amount to nothing. Of all the scores of persons mentioned as dying in the Bible, of how many do you read that they successfully re-pented in the last hour? Of 50? No. Of 40? No. Of 30? No. Of 20? No. Of 10? No. Of 5? No. Of 1? Only one, barely one, as if to demonstrate the fact that there is a bare possibility of repentance in the last hour. But that is improbable, awfully improbable terrifically improbable. One hundred to one against the man. If, my brother, my sister, you have ever seen a man try to repent in the last hour, you have seen something very rad. I do not know anything on earth so sad as to see a man to repent on a deathbed. There is no: from the moment that life begins to breathe in infancy to the last gasp such an unfavor-able, completely unfavorable, hour for re-pentance as the death hour, the last hour. There are the doctors standing with the modicines. There is the lawyer standing with the half written will. There is the family in consternation as to what is to be some of them. All the bells of eternity ringing the soul out of the body. All the past rising before us and all the future. Oh, that man is an infinite fool wao procrastinates to the deathbed his repentance

My text does not answer the question. It only asks it, with deep and importunate earonly asks if, with deep and importunate ear-nessness asks if, and according to the rules of sermonizing you would say, "Adjourn inat to some other time," but I dare n.X. What are the rules of sermonizing to me when I am after souls? What other time could I have when optiaps this is the only time? This might be my list time for preaching; this might be your last time for nearing.

After my friend in Philadelphia died, his children gave his church Bible to me, and I read it, looked over it with much interest. I "Saw in the margin, written in lead pencil, "Mr. Talmage said this morning that the most useless thing in God's universe is that any sinner should perish." I did not remem-ber saying it, but it is true, and I say it now wnether I said it then or not—the most useless thing in all God's universe is that any sinner should perish. Trajay cases wide sinner should perish. Tweive gates wide open. Have you not heard how Christ bore our sorrows, and how sympathetic He is with all our woes! Have you not heard how that with all the sorrows of heart and all the agonies of hell upon Him, He cried, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do?" By His feet bilstered of the mountain way, by His back whipped until the skin came off, by His death couch of four spikes, two for the hands and two for the feet; by His sepul-cher, in which for the first time for thirty-three years the cruei world let Him alone, and oy the heavens from which He now bends in compassion, offering pardon and peace and life eternal to all your souls, I 'yeg of you put down your all at His feet. of you put down your all at His feet.

I saw one banging on a tree In agony and blood, Who fixed His languid eyes on me As near Eis cross I stood,

Oh, never till my latest breath Will I forget that look, It seemed to charge me with His death, Though not a word He spoke.

In the troubled times of Scotland Sir John ochrane was condemned to death by the Coefficient was condemned to death by the King. The death warrant was on the way. Sir John Coehrane was bidding farewell to his daughter Grizel at the prison door. He said: "Farewell, my darling child! I must die." His daughter said, "No, father, you shall not die." "But," he said, "the King is against me, and the law is after me, region are said to be very promising

wealth against Lee Johnson has been on trial in the hustings court at Staunton, Va. Johnson is a young white man, and he was charged with criminal assault on Mrs. William Huff. Mr. and Mrs. Huff are both deaf and dumo, and so their testimony could not be gotten before the jury any other than in an extraordinary way. Mr. Gillford Deuritt, who is an exper: In the use of the sign lan-guage by reason of years of experience at the Staunton Deaf. Dumb and Blind Asy-lum, where he is a teacher, was sworn along with these witnesses. Counsel propounded questions to him, and he in turn translated speech into sign language, committed 'to Mr. and Mrs. Huff and again converted to words the witnesses' replies. The case has atracted much interest both

because of the gravity of the alleged crime and the peculiar helplessness of the woman. and counsel have contested the case vigormaiv

The accusel is a married man, and his wife was with him in court. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, fixing Johnson's punishment at the lowest term allowed for the crime alleged-ten years in the enitentiary. Judge Gratton overrulet a motion for a

Johnson's counsel urged imnew trial. proper conduct on the pait of a juror, in that the juror was allowed, during progress

of the trial, to separate from his fellow jurymen and go to a place of public resort.

### OUR TRADE WITH GREAT BRITAIN. Totals of Imports and Exports for the Last

Five Years. In response to a Senate resolution, the Secretary of the Treasury sent to the United States Senate a statement showing the gross amount of the imports from ports of Great Britain and her colonies and dependencies during each of the last five years, and for

mports, \$179,184,682; exports, \$237,760,759. Newfoundland an i Lubrador-Imports, \$2,103,627; exports, \$7,492,483. British West Indiez-Imports. \$67,536,530; exports, \$42,230,435. British Guiana-Imports, \$21,-\$42,239,435. British Guiana--imports, \$21,-021,262: exports, \$9,913,067. British In-dia and East Indies--Imports, \$110,-194,324: exports, \$18,410,214. Hong Kong -- Imports, \$13,873,663: exports, \$22,342,235. British Australasia -- Im-ports, \$33,655,988; exports, \$49,471,244. British Africa-Imports, \$3,732,575; exports, \$19,482,824. All other British. including Aden, Falkland Islands and Multa--Imports, \$9,319,582: exports, \$2,840,660. \$9,319 582; exports, \$2,804.060.

A RECORD YEAR FOR PIG IRON.

#### The Tonnage of the United States Exceeds That of Great Britain.

The production of pig iron in 1895 has verified the predictions made early in the year that if the rate of output at the time was maintained for the year the record of ton-nage would be exceeded. The total output, according to official figures compiled by the American Manufacturer shows a production of 9.387,639 tons, exceeding 1890, the largest previous year, which had a tonnage of 9, 202,703 tons. In 1892 the output was 9,157,-000 tons. The tonnage of 1894 is exceeded by 780,251 tons. by 730,251 tons.

Unless Great Britain shall greatly exceed any year's production the tonnage of the United States will far outstrip the British. Great Britain's heaviest year was 1982, when 8,589,680 tons was turned out, and in 1894 her production was only 7,364,745 tons.

Prospecting for Oil in Kentucky. Preparations are making for extensive prospecting for cil in ten counties of Eastern Kentucky next spring. The indications of the existence of valuable cil fields in that

ture offered a bounty of \$3 each on the scalos of wolves and covotes, and a great many people are making lots of money hunting the animals. Indeed, wolf hunting has been adopted as a steady business by many former cowboys. The people of the state are glad to pay out any amount of money is bounties, so long as no one goes to raising wolves for their sealps and the bounty. But there is little danger of this at present, the animals being so unpleasantly numerous on the cattle ranges.

South Dakota now claims the record for quick courtship and marriage, to file away with her notable divorce exhibits. A young man moved to the town of Elk Point two or three week ago. He arrived there on Thursday, and on the following Sunday attended church. There he met a young woman, and dur ing service "they at once took to each other." He accompanied her home, and on the way made love to her, proposed marriage and was accepted. At noon Monday the couple were married, and before nightfall they were on their way to the young man's home in Wyoming. The young woman is the daughter of a stock raiser near Elk Point, and the young man produced evidences of his respectability.

In Southington, Conn., lives a needlewoman who has united her love of country and her love of quilting in a marvelous coverlid. She is Mrs. Joshua Biles, and since 1892 she has been at work on the quilt, which is made of forty-nine squares of twilled cotton. On the middle square is inscribed, in blue stitching, which is readily deciphered, the names of all the soldiers' that went to the Civil War from Southington, together with a picture of the soldiers' monument. On the other squares are pictures of places and persons of local note, such as the pastors of the churches, the postmasters of the villages, the assessors, the contractors. builders and merchants, the names of the various manufacturing firms, with the list of officers, pictures of various historic buildings and names of secret societies represented in town in 1892.

A great International Exposition of

Industries and Fine Arts, authorized by the Federal Government of Mexico, by concession dated January 9, 1895, will be open in the City of Mexico next September and will remain open for a period of six months. This will be Mexico's first attempt at holding a world's fair. The exposition is to include all kinds of industrial, scientific, commercial and artistic productions, and to embrace, in fact, the whole range of human activity. The exposition grounds are situated at the foot of the historic Castle of Chepultepec, on the grand Avenue de la Reforma, within ten minutes ride from the center of the City of Mexico, and comprise an area of about 600 acres. The exposition will comprise a national and an inernational department to which latter

all the nations of the globe may con-(rilmte).

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after listening to what he had to say, replied: "The case is about this way: Whenever there is a disturbance of the functions of the body. no matier of what nature, it is pretty certain to be accompanied by a derangement of the digestive organs. When they are all right the patient gets well. That particular formula. that you have observed me to write more and more frequently is the result of an age of careful experiment, and is pretty generally agreed upon now by all educated physicians who keep up with the times. The discovery of the past few years of the means reducing every drug to a powder and compressing the powders into liftle lozenges or tablels. or tabules if you preier, which will not break or spoil, or lose their good qualities from age, if protected from air and light, is the explanation of how it has come about that this prascription is now for sale as an advertised remedy. It is the medicine that nine people out of ten need every time they need any, and I have no doubt that making it so easy to obtain, so carefully prepared, and withal so cheap, will tend to actually prolong the average of human life during the present gen-

Ripan: Tabu'es are sold by dra gists, or by mail the price (5) conts a box) is sent to The Ripans chemical Company, No. 10 opruiss st., New York ample vial, 10 conts.

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