REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Warming the World."

TEXT: "Who can stand before His cold?"

-Psaim exivii., 17. The almanae says that winter is ended and spring has come, but the winds, and the frosts, and the thermometer, in some places down to zero, deny it. The psalmist lived in a more genial climate than this, and yet he must sometimes have been cut by the sharp winter. In this chapter he speaks of the snow like wool, the frost like aspes, the hailstones like marbles, and describes the con-gealment of lowest temperature. We have all studied the power of the heat. How few of us have studied the power of the frost! "Who can stand before His cold?" This challenge of the text has many times been

accepted.

October 19, 1812, Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moseow. One hundred and filty thousand men, 50,000 horses, 600 pieces of cannon, 40,000 stragglers. It was bright weather when they started from Moscow, but soon something wrathier than than the Cossacks swooped upon their flanks. An army of arctic blasts, with icicles for bayonets and hallstones for shot, and commanded by voice of tempest, marched after them, the flying artillery of the heavens in pursuit. The troops at nightfall would gather into circles and huddle themselves together for warmth, but when the day broke they rose not, for they were dead, and the ravens came for their morning meal of corpses. The way was strewn with the rica stuffs of the east, brought as booty from the Russian capital. An invisible power seized 100,000 men and hurled them dead into the wdrifts, and on the hard surfaces of the chill rivers, and into the maws of the dogs that had followed them from Moscow. The freezing horror which has appalled history was proof to all ages that it is a vain thing for any earthly power to accept the chal-lenge of my text, "Who could stand before

In the middle of December, 1777, at Valley Forge, 11, 00 troop were, with frosted ears and frosted hands and frosted feet, without oes, without blankets, lying on the white pillow of the snow bank. As during our Civil War the cry was, "On to Richmond!" when the troops were not ready to march, so in the Revolutionary War there was a de mand for winery campaian until Washington lost his equilibrium and wrote emphatically "I assure those gentlemen it is easy enough seated by a good fireside and in comfortable homes to draw out campaigns for the American Army, but I tell them it is not so easy to lie on a bleak hillside, without blankets without shoes." Ob, the frigid horrors that gathered around the American Army in the winter of 1777! Valley Forge was one of the tragedies of the century. Benumbed, senseess, dead! "Who can stand before His cold?" "Not we," says the frozen lips of Sir John Franklin and his men, dying in Arctic exploration. "Not we," answer Schwatka and nis crew, falling back from the fortresses o ice which they had tried in vain to capture. "Not we," say the abandoned and crushed decks of the Intrepid, the Resistance and the Jeannette. "Not we," says the procession of American marryrs returned home for American sepulture, De Long and his men. The highest pillars o the earth are pillars of ice-wont Blan. Jungfrau, the Matterhorn. The largest galleries of the world are galleries of ice. Some of the mighty rivers much of the year are in eaptivity of ice. The greatest sculptors o the ages are the glaciers, with arm and hand and chise, and hammer of ice. The cold is imperial and has a crown of ice, with tal and is seated on a throne of ice, with imperial and has a crown of glittering cryswith footstool a scepter of ice. Who can tell the sufferings of the winter of 1433. the winter of 1658 in England when the stages rolled on the Thames and temporary houses of merchandise were built on the ice; or the winter of 1821 in America, when New York harbor was f oz-n over and the heavi-est teams crossed on the ice to Staten Island?

Then come down to our own winters when

there have been so many wrapping them-selves in furs or gathering the uselves around

fires or thrashing their arms about them to revive circulation—the millions of the tem-

perate and the arctic zones who are com-

erled to confess, "none of us can stand be-

fore His cold." One-half of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the North, the cotton of the South, the flax of our own fields, the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own mines, the wood from our own forests, all employed in battling these inclemencie and still every winter, with blue lips and chattering teeth, answers, "None of us can stand before this cold." Now, this being such a cold world. God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the frost is the God of the heat; that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossoms that the God of January is the God of June The question as to how we warm this world up is a question of immediate and all encompassing practicality. In this zone and weather there are so many freless hearths, so many broken window panes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and flanness and thick coat are better for warming up such a place than tracts and Bibles and creeds. Kindlethat fire where it has gone out. Wrap something around those shivering limbs. Shoe those bare feet. Hat that bare head. Coat that bare back. Sleeve that bare arm. Near y all the pictures of Martha Washington represent her in courtly dress as bowed to by foreign embas-sadors, but Mrs. Kirkland, in her interesting gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her husband's but in the encampment, the hut sixteen feet long by fourteen feet wide-she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick to sew the patched garments, to con-sole the soldiers dying of the cold. That is better picture of Martha Washington. Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glaziers at broken window sashes, hundreds of whole souled men and women are necessary to warm the wintry weather. What are we doing to alieviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know ye not, my friends, there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot stand be-fore this cold? It is useless to preach to bare feet, and to empty stomach, and to gaunt visages. Christ gave the world a lesson in common sense when, before preaching the gospel to the multitude in the wilderness. He gave them a good dinner. When I was a lad I remember seeing two

rough woodcuis, but they made more impression upon me than any pictures I have ever seen. They were on opposite pages. The one woodcut represented the coming of the snow in winter and a lad looking out at the door of a great mansion, and he was all wrapped in furs, and his cheeks were ruddy. and with glowing countenance he shouted: "It snows, it snows!" On the next page On the next page there was a miserable tenement, and the door was open and a child, wan and sick and ragged and wretched, was looking out, and he said, "Oh, my God, it snows!" The winter of gladness or of grief, according to our circumstances. But, my friends, there is more than one way of warming up this cold world, for it is a cold world in more respects than one, and I am here to consult with you as to the best way of warming up the world, I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches and all your age is very poor on the hilltops. Christ

with which they shake yours is as cold as the and stamped His foot, crying "Silence!" and paw of a polar bear. If they float into a the waves crouched and the tempests folded religious meeting, the temperature drops from eighty above to ten degrees below zero. The Eminent Washington Divine's brows. They float into a religious meeting

and they chill everything with their jere-miads. Cold prayers, cold songs, cold greet-ings, cold sermons. Christianity on ice! The Church a great refrigerator. Christians gone into winter quarters. Hibernation! On the other hand, there are people who go through the world like the breath of a spring morning. Warm greetings, warm prayers, warm smiles, warm Christian influence. There are such persons. We bless God for them. We rejoice in their companionship. A General in the English army, the army having halted for the night, having lost his beggage, lay down tired and sick without blanket. An officer came up and said: "Why, you have no blanket. I'll go and get you a blanket." He departed for a few moments and then came back and covered the General up with a very warm blanket. The General said: "Whose blanket is this?" The officer replied: "I got that from a private solder in the Scotch regiment, Ralph facDonald." "Now." said the General, you take this blanket right back to that soldier. He can no more do without it than I can do without it. Never bring to me the blanket of a private soldier." How many men like that General would it take to warm the world up? The vast majority of us are anxious to get more blankets, whether anybody else is blanketed or not. Look at the fellow feeling displayed in the rocky defile between Jerusa'em and rocky defile between Jerusa'em and Jericho in Scripture times. Here is a man who has been set upon by the bandits, and in the struggle to keep his property he has got wounded and mauled and stabbed, and he lies there half dead. A priest rides along. He sees him and says: "Why, what's the matter with that man? Why, he must be hurt, lying on the flat of his back. Isn't it strange that he should liethere! But I can't strange that he should lie there! But I can't stop. I am on my way to temple services. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties." After awhile a Levite comes He looks over and says: "Why, that

After awhile a Samaritan comes alongone who you might suppose through a National grudge might have rejected this poor wounded Israelite. Coming along he sees this man and says: "Why, that man must be terribly hurt. I see by his features he is an Israelite, but he is a man and he is a brother. 'Whoa!'" says the Samaritan, and he gets down off the beast and comes up to this wounded man, gets down on one knee, listens to see whether the heart of the unfortunate man is still beating, makes up his mend there is a chance for resuscitation, goes to work at him, takes out of his sack a bottle of oil and a bottle of wine, cleanses the wound with some wine, then pours some of the restorative in the wounded man's lips, then takes some oil and with it sooths the wound. After awhile he takes off a part of his garment for a bandage. Now the sick and wounded man sits up, pale and exhausted, but very thankful. Now the good Samaritan will walk. derly steadies this wounded man until he gos him on toward the tavern, the wounded man holding on with the little strength he has left, ever and anon looking down at the good Samaritan and saying: "You are very kind. I had no right to expect this thing of a Samaritan when I am an Israelite. You

are very kind to walk and let me ride." Now they have come up to the tavern. The Samaritan, with the help of the landlord, assists the sick and wounded man to dismount and puts him to bed. The Bible says altar we stir the flame, and the light is re-the Samaritan staid all night. In the flected from all the family pictures on the morning, I suppose, the Samaritan went in | wall-pictures of those who were here and to look how his patient was and ask him how he passed the night. Then he comes out place! Have your faces transfigured in the the Samaritan comes out and says to the light. Put your cold feet, weary of the journands board, and if his convalescence is not as rapid as I hope for, charge the whole thing to me. Good-morning, all." He clear through with trouble and disappointment, come close up until you can get warm control to the beast and says. "Go along you over the heast and says." "Go along you over the heast and says." gets on the beast and says: "Go along, you beast, but go slowly, for those bandits sweeping through the land may have left are ing through the land may have left some-body else wounded and half dead." Sympathy! Christian sympathy! How many such men as that would it take to warm the cold world up? Famine in Zarepthath. Everything dried up. There is a widow with a son and no food except a handful of meal. She is gathering sticks to kindle a fire to cook the handful of mea!. Then she is going to wrap her arms around her boy and is going to be warmed up, by the great gos-die. Here comes Elijah. His two black pel firsplace. All Nations will come in and servants, the ravens, have got tired waiting on him. He asks that woman for food. Now, that handful of meal is to be divided into three parts. Before, it was to be divided into two parts. Now, she says to Eljah:
"Come in and sit down at this solemu table
and take a third of the last morsel." How many women like that would it take to warm the cold world up?

Recently an engineer in the Southwest, on a locomotive, saw a train coming with which he must collide. He resolved to stand at his post and slow up the train until the last min-ute, for there were passengers behind. The engineer said to the fireman: "Jump! One man is enough on this engine! Jump!" The fireman jumped and was saved. The crash came. The engineer died at his post. How many men like that engineer would it take to warm this cold world up? A vessel struck on a rocky island. The passengers and the crew were without food, and a sailor had a shelifish under his coat. He was saving it for his last mousel. He heard a little child ery to her mother: "Ob, mother, I am so hungry: give me something to eat. I am so hungry!" The sailor took the shellfish from under his coat and said: "Here! Take that." How many men like that sailor would it take to warm the cold world up? Xerxes, fleeing from his enemy, got on board a boat. A great many Persians leaped into the same boat and the boat was sinking. Some one said, "Are you not willing to make a sacrifice for your king?" and the majority those who were in the boat leaped overpoard and drowned to save their king. How many men like that would it take to warm up this cold world? Elizabeth Fry went into the horrors of Newgate prison, and she turned the imprecation and the obscenity and the flith into prayer and repentance and a reformed life. The sisters of charity, in 1863, on Northern and Southern battlefields, came to boys in blue and gray while they were bleeding to death. The black bonnet with the sides pinnet back and the white bandage on the brow may not have answered all the demands of elegant taste, but you could not persuade that soldier dying 1000 miles from home that it was anything but an angel that looked him in the face. Oh, with cheery look, with helpful word, with kind action, try to make the world warm!

Count that day lost whose low descending Views from thy hand no generous action

the world. I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches and all your bomes throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent. It has many pipes with which to conduct heat, and it has a door in which to throw the fuel. Oace get this heater introduced and it will turn the arctic zone into the temperate, and the temperate into the tropics. It is the powerful heater, it is the giorious furnace of Christian sympathy. The question ought to be, instead of how much heat can we absorb, how much heat can we throw out? There are men who go through the world floating icebergs. They freeze everything with their forbidding look. The hand

their wings. Oh, it was this Christ who warmed the chilled disciples when they had no food by giving them plenty to eat, and who in the tomb of Lazarus shattered the shackles until the broken link of the chain of death rattled into the darkest crypt of the mausoleum. In His genial presence the girl who had fallen into the fire and the water is healed of the catalepsy, and the withered arm takes muscular, healthy action, and the ear that could not hear an avalanche catcher a leaf's rustle, and the tongue that could no articulate trills a quatrain, and the blind eye was relumed, and Christ, instead of staying three days and three nights in the sepulcher, as was supposed, as soon as the worldly curtain of observation was dropped began the exploration of all the underground passages of earth and sea, wherever a Christian's grace may after awhile be, and started a light of Christian hope, resurrection hope, which shall not go out until the last cerement is taken off and the last mausoleum Ah! I am so glad that the Sun of Bight-

eousness dawned on the polar night of the Nations. And if Christ is the great warmer, then the church is the great hothouse, with its plants and trees and fruits of righteous-ness. Do you know, my friends, that the church is the institution that proposes warmth? I have been for twenty-seven years studying how to make the church warmer. Warmer architecture, warmer hymnology warmer Christian salutation. All outside Siberian winter, we must have it a prince's hothouse. The only institution on earth today that proposes to make the world warmer. Universities and observatories, they all have their work. They propose to make the world light, but they do not propose to make the world warm. Geology informs us, but it is as cold as the rock it hammers. The telescope shows where the other worlds are, an astronomer is chilled while looking through it. Chemistry tells us of strange combinations and how inferior affinity may be overcome by superior affinity; but it cannot tell how all things work together for good. Worldly philosophy has a great man must be very much hurt. Gashed on good. Worldly philosophy has a great the forehead. What a pity. Stabbed under splendor, but it is the splendor of moonlight his arm. What a pity. Tut, tut! What a on an iceberg. The church of God proposes his arm. What a pity. Tut, tut! What a on an iceberg. The church of God proposes pity! Why, they have taken his clothes warmth and hope—warmth for the expectanearly away from him. But I haven't time tions, warmth for the sympathies. Oh! I to stop. I lead the choir up in the temple am so glad that these great altar fires have service. Go along, you beast. Carry me up been kindled. Come in out of the cold. Come in, and have your wounds salved. Come, and have your sins pardoned. Come

in by the great gospel fireplace. Notwithstanding all the modern inventions for heating, I tell you there is nothing so full of geniality and sociality as the old fashioned country fire-place. The neigh-bors were to come in for a winter evening of sociality. In the middle of the afternoon, in the best room of the house, some one brought in a great backlog with great strain and put it down on the back of the hearth Then the lighter wood was put on, armfu after armful. Then a shovel of coals was taken from another room and put under the dry plie, and the kindling began, and the crackling, and it rose until it became a roaring flame, which filled all the room with geniality and was reflected from the family pictures on the walls. Then the neighborn came in two by two. They sat down, their faces to the fire, which ever and anon was stirred with tongs and readjusted on the andirons, and there were such times o "You must get on my saddle, and I rustic repartee and story telling and mirth walk." The Samaritan helps and ten- as the black stove and the blind register as the black stove and the blind register never dreamed of. Meanwhile the table was being spread, and so fair was the cloth and so clean was the cutlery, they glisten and glisten in our mind to-day. And then the best luxury of orchard and farmyard was roasted and prepared for the table, to meet

appetites sharpened by the cold ride.
O, my friends, the church of Jesus Christ is the world's fireplace, and the woods are from the cedars of Lebanon, and the fires are fires of love, and with the silver tongs of the of Eshcol. On it, new wine from the kingdom. On it, a thousand juxuries celestial Hark! as a wounded hand raps on the tab e and a tender voice comes through savings Come, for all things are now ready. O friends' drink, yea, drink abundantly, O

My friends, that is the way the cold world pel fireplace. All Nations will come in and sit down at that banquet. While I was mus-ing the fire burned. "Come in out of the cold, come in out of the cold!"

STONE AGE RELICS.

Important Archaeological Discovery Made Near Worms

An important archaeological discovery was made a few days ago at Worms, Germany, by Dr. Koehl. It is a burial ground of the later

About seventy graves have been examined, and the number of vessels found, most of tastefully ornamented, exceeds a

Not the slightest trace of metal has been discovered. Arm-rings of blue and gray slate were taken from the women. Three arm-rings made of slate were removed from the upper arm of one skeleton, four from another, and six from the lower arm. There was on the nock of one skeleton a small, conical, polished ornament of syenite, not perforated, but provided with a groove for a Other ornaments consist of pearls, mussel

shells made in the form of trinkets, perforated boar's tusks and small fossil mussels. These ornaments were worn by men and women alike. Ruddle and ochre fragments were used, and tatooing, and coloring the

skin were also frequent.

In hardly a single case was there missing In harily a single case was there missing from the women's graves the primitive corumili, consisting of two stones, a grinding-stone and a grain crusher. The men's graves contain weapons. The implements are all stone, with whetstones and hones for sharpening purposes. They consist of perforated hammers, sharpened hatchets and chisels, as

well as knives and scrapers of flint.

That there was no want of food is shown by the many vessels, often six or eight in one grave, and remains of food were found near than the latter of the six or eight in one them, the latter being bones of various animals. Several photographs have been taken of the skeletons as they de in the graves, their appearance being perfect, after a repose of thousands of years.

Suspended by Her Long Hair.

Miss Theresa Lachet, a girl employed by he Racine (Wis.) Wagon and Carriage Com-pany, was standing near a machine in opera-tion when the belt caught her hair and in an instant she was pulled five feet into the air and held suspended against a pulley. Twenty girls witnessed the accident and many fainted, while others ran screaming from the building. The machine was stopped and the girl removed. A portion of her hair was torn out and her head and scalplacerated, but physicians believe that she will recover.

The G. A. R. Encampment.

The grand annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held in St. Paul, Minn., the first week in September, The proposed "Blue and Gray" grand parade in New York on the Fourth of July will not be held, owing to opposition on the part of Grand Army of the Republic posts.

Japanese Student Cuts His Throat. Jokithi Uchida, a Japanese student at Cor-nell (Iowa) College, a ward of the Methodist Church and a well-known lecturer, commit-ted suicide while in a despondent mood by

WOMAN'S WIT.

TOLD BY A SOCIETY GIRL.

Something About Marphine, Sulphur, Molasses and Other Things.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J. Among the popular society leaders in East Orange, N. J., Emma L. Stoll, a charming young maiden, stands in the foremost rank. She is of a lovable disposition and the light of the social set in which she moves. For two years she has been a sick girl from internal troubles peculiar to women, and having recently recovered, has given our reporter the following interesting account:

"Instead of improving under the care of my physician I became worse. For five weeks I was unable to get out of ped and about six o'clock each morning I suffered horribly. My lips were sore and lacerated from the marks of my teeth, for in my efforts to keep from screaming I sunk my teeth deep into my lips. At such times I rolled and tossed until the bed shook like an aspen leaf and it finally got so serious that the doctor—I won't tell you his name—gave me some morphine pilis to take. The very thought of them now makes me shiver. These morphine pills simply put me to sleep for a while, and when I became conscious again

my agony was renewed.

"The pain in my stomach and back was more than I could stand. 'Your blood is poor,' said the doctor, 'take sulphur and s,' and I did until it was a great wonder that I was not a molasses cake. It was time wasted in taking it because I was not penefited in the least; my suffering continued but by a mighty effort after being in bed so long, I got up. Oh, but I was a sad sight then. From 112 pounds. I had fallen to ninety; my cheeks were pale and sunken and I limped; yes, actually hobbied from the extreme pain in my side. Then I read of Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People and the testimonial in the News inspired mo with hope. I got the pilis and took them. Before many days I began to improve and before I had finished one box I felt as if I could go out and walk for miles. I soon stopped limping and through the Pink Pills I soon bid good bye to my headaches, while the pain in my stomach and back slowly but surely succumbed to the influence of these pills that seem to be able to persuade all pain to leave one's body. Now I am as I used to be, well and strong, light-hearted and merry but never without the pills. See I have got some of them now," and from a

nearby desk she handed out one of the boxes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis contain, in a con densed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of whatever nature. Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company,

Every poor singer in this country cace led a church choir.

Good Dog is Worth Looking After. A Good Dog is Worth Lacking After.

If you own a dog and think anything of him you should be able to treat him intelligently when ill and understand him sufficiently to detect symptoms of illness. The dog doctor book written by R. Clay Glover. D. V. S., specialist in canine diseases to the principal konnel clubs, will furnish this information. 't is a cloth bound, handsomely illustrated book, and will be sent postpaid by the Book Publishing House, 184 Leonard St., N. Y. City, on receipt of 60 cts. in postuca examps.

Strawberries are ripe and being picked for shipment in Hillsborough, Fla.

Get Hindercorns and Use it If on want to know the comfort of no corns akes them out perfectly. Do. at druggists.

Eugene V. Debs declared for woman suffrage in a speech in St. Louis. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

There is a rush of gold-seekers from Pacific

For Whoop ag cough, P.so's Cure is a suc-cessful remely. M. P. Dieren, 67 Throop Ave, Brook ya. N. Y., New 16, 1894.

American candy is proving very successful n England.

The Reviving Powers of Park er's Ginger Tonic make it the need o every home. Stom-ach troubles, colds: all in re-s yield to it.

Form good habits, and you will find OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent them as hard to break as bad habits.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:

"I cannot begin to tell you what your remedies have done for me. I suffered for years with falling and neuralgia of the womb, kidney trouble and leucorrhœa in its worst form. There were times that I could not stand, was sick all over and in despair. I had not known a real well day for 15 years. I knew I must do something at once. I had tried physicians without receiving any lasting benefit. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's

Now, I have used 9 bot-Vegetable Compound. tles; my weight has tles; my weight has increased 25 lbs. 1 tell every one to whom and what I owe my recovery, and there are 15 of my friends taking the Compound after seeing what it has done for me. Oh, if I had known

of it sooner, and saved all these years of misery. I can recommend it to every woman."-KATE YODER, 408 W. 9th St., Cincinnati, O.

Should advice be required, write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., who has the utter confidence of all intelligent American women. She will promptly tell what to do, free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is easily obtained at any druggist's, will restore any ailing woman to her normal condition quickly and permanently.

Paderewski's Joke.

The other day when Paderewski was dining at a hotel in Richmond, Va., a fine nickel-plated banjo was sent in by a local banjo player, with the request that the great planist should write a short musical sentiment on the sheepskin head. Paderewski complied with the request, and this is the sentiment to which he attached his signature; "I have not the pleasure of being a performer on this beautiful instrument; am only a plane player." Now the banjo player is asking his friends if the virtuoso was "jollying" him.

His Mathematics Lame.

A Scotch tradesman, who had amass. ed, as he believed, £4,000, was surprised at his clerk showing by a balance sheet that his fortune was £6,000. "It canna be; count again," said the old man, The clerk did count again, and again declared the balance to be £6,000.

The master himself counted, and he also brought out a clear balance of £6,000. Time after time he cast up the columns: it was still a six, and not a four, that rewarded his labors. So the old merchant, on the strength of his good fortune, modernized his house. and put money in the purse of the carpenter, the painter, and the uphols terer. Still, however, he had a lurking doubt of the existence of the extra £2,000; so one winter night he sat down to give the cofumns "one more count."

At the close of his task he jumped up as though he had been galvanized, and rushed out in a shower of rain to the house of the clerk, who, capped and drowsy, put out his head from an attic window at the sound of the knocker, mumbling: "Who's there, and what d'ye want?" "Me, ye scoundrel!" exclaimed his employer. "Ye've added the year of our Lord amang the poons!"

Big and Brave.

Antonio Maceo, lieutenant general of the patriot army in Cuba, is one of the tallest men ever seen in the tropics, standing 6 feet 5 inches in hight. He is fairly worshiped by his followers, who have again and again demonstrated their willingness to undergo the gravest perils in his service. One of his intimate comrades describes him as a big. good-natured child, deep in his heart. but on the surface he is all soldier and patriot. His skin is of deep brown in color, his eyes are dark, soft and kindly in expression, and he is famous for his good-nature to all but the enemies of Cuba's liberty.



Mr. Charles Austin Bales, the inmous advertising writer, makes a specialty of medical advertisements. He has studied medicine and has a habit of analyzing the ingredients of every medicine about which he is naked to write, refusing to write advertisements for medicines which he cannot indorse. He says of Ripans Tabules: "I had the formula and went through it from the ground up. I found that every one of the ingredients was put in for some special purpose, and was good for the purpose intended. I have as much confidence in Ripaus Tabules as I have in anything I ever wrote about. I take them myself when I have eaten a little too much or feel nausea or symptoms of healache coming on, and I find them quicker to act than any medicine I ever took. I know some people who think they can't possibly get along without them. My wife went to call one day on some friends she had known always. She found they swore by Ripans Tabules. They did not know that she knew anything about them or that I had written anything for them. By the way, if you swallow them properly, you don't taste anything in the mouth, Swallow them quickly and you are all right. You can feel their action in the stomach almost immediately; n very pleasant sensation."

Tipans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mad the price (50 peats a beat) is sent to The Ripard alor (formulas, No. 10 Spruce at , New York,



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the VV transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts-gentle efforts-pleasant efforts-rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual dis-ease, but simply to a constipated condi-tion of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its Beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all rep-

utable druggists. If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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