REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Prodigal's Return."

TEXP. "I will arise and go to my father."

-Luke xv., 18. There is nothing like hunger to take the

energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been many an army defeated not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the ery for bread. A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are frees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our se carobs, but generally the carobs-the beans spoken of here in the text-were nly to the swine, and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not even get them without stealing them. So one day, amid the swine troughs, he begins to soliloquize. He says "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear. This is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in, feeding swine. I'll go home. I'll go home. I will arise and go to my father."

I know there are a great many people who to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo, about sin: but, not withstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is a very poor sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. an i when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do and the only question is whether we will follow him. Satan promises large wages if we will serve him, but he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of hell. Satan comes to us to-day, and he promises all luxuries and emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with the to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." Oh, the young man of the text was wise when he utterrd the res olution, "I will arise and go to my father!" In the time of Mary, the persecutor, a perse cutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said, "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said, "You open that trunk, and you will see the heretic. The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said, "There is no heretic here." "Ab!" she said. "You look

in the glass, and you will see the heretic. As I take up the mirror of God's word today I would that instead of seeing the prodigal of the text we might see ourselves-our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition, so that we might be as wise as this young man was and say. "I will arise and go to my father." The resolution of this text was formed in a disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers, or training vines over an aroor, or keeping an account of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers, he would not have thought of going home—if he had hal his pockets full of money; if he had been able to say "I have exhilarating?" til ke realizes he is in a famine struck State. Suppose I should come to you in your home, are in good, sound, robus: health, and I should begin to talk about medicines. and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than I don't want to hear about medicines. Way do you talk to me of physicians? I never your house, and I find you severely sick and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. You say: "Bring on all that medicine; bring ou that physician. I am terribly sick, and I want help." If I come to you, and you feel you are all right in body, and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing, but suppose I have persuated you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness.

'But," says some one in the audience, two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You say, "Let us have the statement of God." Weil, He says in one place, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicke!." He says in another place, "What is man that he should be clean, and he which is born of woman that he should righteous?" He says in another "There is none that doeth goodno, not one." He says in another place, "As by one man sin ensered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all had sinned." "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge toat, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is the reason: "There is one name given under heaven that you propose?" This is the reason: "There is one name given under heaven that you propose?" This is the reason: could be restored to heat.h. I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever deamong men whereby they may be saved. Then there are a thousand voices here ready y: "Well, I am ready to accept this of the gospel, I would like to have How shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mare whim, an undefined longing, amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, a tremendous reso ution like young man of the text when he said, "I will arise an go to my father." "Oh," says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? How do I know if I go back I would be received?" "Oh," says some man, "you don't know where I have been. You don't know how far I have wandered. You get over my evil habits. I am now given the same of the s wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have committed." What that flutter among the angels of God? What is that horseman running with quick dispatch? It is news! It is news! Christ has found the lost.

ment; bring me Jesus Christ.

Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindle with new fire.
The sinner lost is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, they said: "You can't get there. If you knew what the Alps were, you wouldn't talk about it or think about it You can't get your ammunition wagons over the Alps,"
Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups, and,
waving his hand toward the mountains, he
said: "There shall be no Alps!" That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the
wonderment of all the years since—the wonthe graves of sailors. This crew, some years ago, in a ship went into the oreakers at Amagansett, about three miles away. My said: "There shall be no Alps!" That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engines s. And you teil me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving His hand toward the mountains. I hear Him say, "I will come overthe mountains of thy sin and the hills of thine iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees; there shall be no Alps.

Again, I notice that this resolution of the

row at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that calld ungrateful.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child.

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our And such a Father! Three times a day has He fed thee. He has poured sunlight into thy day, and at night kindled up all the street lamps of heaven. With what varieties of apparel He hath clothed thee for the seacons. Whose eye watches thee? Whose hand defends thee? Whose heart sympathizes with thee? Who gave you your children? Who is guarding your loved ones departed? Such a Father! So loving, so kind. If He had been a stranger, if He had forsaken us, if He had flagellated us, if He had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful-our time. It is called the carob. Once in awhile treatment of Him-but He is a Father, so the people, reduced to destitution, would eat loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for treatment of Him-but He is a Father, so our wanderings have never apologized! If we say anything that burts our friend's feelings, if we do anything that hurts the feelings of those in whom we are interested. ow quickly we apologize! We can scarcely wait until we get pen and paper to write etter of apology. How easy is it for any one who is intelligent, right hearted, to write an apology or make an apology! We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and

never apologized. I remark still further that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of home sickness, I do not know how long this young man, how many months, how many years, he had been away from his father's house, but there is something about the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty of friends—you have said, "I would give the world to be home tonight." Well, this young man was home-sick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said. "Now perhaps father may not be living." We read nothing in this story— this parable—founded on everyday life; we read nothing about the mother. nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings, or perhaps had gone into dissipation from the fact that he could not remember a loving and sympathetic mother. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her, but he is homesick for his father's use. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be. Many a man after having been off a long while has gone home and knocked at the door, and a stranger has come. It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out father is gone, and mother is gone, and brothers and sisters are all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself, "Perhaps father may be dead." Still, he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here to-day mesick for God, homesick for heaven?

A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to h s father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said: "Now, you had better stay at home. Don't go away. We don't want you to go. You will have it a great deal better here." But it made bim angry. The night before he went away again to sea \$1000 now of my own. What's the use of he heard his mother praying in the next my going back to my father's house? Do room, and that made him more angry. He you think I'm going back to apologize to the went far out on the sea, and a storm came old man? Why, he would put me on the up, and he was ordered to very perious duty, He would not have going on around and he ran up the rat-lines, and amid the the old place such conduct as I have been shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that engaged in. I won't go home. There is no he had heard in the next room. He tried to reason why I should go home. I have plenty whistle it off, he tried to rally his courage, of money, plenty of pleasent surroundings, but he could not silence the voice he had Why should I go home?" Ah, it was his heard in the next room, and there in the pauperism, it was his beggary! He had to storm and darkness he said: "O Lord, what go home. Some man comes and says to me: a wretch I have been! What a wretch I am! "Why do you talk about the ruined state of Help me just now. Lord God." And I buman soul? Why don't you speak thought in this assemblage to-day there about the progress of the nineteenth may be some who may have the memory of a century and talk of something more father's petition or a mother's prayer pressexhilarating? It is for this reaing mightly upon the soul, and that this
son. A man never wants the gospel unhour they may make the same resolution I find in my text, saying, "I will arise and go

to my father.' A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe; went out into the sea, went out too far, got br-youd his depth, and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took some other medicine, and talk about this him on board. Sailors are generally very physician and that physician. After awhile generous fellows, and one gave him a cap, you would get fired, and you would say: and another gave him a jacket, and another gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's But suppose I come into clothes and took them home, and the father find you severely sick and was heartbroken, the mother was heartbroken, at the loss of their child. They had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event. But the lad took ship from Dublin and arrived in Liverpool the very day the mourning arrived. He knocked at the door. The father was overjoyed and the mother was overjoyed at the return of their lost son. Oh, my friends, have you waded out too deep: Have you waded down into sin? Have Oh, then you say, "Bring me that balm of the gospel; bring me that divine medicayou waded from the shore? Will you come back? When you come back, will you come in the rags of your sin, or will you come robed in the Saviour's righteousness "But," says some one in the audience, come rober in the water of the water of the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the audience, come rober in the says some one in the says But I remark the characteristic of this res-

olution was, it was immediately put into execution. The context says, "He arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to noth-ing because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I reolve at the service this day to become Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution.

There is a man who had the typhoid fever.

could be restored to hear.h. I would all the rest of my life serve God." The lever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to business. He is well to-day—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow! There is a man who said long ago, "If I could live to the year 1896, by that time I will have my You must be so ution like a he said, "I away time to attend to religion, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will have my base matters all arranged, and I will have my base matters all arranged, and I will have my base matters all arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will have my browners all arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian."

The way is a supplied to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian."

Where is your broken vow? "Oh," says some man, "I'll attend to that when I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian."

The way is a supplied to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian."

The way is a supplied to a supplied to a good thorough are the way and the supplied to a suppl en to strong drink." Or, says the man, "I am given to uncleanliness." Or, says the man, "I am given to uncleanliness." Or, says the man, "I am given to dishonesty. When I get over my present habits, then I'll be a thorough Christian." My brother, you will get worse and worse until Christ takes you in hand. "Not the righteous, sinners Jesus game to call." Oh but you see and the sail." Oh but you see and the sail." Oh but you see and the sail." in hand. "Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to cail." Oh, but you say, "I agree with you in all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it? I was at Easthamp on, and I went into the cemetery to look around, and in that cemetery there are twelve graves side by side—the graves of sailors. This crew, some years ago, in a ship went into the oreakers at

young man of my text was founded in sor- these twelve men lay at the foot of the puipit, and he read over them the funeral ser-vice. They came very near shore—within shouting distance of the shore—yet did not arrive on solid land. There are some men who come almost to the shore of God's mercy but not quite, not quite. To be almost saved

> I will tell you of two prodigals-the one that got back and the other that did not get In Richmond there is a very prosperbeack. ous and beautiful home in many respects. A oung man wandered off from that home, wandered very far into sin. They heard of him after, but he was always on the wrong track. He would not go home. At the door of that beautiful home one night there was a great outery. The young man of the house ran down to open the see what was the matter. It was midnight. The rest of the family were asleep. There were the wife and children of this prodigal young man. The fact was he had come home and driven them out. He said: "Out of this house! Away with these children! I will dash their brains out! Out into the storm! The mother gathered them up and fled. The next morning the brother, the young man who had staid at home, went out to find this prodigal brother and son, and he came to where he was and saw the young man wandering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his integrity said to the older brother: "Here, what does all this mean? What is the matter with you? Why do you act in this way?" The prodica looked at him and said: "Who am I/ Who do you take me to be?" He said, "You are my brother." "No. I am not. I am a brute. Have you seen anything of my wife and children? Are they dead? I drove them out last night in the storm. I am a brute. John, do ou think there is any help for me? hink I will ever get over this life of dissipation?" He said, "John, there is one thing that will stop this." The prodigal ran his finger across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I will stop it before night, my brain! I can stand it no longer," prodigal never got home. But I will tell you of a prodigal that did get home. In England two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth I have been there-a beautiful seaport. Some of you have been there. The father could not pursue his children-for some reason he could not leave home—and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying:
> "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and ee my two sons. They have arrived Portsmouth, and they are going to take ship and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back. Mr. Griffin went and tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion, because he was very homesick already. The other young man said: "I will not go, I have had nough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home, I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No, you won't,' said the prodigal, "No, you won't. I am going as a private sailor, as a commor sailor; that will plague my father most, and

> what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best." Years passed on, and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a messenger came to him, saving e was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock-a young man condemned to death who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffia went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him, "You don't know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to ersuade to go home and he wouldn't goy "Oh, yes," said Mr. Griffin. "Are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder, and I must die. But I don't want to go out of the world unfor me. You are my some one prays father's friend, and I would like to have you

Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to pardon. He slept not night nor day. went from influential person to influential person until in some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon the father came. He had heard that his son, under a disguised name, had been mmitting crime and was going So Mr. Griffin and the father went to death. on ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the parion to the young min the old father threw his arms around the son's neck, and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong, and I am very sorry I wish I had never broken your heart. am very sorry!" "Ob," said the father, "don't mention it. It won't make any diffe.

ence now. It is all over. I forgive you, my And he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him. To-day I offer you the par-don of the gospel-ful pardon, free pardon, I do not care what your crime has been. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellow man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ-whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the you take that pardon your Heavenly Father throws His arms round about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in My favor now as if you had never sinned." Oh, there is joy on earth and joy in heaven. Who will take the Father's embrace?

FIGHT BETWEEN BUFFALOES.

The National Zoological Park Loses the Oldest Bisoa in Its Herd.

The National Zoological Park, in the suburbs of Washington, has lost one of its val-uable her l of six buffaloes, the animal hav ing been killed in a desperate fight with one of its companions. The "Zoo's" herd of buffalo is one of the Guest in the country, and great regret is felt at the killing of one of m, as it will be hard to replace it. The buffalo that was killed was one of the largest and oldest in the nerd, and for a time was the tyrant and monarch of all the others at the "Zoo." A year or two ago he had a very desperate fight with a younger bull, and since that time has been kept away from the rest of the herd and confined in a pen in which there was also a young bull, who apparently was entirely peaceful. On the day of the fight the old fellow amused himself by easing the younger bull and poking at him

as they walked around the pen. The young buildid not like this and began to show fight. A dozen times the bessts rushed at each other and came together with shocks that startled the other animals and brought to the enciosure all the keepers, who endeavored to separate them, but without success. The fence around the enclosure was completely rained, although the boards kept together sufficiently to prevent the animals from escaping. The buffaloes fought until both of them were so nearly exhausted that they could hardly stand. Then the young one was driven away and the old one enticed into the buffalo house, where the surgeon in charge of the "Zoo" and his assistants labored to save his life. The last blow that he had received from the young buffalo, however, had done its work, and the animal lived but a little time after the fight was over. post mortem showed that he was frightfully gored and nearly all the bones of his body broken. It is matter of surprise to the sur-geons that he stood up and fought as long as he did. The young buffalo was not seriously

Greater New York's Population. Dr. Roger S. Tracy, Register of Vital Statistics, has made the following estimate of the population of the Greater New York, from the weekly reports of the Boards of Health of New York and Brooklyn, and from the Federal census of the population of Long Island City, Newtown, Flushing, Japaica, Richmond County and the part of Hemp-stead that is annexed: Total population, stead that is annexed: Total population 3,195,059; population of New York, 1,916,695 Brooklys. ann Kings County, 1,105,000; Long Island City, 42,578; Newtown, 24,557; Flushing, 22,496; Jamaica, 17,765; Richmond Coun

One Disadvantage of Whiskers.

There was a time when Senator Bacon, of Georgia, wore an ornate and lavish hirsute adornment, and pictures taken at the time he was president of the Georgia Senate so represent him. Now he contents himself with a simple mustache. How he happened to shear his beard was told by the Senator himself recently.

"It was," he began, "when the rollerskating craze broke out and invaded the best families in the South. It struck Macon, and somehow it found a victim in me. Everybody was going to the skating rink, and consequently I went. I soon acquired a remarkable degree of grace in gliding dreamity over the floor to the pulsation of exhile:sting waltz strains, and my company was in great demand by ladies who were somewhat distrustful of their owa sk'll. I shall never forget. I was act ing as the guardian angel one evening of a lady whose main support I was in her feeble efforts to prevent a collision with the floor, and we were rather tremulously gliding hither and thither among the crowd, when an invalid on skates approached us from the opposite direction. I saw at a glance that the man had lost his compass, and that nothing but a blind reliance upon Providence was deferring his fall. That moment came when he crashed up against me. The collision disturbed the centre of gravity in my fair companion, while at the same time it hastened the downfall of the other. Before I knew what was up the man, in order to save himself, grasped hold of one side of my whiskers, while the lady fastened her grip in the other half, and both held on for dear life while their feet were describing geometrical figures on the slippery floor. Considerations of gallantry prevented me from turning on the wretched being who was clingto my beard like the proverbial straw on one side, and there I was, with I wo struggling human fellow-creatures in the stress of despair dangling on each side of my whiskers. That experience determined me to sacrifice whiskers. and to circumscribe my indulgence in that line to a modest, unobtrusive mustache, which affords no comfort to unskilled skaters.

Money and the Germs of Disease. The bacteriologist has declared that the surfaces of coins of all metals and denominations and bank notes of every description are simply swarming with germs of various degrees of virulence. Cultures have shown the presence of from 450 6to 3500 germs upon a single coin, ranging from the streptococcus and staphylococcus pyogenes to tubercle bacilli and typhoid bacilli. There have been deposited, of course, from contact with saliva, pus, discharges, soiled fingers and dirty pockets. That these germs are virulent has recently I cen shown by inoculating rabbits ith their cultures and obtaining char

acteristic reactions. But it was soon noticed that the proportion of the fatal results from these moculations was extremely small, considering the nature of the germs present, and a series of recent experiments at an Algerian military hospital has developed the surprising fact that coins possess actual bactericidal properties and rapidly destroy or weaken any germs lodged upon their surfaces. In a cold chamber the germs of typhoid and the Friedlander bacillus were destroyed noon sterling silver or copper coins in 18 hours; at a temperature of 37 degrees C, about that of the pocket, the bacilli of typhoid, of diphtheria, of blue pus, and the streptococcus are destroyed in six hourrs. The Lofflur hacillus is the most resistant, and upon cold silver or copper coins will live for from three to six days. Moisture and warmth greatly basten the process, which is probably due to the formation of poisonous oxides and other salts of the metals.

Bicycles More Dangerous Than Guns

According to Cleveland Moffett, who has made a close and interesting analysis, the manufacture of the modern bi yele presents one of the most complex and delicate problems known in engineering-a problem more difficult of solution than the construction of a bridge, a locomotive, or a twenty-story building. The reason is that what scientists call the "factor of safety" is lower in a bicycle than in almost any other mechanical product, and is growing still lower every year as the machines are made lighter. In high-pressure guns, the "factor of safety" is often as great as twenty, which means that the guns are made twenty times as ttrong as is theoretically necessary :or the strain they must bear. In ordinary gwns the "factor of safety" is twelve, in boilers it is about six, in bridges it is usually five, and in almost every construction or machine it is at least four, tuese wide margins of extra strength being considered necessary as an offset to errors in theoretical computations, or defects in construction and mater:ai.

The Proper Food for Thin and Stout. Tall, thin persons, if they take sufficient exercise to digest it, should eat starchy foods-plenty of bread and cereals-sweet fruits, cream, all meats but pork and yeal, and drink an abundence of milk and pure water. Fleshy people must avoid all breads and grains, sweet foods, pastries, cakes, etc., cream and milk, and confine their diet to rare beef, well-cooked mutton, joultry, fish, a few green vegetables, and sour fruits, drinking only sufficient water to aid digestion. Lettuce, celery, and water-cress, though possessing little nutriment, have great dietetic and chemical value, and their free use is commended to all. They are specially important in the diet of persons enguged in sedentary occupations, and these should also eat an abundance of fruit. Almost all kinds are of value to them, but granges, apples, grape fruit, figs and dates are most important

The Campaign of Friedland.

The campaign of Friedland show either less genius or more than any other of Napoleon's victories, according to the standpoint from which it is judged. If he is to be regarded throughout its duration merely as a general. then his conduct shows comparatively little ability. He came on his enemy where he did not expect a battle; although he had ample time to evolve and execute an admirable plan, and his loss was triffing compared with that of his opponents, yet, nevertheless. Friedland was a commonplace. incomplete affair. It compelled the foe to abandon Heilsberg, but it did not annihilate him or necessarily end the war.-Century.

When Traveling,

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, ake on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneye, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, neadaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

A man without mirth is like a wagon with-

Everyone who once tries Dobbins' Floating. Bersy Soap continues to use it, for it is reall; infinitely superior to even the best of other floating scaps, and costs you no more. Made of Borax, floats, 100 per cent. pure. Try it.

Very few men tell the same story about a

There are Dictionaries and Dictionaries, but the noblest Roman of them all seems to be Webster. It is still easily in the lead in the great race for popularity.

The ring of coin is often the knell of friend-

It is So Easy to Remove Corns With Hindercorn, we wonder so many endure them Get it and see how nicely it takes them off.

Trust reposed in noble natures obliges FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NEATE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bot-tle free. Dr. Kline, 251 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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