

You Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1.
Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate.

A Masonic Sign.
A man is known by his motions—if the looker-on has the discerning eye of a fellow-craftsman. Such is the point of a street scene reported by a St. Louis newspaper. A stranger in Boston stood in front of a Columbus avenue apartment house in process of construction, apparently interested in what he saw, and picked up a brick, which he turned over in his hand one or twice.

"I will give you a job if you want it," said the foreman, who had observed the stranger.

"What kind of a job?" asked the other, as he snook the brick dust from his gloves.

"Laying brick, of course," was the answer. "I know from the way you picked up that brick that you are a brick mason, and we are short-handed with the cold weather on us."

"Thank you," answered the stranger. "Once I would have jumped at your offer. Thirty-five years ago I wandered these streets looking for such a job, and couldn't find it, though I needed it as much as any poor fellow in the city. I took Greeley's advice and went West. Where I have laid tens of thousands of bricks and employed men to lay millions for me. I don't need the work but I am pleased that you recognized in me a member of the craft."

The stranger was one of the largest contractors in St. Louis.

He Sat Down.
He was no orator, but he knew when he had said all that he could say. He was a Maine man, and attempted to speak in town meeting on a subject that greatly interested him.

"Fellow-citizens," he sang out lustily, as he arose—"fellow-citizens!" A long and embarrassing pause, and then he added: "If I only had the ideas I ought to have on this subject, and had the words to express those ideas, I think I could relieve my feelings." How the crowd cheered as he sat down!—*Lewis-ton Journal.*

It is perhaps as well that men don't grow wings before they get to heaven; their wives would use them to trim their hats.

AN OPEN LETTER.

WHAT MRS. I. E. BRESSIE SAYS TO AMERICAN WOMEN.

Speaks of Her Melancholy Condition After the Birth of Her Child.

"I feel as if I was doing an injustice to my suffering sisters if I did not tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me, and its worth to the world.

"From the birth of my child until he was four years old, I was in poor health, but feeling convinced that half of the ailments of women were imagined or else cultivated, I fought against my bad feelings, until I was obliged to give up. My disease baffled the best doctors.

"I was nervous, hysterical; my head ached with such a terrible burning sensation on the top, and felt as if a hand was drawn tightly above my brow; inflammation of the stomach, no appetite, nausea at the sight of food, indigestion, constipation, bladder and kidney troubles, palpitation of the heart, attacks of melancholia would occur without any provocation whatever, numbness of the limbs, threatening paralysis, and loss of memory to such an extent that I feared aberration of the mind.

"A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and spoke in glowing terms of what it had done for her.

"I began its use and gained rapidly. Now I am a living advertisement of its merits. I had not used it a year when I was the envy of the whole town, for my rosy, dimpled, girlish looks and perfect health.

"I recommend it to all women. I find a great advantage in being able to say, it is by a woman's hands this great boon is given to women. All honor to the name of Lydia E. Pinkham; wide success to the Vegetable Compound.

"Yours in Health, Mrs. I. E. BRESSIE, Herculaneum, Jefferson Co., Mo."

Sparkling with life—rich with delicious flavor, Hires Rootbeer stands first as nature's purest and most refreshing drink. Best by any test.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 50c. package makes 9 gallons. Sold every where.



REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Mighty Hunter."

TEXT: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."—Genesis x. 9.

In our day hunting is a sport; but in the lands and the times infested with wild beasts it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunny afternoon with a patent breech-loader, to shoot redbirds on the flats, when Pollex and Achilles and Diomedes went about the land of Iliad and tigers and bears. My text sets forth Nimrod, the hunter when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and unbrowned face, and arm bunched with muscle—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." It is the bow and the arrows with great success practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw, and sharp tusks and quick spring. We have wondered if there is not such a thing as cosmic archery, by which those who have been yonder from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus in His sermon used the parable of a hunter for an illustration when He said, "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of gospel truth, and I pray God that there may be many a man to-day who will begin to study cosmic archery, of whom it may, after a while, be said, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many all people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to Him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunders which upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a stupid comrade who goes along with skillful hunters. At the very moment when he ought to be most quiet, he is cracking an alder, or falling over a log, and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned the lesson of which I read at the beginning of this service, how that the Lord Jesus Christ at the end of His long journey brought a cup of water to the most practically religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God. Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was good bread, and it was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after He had broken the bread, said to the people, "Beware of the yeast of the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was, and how easily they understood Him! But how few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of the human Osbornes, one of the evangelists who went through this country years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the parlor, he said, "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said, "Yes, all Laodicea, because of their sloth and stolidity. He will blot out American and English Christianity and raise on the ruins a staid, wide-awake, missionary church; that can take the full measure of the world, and go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

I remark, again, if you want to be successful in spiritual archery you need not only to bring down the arrow, but to bring it into the target. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of the "walden is his 'Autumn.' It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and the other end of the staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a reindeer or whipping up a stream for trout and letting them lie in the water. At evening the forest is adorned with the treasures of the forest—beak and fan and antler. If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down, but bring them into the church of God. I think we have pitched this side of the sky. Fetch them in. Do not let them lie in the open field. They need our prayers and our hands. That is the meaning of the church of God—help. O ye hunters for the Lord, not only bring down the game, but bring it in!

It is a beautiful thing to see a man who has never sent into the world what he has brought down. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of the "walden is his 'Autumn.' It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and the other end of the staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a reindeer or whipping up a stream for trout and letting them lie in the water. At evening the forest is adorned with the treasures of the forest—beak and fan and antler. If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down, but bring them into the church of God. I think we have pitched this side of the sky. Fetch them in. Do not let them lie in the open field. They need our prayers and our hands. That is the meaning of the church of God—help. O ye hunters for the Lord, not only bring down the game, but bring it in!

Let me say that your power to project good in the world will correspond exactly to your own spiritual stature. In other words, the first thing in preparation for Christian work is personal consecration.

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to show our common way,
That leads me to the Lamb.

I am sure that there are some here who at some time have been hit by the gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction, and you plunged into the world desert; just as the arrow, when it strikes the target, plunges into Scroon lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track to-day, impatient man! not in wrath, but in mercy. O ye chased and panting souls! here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst! Stop that chase of sin to-day. By the red fountain that leaped from the heart of my Lord, I bid you stop. Is there in all this house anyone who has been hit by the arrow from the heart of the dying Son of God? Why, do you know that there are, in the ban shed world, souls that, for that offer you get to-day, would give the crown of the universe at your feet, if you possessed it? But they went out on the mountains, the storm took them, and they died.

There is in a forest in Germany a place they call the "deer leap"—two crags about 18 feet apart, between them a fearful chasm. This is called the "deer leap" because once a hunter was on the track of a deer. It was one of these crags. There was no escape for the deer, the pursuit of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course it fell, and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to heaven. It is plain, it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says: "I won't walk in that path. I will take my own way. He comes on until he comes to the chasm that divides the soul from heaven. Now his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm, from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back now, and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump! Jump! He misses the mark, and he goes down, depth below depth, 'destroyed without remedy.' Men, angels, devils, what shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the sinner's death leap.

Unique Soldiers' Monument.

Chicago is contemplating using as a soldiers' monument the big stone pillar quarried in Wisconsin for exhibition at the Columbian Exposition. It is the largest monolith in the world, being 100 feet long.

have no power; it is the arrow of the omnipotent gospel. Take careful aim. Pull the arrow clear back until the head strikes the bow! Then let it fly! And may the slain of the Lord be many!

Again, if you want to be skillful in spiritual archery you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Baguette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there a coyote trotting alone, almost within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So many of the souls that will be most worth for Christ and of most value to the church are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. You will have to hunt in that cellar, yonder they are up in that garret. Far away from the door of any church, the gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. 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