Cures

Hood's

Is the One True Blood Sarsaparilla Purifier, \$1.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion

Baron Hirsch's Son.

A lady at present occupying a prominent position at the Russian court was, when a giri of 14, invited to spend the day with poor young Lucien Hirsch, who was then living at the Chateau de Beauregard, near Versailles, with his father, the late Baron Hirsch, and his mother. Having feasted on all the delicacles which the baron's generosity had lavished on his young guest, she went out with Lucien to play croquet. Pausing on the terrace, she condescended to admire the view and the grounds, and her young companion asked, "If it were yours, mademoiselle, what would you do with it?" "First of all, I should turn you all out," answered the enfant terrible, probably actuated by the Russian aristocrat's aversion to Jews, and for the moment practicing candor at the expense of good manners. She remembers Lucien Hirsch now as a charming and amiable youth and the late baron as the incarnation of generosity.

Admonished to Honesty.

One day Thomas Carlyle went into a tobacconist's shop in London and asked for a certain brand of tobacco. The shopman, not having the kind asked for, and not knowing who he was dealing with, produced another sort, which he thought might pass for that desired. Carlyle took the tobacco in his hand and examined it; then, looking at the shopman, he said: "Deal in the verscities, sir-deal in the veracities," and stalked out of the shop.

She Sat Upon the Apples.;

The duck may not be the wisest of birds, but there should be a limit to its folly. It is told of one that she was in the habit of frequenting an apple orchard. Finding a number of apples lying about, she carried several of them to her nest, and, under the impression, it is supposed, that they were eggs, sat upon them for a couple of weeks in the hope of hatching a brood of ducklings.

THE GREAT NURSERIES.

LOUISIANA, MO., KOUKPORT, ILLS.

Visited by Gov. Colman, Ex-Sec'y Agri. and the Hort. Ed., Judge Miller. 'Oh, how insignificant all my fifty years of nursery business seems, all combined, when compared with this stupendous establishment, where they count by millions," said Judge Miller, that veteran horticultur-

being driven to the various departments of this vast nursery. In an experience of over forty years we do not remember to have passed through an es-tablishment where so large a number of hands were employed whose duties were so thoroughly systemized, and where business

ist, as he, in company with the writer, were

capacity of a higher order was manifested. It is not in the soil of every farm that one finds qualities essential to the growth of the different kinds of Nursery stock, hence it has devolved upon these gentlemen, who were born to the Nursery business, to select from among the hills and valleys of the two Pikes such portions as are adapted to their pur-poses. But in this very fact of selection of soil we see their exceeding care for the fu-ture success of their stock.

Missouri and Illinois have no more worthy institutions than the Stark Nurseries, and surely no better or more representative men than the proprietors. The business is growing on their hands as it deserves to grow. They have a system of 40,000 acres of com-mercial test orchards located in great fruit

growing regions. canvassing force is being increased; 5000 fine outfits ready. Stark Nurseries al-ways have room for more active workers because they have millions of Stark trees to seli.—[Colman's Rural World.

A golden mind stoops not to shows of

Hope is one fire that has never been ex-

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

The influence of women upon the civilization of the world, could never be measured.

Because of her, thrones have been established and destroyed. The flash of her eye, the touch of her hand, and we have the marvellous power of women, glorious in the possession of perfect physical health.

Lydia E. Pinkham, by her wonderful discovery of the

"Vegetable Compound," has done much to place this great power in the hands of She has lifted (thousands and thousands out of the misery brought by displacement of the womb, and all the evils that follow diseases of the uterus. The "Vegetable Com-

pound" restores natural cheerfulness, destroys despondency, cures backache. strengthens the muscles, restores the womb to its normal condition, and you are changed from a physical wreck to

the joy of your home and friends. By the way-the leading druggists tell us that the demand for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is simply beyond their power of understanding, and what is best of all, it does the work and cures where the best physicians utterly fail.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Glow of Sunset."

Text: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—Luke xxiv., 29.

Two villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the tion of intelligent conversation. They forget the time and notice not the objects they pass, and before they are aware have come up in front of their house. They pause be-fore the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon Him their hospitalities. Night is coming on, and He may meet a prowling wild beast or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much farther now. Why not stop there and continue their plet ant conversation? They take Him by the arm, and they insist upon His coming in, addressing Him in the words, "Abide with us, for it

Is toward evening."
The candies are lighted; the table is spread; leasant socialities are enkindled. They resice in the presence of the stranger guest He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and He hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the astonished people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus, He vanished. The interview ended. He was

With many of us it is a bright, sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky; not a leaf rustling in the forest; no bill in the air. But we cannot expect al this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after awhile near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak many of as stand in the very hour described in the text, "for it is toward evening." The request of the text is appropriate for some before me, for with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like to have others remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say, "Why, I'm not so old, after all." They do, indeed, notice that they cannot lift quite so much as once. They cannot walk quite so fast. They cannot read only so well with sec. read quite so well without spectacles. They cannot so easily recover from a cough or any occasional ailment. They have lost their taste for merriment. They are sur-prised at the quick passage of the year. They say that it only reems a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within, to remind them that it is toward evening.

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influnce of religion. When we step on the down race of life and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illuminate. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need times broke up the silence of the deaf with endence of mercy. When the axmen of death hew down whole forests of strength When the axmen of and beauty around us and we are left in solitude, we need the dove of divine merey to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fail and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the strong beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward

The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approached in the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to oppose us, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But on have felt the grapple of some temptation. Your nature at some time quaked and grouned under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian graces retreating. You feared that you would tall in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen in all the trembling of your sout. a all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements. You felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour you. You can un-horse the sin that would ride you down. You can searpen the battleax with which ousplit the head of helmeted abomination. Who helped Pani shake the brazen gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howied in the Mediterranean shipwreek? Who helped the martyrs o be firm when one word of recantstion would have unfastened the withes of he stake and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the sinds of perdition who gave strength to the sou? Who gave salmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the vilingers, "Abide with us, for it is toward even-

One of the forts of France was attacked, and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking there was but little to do in the morning, and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country.
In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So, when we are assaulted prey was gone. So, when we are assaurced in temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape that we may be able to

The prayer of the text is appropriate for all who are anticipating sorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the teadency to borrow trouble, but there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we read to be making sorial property. that we need to be making special prepara-tion for its coming.

One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the otners. You think more about it. You give it more attention, not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye and in the walk that makes cheek, in the sye and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parior. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is toward evening.

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of a separation. You cannot

bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy hearted. The light is fading from the sky. The air is chill. It is toward evening.

You had a considerable estate and felt in-dependent. In five minutes on one fair balance sheet you could see just how you stood in the world. But there came complications. Something that you imagined impossible happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interest. A sudden crash of National misfortunes prostrated your credit. You may to-day be going on in business, but errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As, with sad face and broken heart, they pass on their way a stranger accosts them. They tell Him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to the stranger accosts them. you feel anxious about where you are standfrom school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the movtalks to them, mightly expounding the ing into a plainer house. The misfortunes Scriptures. He throwsover them the fascina- of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward even-

Listen to Paul's battle shout with misfortune. Hark to mounting Latimer's fire song. Look at the glory that has reft the dungeon and filled the earth and heavens with the crash of the falling manacles of despotism. And then look at those who have tried to cure themselves by human prescriptions, attempting to heat gangrene with a patch of ourt plaster and to stop the plague of dying empires with the quackery of earthly wisdom. Nothing can speak peace to the soul, nothing can unstrap our crushing burdens, nothing can overcome our spiritual foes, nothing can open our eyes to see the surrounding horses and charlots of salvation that fill all the mountains, but the voice and mmand of Him who stopped one night at Emmaus.

The words of the text are pertinent to us all, from the fact that we are nearing the evening of death. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready; but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts, it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up his acounts, it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christine. I knew a man who used to often say at night, "I wish I might die before moruing!" He became an

But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no bypath, no circuitous route. Die we must; and it will be to us a shameful rence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hunder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail, and the eyes will close, and the heart will stop. You may hang the couch with gorgsons tapestry, but what does death care for beautiful curtains? You may hang the room with the finest works of art. but what does death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of widowbood and orphanage; does death mind

weeping? This ought not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here forever? The world has always freated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds and bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven, but I expect when the Armament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. ought to be willing to exchange your bo that has headaches and sideaches and weakness innumerable, that limps with the stone bruise or festers with the thorn or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not beore the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an four about which no man should be reckless foolnardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something betterthan a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any you have in your wardrobe to keep you

warm in that place. Cir umstances do not make so much difference. It may be a bright day when you push off the planet, or it may be a dark night and while the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards swinging their censers in the way. It may be winter and the earth in a snow shroud. It may be autumn and the forests set on fire by the retreating year-lead nature laid out It may be with your wife's hand in your hand, or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail train, shot off the switch and umbling in long reverberation down the embankment—trash, crash! I know not the time, I know not the mode, but the days of our life are being subtracted away and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours, -three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left-five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute, Then only seconds left-four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second. Gone The chapter of life ended. The book closed The pulses at rest. The feet through with the journey. The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed back to lie undisheveled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to the breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking trumpet to the ear, but you could not wake the deaf-ness. No motion, no throb, no life, Still, MALIE !

So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day spring from on high, the perpetual morn-ing of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has pre-pared a house of many mansions. Jesus is he anchor that always holds. Jesus is the ight that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the ountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of

the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night.

You are almost through with the abase and backbiting of enemics. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will no longer be misinterpreted nor your honor flehed. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities. Toward evening. The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted. You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb, like Rachel weeping for her children or David mourning your grief in the tomb, like Rachel weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march. Toward evening! Death will come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, an evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire psalon. sunset glow, every cloud a fire psalm, every lake a glassy mirror, the forests transfigured, delicate mists climbing the air. Your friends will announce it; your pulses will beat it; your joys will ring it: your lips will whisper it, "Toward evening!"

Exeter Church Sold for \$43. The Church of the Second Congregational Society of Exeter, N. H., has been sold at auction for \$45. The edifice was built in 1824 at a cost of \$10,000. The site must be cleared for the erection of a new building within three weeks. THE USE OF OLD HATS.

One of the Most Important Parts of Man's

Costume. Formerly the United States Imported the major part of the hats used within its borders from Europe, especially from England, Germany and France, the latter and Vienna furnishing the best quality of silk hate. To-day the hat industry in the United States has assumed such enormous proportions that it not only supplies the home demand, but many thousands of American bats find their way across the ocean to foreign customers. There are factories in this country, like the Stetson company in Philadelphia, that produce in the neighborhood of 50,000 dozen a year, while the American styles are freely acknowledged to be superior to those of Europe. The quality of hats manufactured in this country is also superior to that manufactured abroad, with the exception of the silk hat, the consumption of which has of late decreased considerably. The fact seems to be that foreign hats are imported solely for a certain class of American consumers who prefer any thing foreign to a domestic article. For what with the quality, style and quantity of hats produced in the United States, there seems to be no neces sity for importation. The material from which the better

class of hats is made is imported largely from several European countries and from South America, the lat ter furnishing the exceedingly fine quality of nutria fur. Russian and German hares, white and yellow carrot. and beaver in raw and carrot state also enter largely in the manufacture

Considering the good material bats are made of, it will be interesting to note what becomes of the millions of hats that are annually, or even monthy, discarded by their owners in a condition which should allow their continued wearing for a considerable time to come.

The discarded hats of the rich mat rarely fall into other hands than those of his valet, who either uses them himself or disposes of them, together with other pieces of his master's disarded wardrobe, to friends or dealers in second-hand clothing. As these hats are generally in very good condition, they find a ready sale without the process of renovation which other hats coming from less distinguished sources have to undergo, and they share their fate only at a second hange of owners.

The average professional and bustness man does not trouble himself about the disposal of discarded hats. They generally remain in some closet in the office or at home until an applicant for the same appears. But there are many men of this class with ar economical turn of mind who do not disdain to enter into negotiations with he hat doctor. This individual makes a canvass in the down-town office buildings, where he contracts for the rejuvenation of worn headpieces, guaranteeing to return them, for a certain consideration, "as good as new. He does not buy hats; he is only a sort of broker, as the actual work of rejuvenating a hat is done by some dyeing and repairing establishment which makes a specialty of this busi-

These establishments form the maelfrom toward which are drawn the discarded hats from all sources. Here the hat of the plutocrat mixes with that of the lawyer, the merchant and the dry goods clerk, undergoing the same process of cleaning or dyeing. All distinctions of rank disappear in the dyeing vat, where nutria, hair and shoddy are on an equal footing, all soaking in the new color, which, together with a fresh binding, assures them a new lease of life.

The career of a hat is a short one, its average of life after leaving the factory and up to the time it gets into the hands of the hat doctor being not more than six months. The silk hat lasts somewhat longer, and its experience is generally a little more varied than that of the derby or soft hat. When a silk hat reaches the rejuvenating stage it is a more pliable subject than any of its comrades.

A Strange Case,

Julian Ralph, writing from London, gives some interesting details in regard to a remarkable case of "mistaken identity," that has just surprised the English capital. He says, "A man who was wanted for deserting his wife was approached by a bobby, who showed him a photograph and said. 'Is that you? The man said, 'Yes,' and was arrested. He protested that he had not deserted his wife but the woman came forward and positively identified him. A little later she took another good look at his side face and said as positively that he was not her husband. Now it turns out that he and the true culprit are both 37 years old, are both potmen, are both married and both have three children." Here is a combination of circumstances that justifies the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction.-Rochester Union.

Where Dogs Are Eaten.

The Chinese do not slaughter every log that is fat enough to make good beef, as some persons think but have a regular edible variety of "man's best friend." The edible dog has several peculiar marks by which he is known to Chinese epicures, the chief characteristic by wheh he is distinguished being his black tongue. These black-tongued dogs never bark. It is said that 500,000 of them are annually slaughtered for food in the Chinese

The legal bushel of the United States ontains 77.6274 pounds of water.

The cubit was the length of the fore-

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The head, however strong it may be, can accomplish nothing against the heart. I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my lamily and practice.—Ds. G. W. Patter-son, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

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H. Huxley,



Gladness Comes

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