Free Silver.

The co" age of silver might have been too free, but the free use of it in a small sum may be a very big investment w th very sure and large profits. What it costs to buy a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil for the sure cure of rheumatism is within the reach of the poorest. It is the best investment in this line— best cure, and the profits are sure because it will surely cure. This is so well-known it is almost a maxim, and so much good is wrought out of the free use of so little, a strong, active workman can be made of a man who before may have been a helpless invalid or a hobbling cripple.

People usually pick out their own tempta-

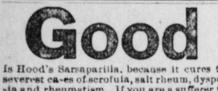
Ignorance isn't innocence, Lut they're near relations.

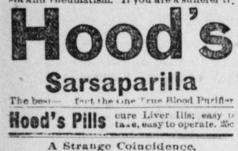
FITSstopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVERESTORER. Free \$2 trial bottleand treat-se. Send to Dr. Kline, \$31 Arch St., Phila., Pa-

After a man is thirty he suffers less from love than he does from rheumatism.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption .- Mrs FRANK MOBBS, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 2J, 1804.

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent days of sorrow.





A certain peasant and his wife, in Germany were married on the same day as the Emperor and Empress, the peasant's Christian name being William, Their first child, a boy, was born on the same day as the crown prince. after which they had five other sons. each of whom was born at the same time as the five younger boys of the Emperor. The royal couple were informed of this, and were exceedingly interested in the very strange coincidence, but this interest was intensified when, on the last occasion of a royal birth, viz., the little daughter of the Kaiser, it was learned that the peasant's wife in question had also given birth to a daughter on the same day. So astonished were the Emperor and Empress that they stood as godfather and godmother to this little girl, and have well provided for her future .-Philadelphia Ledger.

Wheel News.

"It is queer how you inexperienced riders always take such long rides." "No, it isn't a bit queer; we are afraid to stop and get off for fear we can't get on again."-Detroit Free Press.

REV. DR. TALMAGE. The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject. "The Dying Century."

TEXT "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine iouse in order, for thou shalt die and not live."-II Kings xx., 1.

No alarm bell do I ring in the utterance of this text, for in the healthy glow of your countenances I find cause only for cheerful prophecy, but I shall apply the text as spoken in the ear of Hezekiah, down with a bad carbuncie, to the nineteenth century, now closing. It will take only four more long breaths, each year a breath, and the century will expire. My theme is "The Dying Century." I discuss it at an hour when our National Legislature is about to assemble some of the members now here present and others soon to arrive from the North, South, East and West. All the public conveyances coming this way will bring important additions of public men, so that when on December 7, at high noon, the gavels of Senate and House of Representatives shall lift and fall the destinies of this Nation, and through it the destinies of all Nations struggling to be free, will be put ou solemn and tremendous trial. Amid such intensifying circumstances I stand by the venerable century and address it in the words of my text, "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order, for thou shait die and not live."

Eternity is too big a subject for us to understand. Some one has said it is a great clock that says "Tick" in one cen-tury and "Tack" in another. But we can better understand old time, who has many children-and they are the centuries-and many grandehildren-and they are the years. With the dying nineteenth century Yes, dear old century, you had an awful

we shall this morning have a plain talk, telling him some of the good things he has this sphere and passes out to join the eternities. We generally wait until people pathetic and eloquent with things that ought to have been said years before. We put on cold tombstones what we ought to have put in the warm ears of the living. We curse Charles Sumner while he is living and endgel him into spinal meningitis and wait until, in the rooms where I have been living the last year, he puts his hand on his heart and cries "Oh." and is gone, and then we make long procession in his honor. Dr. Sunderland, chaplain of the American Senate, accompanying; stopping long enough to allow the dead Senator to lie in state in Independence Hail, Philadelphia, and halting at Boston Statehouse, where not long before damuatory resolutions had been passed in regard to him, and then move on. amid the toling bells and the boom of minute guns, until we bury him at Mount Auburn and cover him with flowers five feet deep. What a pity he could not have been awake at his own funeral to hear the gratieach one of the mortuary gariands and put upon his table while he was yet alive at the Arlington! What a pity that out of the great choirs who chanted at his obsequies one lit-tle girl dressed in white might not have sung to his living ear a complimentary solo! The postmorten expression contradicted the antemortem. The Nation could not have spoken the truth both times about Charles Summer. Was it before or after his decease it lied? No such injustice shall be inflicted upon

this venerable nineteenth century. Before he goes we resite in his hearing some of the good things he has accomplished. What an addition to the world's intelligence he has made! Look at the old schoolhouse, with the snow sifting through the roof and the filthy tin cup hauging over the water pril in the corner, and the little victims on

and all the other temperance movements were born in this century. Africa, hidden to other centuries, by exploration in this cenbrick. Our American Nation at the opening world had not been worthy, and atheism and

ences that resulted in Aaron Burr's treason, and another war with England, and battle of Lake Erie, and Indian savagery, and years and a million precious lives.

start, and you have done more than well, considering your parentage and your early done, and then telling him some of the things he ought to adjust before he quits this sphere and reaction of the turn out to be the vagabond century of all time. You had a bad mother and a bad grandmother. Some of the preceding cenare dead before we say much in praise of turies were not fl: to live in-their morals them. Funeral eulogium is generally very were so bad, their fashions were so outragewere so bad, their fashions were so outrage-ous, their ignorance was so dense, their incentury, before you go we take this opporhumanityso terrific. Ob, dying nineteenth tunity of telling you that you are the and the mightlest of all the centuries of the Christian era except the first, which gave us the Christ, and you rival that century in the fact that you more than all the other centuries put together are giving the Christ to all the world. One hundred and twelve thousand dollars, at one meeting a few days ago contributed for the world's evangelization Look at what you have done. O thou abused and depreciated century. All the Pacific isles, barred and bolted against the gospel when you began to reign, now all open, and some of them more Christianized than America. No more, as once written over the church doors in Cape Colony, "Dogs and Hottentots not ad-mitted." The late Mr. Darwin contributing The late Mr. Darwin contributing \$25 to the Southern Missionary Society. Cantude of the Nation! What a pity that one nibalism driven off the face of the earth. The green leaf could not have been taken from gates of all Nations wide open for the gospel entrance when the church shall give up its intellectual dandyism, and quit fooling with higher criticism, and plunge into the work, as at a life saving station the crew pull out with the lifeboat to take the sailors off a ship going to pleces in the Skerries. I thank you, old and dying century. All heaven thanks you, and surely all the Nations of the earth ought to thank you. I put before your eyes, soon to be dim for the last sleep, the facts tremendons. I take your wrinkled old hand and shake it in congratulation. I bathe your fevered brow and freshen your parched

lips from the fountains of eternal victory. But my text suggests that there are some things that this century ought to do before he leaves us. "Thus saith the Lord, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt dis and

In 1816 American Bible society was born. In 1824 American Sunday-school union was born. In 1810 American board of commissioners for foreign missions, which has put its saving hand on every Nation of rapid conquest than among those who know the round earth, was born at a haystack in so much and have so much that God can-Massachusetts. The National Temperance society, the Woman's Temperance society, and all the other temperance movements like the shoeblack a reporter saw near New York City Hall. He asked a boy to black his boots. The boy came up to his work tury has been put at the feet of eivilization to be occupied by commrece and Christian-ity. The Chinese wall, once an impassable barrier, now is a useless pile of stone and all right. I am going to do it for 'im. You see he's been sick in the hospital more'n a in possession of our schools and churches and missionary stations. Sermons and re-ligious intelligence which in other time renoticed at all by the newspaper press, were turn in and help im, for he ain't strong yet, allowed only a paragraph of three or four you see." "How much percentage does he lines, now find the columns of the secular give you?" said the reporter. The boy repress in all the cities thrown wide plied: "I don't keep none of it. I ain't no open, and every week for twenty-six such sneak as that. All the boys give up years, without the omission of a single week, I have been permitted to preach one entire gospel sermon through the news-paper press. I thank God for this great opportunity. Glorious old century! You believe the set of and give the rest to Jim." "Can't work of the set of the shall not be entombed until we have, face to face, extolled you. You were rocked in a rough cradle, and the inheritance you rerough cradle, and the inheritance you re-ceived was, for the most part, poverty and to God, this would be the last full century of struggle and hardship, and poorly covered the world's sin and but little work of graves of heroes and heroines of whom the evangelization would be left for the next century. Before this century expires let military despotism, and the wreck of the there be a combined effort to save the great French revolution. You inherited the influctive of America and Great Britain and of all Christendom. What an awful thing it would be for you!

O dying century, to bequeath to the com-Lundy's Lane, and Dartmoor massacre, and ing century, as yet innocent and unscarred dissention, bitter and wild beyond measure with a single sin or burdened with a single ment, and African slavery, which was yet to cost a National hemorrhage of four awful atheism, the profligacy and the woes of great

cities still unevangelized. What we ought to see, O dying century, is a revival of religion that would wrap the continents in conflagra-tions of religious awakening, and that would make legislation and merchandise and all styles of worldly business wait awhile at the elegraph offices and the telephone offices because they are occupied with teiling the story of cities and Nations born in a day. Nearly all the centuries closed with something tremendous. Why may not this century sloss in the salvation of America? I do not know whether our theological friends, who have studied the subject more than I have, are right or wrong when they say Christ will come in person to set up His kingdom in this world; but though we would be overwhelmal with our unworthiness I would like o see Christ descend from heaven in one of the clouds of this morning, and planting His feet on this earth, which He came centuries ago to save, declare His reign of love and mercy and salvation on earth begun. And what more appropriate piace-I say it revrentially-for such a divine landing than the capital of a continent never curs the tyrannies and superstitions of the Old World?

What has this dying nineteenth century to tell us before he goes? We all love to hear septuagenariaus, octogenariaus, nonagonarisus and centenarians talk. We gather around the armchair and listen till it is far on into the night and never weary of hear-ing their experiences. But Lord Lyndhurst. at eighty-eight years of age, pouring into the ears of the House of Lords in a four hours' address the experiences of a lifetime, and Apollonius, at 100 years of age, recounting his travels to thrilled listeners, and Charles Macklin, at 107 years of age, absorbing the attention of his hearers, and Balph Farnham of our country, at 107 years, telling the Prince of Wales the story of Bunker Hill, can create no such interest as this dying centenarian if he will only speak.

Tell us, O nineteenth century, before you go in a score of sentences, some of the things you have heard and seen. The veteran turns upon us and says: "I saw Thomas Jefferson riding in unattended was l' from Monticello, only a few steps from where you stand, dismount from his horse A Fure Way.

An agricultural exchange asks: "How can we prevent cider from working?" You might get it a government position.-Texas Sifter.

Desiness Caunot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the incased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitu-ional remedies. Deafness is caused by an in-flamed condition of the muccuis limiting of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets in-Eastachian Tube. When this tube gets in-famed you have a rumbing sound or imper-fact hearing, and when it is entirely closed Dealness is the result, and unless the inflam-mation can be taken out and this tube re-versed to is normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. None cases out of ten are caused by estarth, which is nothing but an in-flamed condition of the success surfaces. We will give One Hundred Do lars for any case of Deafness (caused by extarth) that can-not be cured by Hall's Catarth Cure. Eand for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggiets, 75c.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The thing that makes you glad shows your

character.

St. Vitus' Dance. One boitle Dr. Fenner's Specific cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y. All careers are desirable for men who know

how to make them so.

The Modern Mother

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

A bohemian is a man who borrows money on the strength of wearing a solled collar.

Nothing in bath or language so good as Boray Do bins' F.osting Borax Soap need : b.t one uni to prove its salue. Cos s sain is poorer flos ing soap. No one has ever trad it without buy ng more. Your mover has it.

Children are a lot more nuisance than they used to be when they were little.

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

Eix women can talk at once and get along all right-but no two men can do it.

if afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thoma con's E; e-water. Druggists sell at 25c per boitie

The successful man always sticks to one thing until he gets there.

Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man ; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physic, as they did their religion,-by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"gospel or physic-now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, toe pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass





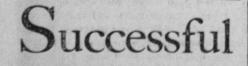
GIRLS IN STORES.

offices, or factories, are peculiarly liable to female diseases, especially hose who are constantly on their fect. Often they are unable to perform their duties, their suffering is so intense.



Lynn, Mass., stating symptoms; she vill tell them exactly what to do, and in the meantime they will find prompt relief in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which can be obtained from any druggist.

"My DEAR MRS. PINKHAM :--- I am so grateful to you for what your Compound has done for me. For four years I suffered such pains from ovarian trouble, which caused dreadful weakness of the limbs, tenderness and burning pain in the groins, pain when standing or walking, and increased pain during menstruation, headache and leucorrhœa. I weighed only 92 pounds, and was advised to use your Vegetable Compound, which I did. I felt the benefit before I had taken all of one bottle. I continued using it, and it has entirely cured me. I have not been troubled with leucorrhoea for months, and now I weigh 115 pounds." -LILLIE HARTSON, Flushing, Genesee Co., Michigan. Box 69.



the long benches without backs, and the illiterate schoolmaster with his hickory gad, and then look at our modern palaces of free schools under men and women cultured and refined to the highest excellence, so that whereas in our childhood we had to be whipped to go to school, children now ery when they cannot go. Thank you, wenerable century; while at the same time we thank God! What an addition to the world's inventions-within our century the cotton gin, the agricultural machines cotton gin, the agricultural machines for rlanding, reaping and thrashing; the telekraph; the phonograph, capable of pre-serving a human voice from generation to generation; the typewriter, that rescues the world from worse and worse penmanship, and stenography, capturing from the lips of the swiftest speaker more than 200 words a minute! Never was I so amazed at the facilities of our time as when a few days ago I ("egraphed from Washington to New York a long and elaborate manuscript, and a few minutes after, to show its accuracy, it was read to me through the long-distance telephone, and it was exact down to the last om coion and comma. What hath God wrought! Ob. I am so

glad I was not born sooner. For the tallow candle the electric light. For the writhings of the surgeon's table God given anæsthetics. and the whole physical organism explored by sharpest instrument, and giving not so ruch pain as the taking of a splinter from under a child's finger nail. For the lumber-ing stagecoach the limited express train. And there is the spectroscope of Fraunhofer. by which our modern scientist feels the pulse of other worlds throbbing with light, Jea-ner's arrest by inoculation of one of the world's worst plagues. Dt. Keeley's emanci-pation for inebriety. Intimation that the virus of maddened canine and cancer and consumption are yet to be balked by magnifloent medical treatment. The eyesight of the doctor sampaned till he can look through thick flesh and find the hiding place of the bullet. What advancement in geology, or the catechism of the mountains; chemistry, or the catechism of the elements; astronomy. or the catechism of the stars; electrology, or the catechism of the lightnings. What ad-vancement in music. At the beginning of this century, contining itself, so far as the great masses of the people were con-cerned, to a few airs drawn out on accordion or massacred on church bass viol, now enchantingly dropping from thousands of fingers in Handel's "Concerto In B Flat," or Guilmant's "Concerto In B Flat," or Guilmant's "Sonata In D Minor." Thanks to v'v, O century, before you die, for the asylums of merey that you have founded—the bind seeing with their fingers, the deaf hearing by the motion of your lips, the born imbecile by skillful object iesson lifted to tolerable intelligence. -Lillie HARTSON, Flushing, Genesee Co., Michigan. Box 69.
Anter and the base of the born imbecile by skilled to be born imbecile

An a set Potash - the results of its use by actual ex-rest as a set Potash - the results of its use by actual ex-rest as a set of a size - is issue. Within your memory. O dying century, has been the genesis of meary all the great institutions evangel-issie. At London tavern, March 7, 1802, UJ Narsau St., New York. Six hundred thousand sheets for one daily adving century, has been the genesis of Description of the size - issue. Utilize how which we have the set of the size - issue. USENARS AALT WORKS, USENARS AALT

not live." We ought not to let this century go before two or three things are set in order For one thing this quarrel between in or and capita'. The nineteepth century inherited it from the eighteenth century, but do not let this nineteenth century bequeath it to the twentieth. "What we want," says labor, "to set us right is more strikes and more viz-orous work with toreh and dynamite." "What we want." says capital, "is a tighter grip on the working classes and compulsion to take what wages we choose to pay, with-out reference to their needs." Both wrong as sin. Both deflant. Until the day of jadgment no seitlement of the quarrelif you leave it to British, Russian or American politics. The religion of Jesus Christ ought to come in within the next four years and take too hand of capital and employe and say: "You have tried everything else and failed. Now try the gospel of kindness." No more op-pression and no more strikes. The gospel of Jesus Christ will sweeten this accer-Jesus Christ will sweeten this acer-bity, or it will go on to the end of time, and the fires that burn the world up will crackle in the cars of wrathful prosperity and indignant toil while their bands are still clutching at each other's throats, Before this century sighs its last breath I would that swarthy labor and easy

opulence would come up and let the Carpen-ter of Nazareth join their hands in piedge of ter of Nazareth join their hands in piedge of everlasting kindness and peace. When men and women are dying they are apt to divide among their children mementos, and one is given a watch, and another a vase, and another a picture, and another a rope. Let this veteran century before it dies hand over to the human race, with an impressiveness that shall last forever, that old family keep-sake, the golden keepsage which nearly 1900 years ago was handed down from the black rock of the mount of beatitudes, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do you are not to the for hould do to you. do ye even so to them, for

for this is the law and the prophets." Another thing that needs to be set in order before the veteran century quits us order before the veteral century quite da-is a more thorough and all embracing plan for the world's gardenization. We have been trying to save the world from the top, and it cannot be done that way. It has got to be saved from the bottom. The has got to be saved from the bottom. The church ought to be only a West Point to drill soldiers for outside battle. What if a military academy should keep its students in the natis and theaters and siderts and fields and siums, and wildernesses of sin and sorrow. Why do Christians who have stuffed themselves with "the strong meat of the word" and all gospel viands on Sabbath the word" and all gospei viands on Sabbath foreucons want to come up to a second ser-vice and stuff themselves again? These old gormandizers at the gospel feast need to get into outdoor work with the outdoor gospel that was preached on the banks of the Jor-dan, and on the fishing smacks of Lake Gali-lee, and in the bleak air of Assyrian moun-taius. I am told that throughout all our Am srican cities the second Sabbath service in the majority of churches is sparsely, yea, disgracefully attended, and is the distress of the consecrated and eloquent pastors who disgracefully attended, and is the distress of the consecrated and eloquent pastors who bring their learning and plety before pews ghastly for their inoccupancy. What is the providential meaning? The greatest of all evangelists since Bible times recently sug-gested that the evening services in all the churches be turned into the most popular style of evangelistic meetings for outsiders. Surely that is an experiment worth making. If that does not succeed, then it does seem to me all the churches which cannot secure sufficient evening audiences ought to shut up their buildings at night and go where the people are and invite them to come to the

and hitch the bridle to a post, and on youder hill take the oath of the presidential office. I saw yonder capital ablaze with war's incendiarism. I saw the puff of the first steam engine in America. I heard the thunders of Waterloo, of Sepastopol and Sedan and Gestysburg. I was present at all the coronations of the kings and queeus and emperors and empresses now in the world's palaces. I have seen two billows roli across this continent and from ocean to ocean—a billow of revival joy in 1857 and a billow of blood in 1864. I have seen four generations of the human race march across this world and disappear. I saw their cradles rocked and their graves dug, I have heard the wedding bells and the death kneils of near a hundred years. I have clapped my hands for millions of joys and wrung them in millions of agonies. Edward Payson pray. I heard the first chime of Longfellow's rhythms, and before anyons else saw ther. I read the first line of Bancroft's history and the first verse of Bryant's "Thanatopsis" and the first word of Victor Hugo's almost supernatural romance, I heard the music of all the grand marches and the lament of all the requiems that for nigh teu decades made the catheiral windows shake. I have seen more moral and spiritual victories than all of my predeces sors put together. For all you who hear or sors put together. For all you who hear or read this valedictory I have kindled all the domestic firesides by which you ever sat and roused all the hailoos and roundelays and merriments you have ever heard and un-rolled all the pictur-d sunsets and starry banners of the midnight heavens that you have ever gazed at. But ere I go take this admonition and benediction of a dying cen-tury. The longest life, like mine, must close. Opportunities gons never come back. close. Opportunities gons never come back, as I could prove from nigh a hundred years of observation. The eternity that will soon The eternity that will soon take me will soon take you. The wicked live not out half their days, as I have seen in 10,000 instances.

The only influence for making the world happy is an influence that I, the nineteenth century, inherited from the first century of the Christian era—the Christ of all the centuries. Be not decrived by the fact that I bave lived so long, for a century is a large wheel that turns 100 smaller wheels, which drilt soldiers for outside battle. What it a militiary academy should keep its students from age to age in the messroom and the barracks? No, no! They are wanted at Montezuma and Chaputepee and South Montatin and Missionary Ridge, and the church is no place for a Christian to stay very long. He is wanted at the front. He is needed in the desperate charge of taking the parapets. The last great battle for God is not to be fought on the campus of a college or the lawn of a church. It is to be fought at Missionary Ridge. Before this century quits us let us establish the habit of giving the forenoon of the Sab-bath to the churchs and the afternoon and the evening of the Sabbath to gospel work in the halls and theaters and streets and fields and slums, and wildernesses of sin but for a moment." Over another door, around a sculptured cross, I read, "All that which troubles us is but for a monent." But over the central door, I read, "That only is important which is eternal." O eternity, eternity, eternity!

eternity, eternity! My hearers, as the nineteenth century was born while the face of this Nation was yet wet with tears because of the fatal horseback ride that Washington took out here at Mount Vernon through a December snowstorm, I wish the next^o century might be born at a time when the face of this Nation shall be wet with the tears of the literal or spiritual arrival of the Great Deliverer of Nations, of whom St. John wrote with ancestwite new whom St. John wrote with apocalyptic pen, "And I saw, and behold a white horse! And He that sat on Him had a bow, and a crown was given unto Him, and He went forth conquering and to conquer."

Uniformed Street Sweepers.

Pittsburg has adopted Colonel Waring's uniforms, and all the men in the Street Cleaning Department are to be uniformed similarly to the New York force.