REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Mask of Decoit."

TEXT: "Why feignest thou thyself to be an-other?"-I Kings xiv., 6.

In the palace of wicked Jeroboam there is sick child -a very sick child. Medicines have failed; skill is exhausted. Young Abijan, the prince, has lived long enough to be-come very popular, and yet he must die unless some supernatural aid be afforded. Death comes up the broadstairs of the palace and swings back the door of the sickroom of royaity and stands looking at the dying prince with the dart uplifted. Wicked Jero-boam knows that he has no right to ask anything of the Lord in the way of kindness. He knows that his prayers would not be an-swered, and so he sends his wife on the delieate and tender mission to the prophet of the Lord in Shiloh. Putting aside her royal attire, she puts on the garb of a peasant wo-man and starts on the road. Instead of carrying gold and gems as she might have car-ried from the palace she carries only those gifts which seem to indicate that she belongs to the peasantry-a lew loaves of bread and a few cracknels and a cruse of honey. Yon-der she goes, hooded and veiled, the greatest lady in all the kingdom, yet passing unob-served. No one that meets her on the high-way has any idea that she is the first lady in all the land. She is a queen in disguise. The fact is that Peter the Great working

in the dry docks of Saardam, the sailor's hat and the shipwright's ax gave him no more thorough disguise than the garb of the peas-ant woman gave to the queen of Tirzah. But the prophet of the Lord saw the deceit. Al-though his physical eyesight had failed, he was divinely illumined, and at one glance looked through the imposition, and he cried sut: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam! Why feignest thou thyself to be another? I have evil tidings for thee. Get thee back to thy evil tidings for thee. Get the back to thy house, and when thy feet touch the gars of the city the child shail die." She had a right to ask for the recovery of her son; she had no right to practice an impositic. Broken nearted now, she started on the way, the cears falling on the dust of the road all the way from Shiloh to Tirzah. Broken hearted now, she is not careful any more to h'de her queenly gait and manner. True to the prophecy, the moment her feet touch the gate of the city the child dies. As she goes in the soul of the child goes out. The cry in the city palace is joined by the lamentation of a nation, and as they carry good Abijah to his grave the air is filled with the voice of eulogy for the departed youth and the groan sulogy for the departed youth and the groan of an afflicted kingdom.

It is for no insignificant purpose that I present you the thrilling story of the text. In the first place I learn that wickedness involves others, irying to make them its dupes, its allies and its scapegoats. Jeroboam pro-posed to hoodwink the Lord's prophet. How did he do it? Did he go and do the work himseli? No. Ho sent his wife to do it. Hers the peril of exposure, hers the fatigue of the way, hers the execution of the plot, his, nothing. Iniquity is a brag, but it is a great coward. It lays the plan and gets some one else to execute it; puts down the gunpowder train and gets some one else to touch it off; contrives mischief and gets some one else to work it; starts a lie and gets some one else to circulate it. In nearly all the great crimes of the world it is found out that those who planned the arson, the murder, the theft, the fraud go free, while those who were decoyed and cheated and hoodwinked into the conspiracy clank the chain and mount the gal-

Aaron Burr, with heart filled with impur-Ity and ambition, plots for the overthrow of the United States Government and gets off with a few threats and a little censure, while Blennerhassett, the learned Blennerhassett, the sweet tempered Biennerhassett, is de-coyed by him from the orchards and the on the banks of the Ohio River, and his fortunes are scattered, and he is thrown into prison, and his family, brought up in lux-ury, is turned out to die. Abominable Aaron Burr has it comparatively easy. Sweet tem-pered Blennerbassett has it hard. Benedict Arnold proposed to sell out the forts of the United States; to surrender the Rovolutionary army and to destroy the United States Gov-erhment. He gets off with his pockets full of pounds sterling, while Major Andre, the brave and the brilliant, is decoved into the conspiracy and suffers on the gibbet on the banks of the Hudson; so that even the literature—the marble tablature that com-memorated that event—has been blasted by midnight desperadoes. Benedict Arnold has it easy. Major Andre has it hard. I have noticed that nine-tenths of those who suffer for crimes are merely the satelities of some great villains. Ignominious fraud is a juggler which by sleight of hand and legerdemain makes the gold that it stole appear in somebody else's pocket. Jeroboam plots the lie, contrives the imposition, and gets nis wife to execute it. Stand off from all in position and chicapery. Do not consent to be anybody's dupe, anybody's ally in to keedness, anybody's scapegoat. The story of the text also impresses me with the fact that rovalty sometimes passes in disguise. The frock, the veil, the hood of the peasant woman hid the queenly char-acter of this woman of Tirzah acter of this woman of Tirzah. Nobody suspected that she was a queen or a princess as she passed by, but she was just as much a queen as though she stood in the palace, her tobes incrusted with diamonds. And so all Lound about us there are princesses and ensens whom the world does not recognize. They sit on no throne of royalty, they ride La no charlot, they elicit no huzza, they make no pretense, but by the grace of God they are princesses and they are queens; cometimes in their poverty, sometimes in their self-denial, sometimes in their hard struggles of Christian service-God knows they are queens. The world does not recog-Royalty passing in disguise, kings without the crown, conquerors without the palm, empresses without the jewel. You saw her yesterday on the street. You saw nothing important in her appearance, but she is regnant over a vast realm of virture and goodness—a realm vaster than Jeroboam goodness—a type wast of the set of the ever looked at. You went down into the house of destitution and want and suffering. You saw the story of trial written on the wasted hand of the mother, on the pale cheeks of the children, on the empty bread tray, on the fireless hearth, on the broken tray, on the brevess hearth, on the broken shair. You would not have given a dollar for all the furniture in the house. But by the grace of God she is a princess. The sverseers of the poor come there and discuss the cause and say, "It's a pauper." They do not realize that God has burnished for ber a crown, and that after she has got through the fatiguing journey from Tirrah to Shiloh and from Shiloh back to Tirzah there will be a throne of royalty on which the shall rest forever, Giory velled. Af-fluence hidden. Eternal raptures hushed up. A queen in mask. A princess in disguise. When you think of a queen you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or Maria Theresa of Germany, or Maria, or Maria Scots. When you think of a queen, you think of a plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table or walked with him your father at the table or walked with him down the path of life arm in arm, sometimes to the Thanksgiving banque', sometimes to ine grave, but always side by side, soothing your little sorrows and adjusting your little quarrels, listening to your svening prayer, tolling with the needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights tucking you up snug and warm. And then on that dark day when she lay a-dying, putting those thin hands that had tolled for you so long, put-fing them together in a dying prayer comting them together in a dying prayer com-mending you to that God in whom she had the back you to that God in whom she had taught you to trust. Ob, she was the queen, she was the queen! You cannot think of her how without having the deepest emotions of your soul stirred, and you feel as if you could cry as though you were now sitting in infancy on her lap, and if you call her back to speak your name with the tenderness with blick the once a more a now would be willing ch she once spoke you would be willing

now to throw yourself on the sod that covers her grave, crying, "Mother, mother!" Ah, she was the queen! Your father knew it. You knew it. She was the queen, but the queen in disguise. The world did not reognize it. But there was a grander disguising. The

favorite of a great house looked out of the window of Hispalace, and He saw that the people were carrying heavy burdens, and that some of them were hobbling on crutches, and He saw some lying at the gate crutches, and He saw some lying at the gate exhibiting their sores, and then He heard their lamentations, and He said: "I will just yout on the clothes of those poor people, and I will go down and see what their sorrows are, and I will sympathize with them, and I will be one of them, and I will help them." Well, the day came for Him to start. The lords of the lend came to see Him of lords of the land came to see Him off. All who could sing joined in the parting song, whice ould sing joined in the parting song, which shock the hills and woke up the shop-herds. The first few nights He has been sheeping with the hostlers and the camel drivers, for no one knew there was a King in town. He went among the doctors of the law, astounding them, for without any doctor's gown He knew morelaw than any doctors. He fashed with the fishermen. He smole with the own with the fishermen. He smote with His own hammer in the carpenter's shop. He ate raw corn out of the field. He fried fish on the banks of Gennesaret. He was howled at by crazy people in the tombs. He was splashed of the surf of the sea. A pligrim without any pillow. A sick man without without any pillow. A sick man without any medicament. A mourner with no sym-pathetic bosom in which He could pour His tears. Disguise complete. I know that oc-casionally His divine loyalty flashed out as when in the storm on Galilee, as in the red wine at the wedding banquet, as when He freed the shackled de-moniae of Gadara, as when He turned a whole school of fish into the net of the discouraged boatman, as when He throbbed life into the shriveled arm of the panilytic, but for the most part He was in disguise. No one saw the King's jewels in His sandal. No one saw the royal robe in His plain coat. No one knew that that shelter-less Christ owned all the mansions in which the hierarchs of heaven had their hab-Station. None knew that that hungered Christ owned all the olive groves and all the harvests which shook their gold on the hills of Palestine. No one knew that He who said "I thirst!" poured the Euphrates out of His own challes. No one knew that the ocean lay in the paim of His nand like a dewdrop in the vase of a lily. No one knew that the stars and moons and sups and galaxies and constitutions that means and galaxies and constellations that marched on age after age were, as compared with His lifetime, the sparkle of a firefly on a summer night. No one knew that the sun in midheaven was only the shadow of His throne. No one knew that His crown of univeral dominion was covered up with a bunch of thorns. Omnipotence sheath in a human body. Omnis-cience hidden in a human eye. Infinite love beating in a human heart. Everlasting harmonies subdued into a human voice. Roy-alty en masque. Grandeurs of heaven in earthly discuise.

My subject also impresses me with how people put on maks and how the Lordtears them off. It was a terrible moment in the history of this woman of Tirzah when the prophet accosted her, practically saying: "I know who you are. You cannot cheat me. You cannot impose upon me. Why feignest thou thyself to be another?" She had a right to ask for the restoration of her son; she had no right to practice that falsehood. It is never right to do wrong. Sometimes you may be able to conceal an affair. It is not necessary to tell everything. There is a natural pressure to the lips which seems to indicate that slience sometimes is right, but for double dealing, for moral shuffling, for counterfeit and for sham God has nothing but anathema and exposure. He will tear off the lie He will rip up the empiricism. off the lie He will rip up the empiricism. He will scatter the ambuscade. There are neople who are just ready to be duped. They seem to be waiting to be deceived. They believe in ghosts. They saw one themselves once. They heard something strange in an uninhabited house. Going along the road one night, something ap-proached them in white and crossed the They would think it very disastrous road. to count the number of carriages at a funeral. They heard in a neighbor's house something that portended death in the family. They say it is a sure sign of evil if a bat fly into the room on a summer night or they see the moon over the left shoulder. They would not for the world undertake any enterprise on Friday, forgetful of the fact that if they look over the calendar of the world they will see that Friday has been the most fortunate day in all the history of the world. As near as I can tell, loszing over the calendar of the world's history, more grand, bright, beautiful things have happened on Friday than any other day of the week. They would not begin anything on Friday. They would not for the world go back to the house for anything after they had once started. Such people are ready to be duped. Ignorance comes along, perhaps in the dis-guise of medical science, and carries them captive, for there are always some men who have found some strange and mysterious weed in some strange place and plucked it in the moonshine, and then they cover the board fences with the advertisements of "elixir" and "panaceas" and "Indian mixtures" and "ineffable cataplasms" and "unfailing disinfectants" and "lightning salves" and "instantaneous ointments," enough to stun and and scarify and poultice and kill half the race. They are all ready to be wrought upon by such impositions. Ah, my friends, do not be among such dupes! Do not act the part of such persons as I have been describing. Stand back from all chicanery, from all im-position. They who practice such imposition shall be exposed in the day of God's indignation. They may rear great fortunes, but their dapple grays will be arrested on the road some day, as was the ass by the angel of God with drawn sword. The light of the last day will shine through all sich subtor-fuges and with a voice londer than that which accosed this imposition of the texts "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam. Why feignest thou thyself to be another?" With a voice loader than that God will thunder down into midnight darkness and doom and death all two faced men, and all charlatans, and all knaves, and all jockeys, and all swindlers. Behold how the people put on the masks, and behold how the Lord tears them off! My subject also impresses me with how precise and accurate and particular are God's providences. Just at the moment that woman entered the city the child died. Just as it was prophesied, so it turned out, so it always turns out. The event occurs, the death takes place, the Nation is born, the despotism is overthrown at the appointed time. God drives the universe with a stiff rein. Events do no just harmon as Thisme r.in. Events do no just happen so, Things do not go slipshod. In all the book of God's providences there is not one "if." God's providences are never caught in dishabille. To God there are no surprises, to disap-pointments and no accidents. The most in significant event flung out in the ages is the connecting link between two great chainsthe chain of eternity past and the chain of eternity to some. I am no fatalist, but I should be complete-ly wre-hed if I did not feel that all the affairs of my life are in God's hand and all that pertains to me and mine, just as cer-tainly as all the affairs of this woman of the text, as this child of the text, as this king of the text, were in God's hand. You may ask me a hundred questions I cannot answer, but I shall until the day of my death believe that I am under the unerring care of God, and the beavens may fail, and the world may burn, and the judgment may thunder. and eternal ages may roll, but not a hair shall fall from my head, not a shadow shall drop on fail from my head, not a shadow shall drop on myjpath, not a socrow shall transfix my heart without being divinely arranged—arranged by a living, sympathetic Father. He bottles our tears, He catches our sorrows, and to the orphan He will be a Father, and to the widow He will be a husband, and to the out-cast He will be a husband, and to the out-cast He will be a home, and to the most mis-erable wretch that this day crawls up out of the ditch of his abomination crying for mercy He will be an all pardoning Grd. The rocks shall turn gray with age, and the for-este shall be unmoored in the last hurricane,

and the san shall shut its flory eyelid, and the stars shall drop like blasted figs, and the continents shall go down like anchors in the deep, and the ocean shall heave its last groan and lash itselt with expiring agony, and the world shall wrap itself in a winding shoet of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day; but God's love shall not die. It will kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a billowy sea after the last ocean has swept itself away. It will warm itself by the fire of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet is pealing forth and the air is illied with the crash of broken sepulchers and the rush of the wings of the rising cead. Oh, may God comfort all this people with this Christian sentiment!

THE PRESIDENT'S "SCHOOL"

Small Things He Must Learn with His Oath of Office,

The die has been cast and the choice made for the next President. The incomer, though a man long prominent in politics, begins immediately after his election to "go to school." He has much to learn before he can really become President of the United States. His school books will be the example of his predecessors, a lesson from the Judge of the Supreme Court who administers the oath of office, and the Constitution of the United States. Certain things are prescribed for the President to do. Others he does from long-established precedent.

The first thing a President has to learn is self-denial. His oath of office is administered in the open exposure upon the east Capitol front, and from there he delivers his inaugural address. A time-honored custom with the Weather Bureau is to provide a drizzly, sleety rain at this time, and the new President, with bared head, promises to forget himself, his own welfare, his opinions and his ambitions in the interests of the people. The rain baptizes his head with this decision. The people look on from their comfortable platforms, sheletered by umbrellas, and applaud. The President is practicing self-sacrifice, but he will have a cold in his head without doubt. Cleveland had a mild attack of grip after his last inaugural. Whew, how it snowed at the hour for the inaugural address! The proceedings before the inaugura-

tion require study on the part of the incoming President. His duty is to be in Washington on March 4, ready to go to work. His term of servitude is four years, dating from that hour. Custom makes him do more. The day before the inauguration the Presidentelect arrives in Washington. There is always a crowd to meet him at the station, and from the minute he registers at the hotel with his "suite"-in other words, his wife and relatives-he must hold an informal reception. He must take his primary lesson in affability. No matter if they do press in while he is taking his noonday bite to urge a postoffice appointment. No matter if Mrs. Brown, from Cobunkus, does arrive with the coffee and after-luncheon smoke to beg a button off the Presidential coat. Luncheon, coffee, cigars, all must be given up, and the President must smile and smile again.

In the afternoon the President-elect goes to call at the White House upon

A Mighty Sword Thrust.

The swordfish is a combative monster, and the weapon with which nature has provided him is terrible enough when directed against his natural enemies of the sea. But it's a foolish fish that runs amuck with an oak bottomed barkentine, and its most vicious thrust is apt to bring more woe to itself than its enemy, though the crew of the Irmgard had a hard time of it on a voyage just completed from Honolulu to San Francisco.

Two days out from Honolulu a heavy gale struck the ship and lasted for twenty-four hours. Just as it subsided it was discovered that the ship was leaking. It was not a bad leak, the water creeping very slowly up to the hold, and under ordinary circumstances would not have given much trouble.

But the Irmgard had a cargo of sugar aboard and leakage meant big loss unless it was promptly checked. So the pumps were rigged and every two hours a detail of men was set to work for fifteen or twenty minutes to keep the water down. This course was pursued for the entire long voyage.

When the Iringard was unloaded in port a search was made to find the cause of the leak. A sailor ran across the cause in the bottom of the hold. It was an inch of swordfish sword protruding from the bottom.

Examination showed that the sword, driven with tremendous force, had penetrated five inches of planking and eight inches of lining. It was broken off two inches below the outer sheathing. so that sixteen inches of sword came home with the ship. The monster, after this terrific thrust, must have exerted tremendous force to free himself from the grip of the oak, for he had worked a sufficient hole around the imprisoned sword to permit of a considerable leakage.

Three or four planks had to be removed before the sword and its surrounding wood could be cut out. The specimen was then sent to the city museum.

Misunderstood.

"Doctor, will my husb .nd be able to recover-----

"Oh, yes, madam; he is not seriously hurt, and---"

"I was going to ask if he would be able to recover damages from the company."--Washington Times.

The Only Way. Tom-What is the best way to make a woman keep a secret?

Dick-Give her chloroform-Deroit Free Press.

Dobbins' Floating-Borax Scap is not an imitation. It is original. The only soap that floats, con-tains Borax and :s 100 per cent. pure. It is worthy of a trial. I very lady who tries it continu. s its use. Red wrapper.

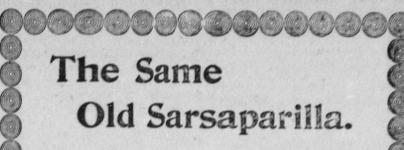
Who makes a quick use of the moment is genius of prudence.

FITSstopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVS RESTORER. Free \$2 trial bottleand treat-ise. Send to Dr. Kline, 501 Arch St., Phila., Pa-

Something happens every day to convince a man that he lets people see too much of him to add to his popularity. kind of your own.

OOK

Don't hold a man responsible for his fool kin; you may have troubles of that



That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold 50 years ago. In the laboratory it is made and sold 50 years ago. In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lead speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record-50 years of cures. Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubt-less," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the same old plant that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. It has not been bettered. And since we make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant. make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound, we might.... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the same old sarsaparilla because it works the same old cures. It's the sovereign blood purifier, and -it's Ayer's.

IRED THIS MORALAG



celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, is put up in Blue Wrappers and Yellow Labels. Be sure that the Yellow Label and our Trade-Mark are on every

the President. His object is to notify him that he is in Washington, and is ready to assume the duties of office. He makes a call of ten minutes and goes back to his hotel. Within an hour the President calls at the hotel and notifies the incoming President that he is ready to deliver up the keys of state. In the evening all dine together at the White House. The next morning, the 4th of March, the new President goes to the White House at 11 o'clock. In a little while the Senate Reception Committee calls there and all get into carriages to go to the Capitol for the inauguration. There are the two Presidents, the two Cabinets, the head of the army, the commander of the navy and a large citizens' escort. A few preliminaries in the Senate and the President finds himself upon the porch of the Capitel addressing the crowd-in the storm. A duty which the President has to

learn early in his career is the writing. of harmonious messages. Not only must he write correctly, but he must be able to word his messages and proclamations so that they go to the hearts of the people. This often requires study on his part. The most trying proclamation ever issued was the Thanksgiving message sent out by President Arthur a few weeks after Garfield's death. There was some curiosity to see how he would word such a message at such a time. But his supreme tact rose to the occasion. The incoming President should always learn tact. To be without it has made enemies for many a good Executive. The President must learn to bear physical disturbance. Grant was wakened from his sleep at 2:30 the morning the Butler "salary-grab" bill was passed. The President's approval was necessary. By 10 o'clock the President had read the bill, approved it, and word was carried to the Capitol to that effect. That meant work in the wee sma' hours. When the bill was repealed the President worked none the less faithfully.

The President must learn to introduce. Not merely to pronounce names, out to conduct the art of presentation in a manner that shall be acceptable to all peoples and all nations. And at linners he must be the gracious host, presenting, greeting, leading the way to dinner, denominating places and beng ready for the return trip to the irawing-room at a mystic look from als wife. All told, the President has a severe task before him.

Manchester-The man I introduced you to awhile ago is one of the most noted hunters in the country. Birmingham-1 wouldn't have thought it from his conversation. Manchester-It's true, nevertheless. He is a fortune hunter.-Pittsburg Chronicle.

A MODEL schoolhouse will be erect ed on the World's Fair grounds. If it is intended to represent a city school, there ought to be a peculiarly dingy and disreputable saloon within 100 feet of it.

vacing and irremediable

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

The unmeant mischief of fools is all per-

The more we love men the more we can see in them to love.

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Sensitive women hate to ask their physicians those delicate questions that only a woman understands, and therefore write to Mrs.

fore write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Berlyn Mass., as she has ever proved 5 their most accurate adviser, and knowing that their

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That sense of dragging in the groin, dull pains in small of back, retention, suppression of menses, bearing-down pains, headache, nervousness, blues. etc., are symptoms that require prompt measures.

The cure is, in most cases, rapid. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be promptly taken, and Mrs. Pinkham will furnish any advice required, free. Following is another letter of thanks :---

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thinking there

was no remedy for

it; but after reading your little pamphiet. I thought I would give your medicine a trial, and it is wonderful how quickly it relieved me. 1 recommend it for all women who suffer with painful menstruation." -MRS. GEORGE NEURBOSS, Crittendon,





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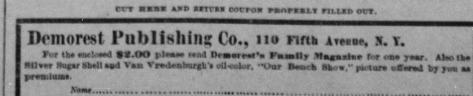
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