REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine' Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Harbor of Home."

TEXT: "Go home to thy frien's and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."—Mark v., 19.

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. Iti They a imire Luther at the diet of Worms, and and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They a imire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. All they want is an oppor-tunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now the apostle comes to us, and he prac-tically says, "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and giorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle."

If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere, he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple, he will never be able to preach 3000 souls into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul did not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the sheriff of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefuiness which we may after awhile gain, but the all obsorbing question with you and with me ought to be, "Lord, waat wilt thou have me (now and here) to do?"

There is one word in my text around which the most of our thoughts will to-day revolve. That word is home. Ask ten dif-ferent men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, in lustry at the work-stand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair. Peace ho ver-

on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is and he will tell you it is want looking out of a cheerless fire grate and kneading hunger in an empty bread tray. The damp air shivering with ourses. No Bible on the shelf. Children, robbers and murderers in embryo. Vile songs their fullaby. Ev-ry face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that doorsill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Fargots for an un-ending funeral pile. Awful word! It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death

agony of despair. The word home in the one case means everything bright. The word home in the other case means everything terrific. I shall speak to you of home as a test of

character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school and home as a type of heaven.

And in the first place I remark that home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while then you might well gather into your home-

in private it is in dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. mild and courteous and genial and good natured in commercial life, keeping back their irritability, and their petulance. natured in commercial life, keeping back and their petulance, and their petulance, and their discontent, but at nightfall the dam morning for care? How, my brother, my There Are More Than 19,000,000 of Them breaks and scolding pours forth in floods

Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house sometimes will east a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop myrrh and cassia, and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheaf of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a mag-nificent show window to a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is affablein public life and amid commercial spheres who, in a cowardly way, takes his accer and his petulance home and drops

them in the domestic circle The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest—it does not pay. Or for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock at less than the right price, lest it de-preciate the value. As at sunset the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist who at home act the Nero with respect to their slippers and their gowns.

Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil went through the forests of to bring down and to sketch the beautiful bird-, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philade phia for a few days of recreation and rest and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript, but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper. again picket up his gun and pencil au t yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcitable, who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, wift blow as long and sharp as a northeast storm.

Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent overissue of stock, and he is as ad as a bank that might hav \$400,000 or \$500,000 of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn "to show plety at home." If we have it not there we have it not asywhere. It we have not genuin grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the me is a mighty test of character. you are at home you are everywhere, wheth-

you demonstrate it or not.

Again, I remark that home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico, a long march, with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack our arms. We hang up the war cap and lay our head on the knapsack. We sleep until the morning bug e calls us to marching and action. How pleasant is it to rehearse the vic-tories and the surprises and the attacks of the day seared by the still campfire of the home circle!

Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails and hulk aleak, we put into the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! There we go for repairs in the drydock of quiet life. The can ile in the window is to the tolling man the lighthouse guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrowstake the hand

fathers as pilots at the Narrowstake the hand of ships. The doorsil of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladed.

There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charge! with self adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may expected. press affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth pilgrim! No home? Then cie. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorous than this world, with no tent from marchings, with no narbor from the storm, with no place to rest from this seeme of greed and gouge and loss and the storm of the s

be built on the safety of the home. The Christian hearthstone is the only corner stone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolu e necessity for the state, If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the state adhere. "No home" means the Goths and Vandals, means the nomads of Asia, means the Numidians of Africa. changing from place to place according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those Babels of iniquity which would overtower and destroy the home! The same storm that upsets the ship in which the fam-ily sails will sink the frigate of the constitution. Jails and penitentiaries and armies and navies are not our best defence. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling houses are the grandest monuments of safety and triumph.

No home. No republic.

Further, I remirk that home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plow, and it must be harrowed and re-harrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, Youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their hear and life will come up in after life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation all the good cheer of your life come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebulition of anger and every uncontrollable display of indignation will be fuel to their disposition twenty or thirty or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the result of it before ten years of age in his annoying affections. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a mirror. Words and deeds and example are the seed of character, and children are very apt to be the second edition of their parents. Abraham begat Isaac, so virtue is apt to go down in the ancestral line, but Herod begat Archelaus, so iniquity is transmitted. What vast responsibility comes upon parents in views of this subject!

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of vir.ue and rectitude and religion! Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light which puts gold ing like wings. Joy clapping its hands with on the gentian and spots the pansy pour into laughter. Life a tranquil lake. Pillowed your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your wails with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse" or Tinto-retto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Bather cover them, if you have pictures, with "Fhe Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and "The Children Amid Flowers, "The Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday

Night Marketing."
Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grassopper's leap and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which, from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies burtled with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream went raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mad foam, and there were nothing but simooms blowing among the hills, and there were neither tark's carol nor humming bird's thrill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bark and pauther's scream and wolf's howl only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad

men and bad women. Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christiau principle. Can it by that sister, will you answer God in the day of udgment with reference to your children?

It is a plain question, and therefore I as: In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says he will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon his name. Oh. parents, when you are dead and gone and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombs one, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family Will they take the old family Bi ble and open it and see the mark of tears and contrition and tears of consoling promise, wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? On, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your durkness? children, and you do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness an i to God, and they wander off into dissi-pation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal souls, on their deathbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you! Seated by the register or the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children? What a history—the mortal and immortal life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it of his child. nto a song or tuning it into a groan.

My mind runs back to one of the best fearly homes. Prayer, like a root over it. Peace, like an atmosphere in it. Parents, personifications of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of that earthly home long ago crumbled to dust. But shall I over forget that earthly home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun that warms it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guides him. Yes, when love has gone out on the heart's altar and memory has emptied visited again all the great forests of America its urn into forgetfulnes. Then, home of and reproduced his immortal work. And my childhood, I will forget theemy childhood, I will forget thee-the family altar of a father's impor-tunity and a mother's tenderness, the voices of affection, the funerals of our dead. Father and mother, with interlocked arms, like intertwining branches of trees, making a perpetual arbor of love and peace an kindness, then I will forget thee; then, and only then. You know, my brother, that 100 times you have been kept out of sin by memory of such a scene as I have been de-scribing. You have often had raging temptations, but you know what has held you with supernatural grasp. I tell you a man who has had such a good home as that never gets over it, and a man who has had a bad early

nome never gets over that. Again, I remark that home is a type of heaven. To bring us to that home Christ left his home. Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its more illustrious citizen was about to ab sent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach. We have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere. Many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and immensities untraveled. No world had ever hailed heaven, and beaven had never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged and that the pearly beach was crowded with those who hat come to see Him sail out of the harbor of light into the oceans beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down He sped, until one night, with only one to greet Him, he arrived. His disembarkation so unpretending, so quier, that it was not known on earth until the excitement in ition so unpretending, so quief, that it was better as pilots at the Narrowstakethe hand of ships. The doorsili of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladed.

There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charge! with self adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glor ous than this world, with no tent from marchings, with no harbor from the storm, with no place to rest from the storm marchings, with no narbor from the storm, with no place to rest from the storm marchings, with no narbor from the storm, with no place to rest from the storm marchings, with no narbor from the storm, with no place to rest from the storm marchings, with no narbor from the storm, with no place to rest from sounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even a hostile rewent out with his lautern to help thin in—that He is more to be celebrated than anyother expatriated one of earth or heaven.

At our best estate we are only pligrims and Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in holiday time to gather their children home again. But I have noticed that almost always there is a son or a daughter absent absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our heavenly Father will be when He gets all His children home with Him in heaven! And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of immortality. Once they saw only "through a glass darkly;" now it is "face to face," corruption, incorruption; mortality, mortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Rad Sea of death while they passed through

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows how! like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and enpires wither. Home! Let the world die in an earthquake struggle and be buried amid procession of plane's and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresisti-Home! No sorrow, no crying, no tears, no death, but home, sweet home; home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with angels,

One night, lying on my lounge when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp and hilarity and laughter-on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropies, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered round looking for thorns and net-tles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sur rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said, "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb

delve in the mine or swelter at the forge?" But they never put off the holiday attire. And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chanel of the great town, and I said, "Where do the poor worship, and where are the bard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was ma te me, "We have no poor in this ountry." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree and said: scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery paths and across the bright steams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them ome I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices, but then they were so gloriousloy arraye i in apparel, such as I had never before witnessed, that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hand and shouted. "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven. And I looked around, and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of giadness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing, "Home, home, home."

in the United States.

The total number of men unorganized yet States, exclusive of the Territories, is 10,-024,584, ac ording to the reports received by the Adjutant-General of the army, which have been laid before Congress. These re-ports show that the military force of the country is 112.735, of which by far the great majority are attached to the infantry branch of the service. These militiamen are divided among the States as follows: Alabama, 2453; Arkansas, 1019; California, 3770; Colorado, 1802; Connecticut, 2524; Delaware, 457; Florida, 1198; Georgia, 4588; Idaho, 613; Illinois, 6743; Indiana, 2959; Iowa, 2516; Kansas, 1655; Kentucky, 1687; Lonisiana, 2129; Maine, 1356; Maryland, 1859; Missouri, 2349; Montana, 459; Nebraska, 1330; Nevada, 371; New Hampshire, 1368; New Jersey, 4188 New York, 13,469; North Carolina, 1510; North Dakota, 523; Ohlo, 5988; Oregon, 1504; Pennsylvania, 8889; Bhole Island, 1347; South Carolina, 3734; South Dakota, 806; Tennessee, 1821; Texas, 2543; U ah, 938; Vermont, 728; Virginia, 3137; Washington, 864; West Virginia, 881; Wesconsin, 2622; Wyoming, 415; Arizona, 488; New Mexico, 433; Oklahoma, 613; Massachusetta, 5947; Michigan, 2864; Minnesota, 2009; Mississippi,

The report shows that New York State has a total number of men available for military duty of 890,000. Pennsylvania has 839,528, Onio 650,00°, California 205,000, Massachusetts 419,000, Connecticut 105,000, Maine 104,000, New Hampshire 34,000, and Vermont The naval militia force for the Territories of Arizona, New Mexico and Okla-homa, which is 1531 strong, is not included in the total of States given above, nor are their 82,8 0 men available for the military included in the grand total for the State.

THE MONETARY CIRCULATION.

The Amount of Money Has Increased by Millions in a Year.

The monthly statement of monetary cir-culation in the United States issued by the Treasury Department shows that on Fabruary I the circulation per capita was \$23.05, based on an estimated population of 72,288,-000. On that date the amount of money in circulation was \$1,665,977,689, an increase of \$76,257,081 over the amount in circulation February 1, 1895. The circulation of coin one year ago was \$499,262,686, while on February 1, 1897, it amounted to \$645,568,492,

During the month of January the increas in circulation was \$15,754,238. The gold coin in the Treasury increased \$9,461,765 during that period, while the gold builion there decreased by \$2,278,625.

Wages Increased in Japan Since the War. One of the most remarkable results of the Chino-Japanese war has been the great in-crease of wages in Japan, both skilled and ordinary. The cotton mills are driven to desperate measures to secure operatives, and one mill has gone so far as to abduct work-men and place them under guard to prevent other mills from retaliating. One Hiogo factory has built quarters for nearly 2000 men and women, who are not allowed to see outsiders or to go off the premises. The police have attempted to stop the abductions without success.

American Volunteers to Become Ministers.

Henceforth the commissioned officers of the Volunteers of America, the movement organized by Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth, will be vested with all the powers ordinarily conferred upon ministers of the Gospel. Ten officers will be ordained at once. They will have full authority, legally and morally, to perform all the rites and ceremonies in common usage, including the solemnization of matrimony, the baptism of infants and the administration of the holy sacrament.

Price of Terrapin, Maryland terrapin are now selling at \$70 PETS SPREAD DISEASE-

Many Cases of Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria and Other Maladies Traced to Cats.

A common cause of the widespread prevalence of infectious diseases has been traced to an unusual and unsuspected source. It has been found that cats and other household pets are responsible for the scattering of the microbes of contagious disease.

Household pets are in the habit ofwandering out of doors, even when the most careful vigilance is kept over them. Cats and dogs especially are in the habit of taking nocturnal excursions to garbag'-laden alleys and into the very central point of disease and ontagion. They have a peculiar penchant for making daily "calls at our neighbor's house, especially when encouraged to come for the sake of entertaining a sick child.

Cats, more particularly than dogs, on account of their more domestic habits, have long been suspected of being a partial factor in conveying infection. Physicians and students have of late begun a series of investigations wherewith to prove their well-founded suspicions. And they have inaugurated crusade against any sort of living thing in the way of a pet, to prevent incursion and excursion where their there is disease.

Careful investigation has proved that

a great part of the diphtheria prevalent

in the city and nearly all of the scarlet

fever has been traced to cats. They

not only are subject to the disease it self, but are also the means of a direct transference of microbes. But diphtheria and scarlet fever contagion has not been the sole extent of the evil. Several cases of small-pox have been reported by health officers in different parts of the county which have been brought about in the same way, that is, by a cat from an infected house bringing disease to the family of a neighbor. Another case is reported in Chicago of contagion where a rabbit was loaned as a plaything to a child with measles. Later the innocent dumb beast was sent back, carrying death in its very contact, through the thoughtlessness and ignorance of both families concerned. Innumerable cases of deadly typhus have been met with which have been induced by the same means. Yet people continue to wonder at the spread of disease, and in their criminal carelessness permit their household pets to wander about at liberty. Medical journals have been aroused, of course, by the reports of investigators, and by vigorous editorials and reports of specific cases are trying to warn the community at least against a terrible and newly unearthed evil. French publications particularly have offered their assistance in the crusade. Considerable space was given to a peculiar case of a seamstress in Paris, who, in her solitude and loneliness, was in the habit of permitting her dog to lick her face. At one time her pet, who was a large St. Bernard, remained away a whole week from the protecting roof of his mistress. On his return her joy was so unbounded that she fondled him more than ever. Suddenly she was attacked with a severe inflammation of the right eye. The cause was un-

known. Several oculists were visited and consulted, but treatment in every case was unsuccessful. The right eye became a swollen hideous mass. the sight was totally destroyed. In course of time the inflammation began to spread to the left eye, and to preent the certain fatal influence of the other eye it was cut out. Upon careful examination a hideons discovery was nade. Within the member, back of the cornen, was found a tapeworm. This the dog had probably picked up while licking some diseased and foul object when away from home, and had transferred it on his return to his mistress's cheek.

Cats and dogs are known to be indiscriminate and careless in the choice of bjects on which they exercise their ongues. Then, on account of their zeal in licking the hands and faces of their masters, great danger lies in the transmission of parasites. Contagion by this means is simple and easy, and it is marvellous that a greater amount of hideous parasitic disease has not been the result .- Unicago Times-Heraid,

White Cats and Hearing.

"Some months since I related some experiences and opinions in regard to the defect in hearing of white cats, observed a scientific man, "and as an evidence of the extended circulation of the Star, which printed those remarks, I have heard from residents in nearly every State in the Union in connection with the same. Nine-tenths of those who have written on the subject agree me that white cats are always deaf. I have ascertained, however, that many of the denials of this statement are based upon error or a misunder-standing. A white cat which has even one hair that is not white is not a white cat. The one hair changes the whole condition. White cats are also extremely rare.

"I remember some years ago Professor Bell advertised that he desired to buy some white cats for experimental purposes in this connection, for it was Professor Bell who first made the discovery that white cats are deaf. In reply to his first advertisement over 100 cats were brought him. Of the lot he rejected all but three, though each cat owner was sure that his cat was white. He soon satisfied them, however, that, while the cats were to nearly all intents and purposes white, they were not pure white, in that there were some hairs on them that were not white."-Washington Star.

De'aware's Historic Bible.

Since 1853 the Governors of Delaware have been swern into office on a Bible which possesses a rare historic interest. It is one of the original Stephenus Bibles now in existence, printed in Latin in the year 1532. The other volume is in the possession of the Societie d'Histoire in Paris, in whose soms it is kept in a glass case during the day and is locked in a fireproof safe at night.

The Delawarean treasure is kept in an old pine desk, whose lock could be forced with a penkulic. For years it served as a seat in a chair which was too low to accommodate a person sitting in front of a deck. Then it was piled up with a lot of old law reports, and not until three years ago was it placed where there was a semblance of safety. Bibliophiles regard the original Stephenus Bible as one of the rarest and most valuable volumes in the world of obsolete books.-Atlanta Con-

pach ...an s indeptedness. Every man who knows more.

thinks more deeply than another me with whom he comes into entitact on a him a debt by virtue of that very fact. Of course, he needs patience, forbearance, and tact. He must not attempt the impossible, or expect any large returns for small outlays, but be content to sow good seed as he finds opportunity, in conversation, in sympathy, in aid, in valuable hints, in lending or recomending books, sometimes, when it is welcome, in definite instruction,

If he be of a generous and sympathetic nature, he will soon find out what interests another, and, taking that as a basis, can often lead his mind to clearer and stronger thought and more accurate judgment,

Beware of Cintments for Catarrh That

Contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smelland completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage way will do is tenfold to the poor you damage view will do is tenfeld to the pool you can possibly derive from them. Hair's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., To elo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hail's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Test monials free. Sold by Druggists, price T.c. per bottle. Hail's Family Pills are the best.

By diligence and patience the mouse bi n two the cable.

CASCARTE stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never s.c.ten, weaken or grape; 10c. All things are easy industry. All things

We have not been without Pleo's Cure for Con-umption for 20 years. - LIZZIE FERREL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

It robs the world for a man of ability to

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, candy ca-tharde, fuest liver and bowel regulator made. Nobody works harder and gets less for it than the hypocrite.

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Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust. When billous or costive, eat a Cascaret, andy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c

Some girls get married just to let others know that they can. FITSstopped (recand permanently cared. N

fits after first day 's use of DR, KLINE'S GHEAT NERVER DETONOR. Free \$2 irini bott cand treat-ine. Send to Dr. Kline, 331 Arch St., Phile., P. Trust in hard work. Inscribe on your

sanner, "Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr Isaac Thom-on's Eye water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

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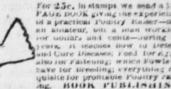


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Money in Chickens



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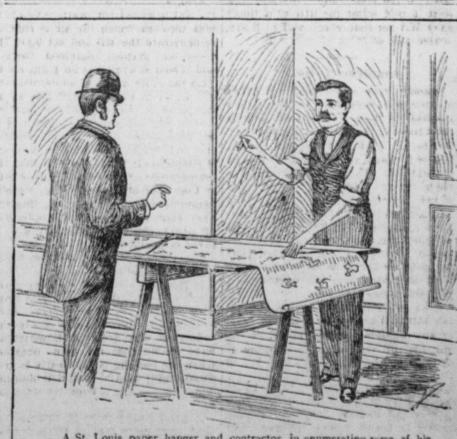
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A St. Louis paper hanger and contractor, in enumerating some of his past troubles, said: "My wife and I swear by Ripans Tabules, Many a morning I have gone to work on a job and had to quit. I can't begin to tell you all the suffering I have gone through. I lost my appethe and nearly starved myself in trying to work up a refish for food; but indipestion, dyspepsia, constitution, biliousness and headache constantly attended me. I ook bitters, tonics, pills, but they didn't cure me. My wife had also some

We started in together to take them. My appetite soon came back began to feel bully, and my wife is as well as ever she was in her life."