KEV. DR. TALMAGE.

the Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Invited to a Banquet."

Text: "Bring hither the fatted calf and kili it."-Luke xv., 23.

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity. The signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the inauguration of presidents, the soronation of kings, the Christmas, the mar-riage. However much on other days of the year cur table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving Day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time cele-brated joyful events by banquet and fesdvity. Something has happened on the old clock?' ever happened before. A favorite son whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever has got tired of sightseeing and has returned to his father's turned to his father's house the father pro-claims celebration. There is in the paddock a calf that has been kept up and fed to ut-most capacity, so as to be ready for some turned to his father's house the father pro-builderness! Come home, come home! But I notice that when the prodigal came, there was the father's joy. He did not greet occasion of joy that might come along. Ah, there never would be a grander day on the

old homestead than this day! Let the butchers do their work, and the housekeepers bring into the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the flo All the friends and neighbors are gathered in and an extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at that his long absent boy is home again.

chastised instead of greeted. Veal is too good for him!" But the father says, "Nothshadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is found! By such bold imagery

does the Bible set forth the merrymaking when a soul comes home to God. First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the pariors of our church professed Christ one night was a young man who next morning rang my door bell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel. I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigative and I came to say so."

Indee the of them, and as God is greater than all, when a soul comes back there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, all the rivers of pleasure, all the thrones of pomp and all the ages of the control of the vision of t of my prodiga ity, and I came to say so. You have seen perhaps a man running for his temporal liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you hear the judge had pardoned him, and how great was the giee of that reserved man; but it is a very tame thing, that, compared with the running for one's every eompared with the running for one's ever-lasting life, the terrors of the law after him and Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save.

You remember John Bunyan in his great after years having had to struggle to sunport his family, suddenly was informed that reverberates among the mountains of frank-a large inheritance was his, and there was a incense and is echoed back from the everjoy amounting to bewilderment, but that is lasting gates he cries, "This, my son, was a small thing compared with the experience dead, and he is alive again!" deed to the joys, the rectures, the splendors of heaven, and he can truly say, "Its man-sions are mine, its temples are mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine!" Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merrymaking. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is a jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something delightful. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to water, bright, flashing water, to the morning, reseate, fireworked, mountain

transfigured morning. I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon, and peace, and life, and comfort, and hope, and heaven, and twist them into one gariand and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage and cry, "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Amighty!" Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service! You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well Paul gave and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He arose in the presence of two churches, the church on earth and the church in heaven, and he said. "Now this is experience-sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rish; having nothing, yet possessing all things." If the people in this house knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of chol-

have never had any pain except sin!" Then they said to him, "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would.

Tell them that only last night the love of Tell them that only last night the love of the country of th "Stop, Lord, it is enough: stop, Lord-enough!" On, the joys of this Christian religion: Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging, joys of this world, into the raptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you. You have found that out. Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer and yet drowned in his own bottle. By the results of the same part of tle; Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applaud-

There is a land of pure delight. And when he came to the next line there were scores of voices singing:

Where saints immortal reign. The song was caught up all through the fields among the wounded until it was said there were at least 10,000 wounded men untiing their voices as they came to the verse:

There everlasting spring abides And never withering flowers. Tis but a narrow stream divides This heavenly land from ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by and a great religion to die by! There is only one heart throb between you and that religion. Just look into the face of your pardoning god and surrender yourself for time and for Just look into the face of your pardoning God and surrender yourself for time and for evenity, and He is yours and heaven is your and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it, wou know it. When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went torth with him, and getting him into a field, the guardian angel swept a circle around where the young man tood. It was a circle of virtue and honor and he must not step beyond that circle.

I fore the throne of God. And if these souls now present should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say "Hosannal" and another soul would say "Halleiuiah!"

Pleased with the news, the saints below In songs the tongues employ.

Beyond the skies the tidings go, and heaven is filled with joy.

armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at that circle. They could not pass. But one day a temptress, with dia-monded hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the closing bours. called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power, the strange power, which delirium sometimes gives one, she arose and stood in front of the clock and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said. "Do you see anything peculiar about that " She made no answer, but soon There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out from your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and The world said he would never come hear something you have not seen or heard The old man always said his son before, and every tick of the minute, and would come back. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now having re-

did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter. Go and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in. We have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate pro-claimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your father. I have not much sympathy with the description of God I sometimes hear, as the table and says grace, and thanks God though He were a Turkish sultan, hard Oh, how they missed him, how glad they are to have him back!

One brother stands pouting at the back door and says: "This is a great ado about nothing. This bad boy should have been charged the other with having eaten his rice."

Industry mand listening not to the eye. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and live with them. We will! We will!

From this hilltop I catch a gimpse of those hilltops where all sorrow and sighing shall and unsympathetic, and listening not charged the other with having eaten his rice. and the king said, "Then slay the man, and by post mortem examination find whether ing is good enough." There sits the young he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. man, glad at the hearty reception, but a Ah, the cruelty of a scene like that! Our God is not a sultan, not a despot, but a Father-kind, loving, forgiving-and He makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure." He says, "in the death of him that dieth." All may be saved. If a man does not get to heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the instory, no difference the antecedents, no difference the antecedents, no difference the antecedents, no difference the antecedents. no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses for Welcome, of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than upon us the vision of thy luster! An old of my prodigatity, and I came to say so." eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth you have seen perhaps a man running for and higher than all height and wider than higher than all height and wider than ing the story of a king who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold to You remember John Bunyan in his great story tells how the pilgrim put his fingers to his ears and ran, crying: "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car driver some time ago, after years having had to struggle to greater halleluiah, while with a voice that

> At the opening of the exposition in New Orleans I saw a Mexican flutist, and he A Measure to Protect the Sea Birds on played the solo, and then afterward the eight of ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in, but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestras was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God. For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said. "He will come The strain was too much and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train, its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night he was there again, watchidg the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years, waiting, waiting, watching, watching and if now the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will.

I notice also that when a prodigal comes ome there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal era, his attendant said, "Have you much said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good rousing book about the Jesus came rushing into my soul like the about their equilibrium, and they do not surges of the sea, and I had to cry out, 'Stop, Lord, it is enough: stop, Lord, down with emotion, but I confess to you down with emotion, but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God

all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on Montauk point and there was a hurricane while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry II consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, "God save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the soluted in the street, "God save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world applauds, and the come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatifude! The night after the Lattle of Shiloh, and there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier lying there a-dying under the starlight began to sing:

There is a land of pure delight.

at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks, and you saw people get ashore in the lifeboats, and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet cn the rock of mountains, visible from Brigham City. It began home, just hear the Christians sing. Just hear the Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. No long prayers, Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore. nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers. "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me, or I

Once more I remark that when the prodigal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festal. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraph chart you have no idea how many cities are connected together, and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem reticulated, and nearly files from cities to the content of th and news flies from city to city and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls

Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindle with new fire. The sinner lost is found, they sing,

And strike the sounding lyre. At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the orator, at the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror, at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher, but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's for-giveness on every hand. The robe of a Saviour's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowls of 10,000 sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven rise and with gleaming chalices drink to the return of a thousand prodigais. Sing, sing, sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end." That scene of jubilence comes out before me this moment as in a sort of picture

gallery. All heaven in pictures.

Look! Look! There is Christ. Cuyp
painted Him for earthly galleries, and Correggio and Tintoretto and Benjamin West and Dore painted Him for earthly galleries, but all those pictures are eclipsed by this masterpiece of heaven. Christ! Christ! There is Paul, the hero of the Sanbedrim, and of Agrippa's courtroom, and of Mars hill, and Nero's infamy, shaking his chained fist in the very face of teeth chattering roy-ality. Here is Joshua, the fighter of Bethoron and Gibeon, the man that postponed sundown. And here is Vashti, the man that there was the father's joy. He did not greet bim with any formal "How do you do?" He the profligacy of the Persian court unable to

ove her veil of modesty or rend it or lift it. And along the corridors of this picture gallery I find other great heroes and heroines -David with his harp, and Miriam with the cymbals, and Zechariah with the scroll, and St. John with the seven vials, and the resurrection angel with the trumpet. On farther in the corridors see the faces of our loved ones, the cough gone from the throat, the wanness gone from the cheek, the weariness gone from the limbs, the languor gone from

be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a reality! Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tyng when he stood by the casket of his dead son, whose arm had been torn off in the threshing machine, death ensuing, and Dr. Tyng, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world helped Martin Luther without one tear to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the "W." and they asked her what she supposed that letter "W" on the sky meant. "Oh," she said, "don't you know? 'W stands for 'Welcome." Oh, heaven, swing open upon us the vision of thy luster! An old writer tells us of a ship coming from French sailors who had been long from home, and as the ship came along the coast of France the men skipped the deck with glee, and they pointed to the spires of the churches where they once worshiped and to the bills where they had been been the beauty to the spires of the churches where they once worshiped and to the bills where they had played in boyho od. But when the ship came into port, and these sailors saw father and mother and wife and loved ones on the wharf, they sprang ashore and rushed up the banks into the city, and the captain had to get another crew to bring the ship to her moorings,

among the people, who sent valuable presents so heaven will after awhile come so to his courtiers, but methinks, when a soul fully in sight, we can see its towers, its mansions, its bills, and as we go into port and our loved ones shall call from that shining shore and speak our names we will spring to the beach, leaving this old stip of a world to be managed by another crew, our rough voyaging of the seas ended forever.

> NO MORE FOOLISH MURRE EGGS. the Farrallones.

At the solicitation of the commission on bird protection of the American Ornithologists' Union, of which Professor Leverett M. Loomis, of the California Academy of Sciences, is a member, the Lighthouse Board at Washington has issued a decree that the importing of the eggs of the sea birds from

The eggs of the murre, or foolish guilleot, have been shipped to the markets of San Francisco in great quantities since 1849, at which date they were almost the only fresh eggs to be had, bringing over \$1 a dozen. The birds were present in the breeding season, from May until August, on the islands in such countiess thousands that, alpersistently robbed, their numbers seemed to show no appreciable diminution. In recent years, however, naturalists have noticed the effect of the annual persecution of the vast colonies, and have feared that they might become extinct. As a result of the investigation, the prohibitive measure has been enacted.

As high as 20,000 dozen of the eggs were annually brought to market by the Greek and Italian fishermen. They are twice the size of the ordinary hen's egg, for which they are said to be an excellent substitute and they sold at retail from fifteen to twentyfive cents per dozen. During the past four or five seasons the Greeks have been driven off, and the egg industry has been carried on by the lighthouse keepers of the Farral-

VOLCANO IN GREAT SALT LAKE.

People Alarmed by Its Outbreak a Mile and a Quarter From the Shore.

The rather frequent shocks of earthquake which the section of the country about Salt Lake City, Utah, has experienced within the last few months have come to a head in the form of a volcano, which has burst out of the Great Salt Lake, a short distance south of Promontory Station, on the Central Pacific Railroad.

The volcano is right in the lake, about a mile and a quarter from the shore, and par-ties residing in the neighborhood say that the cloud of smoke rushes up into the air so high that it may be seen at a good distance,

RICH IN GOLD.

New Discoveries in the Wichita Moun-

Advices from the Wichita Mountains, in Oklahoma, are that new discoveries of both gold and sliver have caused a fresh outbreak of excitement among the prospectors who for months have been camped on the border, and renewed energy has been adopted by the United States authorities to prevent digging for gold. The marshals arrest any man they find on these lands. Old miners say that there is an area fifty miles long and half that wide as rich as any gold mines in the West. tains, in Oklahema. there is an area fifty miles long and half that wide as rich as any gold mines in the West, California not excepted. At one time twenty men were arrested by United States troops, hustled off to Fort Siil and put in the guard house. Many miners are camped on the border and many are hiding in caves in the

The Wichita Mountains are in the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indian reservations, 100 miles southeast of Perry. There are now no less than a thousand prospectors in the

Idle Money in New York. It is reported New York banks hold nearly \$55,000,000 in excess of legal requirements. SUFFERINGS AT THE FRONT.

Terrible Scenes That Followed the Battle of Cold Harbor.

"Campaigning With Grant," by General Horace Porter, running as a serial in The Century, reaches the battle of Cold Harbor in the March number. General Porter says:

The general-in-chief realized that he was in a swampy and sickly portion of the country. The malaria was highly productive of disease, and the Chicahominy fever was dreaded by all the troops who had a recollection of its ravages when they campaigned in that section of the country two years before. The operations had been so active that precautions against sickness had necessarily been much neglected, and the general was anxious, while giving the men some rest, to improve the sanitary conditions. By dint of extraordinary exertions the camps were well policed, and large quantities of fresh vegetables were brought forward and distributed. Cattle were received in much better condition than those which had made long marches and had furnished beef which was far from being wholesome. Greater attention was demanded in the cooking of the food and the procuring of better water. Dead animals and offal were buried, and more stringent regulations were enforced throughout

the entire command. What was most distressing at this time was the condition of affairs at the extreme front. No one who did not witness the sights on those portions of the line where the opposing troops were in exceptionally close contact can form an idea of the sufferings experienced. Staff officers used to work their way daily to the advance points, so as to be able to report with accuracy these harrowing scenes. Some of the sights were not unlike those of the "bloody angle" at Spottsylvania. Between the lines where the heavy assaults had been made there was in some places a distance of thirty or more yards completely covered by the dead and wounded of both sides. The bodies of the dead were festering in the sun, while the wounded were dying a torturing death from starvation, thirst, and loss of blood. In some places the stench became sickening. Every attempt to make a change in the picket line brought on heavy firing, as both sides had become nervous from long watchfulness, and the slightest movement on either front led to the belief that it was the beginning of an assault. In the night there was often heavy artillery firing, sometimes accompanied by musketry, with a view to deterring the other side from attacking, or occasioned by false rumors of an attempt to assault. The men on the advance lines had to lie close to the ground in narrow trenches, with little water for drinking purposes, except that obtained from surface drainage. They were subjected to the broiling heat by day and the chilling winds and fogs at night, and had to eat the rations that could be

A Telegraphic Test.

able discomfort ...

got to them under the greatest imagin-

How much actual time is necessary to transfer a telegraphic message from London to Valparaiso, Chili, was the question propounded by some South American editors last summer. The reply was furnished by a special communication, when an arrangement was made with the telegraph and cable companies to keep open the wires and get the telegraphic results of a recent sporting event to Valparaiso with the least possible delay at the intervening stations. Ten minutes before the message was to be sent the wires were cleared along the entire distance and all the ordinary communications through the cables were suspended. At the given astronomical time the dispatch was sent from London to Carcavellos whence the message was transferred through a submarine cable to Pernambuco, wherefrom the Brazilian coast cable conducted the message to Buenos Ayres. It was from there dispatched over the South American Transcontinental Telegraph Line and arrived at Valparaiso fifty-five seconds after leaving the London office, although the distance it had to travel in this short space of time amounted to almost 10,000 miles, and the eight words of the message had to be repeated four times.

Bear Meat.

The fact that bears bring from \$20 to \$50 each in the San Francisco meat market and that there is a lively demand for all that are sent here has moved many men who live in the foothills of all the mountain ranges to scour the hills for them and ship them hence. Cubs are taken alive, kept in pits and fed until they attain several hundred pounds in weight, when they are marketable. The carcasses usually displayed by butchers during the holiday season are of domesticated bears, as the wild bears at that season of the year are hibernating. A stall fed bear designed for the market is treated in about the same way as a hog. He will eat the same food a hog will eat and about the same quantity, and his flesh tastes very much like pork, except for a gamy flavor which it possesses. Aside from this the bear's blubber makes the finest lard, his hindquarters furnish superior hams and his ribs yield the best of bacon.-San Francisco Chronicle.

The Schreckhorn is one of the most difficult Swiss mountains, having been ascended only three times so far. The third ascent was made a few weeks ago by an Englishman and two Swiss guides.

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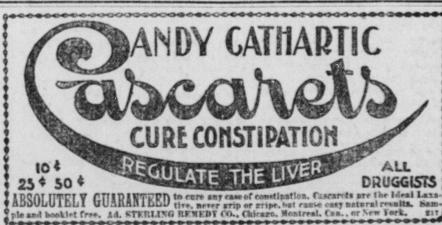
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