A Foe to Matrimony.

A crusty old bachelor declares :: at the graphophone was the only thing needed to make the state of single blessedness far preferable to the cares

and doubtful joys of matrimony. "I admit," he says, "that on a stormy night, when one does not feel like going to the club or some place of amusement, or when one is under the weather and is confined in one's own room, it is apt to be decidedly dull; one tires of books, and longs for companionship. That is to say, I used to feel in this way at times, before I bought the best graphophone that could be had for my money. Now I have only to set it going, and I am amused all the evening. I have the most charming and soothing selections played to me on the piano, snatches from the opera, and old ballads sung to me in the tenderest and sweetest voices, and a repertory that is inexhaustible, for I can always have new music when I am tired of the old. If I have a cold, I can put my feet in hot water and take a hot punch, and be entertained as well as if I had a wifeand all without the worries of a household or any danger of the sweet voice becoming fretful or complaining.

"Besides," continued the crusty old misogynist, "I can always shut it up when I want to. I wonder how many husbands could do that to their womankind!"

Vegetable Down.

The fur or vegetable down of the cat-tail is not so valuable or useful as eider down, but it approaches it closely. A great many persons are today using articles covered with cat-tail products who have no idea where the material come from, although the work of gathering and transporting the down and then weaving it into the many forms it must take before becoming salable, constitutes a considerable industry. One of the most elaborate uses to which the material is put is that of covering sofas. Very many prietary medicines, spending almost fifty of the supposed plush-covered divans are really covered with a fabric of cattail. It wears better than the plush and is infinitely cheaper. The family album which graces the centre table in the parlor of so many farmhouses is also in many instances adorned with cat-tail covers, although the housewife cannot be convinced that they are not plush. It is becoming a prevalent custom to use cat-tail fur on the back of hand mirrors and brushes, which have heretofore been backed with plush. Some say that the substitute is really proving better than the original. The head rest, too, seen on the easy chair, is often of cat-tail -and it is none the less comfortable for that.

Like a Small Torpedo A curious fruit has recently been discovered growing wild in Batavia.

PHYSICIANS BAFFLED.

Prof. R. S. Bowman, Instructor of Natural Science in Hartsville College, Cured of a Severe Illness by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pala People After Physicians Failed.

From the Republican, Columbus, Ind. Prof. R. S. Bowman, the able instructor or natural science in the famous Hartsville (Ind.) College, is well and favorably known, not only as an educator, but also as a minister of the gospel, as for a number of years he was pastor of the United Brethren church at Charlotte. Mich., before coming to Hartsville.



Some time ago he had a severe illness which was cured almost miraculously. A

reporter hearing of this, interviewed him regarding his experience. Prof. Bowman was in the midst of his work when the reporter called, but he cheerfully gave him a hearing.

"A year ago last fall," said the professor, "I broke down with nervous exhaustion, and was unable to properly attend to my duties. I tried different physicians but with no relief, and also used many different prodollars for these medicines alone. I then succumbed to a seige of the grip in the middle of winter, and was left in a much worse condition. My kidneys were fearfully disordered, and my digestion became very poor. I was indeed in a bad condition.

"A minister in conference learning of my condition advised me to tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had heard much about the wonderful curative powers of this medicine, but it was with reluctance that I was finally persuaded to try it, as it seemed that nothing could do me any good. However, I procured three boxes of pills and took them strictly according to directions. By the time the last dose was taken I was almost cured, and in better health than I had been for years. I continued using the pills awhile longer and was entirely cured. I can cheerfully recommend Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Such was Professor Bowman

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

God's Ferfect Harmony and me Discord That Was Made by Sin-The Time is Coming When the World Will Again Resound to Heavenly Harmonies. TEXT: "Who laid the cornerstone thereof,

hen the morning stars sang together?"-Job 38, 6, 7.

We have all seen the ceremony at the lay-ing of the cornerstone of church, asylum or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents, to be suggestive if, 100 or 200 years after, the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We re-member the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be con-structed. The leaves of the notebooks fluttered in the wind and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto and soprano voices commingled. They had stepped forward to greet him, and before the keyboard had stopped vibrating put his adroit hand upon the keys and changed the painful innarmony into glorious for many days been rehearsing the special programme that it might be worthy of the ornerstone laying.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of the foun-dation of this great temple of a world. The cornerstone was a block of light, and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of clouds stood the angelic choristers unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds clapped shining cymbals while the cere-mony went on, and God, the Architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated this great cathedral of a world, with mountains for pillars and sky for frescoed ceiling and flowering fields for a floor and sunrise and midnight aurora for uphol-stery. "Who laid the cornerstone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithy-ramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages, the whole heavens a gamut with all sounds, intonations, modulations, the space between the worlds a musical interval, trembling of stellar light a quaver, the thunder a bass clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things a perfect harmony.

But one day a harp string snapped in the great orchestra. One day a voice sounded out of tune. One day a discord, harsh and terrific, grated upon the glorious antiphon. It was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has been sounding through the centuries. All the work of Christians and philanthropists and reformers of all ages is to stop that discord and get all things back into the perfect har-mony which was heard at the laying of the cornerstone when the morning stars sang together. Before I get through, if I am divinely helped, I will make it plain that in is discord and righteousness harmony; that in general things are out of tune is as plain as to a musician's ear is the unhappy clash of clarinet and bassoon in an orche

tral rendering. The world's health out of tune; weak lungs and the atmosphere in collision, dis-ordered eye and noonday light in quarrel. rheumatic limb and damp weather in struggle; neuralgias, and pneumonias, and con aumptions, and epiteptics in flocks sweep he neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat, and keen eyesight, and alert ear, and easy respiration, and regular pulsation, and supple

composer's service. But one night he handed to satan a violin, on which Diabo-lus played such sweet music that the com-poser was awakened by the emotion and tried to reproduce the sounds, and there-from was written Torticits more than the second poser was awakened by the emotion and tried to reproduce the sounds, and there-from was written Tartini's most famous piece. "The Devil's Sonata." a dream in-genious, but faulty, for all melody de-scends from heaven and only discords as-cend from hell. All hatreds, feuds, con-troversies, backbitings and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fugue are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fugue, are demoniac phantasy, are grand march of loom, are allegro of perdition. But if in this world things in general are

out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to beings angelic and deific! It takes a skilled artist to fully appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execu-tion, and though there were in one bar as many offenses against harmony as could crowd in betwren the lower F of the bass and the higher G of the soprano it would give them no discomfort, while on the fore-head of the educated artist beads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the

ment, and Bach rushed past the host, who

cadence. Then Bach turned and gave salu-

But the worst of all discord is moral dis-ord. If society and the world are pain-

fully discordant to imperfect man, what

disagreement with his holiness, with his

purity, with his love, with his commands, our will clashing with his will, the finite

dashing against the infinite, the frail against the puissant, the created against the creator. If 1000 musicians, with flute

and cornet-a-piston and trumpet and vio-

loncelly, the hantboy and trombone and

does for consonance. High prices have been paid for music. One man gave \$225

to hear the Swedish songstress in New

York, and another \$625 to hear her in Bos-

ton, and another \$650 to hear her in Provi-

dence. Fabulous prices have been paid for sweet sounds, but far more has been paid

for discord. The Crimean War cost \$1,700,-000,000 and the American Civil War over

\$9,500,000,000, and the war debts of pro

000,000. The world pays for this red ticket,

which admits it to the saturnalia of broken

ones and death agonies and destroyed

tities and plowed graves and crushed

hearts, any amount of money satan asks.

But I have to tell you that the song that

the morning stars sang together at the lay-

ing of the world's cornerstone is to resound

again. Mozart's greatest overture was

the morning stars spoken of in my text

liscord! Discord!

sed Christian nations are about \$15,000.

tation to the host.

harrowing dissonance. While an amateur was performing on a piano and had just struck the wrong chord, John Sebastian Bach, the immortal composer, entered the room, and the amateur rose in embarrass-

Keep on Scratching. Dig clear into the bone and the Tetter will only be the worse. There's only one way to treat an irritated, diseased skin. Southe it. Kill the germs that cause the trouble and heal it up sound and strong. Only one thing in the world will do this—Tetterine. It's 50 cents a box at drug stores or postpaid for 50 cents in stamps by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

A porous plaster is successful because it sticks to one thing.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

must they be to a perfect God? People try to define what sin is. It seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00 at all druggists.

More folks blame the wrong man than predit the right one.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and powels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe; 10c.

all the wind and stringed instruments that ever gathered in a Dusseldorf jubilee should If a man had a hundred eyes he would resolve that they would play out of tune and put concord to the rack and make the still fall into error.

A. M. Priest. Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c. place wild with shrieking and grating and rasping sounds, they could not make such pandemonium as that which rages in a sinful soul when God listens to the play of its thoughts, passions and emotions—discord, lifelong discord, maddening discord. The world pays more for discord that it

The man who tries to see everything Goe it blind.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free Dn. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 561 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

False economy tries to fry its doughnuts water.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c.

Even the chimney sweep hates a slovenly

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children eething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-ion, allays pain, cures wind collc. 25c.a bottle.

The biggest brutes walk on two legs.

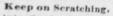
Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

composed one night when he was several times overpowered with sleep, and artists say they can tell the places in the music where he awakened. So the overture of the moving the states of the states o

Servants Who Will Not Take Tips.

The servants in a well ordered Japanese household are the most deferential beings alive. Every time they bring you a cup of tea or come to remove a dish at dinner or breakfast, they will kneel and bow until their foreheads touch the floor. Nor will any of them accept a fee. The other night, as we left the residence of the Japanese gentleman where we had been taking dinner, one of his servants piloted us through the grounds to the gate, and I attempted to give him a small coin. When I offered it, he clasped his hands together and made a very low bow, keeping his head down until the carriage started.

Water alone has been known to sustain life for fifty-five days.







Laugh

at the Sun

Drink

HIRES

Rootbeer

Keep

Well-Drink

Keep

Cool-Drink

HIRES

Rootbeer

yourthirst

MIRES

Rootbeer.



IS JUST AS COOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.

GALATIA, ILLS., NOV. 16, 1833. Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. Gentiemen: Wesold last year, 600 bottles of GBOVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly, AENEY, CARR & Co.



HOW TO BUILD ASK

WILLIAMS MFC. CO., KALAMAZOD, MICK.

rs. Most wonde

A bad habit has a hundred mouths. I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.-LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethnny, Mo., January 8, 1894. Even a horse hates to back

has been asteep, but it will awaken and be more grandly rendered by the evening stars of the world's existence than by the morning stars, and the vespers will be sweeter than the matins. The work of all G ET RICH quickly: send for "Soo Inventions Wanted." EDGAR TATE & Co. 245 B'way, N. Y. good men and women and of all good hurches and all reform associations help DRUNKARDS SAVED. to bring the race back to the original har

It appears to be a species of bean, resembling a cigar both in form and color, though only about an inch in length. But it has a peculiar characteristic which renders it a very unique facts in my case. and interesting object, and this is the exceedingly energetic manner in which it scatters its seeds. If one of these 16th day of March, 1897. little fruits be thrown into a basin of water it will rest quietly on the surface STATE OF INDIANA, 28. for from two to five minutes; then it will explode with violence, hurling most of its contents into the air with a new life and richness to the blood and renoise and splash for all the world like store shattered nerves. They are sold in a small torpedo. It is hardly neces- boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or sary to say that this phenomenon is hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for caused by the pressure of the elastic \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or substance of its interior overcoming directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medithe resistance of its hard outer shell. The curious property of explosion is given the plant for the dissemination of its seeds, which otherwise would stand a poor chance of propagating its species.

Dandelion Leaves.

Some one who has tried it says that if two or three dandelion leaves be chewed before going to bed they will induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried one may be.

Poisoned Blood These come from poi-sonous miasms arising Malaria from low marshy land and from decaying vegetable matter, which, breathed into the lungs, enter and poison the blood. Keep the blood pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and there will be little danger from malaria. The millions take

Hood's Sarsaparilla best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Mood's Pills the best family cathartic.

story, which was fully endorsed by the following affldavit:

HARTSVILLE, Ind., March 16, 1897. I affirm that the above accords with the

R. W. BOWWAY Subscribed and sworn to before me this

LIMAN J. SCUDDER, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give cine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Judicious Expenditures Cause Big Returns.

To the merchant who is happy if he can sell his goods at an increase of ten or twenty per cent. over the cost, how almost incredible must it seem that typewriting machines and bicycles, which cost from about sixteen to twenty-five dollars to manufacture, can be sold for \$100-or even \$50each?

What machines are more universally used to-day than these two, excepting the sewing machine?

How hard the merchant struggles for his ten per cent. profit while the typewriting machine and bicycle sell at a price which is from four to six times the cost of manufacture. Judicious and continous advertising has made this possible.

Fine clothes do not make the woman, but they sometimes break the husband.

Some people think they need health, hwne



tion, and steady you find 100 who have to be very careful because this or that or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune: the judgment wrongly swayed, or the memory leaky, or the will weak, or the temper in-flammable, the well balanced mind exceptional.

Domestic life out of tune: only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompata-bility of temper through the divorce courts or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife beating or husband poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within Society out of tune; labor and capital, their hands on each other's throat; spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale who are struggling to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the old pianoforte of society is all out of tune. when hypocrisy, and lying, and subterfuge, and double dealing, and sycophancy, and charlatanism, and revenge have for 6000 years been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals. On all sides there is a shipwreck of har-

nonies-nations in discord without realizing it. So wrong is the feeling of nation for nation that symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves and morning larks, we have our national sym-bol, the flerce and flithy eagle, as cruel a bird as can be found in all the ornithologi-cal catalogues. In Great Britian, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north to her blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they chose the growling bear, and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, the fabled winged scrpent, fero-clous and dreadful. And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the point of batt through the heavens and Baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle and call it Mars, after the god of war, and we give to the eighth sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature which is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But after all these symbols are expressive

I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love dry goods stores are with other dry in love dry goods stores are with other dry goods stores, and how highly grocery men think of the sugars of the grocery man on the same street, and in what a eulogistic way "allopathic and homeopathic doctors speak of each other and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument which the English call a spit on rollar with suffice on it and a spit an iron roller with spikes on it and turned by a crank before a hot fire-and then, if the minister being roasted cries out against it, the men who are turning bim say, "Hush, my brother; we are turning this spit for the glory of God and the good of your soul, and you must be quiet, while we close the service with:

"Blest be the tie that binds "Our hearts in Christian love.""

The earth is diametered and circumferenced with discord, and the music that was 'Hurled From a Runaway Buggy, But rendered at the laying of the world's cor-

cart to be attuned social life to be attuned, commercial ethics to be attuned, internationality to be atuned, hemispheres to be attuned.

The mahallions

monv.

The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. I was in the Fair-banks weighing scale manufactory of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they never had a strike! Complete harmony between

iabor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So, all the world over, abor and capital will be brought into euphony. You may have heard what is called the "Anvil Chorus," composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, now with mighty stroke and now with heavy stroke, beating a great ron anvil. That is what the world has got o come to-anvil chorus, yardstick chorus, huttle chorus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, pickax chorus, gold mine chorus, rail track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done, and it will be done; so all gial life will be attuned by the gospel

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song. But I should not wonder if, as cometimes on earth, a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with the variations; so some of the songs of the re-deemed may have been playing through them the songs of earth. And how thrill-ing, as coming through the great anthem of the saved accomposited by the source of the sou the saved, accompanied by harpers with their harps and trumpeters with their trumpets, if we should hear some of the strains of "Antioch" and "Mount Pisgah" and "Coronation" and "Lenox" and "St. Martin's" and "Fountain" and "Ariel" and 'Old Hundred!'' How they would bring to mind the praying circles and communion days, and the Christmas festivals, and the church worship in which on earth we mingled! I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we are to bid farewell to all these grand old gospel hymns which meited and raptured our souls for so many years. Now, if sin is discord and righteous-ness is harmony, let us get out of the one

and enter the other. O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubilee, and all islands of the sea join the five continents, and all But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation-dis-cord wide as the continent and bridging the seas. combine, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound only a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the cannon that ever hurled death across the nations sound forth eternal victory. And over all acclaim of earth and minstrelsy of heaven there will be heard one voice sweeter and mightier than any human or angelic voice, a voice once full of tears, but now full of triumph, the voice of

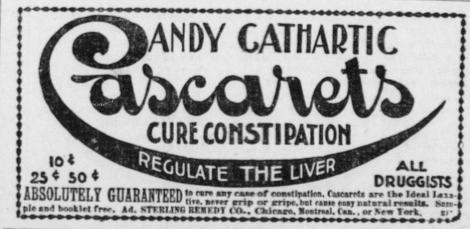
the beginning and the end, the voice of Christ saying, "I am alpha and omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then, at the laying of the top stone of the world's history, the same voices shall be heard as when, at the lay-tor of the world's corrections. "The more ing of the world's cornerstone, "the moraing stars sang together."

CAUGHT A CHILD ON THE FLY.

rendered at the laying of the world's cor-nerstone when the morning stars sang to-gether is not heard now, and though here and there from this and that part of so-ciety and from this and that part of so-ciety and from this and that part of the earth there comes up a thrilling solo of love, or a warbie of worship, or a sweet duet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth. Paul says, "The whole creation groan-eth." And while the nightingale, and the woodlark, and the canary, and the plover have been written out in musical noration, and it is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D and that the cormorant is a basso and it is found that the cuekoo sings in the key of D and that the cormorant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsman's gun and the autumnal blast often leave them ruffled and bleeding or dead in meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the prima donnas of the sky. Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with satan. the latter to be ever in the

The craving for drink is a disease, a marvellous cure for which has been discovered called "Anti-Jag," which makes the inebriate loss all taste for strong drink without knowing why, as it can be given secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like. If "Anti-Jag" is not kept by your druggist send one dollar to the Remova Chemical Co. 66 Broad-way, New York, and ft will be sent potpaid, in plain wrapper, with full directions how to give



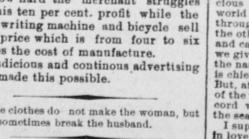




A Southern farmer, whose home is somewhat in the backwoods, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent. said: "I am 61 years old, and until I was nigh unto 50 years old I was always well and peart, then for a long while I suffered with indigestion and could not eat anything hardly at all. My daughter, who lives in the city, sent me some of

Ripans Tabules

told me how to take them, and they have completely cured me. I want you to tell everybody how I got cured, for it is a blessing to humanity.'



erally they only need energy.