

**A Foe to Matrimony.**

A crusty old bachelor declares that the graphophone was the only thing needed to make the state of single blessedness far preferable to the cares and doubtful joys of matrimony.

**PHYSICIANS BAFFLED.**

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



PROF. R. S. BOWMAN.

Some time ago he had a severe illness which was cured almost miraculously. A reporter hearing of this, interviewed him regarding his experience.

"A year ago last fall," said the professor, "I broke down with nervous exhaustion, and was unable to properly attend to my duties."

"A minister in conference learning of my condition advised me to try 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."

"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 \$50 each?"

"I suppose you have noticed how warmly 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 and complimentary way doctors and lawyers speak of each other and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument with the English call a spit—an iron roller with spikes on it and turned by a crank before a hot fire—when, if the minister being roasted cries out against it, the men who are turning him say, 'Hush, my brother, we are turning the 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 dismembered and circumferenced with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's cornerstone when the morning stars sang together is not heard now, and though here and there from this and that part of society and from this and that part of the earth there comes up a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet duet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth."

**REV. DR. TALMAGE.**

**The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.**

God's perfect harmony and its discord that was made by sin—The Time is Coming When the World Will Again Resort to Heavenly Harmonies.

"Who laid the cornerstone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"—Job 38, 6, 7.

We have all seen the ceremony at the laying 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.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of a foundation of this great temple of a world. The cornerstone was a block of light, and the trowel was of celestial crystal.

The world's health out of tune; weak lungs and the atmosphere in collision; disordered eyes and light in quarrel; rheumatic limb and damp weather; neuralgias and pneumonias, and epilepsies in flocks sweep the neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person who sounds as if he were eyesight, and alert ear, and easy respiration, and regular pulsation, and supple limb, and prime digestion, and steady mind, you find one who has to be very careful because this is not the other physical function is disordered."

On all sides there is a shipwreck of harmonies—nations in discord without realizing it. So wrong is the feeling of respect 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 symbol, the fierce and filthy eagle, as a crest. A bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where the bold and noble falcon, their symbol, is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north to her blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, it is the growling bear, and in the world, the fabled winged serpent—a dragon, the fabled winged serpent—a dragon, 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 sign 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 feared for its deadly sting.

But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation—discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas.

I suppose you have noticed how warmly 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 and complimentary way doctors and lawyers speak of each other and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument with the English call a spit—an iron roller with spikes on it and turned by a crank before a hot fire—when, if the minister being roasted cries out against it, the men who are turning him say, 'Hush, my brother, we are turning the 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.'"

composer's service. But one night he handed to stand a violin, on which Diaboli played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion and tried to reproduce the sounds, and thereupon was written Tartini's most famous piece, "The Devil's Sonata," a dream ingenious, but faulty, for all its melody descends from heaven and all its discords ascend from hell. All hatreds, feuds, contentions, backbitings and revenges are the devil's sonatas, are Diaboli fugues, are demonic phantasies, are grand marches of doom, 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 divine! It takes a skilled artist to fully appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution, and though there were one bar as many offenses against harmony as could crowd in between the lower F of the base and the higher G of the soprano it would strike them no discordant, while on the forehead of the educated artist heads of dissonance would stand out as a result of the 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 embarrassment, and Bach rushed past the host, who stepped forward to greet him, and before the keyboard had stopped vibrating put his adroit hand upon the keys and changed the painful inharmonium into glorious cadence. Then Bach turned and gave salutation to the host.

But the worst of all discord is moral discord. If society and the world are painfully discordant to imperfect man, what 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 disagreement with his holiness, with his purity, with his love, with his commands, our will his will, his will his will, the finite stroke of light after the infinite war of dashing against the infinite God, a clash against the pulsant, the created against the creator. If 1000 musicians, with flute and corset-piston and trumpet and violin, and the harp, and the organ, and all the wind and stringed instruments, ever gathered in a Dusseldorf jubilee should resolve that they would play out of tune and play with shaking 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 notes. The passions and emotions—discord, lifelong discord, mad as the mad, mad as the world pays more for discord than it does for consonance. High prices have been paid for music. One man gave \$225 to hear the Swedish songstress in New York, and another \$225 to hear her in Boston, and another \$650 to hear her in Providence. Fabulous prices have been paid for sweet sounds, but far more has been paid for discord. The Grimman War cost \$1,700,000,000 and the American Civil War cost \$9,500,000,000, and the war debts of professed Christian nations are about \$15,000,000,000. The world pays for this red tincture, which admits it to the saturation of broken bones and death agonies and destroyed cities and plowed graves and crushed hearts, any amount of money satan asks.

Discord! Discord! But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang together at the laying of the world's cornerstone is to resound again. Mozart's greatest overture was 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 morning stars spoken of in my text has been composed, but it will 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 good men and women of all good churches and all reform associations help to bring the race back to the original harmony. The rebellious heart to be attuned, the nervous system to be attuned, the mind to be attuned, commercial ethics to be attuned, internationality to be attuned, hemispheres to be attuned.

The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. I was in the Fairbanks, Alaska, machinery factory of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they never had a strike! Complete harmony between labor 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, labor and capital will be brought into harmony. You may have heard what is called the "Avalch Chorus," composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, now with mighty stroke and iron anvil. That is the world has got to come to—avalch chorus, yardstick chorus, shuttle chorus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, pickaxe chorus, gold mine chorus, rail track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done, and it will be done; so all mortal 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 sometimes on earth, a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with variations; so some of the songs of the redeemed may have been playing through them the songs of earth. And how thrilling, as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harpers with their harps and trumpeters with their trumpets, if we should bear some of the strains of "Hoch" and "Mount Pisgah" and "Coronation" and "Lenox" and "St. Martin's" and "Fountain" and "Ariel" and "Mid Hundred!" How they would bring to mind the praying circles and communion 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 the grand old hymns which have melted and captured our souls for so many years. Now, if sin is discord and righteousness 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 the musical instruments of all nations combine and all the organs that ever sounded requiems of sorrow sound one 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 acclamation 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 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 laying of the world's cornerstone, "the morning stars sang together."

**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.

Keep on Scratching. Dig clear into the home and the Tetter will only be the worse. There's only one way to treat an irritated, diseased skin. Soothe 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 25 cents a box at drug stores or postpaid for 50 cents in stamps by J. T. Sipsprine, Savannah, Ga.

No-To-Tac for Fifty Cents. Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Tac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, rakes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00 at all druggists.

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

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or grip. 10c.

If a man had a hundred eyes he would still fail to see error.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of us satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

The man who tries to see everything goes blind.

Fits permanently cured. Nerve or nervous system restored. \$2 trial bottle and treatment free. Dr. R. H. BLINK, Ltd., 501 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

False economy tries to fry its doughnuts in water.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret. Candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c.

Even the chimney sweeping hates a slovenly wife.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 35c. a bottle.

The biggest brutes walk on two legs.

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

A bad habit has a hundred mouths.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Hall's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., January 8, 1894.

Even a horse hates to back.

GET RICH quickly, send for "100 Inventions Wanted." EDGAR TATE & Co., 56 E. 1st St., N. Y.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED. The craving for drink is a disease, a mania, a cure for which has been discovered called "Anti-Drug," which makes the ignorant lose all taste for strong drink without knowing why, as it can be given secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like. If "Anti-Drug" is not kept by your druggist send one dollar to the Remova Chemical Co., 60 Broadway, New York, and it will be sent postpaid in plain wrapper, with full directions how to give secretly. Information mailed free.

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Laugh at the Sun Drink HIRES Rootbeer. Keep Cool-Drink HIRES Rootbeer. Keep Well-Drink HIRES Rootbeer. Quenches your thirst HIRES Rootbeer.

GROVES MAKES CHILDREN AS FAT AS PIGS. TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts. GALATIA, ILLS., NOV. 16, 1893. Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. Gentlemen—We sold last year, 600 bottles of GROVES' 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, ARNETT, CARE & Co.

SILOS HOW TO BUILD ASK WILLIAMS MED. CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH. WONDER TUBE showing X-RAY effect, without electricity mirrors. Most wonderful illustration. Sample and Catalog, 10c. by mail. Va. Novelty Bureau, Norfolk, Va. EN 22

ANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION. 10c. 25c. 50c. ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.



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 eight up to 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."

**Poisoned Blood Malaria**

These come from poisonous miasms arising 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.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

The best in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the only relief in every respect.—JOHN F. ASHLEY, Pelican, La., July 19, 1895.



**WEIGHTY WORDS FOR AYER'S PILLS.**