

# Carpets

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**Julius Hines & Son,**  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
Please mention this paper.

### KILLED BY FRIGHT.

**A Rattler, Coiled in This Man's Lap, Caused His Death.**

One of the most remarkable incidents of death by fright that I ever came across, says a traveler, happened in Mexico several years ago, when I was making a trip through the upper portion of the republic on horseback. We had in the crowd a couple of Mexicans, who did the camp work and cooked for the party, which included besides myself a couple of friends. One evening one of the Mexicans was absent for several hours from the camp, and I started out to find him. I went into the brush in the direction I had seen the fellow go, and I had not walked more than a quarter of a mile before I caught sight of Manueño, that has his name, reclining in a comfortable manner against the trunk of a small mesquite bush. As I drew nearer I was surprised to see the fellow's face set in a fearful stare, just as if he might have seen a ghost. My astonishment was considerably accentuated when I observed coiled in Manueño's lap, a large rattler. The snake was swaying its head in a languorous manner, hissing slightly, but not rattling. It had not seen me as yet. I took out my pistol with a purpose of killing the snake, as had a marksman as I was, and I dared not make a noise for fear the snake would bury its fangs in the flesh of the Mexican. I crept toward the pair. There was a sudden cessation in the hissing, and the head swayed no more. It had heard me. There was a sudden uncoiling of its folds, and before I could shoot the rattler slipped off the lap of Manueño and disappeared. The Mexican still gazed into vacancy with the same stare of horror I had first noticed. I put my hand upon his shoulder and there was no response. He was dead—actually, as it turned out, killed by fright. He must have gone to sleep, and while slumbering the rattler had crawled from the bush into his lap. Awakened, the unfortunate man must have seen the snake before he moved and, held, fascinated by the gaze of the reptile, and realizing that to move must be death, he stood the strain until the horror had killed him.

### The Likeness of Christ.

It is not merely by watching the life of Christ as illustrated by His actions, or His principles set forth by His words, that we gain likeness to Him. There is a strange power in personality to affect the features. The child grows to be like the woman he constantly watches. He may or may not make a conscious effort for that likeness, but the likeness comes. People of larger growth, maturer, more independent development, are often strangely drawn by constant contact into likeness to one another, without so much as a thought of the process. John says: "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." What we need here is to see Christ—see Him, not merely as He was, but as He is, and we shall find the likeness taking hold upon us and fashioning us into itself.

### The Answer of Prayer.

The answer of prayer stands knocking at the door of the prayer meeting in Acts 12: 13. That was too unexpected an occurrence for the assembly of believers. They avowed that the maid bearing the information was either crazy or had seen a ghost. How surprised faithful Christians often are if a prayer is really heard. Answers to prayer are recounted with unending exclamation marks, whereas answer of true prayer ought to be considered the most natural experience in God's universe. Much praying is a mere performance. A farmer coming to town read at a physician's door, "Please pull the bell." He pulled until a head was poked out of the window inquiring, "Well?" "Oh, I've read the sign and thought it no more than polite to pull," was his response. The only response that could perhaps be given by many who feel themselves called upon in the Bible to pray. They do not read that the young Pharisee transacted many a prayer before heaven said of him, "Behold, he prayeth." Their arrows shoot heavenward have plenty of feather but no point. They do not spread the fleece like Gideon, for the dew to descend upon.—F. W. C. Meyer.

### A Good Reason.

"Yes, I've given up Mildred."  
"A quarrel?"  
"Oh, no. Some idiot is fitting up an oyster parlor just around the corner from her home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Women are classed as the weaker sex, but they are full-fledged Samsons when it comes to getting the best of a man.

## REV. DR. TALMAGE,

### The Eminent Washington Divisor's Sunday Sermon.

Story of the Three Taverns—The Run Wrought by Liquor—Crimson Wave of Dissipation Has Destroyed More Sailors Than the Ocean—Mankind's Curse.

TEXT: "They came to meet us as far as Appol Forum and the Three Taverns."—Acts xviii, 15.

Seventeen miles south of Rome, Italy, there was a village of unfortunate name and bibulous suggestion. A tavern is a place of entertainment, and in our time, part of the entertainment is a provision of intoxicants. One such place you would think would have been enough for that Italian village. Not there were three of them, with doors open for entertainment and obfuscation. The world has never lacked stimulating drinks. You remember the condition of Noah on one occasion, and of Abigail's husband, Nabal, and the story of Belshazzar's feast, and Benhadad, and the new wine in old bottles, and whole paragraphs on prohibition enactment here is known to them. All we know of that village is that it had a profusion of inns—the Three Taverns. Paul did not choose any one of these taverns as the place to meet his friends. He certainly was very abstemious, but they made the selection. He had enlarged about keeping the body under, though once he prescribed for a young theological student a stimulating cordial for a stomachic disorder; but he told him to take only a small dose—"a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

One of the worst things about these Three Taverns was that they had special tentation for those who had just come ashore. People who had just landed at Actium or Puteoli were soon tempted by these three hotels, which were only a little way from the beach. Those who are disordered of the sea (for it is a physical disorganizer), instead of waiting for the gradual return of physical equipoise, are apt to take artificial means to brace up. Of the one million sailors now on the sea, how few of them coming ashore will escape the Three Taverns! After surviving hurricanes, cyclones, icebergs, collisions, many of them are wrecked in harbor. Warrant that if a calculation were made of the comparative number of sailors lost at sea and lost ashore, those drowned by the crimson wave of dissipation would far outnumber those drowned by the salt water.

Alas! that the large majority of those who go down to the sea in ships should have twice to pass the Three Taverns, namely: Before they go out and after they come in. There was what aroused Father Taylor, the great sailors' preacher, at the Sailors' Bethel, Boston, and at a public meeting at Charlestown he said, "All the machinery of drunkard-making, soul-destroying business is in perfect running order, from the low grog holes on the docks, kept open to ruin my poor sailor boys, to the great establishments in Still House Square, and when we ask men what is to be done about it, they say 'you can't help it,' and yet there is Bunker Hill, and you say you can't stop it; and yet we are Lexington and Concord." We might answer Father Taylor's remark by saying, "The trouble is not that we can't stop it, but that we won't stop it."

We must have more generations slain before the world will fully wake up to the evil. That which templer, the traders of old who came up from the seaport of Actium and Puteoli is now the ruin of seafaring men as they come up from the coasts of all the continents, namely, the Three Taverns.

There are streets in some of our cities where there are three or four taverns on every block; and where every other house is a tavern. You can take the Arabic numeral of my text, the three, and put on the right hand side of it one cipher, and two ciphers, and four ciphers, and that reinforcement of numerals will not express the statistics of American rumrunners. Even if it were a good, healthy business, supplying a necessary, an article superbly nutritious, it is a business mightily overdone, and there are three taverns where there ought to be only one.

The fact is, there are, in another sense, Three Taverns now; the gorgeous tavern for the affluent, the medium tavern for the working classes, and the tavern of the slums, and they stand in line, and many people beginning with the first, come down, through the second, and come out at the third. At the first of the three taverns, the wines are of celebrated vintage, and the whiskeys are said to be pure, and they are quaffed from cut glass, at marble side-tables, under pictures approaching masterpieces. The patrons pull off their kid gloves, and hand their silk hats to the waiter, and put the back of their hand on a hand on an finger of which is a cameo.

But those patrons are apt to stop visiting that place. It is not the money that a man pays for drinks, for what are a few hundred or two thousand dollars to a man of a good income; but his brain gets touched, and that unbalances his judgment, and they can see fortunes in enterprises uncharged with disaster. In longer or shorter time they change taverns, and they come down to tavern the second, where the pictures are not quite so scrupulous of suggestion and the small table is rougher and the castor standing on it is of German silver and the air has been kept over from the night before and that which they sip from the pewter mug has a larger percentage of benzine, ambergris, croton, benzene, styrene, prussic acid, cocculus indicus, plaster of paris, coppers, and nightshade. The patron may be seen almost every day, and perhaps many times the same day, at this tavern the second, but he is preparing to graduate. Brain, liver, heart, nerves, are rapidly giving way. That tavern the second has its dismal echo in his business destroyed and family scattered and words that choke one's vocabulary. Time passes on, and he enters tavern the third; a red light outside, a bleeching and besotted group inside. He will be dragged out of doors about 2 o'clock in the morning and left on the sidewalk, because the bartender wants to shut up. The poor victim has taken the regular course in the college of degradation. He has his diploma written on his swollen, bruised, and blotched physiognomy. He is a regular graduate of the Three Taverns. As the police take him up and put him in the ambulance the wheels seem to rattle with two rolls of thunder, one of which says, "Look, not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The other thunder roll says, "All drunkards shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and with brimstone."

I am glad to find in this scene of the text that there is such a thing as declining successfully great Tantalian temptations. I can see from what Paul said and did after he had traveled the following seventeen miles of his journey, that he had received no damage at the Three Taverns. How much he was tempted I know not. Do not suppose that he was superior to temptation. That particular temptation has destroyed many of the grandest, noblest, noblest statesmen, philosophers, heroes, clergymen, apostles of law and medicine and government and religion. Paul was not physically well under any circumstances; it was not in mock deception that he said he was "in bodily presence"

weak." It seems that his eyesight was so poor that he did his writing through an amanuensis, for he mentions it is something remarkable that his shortest Epistle, the one to Philemon, was in his own penmanship, saying, "That some will write with my own hand." He had been thrown from his horse, he had been stoned, he had been endangered, he had had his nerves pulled on by preaching to an audience of all the earth, and at Corinth to the most brilliantly profligate assemblage, and been howled upon by the Ephesian workmen, he had tried for his life before Felix, charged by Festus with being insane, and crawled up on the beach, drenched in the shipwreck, and much of the time had an iron handcuff on his wrist, and if any man needed stimulus, Paul needed it, but with all his physical exhaustion, he got past the Three Taverns undamaged, and stepped into Rome all ready for the tremendous ordeal to which he was subjected. Oh! How many mighty men, feeling that they must brace up for extraordinary service, and prepare themselves for other service, have called on the spirit world for inspiration, and in a few years have been sacrificed on the altar of a Moloch, who sits on a throne of human carcasses. Shall I call the names of fifty of the victims, all of them illustrious in American history? No! It would not be wise, or kind, or Christian to call their names in public, but you call them out of your own memory. Oh, how many splendid men could not get past the Three Taverns, some good and some bad, some of our world, and he built an invisible cauldron of temptation. He built that cauldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First he scooped into the cauldron the juices of the forbidden fruit of paradise; then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemisphere; then he poured into this cauldron opium and logwood and arsenic and battery and vitriol and opium and rum and murder and sulphuric acid and theft and potash and cochineal and red carrots and poverty and death and hope. But was a place to meet his friends. He certainly was very abstemious, but they made the selection. He had enlarged about keeping the body under, though once he prescribed for a young theological student a stimulating cordial for a stomachic disorder; but he told him to take only a small dose—"a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

But what a glad time when the world comes to its last Three Taverns for the sale of wine. Now there are so many of them that statistics are only a more or less accurate guess as to their number. We sit with half-closed eyes and undisturbed nerves and hear that in 1873 in the United States there were 1864 breweries, 4360 distilleries, and 171,652 retail dealers, and that possibly by this time these figures may be truthfully doubled. The fact is that these establishments are innumerable, and the discussion is always disheartening, and the impression is abroad that the plague is so mighty and universal it can never be cured, and the most of sermons on this subject, I have written out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts, I have dined on more soups, than any other emissary of desolation. Champion said "I. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

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The world's annual brew of beer is more than 17,700,000,000 quarts. Germany leads with 5,000,000,000 quarts; the United Kingdom is second, with 1,900,000,000 quarts, and the United States third, with 3,200,000,000 quarts. Russia is at the foot of the list, with about 400,000,000 quarts. Vodka is more to the taste of the Cossack.

Last year the only four States that produced asphaltum were California, Colorado, Texas and Utah. Indian Territory also contributed some.

### ALASKA FISH.

They Are Used for Food, Light and Heat by the Natives.

A species of fish abounds in the waters of Alaska that are useful both as food and fuel. They are taken in immense quantities with nets and lines. After being caught they are dried and stored away until the long winter months arrive, when it gets dark early and the Alaskan is snowed up. Here comes an opportunity for using them. Not a bit at a loss for light, the Alaskan takes one of these dried fish, inserts its tail into a crack in his rough wooden table and lights its nose. The fish burns with a bright and steady light of about three candle power, giving a clear, white light and a very considerable amount of heat. A fairly large fish will burn for a period of three hours.

The scientific explanation is extremely simple. The vertebrae which form the backbone of the fish are found to be largely formed of phosphorus, which not only causes it to ignite easily, but also accounts for the strength of the flame and the heat developed. The substance of the fish, which consists so largely of fat, acts as a retarder to the rapid burning of the vertebrae in precisely the same way as the tallow acts in an ordinary candle. The fat of the fish is largely composed of stearine, which is also the chief chemical constituent of the tallow used for making candles, and which gives them their firmness and consistency.

Valuable as is the fish for its light-giving properties, it also has its value as a food. If necessary it can be eaten after having been used as a candle. It then being simply smoked, or it can be boiled or cooked in the ordinary manner. In whichever way it is treated, to a hungry man it serves as a very welcome and appetizing dish. In flavor it is much like the smelt, having the same sweet taste, but is much fatter.

Still another use to which it can be put is as a substitute for cod liver oil, which, if taken in sufficient quantity, by adding the natural heat of the body, proves an excellent protective against the severe cold. The oil is obtained from the fish by immersing them in cold water and squeezing the product obtained being almost equal in quality to the genuine cod liver oil.

Whenever a new Archbishop of Canterbury is appointed he has to pay out nearly \$4,500 in fees before he can be "enthroned." Some of the recipients of this tax are the officials of the board of green cloth, the gentleman usher of the black rod and other similarly obsolete and useless functionaries.

### DRUNK

THE RECORDS SHOW CURES BY THE USE OF ST. JACOBS OIL OF RHEUMATISM OF CHRONIC CRIPPLES, AND OF BED-RIDDEN INFLAMMATORY CASES. THERE'S NO DENYING, IT CURES.



Rudyard Kipling's thrilling new story, "The Burnish of the Sarah Sands," will appear exclusively in The Companion during 1898.

### Gold Embossed Calendar Free to New Subscribers.

This Calendar is published exclusively by The Youth's Companion and could not be sold in Art Stores for less than \$1.00. It consists of three folding parts, each a true reproduction of charming group pictures. FREE to NEW SUBSCRIBERS who will cut out this slip and send it at once, with name and address, and \$1.75 will receive the Companion every week from the time subscription is received till January 1, 1898. FREE—Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers. FREE—The Companion Art Calendar for 1898, a production superior to any of the famous pieces of Companion art—each of previous years. It is a beautiful ornament and a ready gift. Size 10 x 24 in. Free to New Subscribers. And The Companion Fifty-Two Weeks, a Full Year, to January 1, 1898. If

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 Columbus Avenue, BOSTON, MASS.

The Parthenon. The Parthenon, at Athens, is virtually in ruins and likely to tumble down if another earthquake occurs before certain repairs are made. An immense scaffold of American timber now props up the entire entablature and prevents collapse of the building.

### WHAT MAN DOES NOT LOVE BEAUTY?

Mrs. Pinkham Counsels Young Wives to Keep Their Attractiveness. A Letter From a Young Wife.

Seven-eighths of the men in this world marry a woman because she is beautiful in their eyes. What a disappointment then to see the fair young wife's beauty fading away before a year passes over her head! I feel as if I would like to say to every young woman who is about to be married— "Strengthen yourself in advance, so that you will not break down under the new strain on your powers." Keep your beauty, it is a precious possession! Your husband loves your beauty, he is proud to be seen in public with you; try to keep it for his sake, and your own.

The pale cheeks, the dark shadows under the eyes, the general drooping of the young wife's form, what do they mean? They mean that her nerves are falling, that her strength is going and that something must be done to help her through the coming trials of maternity. Build her up at once by a course of some tonic with specific powers. Such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You can get it at any druggist's. Following we publish by request a letter from a young wife—of her own accord she addresses it to her "suffering sisters," and while from modesty she asks to withhold her name, she gives her initials and street number in Chambersburg, Pa., so she can easily be found personally or by letter:

"To My Suffering Sisters—Let me write this for your benefit, telling you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I am but nineteen and suffered with painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, dizziness, burning sensation back of ears and on top of my head, nervousness, pain and soreness of muscles, bearing-down pains, could not sleep well, was unable to stand without pain, and oh! how I longed to be well!

One day I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham telling her all, knowing I could do so in perfect confidence. She wrote me a lovely letter in reply, telling me exactly what to do. After taking nine bottles of the Compound, one box of Liver pills, and using one-half package of Sanative wash, I can say I am cured. I am so happy, and owe my happiness to none other than Mrs. Pinkham.

Why will women suffer when help is near? Let me, as one who has had some experience, urge all suffering women, especially young wives, to seek Mrs. Pinkham's advice.—Mrs. R. S. E., 115 E. Catherine St., Chambersburg, Pa.

# Out Door Days

Cool, bracing cycling weather, tonic of the open air, golden sunshine to paint away the blues—buy a Columbia now and keep in good trim all winter. No time like the present—no bicycle so good as the Columbia. Hartford bicycles, next best.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

### TEACHERS WANTED!

UNITED TEACHERS' AGENCIES OF AMERICA. REV. L. D. BASS, D. D., MANAGER. There are thousands of positions to be filled in the school system, caused by resignation, death, etc. We have over 8,000 vacancies during the past season. Unqualified facilities for raising teachers in every part of the U. S. and Canada. Use telegraph or write to a dress all applications to Pittsburg, Pa.

### Rudyard Kipling,

the famous story-writer, is only one of many celebrated contributors engaged to write for the next volume of

# The Youth's Companion

For all the Family. 52 Times A Year.

To show the varied strength and charm of The Companion's original features for 1898, we give the following partial list of

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FREE to NEW SUBSCRIBERS who will cut out this slip and send it at once, with name and address, and \$1.75 will receive the Companion every week from the time subscription is received till January 1, 1898. FREE—Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers. FREE—The Companion Art Calendar for 1898, a production superior to any of the famous pieces of Companion art—each of previous years. It is a beautiful ornament and a ready gift. Size 10 x 24 in. Free to New Subscribers. And The Companion Fifty-Two Weeks, a Full Year, to January 1, 1898. If