To Ward Off Lions.

In a recent lecture the German traveler Prof. Peehuel-Loeschke declared that the danger from attacks by wild animals in the African deserts and elsewhere was greatly exaggerated, and that the best weapon against attack was an umbrella, which would ward off any lion or tiger.

Rubber Necks.

Mrs. Church—I believe that new hat of Mrs. Pughe's has turned her head.

Church—Not nearly so much as it has other women's.—Up To Date.

Three Good Things.

Three good things about Tetterine, besides the one great, good fact that it cures, are that it is painless, harmless and has no bad odor. It is the only sure cure for Tetter, Ringworm, Eczema. Cures them so they stay cured. No matter how long you have had them, 50 cents gets a box at druggists, or by mail for 50 cents in cash or stamps from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Glass was early known. Glass beads were found on the bodies of mummies over 3000 years old.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
☞ Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In St. Petersburg no outdoor musical performances are permitted.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The distance of the earth from the sun is about 3,000,000 miles less in December than it is in June.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

If a man has kin it is equivalent to having troubles.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A dollar in a man's pocket is worth ten that he owes.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Abbott, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

CATARRH CURED

Troubled For Two Years and Health Very Poor.

"I was troubled with catarrh for two years and my health became very poor. I heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla that I decided to try it and after taking a few bottles I was entirely cured." A. H. McDermmot, 85 Bolton St., Marlboro, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. Price 25c.

David's Power as a Poet.

When the peerage book of earth's kings is finally made up the pages will include the name of this minstrel shepherd boy, who passed quickly from the sheep's cote to the king's palace and took his place among the immortals. The strangely checkered career of this chivalrous youth reminds us of Scotland's hero, Robert Bruce, and also of Robert Burns, the people's poet. Gifted with a strangely rich and lovable nature, this youth moved among men with that irresistible fascination that only the greatest possess. He enters the scene the child of innocence and all sweet song. Soon, aided by his flute, he sang his way into the king's heart, and like a sunbeam passed into the gloomy palace. When a few months had gone by the boy was the champion of the army, the idol of the people, the dearest friend of Jonathan, and then, with a single leap, bounded into the throne itself. By reason of his self-reliance and prudence, his boldness in attack and courage in defense, David has been called the greatest of the Jewish kings. But now that long time hath passed, we all do see that he has his fame, not because he was a king and born leader of men, but because he was a poet and sang of human life with all its pathos and mystery. Centuries ago his granite crumbled, his works became dust, but his sweet psalms and songs do still abide.

Immeasurable the debt that civilization owes to this youth, whose songs have consoled man's sorrows, refined his griefs and exalted all human life. Be the reasons what they may, the influence of generals, statesmen and inventors is less deep and abiding than the influence of those poets who have sung of love and grief, of war and of the shepherd care of God. The generations go forward, following the leadership of those who sing of liberty and love, of joy and grief and death. Happy those to whom it is given to write the songs with which the mother soothes her child, with which the hero inspires his hosts.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

A lost opportunity seldom finds its way back.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

It doesn't cost much, yet it adds wonderfully to the looks. It is youth for a few cents. No gray hair. No dandruff.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

God Among the Stars—Our Own World, the Smallest of Them All, Was Selected as the Theatre For Sin and Sorrow as an Awful Example to Others.

TEXT: "It is He that buildeth His stories in the heaven."—Amos, ix., 6.

This is first-rate poetry from Amos, the herdsman. While guarding his flocks at night, he got watching the heavens. He saw stars above stars, and the universe seemed to him like a great mansion many stories high, silver room above silver room, silver pillars besides silver pillars, and windows of silver and doors of silver, and turrets and domes of silver rising into the immensities, and the prophet's sanctified imagination walks through that great silver palace of the universe, through the first story, through the second story, through the third story, through the twentieth story, through the hundredth story, through the thousandth story, and realizing that God is the architect and carpenter and mason of all that upheaved splendor, he cries out in the words of the text, "It is He that buildeth His stories in the heaven."

The fact is that we have all spent too much time on one story of the great mansion of God's universe. We need occasionally to go upstairs or downstairs in this mansion; downstairs, and in the cellar study the rocks, or upstairs and see God in some of the higher stories, and learn the meaning of the text when it says: "It is He that buildeth His stories in the heaven."

"Astronomy was born in Chaldea. Its mother was Astrology, or the science of foretelling events by juxtaposition of stars. The Orientals, living much out of doors and in a very clear atmosphere, through which the stars shone especially lustrous, got the habit of studying the night heavens. In the hot seasons caravans journeyed chiefly at night, and that gave travelers much opportunity of stellar information. On the first page of the Bible the sun and moon and stars roll in. The sun, a body nearly three million miles in circumference and more than twelve thousand times as large as our earth; the moon, more than two thousand miles in diameter. But God is used to doing things on such an omnipotent scale that he takes only one verse to tell of this solar and lunar manufacture. Yea, in three words all the other worlds are thrown in. The record says, "The stars also." It takes whole pages for a man to extol the making of a telescope or microscope or a magnetic telegraph or a threshing machine, or to describe a fine painting or statue, but it was so easy for God to hang the celestial upholstery that the story is compassed in one verse: 'God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night. The stars also!' Astronomers have been trying to call the roll of them ever since, and they have counted multitudes of them passing in review before the observatories built at vast expense, and the size and number of those heavenly bodies have taxed to the utmost the scientists of all ages.

But God finishes all He has to say about them in three words, "The stars also!" That is Mars, with its more than fifty-five million square miles, and Venus, with its more than one hundred and ninety-one millione square miles, and Saturn, with its more than nineteen billion square miles, and Jupiter, with its more than twenty-four billion square miles, and all the planets of our system of more than seventy-eight billion square miles, and these stars of our system, when compared with the stars of the other systems, as a handful of sand compared with all the Rocky Mountains and all the Alps. "The stars also!" For brevity, for ponderosity, for splendor, for suggestiveness, for sublimity piled on sublimity, these words excel all that human speech ever uttered or human imagination ever soared after; "The stars also!" It is put in as you write a postscript—something you thought of afterward—as hardly worth putting into the body of a letter. "The stars also!" Oh, what a God we have, and He is our Father!

Read on in your Bibles, and after awhile the Bible flashes with the aurora borealis or northern lights, that strange illumination, as mysterious and undefined now as when, in the book of Job it was written: "Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds. Fair weather cometh out of the north." While all the nations supposed that the earth was built on a foundation of some sort, and many supposed that it stood on a huge turtle, or some great marine creature, Job knew enough of astronomy to say it had no foundation, but was suspended on the invisible arm of the Almighty, declaring that "He hangeth the earth upon nothing." While all nations thought the earth was level, the sky spread over it like a tent over a flat surface, Isaiah declared the world to be globular, circular, saying of God: "He sitteth upon the circle of the earth." See them glitter in this scriptural sky—Arcturus, Orion, the Pleiades, and the "bear with her young."

Without the use of telescope and without any observatory and without any astronomical calculation, I know that the other worlds are inhabited, because my Bible and my common sense tell me so. It has been estimated that in the worlds belonging to our solar system there is room for at least twenty-five trillion of population. And I believe it is all occupied, or will be occupied, by intelligent beings. God will not fill them with brutes. He would certainly put into those worlds beings intelligent enough to appreciate the architecture, the coloring, the grandeur, the beauty, the harmony of their surroundings. Yea, the inhabitants of those worlds have capacity of locomotion, for they would not have had such spacious opportunity for movement if they had not powers of motion. Yea, they have sight, else why the light, and hearing, else how get on with necessary language, and how clear themselves from advancing perils? Yea, as God made our human race in His own image, He probably made the inhabitants of other worlds in His own image; in other words, it is as near demonstration as I care to have it, that while the inhabitants of other worlds have adaptations of bodily structure to the particular climate in which they dwell, there is yet similarity of mental and spiritual characteristics among all the inhabitants of the universe of God, and made in His image they are made wonderfully alike.

Now what should be the practical result of this discussion founded on scripture and common sense? It is first of all, to enlarge our ideas of God and so intensify our admiration and worship. Under such consideration, how much more graphic the Bible question, which seems to roll back the sleeve of the Almighty and say: "Hast thou an arm like God?" The contemplation also encourages us with the thought that if God made all these worlds and populated them, it will not be very much of an undertaking for Him to make our little world over again, and reconstruct the character of its populations as by grace they are to be reconstructed.

What a monstrosity of ignorance that the majority of Christian people listen not to the voices of other worlds, although the Book says, "The heavens declare the glory of God," and, again, "The works of the Lord are great and to be sought out." How much have you sought them out? You have been satisfying yourself with some things about Christ, but have you noticed that Paul calls you to consider Christ as the Creator of other worlds, 'by whom also He made the worlds." It is time you Christians start on a world hunt. That is the chief reason why God makes the night, that you may see other worlds. Go out to-night and look up at the great clock of the heavens. Listen to the silvery chime of the midnight sky. See that your children and grandchildren mount the heavens with telescope for alpenstock, leaping from acclivity of light to acclivity of light. What a thoughtful and sublime thing that John Quincy Adams, the ex-President, borne down with years, undertook at the peril of his life the journey from Washington to Cincinnati that he might lay the corner-stone of the pier of the great refracting telescope, and there making his last oration. What a service for all mankind when, in 1839, Lord Rosse lifted on the lawn of his castle eighty miles from Dublin a telescope that revealed worlds as fast as they could roll in and that started an enthusiasm which this moment concentrates the eyes of many of the most devout in all parts of the earth on celestial discovery. Thank God that we now know our own world is, bounded on all sides by realms of glory, instead of being where Hesiod in his poetry described it to be, namely half way between heaven and hell, an anvil hurled out of heaven, taking ten days to strike the earth, and hurled out of earth, taking ten more days to strike perdition:

From the high heaven a brazen anvil cast,
Nine days and nights in rapid whirls would last;
And reach the earth the tenth; whence strongly hurled,
The same the passage to th' infernal world.

I thank God that we have found out that our world is not half way between heaven and hell, but is in a sisterhood of light, and that this sisterhood joins all the other sisterhoods of worlds, moving round some great homestead, which is no doubt heaven, where God is, and our departed Christian friends are, and we ourselves through pardoning mercy expect to become permanent residents. O, what a God we have, and He is our Father.

Furthermore, I get now from all this an answer to the question which every intelligent man and woman since the earth has stood has asked and received no answer. Why did God let sin and sorrow come into the world when He could have prevented them from coming? I wish reverently to say I think I have found the reason. To keep the universe loyal to a Holy God, it was important in some world somewhere to demonstrate the gigantic disasters that would come upon any world that allowed sin to enter. Which world should it be? Well, the smaller the world the better, for less numbers would suffer. So our world was selected. The stage was plenty large enough for the enactment of the tragedy. Enter on the stage Sin, followed by Murder, Pain, Theft, Fraud, Impurity, Falsehood, Massacre, War and all the abominations and horrors and agonies of centuries. Although we know comparatively little about the other worlds, lest we become completely dissatisfied with our own, no doubt the other worlds have heard and are now hearing all about this world in the awful experiment of sin which the human race has been making.

It is no longer to me a mystery why so small a world as ours was chosen for the tragedy. A chemist can demonstrate all the laws of earth and heaven in a small laboratory, ten feet by five, and our world was not too small to demonstrate to the universe the awful chemistry of unrighteousness, its explosive and riving and consuming power. On the tower of Pharos, Egypt, a metallic mirror was raised which reflected all that occurred both on land sea for a distance of three hundred miles, and so Egypt was informed of the coming of her enemies long before their arrival. By what process I know not, but in some way this ship of a struggling earth, I think, is mirrored to distant worlds. Surely this one disastrous experiment of a world unloosing itself from God will be enough for all worlds and all eternities.

But notice that as other worlds rolled into the first book of the Bible, the Book of Genesis, they also appear in the lost book of the Bible, the Book of Revelation. They will take part in the scenes of that occasion which shall be the earth's winding up, and a tremendous occasion for you and me personally. My father was one night on the turnpike road between Trenton and Bound Brook, N. J. He was coming through the night from the legislative halls, where he was serving his State, to his home, where there was sickness. I often heard him tell about it. It was the night of the 12th and the morning of the 13th of November, 1833. Suddenly the whole heavens became a scene never to be forgotten. From the constellation Leo meteors began to shoot in all directions. For the two hours between 4 and 6 in the morning, it was estimated that a thousand meteors a minute flashed and expired. It grew lighter than noonday. Arrows of fire. Balls of fire. Trails of fire. Showers of fire. Some of the appearances were larger than the full moon. All around the heavens explosion followed explosion. Sounds as well as sights. The air filled with uproar. All the luminaries of the sky seemed to have received marching orders. The heavens ribbed and interlaced and garlanded with meteoric display. From horizon to horizon everything in combustion and conflagration.

Many a brain that night gave way. It was an awful strain on strongest nerves. Millions of people fell on their knees in prayer. Was the world ending, or was there some great event for which all heaven was illuminated? For eight momentous hours the phenomenon lasted. East, west, north, south, it looked as though the heavens were in maniac disorder. Astronomers watching that night said that those meteors started from 2200 miles above the earth's surface and moved with ten times the speed of a cannon ball. The owner of a plantation in South Carolina says of that night scene. I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries of mercy I could hear from most of the slaves on three plantations, amounting in all to about six or eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying: "Oh, my God! the world is on fire!" I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me most, the awfulness of the scene or the distressed cries of the Africans. Upwards of 100 lay prostrate on the ground; some speechless and some uttering the bitterest cries, but most with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful, for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell toward the earth.

The spectacle ceased not until the rising sun of the November morning eclipsed it, and the whole American nation sat down exhausted with the agitations of a night to be memorable until the earth itself shall become a falling star. The Bible closes with such a scene of falling lights, not only fidgety meteors, but grave old stars. St. John saw it in prospect, and wrote: "The stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind." What a time that will be when worlds drop. Rain of planets. Gravitation letting loose her grip on worlds. Constellations flying apart. Galaxies dissolved. The great orchard of the universe swept by the last hurricane letting down the stars like ripened fruit. Our old earth will go with the rest, and let it go, for it will have existed long enough to complete its tremendous experiment. But there will be enough worlds left to make a heaven of, if any more heaven needs to be built. That day finding us in Christ, our nature regenerated, and our sins pardoned, and our hope triumphant, we will feel no more alarm than when in September, passing through an orchard, you hear the apples thump to the ground, or through a conservatory and you hear an untimely fig drop to the floor. You will only go upstairs into another story, a better lighted story, a better furnished story, a better ventilated story, a better pictured story, and into a story where already many of your kindred are waiting for you, and where profits and apostles and martyrs will pay you celestial visitation, and where, with a rapture beyond the most radiant anticipation, you shall bow before Him that "buildeth his stories in heaven."

No. 203. This quarter-sawed oak writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 9-inch beveled plate glass in top and a deep drawer below. Artistic French legs; also finished in mahogany.

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Please mention this paper.

FLASHES OF FUN.

"What makes the bride limp so? I didn't know she was lame." "She's wearing yellow garters for her bridesmaids—and there are ten of them."—Chicago Daily News.

"What are all those ribbons hanging on the chandelier?" "Those are not ribbons; they are neckties I've pulled off different men when I was learning to ride a wheel."—Chicago Record.

"Why are yez decorating, Mrs. Murphy?" "Me b'y Denny is coming home the day." "I thought he was sent up for folve years." "Yes, but he got a year off for good behavoure." "Sure, it must be comfortin' for yez to have a good b'y like that."—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Dunham—I have called, sir, to tell you that your daughter, Miss Fannie, and I love each other very dearly. I want to ask you for her. Old Millyuns—Well, you'll have to wait a while. There's no vacancy in the store now that I could put you into.—Cleveland Leader.

Raggles—Wo't yer doin', Weary, wid de tellerscope? Weary—Lookin' fer work. Raggles—Lookin' fer work? W'ot fer? Weary—So's I kin avoid it. I wuz jest sizin' up de houses 'round here ter see ef I can't strike one dat keeps a gaserline can instid uv a wood pile.—Judge.

"I can always distinguish between this vin ordinaire and red ink," said the regular diner at the table d'hote. "How?" asked the casual customer. "By the label on the bottle," said the regular with a fiendish grin. This shows the importance of judicious advertising.—Judge.

Visitor—What! He is three months old and you haven't named him yet? Mrs. Wheeler—No! You see, it's this way: I want to name him after my bicycle, and John insists on naming him after his. I guess we will have to compromise and name him after the wheel mother rides—Puck.

"Yesterday," said Jabson, "I refused a supplicant woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my airs the whole time." "Your softness of heart does you credit," said Mabson; "who was the woman?" "My wife."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you mean to say," asked the visitor, in horror, "that the gentleman was shot for simply rising and making a motion during a meeting of your debating society?" "Suttinly," said the Colonel, "but you must remembah, sah, that the motion he was called down on was made in the direction of his hippocket, sah."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Greene—Tell me, aren't there any expresses running to your town? Mrs. Gray—Of course there are; plenty of them. Why do you ask? Mrs. Greene—My husband has told me that he has seen your husband almost every night on his way home, and he always had more than he could carry.—Boston Transcript.

Judge—You admit that you entered the house of the prosecuting witness by the door at 2 o'clock in the morning? Prisoner—Yes, your honor. Judge—What business did you have there at that time of night? Prisoner—I thought it was my own house. Judge—Then why did you, when this lady approached, leap through the window, jump into the cistern, and hide yourself? Prisoner—Your honor, I thought it was my wife.—Truth.

Lady (to manager of employment bureau)—What nationality is that bright-looking, dark-complexioned girl over in the corner? I've addressed her in French, Spanish and Italian, but she doesn't seem to understand either. Manager (briskly)—Tried the United States dialect on her? "No, I never thought of that." "Perhaps she might understand you if you did. She was born and brought up in New York."—New York World.

Some people save all their sympathy until a man is dead; they they make his grave sloppy with their tears.

HOW?

By soothing and subduing the pain. That's the way

St. Jacobs Oil CURES Neuralgia.

A Drummer's Mistake.

The Kennebec Journal tells of a Bangor "drummer" who tried to save a lady from leaping from a rapidly moving train. After he had thrown his arms around her and dragged her back into the car she recovered from her surprise enough to call him all the names in the feminine vocabulary and explain that she went out on the platform to wave her handkerchief at some friends. The passengers appreciated it all, but the "drummer" didn't seem to enjoy the situation.

How Far Was It.

Southern distances are peculiar, and the road directions which a tourist receives are sometimes wanting in the quality of explicitness.

"How far is it from here to Brushburg?" asked a tourist of an old fellow who was hoeing weeds in a field of sickly corn "down South." "Is it far?"

"Waal, it haint so very fer nor it haint so very nigh. If you go raound by the big road it's ferder nor it is nigh, but if you cut across country it's nigher nor it is fer, an' if you keep right straight ahead it's kinder betwixt nigh an' fer, but it's considerable of a ja'nt from hyar no matter how you git thar."—Harper's Bazar.

Some men are never satisfied to remain at the bottom of the ladder; they always try to get farther down.

Admired the Queen.

Charles Dickens, according to an English newspaper, was at one time "chaffed" by his friends for keeping a sketch of Queen Victoria over his fireplace and gazing upon it in a "rapture of admiration." It is said that her girlish beauty made a deep impression upon him, and that he wrote a friend that he had once spent days in the neighborhood of Windsor, hiding among the trees in the park and walking along her favorite drives, in the hope of getting a glimpse of her majesty.

High Latitude Not Beneficial.

More people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes. According to the last census of the German empire, of a population of 55,000,000, only seventy-eight have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146, Ireland 578, and in Scotland 46. Sweden has 10 and Norway 23, Belgium 5, Denmark 2, Switzerland none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 people over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Servia 575 people have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living whose age has been proved is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived 140 years.

MEN CALL WOMAN A MYSTERY.

So She is to Them—Not so to a Woman.

A Woman's Knowledge Saves Mrs. Ebbert From an Operation.

A woman understands women as a man never can hope to. For this reason Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., now known all over the English-speaking world, set to work to help her sex.

After long and patient investigation, Mrs. Pinkham confirmed her own conclusions, namely: that seven-eighths of the sufferings of women are due to disorders of the uterine system. Reasoning on this line, she saw that the only preventive of early breaking down, was a specific medicine which would act alone on the female organism.

This was why she prepared her excellent Vegetable Compound, which has been such a boon to thousands and thousands of women. If you have headaches chiefly at the top of the head, and are troubled by painful menstruation, dizziness, sleeplessness, backache, and that bearing-down feeling, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will tone up your whole system. Mrs. Chas. D. Ebbert, 330 Wood St., Reading, Pa., testifies to the great power of the Compound.

"Mrs. Pinkham—I can say that your medicine has cured me of the pains and troubles which I had. My case was a very bad one, and puzzled the doctor. My womb had fallen and I had terrible pains in my back and hips. I could hardly walk. My husband went to our family doctor, and he prescribed medicine for me, but I found no relief, and grew worse instead of better. The doctor examined me and wanted to perform an operation, but my husband would not consent. Seeing the advertisement in the paper, I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and before I had taken half of the second bottle, I felt like a new woman. In all I have taken four bottles of your medicine, and can say that I am entirely cured. I hope that every woman suffering as I did, will follow my advice and take your medicine at once."

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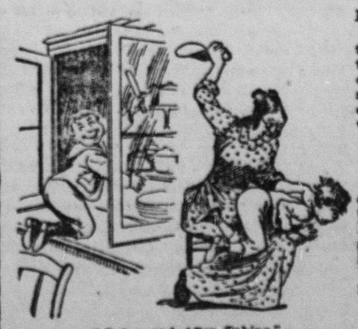

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