Cure Corns With Physic. Might as well try that as to attempt the cure of Tetter, Eczema, Ringworm and other cutaneous affections with blood medicine. Tetterine is the only absolutely safe and certain remedy. With it cure is sure. It's an ointment. 50 cents at druggists or by mail for 50c. in stamps from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Those who know when to speak, know when to be silent.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

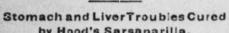
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All drug-gists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Conscience-a word that once had a deflnition-obsolete.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The practice of using opportunities multi-

Hope Returned



by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I suffered from stomach and liver troubles and was confined to my house for a long time. I was entirely deaf in one ear. I endured great distress in my stomach and could not eat hearty food. I had given up hope of ever being well. Reading of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla I decided to give it a trial. Soon after I began taking it I could see it had a good effect. I continued its use until my deatness was cured and my stomach and liver troubles relieved." W. T. NORTON, Canisteo, N. Y.



The only way a man can get the best of a woman who wants him, is to marry her.

A pound of accomplishments weight more in a woman than a ton of learn ing.

A husband is a thing which is alway: away just when its wife wants to con sult it.

A woman almost always had a lot nicer hair before she was so sick and it all came out. Eve was probably never very happy

because she couldn't throw up Adam's relatives to him

A girl's argument is a little like rea son and a lot more like the characters vou see on tea boxes.



TEXT: "Behold I see the heavens opened," etc.-Acts vii., 56-60.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness -kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse and whoop and bellow they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clambers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples to his cheeks, from his roa his temples to his cheeks, from his cheeks to his garments, from his garments to the ground, and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, re-eeive my spirit;" that was for himself. "Lord, hay not this sin to their charge." that was for his assailants. Then from pain and loss of blood he swooned away and fell asleep

I want to show you to-day five pictures-Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen look-ing at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in

his dying prayer and Stephen asleep. First look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a Lap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few mcments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall and paintings in the sitting room and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gal-lery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increas-ing admiration. Well heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments, tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure and purple and saffron and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhibitations. John says of it, "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires. and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. The hosts keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad voiced acclamation of angelic dominion to wel-come them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand.

like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there. There is not a man in this house to-day so isolated in life but there is some one

As a man gets older the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly mul-tiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them good-by and they want are been been goodby, and they went away, but still we stand gazing at heaven. And when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock or on the steam tug and watch them, nd after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction, so when our friends go way from us into the future world we keep looking down through the narrows, and gazing and gaz-ing, as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces. Pass on now and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how He looks in heaven, we cannot say. A writer in the time of Christ says, describing the In the time of Christ says, describing the Saviour's personal appearance, that He had blue eyes and light complexion, and a very graceful structure, but I suppose it was all guesswork. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the feature of Christ and rut them upon each features of Christ and put them upon can-vas, but we will have to wait until ; with our own eyes we see Him and with our own ears we can hear Him. And yet there is a way of seeing and hearing Him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth you will never see and hear Him in heaven. Look! There He is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see Him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way-try to look off your eyes. Look that way-try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day-comes down to the blindest, to the dealest soul, saying, "Look unto Me, all yeends of the earth, and be ye saved, for Lem God, and there is none else." for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves! Proclamation of universal amnesty for all rebeis! Belshazzar gath-pred the Babylonish nobles to his table; George I. entertained the fords of Eagland at a banquet; Napoleon III. welcomed the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey to his feast; the Emperor of Germany was glad to have our minister. George Ban. glad to have our minister, George Ban-croft, sit down with him at his table, but croft, sit down with him at his table, but tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned and the forlorn and the wretch-ed and outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderfal invitation! You can take it to-day and stand at the head of the darkest alley in any city and say: "Come! darkest alley in any city and say: "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores,

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. 'THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE. Martyrdom of Stephen the Theme For an Able Sermon – Glimpses of Heaven Through the Eyes of the Great Preacher – The Eternal Sleep. sause I come under their physical eyesight. but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround your town or city. There is no doubt that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple or the Norway sprace or the cypress or the bloom ing fir. But this spirit about which Stephen prayed-what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way? Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this myste-rious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but let the door of this cage open the least and that soul is off. Eagle's wing the least and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not eatch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to take up with it. When

the soul leaves the body, it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it? I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul-before this day passes I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text, that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illume them. What

though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross. His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms, but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earn-est, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that -"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we de-

serve to be treated, but if on the dying pil-low there should break the light of that better world we shall have no more regret about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when in the last moment he threw up his hands and cried out, "I move into the light," Pass on now, and I will show you one

with a pathos and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures the text says of Stephen, "He fell asleep." "Oh." you say. "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so con-tented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many

cots of sickness and distress he blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know, but from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen The disciples come. They take him dead. up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised wounds. wounds. They straighten out the orthsed limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep! I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the doorknob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay, yet the peace of God brooded over his plilow, and while the world faded heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh, not a tear; I have not the faculty to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or four on the mor-row. But I can prophesy, and I will prophesy, what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. Before this year has passed you may have to beg for bread or ask for a scuttle of coal or a pair of shoes, but at the last Christ will come in and darkness will go out, and though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dyin head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regalo your soul, and at your bedside will halt the charlots of the King. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh and the devil," but peace -long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen You have seen enough for one morning to one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep!

A Woman's Burden.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich. The women of to-day are not as strong as, their grandmothers. They are bearing a burden in silence that grows heavier day by day; that is sapping their vitality and clouding their happiness. Mrs. Alexander B. Clark, of 417 Michigan Avenue Detroit is a typical woman of to-

Avenue, Detroit, is a typical woman of to-day. A wife with such ambition as only a loving wife can have. But the joys of her life were marred by the existence of dis

CABO. Suffering as thousands of her sisters have suffered, she almost despaired of life and yet she was cured.

(CII

"For five years I suffered with ovarian Clark's own version of the story. "I was not free one singles day from beadache and intense twitching pains in my neck shoulders. For months at a time I would be confined to my bed. At times black spots would appear before my eyes and I would be-I became blind

come blind. My nerves were in such a state that a step on the floor unsettled me. "Eminent doctors, skillful nurses, the best food and medicine all failed. Then I

consented to an operation. That, too, failed, and they said another was necessary. After the second I was worse than ever and the world was darker than before.

"It was then I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pate People. I heard that they had cured cases like mine and I tried

'They cured me! They brought sun-They cured met They brought sub-shine to my life and filled my cup with hap-piness. The headache is gone; the twitch-ing is gone; the nervousness is gone; the trembling has censed, and I have gained twenty-six pounds. Health and strength is mine and I am thankful to Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People for the blessing. Tiese pills are a boon to womankind toting directly on the blood and nerves they restore the requisite vitality to all parts of the body; creating functional regalarity and perfect harmony throughout the nervous system. The pallor of the checks is changed to the delicate blush of health; the eyes brighten; the muscles grow elastic, ambition is created and good health returns.

BILL NYE, LAMENTED.

He Was Too Clever for the Lamented Herrmann.

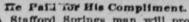
The New York World contains a number of anecdotes by actresses, of cian.

and also the late Herrmann, the magician, met for the first time in a small Ohlo town. Each knew the other very well by reputation and personal characteristics, but they had never been introduced. By chance they stopped at the same hotel on the occasion referred to, and were given seats at the same table in the dining-room.

They bowed politely and began talking about the weather, each believing that the other did not recognize his vis-a-vis.

Just as Nye raised his knife and fork to cut a dish of lettuce salad Herrmann uttered a cry of protest and surprise. Nye stopped in astonishment.

"Excuse me sir." remarked the wiz



A Stafford Springs man will probably use discretion hereafter in distributing compliments. He had been colecting rents among the Italian tenements, and at one house he commented to the housewife on her baby. In a

joking way he told the woman he yould give her a rooster for the baby. Iy of Ca She did not seem then to be impressed with the offer, but a few days' deliberation and probable consultation with her husband had another effect, for on the following Sunday she appeared at the man's house and offered the baby, at the same time demanding the rooster. It required a great amount of argument and explanation to convince the woman that there was no market for her child, even at such a reasonable price, and she could not be persuaded to take it home again until she had

been promised a barrel of apples.-Rockville (Ct.) Journal.

The man who is subject to hay fever should try to avoid grass widows.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund mouey

There is no music for the old, like an old tune.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 22 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Owls have their orgies while doves are asleep.

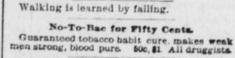
Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The amplest way to get good is to give boo.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. Ec.a bottle

Idleness invites all the miseries into one's

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer. - Mrs. A LLIE Doug-LASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 39, 1894.



Every sin makes its own hell.





"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constinuion for some time, but after tak ing the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this aliment. We cannot speak too high-ly of Cascarets." FRED WARTMAN. 5708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



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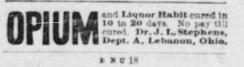
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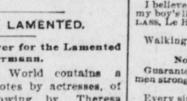


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which the following by Theresa Vaughn is a gem, giving an instance where nimbleness of the brain was too clever for dexterity of the hand: Weil, this story was told me by Mrs. Herrmann, wife of the late wonderful magi-

A few years ago the late Bill Nye

Probably the most unhappy girl it the world is the one whose teeth ache every time she eats candy.

A girl always comes away from a house party with either a terrible quar rel or an idea for a new waist.

Any man will admit that he can make bread, but no woman will admit that she can't understand politics.

When a woman tells her husband she has found a gray hair in her head, sha generally looks indignant at him.

A girl seems to think a man will be lieve she has got on a new dress every time she changes the lace thing in the front of it.

A giri's heart can generally be sliced up so it will go around among any num ber, like a pie when there is company and your wife is afraid the children might cry.

MRS. LUCY GOODWIN

Suffered four years with female troubles. She now writes to Mrs. Pinkham of her complete recovery. Read her letter:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-- I wish you to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills

have done for suffered for four years with womb trouble. My doctor said I had falling of the womb. I also suffered with nervous prostration, faint.

all-gone feelings, palpitation of the heart, bearing-down sensation and painful menstruation. I could not stand but a few minutes at a time.

When I commenced taking your medicine I could not sit up half a day, but before I had used half a bottle I was up and helped about my work.

I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am cured of all my troubles. I feel like a new woman. I can do all kinds of housework and feel stronger than I ever did in my life. I now weigh 1313/ pounds. Before using your medicine I weighed only 108 pounds.

Surely it is the grandest medicine for weak woman that ever was, and my advice to all who are suffering from any female trouble is to try it at once and be well. Your medicine has proven a blessing to me, and I cannot praise it enough .- Mrs. LUCY GooDWIN, Holly, W. Va.

PISO'S CURE FOR LS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. agh Syrup. Tastes Good. Use CONSUMPTION

a throne for your eternal reigning." A Obrist that talks like that and acts like that and pardons like that and acts like that and pardons like that do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see Him.

Those to spend eternity doing the same I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good men. Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. All who will live godly in Jesus Christ must suffer persecu-tiow. It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me anyone who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you men who uiterly U all men meak well of you it is because

abhor him. If ali men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam ali around it. Brave scidiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines elick. When I see a man with voice and money and influence all og the right side, and some carleature him, and some sneer at him, and some de-nounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to erip-ple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say, "Stephen stoned." Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how

CREAT COAL PRODUCTION. All Records Were Broken. But the Price

Inner Coating of Cement to Be Used With

ard, "but I thought I saw something queer there in your lettuce.'

The humorist carefully looked over the salad, leaf by leaf, but found nothing, and again raised his knife to cut It. Again he was stopped by a sharp cry from Herrmann, who added apologetically:

"I beg a thousand pardons, but I surely could not have been mistaken that time. There is something there. Excuse me." And he pointed to a large lettuce leaf, raised it and disclosed underneath a magnificent cluster ring worth several hundred dollars.

Nye slowly picked up the ring, and without the slightest manifestation of surprise drawled out:

"This sort of thing has gone far enough. I'm shedding diamonds wherever I go. Day before yesterday I lost a solitaire in a sugar bowl in Pittsburg. and he Cleveland this morning the maid in sweeping out my room found three or four more. It is positively giving me brain fag to keep track of these things, and I am going to give it op as a bad job."

Beckoning to a waitress he slipped Herrmann's ring into her hand and said

"Here's a triffe for you. Keep it to remember me by; it's yours."

It took Herrmann about half a day to recover it, and it cost him several bottlos afterwards.

Two Tanners.

Speaking of the president of France, the Paris correspondent of London Truth says: "What country but France could produce a journeyman tanner capable of playing an all but regal part as well?" Grant was a tanner, and not a first-class one either. But he was one of the world's greatest soldiers. While he was not the best President the country has had, he was as good as the average. Compared with Grant Faure is as a toy pistol to a Krupp gun, and Faure is a good fellow at that .-- Obicago News.

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to find him leaky. Open cars do not keep conclentiously what has been intrusted to them, and a word once spoken files, never to be recalled.

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