REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Wrestlers"—The Time Is Coming When the Last Mighty Evil of the World Will Be Grappled by Righteousness and Thrown.

TEXT: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."—Ephesians vi., 12.

Squeamishness and fastidiousness were never charged against Paul's rhetoric. In the war against evil he took the first weapon he could lay his hand on. For illustration, he employed the theatre, the arena, the foot-race, and there was nothing in the Isthmian game, with its wreath of pine leaves; or Pythian game, with its wreath of laurel and palm; or Nemean game, with its wreath of parsley; or any Roman circus, but he felt he had a right to put it in sermon or epistle, and are you not surprised that in my text he calls upon a wrestling bout for suggestiveness? Plutarch says that wrestling is the most artistic and cunning of athletic games. We must make a wide difference between pugilism, the lowest of spectacles, and wrestling, which is an effort in sport to put down another on floor or ground, and we, all of us, indulged in it in our boyhood days, if we were healthful and plucky. The ancient wrestlers were first bathed in oil, and then sprinkled with sand. The third throw decided the victory, and many a man who went down in the first throw or second throw, in the third throw was on top, and his opponent under. The Romans did not like this game very much, for it was not savage enough, no blows or kicks being allowed in the game. They preferred the foot of hungry panther on the breast of fallen martyr.

In wrestling, the opponents would bow in apparent suavity, advance face to face, put down both feet solidly, take each other by the arms, and push each other backward and forward until the work began in real earnest, and there were contortions and stranguiations and violent strokes of the foot of one contestant against the foot of the other, tripping him up, or with struggle that threatened apoplexy or death, the defeated fell, and the shouts of the spectators greeted the victor. I guess Paul had seen some such contest, and it reminded him of the struggle of the soul with temptation, and the struggle of truth with error, and the struggle of heavenly forces against apollyonic powers, and he dictates my text to an amanuensis, for all his letters, save the one to Philemon, seem to have been dictated, and as the amanuensis goes on with his work I hear the groan and laugh and shout of earthly and celestial belligerents: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

I notice that as these wrestlers advanced to throw each other they bowed one to the other. It was a civility, not only in Grecian and Roman games, but in later days, in all the wrestling bouts at Clerkenwell, England, and in the famous wrestling match during the reign of Henry III., in St. Giles' Field, between men of Westminister and people of London. However rough a twist and hard a pull each wrestler contemplated giving his opponent, they approached each other with politeness and suavity. The genuflexions, the affability, the courtesy in no wise hindered the decisiveness of the contest. Well, Paul, I see what you mean. In this awful struggle between right and wrong, we must not forget to be gentlemen and ladies. Affability never hinders, but always helps. You are powerless as soon as you get mad. Do not call rum-sellers murderers. Do not call infidels fools. Do not call higher critics reprobates. Do not call all card-players and theatre-goers children of the devil. Do not say that the dance breaks through into hell. Do not deal in vituperation and billingsgates and contempt and adjectives dynamitic. The other side can beat us at that. Their dictionaries have more objurgation and brimstone.

We are in the strength of God to throw flat on its back every abomination that curses the earth, but let us approach our mighty antagonist with suavity. Hercules, a son of Jupiter and Alcmene, will by a precursor of smiles be helped rather than damaged for the performance of his "twelve labors." Let us be as wisely strategic in religious circles as attorneys in court-rooms, who are complimentary to each other in the opening remarks, before they come into legal struggle such as that which left Rufus Choate or David Paul Brown triumphant or defeated. People who get into a rage in reformatory work accomplish nothing but the depletion of their own nervous system. There is such a thing as having a gun so hot at the touch-hole that it explodes, killing the one that sets it off. There are some reformatory meetings to which I always decline to go and take part, because they are apt to become demonstrations of bad temper. I never like to hear a man swear, even though he swear on the right side. The very Paul who in my text employed in illustration the wrestling match, behaved on a memorable occasion as we ought to behave. The translators of the Bible made an unintentional mistake when they represented Paul as insulting the people of Athens by speaking of "the unknown god whom ye ignorantly worship." Instead of charging them with ignorance, the original indicates he complimented them by suggesting that they were very religious; but as they confessed that there were some things they did not understand about God, he proposed to say some things concerning Him, beginning where they had left off. The same Paul who said in one place, "Be courteous," and who had noticed the bow preceding the wrestling match, here exercises suavities before he proceeds practically to throw down the rocky side of the Acropolis the whole Parthenon of idolatries, Minerva and Jupiter smashed up with the rest of them. In this holy war polished rifles will do more execution than blunderbusses. Let our wrestlers bow as they go into the struggle which will leave all perdition under and all heaven on top.

Remember also that these wrestlers went through severe and continuous course of preparation for their work. They were put upon such diet as would best develop their muscle. As Paul says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." The wrestlers were put under complete discipline—bathing, gymnastics, struggle in sport with each other to develop strength and give quickness to dodge of head and trip of foot; stooping to lift each other off the ground; suddenly rushing forward; suddenly pulling backward; putting the left foot behind the other's right foot, and getting his opponent off his balance; hard training for days and weeks and months, so that when they met it was giant clutching giant. And, my friends, if we do not want ourselves to be thrown in this wrestle with the sin and error of the world, we had better get ready by Christian discipline, by holy self-denial, by constant practice, by submitting to divine supervisal and direction. Do not begrudge the time and the money for that young man who is in preparation for the ministry, spending two years in grammar school, and four years in college, and three years in theological seminary. I know that nine years are a big slice to take off of a man's active life, but if you realized the height and strength of the archangels of evil in our time with which that young man is going to wrestle, you would not think nine years of preparation were too much. An uneducated ministry was excusable in other days, but not in this time, loaded with schools and colleges. A man who wrote me the other day a letter asking advice, as he felt called to preach the Gospel, began the word "God" with a small "g." That kind of a man is not called to preach the Gospel. Illiterate men

giant and tumbled him backward, otherwise the big foot of Goliath would almost have covered up the crushed form of the son of Jesse.

Notice also that the success of a wrestler depended on his having his feet well planted before he grappled his opponent. Much depends upon the way the wrestler stands. Standing on an uncertain piece of ground, or bearing all his weight on right foot or all his weight on left foot, he is not ready. A slight cuff of his antagonist will capsize him. A stroke of the heel of the other wrestler will trip him. And in this struggle for God and righteousness, as well as for our own souls, we want our feet firmly planted in the Gospel—both feet on the Rock of Ages. It will not do to believe the Bible in spots, or think some of it true and some of it untrue. You just make up your mind that the story of the Garden of Eden is an allegory, and the Epistle of James an interpolation, and that the miracles of Christ can be accounted for on natural grounds, without any belief in the supernatural, and the first time you are interlocked in a wrestle with sin and Satan you will go under and your feet will be higher than your head. It will not do to have one foot on a rock and the other on the sand. The old Book would long ago have gone to pieces if it had been vulnerable. But of the millions of Bibles that have been printed within the last twenty-five years, not one chapter has been omitted, and the omission of one chapter would have been the cause of the rejection of the whole edition. Alas! for those who while trying to prove that Jonah was never swallowed of a whale, themselves get swallowed of the whale of unbelief, which digests but never ejects its victims. The inspiration of the Bible is not more certain than the preservation of the Bible in its present condition. After so many centuries of assault on the Book, would it not be a matter of economy, to say the least—economy of brain and economy of stationery, and economy of printers' ink—if the batteries now assailing the Book would change their aim and be trained against some other books, and the world shown that Walter Scott did not write "The Lady of the Lake," nor Homer "The Iliad," nor Virgil "The Georgics," nor Thomas Moore "Lalla Rookh," or that Washington's "Farewell Address" was written by Thomas Paine, and that the War of the American Revolution never occurred. That attempt would be quite as successful as this long-timed attack anti-Biblical, and then it would be new. Oh, keep out of this wrestling bout with the ignorance and the wretchedness of the world unless you feel that both feet are planted in the eternal veracities of the Book of Almighty God!

Notice also that in this science of wrestling, to which Paul refers in my text, it was the third throw which decided the contest. A wrestler might be thrown once and thrown twice, but the third time he might recover himself, and, by an unexpected twist of arm or curve of foot, gain the day. Well, that is broad, smiling, unmistakable Gospel. Some whom I address through ear or eye, by voice or printed page, have been thrown in their wrestle with evil habit.

Aye! you have been thrown twice; but that does not mean, oh! worsted soul, that you are thrown forever. I have no authority for saying how many times a man may sin and be forgiven, or how many times he may fall and yet rise again; but I have authority for saying that he may fall four hundred and ninety times, and four hundred and ninety times get up. The Bible declares that God will forgive seventy times seven, and if you will employ the rule of multiplication you will find that seventy times seven is four hundred and ninety. Blessed be God for such a Gospel of high hope and thrilling encouragement and magnificent rescue! A Gospel of lost sheep brought home on Shepherd's shoulder, and the prodigals who got into the low work of putting husks into swines' troughs brought home to jewelry and banqueting and hilarity that made the rafters ring!

But notice that my text suggests that the wrestlers on the other side in the great struggle for the world's redemption have all the forces of demonology to help them: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Then I can well believe that righteousness will accept the challenge, and the two mighty wrestlers will grapple, while all the galleries of earth and heaven look down from one side, and all the fiery chasms of perdition look up from the other side. The prize is worth a struggle, for it is not a chaplet of laurel or palm, but the rescue of a world, and a wreath put on the brow by Him who promised, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown." Three worlds—earth, heaven and hell—hold their breath while waiting for the result of this struggle, when, with one mighty swing of an arm muscled with Omnipotence, righteousness hurls the last evil, first on its knees and then on its face, and then rolling off and down, with a crash wilder than that with which Sampson hurled the temple of Dagon when he got hold of its two chief pillars.

Aye! That suggests a cheering thought, that if all the realms of Demonology are on the other side, all the realms of angelology are on our side, among them the Angel of the New Covenant, and they are now talking over the present awful struggle and final glorious triumph; talking amid the alabaster pillars and in the ivory palaces, and along the broadways and grand avenues of the great Capital of the Universe, and amid the spray of fountains with rainbows like the "rainbow round the throne." Yes, all heaven is on our side, and the "high places of wickedness" spoken of in my text are not so high as the high places of heaven, where there are enough reserve forces, if our earthly forces should be overpowered, or in cowardice fall back, to sweep down some morning at daybreak and take all this earth for God before the city clocks strike "twelve" for noon. And the Cabinet of Heaven, the most august Cabinet in the universe, made up of three—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost—are now in session in the King's Palace, and they are with us, and they are going to see us through, and they invite us, as soon as we have done our share of the work, to go up and see them, and celebrate the final victory, that is more sure to come than to-morrow's sunrise.

preaching the Gospel, quote for their own encouragement the scriptural passage, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Yes! He will fill it with wind. Preparation for this wrestling is absolutely necessary. Many years ago Doctor Newman and Doctor Sunderland, on the platform of Brigham Young's tabernacle at Salt Lake City, Utah, gained the victory because they had so long been skilful wrestlers for God. Otherwise Brigham Young, who was himself a giant in some things, would have thrown them out of the window. Get ready in Bible classes. Get ready in Christian Endeavor meetings. Get ready by giving testimony in obscure places, before giving testimony in conspicuous places.

Your going around with a Bagster's Bible with flaps at the edges, under your arm, does not qualify you for the work of an evangelist. In this day of profuse gab, remember that it is not merely capacity to talk, but the fact that you have something to say, that is going to fit you for the struggle into which you are to go with a smile on your face and illumination on your brow, but out of which you will not come until all your physical and mental and moral and religious energies have been taxed to the utmost and you have not a nerve left, or a thought unexpended, or a prayer unsaid, or a sympathy unwept. In this struggle between Right and Wrong accept no challenge on platform or in newspaper unless you are prepared. Do not misapply the story of Goliath the Great, and David the Little. David had been practising with a sling on dogs and wolves and bandits, and a thousand times had he swirled a stone around his head before he aimed at the forehead of the

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

BOY'S AWFUL TRAGEDY.

Shot His Father While He Slept in His Shop at Reading, Then Slashed His Own Throat—The Son is Dead and the Father Perhaps Mortally Wounded—Awakened With a Pistol Shop—Other Late News.

A tragedy of the most ferocious character startled Reading. Harry Lutz, a youth of 18 years, fired two bullets into the head of his father, Morris J. J. Lutz and then cut his own throat with a shoemaker's knife.

The father is lying perhaps mortally wounded in a hospital and the son is a corpse. He expired soon after the insane crime was committed.

The attempted murder and the suicide occurred in the little shoemaker shop of Morris J. Lutz, No. 842 Elm street, shortly after 3 o'clock Sunday morning. There seems to have been but a slight quarrel between the father and son, and apparently the young man fired the first deadly shot at his father while the latter slept.

The father and son made their home in the shop, it being a small room, divided in two by a petition. The son came home about 10 o'clock in an intoxicated condition, it is alleged, for which the father took him to task. The father then lay down on a lounge, which served as his bed, and the son threw himself on his cot, not more than three feet from his father.

About ten minutes after three o'clock the son got up, and, procuring a "bulldog" pistol, which he had hid away, he stood over his father and sent a bullet through his head, the ball entering from the right side near the temple and buried itself into the lounge. When the father attempted to rise a second bullet was sent through his mouth, and, coming out near the left ear, also lodged in the old man's bed.

With the blood streaming from his wounds the father ran to the office of Dr. E. H. Frantz, near the corner of Ninth and Elm street, and sank unconscious near the step, where he was found by the police, who were attracted by his cries for the doctor.

When the father was placed in the ambulance and the police went to get the son, he was found in a pool of blood on the floor with the knife by his side. The revolver was found on the father's work bench.

The father has a wife and two small children living in Lebanon.

Marvelous Escape.

Mrs. Mary Abbott, of Roseville, aged 60, went through the thrilling experience of riding on the pilot of the locomotive of an express train. The ride was not a volunteer one, as the woman had been struck by the train. A broken arm, a disfigured face and a bruised body are the results of her ride.

She is resting as comfortably as could be expected at her home, No. 460 Myrtle Ave. The accident occurred at the station of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. The station is between the tracks of the Mont Clair branch and those of the Orange division.

Mrs. Abbott had alighted from a Mont Clair train and started across toward the other tracks. She had gotten squarely on the tracks, and, as it was dark, she was not noticed until the express locomotive was almost upon her.

Then there was a warning shout, a screech from the locomotive whistle, and the next moment Mrs. Abbott was hurled into the air. When she came down she landed on the pilot of the locomotive, where she lay limp and apparently lifeless, until the train was brought to a stop nearly 100 yards distant. The woman was lifted from the pilot and carried into the station. Dr. Titus examined her and found she had escaped serious injury.

Scalped by a Thresher.

A terrible accident happened at Phoenixville, when Sarah Detwiler, 12 years old, daughter of John Detwiler, had her scalp entirely torn off. Detwiler owns a small farm, just within the borough limits, and he was threshing the season's crop of wheat, his daughter feeding in the sheaves, when in some manner her luxuriant hair caught in the shafting, and in an instant was wound around and torn out by the roots. Only the prompt action of her father saved the girl's life, for he threw the belt off. As it is she is in a very serious condition from the shock.

Bridal Party in a Wreck.

While Reuben Eddinger and his newly made wife were driving to the home of the bride from their wedding ceremony at the Valley Catholic Church, Reading, a carriage, driven by Jacob Quigley, drove into them. Both carriages were upset and the wedding party were thrown into the creek. They were not seriously hurt, but were so bedraggled and frightened that they could not take part in the reception and had to abandon their honeymoon trip. The carriage driven by Quigley contained a number of wedding guests.

Leg Cut Off by a Train.

Edward O'Leary tried to hurry across the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks near the round house at Reading by crawling under a train, and just as he was getting out the train started and cut off his right leg.

An Overdose of Laudanum.

George C. Hughes, of Hughesville, died at Ansonia, Tioga County, from the effects of an overdose of laudanum. Hughes had a severe pain and thought to allay it with a dose of laudanum. He took too much and died a half hour later.

Cut by a Hanging Wire.

While riding to work on his bicycle, Robert Coney, of Williamsport, came in contact with a dangling telegraph wire which caught him across the neck, cutting a long gash an inch deep in his throat. Several veins were severed and he bled profusely before help arrived. His condition is serious.

Steel Rail Makers.

Announcement is made that another meeting of steel rail manufacturers will be held in Pittsburg this week to carry out the plans for a pool of that interest by means of a selling agency. The information printed some days ago that the initial selling price will be $20 a ton, or an advance of $2, is confirmed. The meeting is for the purpose of ratifying that agreement.

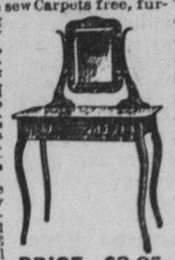
If you see a young man out driving with a girl, and but one of his arms is visible, the other is around somewhere —Chicago Daily News.

Christmas Gifts, 50c. to $1000.00.

$14.25 buys this Turkish Chair, covered with imported velour. The back is tufted, only the best springs are used making this a luxuriously comfortable chair. The Chair retails for $20.00.

PRICE, $14.25.

Our general catalogue is full of suggestions for Christmas Gifts at pleasing prices in addition to Furniture, Crockery, Sewing Machines, Silverware, Clocks, Mirrors, Refrigerators, Pictures, Bedding, Stoves, Upholstery Goods, Baby Carriages, Tin Ware, Lamps, etc., all of which you can buy from the manufacturer at 40 to 60 per cent below retail prices. *Our Lithographed Catalogue* of Carpets, Rugs, Portieres and Lace Curtains shows the actual designs in hand-painted colors. We sew Carpets free, furnish Carpet lining free and prepay freight on Carpets, Rugs and Curtains.



$3.95 buys this Dressing Table, made of solid Oak, White Maple or finished in Mahogany or White Enamel. It is 29 1/2 in. long, 52 in. high, 18 inches wide and has a French beveled mirror 14x10 in. This Dressing Table retails at $10.00. Orders filled promptly.

Our goods are known in every corner of the civilized World, and why? Our FREE catalogues will tell you. Address

PRICE, $3.95.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
Dept. 314 BALTIMORE, MD.

Ironical Ifs.

If you want to pick a flaw in humanity begin at home. If a woman dresses with taste she ought to look good enough to eat. If poetry runs in the veins some poets should be run in by the police. If a man makes a fool of himself over a woman she is usually satisfied. If a woman is fair that doesn't prevent her from being unfair at times. If a man lacks enthusiasm it takes him twice as long to accomplish a task. If half the world worked less the other half wouldn't be worked so often. If a man doesn't use his head in his business he is sure to put his foot in it. If it wasn't for an occasional funeral lots of men would never see the inside of a church. If women were satisfied with nature's handiwork there would be fewer toilet preparations on the market.

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 druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Japan now makes its own electric machinery.

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.

Bacteria multiply rapidly, and they do it in a curious way. A single one breaks itself in two, then each half grows until it becomes as large as the original.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

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

Of the 25,000 officials in Berlin as many as 17,000 give their services free. About 4,000 of these superintend the charity affairs and 2,000 preside over educational interest, &c.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

Among the 780, 00 persons employed in Russia's factories about 200,000 are women.

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

In Russia it is the custom among pugilists to breakfast together before a contest.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

In 1850 England's death rate was 22.4 per thousand. In 1895 it was 18.7 per thousand.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—REV. D. BUCHMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1894.

The sandwich is called for the Earl of Sandwich.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Mulligatawny is from an East India word meaning pepper water.

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.

Waffle is from wafel, a word of Teutonic origin, meaning honeycomb.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Hominy is from auhuminea, the North American word for parched corn.

IF THE DAMP AND CHILL

PENETRATE, LOOK OUT FOR AN ATTACK OF

SCIATICA.

BUT DEEP AS THE SCIATIC NERVE IS

ST. JACOBS OIL

WILL PENETRATE AND QUIET ITS RACKING PAIN.

GETTING NEWS FOR NOTHING.

Thrift Displayed by Chicagoans Coming to the City to Do Business.

Two cents does not seem to be a large sum of money to invest in the purchase of a supply of the morning news One would scarcely expect a business man who is able to rent a high-priced office to halt at giving a couple of pennies for a newspaper. Yet this is just what any untold number of reputable business men do every morning of their lives. They enter the elevated roads and devote half the trip into the city furtively watching for a dropped paper that they may get the news without cost. They know from long experience that half the men who read on the trains finish the perusal of the morning sheet before they reach the stopping station. This fact presents the opportunity to him who wants news and is unwilling to pay for it. Yesterday the writer entered a south side elevated train well down toward the Jackson park terminus with a Chronicle in his hand. He took the smoker and sat down to read. Being of an observant turn, he soon became aware that he was watched furtively by a portly, well-dressed man just across the car. He paid but little attention until he saw the same man taking in every other with a paper. Then the writer took mental notes. Before the train reached Indiana avenue five men under espionage quietly folded up their papers and put them in their pockets. The portly man dropped them with a sigh and gave the writer more attention. It was a poor morning for a fellow hungering for news but too poor to dig up two cents. Finally the writer carelessly dropped his paper on the seat beside him. It was in the same seat occupied by the owner, so the portly man was not nervy enough to swoop down upon it. His gyrations for the remainder of the trip were very amusing. He twisted and turned, never permitting that paper to escape his eye, while keeping watch and ward for any other which might be left without a guardian. But none fell to his lot and he watched hungrily, like a dog shadowing a bone, until the station at Madison street and Fifth avenue was reached. Here the writer began to get ready to leave the train. As it slowed down he rose, buttoned his coat, and took one step toward the forward part of the car. As he did so the portly man made a dare for that paper. But he never got it, for the writer turned half around, and, calmly picking it up, remarked: "No, you don't, my boy. I bought that paper myself, and while I have no further use for it, I will dispose of it to suit myself. Why don't you buy like the rest of us?" "That's none of your business," said the fat man. "You look after your own affairs and I'll take care of mine." "Just what I'm doing," was the retort. "I am a newspaper man and have been watching you for three miles. If you were too poor to buy a paper I would let you have this one, but you are evidently as well able to buy as I am. You don't fatten your mental average off of my purse."

His Sorrow.

Jones—Hello, Robinson, why are you looking so glum? Robinson—You know my rich uncle, the one whose heir I am to be? "Yes." "Well, he has been traveling in the Alps, and last week he slipped and fell down a crevasse." "And was killed, eh?" "No; he got off all right."

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED BY QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Cotton Is Still the American King.

The annual report of Secretary Hester, of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, for the cotton year, 1897-8, recently ended, indicates a greater advance in all branches of the cotton industy than has hitherto been reported. At 11,199,994 bales, the crop shows an increase of nearly 2,250,000 bales over that of the previous year. The total value, $320,553,000, is over $1,300,000 less than that of a year ago, owing to a reduction of about $8 per bale.

The population of England has increased from 4,000,000 in the Elizabethan era to 29,000,000 to day.

Creeping Consumption

Do not think for a single moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way.

It creeps its way along.

First, you think it is a little cold; nothing but a little hacking cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night sweats.

The suddenness comes when you have a hemorrhage.

Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping.

You can do it with

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

You first notice that you cough less. The pressure on the chest is lifted. That feeling of suffocation is removed. A cure is hastened by placing one of

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster over the Chest.

A Book Free.

It is on the Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Write us Freely.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address,

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