Good Digestion

Waits on appetite, or it should do so, but this can be only when the stomach is in a healthy condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla so tones and strengthens the stomach that it digests food easily and naturally and then all dyspeptic troubles vanish.

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Poet Poe Not Expelled from College.

William H. Browne writes the following letter to the Baltimore News: "I see a paragraph going the rounds of the papers to the effect that it is remarkable that Edgar A. Poe should be honored by a bust erected in the university from which he was expelled. It has been shown again and again that Poe was never expelled from the University of Virginia. Mr. J. H. Ingram, the author of a well-known life of the poet, wrote to Mr. William Wertenbaker, secretary of the faculty, to inquire about Poe's conduct and standing, and that gentleman, who was librarian during Poe's residence and knew him well, replied, not from memory only, but after searching the records, that 'at no time did he fall under the censure of the faculty.' Mr. Woodbury, another biographer, says that during Poe's residence he did not come under the notice of the faculty, which is stated to have been at that time unusually watchful and strict.'"

Anxious to Learn.

She—They say the Clippersons have always lived away beyond their means. He—I wonder if we could get them to show us how?

PERIODS OF PAIN.

Menstruation, the balance wheel of woman's life, is also the bane of existence to many because it means a time of great suffering.

While no woman is entirely free from periodical pain, it does not seem to have been nature's plan that women otherwise healthy should suffer so severely. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition that produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors. Here is proof:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache all the time, no appetite, that tired feeling, and did not care for anything. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver Pills, and to-day I am a well person. I would like to have those who suffer know that I am one of the many who have been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice. —MISS JENNIE R. MILES, Leon, Wis.

If you are suffering in this way, write as Miss Miles did to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the advice which she offers free of charge to all women.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Life's Minor Chord"—Trials and Tribulations Are Necessary For the Proper Development of Character—Man's Compensation For Suffering.

TEXT: "I will open my dark saying upon the harp."—Psalm xlix., 4.

The world is full of the inexplicable, the impassable, the unfathomable, the insurmountable. We cannot go three steps in any direction without coming up against a hard wall of mystery, riddles, paradoxes, profundities, labyrinths; problems that we cannot solve, hieroglyphics that we cannot decipher, anagrams we cannot spell out, sphinxes that will not speak. For that reason David in my text proposed to take up some of these somber and dark things and try to set them to sweet music. "I will open my dark sayings on a harp." So I look off upon society and find people in unhappy conjunction of circumstances, and they do not know what it means, and they have a right to ask. Why is this? Why is that? and I think I will be doing a good work by trying to explain some of these strange things and make you more content with your lot, and I shall only be answering questions that have often been asked me, or that we have all asked ourselves, while I try to set these mysteries to music and open my dark savings on a harp.

Interrogation the first: Why does God take out of this world those who are useful and whom we cannot spare and leave alive and in good health so many who are only a nuisance to the world? I thought I would begin with the very toughest of all the seeming inscrutables. Many of the most useful men and women die at thirty or forty years of age, while you often find useless people alive at sixty and seventy and eighty. John Careless wrote to Bradford, who was soon to be put to death, saying: "Why doth God suffer me and such other caterpillars to live, that can do nothing but consume the alms of the church, and take away so many worthy workmen in the Lord's vineyard?" Similar questions are often asked. Here are two men. The one is a noble character and a Christian man. He chooses for a lifetime companion one who has been tenderly reared, and she is worthy of him and he is worthy of her. As merchant or farmer or professional man or mechanic or artist he toils to educate and rear his children. He is succeeding, but he has not yet established for his family a full competency. He seems indispensable to that household; but one day, before he has paid off the mortgage on his house, he is coming home through a strong northeast wind and a chill strikes through him, and four days of pneumonia end his earthly career, and the wife and children go into a struggle for shelter and food. His next door neighbor is a man who though strong and well, lets his wife support him. He is around at the grocery store or some general loafing place in the evenings while his wife sews. His boys are imitating his example, and lounge and swagger and swear. All the use that man is in that house is to rave because the coffee is cold when he comes to a late breakfast, or to say cutting things about his wife's looks, when he furnishes nothing for her wardrobe. The best thing that could happen to that family would be that man's funeral, but he declines to die. He lives on and on and on. So we have all noticed that many of the useful are early cut off, while the parasites have great vital tenacity.

I take up this dark saying on my harp and give three or four thrums on the string in the way of surmising and hopeful guess. Perhaps the useful man was taken out of the world because he and his family were so constructed that they could not have endured some great prosperity that might have been just ahead, and they altogether might have gone down in the vortex of worldliness which every year swallows up 10,000 households. And so he went while he was humble and consecrated, and they were by the severities of life kept close to Christ and fitted for usefulness here and high seats in heaven, and when they meet at last before the throne they will acknowledge that, though the furnace was hot, it purified them and prepared them for an eternal career of glory and reward for which no other kind of life could have fitted them. On the other hand, the useless man lived on to fifty or sixty or seventy years because all the ease he ever can have he must have in this world, and you ought not, therefore, begrudge him his earthly longevity. In all the ages there has not a single loafer ever entered heaven. There is no place for him there to hang around; not even in the temples, for they are full of vigorous, alert and rapturous worship. If the good and useful go early, rejoice for them that they have so soon got through with human life, which at best is a struggle. And if the useless and the bad stay, rejoice that they may be out in the world's fresh air a good many years before their final incarceration.

Interrogation the second: Why do good people have so much trouble, sickness, bankruptcy, persecution, the three black vultures sometimes putting their fierce beaks into one set of jangled nerves? I think now of a good friend I once had. He was a consecrated Christian man, an elder in the church, and as polished a Christian gentleman as ever walked Broadway. First his general health gave out and he hobbled around on a cane, an old man at forty. After awhile paralysis struck him. Having by poor health been compelled suddenly to quit business, he lost what property he had. Then his beautiful daughter died; then a son became hopelessly demented. Another son, splendid of mind and commanding of presence, resolved that he would take care of his father's household, but under the swoop of yellow fever at Fernandina, Fla., he suddenly expired. So you know good men and women who have had enough troubles, you think, to crush fifty people. No worldly philosophy could take such a trouble and set it to music, or play it on violin or flute, but I dare to open that dark saying on a gospel harp.

You wonder that very consecrated people have trouble? Did you ever know any very consecrated man or woman who had not had great trouble? Never! It was through their troubles sanctified that they were made very good. If you find anywhere in this city a man who has now, and always has had, perfect health, and never lost a child, and has always been popular and never had business struggle or misfortune, who is distinguished for goodness, pull your wire for a telegraph messenger boy and send me word, and I will drop everything and go right away to look at him. There never has been a man like that and never will be. Who are those arrogant, self conceited creatures who move about without sympathy for others and who think more of a St. Bernard dog or an Alderney cow or a Southdown sheep or a Berkshire pig than of a man? They never had any trouble, or the trouble was never sanctified. Who are those men who listen with moist eye as you tell them of suffering and who have a pathos in their voice and a kindness in their manner and an excuse or an alleviation for those gone astray? They are the men who have graduated at the Royal Academy of Trouble, and they have the diploma written in wrinkles on their own countenances. My, my! What heartaches they had! What tears they have wept! What injustice they have suffered! The mightiest influence for purification and salvation is trouble.

There are only three things that can break off a chain—a hammer, a file or a fire—and trouble is all three of them. The greatest writers, orators and reformers get much of their force from trouble. What gave to Washington Irving that exquisite tenderness and pathos which will make his books favorites while the English language continues to be written and spoken? An early heartbreak, that he never one mentioned, and when thirty years after the death of Matilda Hoffman, who was to have been his bride, her father picked up a piece of embroidery and said, "That is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship." Washington Irving sank from hilarity into silence and walked away. Out of that lifetime grief the great author dipped his pen's mightiest reenforcement. Calvin's "Institutes of Religion," than which a more wonderful book was never written by human hand, was begun by the author at twenty-five years of age, because of the persecution by Francis, King of France. Faraday toiled for all time on a salary of £80 a year and candles. As every brick of the wall of Babylon was stamped with the letter N, standing for Nebuchadnezzar, so every part of the temple of Christian achievement is stamped with the letter T, standing for trouble.

When in England a man is honored with knighthood, he is struck with the flat of the sword. But those who have come to knighthood in the kingdom of God were first struck, not with the flat of the sword, but with the keen edge of the scimeter. To build his magnificence of character Paul could not have spared one lash, one prison, one stoning, one anathema, one poisonous viper from the hand, one shipwreck. What is true of individuals is true of nations. The horrors of the American Revolution gave this country this side of the Mississippi River to independence and France gave the most of this country west of the Mississippi to the United States. France owned it, but Napoleon, fearing that England would take it, practically made a present to the United States—for he received only $15,000,000 for Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and the Indian Territory. Out of the fire of the American Revolution came this country east of the Mississippi, out of the European war came that west of the Mississippi River. The British empire rose to its present overtowering grandeur through gunpowder plot and Guy Fawkes' conspiracy and Northampton insurrection and Walter Raleigh's beheading and Bacon's bribery and Cromwell's dissolution of parliament and the battles of Edge Hill and the vicissitudes of centuries.

So the earth itself, before it could become an appropriate and beautiful residence for the human family, had, according to geology, to be washed by universal deluge and scorched and made incandescent by universal fires, and pounded by sledge hammer of icebergs and wrenched by earthquakes that split continents, and shaken by volcanoes that tossed mountains and passed through the catastrophes of thousands of years before paradise became possible and the groves could shake out their green banners and the first garden pour its carnage of color between the Gihon and the Hiddekel. Trouble—a good thing for the rocks, a good thing for nations, as well as a good thing for individuals. So when you push against me with a sharp interrogation point, Why do the good suffer? I open the dark saying on a harp, and, though I can neither play an organ or cornet or hautboy or bugle or clarinet, I have taken some lessons on the gospel harp, and if you would like to hear me I will play you these: "All things work together for good to those who love God."

Interrogation third: Why did the good God let sin or trouble come into the world when He might have kept them out? My reply is, He had a good reason. He had reasons that He has never given us. He had reasons which He could no more make us understand in our finite state than the father, starting out on some great and elaborate enterprise, could make the two-year-old child in its armed chair comprehend it. One way to demonstrate what grandeur of character may be achieved on earth by conquering evil. Had there been no evil to conquer and no trouble to console, then this universe would never have known an Abraham or a Moses or a Joshua or an Ezekiel or a Paul or a Christ or a Washington or a John Milton or a John Howard, and a million victories which have been gained by the consecrated spirits of all ages would never have been gained. Had there been no battle, there would have been no victory. Nine-tenths of the anthems of heaven would never have been sung. Heaven could never have been a thousandth part of the heaven that it is. I will not say that I am glad that sin and sorrow did enter, but I do say that I am glad that after God has given all His reasons to an assembled universe He will be more honored than if sin and sorrow had never entered and that the unfallen celestials will be outdone and will put down their trumpets to listen and it will be in heaven when those who have conquered sin and sorrow shall enter as it would be in a small singing school on earth if Thalberg and Gottschalk and Wagner and Beethoven and Rheinberger and Schumann should all at once enter. The immortals that have been chanting 10,000 years before the throne will say, as they close their librettos, "Oh, if we could only sing like that!" But God will say to those who have never fallen and consequently have not been redeemed, "You must be silent now; you have not the qualification for this anthem." So they sit with closed lips and folded hands, and sinners saved by grace take up the harmony, for the Bible says "no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."

A great prima donna, who can now do anything with her voice, told me that when she first started in music her teacher in Berlin told her she could be a good singer, but a certain note she could never reach. "And then," she said, "I went to work and studied and practiced for years until I did reach it." But the song of the singer redeemed, the Bible says, the exalted harmonists who have never sinned could not reach and never will reach. Would you like to hear me in a very poor way play a snatch of that tune? I can give you only one bar of the music on this gospel harp, "Unto Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever, amen." But before leaving this interrogatory, why God let sin come into the world, let me say that great battles seem to be nothing but suffering and outrage at the time of their occurrence, yet after they have been a long while past we can see that it was better for them to have been fought, namely, Salamis, Inkerman, Toulouse, Arbela, Agincourt, Trafalgar, Blenheim, Lexington, Sedan.

But here I must slow up lest in trying to solve mysteries I add to the mystery that we have already wondered at—namely, why preachers should keep on after all the hearers are tired. So I gather up into one great armful all the whys and hows and wherefores of your life and mine, which we have not had time or the ability to answer, and write on them the words, "Adjourned to eternity." I rejoice that we do not understand all things now, for if we did what would we learn in heaven? If we knew it all down here in the freshman and sophomore class, what would be the use of our going up to stand amid the juniors and the seniors? If we could put down one leg of the compass and with the other sweep a circle clear around all the inscrutables, if we could lift our little steelyards and weigh the throne of the Omnipotent, if we could with our seven-day clock measure eternity, what would be left for heavenly revelation? So I move that we cheerfully adjourn what is now beyond our comprehension, and as, according to Rollin, the historian, Alexander the Great, having obtained the gold casket in which Darius had kept his rare perfume, used that aromatic casket thereafter to keep his favorite copy of Homer in and called the book, therefore, the "edition of the casket," and at night put the casket and his sword under his pillow, so I put this day into the perfumed casket of your richest affections and hopes, this promise worth more than Homer ever wrote or sword ever conquered, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," and that I call the "edition celestial."

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Johnny and Tommy, who are the noisiest children in Yorkville, were playing. "Let's play on this doorstep," suggested Tommy. "No," Jimmy said, "there isn't any fun in doing that. That's an empty house. Let's go down the street and play. I know where there's a newspaper man's house. He works all night and sleeps in the daytime." And the pair of cherubs started off to the spot where the maker of thoughts for seventy million ladies and gentlemen was trying to replenish his empty think tank by the balmy sleep process.

Violence Unexpected.

"Penelope's new fall suit is a perfect wreck." "Did she get caught in a rain?" "No; she went to a millinery opening, and it turned into a bargain rush."—Detroit Free Press.

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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.

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

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He who says what he likes will hear what he does not like.

A man's manners are the mirror in which he shows his portrait.

Learning is either good or bad according to him that has it—an excellent weapon, if well used; otherwise, like a sharp razor in the hands of a child.

Life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based on and encompassed by eternity. Find out your work, and stand to it; the night cometh when no man can work.

All brave men are brave in initiative, but the courage which enables them to succeed where others dare not even attempt is never so potent as when it leads to entire self-forgetfulness.

Not unremembered is the hour when first friends met. Friends, but friends on earth, and therefore dear; sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain, yet always sought, so native to the heart; so much desired and coveted by all.

Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom, freedom none but virtue, virtue none but knowledge has any freedom, virtue nor knowledge has any vigor of immortal hope except in the principles of the Christian faith and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.

WHEN WELCOME IS WORN OUT

Tactful Hints of Hosts Who Are Weary of Guests.

An Ohio host, wearied out of all endurance by the persistency of his guest, chose as his medium the family prayer after breakfast, and said: "O Lord, bless our visiting brother, who will leave us on the 10 o'clock train this morning." I prefer the subtler and more reverent method of another Ohioan, the father of William Dean Howells, the novelist. His practice was, when a visitor had worn out his welcome, to be called away on business and to say to his guest: "I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I will wish you good-by." Excellent and highly appreciated by the boys was the formula used by Dr. Vaughn, when, as headmaster of Harrow school, he had to entertain the highest form in the school in batches at breakfast. Commiserating the bashfulness of the lads who did not know how to leave and yet wanted to do so, the doctor would say—apropos of nothing: "Must you go? Can't you stay?" This was the signal for departure. I admire very heartily the transposition of a blundering narrator, who, in telling this story, gave the formula as "Can't you go? Must you stay?" A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind to this revised version.

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