REV. DR. TALMAGE.

apostle comes to us and says that we ought to exercise Christian behavior amid all such circumstances. "Let them learn first to show piety at home."

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occawish that they had some such grand occa-sion in which to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. All temperance and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now, the apostle practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character and that is the domestic circle. Let them learn first to show plety at home." If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere, he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple, he will never be able to preach 3000 into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailor of the Philippian dungeon, he will never! make Fellx tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after a while gain, but the all absorbing question with you and with me ought to be, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me now and here to do?"

There is one word in St. Paul's adjuration around which the most of our thoughts will revolve. That word is "home." Ask ten different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, plenty at the table, industry at the work stand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the alter. In that household discord never sounds its warhousehold discord never sounds its warwhoop, and deception never tricks with its
false face. To him it means a greeting at
the door and a smile at the chair, peace
hovering like wings, joy clapping its hands
with laughter. Life is a tranquil lake.
Pillowed on the rippies sleep the shadows.
Ask another man what home is and he will
tell it is want looking out of a cheerless
freegret kneeding hungar in an empty fire-grate, kneading hunger in an empty bread tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children robbers and murderers in embryo. Obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and six staring from the front. No Sah and sin staring from the front. No Sab-bath wave rolling over that doorsill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Fagots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word. It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death agony of despair. The word "home" in the one case means everything bright. The word 'home' in the other case means every-

acter. The disposition in public may be in say costume, while in private it is dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he was a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of netties. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous, and genial and good natured in commercial life, damming back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent, but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in breaks, and scolding pours forth in

floods and freshets.

As at sunset sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist who at home act the Nero with respect to their slippers and their gown. Audubon, the great ornithologist with grant rand thereof thologist, with gun and pencil went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toll and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia and went off for a few days of recreation and rest and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript, but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper he again picked up his gun and his pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment will blow as long and loud and sharp as a northeast storm. Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent and overlssue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have and he is as bad as a bank that might have \$400,000 or \$500,000 of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from the fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfish-ness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Mahon appoints his ministry, and all France is aquake lest the republic be smothered. Gambette dies, and there are hundreds of THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Christian Home"—A Piace For the Genesis and Rounding Out of Character—The Family Circle a Haven of Refuge From the World's Storms.

Text: "Let them learn first to show plety at home."—I Timothy v., 4.

During the summer months the tendency is to the fields, to visitation, to foreign travel and the watering places, and the winter it is rather to gather in domestic circles, and during these months we spend many of the hours within doors, and the apostle comes to us and says that we ought to exercise Christian behavior amid all such circumstances. "Let them learn first to show plety at home."

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great onportunity in which to display

home, no republic.

Further, home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plow, and it must be harrowed and reharrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their heart all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after life luxuri-antly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger and every uncontrolable display of indignation will be fuel to this disposition of twenty or thirty or forty years from now the for a had fire a guarter of a century fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the result of it before ten years of age in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror.

flattering mirror.

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light, which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy, pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse" or Tincoretto's "Massacre of the Innnocents." Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and the Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and the "Children Amid Flowers," and the "Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing." Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk and quali's whistle and garraious streamlet, which from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steen comes looking to see where it can steep comes looking to see where it can find the steepest place to leap off at and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the sea and every mountain stream were raving mad, froth ing at the mouth with mud foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming bird's trill nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark and panther's scream and well's howl, and you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women.

I shall speak now of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and in any of the comfortable homes whose inlitical safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven. And in the first place, home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in civing in the morning for cara? How my night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for care? How, my
brother, my sister, will you answer God in
the day of judgment with reference to your
children? It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says he will pour out his fury
upon the families that call not upon His
name. Oh, parents, when you are dead
and gone and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and
mother at family prayer? Will they taba
the old family Bible and open it and see
the mark of tears of contrition and tears of
consoling promise wept by eyes long before consoling promise wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreek of their immortal soul, on their deathbed and in the day of

Soul, on their deathoed and in the day of judgment they will curse you!

Seated by the register or the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children! What a history—the mortal and immortal life of your loved. Every parent is writing the history bild. He is writing it, composing One night, lying on my lounge when very tired, my children all around about me, in full romp and hilarity and laughter—on the dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfuiness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered about looking for thorns and netties, but about looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there. And I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said, "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine and swelter at the forge?" But they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the subverse of the

garb, and sgain delve in the mine and swelter at the forge?" But they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most peacefully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mauscloum, or a monument, or a white siao could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said, "Where do the poor worship and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me, "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear. And I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said, "Where am I and whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery paths and across the broad streams there came a beautiful group thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices, but then they were so gioriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted "Welcome, welcome," the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven, and I looked around and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded. "All here!" And while tears of gladness were running down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome we all together began to leap and shout and sing, "Home, home, home!" of character. What you are at home you gree everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Again, home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico—a long march, with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms, we hang up the war cap, and our head on the knapsack we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to march to the action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day seated by the still camplifier of the home circle! Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails and huik aleak we put in at the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! There we go for repairs in the drydock. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the lighthouse guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrows take the hand of ships. The deorshill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen. There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self adulation. There is the place where we may fank of what we have done without being charged with self adulation. There is the place where we may longe without being charged with self adulation. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth pilgrim, no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world with no tent from marching, with no harkor from the storm, with no place of rer. from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or the woman who has no home!

Further, home is a political safeguard. The safety of the State must be built on the statey of the home. Why cannot france come to a placid republic? Mac-



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 CALI-FORNIA 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 nauscate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company -

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. LOUISVILLE, Ky.

pepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life." ver was in my life."
DAVID H. MURPHY. Newark, O.



CURE CONSTIPATION.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug-

HE PAID THE PRICE.

Papa Managed to Maintain His Gravity

in His Son's Presence. An old-school gentleman who lives in ples now began to manipulate the body the upper part of the city called his and to go through certain rites, very son into the library the other evening, similar to mesmerism, and by degrees locked the door and had a few words the dead man opened his eyes, a quiver with the youth, says the Detroit Free ran through his body and he sat up Press, "William," began the father, erect. in a grieved tone, "I hear a story about you that brings the blush of same to my cheek. I can scarcely bring myself to believe it. I have no word against the young lady whose name speaking of her favorite lecturer, "he has been given such unenviable prom- is one whom the lady would designate inence, though I do think there are as a biscuit john." "Beg pardon?" other young women who would make said the member of the laity. "Oh, to life more pleasant for a husband." "I be explicit, a crackerjack."-Indianapagree with you perfectly, sir." "Then, olis Journal, sir, what did you mean by fighting over |her with that young Jimson? His engagement to her is now announced. and one of the most surprising things to me is that he could get the best of you in such an unworthy way of settling your rivalry." "Best of me?" echoed the youth, with flashing eyes; they took him home in an ambulance, and I don't look wrecked, do-1?" "It's passing strange. You trounced him, and yet he gets the girl." "You don't understand it, father. In the zeal of rivalry we both went with her so long that it was the manly thing for one of us to marry her, and the fellow that was whipped had to make the sacrifice." The old-school gentlemen managed to maintain his gravity till the youth was hurriedly dismissed, and then laughed till he shed tears and had

stitches on both sides. Must Explain.

A man must not only have a fractured skull, but a clear and coherent explanation as to how he came to get it, before he is admitted to a New York hospital.-Puck.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag-etic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran-teed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York

When Dr. Eliot became president of Harward he at once donned for the first time in his life a high silk hat. In all the years ince that time he has never been seen out of doors in any other style of headgear.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Brome Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It is claimed for Josiah Bailey, of Dickinson, N. Y., that he is the oldest office-holder in the country. At the age of 97 he has been chosen town of rk by the Republicans of the

Educate Your Rowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money. Gen. Marcus P. Miller, in command at Rollo, is a great smoker.

After physicians had given me up, I was aved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1823,

Rapid growth of finger nails is considered to indicate good health.

Mrs. Winelow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. Ec.a bottle. "Sam" Small, the evangelist, has been put in general charge of public instruction of Santa Clars Province. HINDOO TRICKS.

The Nineteenth Century Way of Raising the Dead.

India is pre-eminently the land of mystery, and our most advanced ma- flyleaf: gicians have never been able to reproduce all their marvelous performances, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. One day, in the market place of an inland vilage, I saw a curious performance. It was conducted by two menone old and emaciated, carrying a native drum; the other young and well fed, fantastically gowned with an overskirt of colored handkerchiefs and a multitude of bells, which jangled noisily at his slightest movement; long, ragged hair-altogether a hideous figure. The drummer began a weird tomtoming and the other man an incantation; then he extended a "supra"-a bamboo tray used by all natives, on which any one who pleases places a large handful of rice and the same quantity of grain. The two ingredients are thoroughly amalgamated, so that it would, in the ordinary way, take hours to separate them. Now the fantastic man with his tray begins. He turns slowly around, gradually quickening his pace (the drummer also keeping time), faster and faster in a giddy vortex, the tray at times almost out of his hands, yet so cleverly handled that not a grain falls out. It is very trying to watch, but in a couple of minutes both stop simultaneously and the man shows to the wondering spectators two little heaps, one of rice and the other grain, at different ends of the tray, which in his sickening gyrations he has been able to separate by some extraordinary manipulation. Later it was my good fortune to be able to witness one of those remarkable cases of voluntary suspended animation of which I had so frequently heard-with a somewhat dubious smile, I am afraid. But I am coninced now. It was called a "Joghee" performance, and took place before the maharajah of Dhurbanga, whose guest I had the honor to be. The "Joghee" was put by his disciples into a trance. He became perfectly unconscious and dead to all appearances. An English doctor present felt his pulse and found it had ceased, and a looking-glass showed not the slightest moisture of any breath in the body. The "Joghee" was put into a coffin, the lid screwed on and seals were impressed on it with the maharajah's signet ring. The box was buried five feet deep, earth thrown in and well stamped. Grain was then sown and trusty sentries guarded the place. The grain had sprouted and

borne corn when we were invited again, after sixty days, to witness the resurrection of the body. The grave was opened and the coffin found to be intact. The seals were broken, he lid unscrewed and the "Joghee" was taken out stiff and stark. His disci-

As She Expressed It. "Yes," said the lady from Boston,

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 hack-ing cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night

The suddenness comes when you have a hemorrhage. Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping. You can do it with

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.

DE J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Rudyard Kipling sent as a Christmas present to Julia Marlowe a copy of his latest book, "The Day's Work," with this verse in autograph on the

When skies are gray instead of blue, With clouds that come to dis-

hearten; When things go wrong as they sometimes do.

In life's little kindergarten; beg you, my child, don't weep and wall. And don't, don't take to tippling;

But cheer your soul with a little tale By Neighbor Rudyard Kipling.

Makes the Spot Vanish. A slight rap may cause a bruise, or slight blow a black one, sore and tender. But it is easy to cure a bruise by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and make the spot vanish

Kipling has but one sister, now married to an English Army officer in the staff corps stationed somewhere in India.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money. Fish with white flesh are more easily di-gested than fish with reddish flesh.

Our made to order Clothing book, with samples attached, tells you all about guaranteed to it Suits, expressage paid to your station. We publish - 6-color Lithographed Catalogs of Carpets, Rugs, Portieres and Lace Curtains ill in their natural colors. We sew Carpet ree, furnish wadded Lining free and prepa

You Will Never Know

Baltimore, Md. Dept 314

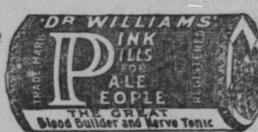
Modern Science Recognizes RHEUMATISM as a Disease of the Blood

There is a popular idea that this disease is caused by exposure to cold, and that some localities are infected with it more than others Such conditions frequently promote the development of the disease, but from the fact that this ailment runs in certain families, it is shown to be hereditary, and consequently a disease of the blood.

Among the oldest and best known residents of Bluffs, Ill., is Adam Among the oldest and best known residents of them. It., a harm year, and the place. He was the first President of the Board of Trustees, and for a long time has been a Justice of the Peace. He says: "I had been a sufterer of rheumatism for a number of years and the pain at times was very intense. I tried all the proprietary medicines I could think or hear of, but received no relief.

I finally placed my case with several physicians and doctored with them for some time, but they failed to do me any good. Finally, with my hopes of relief nearly exhausted I read an article regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which induced me to try them. I was anxious to get rid of the terrible disease and bought two boxes of the pills, I began using them about March, 1897. After I had taken two boxes I was completely cured, and the pain has never returned. cine I have ever taken, and am willing at any time to testify to its good

The genuine sold only in packages like this. 50 per box



At druggists or direct from a Dr Williams Medicine Co. & Schenectady, 9

LETTERS SENT TO NOTED MEN

Those curious personages who delight in prying into unexpected subjects and classifying the results in learned form have been very busy recently with the letters received by prominent people. The president of the French republic, for instance, is said to receive daily 700 letters, and these are made up as follows: Begging letters, 250; petitions on political affairs, 150; petitions from criminals, 100; complaints against various functionaries, also 100; anonymous letters containing insults, 80, and threats of assassination, 20.

The daily post bag at Marlborough house, London, too, contains some extraordinary letters. By one post there arrived the following: A request for a loan of \$5,000 to enable student of entomology to start for Africa; a petition from a poor old lady to provide a dowry for her daughter, who was about to be married; a pressing letter from a French inventor of a new diving dress, begging the Prince of Wales to don it and dive into the Seine when he next visited Paris, and a calm request for money to redeem a workman's tools.

Of course few of these curious missives ever reach the Prince of Wales, for his experienced secretaries sift the correspondence with care and knowledge. Every day there are scores of letters connected with the public ceremonies in which the prince takes a part, for every item is submitted for approval. Then there are the thousand and one social invitations requiring a reply, and unnumbered appeals for money in aid of charities. The private letters for the prince are very numerous, for his relatives keep him in touch with all interesting them. His sister, the Empress Frederick, is a charming letter writer, and corresponds with the prin e regularly.

Easy Critics.

"I am going to sing at the Frobish-"How lucky you are." "Why ers'." so?" "They don't know one tune from another."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Spalding's Trade-Mark Means "Standard of Quality" on Athletic Goods Insistupon Spalding's Handsome Catalogue Fre. A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

New York. Chicago. Denvor.

The Potash Question.

A thorough study of the subject has proven that crop fail ures can be prevented by using fertilizers containing a large percentage of Potash; no

We have a little book on the subject of Potash, written by authorities, that we would like to send to every farmer, free or cost, if he will only write and ask for it.

plant can grow without Potash.

GERTIAN KALI WORKS, on Nassau St., New York.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives cases. Book of Lestinonists and 10 deves treatments Free. Dr. E. M. GREEN'S SORR BOX D, Atlanta, da.

or oyes, use } Thompson's Eye Water B N U 11

OPIUM MORPHINE LAUDANUN AND ALCOHO HABITS CURE GUARANTEED SANIKATED OF HOME Treatment. L.E. HABIT, TON, N. D.