REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Plague of Alcohol"-The Drunkard's Wee Depicted in Strong Colors-Rum's Mission is to Destroy All Good-A Call to Christians.

TEXT: "And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt."-Ex-odus xi., 6.

This was the worst of the ten plagues. The destroying angel at midnight flapped his wing over the land, and there was one dead in each house. Lamentation and mourning and woe through all Egypt. That destroying angel has fled the earth, but a far worse has come. He sweeps through these cities. It is the destroying angel of strong drink. Far worse devasta-tion wrought by this second than by the first. The calamity in America worse than the calamity in Egypt. Thousands of the slain, millions of the slain. No arithmetic can calculate their number.

the calamity in Egypt. Thousands of the slain, millions of the slain. No arithmetic can calculate their number. Once upon a time four fiends met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these four infernals came forth to our earth on embassy of mischief. The one fiend said, "Til take charge of the vineyards." An-other said, "Til take charge of the dairy." Another said, "Til take charge of the music." The four fiends met in the great Sahara desert, with skeleton fingers clutehed each other goodby with lip of blue flame and parted on their mission. The fiend of the vineyard came in one bright morning amid the grapes and sat down on a root of twisted grapevine in sheer discouragement. The fiend knew not how to damage the vineyard, or, through it, how to damage the world. The grapes were so ripe and beautiful and luscious. They bewitched the air with their sweetness. There seemed to be so much health in every bunch, and while the fiend sat there in utter indignation and disappointment he clutched a cluster and squeezed it in perfect spite, and, loi his band was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the fiend said: "That re-minds me of the blood of broken hearts. I'll strip the vineward, and I'll squeeze out all the juice of the grapes, and I'll allow the juices of the grapes, and they drank and drank and went away drinking, and they and their pitchers, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they dipped up the blood of the gr wanted to return to his home in the pit he stepped from carcass to carcass and walked down amid a great causeway of the dead.

the dead. Then the second flend came into the grainfield. He waded chin deep amid the bariey and the rye. He heard all the grain talking about bread and prosperous hus-bandry and thrifty homes. He thrust his long arms into the grainfield, and he pulled the the grain the the start. long arms into the grainfield, and he pulled up the grain and threw it into the water, and he made beneath it great fires—fires lighted with a spark from his own heart— and there were a grinding and a mashing and stench, and the people came with their bottles, and they dipped up the flery idquid, and they drank, and they blasphemed, and they staggered, and they blasphemed, and they staggered, and they fought, and they rioted, and they murdered, and the flend of the pit, the flend of the grainfield, was so pleased with their behavior that he changed his residence from the pit to a whisky bar-rel, and there he sat by the door of the bunghole laughing in high merriment at the thought that out of anything so harm-less as the grain of the field he might turn this world into a seeming pandemonium. The flend of the dairy saw the cows com-ing home from the pasture field, full ud-dered, and as the maid milked he said, "I'll soon spoil all that mess, I'll add to it brandy, sugar and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a milk punch, and children will drink

into a milk punch, and children will drink it and some of the temperance people will drink it, and if I can do them more harm <text><text><text><text>

row." His most confidential friend says; "Why, I'm araid you are losing your bainnee with that habit. You are going a little further than you can afford to go. You had better stop." "Oh. no!" he says. "I can stop at any time. I can stop now." He goes on further and further. He can-not stop. I will prove it. He loves him-self, and he knows nevertheless that strong drink is depleting him in body, mind and soul. He knows he is going down; that he has less self control, less equipoise of tem-per, than he used to. Why does he not stop? Because he cannot stop. I will prove it by going still further. He loves his wife and children. He sees that his habits are bringing disgrace upon his home. The probabilities are they will ruin his wife and disgrace his children. He sees all this, and he loves them. Why does ne not stop? and he loves them. Why does ne not stop?

and he loves them. Why does he not stop? He cannot stop. Oh, my young friends. I want to tell you that there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man go he cannot stop! But sometimes a man will be more frank than that. A victim of strong drink said to a reformer: "It is impossible for me to stop. I realized. But if you should tell me I couldn't have a drink until to-mor-row night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring on the hatchet and cut them off.'" I had a very dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him and was talking about his trouble and con-fessed it. He confessed he could not stop. fessed it. He confessed he could not stop. My friend said, "You must stop." He said: "I can't stop. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and there was a glass and it was loaded, and there was a glass of wine in the mouth of the cannon, and I knew you would fire it off if lapproached, I would start to get that glass of wine. I must have it. I can't get rid of this habit. I can't get away from it." Ob, it is awful for a man to wake up and feel that he is a captive! I hear him soliloquizing, saying: "I might have stopped three months ago, but I can't stop now. Dead, but not buried; I am a waiking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal and my soul beats against the wires of my cage on this side and beats against the wires of my cage on the other side until

you to stop before you go so far that you cannot stop. But it plagues a man also in the loss of home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this habit gets the mastery over him he will do the most out-rageous things. If need be, in order to get strong drink, he would sell them all into everlasting captivity. There are hundreds and thousands of homes that have been utterly blasted of it. I am speaking of no abstraction. Is there anything so disas-trous to a man for this life and for the life to come? Do you tell me that a man can



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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-

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It is only religion, the great bond of ove and duty to God, that makes any existence valuable or even tolerable. Without this, to live were only to graze. Without this, the beauties of the world are but splendid gewgaws, the stars of heaven glittering orbs of ice, and, what is yet far worse and colder, the trials of existence profitless and unadulterated

Tobacco in Korea. The Koreans are great smokers, and both sexes and all classes begin smoking early in life and keep it up most diligently. Tobacco is not used by the Koreans in any other form than smoking. The pipe is the constant companion How of every Korean man and woman. ever poor an individual may be there always seems to be some method of obtaining tobacco for the pipe which he or she is sure to possess, whatever else is lacking. The tobacco used by Koreans is almost entirely home-grown. Every farmer or gardener cultivates his little patch of tobacco, much of which is very good in quality, but is injured in curing, being simply hung up under the wide eaves of the house to dry. It is quite strong. The supply seems to be ample, and the price is very low. No leaf to-bacco is imported. The Korean pipe is a brass bowl of fair size with a brass mouthpiece. Pipe and bowl are connected with a hollow reed stem of from one to four feet in length, some of these stems being beautifully ornamented, and all being neat and light.

Chapel in a Coal Mine.

There are many strange places of worship, but one of the most remarkable is doubtless the miners' chapel in Mynydd Menydd Collicry, Swansen, Wales, where for more than fifty years the workers have each morning assembled for worship. This sanctuary is situated close to the bottom of the shaft. The only light is that obtained from a solitary Davy safety lamp hung over the pulpit from the ceiling, and the oldest miner in the colliery is generally chosen to officiate. It is the custom in some places for coal-miners to gather at meal-times for prayer-meetings and the like, but it is said that this is the only instance where a special department is fitted out in a coal mine as a chapel.

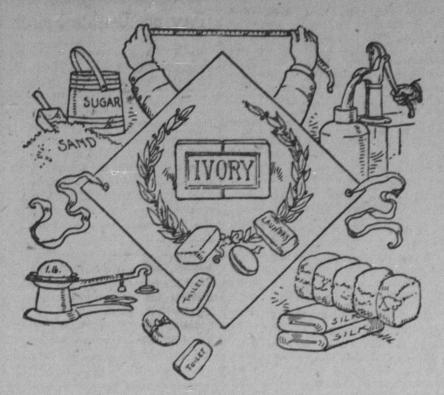
A Trying Ordeal.

The working of the Old Age Pension Act in New Zealand is not altogether satisfactory. It is alleged that the really deserving aged poor shrink from the ordeal of the preliminary public examina-tion before a magistrate, who has to satisfy himself and formally certify to the bona fides of the applicant. On the other hand, "the hardened loafer and trained pauper cheerfully prepares plausible evidence, confident that, with his state pension as a stand-by, his loafing and begging propensities will enable him to live on the fat of the land."

Camphor Trees in Florida.

trees are nearly as wide as high. A marvellous adaptation to the life they number of these trees are to be seen in are destined to lead. private yards in that city, and their vigorous growth shows them to be adapted to the soil and climate of that section.





When sand's as good as sugar, and chalk's as good as milk; When thirty inches make a yard, and cotton equals silk : When fourteen ounces make a pound (and that you'll not allow)-Then common soaps may be as good as Ivory Soap is now.

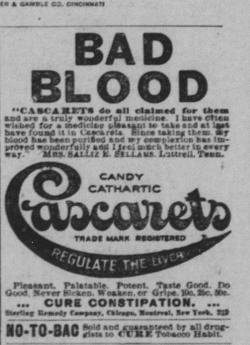
IT FLOATS.

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Wonders of Minute Animal Life. The following, which might very appropriately bear the heading of "A Wonder of Wonders," is from the pen of Sir Robert S. Ball, F. R. S., astronomer royal of Ireland;-

"The microscope teaches us that there are animals so wonderfully minute that if a thousand of them were ranked abreast they could easily swim, without being thrown out of order, through the eye of the finest cambric needle ever made. Yet each of the minute creatures is a highly organized number of particles, capable of moving about, of finding and devouring food and of behaving in all respects as becomes an animal as distinguished from Of a number of camphor trees set out in a public park in Tailahassee, Fla., a few years ago, some are now twelve feet high, the branches spreading until the tures and of fully appreciating their

Courtesy is the passport to success. We double the power of our life when we add to its gifts unfailing courtesy.



OLOR and flavor of fruits, size, quality and appearance of vegetables, weight and plumpness of grain, are all produced by Potash.

uiterly blasted of it. I am speaking of no abstraction. Is there anything so disastrous to a man for this iffe and for the life to come? Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children in the streets to-day, barefooted, unkempt, uncombed, want written on every winkle of their faded dress and on every winkle of their faded dress and on every winkle of their prematurely old countenance, who would have been in the house of God this morning as well clad as you had it not been that strong drink drove their parents down into penuy and then down into the grave. Oh, rum, rum, thou despoiler of homes, thou foe of God, thou recruiting officer of the bit, i hate thee!
But my subject takes a deeper tone when it tells you that the inebriate suffers the loss of the soul. The Bible Intimates that if we go into the future world unforgiven the appetites and passions which were regnant here will to ment us there. I suppose when the inebriate wakes up in the lost world there will be an infinite thirst is clawing upon him. In this world be could get strong drink. However poor he was in this world, he could beg or he could steal five cents to get a drink that would steal five cents to get a drink that would for a little while slake his thirst, but in eternity where will the inebriate get the draft heso much requires, so much demands? No one to pour it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to for sterestaurant. Millions of worlds now for therind fung out from the pusch low of an earthy banquet. Dives called for water. The hebriate as for rum.
If a flend from the lost world should come back, taking on the tip of his wing one drop of alcoholic beverage, what excurption of alcoholic beverage, what excurption of alcoholic beverage, what excurption of the mission in the grospiop, should come back, taking on the tip of his wing one drop of alcoholic beverage, what excurption of the mission is the grospiop, should come back, taking on the tip o

finished the mission in the grogshop, should come back, taking on the tip of his wing one drop of alcoholic beverage, what ex-citement it would make all through the world of the lost, and, if that one drop of alcoholic beverage should drop from the wing of the flend upon the tongue of the inebriate, how he would spring up and cry: "That's it! That's it! Rum! Rum! That's it!" And all the caverns of the lost would echo with the ery: "Give it to me! Rum! Rum!" Ah, my friends, the inebriate's sor-row in the next world will not be the ab-sence of God of holiness or light; it will be the absence of rum. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingesh like an ad-der."

aright in the cup, for at the last it bitch like a serpent, and it stingeth like an ad-der." In a function of the series of the series of there is any sermon I disilike, it is a ser-for on generalities. I want personalities; I want come to specifics. Are you astray? If there is any sermon I disilike, it is a ser-for you astray? Have you goneso far you think you cannot get back? Did I say a point in inebration where he could not stop? Yes, I said it, and I reiterate it. But I want you also to understand that while the man himself, of his own strength, and the the man binself. Of his own strength, while the man himself. Of his own strength, arm of the Lord God Almighty. He can you have only to lay hold of the strong arm of the Lord God Almighty. He can you have only to lay hold of the strong here our church not yet being open for the autumnal services. I went into a room in the Fourth Ward, New York, where a religious service was being held for reformed drunkards, and I heard a revelation that night that I had never heard before-fifteen of, twenty men standing up and giving testimoty such as had never heart given. They not only the grace of God, but that the grace of God had extinguished their thirst. They went on to say that they had reformed at ifferent times before, but immediately held never hearts to God, 'they said, 'and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ has owne into our soul the thirst has all gone. 'we have no more disposition for strong 'and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ has owne into our soul the thirst has all gone. 'we have no more disposition for strong

drink." Oh, if you could only hear intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the top of the wine cask the "Dead March" of immortal sculs, you would go home and kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should ever become the victims of this evil habit you might carry them out to the cometery and put them down in the last slumber, waiting for the flowers of spring to come over the grave-sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God hath a baim for such a wound, but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulcher?

For Heaven's sake let us examine sacredly whether there is any wrong entrusted to us to set right.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No eauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Catharthe clean your blood and keep ft clean. by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all im-purities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly billous complexition by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All drug-gists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10e, 25e, 50e.

There are little acts, small matters often, on which remorse attends while life lasts.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burnf Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes Tigbt or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bun-ions, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Aching and Sweating Feet. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cts, Sample sent FEEE. Ad-dress Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

If there is good in us, it will bring out good nothers.

M. L. Thompson & Co., Druggists, Couders-port, Pa., says Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

Natural affection and instinct are the most beautiful of the Almighty's works.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag-netic, 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.

The founder of the house to which Kaiser Wilhelm belongs was the Count of Zollern, Thassalon by name, who gained his title in the year 800. Later the name was lengthened by the addition of "Hohen," meaning upper.

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

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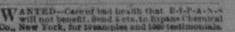
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