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.

Philip James Bailey, author of "Festus," the once popular poem, is still living in England at the age of 83 years.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, formerly Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, is said to be the most extravagant woman in society. She spends quite $100,000 each year on trifles and knick-knacks.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

Mrs. John Jacob Astor spends $50,000 a year. A great part of the money goes for diamonds, of which she is fond, and she often spends $2,000 in an afternoon shopping tour.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

For more than a year President McKinley has suffered from frequent toothache.

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.

Arizona's oldest white resident is Charles D. Poston, who braved the Apaches in 1854.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ill., April 11, 1894.

Helen Keller, the famous blind deaf mute, has learned to ride a tandem bicycle.

"The Prudent Man Setteth His House in Order."

Your human tenement should be given even more careful attention than the house you live in. Set it in order by thoroughly purifying your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Erysipelas—"My little girl is now fat and healthy on account of Hood's Sarsaparilla curing her of erysipelas and eczema." MRS. H. O. WHEATLEY, Port Chester, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box D, Atlanta, Ga.

USE CERTAIN CHILL CURE.

Astronomer in a Balloon.

M. Janssen, the French astronomer, is now more than seventy years old, and is not so vigorous physically as he was once. But he is forever doing the most daring and original things in the pursuit of knowledge. It was he who proposed the establishment of an observatory on top of Mont Blanc, and he himself made the toilsome ascent in order to obtain special spectroscopic observations of the sun, to discover, if possible, whether there was any oxygen in the atmosphere of that body. It is reported that on the occasion of the November meteor shower he was baffled for the moment by a layer of cloud that overspread the sky, and that completely prevented him from seeing whether any meteors fell or not. Thereupon he interested an aeronautic friend, secured the use of a balloon on short notice, and then made a night ascension. The display which he witnessed was not so brilliant as that observed at some places in America, but the old man was repaid for his enterprise.

Most troubles will run when we look them squarely in the face.

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Gen. John B. Gordon has made considerable money as a lecturer in the past year or so.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

Ex-Congressman Funston, of Kansas, finds himself overshadowed by his son's rising fame.

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.

Chauncey Depew, in a recent interview is quoted as saying that he "believes in publicity."

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

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

Mark Twain is greatly distressed by the death of a favorite cat, which he had owned for many years.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

The great French composer, M. Saint-Saens, is by turn philosopher, composer, archaeologist, and astronomer.

The Malay Race.

The Malay race is impassive, reserve and even bashful, so that, until one knows the race better, one can scarcely credit his bloodthirsty reputation. The Malay is entirely undemonstrative. If he has any feelings of surprise he never shows them. Perhaps he experiences none, no matter how wonderful the sight which meets his gaze. He is slow and deliberate in speech, and circumlocutory in introducing a subject to be discussed. Even the children and women are timid and scream at the sight of a European, while in the presence of the men they are silent and taciturn. Even when alone, the Malay neither talks or sings, in this respect differing much from the Papuan, who has all the negro traits of singing and chattering to himself for company. Overpay a Malay for some trifle, and his countenance betrays no sign of emotion; a Papuan will be grave for a moment out of perfect astonishment at the mistake made, and then burst into peals of grinning laughter, while he bends in two, and finally rolls on the ground in ecstacies of merriment; The Malays, when in company in a canoe, chant a plaintive, monotonous song; at other times they are silent. The Malay is cautious in giving offence to anyone, and accordingly will hesitate to quarrel about money matters, and rather abandon a just debt due him than run the risk of a fued with his equals. In his ordinary life he is as impassive as the typical Scot, and as fond of the "nil admirari" line of conduct as the American Indian, though, unlike him, the Malay does not dissemble his feelings or play a part. He has really little, if any appreciation of humor, and does not understand a practical jest. To all breaches of etiquette he is very sensitive, and equally jealous of any interference with his own or anyone else's liberty. To such an extent does he carry this idea that a Malay servant will hesitate to waken another, even his own master, though told to do so. The higher classes are exceedingly polite, possessing all the repose and quiet dignity of the best-bred Europeans. There is, however, another side to the character of the Malay. He is reckless, cruel and careless of human life; possesses but a poor intellect, and has neither a taste for knowledge or any indigenous civilization.

Pledged to Marry Poor Girls.

There exists in Vienna a club, the members of which are pledged to marry poor girls. If, by chance or design, a member marries a rich girl, he is fined two thousand dollars, which sum is bestowed on some respectable but impecunious couple engaged to be married.

Profitable.

The human hair is absolutely the most profitable crop that grows. Five tons of it are annually imported by the merchants of London. The Parisians harvest upwards of two hundred thousand pounds weight, equal in value to eighty thousand pounds sterling per annum.

WOMEN are assailed at every turn by troubles peculiar to their sex. Every mysterious ache or pain is a symptom. These distressing sensations will keep on coming unless properly treated.

The history of neglect is written in the worn faces and wasted figures of nine-tenths of our women, every one of whom may receive the invaluable advice of Mrs. Pinkham, without charge, by writing to her at Lynn, Mass.

WOMEN WHO NEED MRS. PINKHAM'S AID

MISS LULA EVANS, of Parkersburg, Iowa, writes of her recovery as follows:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had been a constant sufferer for nearly three years. Had inflammation of the womb, leucorrhœa, heart trouble, bearing-down pains, backache, headache, ached all over, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. My heart trouble was so bad that some nights I was compelled to sit up in bed or get up and walk the floor, for it seemed as though I should smother. More than once I have been obliged to have the doctor visit me in the middle of the night. I was also very nervous and fretful. I was utterly discouraged. One day I thought I would write and see if you could do anything for me. I followed your advice and now I feel like a new woman. All those dreadful troubles I have no more, and I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash a sure cure for leucorrhœa. I am very thankful for your good advice and medicine."

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Looking Backward"—It is Well to Review the Past and Arouse the Soul to Reminiscences of Dangers Escaped and Sorrows Suffered.

TEXT: "While I was musing, the fire burned."—Psalms XXXIX., 3.

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple and the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often, while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was ten years of age, and I was eight, and I was five. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the Bay of Fundy, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were a-hum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in midlife and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties. It is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to pray.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life were an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when we hear his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in heaven. Perhaps your early home was in a city. It may have been when Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, was residential as now it is commercial, and Canal street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you—for there was more meaning in that small house than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved one sat by the plain lamp light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table; your father with firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them pushing their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forget-me-nots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburned from the field and sit down on the doorsill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father! Thank God for a Christian mother! Thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel! Thank God for an early Christian home!

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advertisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature. You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you in your solemn reminiscence, and let His mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill required! God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin! God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity! Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart!

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road. You could not sleep at night. There was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house, or through your office, or your shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I'm not ready for it. Oh, God, have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and in the waterfalls dash you heard the voice of God's love. The clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness. You came into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle. You remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal!" And, though those hands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them in one great sheaf, and I call them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago; you are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life, but how shall I do it? You say that it is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two—the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street, and there has been music in the distance, you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical time beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity; with the bright, clear oar you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until, after awhile, suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted, you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked around the cradle. You did not hear the tread, but after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer! You went to your room and you said, "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it, I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. If you could have taken that little one in your arms, and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! If you could let your property go, your houses go, how gladly you would have let them depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there came up a chill blast that swept through the bedroom, and instantly all the lights went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the bitter cup to put it to your lips God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts His left arm under your head and with His right hand He pours into your lips the wine of His comfort and His consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God confronted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of Heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been spiritually better ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa! Good night, mamma! Meet me in Heaven!"

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands on seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong and where you once dispensed great charities now you have hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but with heart as loving, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts—is taken away forever. Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. As you were moving along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern down which went all your hopes and all your expectations. But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter.

There is one more point of absorbing reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena besides Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, 20 years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium—"Tete d'armee"—"Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then the historian says she fell into a sound sleep for an hour and woke amid the songs of angels. I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar against the dying reminiscence of the apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the apostle was, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing." Augustus Cæsar died amid pomp and great surroundings, Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life and the opening of a glorious eternity.

Examine the new oil cloth on the kitchen floor; its color and gloss are being destroyed and you may see where a cake of common soap fresh from the hot water in the scrubbing bucket has been laid on it for a moment, the free alkali having eaten an impression of the cake into the bright colors.

A more careful examination will show small "pin holes" here and there where the alkali has cut through the surface to soak into and gradually weaken the whole floor covering.

This is what cheap soaps do. Use Ivory Soap, it will not injure.

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