

"Three years ago I was badly afflicted with Eczema, and used Tetterine with the most gratifying result. I made a permanent cure after doctors had failed to relieve me. I have symptoms of it breaking out on another part of my person, so you will please send me one box Tetterine by return mail for the 50c. enclosed, W. L. Monice, 124 St. Marks avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y." Sold by druggists or by mail for 50c. by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

**Up in Greenland.**  
"No," continued the Eskimo sadly, "there isn't so much money in the hotel business in Greenland as the volume of travel would indicate. The average Arctic explorer is so particular these days! He has to have boot for dinner every day, and fresh boot at that! Canned boot won't answer at all! No, I don't know as I blame the explorers so much. They've got to have such experiences as the public taste demands, if they are to do anything lecturing, I suppose. Yes."

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—Landon.

### "Take Time by The Forelock."

Don't wait until sickness overtakes you. When that tired feeling, the first rheumatic pain, the first warnings of impure blood are manifest, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will rescue your health and probably save a serious sickness. Be sure to get Hood's, because



**Matter of Length.**  
"How long should mourning gowns be worn by a widow of 22?" was the question that came sobbing through the mails. Now, it chanced to be the sporting editor's day off, and the religious editor, therefore, was attending to the "Side Talks With Young Persons." "There is no hard and fast rule," wrote the religious editor contentedly, "but they ought to come down to the boot tops at least." This instance illustrates the occasional awkwardness of a newspaper standing as a bulwark of morals to the exclusion of everything else.—Detroit Journal.

**Made Him Feel Better.**  
Johnny (sobbing)—"Does it really hurt you to whip me, mamma?"  
Ma—"Yes, my son; very much more than it hurts you." Johnny (drying his eyes)—"I'm so glad."—Stray Stories.

## Facts For Sick Women

First—the medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Second—Mrs. Pinkham can show by her letter files in Lynn that a million women have been restored to health by her medicine and advice.

Third—All letters to Mrs. Pinkham are received, opened, read and answered by women only. This fact is certified to by the mayor and postmaster of Lynn and others of Mrs. Pinkham's own city. Write for free book containing these certificates.

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**TWO hundred bushels of Potatoes remove eighty pounds of "actual" Potash from the soil. One thousand pounds of a fertilizer containing 8% "actual" Potash will supply just the amount needed. If there is a deficiency of Potash, there will be a falling-off in the crop.**

We have some valuable books telling about composition, use and value of fertilizers for various crops. They are sent free.

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**STOPPED FREE!** Permanently Cured Incurably Prevented by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Lights of the Face—The Marvels of the Human Eye Prove the Infinite Wisdom of the Creator—Divinely Constructed Lighthouses of the Soul.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1900.)  
WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage, in his own way, calls attention to that part of the human body never perhaps discussed upon in the pulpits and challenges the study of omniscience. Text, Psalm xciv., 9, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"  
The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it; extols it, illustrates it or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omniscience—"the eyes of the Lord are everywhere." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its Father." Pride—"oh, how lofty are their eyes." Intention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivet's sermon—"the light of the body is the eye. This morning's text, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human race, but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, He would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for thirty years that some scientist with enough eloquence and magnetism did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on the eye. I have seen a number of these lectures and have been overwhelmed with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eyes taken from all its technicalities and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygoid, the sclerotic, the sclerotic and the chlamydia of the optic nerve and in plain, common parlance which you and I and everybody can understand present the subject to the unlearned man who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh, if some one should come forth from the dissecting table and from the laboratory and the university and take the platform and asking the help of the Creator demonstrate the wonders of what we are! If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, I ought to bring out in plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

I suppose my text referred to the human eye since it exceeds all others in structure and adaptation. The eyes of fish and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the two human eyes. The black beetle swimming in the summer pond has a hundred eyes, but the four insectile are not equal to the two human. Man placed at the head of all living creatures must have superior equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which if through some crevice of the mountain they should get a glimpse of light might be developed into positive eyesight.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God without any consultation of the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when He was about to make man He called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be consulted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole lot of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God man I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before He created it. He cried until chaos was infuriated with the utterance, "Let there be light!" In other words, before He introduced man into this temple of the world He illumined it, prepared it for the eyesight. And so after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world stars are to fall, and the sun to cease its shining, and the moon to turn into blood. In other words, after the human eyes are no more to be profited by their shining the candle of heaven are to be turned out, God to educate and to help the human eye set on the mantle of heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day and the other for the night.

To show how God honors the eye look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes. Seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together, kindly placed of ivory in color, are rich, but the halls for the residences of the human eyes are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God honored the eye when He made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them and the rain dashing against the forehead might not drip into them; the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left, so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight.

See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters, the eyelids are opened and closing 30,000 times a day, the eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out," and saying to the light, "Come in." For the iris, the iris is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the day time, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye so marvelously constructed it can see both by day and by night.

Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye, so marvelously constructed, has one muscle to lift the eye, and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round, an elaborate gearwork of six muscles as perfect as God could make them.

watch to see whether he has time to climb it. Oh, this wonderful camera obscura which I carry about with us, so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light coming 95,000,000 miles at the rate of 200,000 miles a second is obliged to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting until the portulac be lifted. Something hurried 95,000,000 miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke.

There also is the marvellous arrangement of the vascular gland by which the eye is washed and through which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tearful augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the eyelids, and the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh, the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye! Divinely constructed vision. Two lighthouses of the human eye, the eyelids, under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor.

What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression compared with the eye. Have you not seen the eye flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or tingle with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its up-lift of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you would believe the lips. The eye of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermons. George Whitefield entreated great assemblages with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye the tiger, with five times a man's strength, snarls back into the African jungle.

It is those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, and he said to his servant: "What shall I pay you, in money or in kind, for what you have done to me?" "I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged him to take the money, he said: "I am so sorry, emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Aias for those for whom a thick and impenetrable veil is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own

That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway and some one said, "Why do you carry the torch when you are blind?" "Ah," said he, "I can see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness and not run me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out, was a man of great power, but the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when He saw Bartimeus with darkness in his eyes, and he read of a mixture of dust and saliva and a prayer with which He cured the eyes of a blind man from his nativity. The value of the eye should be appreciated as a masterpiece by its beautiful action. Ask the man who for twenty years has not seen the sun rise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of his mother. Ask the man who is a victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in a powder blast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ or the man born blind who never saw the face of God.

How it adds to John Milton's sublimity of character when we find him at the call of duty sacrificing his eyesight. Through studying at late hours and trying all kinds of medicine to preserve his eyesight, and for two years he was coming toward blindness, and after awhile one eye was entirely gone. His physician warned him that if he continued reading and writing he would lose the other eye. But he kept on with his work and said after sitting in total darkness: "The choice lay before me between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight. In such a case, I could not follow the physicians, not if Aesculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary. I could not but obey that inward monitor. I know not what spoke to me from heaven, but who or what would have grace enough to sacrifice our eyes at the call of duty?"

But, thank God, some have been enabled to see without very good eyes. General Havelock, the son of the more famous General Havelock, told me this concerning his father; in India, while his father and himself with the army were encamped one evening time after a long march, the black and white of his soldiers and addressed them, saying in words as near as I can recollect: "Soldiers are their 200 or 300 women, children and men at Cawnpur at the mercy of the British and the British butchers. These poor people may any hour be sacrificed. How many of you will go with me for the rescue of those women and children? I know you will not. We may not be able to save those women and children hold up your hand." Then Havelock said: "It is almost dark, and my eyesight is very poor, and I cannot see your raised hands, but I know they are all up. Forward to Cawnpur! That hero's eyes, though almost extinguished in the service of God and his country, could see across the world and across the centuries. But let anybody who has one good eye be thankful and all who have two good eyes be thankful. The eye of God is ever upon them, and God every morning when you open them for capacity to see the light. I do not wonder at the behavior of a poor man in France. He had been born blind, but was a skillful groom in the stables. The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the centre of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us, eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangels, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments strong enough to describe them; perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to describe us. The mole cannot see the eagle midair, but the eagle midair can see the mole midground. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world, but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black of our obsequies. It passes out from the guess into the positive when we are told in the Bible that the inhabitants of other worlds "saw us at this, the children of fire." His eyes were as a flame of fire. "I will guide thee with Mine eye." Oh, the eye of God, so full of pity, so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion, so full of mercy! How it peers through the darkness!

## KEYSTONE STATE.

LATEST NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS.

### TRAGEDY AT DRIFTWOOD.

Young Man Slain in Cold Blood—Running Fight For Two Miles Between Farmer and Murderers in Lancaster County—Earth Shakes Under County Commissioner Finn at Wilkes-Barre.—Other Live News.

Stephen Carey, a young man of Driftwood was shot down in cold blood in the Lafayette Hotel at that place. Robert Kane, a young man about 20 years of age, is charged with the crime. Carey, who was about of the same age as Kane, was sitting in the hotel about 10 o'clock, conversing with several young men, when Kane walked in. It is said he spoke in an insulting manner to Carey. A dispute followed, and Kane, it is alleged, without warning, pulled a .38-caliber revolver from his pocket, pointed it at Carey's head and fired. The ball entered Carey's forehead and passed through his head. He fell to the floor and died without uttering a word. Kane ran from the hotel and went to his home, where he was captured a short time later by a posse of citizens. He made no resistance. Word was immediately sent to Sheriff Swope, at Emporium, and while awaiting his arrival the prisoner was kept under close guard. The shooting created intense excitement among the citizens. A large crowd soon gathered about the house where Kane was being held prisoner, and for a time it looked as though serious trouble might occur. A prominent citizen of the town, however, addressed the crowd and counseled them to permit the law to take its course. Sheriff Swope went to Driftwood on the first train, and Kane was turned over to his custody.

Almost Engulfed in Cave-in.  
As County Commissioner Patrick M. Finn was leaving his stable in Wilkes-Barre, the ground suddenly sank beneath him just as he got outside the door. In an instant he had sunk up to his waist. He threw out his arms, but the earth on each side was sliding down to slide beneath him. There was a cave-in and that he was, he old workings of the Pine Ridge colliery, where he had worked as a boy. With death creeping around him, he made a desperate struggle to get out, and after a great effort he managed partly to extricate himself and reach the side of the barn, and there he caught hold of a projecting beam. He hung to this, but could get no foothold, as the earth continued to slide beneath him. Finally he drew himself upon the beam, and crawled along until he reached a point where he could get on firm ground. When daylight came a hole thirty feet deep was found, and the barn was on the edge of it. The hole was a steep pitch of an old chamber, and had Finn gone down he would have been covered with earth and smothered. The barn was propped up and the hole filled during the day. No further disturbance is expected. This cave was caused by the roof of the workings falling in and the earth rushing down until it filled the place.

After Horse Thieves.  
A desperate chase after horse thieves occurred near Gap, Lancaster county, and for over an hour a running fight between pursuer and pursued was kept up. Two attempts have recently been made to steal a horse belonging to William Trayner, and on Thursday night Henry Sunners, armed with a double-barreled shot gun, decided to watch for the thief. His patience was not unrewarded, as about midnight two men approached the barn, but found the door to the horse stable locked. They went away and returned shortly with a crowbar, with which they attempted to break the padlock. At this point Sunners raised his gun and fired. The marauders dropped the bar and fled, Sunners giving chase. At frequent intervals the pursuer shot at the retreating figures, discharging his gun about fifteen times. The thieves were armed with revolvers and shot a half dozen times at Sunners, but none of the bullets took effect. The chase was kept up in the rain for about two miles, and just before the men entered a heavy woods one of them screamed that he was shot. He managed to scramble to the shelter of the woods, where Sunners abandoned the chase.

Treasurer Beacom Injured.  
State Treasurer Beacom had a narrow escape from serious injury at Harrisburg. He was leaving the administration building and slipped on the ice, falling heavily and striking his head on the edge of the stone step, and as it was he was stunned for some time. He was taken into the treasury, where he soon recovered.

Mine Fire Extinguished.  
A party of officials inspected some of the upper workings of the Dodson colliery which was on fire for several months, and found that the flames had been quenched by the water pumped into the mine. As soon as the water is all out the debris will be removed and a large force of men will be put to work to make repairs and rebuild the breaker.

Purchased Stone Works.  
The plants of the Raymond J. Campbell Manufacturing Company, at Middletown, were sold at sheriff's sale to Alexander J. Balfour, of Philadelphia, for \$34,200. It includes an extensive stone works and foundry. Mr. Balfour will make improvements at once and start the works.

Ashland Miners Are Satisfied.  
Rumors of a strike among the employees of the Reading Coal and Iron Company, in this section, lack confirmation. The men have steady work at the mines and express no dissatisfaction over their wages, as they are working on the \$2.50 basis with a sliding scale which materially increases their earnings. The company pays every two weeks, furnishes powder at \$1.50 per keg and keeps no company stores.

Wind Blew Him Off Bridge.  
While crossing a foot log over the Youghiogheny river, at Indian Creek, David Linderman was blown off by the high wind and fell to the rocks in the water, a distance of forty feet. His brains were dashed out. Linderman was 35 years old and leaves a wife and one child.

News in Brief.  
R. H. Sayre, Jr., has resigned the position of assistant general superintendent of the Bethlehem Steel Company. The directors of the company have elected Archibald Johnston to the vacancy. Mr. Johnston had been superintendent of the army state department at the works.



### BABY'S BATH.

Nothing is more easily affected by irritation than the dainty, delicate skin of a young child. Ivory Soap is cleansing and refreshing. It is wholly free from impurities, and its mild, creamy lather leaves the tenderest skin unharmed.

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### A DEVONSHIRE WITNESS.

He Didn't Mention His Lordship's Name at All.  
The difficulty of discriminating between the first and third persons has been amusingly illustrated by the late Lord Idlesleigh, who used to be fond of telling Devonshire stories, says the Westminster Gazette. One of his favorite ones was a Devonshire farmer who was a witness in a horse stealing case. "Tell us what you know about this case," said the prosecuting counsel. "Well, sur," was the reply, "I seed the prisoner and I sed to he, how about that 'oss, and he sed he didn't know nort about the 'oss." "No, no," the counsel said, "he didn't say he knew nothing about the horse, he didn't speak to you in the third person." Beg your pardon, sur," said the witness, "there wasn't no third person present, only him and me." "You don't understand what I mean," was the counsel's petulant reply. "He spoke to you in the first person." "You'm wrong agin," said the witness. "I was the fust pusson as spoke to he." At this point the judge intervened and put the question himself. "You saw the prisoner and you said, 'How about the horse?' and the prisoner answered: 'I know nothing about the horse.'" "I beg pardon, my lord," said the witness. "He didn't mention your lordship's name at all."

High Rent.  
The late Cornelius Vanderbilt, while passing two winters in Washington, paid the largest rent known in that city, where all rents are high. He gave \$2,500 a month for his house.

### ALL EXCEPT BAD ONES!

There are hundreds of cough medicines which relieve coughs, all coughs, except bad ones! The medicine which has been curing the worst of bad coughs is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Here is evidence:

"My wife was troubled with a deep-seated cough on her lungs for three years. One day I thought of how Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved the life of my sister after the doctors had all given her up to die. So I purchased two bottles, and it cured my wife completely. It took only one bottle to cure my sister. (One dollar each) saved two lives. We all send you our heartfelt thanks for what you have done for us."—J. H. BURGE, Macon, Col., Jan. 13, 1899.

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