Progress

With time comes progress and advancement in all lines of successfully conducted enterprises. Success comes to those only who have goods with superior merit and a reputation. In the manufacture of launiry starch for the last quarter of a cenury, J. C. Hubinger has been the peer of all others, and to-day is placing on the market his latest inventions, "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best," the finest laundry starches ever offered the public.

His new and original method enables you to obtain one large 10:, package of 'Red Cro s" starch, one large 10c. package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premlums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in welve beautiful colors, as natural as life. or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all for Se. Ask your grocer.

Great Salt Lake Drying Up.

According to the Irrigation Age, the waters of the Great Salt Lake in Utah have receded a mile in the past year, and some persons think that within the coming century this wonderful body of water may be completely dried up. The cause of the lowering of the water is ascribed to the rapid extension of irrigation ditches, which draw their supply from the streams emptying into the lake. There is now a "salt desert" not far from the lake, which was once covered with water.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathar-tic clean your blood and keep it 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 bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,-beauty for ten cents. All drug gists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Senator Carter, of Montana, and Senato Turner, of Washington, are both devotees o the oid habit of snuff-taking.

Spring Medicine.

There's no season when good medfeine is so much needed as in Spring, and there's no medicine which does so much good in Spring as Hood's Sarsaparilla. In fact, Spring Medicine is another name for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not delay taking it. Don't put it off till your health tone gets too low to be lifted.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Will give you a good appetite, purify and enrich your blood, overcome that tired feeling, give you mental

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subjects Evil Companions-Rindly Advice to Young Men-Avoid Bad Company, Especially Skeptics and Idlers -Shun Those Who Seek Only Pleasure.

(Copyright 1900.) WASHINGTON, D. C .- In this discourse Dr. Talmage speaks on a theme which all nen, young and old, will be glad to see inscussed, and the kindly warning will no loubt in many cases be taken; text, Pro-rerbs xifi., 20, "A companion of fools shall

destroyed." "May it please the court," said a con-victed criminal when asked by the judge what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, "may it please the court, bad company has been my destruction. I received the blessing of good parents and in return therefor pro ised to avoid all evil associates. Had I kept my promise I should have avoided this shame and the burden of guilt which. like a vulture, threatens to drag me to justice for my many crimes. Although I

once moved in high circles and was enter-tained by distinguished men, I am lost, Bad company did the work for me." Only one out of a thousand illustrations was that of the fact that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed." It is an invariable

rule. Here is a hospital with a hundred men down with the ship fever. Here is a healthy man who goes into it. He does not so cer-tainly eatch the disease as a good man will eatch moral distemper if he consents to be shut up with the vicious and the abandoned. In the prisons of the olden time it was the constant to put prisones in a call together In the prisons of the olden time it was the custom to put prisoners in a cell together, and I am sorry to say it is the custom still in some of our prisons; so that when the day of liberation comes the men, instead of being reformed, are turned out brutes, not men, each one having learned the vices of all the root

of all the rest. of all the rest. We may in our worldly occupation be obliged to talk to and commingle with bad people, but he who voluntarily chooses that kind of association is carrying on a courtship with a Delilah which will shear the locks of his strength, and he will be tripped into perdition. Look over all the millions of the race, and you cannot show me a single instance where a man volunme a single instance where a man volun-tarily associated with the bad for one year and maintained his integrity. Sin is catch-ing; it is infectious; it is epidemic.

A young man wakes up in one of our great cities knowing only the gentlemen of the firm into whose service he has en-tered. In the morning he enters the store, and all the clerks mark him, measure him, discuss him. The bad clerks of that establishment, the good clerks of that estab-lishm at stand in some relation to him. The good clerks will wish him well, but they will wait for a formal introduction, and even after they have had the intro-duction they are very cautious as to whether they shall call him into their asso-clation before they know him very well. But the bad young men in that estab-lishment all gather around him. They patronize him, they offer to show him everything that there is in the city on one for it always happens so when a good young man and a bad young man go to-gether to a place of evil entertainment. the good young man always has to pay the charges. Just at the time the ticket is to charges. Just at the time the ticket is to be paid for or the champagne bill is to be settled the bad young man will effect em-

barrassment and feel around in his pockets and say, "Well, well, really I have for-gotten my pocketbook." In forty-eight hours after this innocent

young man has entered the store the bad him on the shoulder with familiarity, and, if he is stupid in not being able to take certain allusions, will say, "Ah, my young friend, you will have to be broken in." And forthwith they go to work to "break him in.' Ob, young man, let no fallen young man slap you on the shoulder familiarly! Turn around and give a withering glance that will make the wretch cower in your pres-ence. There is no monstrosity of wicked-ness that can stand before the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the light-nings of heaven in His own scabbard, and nings of neaven in his own scabbard, and no human may reach them, but God gives to every young man a lightning which he may use, and that is the lightning of an honesteye. Anybody that understands the temptations of our great cities knows the use of one sermon like this, in which I try to enforce the thought that a "companion to enforce the thought that a "companion of fools shall be destroyed." And, first, I charge you, avoid the skeptle -that is, the young man who puts his thumb in his vest and swaggers about, scoffing at your old fashioned religion, then taking out the Bible and turning over to some mysterious passage and saying: "Explain that, my friend, explain that. I used to think just as you do. My father and mother used to think just as you do. But you can't scare me about the future. I used to believe in those things but I've got over it." Yes, he has got over it, and you will get over it if you stay in his compan-ionship much longer. For awhile he may may not bring one argument against cur holy Christianity. He will by scoffs and jeers and caricatures destroy your faith in that religion which was the comfort of your father in his declining years and the pillow on which your old mother lay a-dying. That brilliant young skeptic will after awhile have to die, and his diamond will flash no spleador into the eye of death. His hair will lie uncombed on the pillow. Death will come up, and this skeptle will say to him: "I cannot die. I cannot die." Death will say "Yon must die Yon Death will say: "You must die, You have but ten seconds more to live. You soul-give it to meright away. Your soul!' Your "Oh, no!" says the skeptic. "D breathe that cold air into my face. "Do not You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room. Here-take my rings and take the room. all the poet. Here-take my rings and take all the pictures in the room, but let me off." "No." says Death, Your soul! Your soul!" Then the dying skeptic begins to say, "O God!" Death says, "You declared there was no God." Then the dying skep-tic says, "Pray for me," and Death says: "It is to late to prove you have only the "It is too late to pray; you have only three seconds more to live, and I will count them off-one, , two, three. Gone!" Where? Carry him out and lay him down Where? beside his old father and mother, who died under the delusions of the Christian religion singing the songs of victory. Again, avoid the idlers-that is, those people who gather around the store or the shop or the factory and try to seduce you away from your regular calling and in your business hours try to seduce you away. There is nothing that would please them so well as to have you give up your em-ployment and consort with them. These idlers you will find standing around the engine houses or at doing at noonday the engine houses or stending at noonday or about noon on the steps of some hotel or fashionable restaurant. They have not he says, "Nothing: I am a gentleman," look out for him. I care not how soft his hand or how elegant his apparel or how high counding his family name, his touch These people who have nothing to do will come around you in your busy hours, and they will ask you to ride with them to Chevy Chase or to Central Park, and they will tell you of some excursion that you will tell you of some excursion that you must make, of some wine that you must drink, of some beautiful dancer that you must see. They will try to take you away from your regular work. Associate with these men, and, first of all, you will be-come ashamed of your apparel; then you will lose your place, then you will lose your respectability, then you will lose your son!. must see. They will try to take you away from your regular work. Associate with these men, and, first of all, you will be-come astamed of your apparel; then you will lose your place, then you will lose your respectability, then you will lose your aoul. Idleness is the next door to villainy. When the police go to find them? They find

nothing to do, or, having something to do, refuse to engage in their daily work. Some one came to good old Ashbel Green and asked him why he worked at eighty years of age when it was time for him to rest. "Oh," he replied, "I work to keep out of mischief!" And no man can afford to be idle, I care not how strong his moral character, he cannot afford to be idle. But you say: "A great many people are suffering from enforced idleness. During the hard times there were a great many people out of employment." I know it, but the times of duliuess in business are the times when men ought to be thor-oughly engaged in improving their minds the and enlarging their hearts. The fortunes to be made twenty years from now will be made by the young men who in the times when business was dull cultivated their minds and improved their hearts. They will get the fortunes after awhile, while those men who hang around their stores, never engaging in any useful occupation, will be as poor then as they are now. It is absurd for a Christian man to say he has nothing to do.

them among the idle-those who have

I went into a store in New York where there were five Christian men, and they said they had nothing to do. The whole world lying in sin. Poverty to be com-forted, sickness to be alleviated, a Bible in the back office, every opportunity of men-tal culture, spiritual culture; every in-ducement to work, yet a Christian man, sworn before high heaven to consecrate his whole life to usefulness, has nothing to do! If you have not any business for this world, my Christian friend, then you ought to be doing business for eternity.

Again, I counsel you, avoid the pleasure seeker, the man whose entire business it is to seek for recreation and amusement. I believe in the amusements of the world so far as they are innocent. I could not live without them. Any man of sanguine tem-perament must have recreation or die. And yet the amusements and recreations of life must administer to bard work. They are only preparative for the occupation to which God has called us.

God would not have given us the capacity to laugh if He did not sometimes intend us to indulge it. God hath hung in sky and set in wave and printed on grass many a roundelay. But all the music and the brightness of the natural world were merely intended to fir us for the carnest work of life. The thundercloud has edges exquisitely purpled, but it jars the moun-tain as it says, "I come down to water the fields." The flowers standing under the fence look gay and beautiful, but they say,

"We stand here to refresh the husband-men at the nooning." The brook frolies and sparkles and foams, but it says, "I go to baptize the moss; I go to siaks the thirst of the bird; I turn the wheel of the mill; in my crystal cradle I rock muckshaw and water lily; I play, but I work."

Look out for the man who plays and never works. Look out for that man whose entire business is to play ball or sail a yacht or engage in any kind of mer-riment. These things are all beautiful and grand in their places, but when they be-come the chief work of life they become man's destruction. Georges Enummel was come the chief work of his they become man's destruction. George Brummel was admired of all England. He danced with peeresess and went a round of mirth and folly until after a while, exhausted of purse, ruined of reputation, blasted of soul, he begged a crust from a grocer, de-claring as his deliberate opinion that he though that a dog's life was better than a man's man's

These mere pleasurists will come around ou while you are engaged in your work, and they will try to take you away. They have lost their places. Why not you lose your place? Then you will be one of them. Oh, my friends, before you go with these pleasure seekers, these men whose entire life is fun and amusement and recreation. remember while after a man has lived a young man has entered the around him, slap young men will gather around him, slap him on the shoulder with familiarity, and, tion, kind to the poor and elevating to the psalm and sit smoking his pipe until world's condition, when he comes to die the close of day. he has a glorious reminiscence lying on his death pillow, the mere pleasurist has noth-ing by way of review but a torn playbill, a rifle was only fired twice in each fight, ticket for the race, an empty tankard or the cast out rinds of a carousal. And as in delirium of his awfai death he clutches the but always with fatal effect. When the dead were collected it was always goblet and presses it to his lips, the dregs failing on his tongue will begin to uncoil easy to identify Van Bosboom's victims, for lodged in their heart or and hiss with the adders of an eternal polbrains, instead of the usual two ounces of lead which form the Mar-Again, beware of Sabbath breakers. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath, tini bullet, was to be found a bullet and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are made of two ounces of gold. People then understood old Kruger's surprise his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day and the enigmatical words Van Bos when we are to look after our souls. Is it exorbitant after giving six days to the boom had used when bidding the President good-by. feeding and the clothing of these perish-able bodies that God should demand one day for the feeding and the clothing of the immortal soul? Our bodies are seven day clocks, and they need to be wound up, and if they are not wound up they run down into the grave. No man can continuously break the Saband keep his physical and mental th. Ask those aged men, and they health. will tell you they never knew men who con-tinuously broke the Sabbath who did not fail either in mind, body or moral principle. A manufacturer gave this as his ex-He said: "I owned a factory, chigh. Everything prospered. on the Lehigh. I kept the Sabbath, and everything went on well. But one Sabbath morning I bethought myself of a new shuttle, and 1 thought I would invent that shuttle before supset, and 1 refused all food and drink until I had completed that shuttle. By sun-down I had completed it. The next day, Monday, I showed to my workmen and friends this new shuttle. They all congratulated me on my great success. I put that shuttle into play. I enlarged my business; but, sir, that Sunday's work cost me \$30,000. From that day everything went wrong. I failed in business, and I lost my mill. Oh, my friends, keep the Lord's day. You may think it old fogy advice, but I give it to you now: "Remember the Sabbath day, keep it holy. Siz days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the work, out the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work." A man said that he would prove that all this was a fallacy, and so he said, "I shall raise a Sunday crop." And he plowed the field on the Sabbath, and then he put in the seed on the Sabbath and cultivated the ground on the Sabbath and du-tivated the ground on the Sabbath. When the harvest was ripe, he reaped it on the Sabbath, and he carried it into the mow on the Sabbath, and then he stood out deflant the Sabbath, and then he stood out defant to his Christian neighbors and said, "There, that is my Sunday crop, and it is all garnered." After awhile a storm came up and a great darkness, and the light-nings of heaven struck the barn, and away went his Sunday crop. Beware, young man, of all Sabbath breakers. Again, I charge you, beware of associa-tion with the dissipated. Go with them and you will in time adopt their habits. Who is that man fallen against the curbstone, covered with brunses and beastli-ness? He was as bright a lad as ever dined there. They never dined there. They never will dine there. Beiore you invite a young man into your association ask him plainly, "What do you do for a living?" If he says, "Nothing; I am a gentleman," look out for him. I care not how soft his hered itte with bright house. The was being fitted. He enhigh position he was being fitted. He en-tered life with bright hopes. The world backoned him, friends cheered him, but the atcasts shot at him; vile men set traps for him, bad heatts hocked fast to him with their from grapples; his feet slipped on the way, and there he lies. Who would think that that uncombed hair was once toyed with by a father's fingers? Would you think that those bloated cheeks were ever kissed by a mother's lips? Would you guess that that thick tongue once

A FAMOUS BOER MARKSMAN.

Strange Story About How Van Bosboom Avenges Two Sons.

The Paris Eclair publishes a story sent in by a Frenchman who received it from a fellow countryman serving with the Boers in Natal. The hero is burgher named Van Bosboom, who is considered one of the best shots in the Transvaal. He is said never to have missed a buck, a Kaffir or a wild ostrich since he was 16 years of age, and he is now 55. Van Bosboom has taken a notable part in all the wars waged by the Transvaal, both against the natives and the English, and has always scored heavily as a deadly marksman. Ever calm and phlegmatic, the most exciting moments have never disturbed the steadiness of his nerve.

Shortly after hostilities began in the present war, Van Bosboom was told that his only two sons had been killed in one of the early engagements. He at once went to his old friend, the President, and demanded to be appointed to the rank he had held in 1880 and subsequently.

"Have you still your famous rifle with which you did such great shooting against the Matabele?" asked the President.

"Yes," replied Van Bosboom.

"Then you will need cartridges," said the President," and those you shall have.'

"No, President," answered Van Bosboom," "I have plently of cartridges I have made some for myself." Then drawing close to Kruger, he whispered something in his ear. It must have been astonishing, for "Oom Paul" let his pipe drop from his mouth, and all the world knows how Kruger clings to his pipe.

As he bade the President good-by, the famous marksman said with : chuckle: "As it's that they come after, it's just as well to let them have

Then off he went to the front, with his rifle, his Bible and the regulation thirty days' provisions. Whenever the opposing forces came within sight his method of action was always the same. He would cautiously approach the advancing English until he found convenient cover within rifle range. Then stretching himself at full length, he would study the enemy's force until he marked a young man whose appearance and bearing showed him to be an officer. Upon this figure the deadly rifle was brought to bear, then, as the sharp crack rang out and the young officer fell dead, the burgher would leap to his feet, shout "Chamberiain," and then drop flat again.



"I am getting mighty tired picking up pieces of soap that are thrown out around this house. The very first time I go to town I am going to get a box of Ivory Soap that floats on the water so you

can see it." IVORY SOAP-IT FLOATS. OPYRIGHT HER EY THE PROCTER & GAMELE CO. CINCINNAT

The Blood Red Banner. Royal and national colors vary with nations and times, but since Cain slew Abel blood-red has been the sign of revolt. In the earliest revolt known to history, when the Persians rose against their king 4,000 years ago, they were led by a blood-red banner, and during the riots which took place in Paris the men in the blood-red caps were followed by the mob. A bloodred flag waved over Bunker hill when the Americans fought for liberty, and it was the emblem of the German peasants in their great uprisings in 1424, 1492 and 1525. Blood-red was the color of the trade union flags during the middle ages, and it formed the background of the emblem of the Swiss confederacy in 1215.

Reassured.

Physician-"After this morning I shall not call again." Patient (joyously)-"Then I really am out of all



Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascaret have given me more relief than any other reme dy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recom nd them to my friends as being all they ar resented." THOS. GILLARD, Eigin, Ili.



and digestive strength and steady nerves. Besure to ask for HOOD'S. and be sure that you get Hood's, the best medicine money can buy. Get a bottle TO-DAY. All druggists. Price \$1.

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A Counter Proposition.

A Memphis young lady who is very fond of her sister's little child, a boy of 2 or 3 years, who is visiting her now, was trying yesterday to get him to let her "fix him up" to have his photograph taken. She got her curling tongs and was trying to coax him to let her curl his hair. But with true boyish disgust at the idea of having his hair treated like a girl's, he refused to submit to the process. She insisted, however, and offered him every kind of bribe, but in every instance he refused to allow her to do what she wished, and finally, becoming tired of her attempt to get him to submit, he sat down, crossed his legs, and looked up at her very seriously and said: "Auntie, I teil you what I'll do. I won't take a dollar to let you curl my hair, but I'll give you a dollar if you just go away and let my hair alone."-Memphis Scimitar.

MY BEAUTIFUL BABY BOY

Weak Women Made Happy by Lydia R Pinkhani's Vegetable Compound -Letters from Two Who Now Have Children.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM :-- It was my ardent desire to have a child. I had been married three years and was childless, so wrote to you to find out

the reason. After following your kind advice and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I became the mother of a beautiful baby boy. the joy of our home. He is a fat, healthy baby. thanks to your medicine."-MRS. MINDA FINKLE, Roscoe, N. Y. From Grateful Mrs. Lane " DEAR MRS.

PINEHAM : --- 1 wrote you a letter some time ago, stating my case to you.

"I had pains through my bowels, headache, and backache, felt tired and sleepy all the time, was troubled with the whites. I followed your advice, took your Vegetable Com-pound, and it did me lots of good. I now have a baby girl. I certainly believe I would have miscarried had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had a very easy time; was sick only a short time. I think your medicine is a godsend to women in the condition in which I was. I recommend it to all as the best medicine for women."-MRS. MARY LANE, Coytee, Tenn.

Apre eyes, use } Thomason's Eye Water

second officer fell Van Bosboom would danger!"-Fliegende Blaeter. carefully retire to safe cover, read

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. FREE\$L trial bottle for 2 week's treatment. Dr. Kline, Ld., 431 Arch St., Philadelphia, Founded 1871. In memory of his tow sons the

In ten years the descendants of two rab bits will number 70,000,000.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 15c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, draggists refund money.

There are 169 Scotch mountains which have the prefix "Ben."

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine -Mrs. W. PICKERT, Van Sielen and Elaks Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Octs 25, 1894.

The Duke of Edinburgh has a fleet of fifty silver ships, presented to him at different times by admiring cities and towns.

grow with-

"scrubby."

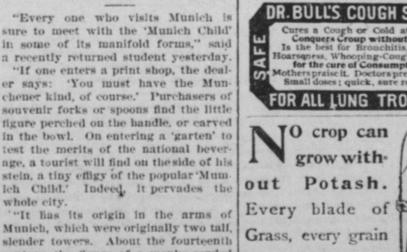
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treats upon about every s



The "Munchener Kind."

century the figure of a monk, cowled of Corn, all Fruits and holding a breviary in his hand, entered in the escutcheon. The figure and Vegetables was represented between the two great towers, and was doubtless placed there must have it. in honor of the origin of the name of Munich, which signifies Monktown. enough is supplied

"Then the jovial townfolks of Munich wished for an emblem that would properly represent their city and its chief product. They thought it would scarcely do to identify the dignified monk with the beer industry, and yet the arms of the city must be represent ed. So the monk's solemn face was replaced by a merry, laughing child, the breviary and rosary by a glass of beer and a bunch of radishes."

Fine Feathers and Fine Birds.

The reign of Lord Brassey as Governor of Victoria is drawing to a close, and the famous Suevia is being overhauled for the homeward voyage. Here is the latest story: During the early days of his governorship he had on his staff a young carl who was foud of wearing a gorgeous uniform. After the governor and party had viewed the exhibits at an up-country agricultural show one day, his excellency, in a commonplace frock-coat, led the way to the luncheon-room. But he was promptly stopped and warned aside by an attendant, who said: "Pardon me, sir, let his excellency in first." The man thought that the brilliantly attired earl must be the governor.

American and Australian butter is rapidly crowding the German article from the English market.

matters and things AN ENCYC you. It has a comwill alear up for plete index, so that it may be FOR 50C. information, presented in AN well worth to any one many interesting manner, and is times the small sum of FIFTY CENTS which we ask for it. A study of this book will prove of incalculable benefit to those whose education has been neglected, while the volume will also be found of great value to those who cannot readily command the knowledge they have scenired. BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE, 134 Loonard St., N. Y. City.