A GREAT REFRESHMENT.

Dr. Talmage Says God is a Fountain of Joy That is Unappreciated.

An Everlasting Well of Gladness -- Water for the Thirsty.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage represents religion as a great refreshment and invites all the world to come and receive it; text, Genesis xxix, 8, "We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

A scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off, and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile Jacob, a stranger, on an interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is, "Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about. But before that scene occurred Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot until all the flocks are gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Oh, this is a thirsty world! Hot for the head and blistering for the feet and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draft. We wander around, and we find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drought has dried up the world's fountain, but centuries ago a shepherd, with crook in the shape of a cross and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright and opalescent, and looked to the north and the south and the east and the west and cried out with a voice strong and musical that rang through the ages, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

Now, a great flock of sheep to-day gather around this gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather—why so many stay thirsty—and while I am wondering about it my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying, "We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

If a herd of swine come to a well they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well they hook each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating, they come together peaceably. We want a great multitude to come around the gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd; they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church, it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. We have had people permanently leave church because so many people come to it. Not so did these Oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in; go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the gospel of Jesus; go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ; go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination; go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off all the mountains; none so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, so dying, as to be omitted. Why not gather a great flock? All this city in a flock; all New York in a flock; all London in a flock; all the world in a flock.

This well of the gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the 1,600,000,000 of the race. Do not let the church by a spirit of exclusiveness keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations, "Whosoever will let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the south. Come in furs. Come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so this morning at this well of salvation Christ, our Shepherd, will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and He will stretch out His hand in pledge of His affection while all the heaven will cry out: "Behold the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him."

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered, and I find on the well of salvation to-day impediments and obstacles which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain. You do not want to come with so many others. It is as though you were thirsty and you were invited to slake your thirst at the town pump instead of sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but you must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel and to be drinking out of the fountain where 10,000 sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride, or never find your way to the well.

You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way and at any hand and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "O Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst! Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet. Give me the water of life. I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth!

Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on His lap all these years, His everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar, "The God in whose hand thy breath is and all thy way thou hast not glorified." If you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have made 500 apologies—yea, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter He has appropriately appareled you. Your health from Him, your companion from Him, your children from Him, your home from Him, all the bright surroundings of your life from Him.

Oh, man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throb of gratitude toward the God that made you and the Christ who came to redeem you and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been importuning you?

If I could gather all the griefs of all sorts from these crowded streets and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say as a Christian man, "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say, "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort! Give us comfort!" For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come. "Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I may not have lived as long as you, but I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health and about their departed friends and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their souls. After two persons have lived together for forty or fifty years, and one of them is taken away, what desolation!

I shall not forget the cry of Dr. De Witt, of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife, and after the obsequies had ended he looked down into the open place and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell! Farewell!"

To lean on a prop for fifty years and then have it break under you! There were only two years' difference between the death of my father and mother. After my mother's decease my father used to go around as though looking for something. He would often get up from one room without any seeming reason and go to another room, and then he would take his cane and start out, and some one would say, "Father, where are you going?" And he would answer, "I don't know exactly where I am going." Always looking for something. Though he was a tender-hearted man I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After sixty years' living together it was hard to part. And there are aged people to-day who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want to tell them there is perfect enchantment in the promises of this gospel, and I come to them and offer them my arm, or I take their arm and I bring them to this gospel well. Sit down, father or mother; sit down. See if there is anything at the well for you. Come, David, the psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the psalmist; "they shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing to show that the Lord is upright. He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him." Come, Isaiah, have you anything to say out of your prophecies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isaiah; "down to old age I am with thee, and to hoary hairs will I carry thee." Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, you ought not to worry much about your ailing eyesight and failing limbs.

You get a little worried for fear that some time you will come to want, do you? Your children and grandchildren sometimes speak a little sharp to you because of your ailments. The Lord will not speak sharp. Do you think you will come to want? What do you think the Lord is? Are His granaries empty? Will He feed the raven and the rabbit and the lion in the desert and forget you? Why, naturalists tell us that the porpoise will not forsake its wounded and sick mate. And do you suppose the Lord of heaven and earth has not as much sympathy as the fish of the sea? But you say, "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not. If you were of no more use He would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because He has taken care of you seventy or eighty years? He thinks more of you to-day than He ever did because you think more of Him. May the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Paul the aged be your God forever. But I gather all the promises to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply. "Behold, happy is the man who God correcteth." "Though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined that no one shall go out of this house uncomforted.

So I come to your timid and shrinking soul to-day and compel you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and He will give you gentle and omnipotent medicament.

But people, when they have trouble, go anywhere rather than to God. De Quincey took opium to get rid of his troubles, Charles Lamb took to punch, Theodore Hook took to something stronger, Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation, and men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the gospel.

But some one in the audience says, "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning, I find no alleviation for my troubles." Well, I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consideration for the last. I am going to soothe you with the thought of heaven. However talkative we may be, there will come a time when the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence no power on earth can break that taciturnity. But where, O Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness; the spring morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air; victors fresh from battle showing their scars; the rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy; in one group God and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael, the archangel; long line of choristers reaching across the hills; seas of joy dashing to the white beach; conquerors marching from gate to gate, you among them. Oh, what a great flock God will gather around the celestial well! No stone on the well's mouth while the shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel, the shepherdess. And, standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture your children and standing on the other side of eternal rapture your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that one deep well of heaven the Shepherd will dip reunion for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end we will praise the Lord that on this summer Sabbath morning we were permitted to study the story of Jacob and Rachel at the well.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

New York (Special).—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

"There is no complaint from any part of the country over the volume of current distribution of merchandise, and what hesitation is observed in general trade is chiefly due to the uncertainty as to the duration of the labor troubles in the steel manufacture. Collections continue good, better weather has helped the agricultural classes, money is easy, and stocks of merchandise carried are not above the average for this season of year, particularly in the West and Southwest.

"Having no further ammunition in heat and drought reports for hoisting prices, speculators have turned suddenly to the other extreme and demonstrate that early frosts threaten all late planted corn. The result has been spot quotation at this city of more than 60 cents all the week, and the practical elimination of exporters from domestic markets.

"Failures for the week were 173 in the United States, against 177 last year, and 31 in Canada, against 23 last year."

Bradstreet's says:

"Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week aggregate 8,832,199 bushels, against 6,463,391 last week, and 3,318,760 in the corresponding week of 1900.

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour—Best Patent, $4.45; High Grade Extra, $3.95; Minnesota bakers, $2.90a3.10.

Wheat—New York, No. 2 red, 77½c; Philadelphia, No. 2 red, 73¼a74c; Baltimore, 74½c.

Corn—New York, No. 2, 61⅜c; Philadelphia, No. 2, 59½a60c; Baltimore, No. 2, 62a63c.

Oats—New York, No. 2, 39c; Philadelphia, No. 2 white, 45c; Baltimore, No. 2 white, 42a43c.

Rye—New York, No. 2, 59½c; Philadelphia, No. 2, 58c; Baltimore, No. 2, 56c.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, $16.00a16.50; No. 2 timothy, $15.00a15.50; No. 3 timothy, $14.00a14.50.

Green Fruits and Vegetables—Apples, per bbl., fancy, $2.00a2.25; fair to good, $1.50a1.75. Beets, per bunch, ¾a1c. Blackberries, per quart, Rochelle, 4a5c. Cabbage, per 100, Flat Dutch, $3.00a4.00. Cantaloupes, Gems, per basket, 25a40c; native, large, per 100, $4.00a6.00. Carrots, per bunch 1½a2c. Corn, per dozen, 4a5c. Damsons, Md. and Va., per bbl, $4.00a4.50. Eggplants, per basket, 60a65c. Huckleberries, per quart, 7a8c. Onions, per half-bbl basket, 60a65c. Peaches, yellows, 75ca$1.00; reds, 65a80c. Pears, Manning Elizabeth, per basket, 50a75c; Bartletts, per basket, 35a50c. Pineapples, Florida, per crate, as to size, $2.00a3.25. Plums, 8-lb basket, 12a15c. Squash, per basket, 15a20c. String Beans, per bus, 65a75c. Tomatoes, 2-basket carrier, 75ca$1.00; Anne Arundel, per basket, 30a40c. Watermelons, per 100 selects, $18.00a22.00.

Live Poultry—Hens, 10½c; old roosters, each, 25a30c; spring chickens, 14c; ducks, 7a8½c; spring ducks, 8a10c.

Potatoes—White—New York river, per bbl, No. 1, $2.50a3.00; do, do, culls and seconds, $1.50a2.00; do, do, Rappahannock, per bbl, Rose, $2.60a2.90; do, do, Chili R. per bbl, $2.50a2.75; do, do, seconds, per bbl, $1.25a2.00; do, Eastern Shore Md., per bbl, $2.50a3.00; do, do, Va., per bbl, $2.50a3.00; do, native, per bushel box, 90ca$1.00; do, Md. and Pa., per bus, 80a90c. Sweets—New North Carolina, per bbl, yellows, $3.00a4.00; do, do, Eastern Shore Virginia, per bbl yellows, $3.50a4.50; do, do, red, per bbl $2.00a2.50. Yams—New, per bbl, $2.50a2.75.

Provisions and Hog Products—Bulk rib sides, 9½c; clear do, 9¾c; shoulders, 8½c; do fat backs, 14 lbs and under, 8¼c; do, 18 lbs and under, 8½c; do, belles, 10½c; do, mess strips, 8½c do, ham butts, 8½c; bacon clear sides, 10¼c; do, clear, 10½c; do, shoulders, 9¼c; sugar-cured breasts, small, 13½c; do, do, 12 lbs and over, 13½; do, do, shoulders, bladecuts, 9½c; do, do, narrows, 9½c; do, do, extra broad, 10¼c; do, do, California hams, 9¾c; hams, 10 lbs, 13 to 13½c; do, 12 lbs and over, 12¾c; do, 15 lbs and over 12½c; do, skinned, 14c; do, beef, Western, canvased and uncanvased sets, 14½c; do, do, tenders, 15½c; mess pork, $16.50; ham pork, $16.00; refined 50-lb cans, 9¼c; do, do, half-barrels and new tubs.

Hides—Heavy steers, association and salters, late kill, 60 lbs and up, close selection, 10a11½c; cows and light steers, 9a9½c.

Eggs—Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, per doz, 14c; Eastern Shore Maryland and Virginia, 14c; Virginia, 14c; Western and West Virginia, 14c; Southern, 13a13½c; guinea, 7c.

Dairy Products—Elgin, 22a23c; separator, extras, 21a22c; do, firsts 20a21c; do, gathered cream, 19a20c; do, imitation, 17a18c; ladle extra, 15a17c; ladles, first, 14a15c; choice Western rolls, 15a16c; fair to good, 13a14c; half-pound creamery, Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, 21a22c; do, rolls, 2-lb, do, 20c.

Cheese—New cheese, large, 60 lbs, 10¾a10⅞c; do, flats, 37 lbs, 10½a10¾c; do, flats, 37 lbs, 10½a10¾c; picnics, 23 lbs, 11a11½c.

Live Stock.

Chicago.—Cattle—Good to prime steers, $5.60a6.15; stockers and feeders, $2.25a4.00; cows, $2.50a4.40; bulls, $2.50a4.30; calves, choice higher at $3.00a6.50. Hogs—mixed and butchers, $5.70a5.95; good to choice heavy, $5.90a6.07½. Sheep—good to choice wethers, $3.60a4.00; fair to choice mixed, $3.25a3.60; Western sheep, $3.25a4.00; yearlings, $3.75a4.30; native lambs, $2.00a5.15; Western lambs, $4.25a5.15.

East Liberty.—Cattle—Extra, $5.50a5.80; prime, $5.50a5.65; good, $5.20a5.40. Hogs dull and lower; prime heavy $6.05; assorted mediums, $6.00a6.05; best Yorkers, $6.10; light do, $5.90a6.00.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY

"Corn exports for the week aggregate 990,714, against 653,604 last week, and 2,800,754 in this week a year ago."

Fort Worth has 40 unions.

There are 45,000 union merchants.

Philadelphia is to have a labor temple.

Fort Worth has a Woman's Label League.

Brooklyn bricklayers' laborers get $3 a day.

Louisville carpenters get $2.50 for nine hours.

PURE FOOD LAW VIOLATED.

Interesting Facts Concerning the Roasting of Coffee Brought Out by Scientific Experts—Presence of Bacteria.

TOLEDO, August 10th—The jury in Judge Meck's court in this city has found James White, a local grocer, guilty of selling adulterated coffee. The prosecution was based on a package of Ariosa coffee.

The State of Ohio, through the Pure Food Commission, prosecuted White. The case was on trial for nearly a month, and attracted national attention.

The manufacturers of Ariosa coffee conducted the defense for Grocer White. Attorneys of eminence were retained to defend him, but after a short consultation a verdict of guilty was returned by the jury. The State of Ohio considers this a big victory. Pure Food Commissioner Blackburn has been waging a warfare on spurious food articles and the department has been successful.

The complaint of the State of Ohio was that Ariosa coffee was coated with a substance which concealed defects in the coffee and made it appear better than it is. The State charged this coating or glazing was a favorable medium for the propagation of bacteria.

Prof. G. A. Kirchmaier, of this city, a well-known chemist, was the principal witness for the State. He testified that he had made scientific examinations of samples of Ariosa purchased from Grocer White in the open market, and found that each berry contained an average of 300 bacteria. Mr. Kirchmaier further testified that other coffees he examined contained few bacteria or none at all. He declared that the glazed coffee was not a wholesome food product.

Chemist Schmidt, of Cincinnati, corroborated the testimony of Prof. Kirchmaier. The State did not present further testimony.

The defense secured some of the most eminent chemists and scientists in the United States to give testimony in their behalf. Prof. H. W. Wiley, of the United States Agricultural Department; Prof. Vaughn, of Ann Arbor University; Profs. Bleile and Webber, of the Ohio State University, were called to defend Ariosa. Dr. Wiley made a careful examination of the method of manufacturing. He told of the 19,000,000 eggs used yearly in the preparation of this glazing. On this point, in cross-examination, the State's attorney deftly drew from him the information that these eggs might be kept in cold storage for a year or two at a time.

The experts who heard Dr. Wiley's testimony were pleased to listen to so famous a chemist. The doctor at one point in his testimony explained very clearly how it is that the egg put into the coffee pot by the housewife settles the coffee. He said that the heat coagulates the egg, and as it sinks to the bottom of the pot it carries the fine particles of coffee with it, and thus clarifies the drink. It is the act of coagulation in the coffee pot that does the work. Later on in his cross examination, he admitted that when the egg was put on Ariosa coffee at the factory it became congulated, and as egg cannot be coagulated but once, that the coating on coffee was practically no value, as a "settler" when it reached the coffee pot.

Professor Wiley acknowledged that the glazing might be a favorable medium for the propagation of bacteria, although he would not testify positively either way because he was not a bacteriologist.

Professor Vaughn, of Ann Arbor, also a witness for the defense, said he found bacteria on Ariosa coffee.

Professor Bleile, another witness for the defense, testified he found any number of lively bacteria on Ariosa coffee he examined, and agreed that glazed coffee surely was a more favorable medium for the propagation of bacteria than unglazed coffee.

Pure Food Commissioner Blackburn says: "The State is very much elated over its victory. We are now considering the advisability of informing every grocer in the State of Ohio that it is an infraction of the laws to sell Ariosa, and at the same time give warning to consumers that the coffee is an adulterated food article."

The verdict of the jury in this case is of national importance because a great many other States have pure food laws like that of Ohio, and it is natural to suppose that similar action will be taken by other Pure Food Commissioners to prevent the sale of glazed coffees.

Averaging It Up.

"Last year," she begun, as she halted in front of the grocery to gaze at a pile of watermelons, "last year I bought sixteen different watermelons of you, and not one of them was ripe."

"Yes, I know," replied the grocer.

"And this year—"

"This year, madam, you will buy sixteen others of me, and not one will be green. That's the way it goes, you know. Last year was an off year, while this one is all right. I'll send down that large speckled fellow with a hump to it."

Expressive.

Mrs. Gowanus—What is your father doing, Herbert?

Little Herbert—He wants to find some fact or other, and he is playing hide and seek with the volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

An Unsisterly Fling.

"She is pretty," said the young woman, "but she is so obviously made up."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "I can't help wondering how she got back from Europe without having duty collected on her as a work of art."

Some Fatherly Advice.

There is one man in Cook county who is bringing up his boys in the way they should go, and if they don't go in it the fault won't be his. One of his lads stood before him and said:

"Father, I'm invited to a party, and there's going to be dancing, and I need a dress suit."

"Yes. Well, why don't you get it?"

"I haven't the money."

"How old be you?" asked the old man with sudden interest.

"Why, you know, father. Nineteen this month."

"And you want a dress suit?"

"Yes, sir."

"The kind of rig you can only wear after sundown?"

"Yes, sir; it's evening dress."

"Costs like the dickens, and makes you look like a waiter in an eating-house? Huh! Now, I've no objection to your having a dress suit—with a proviso—you must go to work and earn it. Now hustle."

And the boy is hustling.

Bread-making's Importance.

Undoubtedly the day of really good bread is dawning. The "new woman" has now come to the rescue. This means an awakening to latent capacities and powers, and a revising and new appreciation of old duties and obligations. In no place does this new woman shine with a finer light than she does in the home, where her intelligence reaches the remotest corners brightening and bettering all things.

The important subject of bread-making, which should head the list of cooking accomplishments, will, with other things, receive proper study, and sooner or later the perfect loaf will not be a matter of luck, as it so often is now, but the result of a thorough understanding of ingredients, their combination and conditioning.

Lamentable Forgetfulness.

As the steamer pitched and rolled in the waves the traveler heard through the thin partition a wailing voice in the next stateroom exclaim:

"Oh, mamma, it's coming on again, worse than ever!"

Then he heard a sleepy voice in reply:

"Marie, why don't you follow the directions you told me about before we came on board?"

"Because I've forgotten whether I ought to breathe in as the vessel rises and let the breath go out as it moves downward, or whether it ought to be the other way, and O! O! O! I wish I was dead!"

The Same Old Game!

The Coney Island Photographer—I don't suppose dose Delaware fellers would get any price fer dere peaches ef dey didn't work off de same old gag every year dat de crop was a dead failure.

The Frankfurter Man—No; same's we go broke every spring ef we didn't work de gag of a tarrible high tide washin' everyt'ing away, so's t' draw de crowds down t' Coney t' see de ruins.

Her Own.

Tess—She had the audacity to say she didn't believe these were my own teeth.

Jess—The idea! She knows very well you always pay cash for everything you get.

Ladies can wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The dyer doesn't like to be referred to as a dead one.

See advt. of SMITHDEAL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

An apt quotation is sometimes better than an original remark.

The number of sheep in Australasia decreased from 124,000,000 in 1891 to 90,000,000 in 1900.

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

A Philadelphia resident recently contracted for the building of 222 houses, to cost about $750,000.

The coffee plant is a variety of the cinchona family

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In prehistoric times the rhinoceros flourished in California, while large lions and tigers lived in the jungles.

Best For the Bowels.

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The Why.

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"Exactly," replied Mr. Citiman, "and that's why they call it milk, very probably."

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If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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