Just Like Them

Scene Tramcar. Dramatis personae: Four-year-old girl, mother and several Dassengers.

Child (in high, shrill treble)-Mamma, did you get pap's birthday present? 'Yes, dearest.'

"What did you get, mamma?" 'Cigars, lovey.'

"The cheap ones that Aunt Millie told you about?'

Silence from mamma, but a heightened flush on her face that was not entirely the reflection from "dearest lovey's" red velvet hat.

Mamma, that man over there has on a dreadfully dirty necktie. You told papa the other day that no gentleman would wear a soiled necktie.

Man glares and pulls his overcoat about his neck.

'Mildred, stop talking!"

Mildred was silent for a little while. "Mamma, that lady over there forgot to polish her shoes this morning."

In Doubt.

"I judge from your conversation," said the carping person, "that you as-sume to be an optimist."

"Oh, yes. It's just as well to look on the bright side."

You undertake to demonstrate that 'whatever is is right,' and all that sort of thing.

That would be the tendency of my arguments."

And you believe that everything is all for the best?"

'Yes.'

"Well, I'm glad to meet you. I want to talk with some one who has studied the subject, and who can possibly tell me why it is that the man who rocks the boat always manages to swim ashore and let the other people drown. It may be all for the best, but I'd like to have it explained."

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Love is cheap, but being a lover is expensive.

About the time a boy begins to think about his sweethcart his mother begins to forget hers.

You must never kiss and tell, but if you see anybody else doing it you must tell it to everybody.

After a woman comes home from church she has the same sort of guaranteed credit feeling that a man has just after he makes a fat bank deposit.

There is nothing that makes a man so thankful he is married as to have his wife wake him up in the middle of the night to ask his opinion of a new idea she has for a shirtwaist.

An Alibl.

"Has my Willie been in swimming here to-day?" asked Willie's angry father.

"No, sir," replied the biggest boy in the water.

"Are you sure?"

'Sure. Why, it was as much as he could do to keep from drownin,' but we got him out all right. He's restin' over there in the bushes now."

Mean Thing.

Rosalie-Have you chosen any of your bridesmaids yet? May-Yes. Fanny Lyon.

Rosalie-Why, I thought you hated

May-No, not exactly; but the bridesmaids are to wear yellow, and you can't imagine how that will go with Fanny's complexion.

Nothing Equals St. Jacobs Oil.

For Rhoumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia

THE DEFEAT OF OBLIVION Rev. Dr. Talmage Says Every Soul Will

Be Remembered in Heaven.

All the Ordinary Efforts at Perpetuation Are Dead Failures.

[Copyright, 1901.]

WASHINGTON, D. C .-- In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how any one can be widely and forever recollected and cheers despondent Christian worker texts, Job xxiv, 20, "He shall be no more/reinem-bered," and Psalms cxii, 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." Of oblivion and its defeats I speak to-day. There is an old monster that swal-lows down exactly in the superbolic defe

lows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, States, na-tions, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its tions, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of eons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionaries "Oblivion." It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge which all or chestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of for-getfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to

on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it. Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are together, inseparable and to each other indispensable, and then they part, some by marriage going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a cen-tury is long enough to plant a family, de-velop it, prosper it and obliterate it. So the generations vanish. Walk up Penn-sylvania avenue, Washington; Broadway, New York; State street, Boston; Chest-nut street, Philadelphia; the Strand, Lon-don; Princess street. Edinburgh; Champs Elysees, Paris; Unter den Linden, Berlin, and you will meet in this year 1001 not one person who walked there in the year 1801. What engulfment. All the ordi-mary efforts at perpetuation are dead fail-ures. Walter Scott's Old Mortality may ge round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivions has a quicker chisel, with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while Old Mortality is cutting in one epitaph. Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin I. or of Charles Martel or of Marlborough or of Mithridates or of Prince Frederick or of Cortes, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of the 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it.

hear. Stand them in hie and call the roll of the 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,750,000 infantry and the 200,000 cavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and eall the roll. Not one answer. Stand in line the 1,000,000 men of Sesostris, the 1,200,000 men of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa, the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Ther-mopylae and call the long roll. Not one answer. At the opening of our Civil War the men of the Northern and Southern armies were told that if they fell in battle their names would never be forgotten by their country. Out of the million men who fell in battle or died in militar; hos-pitals you cannot call the names of a who fell in battle or died in military hos-pitals you cannot call the names of a thousand, nor the names of 500, nor the names of 100, nor the names of fifty. Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a schoolboy's rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go, too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest tele-scope that will be a sure pediment for any alab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axeltree of the

we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axeltree of the constellations will break and let down the populations of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a erocodile takes down a frog. . Yet oblivion does not remove or swalhim was nearby a laver, in which he might wash and a coronet of eternal bless-edness he might wear?

What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splen-dor, there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them. What are epitaphs in graveyards, what

They cannot forget an earthly kindness They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. They have not cutlass to part that cable. They have no strength to hurl into oblivion that benefaction. Has Paul for-gotten the inhabitants of Malta, who ex-tended the island hospitality when he and others with him had felt, added to a ship-wreck, the drenching rain and the sharp cold? Has the victim of the highwayman on the road to Jericho forgotten the good Samaritan with a medicament of oil and Samaritan with a medicament of oil and wine and a free ride to the hostelry? Have the English soldiers who went up to God from the Crimean battlefields forgotten

Florence Nightingale? It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky. We teach a Sabbath class, or put a Christian tract a babbath class, of put a Christian tract in the hand of a passer-by, or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting, or preach a sermon and go home discouraged, as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the conturing can demonst on rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down.

Another defeat of Oblivien will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eter-nal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man, every stroke of that work done will be im-mortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last. Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ; that you, by prayer or gospel work, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity

will ever smite a heavenly citizen. Oh, this character building! The struc-ture lasting independent of passing cen-turies, independent of crumbling mauso-leuns, independent of the whole planctary system. Aye, if the material universe, which seems all bound together like one piece of machinery, should some day meet with an accident that should send worlds crashing into each other like telescoped railway trains, and all the wheels of constellations and galaxies should stop, and down into one chasm of immensity all the down into one chasm of immensity all the suns and moons and stars should tumble like the midnight express at Ashtabula, that would not touch us and would not hurt God, for God is a spirit, and charac-ter and memory are immortal, and over that grave of a wrecked material universe might truthfully be written, "The righte-ous shall be held in everlasting remem-brance." O time, we defy thee! O death, we stamp thee in the dust of thine own sepulchers! O eternity, roll on till the last star has stopped rotating and the last was star has stopped rotating and the last sum is extinguished on the sapphire pathway, and the last moon has illumined the last night, and as many years have passed as all the scribes that ever took pen could All the scribes that ever took pen could describe by as many figures as they could write in all the centuries of all time, but thou shalt have no power to efface from any soul in glory the memory of anything we have done to bring it to Ged and heaven! heaven!

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God Himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship, perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen a soldier roll up his sleeve and show his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned or the face of a great general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marrise. This loved one before or after marriage. This custom of tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid pune-tured into the flesh so indelibly that nothworld. It is some colored liquid pune-tured into the flesh so indelibly that noth-ing can wash it out. Its may have been there fifty years, but when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that He has tattooed us upon His hands. There can be no other meaning in the forty-ninth chapter of Isaish, where God says. "Be-hold. I have graven thee on the palms of My hands." It was as much as to say, "I cannot open My hand to help but **X** think of you. I cannot spread abroad My hands to bless but I think of you. Wher-ever I go up of down the heavens I take these two pictures of you with Me. They are so inwrought into My being that I cannot lose them. As long as My hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of My hands, as though to an-nounce you to others, but on the palms of My hands for Myself to look at and study and love. Though I hold the winds in My fist, no cyclone shall uproot the in-scription of your name and your face, and though I hold the creas in the hellon of the back with the the set in-stription of your name and your face, and scription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of My hand its billowing shall not wash out the record of My remembrance. 'Behold, have graven thee on the palms of My ande What jey, what honor, can there be comparable to that of being remembered by the mightiest and most affectionate being in the universe? Think of it—to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God! The heart of God! The most beau-tight relace in the universe. Let the arch <text><text><text><text><text><text> Frobably a Tartar.

A well-known Pacific coast attorney, who prides himself upon his handling of Chinese witnesses, was defending a railway damage case. The lawyer is a bit nearsighted, so failed to note when a Chinaman came upon the stand that the witness' clothing was of finer texture than the ordinary coolie's. Instead of following the usual ques-

tions as to name, residence, if the nature of an oath was understood, etc., the following dialogue ensued: 'What is your name?"

"Kee Lung." "You live in San Francisco?"

'Yes.'

'You sabe God?" "Mr. Attorney, if you mean 'Do

understand the entity of our Creator? I will simply say that Thursday even-ing next I shall address the State Ministerial Association on the subject of 'The Divinity of Christ,' and shall be pleased to have you attend."

When order was restored the examination proceeded on ordinary lines, but to the day of his death the lawyer will never cease to be asked if he "sabe God.

She Got the Position. "Excuse me," he said to the applicant for the typewriter's position,

would like to know your age?" The young woman looked astonished. 'May I ask what that has to do with my fitness for the place?" she inquired. Nothing," he promptly answered. 'You see it's my wife that wants to

know "In that case," said the applicant, who was pretty as well as young, "tell her I am 47.

And the smile that followed this ingenuous statement brought out four delightful dimples.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

It is said that the Japanese Emperor has \$2,000,000 to gratify his desire for entertainment.

It's easier to put up with the prodigal son than to put up for him.

How's This ? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for ny case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Che-ney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TEUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,

Ohio WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale

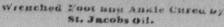
Druggists, Toledo, Ohio Hall's Caturrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous sur-faces of the system. Price, 75c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It's risky for a young man to give his best girl a fan-it can make a coolness between them.

Rest For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a ancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascaners help nature, sure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cas-CARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

A collector is responsible for the statement that men of promise generally be come men of note.



GENTLEMEN-A short time ago I severely wrenched my foot and ankle. The injury was very painful, and the consequent inconvenience (being obliged to keep to business) was very trying. A friend recommended St. Jacobs Oil, and I take great pleasure in informing you that one application was sufficient to effect a complete cure. To a busy man so simple and effective a remedy is invaluable, and I shall lose no opportunity of suggesting the use of St. Jacobs Oil. Yours truly, Henry J. Doirs, Manager, The Cycles Co., London, England. St. Jacobs Oil is safe and sure and never

failing. Conquers pair.

When a man wants money or assistance the world, as a rule, is very indulgent and obliging-and lets him want it.

Good for Bad Teeth

Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Toolh Powder 25c 25c.

HALL & RUCKEL. New York

WILLS PILLS-BIGGEST OFFER EVEN MADE.

Sozodont



DON'T GET

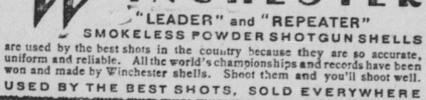
THE ORIGINAL

TOWER'S

"ISH BRAND

SLICKE

For only 10 Cents we will sail to any P. 0. at dress, 10 days' treatment of the ossi melloins at evrit, and pail you on the track new is millions of evrify and pail your home. Address all or is sto fas H. H. Wills Medicin Company, 25 Eliza-beth St., Hargerstawn, M. Bratca Lideau 129 Indiana Ave., Wasain fton, D. C. DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; give guick reliaf and cures want bass. Book of testimonials and 10 darys' tractaent trac. Dr. H. K. GHEEN'SBONS, Box E, Atlants, Ga. The Sauce that made West Point famous. MCILHENNY'S TABASCO. CURES WHEAT ALL FLSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Cao USE CERTAIN COULT CURE. CONSUMPTION IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER, BAU 40. CHESTER



illions USE UUNI MEDICINAL TOILET TILLIONS of Women Use CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for soltening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odours. No other medicated soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world. Complete External and Internal Treatment for every humour, Consisting of Curroura Soar, to cleanse the skin of crusts and cales and soften the thickened cuticle; Curroura Currents, to cales and soften the thickened cuticle; Curroura Currents, to cales and soften the thickened cuticle; Curroura Currents, to cales and soften the thickened cuticle; Curroura Currents, to cales and soften the thickened cuticle; Curroura Currents, to cales and soften the thickened cuticle; Curroura Currents, to cales and soften the thickened cuticle; Curroura Currents, to cales and soften the thickened cuticle; Curroura Currents, and soften and peal; and Curroura Resolvery, to cool and cleanse the how of A Sixoura Ser is often sufficient to curre the next tortur-ing, disfiguring, the light. Sold throughtet the world. British Depot: F. Newberry & Sone, 27 and 28, Cherterhouse Sq., Leefor, E. C. Torrent David AND CHEMICAL CORFORMATICS, Boile Props., Bestor, U. S. A.

'Cramp, Pleurisy, Lumbago, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Soreness, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Backache, Foetache, Pains in the Chest, Pains in the Back, Pains in the Shoulders, Pains in the Limbs, and all bodily aches and pains, it acts like magic. Safe, sure and never failing.

The careless actor and the careless fish erman have not much in common, but they rescmble each other when they for-get their lines.

Too Effective.

'John," said Mrs. Billus, after the caller had gone away, "I wish you wouldn't bunch your blunders so." "What do you mean, Maria?" asked Mr. Billus.

"I didn't mind your telling her that you were ten years older than I, but you followed it up a minute later by letting it slip out that you were fiftytwð.



"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all diseases of the lungs it never disappoints."

J. Early Finley, Ironton, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral won't cure rheumatism; we never said it would. It won't cure dyspepsia; we never claimed it. But it will cure coughs and colds of all kinds. We first said this sixty years ago; we've been saying it ever since. Three sizes : 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, hen do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. cave it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Your Tongue

If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver is out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black ? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE whiskers

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

down a frog. Yet oblivion does not remove or swal-low anything that had better not be re-moved or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long age have been overcrowded if not for the merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelli-gence and made all research impossible. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten con-turies ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3000 years ago would smarl at us, saying, "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past gener-ations of mankind are not worth remem-bering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die; their cradle a mis-fortune and their grave a boon. In all the Pantheon the weakest god-dess is Clio, the goddess of history, and instead of being represented by sculptors as holding a scroll might better be repre-sented as limping on crutches. Faithful history is the saving of a few things out of more things lost. The immortality that comes from pomp of obsequies or granite shaft or building named after its founder or page of recognition in some en-cyclopedia is an immortality unworthy of

that comes from pomp of obsequies or granite shaft or building named after its founder or page of recognition in some en-cyclopedia is an immortality unworthy of one's ambition, for it will ccase and is no immortality at all. Oblivion! A hundred years. But while I recognize this universal submergence of things earthly, who wants to be forgotten? Not one of us. Absent for a few weeks or months from home it cheers us to know that we are remembered there. It is a phrase we have all pronounced, "I hope you missed me." Meeting some friends from whom we have been parted many years we inquire. "Did you ever see me be-fore?" And they say, "Yes," and call us by name, and we feels a delightful sensa-tion thrilling through their hand into our hand and running up from elbow to shoulder and then parting, the one cur-rent of delight ascending to the brow and the other descending to the foot, moving round and round in concentric circles un-til every nerve and muscle and capacity of body and mind and soul is permeated with delight. Now. I have to tell you that this obli-vion of which I have spokes has its de-feats, and there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly a. d vividly and ploriously remembered five hundred mill-ion billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done. We may build this "everlasting remem-

FITS permanently cured. Nof ornervous ness after first day's use of Dr. ne's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle an reatiss free Dr. B. H. KLINE, Ltd., \$31 Arch Sv. Phila. Pa.

Because a man's a barber that gives him no license to lather his wife

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soften the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottl c

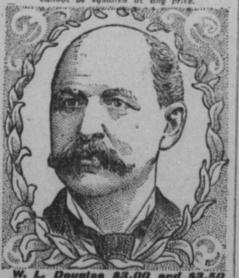
Truth is stranger than fiction because it is so much more rare

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds. --N.W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1990.

One way to have a housewarming is to put in lots of coal.



The reputation of W. L. Douglas \$3.00 was provided by the standard was been placed so high that the was receives more value for his money and \$3.50 and \$3



by the best shoe dealers every upon having W. L. Douglas ame and price stamped on bo

aley Ryches and.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c