REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Lessons of Winter."

TEXT: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"—Job xxxviii., 22.

Grossiy maligned is the season of winter. The spring and summer and autumn have had many admirers, but winter, hoary headed and white bearded winter, hath had more enemies than friends. Yet without winter the human race would be inane and effortiess. You might speak of the winter as the mother of tempests. I take it as the father of a whole family of physical, mental and spritual energies. The most people that and spiritual energies. The most people that 1 know are strong in proportion to the number of snow banks they had to climb over or push through in childhood, while their fathers drove the sled loaded with logs through the crunching drifts high as the

At this season of the year, when we are so familiar with the snow, those frozen vappors, those falling blossoms of the sky, those white angels of the atmosphere, those poems of the storm, those Iliads and Odysseys of the wintery tempest, I turn over the leaves of my Bible and—though most of it was written in a clime where snow seldom or never fell—I find many of these beautiful congelations. Though the writers may seldom or never have felt the cold touch of the snowflake on their cheek, they had in sight two mountains, the tops of which were suggestive. Other kings sometimes take off their crowns, but Lebanon and Mount Hermon all the year round and through the ages never lift the coronets of crystal from At this season of the year, when we are ages never lift the coronets of crystal from

their foreheads. The first time we find a deep fall of snow in the Bible is where Samuel describes a fight between Benaiah and a lion in a pit. and though the snow may have crin under the wounds of both man and brute, the shaggy monster rolled over dead, and the giant was victor. But the snow is not fully recognized in the Bible until God interrogates Job, the scientist, concerning its wonders, saying, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

I rather think that Job may have exam-I rather think that Job may have examined the snowflake with a microscope; for, although it is supposed that the microscope was invented long after Job's time, there had been wonders of glass long before the microscope and telescope of later day were thought of. So long ago as when the Coliseum was in its full spiendor, Nero sat in the emperor's box of that great theatre, which held a hundred thousand people, and looked at the combatants through a gem in his finger ring which brought everything his finger ring which brought everything close up to his eye.

Four hundred years before Christ, in the stores at Athens, were sold powerful glasses called "burning spheres," and Layard, the explorer, found a magnifying glass amid the ruins of Nineveh and in the palace of Nim-rod. Whether through magnifying instru-ment or with unaided eye I cannot say, but I am sure that Job somehow went through the galieries of the snowflake and counted its pillars and found wonders, raptures, mys teries, theologies, majesties, infinities walk ing up and down its corridors, as a result of the question which the Lord had asked him, 'Hast thou entered into the treasures of the

snow?"

Oh, it is a wonderous meteor. Memboldt studied it in the Andes, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. De Saussure reveled among these meteors in the Alps, and Dr. Scoresby counted ninety-six varieties of snowflake amid the arctics. They are in shape of stars, in shape of coronets, in shape of cylinders; are globular, are hexagonal, are pyramidal, are castellated. After a fresh fall of snow, in one walk you crush under your feet, Tuilleries, Windsor castles, St. Pauls, St. Peters, St. Marks, cathedrals, Alhambras and Sydenham palaces innumerable. I know it depends much on our own condition what impression these flying meteors of the snow make.

I shall not forget two rough and unpre-tending wood cuts which I saw in my bay-hood side by side; one a picture of a prosper-ous farmhouse, with all signs of comfort, and a lad warmly clothed looking out of the door upon the first flurry of snow, and his mind no doubt filled with the sound of jin-gling sleigh bells and the frolic with playfellows in the deep banks, and he, clapping his hands and shouting, "It snows! it snows!" The other sketch was of a boy, haggard and hollow eyed with hunger, looking from the broken door of a wretched home, and seeing in the falling flakes prophecy of more cold and less bread and greater privation, wring-ing his hands and with tears rolling down his wan cheeks crying, "Oh, my God! it snows! it snows!" Out of the abundance that characterizes most of our homes may there be speedy relief to all whom this win-

ter finds in want and exposure.

And now I propose, for your spiritual and everlasting profit, if you will accept my guid ance, to take you through some of the ders of crystallization. And notice first God in the littles. You may take alpenstock and cross the Mer de Glace, the sea of ice, and ascend Mont Blanc, which rises into the ascend Mont Blanc, which rises into the clouds like a pillar of the great white Throne, or with arctic explorer ascend the mountains around the north pole, and see glaciers a thousand feet high grinding against glaciers three thousand feet high. But I will take you on a less pretentious journey and show you God in the snowflake. There is room enough between its pillars for the great Jehovan to stand. In that one frozen drop on the tip of your finger you may find the throne room of the Almighty. I take up the snow in my hand and see the coursers of celestial

ominion pawing these crystal pavements.

The telescope is grand, but I must confess that I am quite as much interested in the microscope. The one reveals the universe microscope. The one reveals the universe above us; the other just as great a universe beneath us. But the telescope overwheims me, while the microscope comforts me. What you want and I want especially is a God in littles. If we were scraphic or archangelic in our natures we would want to study God in the great; but such small, weak, short-lived beings as you and I are want to find God in the littles.

When I see the Maker of the universe giv-

flake, and making its shafts, its domes, its curves, its walls, its irradiations so perfect I conclude He will look after our insignificant bible would chiefly impress us with God in the littles. It does not say, "Consider the liles." It does not say, "Consider the liles." It does not say, "Behold the tempests!" but "Behold the fowls!" and it applauds a cup of cold water and the widow's two mites, and says the hairs of your head are all numbered. Do not fear, therefore, that you are going to be lost in the crowd. Do not think that because you estimate yourself as only one snowflake among a three days' January snow storm that you will be forgotten. The birth and death of a drop of chilled vapor is a certainly regarded by the Lor as the creation and demolition of a planet. Nothing is big to God and nothing is small.

What makes the honey igulustries of South Carolina such a source of livelihood and wealth? It is because God teaches the ladybug to make an opening in the rind of the apricot for the bee, who cannot otherwise get at the juices of the fruit. So God sends the ladybug ahead to prepare the way for the honey bee. He teaches the ant to bits a sparrow, most certainly we are of more value than an inanimate snowflake. So the Bible would chiefly impress us with God in

get at the juices of the fruit. So God sends the ladybug ahead to prepare the way for the honey bee. He teaches the ant to bite each grain of corn that she puts in the ground for winter food in order that it may not take root and so ruin the little granary. He teaches the raven in dry weather to throw pebbles into a hollow tree, that the water far down and out of reach may come up within the reach of the bird's beak. What a comfort that He is a God in littles! The emperor of all the Russias in olden time was looking at a map that spread before him his vast dominions, and he could not find Great Britain, that I hear so much about?" 'It is under your thumb," said the secretary; and the emperor raised his hand from the map and saw the country he was looking for.

And it is high time that we find this mighty realm of God close by and under our own little finger. To drop you out of His memory would be to resign His omniscience. To refuse you His protection would be to abdicate His omnipotance. When you tall me dicate His omnipotence. When you tell me that He is the God of Jupiter, and the God of that He is the God of Jupiter, and the God of Mercury, and the God of Saturn, you teil me something so vast that I cannot comprehend it. But if you tell me He is the God of the snowflake, you tell me something I can hold and measure and realize. Thus the smallest snowflake contains a jewel case of comfort. Here is an opal, an amethylst, a diamond. Here is one of the treasures of snow. Take it for your present and everlasting comfort. Behold, also, in the snow the treasure of accumulated power. During a snow storm let an apothecary, accustomed to weigh most delicate quantities, hold his weighing scales out of the window and let one flake fall on the surface of the scales, and it will not even make it tremble. When you want to ex-

the surface of the scales, and it will not even make it tremble. When you want to express extreme triviality of weight you say, "Light as a feather," but a snowflake is much lighter. It is just twenty-four times lighter than water. And yet the accumulation of these flakes broke down, a few days ago, in sight of my house, six telegraph poles, made helpless police and fire departments and halted rail trains with two thundering locomotives.

We have already learned so much of the We have already learned so much of the power of electricity that we have become careful how we touch the electric wire, and in many a case a touch has been death. But a few days ago the snow put its hand on most of these wires, and tore them down as though they were cobwebs. The snow said: "You seem afraid of the thunderbolt: I will catch it and hurl it to the ground. Your boasted electric lights adorning your cities with bubbles of fire, I will put out as easily as your ancestors snuffed out a tallow candle." The snow put its finger on the lip of our cities that were talking with each other and they went into silence, uttering nota word. The

went into silence, uttering not a word. The snow mightier than the lightning.

In March, 1888, the snow stopped America. It said to Brooklyn, "Stay home?" to New York, "Stay home?" to Philadelphia, "Stay home?" to Washington, "Stay home?" to Richmond, "Stay home?" It put into a white sepulcher most of this nation. Commerce, whose wheels never stopped before merce, whose wheels never stopped before, stopped then. What was the matter? Power of accumulated snowflakes. On the top of the Apennines one flake falls, and others fall,

and they pile up, and they make a mountain of fieces on the top of a mountain of rock, until one day a gust of wind, or even the voice of a mountaineer, sets the frozen vapors into action, and by awful descent they sweep everything in their course—trees, rocks, villages—as when in 1827 the town of Briel, in Value real puried and in 1824 in Switzer. in Valais, was buried, and in 1624, in Switzer land, three hundred soldiers were entombed. These avalanches were made up of single

What tragedies of the snow have been witnessed by the monks of St. Bernard, who for ages have with the dogs been busy in excating bewildered and overwhelmed travelers in Alpine storms, the dogs with blankets fastened to their backs and flasks of blankets lastened to their backs and hasses spirits fastened to their necks to resuscitate helpless travelers, one of these dogs decorated with a medal for having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, the brave beast himself slain of the snow on that day when accompany to the way to panying a Piedmontese courier on the way to his anxious household down the mountain, the wife and children of the Piedmontese courier coming up the mountain in search of him, an avalanche covered all under pyra-mids higher than those under which the Egyptian monarchs sleep their sleep of the

What an illustration of the tragedies of the snow is found in that seene between Glencoe and Glencreran one February in Scotland, where Ronald Cameron comes forth to bring to his father's house his cousin Flora McDonald for the celebration of a birthday, and the calm day turns into a hurricane of white fury that leaves Ronald and Flora as dead, to be resuscitated by the shepherds! What an exciting struggle had Bayard Taylor among the wintry

Apennines!
In the winter of 1812, by a similar force, the destiny of Europe was decided. The French army marched up toward Moscow five hundred thousand men. What can resist them? Not bayonets, but the dumb elements overwhelm that host. Napoleon retreats from Moscow with about two hundred thousand men, a mighty nucleus for another campaign after he geto back to Paris. The morning of October 19, when they start for or sickness or poverty or persecution, or all

other style of plume, and then all the skies let loose upon the warriors a hurricane of snow, and the march becomes difficult, and the horses find it hard to pull the supply train, and the men begin to fall under the fatigue, and many not able to take another step lie down in the drifts never to rise, and the cavairy horses stumble and fall, and one thousand of the army fall, and ten thousand perish, and twenty thousand go down, and fifty thousand, and a hundred thousand, and a hundred thousand, and a hundred and twenty thousand and a nundred and thirty-two thousand die, and the victor of Jena and bridge of Lodi and Eylau and Austerlitz, where three great armies, commanded by three emperors, surrendered to him; now himself surrenders to the snow-

Historians do not seem to recognize that Historians do not seem to recognize that the tide in that man's life turned from Dec. 16, 1809, when he banished by hideous divorce his wife Josephine from the palace, and so challenged the Almighty, and the Lord charged upon him from the fortress of the sky with ammunition of crystal. Snowed under! Billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintrillions of flakes did the work. And what a suggestion of accumulative power, and what suggestion of accumulative power, and what a rebuke to all of us who get discouraged because we cannot do much, and therefore do nothing!

"Oh," says some one, "I would like to stop "Oh," says some one, "I would like to stop the forces of sin and crime that are marching for the conquests of the nations, but I am nobody: I have neither wealth nor eloquence nor social power. What can I do?" My brother, how much do you weigh? As much as a snowflake! "Ob, yes." Then do your share. It is an aggregation of small influ-ences that will yet put this lost world back into the bosom of a pardoning God. Alas that there are so many men and women who will not use the one talent because they have not

"When she gave her charity her left hand knew not what her right hand did. She was mighty in secret prayer, and no one but God and her own soul knew it. She had more trouble than anybody in all the land where she lived and without complaints." where she lived, and without complaining she bore it, and though her talents were where she fived, and whome companing she bore it, and though her talents were never great, what she had was all consecrated to God and helping others, and the Lord is making up for her earthly privation by especial raptures here, and the King of this country had that place built especially for her. The walls began to go up when her troubles and privations and consecrations began on earth, and it so happened—what a heavenly coincidence!—that the last stroke of the trowel of amethyst on those walls was given the hour she ent-red heaven.

"You know nothing of her. On earth her name was only once in the newspapers, and that among the column of the dead, but she is mighty up here. There she comes now out of her palace grounds in her chariot be-

she is mighty up here. There she comes now out of her palace grounds in her chariot behind those two white horses for a ride on the banks of the river that flows from under the throne of God. Let me see. Did you not have in your world below an old classic which says something about 'these are they who come out of great tribulation, and they shall reign for ever and ever?"

As we pass up the street I find a good many on foot, and I say to the dragoman: "Who are these?" And when their name is announced I recognize that some of them were on earth great poets, and great orntors, and

nounced I recognize that some of them were on earth great poets, and great orators, and great merchants, and great warriors, and when I express my surprise about their going afoot the dragoman says: "In this country people are rewarded not according to the number of their earthly talents, but according to the use they made of what they had." And then I thought to myself: "Why, that theory would make a snowflake that falls cheerfully and in the right place, and does all the work assigned it, as honorable as a whole Mont Blanc of snowflakes."

"Yes, yes," says the celestial dragoman, "many of these pearis that you find on the foreheads of the righteous, and many of the gems in the jewel case of prince and princess,

foreheads of the righteous, and many of the gems in the jewel case of prince and princess, are only the petrified snowflakes of earthly tempest, for God does not forget the promise made in regard to them, "They shall be Mine, said the Lord of hosts, in the day when I make up My jeweis." Accumulated power! All the prayers and charities and kindnesses and talents of all the good concentered and and talents of all the good concentered and compacted will be the world's evangelization. This thought of the aggregation of the many smalls into that one mighty is another treas

ure of the snow. Another treasure of the snow is the sug-Another treasure of the snow is the suggestion of the usefulness of sorrow. Absence of snow last winter made all nations stck. That snowless winter has not yet ended its disasters. Within a few weeks it put tens of thousands into the grave, and left others in homes and hospitals gradually to go down. Called by a trivial name, the Russian "grin." it was an international plague. sian "grip," it was an international plague. Plenty of snow means public health. There is no medicine that so soon cures the world's malarias as these white peliets that the clouds administer—peliets small enough to be homeopathic, but in such large doses as to homeopathic, but in such large doses as to be allopathic, and melting soon enough to be hydropathic. Like a sponge, every flake ab-sorbs unhealthy gases. The tables of mor-tality in New York and Brooklyn imme-diately lessened when the snows of last De-cember began to fall. The snow is one of the grandest and best of the world's doctors.

Yes, it is necessary for the land's produc-tiveness. Great snows in winter are generally followed by great harvests next summer. Scientific analysis has shown that snow contains a larger percentage of ammonia than the rain, and hence its greater power of en-richment. And besides that, it is a white blanket to keep the earth warm. An ex-amination of snow in Siberia showed that it was a hundred degrees warmer under the snow than above the snow. Alpine plants perished in the mild winter of England for perished in the initial will be lack of enough snow to keep them warm. Snow strikes back the rich gases which other-Snow strikes back the rich gases which otherwise would escape in the air and be lost. Thank God for the snows, and may those of February be as plentiful as those of December and January have been, high and deep and wide and enriching; then the harvests next July will embroider with gold this entire American continent. But who with any analogical faculty can notice that out of such chill as the snow comes, the wheat, without

thousand men, a mighty nucleus for thousand men, a mighty nucleus for morning of October 19, when they start for home, is bright and beautiful. The air is tonic, and although this Russian campaign has been a failure Napoleon will try again in some other direction with his host of brave surviving Frenchmen.

But a cloud comes on the sky and the air gets chill, and one of the soldiers feels on his gets chill, and one of the sol better to receive the snow and bear up under it, and I know by much observation that the grandest codars of Christian character lift higher their branches toward God when the

snows of trouble are coming. Lord Nelson's coffin was made out of the nasts of the ship L'Orient in which he had fought so bravely, and your throne in heaven, O suffering child of God, will be built out of conquered earthly disasters.
What gave John Bunyan such a wondrous
dream of the celestial city? The Bedford
penitentiary. What gave Bichard Baxter
such power to tell of the "Saints' Everlasting Rest," and to give his immortal "Call to the Unconverted!" Physical disease which Checopyerted Thysical desaw which racked every nerve of his body. What made George Whitefield so mighty in saving souls, bringing ten thousand to God when others brought a hundred? Persecution that cari-catured and assailed him all up and down England, and dead vermin thrown in his

England, and dead vermin thrown in his face when he was preaching.

What mellowed and glorifiel Wilberforce's Christian character? A financial misfortune that led him to write, 'I know not why my life is spared so long, except it be to show that a man can be as happy without a fortune as with one." What gave John Milton such keen spiritual eyesight that he could see the battle of the angels? Extinguishment of physical eyesight. What is the highest observatory for studying the stars of hope and faith and spiritual promise? The believer's sick bed. What proclaims the richest and most golden harvests that wave on all the hills of heavenly rapture? The snows, the deep snows, the awful snows of earthly calamity. And that comforting thought is one of the treasures of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the sugges-

Another treasure of the snow is the suggestion that this mantle covering the earth is tion that this mantle covering the earth is like the soul after it is forgiven. "Wash me," said the Psalmist, "and I shall be whiter than snow." My dear friend Gask-erie De Witt went over to Geneva, Switzer-land, for the recovery of his health, but the Lord had something better for him than earthly recovery. Little did I think when I bade him good-by one lovely afternoon on the other side of the sea to return to America, that we would not meet again till we meet the other side of the sea to return to America, that we would not meet again till we meet in heaven. As he lay one Sabbath morning on his dying pitlow in Switzeriand, the window open, he was looking out upon Mont Blanc. The air was clear. That great mountain stood in its robe of snow, glittering in the morning light, and my friend said to his wife: "Jennie, do you know what that snow on Mount Blanc makes me think off It makes me think that the righteousness of Christ and the pardon of God cover all the sins and imperfections of my life, as that snow covers up that mountain, for the promise is that though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Was not that glorious?

water, and make my hands ever so clean, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch and mine own clothes shall abhor me." We must be washed in the fountain of God's mercy before we can be whiter than snow. "Without holiness, no man the cleaning the cleaning that the cleaning the cleaning that the cleaning the than snow. "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Oh, for the cleansing

If there be in all this audience one man or If there be in all this audience one man or woman whose thoughts have always been right, and whose actions are always right, let such a one rise, or if already standing, lift the right hand. Not one! All we like sheep, have gone astry. Unclean! unclean! And yet we may be made whiter than snow whiter than that which, on a cold winter's morning, after a night of storm, clothes the tree from bottom of trunk to top of highest branch, whiter than that which this hour makes the Adirondacks, and the Sierra makes the Adirondacks, and the Sierra Nevada and Mount Washington heights of pomp and splendor fit to enthrone an arch

In the time of Graham, the essayist, in one nountain district of Scotiand an average of mountain district of Scotland an average of ten shapherds perished every winter in the snow drifts, and so he proposed that at the distance of every mile a pole fifteen feet high and with two cross pieces be erected, show-ing the points of the compass, and a bell hung at the top, so that every breeze would ring it, and so the lost one on the mountains would hear the sound and take the direction circus by this role, with the cross nieces and given by this pole with the cross pieces and get safely home. Whether that proposed plan was adopted or not I do not know, but I declare to all you who are in the heavy and blinding drifts of sin and sorrow that there is a cross near by that can direct you to home and peace and God; and hear you not the ringing of the gospel bell hanging to that cross, saying, "This is the way; walk ye in

Electricity Exercises Thieves.

The fact that the electric light has inflicted a severe blow at the occupation of the "midnight marauder" is now a familiar one, and a recent expression of opinion on the subject of protecting houses against the depredations of housebreakers has called special attention to the means which are now available for that purpose. The task of the cracksman is becoming a weary and comparatively profitless one, and it is easy to believe that the lament which is occasionally wafted from his lips into the columns of the daily paper, that "there is now nothing in it," is uttered with the utmost sincerity. At one time it was a very easy matter for a burglar to saw through a bar or cut a pane of glass, but with the electrical appliances now being used in many houses, and which are so easily adjusted and so reliable in operation, it is only a question of time when all houses will be provided with them. The slightest movement of door or window after the alarm has been set will form a connection and start a gong in a distant part of the house. The alarm is thus given to the inmates, while the man, unconscious of the fact, is busily occupied in looking after the family silver. The same connection that alarms the sleeper may convey the alarm to the nearest police station, so that by the time the burglar gets through with his engrossing work he may find a couple of policemen outside patiently waiting his pleasure. Not long ago an enthusiastic merchant in Paris was so delighted with the working of this form of burglar alarm that he be-came enamored of thief-catching as a sport. He cleverly spread stories of the hoards of jewelry and valuable bric-abrac that were to be found in certain rooms of his house, and the bait was an irresistable one for the master cracksmen of the city. The merchant bagged his game very neatly several times, but at last the story crept out, and his unique sporting career came to a sudden end. Sereen doors as well as windows can be provided with the alarm fittings so that the least attempt to make a hole will close the circuit and let the inmates of

The Sap Sucker.

the house know of the advent of their

uninvited visitor .- Chicago News.

A great many useful birds have been destroyed on the erroneous charge that they are in some way wholly detrimental to the farmers' interests with no compensating habits, and twice as many more that are admitted to be useful in some degree, in the mistaken belief that on the whole they are the authors of more harm than good. In the first category may be named the sap-sucker that is commonly considered a fair target for everybody's gun, on the plea that he is continually injuring young fruit trees for the purpose of feeding on the tender bark or sucking the sap, as popularly supposed. This is the head and front of his offending, for it is never pretended that he seriously injures fruit or grains.

Close observers, however, are fully convinced, that the little bird in question does not make original holes in the bark of the tree at which it is pecking, but that all its efforts are directed to destroying and devouring the borers that are concealed in holes already existing, which the birds have not made. At the very worst the bird does no more than in some cases to widen the hole enough to allow its beak to reach the worm.

As good an authority as Cassius M. Clay is on record as saying, from his own study of its habits, that the sapsucker is the deadliest foe of the vermin which destroy cur trees, and that everyone should encourage the multiplication of sap-suckers .- St. Louis Republic.

Weight of Ice on Tree Branches.

A gentleman of Brookline has sent to the Listener an account of a very interesting experiment in taking the weight of the ice upon tree branches during an ice-storm, when the ice on the trees was at its maximum. This gentleman thus describes the result of his experiment: "A branch of the syringa which weighed one pound had five pounds of ice on it, and a branch of pine needles weighing one pound had twelve pounds of ice on I got these weights by taking the wood with the ice on it at first, and then taking weight of wood after the ice had melted. This does not represent correctly the enormous strain or actual pressure exerted on the branches of trees by these ice-storms, but will easily account for the sad brenkage of trees so ommon the past few days, and the dangers from these ice-storms on both trees and wires." It was surely a most fortunate thing that, during the days when the ice remained on the trees, we had no high winds. There must have been in that case, much more da age than was inflicted.—Boston Transcript.

The German Emperor's Toast.

The Emperor of Germany drank the following toast at the marriage of his sister Victoria: "I stand here in place of my father, now resting in God, who did not grant that he should live to see this day. May the blessing of our departed father and our beloved mother, and of your parents [turning to the bridegroom] rest upon you. I stand here also ar the head of the royal house. You may always rely upon my protection and my paternal friendship. I drink the health of the bridal pair."

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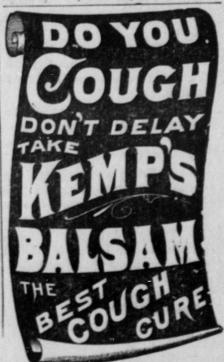
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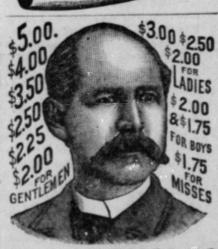
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