REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Autumn Thoughts."

TEXT: "The stork in the heaven knoweth ner appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."—Jeremiah viii., 7.

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, He plants it in a tree. When He would put it afloat, He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide the air, He molds it into a bird. My text speaks of iour birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come in Holland and Germany and build fits nest over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtledove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and obestnut; the crane, with voice like the white and black and brown and ashen and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with tousing truth underglossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been in this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eye-sight to look not the deep blue of noonday heaven, but he prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtledoves and cranes and iwallows drawn out in long lines for flight louthward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves in two lines, mak-

and arranged themselves in two lines, making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with ng an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs and heaving heaven were about theirs, and he puts his band woon. are about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write, "The stork in

the pen and begins to write, "The stork in the heaven knoweth his appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field to-day, in the slump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American Congress the last night before adjournment or as the English Parliament. adjournment or as the English Parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the Queen's household, a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the sub-ject of migration, some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, out all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord written on the first white sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the

There is not a belted kingfisher, or a shaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to spendthe winter at the South, for the apartspendthe winter at the South, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America or in Africs, and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January, Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continents with music, and, whether from Ceylon isle, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings or hear your voice, may they jet bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose so far ... God may help me in this sermon carrying out the idea of the text to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by perticularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual flight southward. Naturalists tell us nual flight southward. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way, the ground the lower line of the music, the sky the upper line of the music, themselves the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwindling 1000 miles into 400. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our everyday work! I be-lieve there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pis-

It is a good sign when you hear a work-man whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still bet-ter sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strikes it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through the street it would put an end to any panic. I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven-born hallelulahs. Some one asked

Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music.
"Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise.
When I think of God, my soul is so full of
joy that the notes leap and dance
from my pen." I wish we might
all exult melodiously before the Lord.
With God for our Father and Christ for our
Saviour, and heaven for our home and
angels for future companious, and eternity
for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to a summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to

Children of the Heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing. Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.

Ye are traveling home to God In the way your fathers trod. They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see, The Church of God never will be a tri-mphant church until it becomes a singing

I go further and remark that the birds of I go further and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places midneaven and go straight as a mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our

flight heavenward! We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us. Oh, for some of the taith of George Muller of England and Alfred taith of George Muller of England and Alfred Cookman, once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of prety in the church of God now that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there any such heights? A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have after

awhile a steamer running from England to New York," They laughed him to scorn New York." They laughed him to scorn, but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for human achievement. Then I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all His grace in Paul and Lutimer and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the juture ages of the Christian world.

of the Christian world.

You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainment.

Then I tell you that the stork and crans have found above the Alps plenty of room for tree flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God and lie down. On the morrow those temptations down. On the morrow those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the

grace of God we defeat them again, but staying all the time in the old encampment grace of God we defeat them again, but staying all the time in the old encampment we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the church of God, if we as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lescrane in their migration teaching us the les-

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live At this poor dying rate, Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

Again, I remark that the birds of the air Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say: "No, we cannot stop. Last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm, or mountain top, or shock of musketry over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark, they go. And if you come out this morning with go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and a sack of corn and throw it in the heids and try and get them to stop they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them. Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say: "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year."

After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases, where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge, and the "draw was up," and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there, with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him; but, oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never we cannot extemporize heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orobestral barmonies of the saved. Oh, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest!

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever, What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this life-time? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh, that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy! The southern grove, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never waited for northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying: "I have loved thee with an everlastsaying: "I have loved thee with an everlast-ing love. Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you

Another frost is bidding you away. It is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move?" You say, "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house? You say, "My family 's not so large." Where have they gone to? Eternity! Your mind goes back through that last sickness, and through the almost supernatural effort to keep life, and almost supernatural effort to keep life, and through those prayers that seemed un-availing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling, and I hear the hearts breaking. While I speak I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone, alone, alone! This world, which in your girthood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and, oh! weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all com-

You may have noticed that when the chaffluch, or the stork, or the crane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kind to come too. The tree tops are full of chirp and whistle and carol, and the long roll call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathern all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael. I ask you if those who sat at your breakfast table this morning will sit with you in heaven. I ask you what influences you are trying to bring upon them, what example you are setting them. Are you calling them to go with you? Aye, aye have you started yourseit?

Start for heaven and take your children

Start for heaven and take your children with you. Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark. Teil your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke put out for heaven. Like the crane, or the stork, stop not night or day until you find the right place for shopping. Seated to-day in Christian service, will you be seated in the same glorious service when the heavens have passed away with a great noise, and the elements have malled with fervent heat, and the redeemed are gathered around the throne of Jesus?

The Saviout calls.
Ye wanderers, come.
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Was longer roam? The Spirit calls to-iny; Yield to His power. Oh, grieve Him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 4.

Lesson Text: "Jesus, Lord of the Sabbath," Mark 11., 23-28; 111., 1-5-Golden Text: Mark ii., 28-Commentary.

23. "And it came to pass that He went through the cornfields on the Sabbath day, and His disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn." In Math. xii., 1, it is written that His disciples were hungry, so that we must bear in mind that there was an actual bodily need to be supplied. He himself was offtime; hungry and weary (Math. iv., 2; xxi., 18; John iv., 6), and the disciple must be content to be as his Master (John xv., 20). If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him (II Tim. ii., 12). In our abundance we are apt to forget Him, and He offtimes proves us to see if we are relying on Him or on our circumstances (Deut. vii., 2; Gen. xii., 1).

24. "And the Pharisees said unto Him, Behold, why do they on the Sabbath day that which is not lawful?" The Pharisees were a class of religious people not yet extinct, who were full of talk, but lacking in deeds, except when their deeds would bring them praise of men. They were hypocrites and

cept when their deeds would bring them praise of men. They were hypocrites and whited sepulchers, fair outwardly, but all unclean within (Math. xxiii. 3, 5, 27, 28). We may be sure that He who said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keen it holy," would in no sense transgress His own commandment nor lead others to do it. These hypocrites make me think of a captain on a ferryboat whom I saw collecting fares one ferryboat whom I saw collecting fares one Lord's day and at the same time finding fault with a man for whistling the air of a

25. "And He said unto them, Have you never read what David did when he had never and was an hungered, he and they that wer with him?" I believe there is an analogy with him?" I believe there is an analogy Scripture for about every event in lifeth can come to any one. Jesus, being 'full of the word, knew just how and when to apply it; hence we so often hear Him saying. "It is written," "Have ye never read?" How many church members would hang their heads in shame if He should ask them, "Have ye never read?"

26. "How He went into the house of God."

26. "How He went into the house of God in the days of Abiahar, the high priest, and did eat the shewbread, which is not lawful to eat, but for the priests, and gave also to them, which were with them." In Math. xii., 5, 7. He cites also the conduct of the priests in the temple on the Sabbath day and quotes from Hos. vi., 6, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." An outward apparent disobedience does not always spring from a spirit of disobedience, and the Lord always looketh upon the heart. He reads our moweigheth actions and spirits (I Sam. ii., 3 Prov. vxi., 2). Behind an outward conformity He often sees a spirit of rebellion. Let us be ambitious to do right in His sight who readeth hearts.

27. "And He said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." This sentence is found only in Mark in the

Sabbath." This sentence is found only in Mark in this incident. It is the gospel of Mark in this incident. It is the gospel of service, and every servant of God is to serve God every day, but one day in seven is specially set apart for man that on that day he may wholly and peculiarly delight himself in the Lord and thus be refreshed for the work of the other days. Man is not a slave of the Sabbath, but the Sabbath is for his special benefit and joy, not to enjoy himself (isa. lvill., 13, 14), but that he may delight himself in the Lord and thus learn to ride upon the high places of the earth.

light himself in the Lord and thus learn to ride upon the high places of the earth.

28. "Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." This statement is also found both in Matthew and Luke. All things were made by Him and for Him. It is His day. He is the maker of it and the proprietor of it. He gave it to us that we might the better glorily Him and enjoy Him. He certainly has a right to tell us what He would like done with His own property. When like done with His own property. When we, too, by faith in Him become His prop-erty and truly call Him Lord, then the day When and the people being all His and for His pleasure He will surely be glorifled in them. The secret of rest and victory is found in being able to say from the heart, Thou art worthy, O Lord, and I am for Thy pleasure (Rev. iv., 11).

iii., 1, "And He entered again into the fil., 1. "And He entered again into the synagogue, and there was a man there which had a withered hand." In Luke vi., 6, it is written that this was on another Sabbath, and that He was teaching in the synagogue. It would seem, then, that He was always found in the synagogue on the Sabbath day and ready to read and teach as opportunity offered. These synagogues were not the most spiritual places in the world, for the service was very formal, yet it was His custom to be there.

2. "And they watched Him whether He

It was His custom to be there.

2. "And they watched Him whether He would heal him on the Sabbath day, that they might accuse Him." What odd kind of people did go to church on Sabbath days long ago, and He knew just what kind of people they were. Yet He went, too. Well, He must have had more grace than many of his follower. His followers nowadays. Yet it is written that "if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His" (Rom. viii., 9). Why should they want to accuse Him when He never did any harm to any, but always went about doing good? They must have been related to one who is called "the accuser of the brethren" (Rev. xii., 10).

3. "And He said unto the man which had the withered hand, Stand forth." Luke says, "He knew their thoughts" (Luke vi., 8). It will greatly help us if we remember that there is always one with us who is reading our thoughts and searching our inmost hearts. But how can we help our thoughts? Only by being filled with His thoughts. We are not responsible for the thoughts that are presented to us, but we are responsible for receiving and pondering

them.

4. "And He saith unto them, Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days or to do evil, to save life or to kill? But they held their peace." In Math. xii., 11, 12, it is written that He used the illustration of the lawfulness of taking a sheep out of a pit on the Sabbath day, adding. "How much better is a man than a sheep?" and then said, "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day." We are certainly safe in doing on the boly day are certainly safe in doing on the holy day whatever will glorify God and tend to magnify Him through any work of necessity or

"And when He had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, He saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it out, and his hand was restored whole as the other." What a good thing for that man to be found in the synagogue that day! How much he might have missed by not being there! Think what Thomas missed for a whole week by not being with the brethren on the night after the resurred-

The Silver Dollar's Centennial. The silver dollar of Uncle Sam celebrated the centennial anniversary of its birthday apon October 15. On July 18, 1794, the Bank Maryland deposited at the Philadelia Mint French coins of the value of \$80,715 for coinage into silver dollars under the act of 1785. The first lot of these finished soins was delivered on October 15, 1794. There were 1758 of them in all, and they were the precursors, the first waves of the rast floodtide of sliver dollars that has poured out upon the country during the hundred years that have elapsed.

Shortage in the Bean Crop. A shortage in the bean crop is liable to occur on account of the drought. Although occur on account of the drought. Although the acreage is twenty per cent. greater than last year, the crop is estimated about ten per cent. short. The crop is produced mostly in Michigan, Wisconsin and New York. Among foreign countries Canada is a strong competitor, and beans are also imported now from Holiand, Italy, Austria, Hungary and Roumants. Settai in Japan.

In the early years of the present period, and particularly prior to the construction of the railways in Japan, there used to be in most mountain passes or by the roadside of steep and much traversed paths certain stations known as settai. Here tea and water were offered for the refreshment of wayworn pedestrians, fuel supplied for their pipes and benches provided to rest upon. The peculiar feature was that the owner or keep of the settai positively refused to receive any payment for the tea or whatever had been supplied; the money offered was

firmly and definitely refused.

One of these establishments still exists on the southwestern slope of the Hakone Mountains, not far from Yamanaka Musa. The history of it is instructive. Long ago, over a century, they say a man in desperate straits, who had come to the very end of his resources, met here with help and managed in consequence to retrieve his fortunes. He erected the settai thereafter in grateful memory of the timely aid, and his descendants were charged with its maintenance.

This rest station is now kept up by a company of no less than eighty peo ple. Every three years three of those interested are chosen by lot. No matter what their occupation may be, they must at once repair to the station, an annual sum of nine yen being given by the remaining members towards the purchase of tea and fuel, water, of course, being attainable for nothing in the mountains. These three men must separate from their families, and two of them become peasants, porters, or laborers in turn, while the third looks after the station. In this way they barely manage to earn enough to keep them-

This voluntary sacrifice of self, will, they believe, result in the laying up of a store of merits sufficient to secure for them every happiness in the next stage of existence. They are acting therefore with a view to a future extra-mundane existence; "the cup of cold water" given being the guerdon of felicity. When the Prince Imperial passed this station last year he offered the sum of two yen to the keeper. Coming from a member of the imperial family, it was impossible to refuse the gift, but it was accepted with the proviso of its being at once forwarded to the orphan asylum at Odawara. This curious and beautiful custom is now fast dying out. There are probably not more than twenty settai the whole country over; one of the largest and best known being in Faku Shima prefecture. Seiggo-Sura is the expression used by those who give years of their lives to the comfort and refreshment of weary travelers.-Japan Weekly Mail.

The new rifle used by the Italian army sends a bullet with such force that it penetrates a log of solid ash to a depth of five inches at a distance of three-quarters of a mile.



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A Brown Paper Magnet,

A very simple and interesting electrical experiment may be made with a sheet of brown paper, illustrating in a remarkable manner how the most astonishing effects may be produced by the simplest means. Take a sheet of coarse brown paper, and after holding it before the fire until it is perfectly dry, fold it up into a long strip of about two inches wide.

The magnet is now complete. To exhibit its attractive power, cut some strips of writing paper about three inches long and about as wide as one of the lines, then place them upon the table, three or four together. Now take the magnet and draw it briskly under the arm two or three times;

held over the small strips of writing paper, for they fly up from the table toward the paper magnet veritably "by the winks of lightning."-Paper

To Sharpen a Knife.

The following is described as the correct way to sharpen a carving knife: The carver must be held at an angle of twenty-five degrees on the steel. Be careful to have the angle the same on both sides, so as to sharpen instead of dull the knife. Draw it on the steel from heel to point against the edge, only a very slight pressure being required.—Hardware.

Cabbage was the most widely used its electro-magnetism is instantly developed, and becomes apparent when tato was introduced.

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"Why? I thought it excellent."
"So it was, but it has given me indigestion. It distresses me fearfully."
"Oh, that's nonsense. Swallow this.
You'll be all right in ten minutes."
"What is it?"

"A . Ripans . Tabule!"

"Do you carry therd around with "I do, indeed: Ever since I heard about them I keep one of the little vials in my vest pocket."

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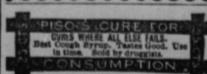
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