REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Victory Over Pain."

TEXT: "Neither shall there be any more a'n."-Revelation xxi., 4. Dan

The first question that you ask when about to change your residence to any divis: "What is the health of the place? Is it shaken of terrible disorders? What are the snaken of terrible disorders? What are the bills of mortality? What is the death rate? How high rises the thermometer?" And am I not reasonable in asking, What are the sanitary conditions of the heavenly city into which we all hope to move? My text an-swers it by saying, "Neither shall there be any more pain "

First, I remark, there will be no pain of disappointment in heaven. If I could put the picture of what you anticipated of life when you began it beside the picture of what you have realized, I would find agreat difference. You have stumbled upon graat disappointments. Perhaps you expected riches, and you have worked hard enough to gain them: you have planned and worried and persisted until your hands were worn, and your brain was racked, and your heart fainted, and at the end of this long strife with misfortune you find that if you have not been positively defeated it has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle this year losing what you gained last. fnancial uncertainties, pulling down faster than you build. For perhaps twenty or thirty years you have been running your craft straight into the teeth of the wind. Perhaps you have been dementic disconcelet Perhaps you have had domestic disappoint-

Your children, upon whose education you lavished your hard earned dollars have not turned out as expected. Notwithstanding all your counsels and prayers and painstaking, they will not do right. Many a good father has had a bad boy. Absalom trod on David's heart. That mother never imagined all this as twenty or thirty years ago she sat by that child's cradle.

Your life has been a chapter of disap-ointments. But come with me and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace entering the other eity, you will never again have a blasted hope. The most jubilant of expectations will not reach the realization. Coming to the top of one hill of joy, there will be other heights rising up in the vision. This song of transport will but lift you to higher anthems, the sweetest choral but a preiude to more tremendous harmony, all things better than you had anticipated—the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throng mightier.

Further, I remark, there will be no pain i weariness. It may be many hours since you quit work, but many of you are unrested, some from overwork, and some from dullness of trade, the latter more exhausting than the former. Your ankles ache, your spirits flag, you want rest. Are these wheels always to turn, these shuttles to fly, these axes to hew, these shovels to delve, these pens to fly, these books to be posted, these goods to be sold?

Ab, the great holiday approaches. No more curse of taskmakers. No more stoop-ing until the back aches. No more calculation until the brain is bewildered. No more pain. No more carpentry, for the mansions are all built. No more masonry, for the walls are all reared. No more diamond cutting, for the gems are all set. No more gold beating, for the crowns are all completed. No more agriculture, for the harvests are spontaneous.

Sportaneous. Further, there will be no more pain of poverty. It is a hard thing to be really poor; to have your coat wear out and no money to get another; to have your flour barrel empty and nothing to buy bread with for your children; to live in an unhealthy row and no means to change your habita-tion; to have your child sick with some mysterious disease and not he ship to some

Scores of diseases, like vultures contending for a carcass, struggle as to which shall have it. Our natures are infi-nitely susceptible to suffering. The eye, the foot, the hand, with immense capacity of anguish.

anguish. The little child meets at the entrance of life manifold diseases. You hear the shrill ery of infancy as the lancet strikes into the swollen gum. You see its head in consum-ing fevers that take more than half of them into the dust. Old age passes, dizzy and weak and short breathed and dim sighted. On every northeast wind come down pleur-ises and pneumonias. War lifts its sword and hacks away the life of whole genera-tions. The hospitals of the earth groan into the ear of God their complaint. Asiatie choleras and ship fevers and typholds and London plagues make the world's knees London plagues make the world's knees

knock together. Pain has gone through every street an 1 ap every ladder and down every shaft. It is on the wave, on the mast, on the beach. Wounds from clip of elephant's tusk and adder's sting and crocodile's tooth and horse's hoof and wheel's revolution. We gather up the infirmities of our parents and transmit to our children the inheritance augmented by our own sicknesses, and they add to them their own disorders, to pass the inheritance to other generations. In A. D. 262 the plague in Rome smote into the dust 5000 citizens daily. In 544, in Constantinople, 1000 gravediggers were not enough to bury the dead. In 1818 ophthalmia seized the whole Prussian army. At times the earth has sweitered with suffering.

Count up the pains of Austerlitz, where 30,000 fell; of Fontenoy, where 100,000 fell; of Chalons, where 300,000 fell; of Marius' fight, in which 290,000 fell; of the tragedy at Herat, where Genghis Khan massacred 1,600,000 men, and of Nishar, where he slew 1,747,000 people; of the 18,000,000 this monfor the sectificed in fourteen years as he went forth to do as he declared, to exterminate the entire Chinese nation and make the empire a pasture for cattle. Think of the death throes of the 5,000,000

men sacrificed in one campaign of Xerxes. Think of the 120,000 that perished in the siege of Ostend, of 300,000 dead at Acre, of 1,100,000 dead in the siege of Jerusalem, of 1,816,000 of the dead at Troy, and then comete the review by considering the stupendous estimate of Elmund Barke, that the loss by war had been thirty-flye times the entire then present population of the globe. Go through and examine the lacerations,

the gunshot fractures, the saber wounds, e gashes of the battleax, the slain of bombshell and exploded mine and falling wall and those destroyed under the gun carriage, and the hoof of the cavalry horse, the burning thirsts, the camp fevers, the frosts that shivered, the tropical suns that smote. Add it up, gather it into one line, compress it into one word, spell it in one ine, syllable, clank it in one chain, pour it out in one groan, distill it into one tear. Aye, the world has writhed in 6000 years of suffering. Why doubt the possibility of a future world of suffering when we see the tortures that have been inflicted in this? A deserter from Sevastopol, coming over to army of the allies, pointed back to the fort-ress and said, "That place is a perfect hell," One lettoographers aware of the lement Our lexicographers, aware of the immense necessity of having plenty of words to ex-press the different shades of trouble, have strewn over their pages such words as "an-noyance," "distress," "grief," "bitterness," "heartache," "misey," "twinge." "pang." "torture," "affliction," "anguish," "tribu-lation," "wretchedness," "woe." But I have a glad sound for every hospital, for every sickroom, for every lifelong invalid, for every broken heart. "There shall be no more pain." Thank God! Thank God! more pain." Thank God! Thank God! No malarlas float in the air. No bruised foot treads that street. No weary arm. No painful respiration. No heetic flush. No one can drink of that healthy fountain and keep faint hearted or faint headed. He whose foot touches that pavement becomes an athlete. The first kiss of that summer it will take the meinting from the ald air will take the wrinkles from the old man's check Amid the multitude of songsters

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 18.

Lesson Text: "The Sermon on the Mount," Luke vi., 20-31-Gold en Text: Luke vi., 31-

Commentary.

20. "And He lifted up His eyes on His disciples and said, Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God." While this discourse is in substance the same as a por-tion of the sermon on the mount, it is evition of the sermon on the mount, it is evi-dent from a comparison of Math. v., 1, and Luke vi., 17, that if was spoken at another time and under different circumstances. This had better be called a "sermon on the plain." It follows in the order of events the choosing of the twelve. His first word is "blessed," reminding us of the "blesseds" of Ps. 1. twit 1. criter in the Math of Ps. i., 1; xxxii., 1, exix., 1. In Math. v., 3. He speaks of the "poor in spirit;" in Jas. ii., 5. it is the "poor of this world, rich in faith;" in Isa. lxvi., 2, it is the "poor and contrite spirit that trembleth at His word." In every case it is the humble penitent pleading no good in self and looking only and wholly to Jesus.

and wholly to Jeans. 21. "Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." If we suffer, we shall reign with Him (II Tim. ii., 12), and the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which the transfer in the suffer which here worldy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us (Rom. viii., 18). So we are to rejoice in being partakers of His sufferings because of the exceeding joy at the revelation of His glory (I Peter iv., 13). Nothing will so fully enable us to do this as a proper understanding and appreciation of the kingdom of which He speaks—the king-dom of God, the kingdom of heaven. It is not the church, not Christ in us, not heaven, where God dwells, but this earth filled with the glory of God and His will done on earth as in heaven in the days when He and His giorified church shall return to reign over the earth (Dan. ii., 44 vii., 27, Zech. xiv., 9, Perroventing and the state of the state

the earth (Dan. H., 44 vil., 27, Zech, xiv., 9; Rev. v., 9, 10). 22. "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you and when they shall separate you from their company and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil for the Son of man's sake." Some have thought that if the perfection of goodness could be seen on earth in human form all would love it but earth in human form all would love ft, but Jesus has proved otherwise, for He was absolute perfection of love and meekness, of grace and truth, and yet was hated and put to death by religious people. His word to His followers is that they shall be hated of

His followers is that they shall be hated of all for His name's sake (Math. x., 22). The blessedness of it is our fellowship with Him. 23. "Rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy, for behold your reward is great in heaven, for in the like manner did their jathers unto the prophets." Take my breth-ren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffer-ing affliction and of patience day at 10. ing, affliction, and of patience (Jas. v., 10). Abraham looked for a city which hath foundations ; Moses looked for the recompense of the reward ; Jesus Himself did not disregard the joy set before Him, Everywhere we are taught that it is suffyring now, with glory to follow. The whole Bible story is the humiliation and exaltation of Christ (I Pet. i., 11) foretold, foreshadowed, manifest in Himself and His people and finally conmated 60

24. "But were unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation." Biches used for the glory of God are indeed a blessing, but riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt are a curse. Heaping up treas-ure for selfish gratification is only heaping up wrath for eternity. Neither silver nor gold can deliver in the day of the Lor i's wrath (Zepb. 1, 18), and they for the Lotro their wealth can by no means redeem a brother nor give to God a ransom for him (Ps. xiix., 5,7). Those who live merely for but there is always the possibility of a sudden going out into awful torment (Luke xvl., 23



Napoleon's Thriitiness.

"Fifty-three years ago I invented Economy and privation were always the winnowing mill now in common more supportable to him than borrowing. He detested irregularities in use," says Moses Gilman, of South financial matters. "Your finances are Sangerville. "If I had had it patentdeplorably conducted, apparently on metaphysical principles. Believe me, from it, as all the machines that have money is a very physical thing," he been built since have been upon the once said to Joseph, when the latter, same principle. Even the thrashing as King of Naples, could not make machine separators, which have super-both ends meet. He put Jerome to seded the old-time flail, use the winsea largely to stop his reckless expen- nowing mill substantially as I first made it, for clearing the chaff ditures. (At fifteen that young man from the grain. I have invented paid \$3200 for a shaving case "conmany other things that were valuable, taining everything except the beard but I never asked for a patent." Mr. to enable its owner to use it.") Some Gilman, though seventy-seven years of the most furious scenes which ocold, is still at it, inventing, and says curred between Napoleon and Joseif his strength and reason hold out he phine were because she was continuis going to produce some valuable ally in debt. After the divorce he frequently cautioned her to be watchful new ideas yet .- Lewistown (Me.) Journal. of her money. "Think what a bad opinion I would have of you if I knew

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Recovered Her Voice in the Church.

A very peculiar circumstance, smacking of the miraculous, transpired at the First Baptist Church Sunday morning. Mrs. Mary Miller, a widow, living at 229 North New Jersey street, who had been speechof new gowns if necessary, and im-poses privations upon herself in order grip, regained her voice during the singing of her favorite hymn, "He Leadeth Me."-Indianapolis (Ind.) Sun.

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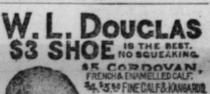
> DYSPEPSIA. CONSTIPATION

All Disorders of the LIVER.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipution, in-ward piles, fullness of blood is the heat, acidity of the stomach, nause, hearbirn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fututering of the heart, choting or suffo-cating semantions when is a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or weak before the sight, fever and dul pain in the head, de beiency of perspiration, yel-lowness of the skin and even pain in the side chest. Il pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, rel-vness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, hos, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the

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to have son or daughter begin the world and you not have anything to help them in starting, with a mind capable of research and high conten plation to be perpetually fixed on questions of mere livelih

Poets try to throw a romance about the poor man's cot, but there is no romance about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But Lazarus waked up without his rags and his diseases, and so all of Christ's poor wake up at last without any of their disadvantages-no almshouses, for they are all princes; no sents to pay, for the resi-dence is gratuitous; no garments to buy, for the robes are divinely fashioned; no seats in church for poor folks, but equality among temple worshipers; no hovels, no hard crusts, no insufficient apparel. "They shall hunger no more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat." No more pain !

Further, there will be no pain of parting, All these associations must some time break All these associations must some time break up. We clasp hands and walk together, and talk and laugh and weep together, but we must after awhile separate. Your grave will be in one place, mine in another. We look each other full in the face for the last time. We will be sitting together some evening, or walking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance, or our conversation, but God knows that it is the last time, and messengers from eternity on their errand to take us away know it is the last time, and in beaven, where they make ready for our de-parting spirits, they know it is the last time.

Oh, the long agony of earthly separation ! It is awful to stand in your nursery fighting death back from the couch of your child, and try to hold fast the little one, and see all the time that he is getting weaker, and the breath is shorter, and make outcry to God to help us and to the doctors to save him. and see it is of no avail, and then to know that his spirit is gone and that you have nothing left but the casket that held the jewel, and that in two or three days you must even put that sway and walk around about the house and find it desolate, sometimes feeling rebellious, and, then to resolve to feel differently and to re-solve on self control, and just as you have come to what you think is perfect selfcontrol to suddenly come upon some little coat or picture or shoe half worn out and how all the floods of the soul burst in one wild wail of agony! Oh, my God, how hard it is to part, to close the eyes that never can look merry at our coming, to kiss the hand that will never again do us a kind age. that will never again do us a kindness. know religion gives great consolation in such an hour, and we ought to be comforted, but anyhow and anyway you make it it is awful)

On steamboat wharf and at rail car win-On steambeat what and at rail car win-dow we may smile when we say farewell, but these goodoys at the deathbed--they just take hold of the heart with iron pinchers and tear it out by the roots until all the fbers quiver and curl in the torture and drop thick blood. These separations are wine presses, into which our hearts, like red clusters are thrown and then trouble time clusters, are thrown, and then trouble turns the windlass round and round until we are

the windows found and round until we are utterly crushed and have no more capacity to suffer, and we stop crying because we have wept all our tears. . On every street, on every doorstep, by every couch, there have been partings. But once past the heavenly portais, and you are through with such scenes forware. In ther through with such scenes forever. In that land there are many hand claspings and som In that and there are many hand claspings and sm-bracings, but only in recognition. That great home circle never breaks. Once flud your comrades there, and you have tuem forever. No crape floats from the door of that blissini residence. No cleft, hillside where the dead sleep, All awake, wide awake, and forever. No pushing out of emigrant ship for foreiga shore. No tolling of bell as the funeral passes. Whole genera-tions in glory. Hand to hand, heart to heart, joy to joy. No creeping up the limbs of the death chill, the test cold until hot fannels cannot warm them. No raitle of sepuchral gates. No parting, no pain. Tather, the heavenly city will have no pain of body. The race is pierced with sharp distresses. The surgeon's knife must cut. The dentist's pinchers must puil. Pain is lought with pain. The world is a hos-

of the throne will scatter the darkness of those who were born blind. See, the lame man leaps as a hart and the dumb From that bath of infinite delight we sing. shall step forth, our weariness forgotten. Who are those radiant ones? Why, that one had his jaw shot off at Fredericksburg; that one lost his eyes in a powder blast ; that one had his back broken by a fall from the ship's halyards; that one died of gangrene in the hospital. No more pain. Sure enough, here is Robert Hall, who never before saw a well day, and Edward Pay-son, whose body was ever torn of distress, and Richard Baxter, who passed through untold physical torture. All well, No more pain. Here, too, are the Theban legion, a great host of 6666 put to the sword for Christ's rate. for Christ's sake. No distortion on their countenance. No fires to hurt them, or floods to drown them, or racks to tear them. All well. Here are the Scotch Covenanters, none to hunt them now. The dark cave and imprecations of Lord Claverhouse ex-

changed for temple service, and the pres-ence of Him who nelped Hugh Latimer out of the fire. All well. No more pain. I set open the door of heaven until there blows on you this reireshing breeze. The fountains of God have made it cool, and the gardens have made it sweet. I do not know that Solomon ever heard on a hot day, I do not the ice click in an ice pitcher, but he wrote as if he did when he said, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.

Ciambering among the Green Mountains I was tired and hot and thirsty, and I shall not lorget how re'reshing it was when, after awhile. I heard the mountain brook tumbling over the rocks. I had no sup, no cha so I got down on my kness and face to drink. Oh, ye climbers on the journey, with cut feet and parcaed tongues and fevered temples, listen to the rumbling of sapphire brooks, amid flowered banks, over golden shelvings. Listen! "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of water." I do not offer it to you in a chalice. To take this you must bend. Get down on your knees and on your face, and drink out of this great fountain of God's consolation. "And, lo, I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters.

Indians Furnish Fuel and Forage. The surest proof of the domesticity and commercial status of the Indian is afforded by an interesting report received at the War Department. One of the army posts, Fort Washike, in Wyoming, is in the heart of an Indian colony. It is one of the larger posts of the army, and is an important point.

It is reported that all the wood and hay, It is reported that all the wood and hay, and a portion of the oats required at this post for the last year have been bought from the Indians in the vicinity of the station. This is the only post in the army where the Indian has furnished fuel and forage. The contracts are made with them after competition in bidding. The service pays, on an average, at this post, \$5 a cord for wood, forty-three cents per 100 pounds for hay, and \$1.13 per 100 pounds for oats.

A Kentucky Midget Dead.

A Kentucky Midget Dead. Abner Astrop, the midget, is dead in his mountain home in Johnson County, Ken-tucky. He was fifty-two years old. Astrop never weighed more than forty-five pounds, and at his death his weight was but thirty pounds. He was two feet ten inches tell, Astrop was born in Johnson County. He was of ordinary size in babybood, but he grew very little after his fifth year. His strength for a dwarf was remarkable. His parents established him in a small cross roads store when he was twenty years old, and he spent his life in if. Museum managers made flattering offers to him, but he refused them. He died worth \$10,000. He never married and was never outside his native county.

native county.

Respect for the Bird of Freedom.

A Kentucky court has decided that as the eagle is a National emblem, a picture of the screaming bird cannot be used on the purely local ballots.

25. "Woe unio you that are full, for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep." It is the pleasure of the Lord that His people abould be full of joy and peace, full of the Spirit, filled with all the fullness of God, satisfied with favor and jull with the blessing of the Lord (Rom. xv., 18; Eph. v., 18; iii., 19; Deut. xxxiii., 23).

26. "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers to the false prophets." They did not all speak well of Isaian, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel or the others who were true to God, Danies of the others who were true to God, as is evident from such passages as Jer. xl., 19; xxvill., 4; Dan. vl., 4, etc. 27. "But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies; do good to them which

Love your enemies; do good to them which hate you." In verses 32 to 34 He goes on to say that if we love and do good only to those who love and do good to us we are no better than the unsaved, for any sinner can do that, but if we can by His grace love and do good to our enemies that is Godlike and an evidence that we are His children, and we shall have a great reward (verse 35 and Math. v., 44, 45). 28. "Bless them that curse you and pray

for them which despitefully use you." are graces of the new nature, not of the old. The natural man is not given to this sort of thing, but Christ in us can do it. The in-dian understood something of it who, when he neard this command, excitedly walked up and down saying: "This Indian can't do it. If God would make a new Indian, he might pernaps do it." If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature or creation (II Cor. v., 17). 29. "And unto him that smitch thee on the one obset offer the other and bins that the one cheek offer the other, and him that taketh away thy cloke forbid not to take thy coat also." It is surely more than human to act thus and yet we read of those who took joyfully the spolling of their wealth, knowing that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance (Heb. x., 34). Jesus suffered his enemies to smite Him, to Jesus suffered his enemies to smite Him, to spit on His face, to take away His clothes-yes, even His life—and we are told to con-sider Him who endureth such contradiction against Himself, lest we be wearied and faint in our minds, and to remember that we have not yet resisted unto blood (Heb. xil., 3, 4). 30. "Give to every man that asketh of thee, and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again." The principles of this sermon and the sermon on the mount shall be fully lived out when the kingdom comes, for they are the laws of the kingdom, but if

for they are the laws of the kingdom, but if we are the children of the kingdom they ought to be in some measure lived out in us now when fully considered in the light of

all Scripture. 31. "And as ye would that men should do 31. "And as ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them likewise." Not simply the negative form, "Do not to others what you would not have them do to you," but positively "love your neighbor as your-self." Then see verses 46 to 49 concerning hearing and not doing; also Jas. 1., 22-24, along with Math. vii., 21. The thought "unto Him that loved me" and "for Jesus's sake" will greatly help us.—Lesson Helper,

Tunneled to the Treasure.

Vincent Bogranis, a laborer, was arrested at Chicago, Ill., on the charge of stealing \$9000 from Mrs. A. Curistian, a widow. Mrs. Christian has no faith in banks, and when the panic came on she collected the \$9000 and buried if in the cellar of her cot-tage in George street. There was \$5000 in gold and \$4000 in bills. A month ago she discovered that the money was gone, and that a tunnel led from the cellar to a spot under the steps in front of the house. A shovel found in the cellar was alleged to belong to Bogranis, who lived next door. Bogranis was shadowed, but nothing further was discovered until he bought some real estate, paying \$1000 for it. He denies that he stole the money. Vincent Bogranis, & laborer, was arrested

American Trotters in Russia.; American trotters in Russia are handl-capped by being set back from 600 to 900 feet. ture, which ought not to be charged to my budget, the Princess will pay it," he wrote on the margin.

the Princess Borghese.

you were in debt with an income of

\$600,000 a year," he wrote her in

The methodical habits of Marie

Louise were a constant satisfaction to

Napoleon. "She settles all her ac-

counts once a week, deprives herself

to keep out of debt," he said proudly.

A bill of sixty-two francs and thirty-

two centimes was once sent to him for

window blinds placed in the salon of

"As I did not order this expandi-

1813.

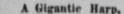
It was not parsimony. It was the man's sense of order. No one was more generous in gifts, pensions, salaries; but it irritated him to see money wasted or managed carelessly. -McClure's Magazine.

Night Blindness,

Night blindness is a rare condition, in which a person towards evening finds that objects are becoming less and less distinct, and at last he is totally blind. This may occur without previous warning, and cause great alarm, and next morning he finds that his sight is restored. This is repeated every night; but at last the eye becomes weak during the day also, and suffers paralysis of the optic nerve.

This strange affection may be epi-demic. It has affected bodies of troops exposed to great fatigue and the glare of the sun's rays. If there of 136 large pages, devoted to the are no symptoms of disease within the brain, recovery generally results by protection of the eye from the light, and entire repose. It is seldom met with in this country except among sailors just returned from foreign regions. It is frequent among the natives of some parts of India, who attribute it, as our own sailors do, to aleeping exposed to the moonbeams. The most probable cause of the affection is, however, exhaustion of the power of the retina from over excite-

ment or from excessive light, so that it is rendered incapable of appreciating the weaker stimulating action of twilight or moonlight. All that suggests itself in the way of treatment is to protect the eyes from strong light during the day, and to prescribe quinine and a nourishing mixed diet. -New York Dispatch.



The largest harp ever made as far as is known, was that invented and constructed by M. Veritan, Provost of Burkli, near Basle. It was known as the gigantic meteorological Æolian harp. It was 320 feet in length, and was erected in the garden of its in-ventor in 1787. This harp consisted of fifteen iron wires, 320 feet in length, stretched between two poles. The wires were from two to three inches apart, the largest being one-sixth of an inch in thickness and the smallest one-twelfth of an inch. They were placed in the direction of north and south and inclined in such a manner as to form an angle of from twenty to thirty degrees with the horizon, being stretched by means of rollers properly disposed for the purpose. Whenever the weather changed the wires sounded with such loudness that it was impossible to go on with a concert in the house. The sound sometimes represented the hissing noise of water in rapid ebulition, sometimes like that of a harmonicon, and sometimes that of distant chimes or an organ. -Brooklyn Eagle.

despondent, nerv. ous, "tired out" men -those who Suffer from backache, a weariness, Joss of energy, impaired memory, dizziness, melancholy and discouragement, the result of ex-

Hypochondrical,

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