REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S SERMON IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Subject: "Opportunity."

Text: "As we have therefore opportuni-

ty, let us do good."-Galatians vi., 10. At Denver years ago an audience had assembled for divine worship. The pastor of the church for whom I was to preach that night, interested in the seating of the peo-ple, stood in the pulpit looking from side to side, and when no more people could be crowded within the walls he turned to me and said, with startling emphasis, "What an opportunity!" Immediately tha tword began to enlarge, and while a hymn was being sung at every stanza the word "opportunity" swiftly and mightily unfolded, and while the opening prayer was being made the word piled up into Alps and Himalayas of meaning and spread out into other latitudes and longitudes of significance until it became hemispheric, and it still grew in altitude and umference until it encircled other words and swept out and on and around until it was as big as eternity. Never since have I read or heard that word without being thrilled with its magnitude and momentum. Opportunity! Although in the text to some it may seem a mild and quiet note, in the great gospel harmony it is a staccato pas-sage. It is one of the lovellest and awfulest words of English vocabulary. "As we have opportunity, let us do good."

What is an opportunity? The lexicographer

would coolly tell you it is a conjunction of favorable circumstances for accomplishing a purpose, but words cannot tell what it is. Take 1000 years to manufacture a definition, and you could not successfully describe it. Opportunity! The measuring rod with which the angel of the Apocalypse measured heaven could not measure this pivotal word of my text. Stand on the edge of the precipice of all time and let down the fathoming line hand under hand and lower down and lower down and for a quintillion of years let it sink, and the lead will not strike bottom. Opportunity! But while I do not attempt to measure or define the word I will, God helping me, take the responsibility of telling you comething about opportunity.

First, it is very swift in its motions. Some times within one minute it starts from the throne of God, sweeps around the earth and reascends the throne from which it started. Within less than sixty seconds it fulfilled its

In the second place, opportunity never comes back. Perhaps an opportunity very much like it may arrive, but that one never. Naturalists tell us of insects which are born fulfill their mission and expire in an hour. but many opportunities die so soon after they are born that their brevity of life is incalculable. What most amazes me is that opportunities do such overshadowing, far reaching and tremendous work in such short earthly allowance. You are a business man of large experience. The past eighteen months have been hard on business men. A young merchant at his wits' end came into your office or your house, and you said: "Times are hard now, but better days will

come. I have seen things as bad or worse, but we got out, and we will get out of this. The brightest days that this country ever saw are yet to come." The young man to whom you said that was ready for suicide or some-thing worse—namely, a fraudulent turn to get out of his despairful position. Your hopefulness inspired him for all time, and thirty years after you are dead he will be reaping the advantage of your optimism. Your opportunity to do that one thing for that young man was not half as long as the time I have taken to rehearse it.

In yonder third gallery you sit, a man of the world, but you wish everybody well.

While the clerks are standing round in your city found a young woman in wretch vivals. Those things do not last. People get excited and join the church and are no better than they were before. I wish our men would keep away from those meetings." men would keep away from those incomes.

Do you know, O man, what you did in that
minute of depreciation? There were two would have gone to those meetings and been saved for this world and the next, but you decided them not to go. They are social natures. They already drink more than is good for them and are disposed to be will be so you and bless those whom you help, in capitals of light the word "Immediate."

A military officer very profane in his habits was going down into a mine at Cornwall, England, with a Christian miner, for many wild. wild. From the time they heard you say that they accelerated their steps on the downward road. In ten years they will be through with their dissipations and pass into the great beyond. That little talk of yours decided their destiny for this world and the next. You had an opportunity that your risks. next. You had an opportunity that you mis-improved, and how will you feel when you Improved, and how will you feel when you confront those two immortals in the last judgment and they tell you of that unfortunate talk of yours that fluug them over the precipice? O man of the world, why did you not say in that noon spell of conversation: "Good! I am glad that man has got religion. I wish I had it myself. Let us all go to-night. Come on. I will meet you at the church door at 8 o'clock?" You see, you would have taken them all to heaven, and you would have got there yourself. Oppor-

The day I left our country home to look after myself we rode across the country, and my father was driving. Of course I said nothing that implied how I felt. But there are hundreds of men here who from their own experience know how I felt. At such a time a young man must be hopeful and even impatient to get into the battle of life for himself, but to leave the homestead where everything has been done for you, your father or older brothers taking your part when you were imposed on by larger boys, and your mother always around when you got the cold with mustard applications for the ehest or herb tea to make you sweat off the fever and sweet mixtures in the cup by the bed to stop the cough, taking sometimes too much of it because it was pleasant to take, and then to go out, with no one to stand between you and the world, gives one a choking sensation at the throat and a home sickness before you have got three miles away from the old folks. There was on the day I spoke of a silence for a long while, and then my father began to tell how good the Lord had been to him in sickness and in health, and when times of hardship came how Providence had always provided the means of lightly the means of li provided the means of livelihood for the large household, and he wound up by saying, "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." My father has been dead thirty years, but in all the crises of my life—and there have been many of them—I have felt the mighty boost of that lesson in the farm wagon, "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." The fact was my father saw that was his correctionity and he ather saw that was his opportunity, and he Improved it.

This is one reason why I am an enthusiastic friend of all Young Men's Christian Associations. They get hold of so many young men just arriving in the city and while they are very impressionable, and it is the best op-portunity. Why, how big the houses looked to us as we first entered the great city, and so many people! It seemed some meeting must have just closed to fill the streets in that way, and then the big placards announcing all styles of amusements and so many of them on the same night and every night, after our boy-hood had been spent in regions where only once or twice in a whole year there had been an entertainment in school-house or church.

church steeples and doing reckless things. His father sent him to Madras, India, as a clerk in the service of an English officer. Clive watched his time, and when war broke out came to be the chief of the host that aved India for England. That was Lord Clive's opportunity. Pauline Lucca, the almost matchless singer, was but little recognized until in the absence of the soloist in the German choir she took her place and began the enchantment of the world. That day was Lucca's opportunity. John Scott, who afterward became Lord Eldon, had stumbled his way along in the practice of law until the case of Ackroyd versus Smithson was to be tried, and his speech that day opened all avenues of success. That was Lord Eldon's op-

portunity William H. Seward was given by his father \$1000 to get a collegiate education. The money soon gone, his father said, "Now you must fight your own way," and he did, un-til gubernatorial chair and United States Senatorial chair were his, with a right to the Presidential chair if the meanness of American polities had not swindled him out of it. The day when his father told him to fight his own way was William H. Seward's oppor-tunity. John Henry Newman, becalmed a whole week in an orange boat in the Strait of Bonifacio, wrote his immortal hymn. "Lead, Kindly Light." That was John Henry Newman's opportunity. You know Kirk White's immortal hymn, "When Marshaled on the Nightly Plain." He wrote it in a boat by a lantern on a stormy night as he was sailing along a rocky coast. That was Kirk White's opportunity.

The importance of making the most of op-

portunities as they present themselves is acknowledged in all other directions. Why not in the matter of usefuless? The difference of usefulness of good men and women is not so much the difference in brain or social position or wealth, but in equipment of Christian common sense—to know just the time when to say the right word or do the right thing. There are good people who can always be depended on to say the right thing at the wrong time. A merchant selling goods over the couner to a wily customer who would like to get them at less than cost, the railroad conductor while taking up the tickets from passengers who want to work off last year's free pass or get through at half rate a child fully grown, a housekeeper trying to get the table ready in time for though the oven has neglected to fulfill the order given him—those are not opportuni-ties for religious address. Do not rush up to a man in the busiest part of the day and when a half dozen people are waiting for him and ask, "How is your soul?"

But there are plenty of fit occasions. It is interesting to see the sportsman, gun in hand and pouch at side and accompanied by the hounds yelping down the road, off on hunting expedition, but the best hunters in this world are those who hunt for opportunities to do good, and the game is some thing to gladden earth and heaven. I will point out some of the opportunities. When a soul is in bereavement is the best time to talk of gospel consolation and heavenly re-union. When a man has lost his property is the best time to talk to him of heavenly inperitance that can never be levied on. When one is sick is the best time to talk to him bout the supernatural latitude in which health is an impossibility. When the Holy Spirit is moving on a community is the best time to tell a man he ought to be saved. By a word, by a smile, by a look, by a prayer the work may be thoroughly done that all eternity cannot undo it. As the harp was invented from hearing the twang of a bowstring, as the law of gravitation was sug ested by the fall of an apple, as the order in India for the use of a greased cartridge started the mutiny of 1857, which appalled the Nations, so something insignificant may open the door for great results. Be on the watch. It may be a gladness, it may be a

A city missionary in the lower parts of the While the clerks are standing round in your store, or the men in your factory are taking their noon spell, some one says: "Have you heard that one of our men has been converted at the revival meeting in the "Methodist Church?" While it is being talked "Having obtained the address and written to father, the city missionary in the lower parts of the city found a young woman in wretchedness and sin. He said, "Why do you not go me at home." He said, "What is your father's name, and where does he live?" Having obtained the address and written to revival meeting in the reh?" While it is being talked 'Well, I do not believe in rethings do not last. People on the outside of the letter the word "immediate" underscored. It was the hearties diate" underscored. It was the heartiest possible invitation for the wanderer to come home. That was the city missionary's op portunity. And there are opportunities all about you, and on them, written by the hand of the God who will bless you and bless

England, with a Christian miner, for many of those miners are Christians. The officer used profane language while in the cage go used profane language while in the cage go-ing down. As they were coming up out of the mine the profane officer said, "If it be so far down to your work, how much farther would it be to the bottomless pit?" The Christian miner responded, "I do not know how far it is down to that place, but if this rope should break you would be there in a minute." It was the Christian miner's opportunity. Many years ago a clergyman was on a sloop on our Hudson River, and hearing a man utter a blasphemy the clergyman said, "You have spoken against my best friend, Jesus Christ." Seven years after this same clergyman was on his way to the general as-sembly of the Presbyterian Church at Philawould have taken them all to heaven, and delphia, when a young minister addressed you would have got there yourself. Opporhim and asked him if he was not on a sloop on the Hudson River seven years before? The reply was in the affirmative, "Well," said the young minister, "I was the man whom you corrected for uttering that oath. It led me to think and repent, and I am try-ing to atone somewhat for my early behavior. I am a preacher of the gospel and a delegate to the general assembly." Seven years be-fore on that Hudson River sloop was the clergyman's opportunity.

elergyman's opportunity.

I stand this minute in the presence of many heads of families. I wonder if they all real-ize that the opportunity for influencing the household for Christ and heaven is very brief and will soon be gone? For awhile the house and will soon be gone? For awnile the nouse is full of the voices and footsteps of children. You sometimes feel that you can hardly stand the racket. You say: "Do be quiet! It seems as if my head would split with all this noise." And things get broken and ruined, and it is, "Where's my hat!" "Who took my books?" (Who has been husy with my playthings?" "Who has been busy with my playthings?" And it is a-rushing this way, and a-rushing that, until father and mother are well nigh

beside themselves. It is astonishing how much noise five or six children can make and not half try. But the years glide swiftly away. After awhile the voices are not so many, and those which stay are more sedate. First this room gets quiet, and then that room. Death takes some. and marriage take others, until after awhile the house is awfully still. That man yonder would give all he is worth to have that boy who is gone away forever rush into the room once more with the shout that was once

That mother who was once tried because her little girl, now gone forever, with careless scissors cut up something really valuable would like to have the child come back, willing to put in her hands the most valuable wardrobe to cut as she pleases. Yes, yes. The house noisy now will soon be still enough. I warrant you, and as when you began housekeeping there were just two dyon. gan housekeeping there were just two of you, there will be just two again. Oh, the alarming brevity of infancy and childhood! The opportunity is glorious, but it soon passes. Parents may say at the close of life, "What a pity we did not do more for the religious welfare of our children while we had them with us!" But the lementation will be of recommended.

hood had been spent in regions where only once or twice in a whole year there had been an entertainment in school-house or church. That is the opportunity. Start that innocent young man in the right direction. Six weeks after will be too late. Tell me what such a young man does with his first six weeks in the great city, and I will tell you what he will be throughout his life on earth and where he will seend the ages of eternity. Opportunity!

We all recognize that commercial and literary and political successes depend upon taking advantage of opportunity. The great surgeons of England feared to touch the surgeons of England feared to touch the tumor of King George IV. Sir Astley Cooper tunity is restlement to the control of the english welfare of our children while we had them with us!" But the lamentation will be of no avail. The opportunity had wings, and it vanished. When your child gets out of the cradle, let it ellib into the outstretched arms of the beautiful Christ. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

But there is one opportunity so much brighter than any other, so much more invitable. When your child gets out of the cradle, let it ellib into the outstretched arms of the eradle. When your child gets out of the cradle, let it ellib into the outstretched arms of the beautiful Christ. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

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your majesty as though you were a plow-man." That was Sir Astley's opportunity. with a haste that cannot be hindred or con-trolled. It is the opportunity of invitation on my part and acceptance on your part. The door of the palace of God's mercy is wide open. Go in. Sit down and be kings and queens unto God forever. "Well," you say, "I am not ready." You are ready. "Are you a sinner?" "Yes." "Do you want to be saved now and forever?" "Yes." "Do you believe that Christ is able and willing to do the work?" "Yes." Then you are saved. You are inside the palace door of God's marcy already. You look cheest God's mercy already. You look changed.
You are changed. "Hallelujah, 'tis done!"
Did you ever see anything done so quickly?
Invitation offered and accepted in less than a minute by my watch or that clock. Sir Edward Creasy wrote a book called "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, From Marathon to Waterloo." But the most de-cisive battle that you will ever fight, and the greatest victory you will ever gain, is this moment when you conquer first yourself and then all the hindering myrmidous of perdi-tion by saying, "Lord Jesus, here I am, un-done and helpless, to be saved by Thee and Thee alone." That makes a panic in hell. That makes celebration in heaven. Oppor-

On the 11th of January, 1866, a collier brig ran into the rocks near Walmer Beach, Eng and. Simon Pritchard, standing on the beach, threw off his coat and said, "Who will help me save that crew?" Twenty men shouted, "I will," though only seven were needed. Through the awful surf the boat dashed, and in fifteen minutes from the time needed. Pritchard threw off his coat all the ship-wrecked crew were safe on the land. Quicker work to-day. Half that time more than necessary to get all this assemblage into the lifeboat of the gospel and ashore, stand-ing both feet on the Rock of Ages. By the two strong oars of faith and prayer first pull for the wreck and then pull for the shore. Opportunity!

Over the city went the cry,

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by! Let the world go. It has abused you enough, and cheated you enough, and slandered you enough, and damaged you enough. Even those from whom you expected better things turned out your assallants, as when Napoleon in his last will and testament left 5000 francs to the man who shot at Welling-ton in the streets of Paris. Oh, it is a mean world! Take the glorious Lord for your companionship. I like what the good man said to the one who had everything but re-ligion. The affluent man boasted of what he wined and of his splendors of surroundings, outting into insignificance, as he thought, the Christian's possessions. "Ah," said the Christian, "Man, I have something you have not." "What is that?" said the worldling. The answer was, "Peace!" And you may all have it—peace with God, peace with the past, peace with the future, a peace that all the assaying of the world and all the keep. he assaults of the world and all the bom-

ardments satanic cannot interfere with A Scotch shepherd was dying and had the pastor called in. The dying shepherd said to his wife, "Mary, please go into the next room, for I want to see the minister alone." When the two were alone the dying shepherd said, "I have known the Bible all my life, but I am going, and I am 'afeered to dee.'"
Then the pastor quoted the psalm: "The
Lord is my She'herd. I shall not want."
"Yes, mon," said the shepherd, "I was familiar with that before you were born, but I am a-goin', and I am afeered to dee." Then said the pastor, "You know that the psalm says, "Though I walk through the valley of he shadow of death, I will fear no evil."
Yes," said the dying shepherd, "I knew that before you were born, but it does not help me." Then said the pastor, "Don't you know that sometimes when you were driving the sheep down through the valleys and ravines there would be shadows all about you, while there was plenty of sunshine on the hills above? You are in the shadows now, but it is sunshine higher up." Then said the dying shepherd: "Ah!—that is good. I never saw it that way before. All is well. Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, Thou art with me.' Shadows here, but sunshine above." So the dying shepherd got peace. Living and dy-

Opportunity! Under the arch of that splendid word let this multitude of my hearers pass into the pardon and hope and triumph of the gospel. Go by companies of a hundred each. Go by regiments of a thousand each, the aged leaning on the staff the middle the aged leaning on the staff, the middle aged throwing off their burdens as they pass and the young to have their present joys augmented by more glorious satisfactions. Forward into the kingdom! As soon as you ass the dividing line there will be shouting I up and down the heavens. The crowned ortals will look down and cheer. Jesus he many scars will rejoice at the result of His earthly sacrifices. Departed saints will be gladdened that their prayers are swered. An order will be given for the reading of a banquet at which you will be the honored guest. From the im-perial gardens the wreaths will be twisted for your brow, and from the hall of eternal music the harpers will bring their harps and the trumpeters their trumpets, and all up and down the amethystine stairways of the castles and in all the rooms of the house of many mansions it will be talked over with show that this day, while one plain man stood on the platform of this vast building, giving the gospel call, an asemblage made up from all parts of the earth and piled up in these galleries chose Christ as their portion and started for heaven as their everlasting home. Ring all the bells of heaven at the tidings! Strike all the cymbals at the joy! Wave all the palm branches at the triumph! Victory! Victory!

A New Cure for Hiccoughs. Samuel A. Hochkin, of West Haven, Conn., was hiccoughing his life away at the home of his nephew, Charles E. Hochkin, Newark, N. J., until Dr. Bailey was called in. The pa-

tient is seventy-three years old. On January 5 he began hiccoughing violently. The usual remedies were prescribed, but Mr. Hochkin

At this time Dr. C. H. Clark, of Plainfield, was afflicted with the malady, and the remedies used in his case without avail were tried. Dr. W. O. Bailey was called in. Dr. Bailey saw that the aged sufferer could live long unless the throat spasms ceased. There were intervals of half an hour of rest, when the hiccough returned. Mr. Hochkin had given up the battle for life and told his wife, who accompanied him from West Haven, that he represend to set it we him. that he proposed to settle up his earthly af-

Late that night Dr. Bailey bethought him Late that night Dr. Bailey bethought him of the "musk" cure, and prescribed moschus in ten grain doses to a drachm, giving one drachm every three hours. The effect was electrical. The throat spasms ceased, and Mr. Hochkin was pronounced out of danger and gained strength rapidly. The remedy in this case was forwarded to the physician attending Dr. Clark at Plainfield in the hope of saving the latter's life.

Amputated His Foot Himself. Two years ago Robert Galbraith, aged seventy-four, a farmer of Payne Township, Indiana County, Penn. fell from a load of hay and injured his left ankle and foot. The injury has caused him great works. injury has caused him great suffering ever since, and the family physician has long in-sisted that unless the foot was amputated the farmer could never be any better. Galbraith stubbornly refused to have the operation

One morning recently the farmer's daugh-"Delia," said he, "the job's done. The foot is amputated."

On the bed by his side lay the foot. On the other side was a razor. The old farmer had amputated his own foot with his razor, and had done it neatly too at the capit. and had done it neatly, too, at the ankle

Although he is seventy-six years old, Farmer Galbraith is not even suffering from shock from his self-amputating operation, and the doctor says he could not have taken the foot off more neatly himself.

A Year of Fire in Baltimore. The aggregate damage by fire in Dalti-more, Md., in 1894, as compiled by the Fire Department, was \$542,183.29. The Jepart-ment responded to 831 starms. Good Roads and the Geological Survey.

The geology of highways embraces the study of the materials entering into their construction. It is distinct from the engineering problem of the mechanical construction of highways -a subject that is not intended to be taken up by the survey. The main questions have to do with the choice and manipulations of materials. Experience has shown that many kinds of rock, which are not suitable for road-building. when used alone, may be combined with other materials in such wise as to give good results. It is well known that in many districts great expense has been incurred in building roads on the best known engineering principles of road construction, with the result of producing dusty roads in summer and muddy roads in winter. This outcome is the result of ignorance in regard to the character of the rock necessary for the production of good roads. Inferior materials have sometimes been used when there were other materials in the immediate vicinity which alone or in combination would have produced a solid roadbed. A large portion of the country, including the greater portion of the Southern States. and some portions of the Mississippi basin, has been thought to be essentially destitute of materials suitable for the construction of good roads. The inquiries that have been made by geologists have shown that in many places within these regions there are hidden deposits of gravel and other sorts of rock which, when properly used, might give excellent highways; and that around the margin of this great area, often within the limits of convenient railway distribution, there are abundant supplies of rock well fitted for such use. It only remains to discover the supply of such rocks as are cheapest and best for each region. This information can be obtained in practical form for each district as the work of the survey advance. - Popular Science Monthly.

Roaring River in Missouri.

Roaring River runs through Newton, Barry and McDonald Counties, Missouri, and in the last two named is a series of cascades. An immense volume of water is poured down, producing a roar that can be heard ten miles away, hence the name. The water is as clear as if it had been distilled, is cold as if it had come from an ice factory, at all times in summer. -St. Louis Republic.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.

-MRS. W. PICKERT, Van Sielen and Blake Avennes, Brooklyn, N. Y., October 26, 1894.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Baking

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Combined Land and Water Garden.

"Once, some years ago," said Superintendent H. T. Woodman, of the city's aquarium at Castle Garden, "I went up the west coast of Florida in a sailboat on a collecting tour for shells and so on. On the north shore of Tampa Bay we saw a little white house -very white, indeed, it was-a whiteness, as we afterward learned, that was due to whitewash made of lime from shells that the owner had burned himself. We went ashore there and were most hospitably received and invited to stay. We couldn't do that, but we were in the neighborhood for a day or two, and we ate two or three meals at his house, and subsequently I called upon him once or twice and was received in the same hospitable manner.

"No doubt there are other gardens like his, but his is the only one of the sort I ever saw, a kind of land-andwater garden combined. His land garlen, which was about half an acre or so, was fifty or perhaps a hundred feet back from the shore. He had in this garden cabbages and beans and potatoes and lettuce, and garden stuff generally. His water garden was composed of three patches each about fifty feet square, side by side and under water, close to the shore, and each inclosed in a palmetto crib, which was, however, only one log high, for that was all that was needed. He could go cut in a skiff at any time and catch anything that there was in any of the cribs.

"In the first patch of the water garden he kept hard clams, and he had plenty of them. The second patch he had fixed up for oysters. He had thrown in shells for the oysters to spawn on, and he had an abundant upply of oysters. The third crib he and fixed up for crustacea. He had thrown in some old stumps here, and had shoved in under the crib some slabs or planks that had drifted ashore, to make a shelter for crawfish, which like to back in under things as the lobster does. He had in this crib crawfish and crabs. Of course these could easily have crawled over the single log of the crib if they had wanted to, but they didn't want to; they preferred the shelters in this crib to the sandy beaches outside. In fact, the crib was an attraction to any stray crawfish or crab that might come that way. You see, he had only to step out of his house on one side for his vegetables and on the other for his sea food. He gave us oysters steamed in a big iron pot over a fire in the yard, and the pick of both his gardens, land temper, fear of impending calamity and and thousand and one derangements of body and marine; and certainly we couldn't have had anything fresher or more delightful."-New York Sun.

Remedy for Snake-Bite.

Permanganate of potash is a new remedy for rattlesnake bites. It is administered hypodermically. Dr. F. W. Maloney, of Rochester, N. Y., cites the following case: Mr. G- often exhibits the fangs of a rattlesnake to the visitors of his place. This he does by catching the snake just behind the head with one hand and by a sort of tongue depresser opens the mouth of the snake with the other. This day the snake might have been a little hungry, and while handling it Mr. G- felt a sharp sting in the joint of the left index finger.

He dropped his pet back in the cage and reached for a syringe and solution. An assistant filled the syringe while Mr. G- tied a string around the finger above the wound. He then injected the solution into the finger near the bite. In a few minutes the finger began to swell, and when the pain became severe he used the rubber bandage at the wrist and loosened the string and again injected another syringeful of the solution. There was no further swelling and little pain. In two days there was no sign of the bite. He used the fingers as usual. He stated that he was more at home now than ever with the rattler.-Chicago

There's Money In It

-washing with Pearline. There's ease and comfort in it, too, and safety. There's wear saved on every thing washed; there's work saved in every thing you do. There's no time wasted. and little time spent. There's There's no harm if you use it, there's

no reason in doing without it. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you,

"this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S

FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocers send

JAMES PYLE, New York.



"A Handful of Dirt May be a Houseful of Shame." Keep Your House Clean With

SAPOLIO

Good Horse Sense in Asses,

The Mexican burros ascertain where to dig for water by closely observing the surface of the ground. We had found in an arroya a sufficient quantity of water to make coffee, when we observed three burros searching for water. They passed several damp places, examining the ground closely, when the leader halted near us and commenced to paw a hole in the dry, hot sand with his right forefoot. Having dug a hole something over a foot n depth, he backed out and watched it intently. To our surprise it soon commenced to fill with water. Then advanced and took a drink and stepped aside, inviting, I think, the others to take a drink; at all events, they promptly did so, and then went away, when we got down and took a drink from their well. The mater was cool and refreshing, much better, in fact, than we had found for many a There is no witchcraft about the Mexican burros, but they have good horse sense, -Pittsburg Dis-

Dr. PIERCE'S

O CURE O

SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS.

CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION,

DYSPEPSIA,

POOR APPETITE, and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Of all druggists.

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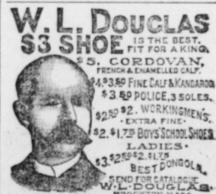
YOUNG SPIRITS.

a vigorous body and robust strength fol-low good health. But all fail when the vital powers are weakened. Nervous debility and loss of power result ad habits, contracted by the young through ignorance of their ruinous con sequences. Low spirits, melancholia, impaired memory,

and mind, result from such pernicious practices. All these are permanently cured by improved methods of treatment without the

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SICK People 7 Well

NYNU-7

JUST SICK ENOUGH TO FEEL TIRED AND LISTLESS, TO HAVE NO APPETITE, TO SLEEP BAD-LY, TO HAVE WHAT YOU EAT FEEL LIKE LEAD IN YOUR STOMACH. NOT SICK ENOUGH TO GO TO BED, OR HAVE A DOCTOR, BUT REALLY, LIFE IS HARDLY WORTH LIVING

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