Subject: "The Worst Foe of Labor."

THE NOTED DIVINE.

[Owing to great grief at the sudden death of his lamented wife, Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage canceled his engagement to preach, but in order that the vast congregation to which he speaks through the press may not be disappointed, a famous and always-time-ly sermon delivered by him on a previous occasion is supplied for this week.]

TEXT: "He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."-Haggai i., 6.

In Persia, under the reign of Darius Hystaspes, the people did not prosper. made money, but did not keep it. were like people who have a sack in which they put money, not knowing that the sack is torn, or eaten of moths, or in some way made incapable of holding valuables. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got, for they lost them. "He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with

What has become of the billions and billions of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of these moneys have gone for house rent, or the purchase of omesteads, or wardrobe, or family expenses, or the necessities of life, or to provide com-forts in old age. What has become of other billions? Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming-table. Wasted in intoxicants.

Put into a bag with 5 hundred holes.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years, and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and be described. his daughters in silks, and stand at his front floor a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse fee than monopoly, and worse than associated capi-

It cannually swindles industry out of large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon-spell, and on his way home at even-tide; on Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come to the family, and sacrifices it among the saloon keepers. Within eight hundred yards of Sands Street Methodist Church, Brooklyn, it has fifty-four salo and is plotting now for another. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated they would reach from New York to Chicago. Forward, march, says the rum power, and take possession of the American Nation! The rum business is Forward, march. pouring its vitriolie and damnable liquids lown the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employes, I proclaim a strike universal against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the Nation. I will un-dertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, the next ten years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverage and be saving, may not be come a capitalist on a small scale. Our country in a year spends one billion five hundred million and fifty thousand dollars for rum. Of course the working classes do a great deal of this expenditure. Careful statistics show that the wage-earning classes of Great Britain expend in liquors one hun-

lion pounds, or five hundred mill-down. His is a year. Sit down and think, O would stop." man! how much you have expend-se directions. Add it all up. Add your neighbors have expended, and Add that instead of answering the beck her people you might have been your capitalist. When you deplete a workin's physical energy you deplete Lis

he stimulated workman gives out before unstimulated workman. My father said: became a temperance man in early life, suse I noticed in the harvest field that. hough I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. ey took stimulants. I took none.' brickmaker in England gives his experien in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says, after investigation: "The er-drinkers who made the fewest bricks made six hundred and fifty-nine thousand: the abstainer who made the fewest bricks, seven hundred and forty-six thousand." The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, eighty-seven thousand ere came a very exhausting time in the British Parliament. The session was pro-longed until nearly all the members got sick or worn out. Out of six hundred and fiftytwo members only two went through undamaged; they were teetotalers.
When an army goes out to the battle the

soldier who has water or coffee in his can-teen marches easier and fights better than the soldier who has whisky in his canteen. Rum helps a man to fight when he has only one contestant, and that at the street cor-ner. But when he goes forth to maintain some great battle for God and his country, he wants no rum about him. When the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every sol-If there be in his breath a taint of in toxicating liquor, the man is sent back to the barracks. Why? He cannot endure fatigue. All our young men know this. When they are preparing for a regatta, or for a ball club, or for an athletic wrestling, they abstain. Our working people will be wiser af-ter a while, and the money they fling away on hurtful indulgences they will put into co operative associations, and so become capitalists. If the workingman put down hi wages and then take his expenses and spread them out, so they will just equal, he is not know workingmen who are in a erfect fidget until they get rid of their last

The following circumstances came under our observation: A young man worked hard to earn his six or seven hundred dollars yearly. Marriage day came. The bride had inherited five hundred dollars from her grandfather. She spent every dollar of it on the wedding dress. Then they rented two rooms in a third story. Then the young man took extra evening employment; almost ex-hausted with the day's work, yet took evening employment. It almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he add evening employwhy did he want to get money? To get money. Why did he want to get money? To lay up something for a rainy day? No. To get his life insured, so that in case of his death his wife would not be a beggar? No. He put the extra evening work to the day work that he might get a hundred and fifty dollars to get his wife a sealskin coat. The sister of the bride heard of this achievement, and was not to be eclipsed. She was very poor, and she sat up working nearly all the nights for a great while until she bought a sealskin coat. I have not heard of the result on that street. The street was full of those who are on small incomes, but I suppose the con-tagion spread, and that everybody had a sealskin coat, and that the people came out and cried, practically, not literally: "Though the heavens fall, we must have a sealskip

I was out West, and a minister of the Gos-I was out West, and a minister of the Gospel told me, in Iowa, that his church and the neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philadelphia Centennial. It was not respectable not to go to the Centennial. Between such evils and pauperism there is a very short step. The vast majority of children in your almbouses are their parents are drunken, or lazy, or recklessly improvident.

I have no sympathy for skinflint saving, but I plead for Christian prudence. You say pel told me, in Iowa, that his church and the neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philadelphia Centennial. It was not respectable not to go to the Centennial. Between such artisand requestion there is no the content of the content o

plain meal, if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if it be to educate your children, if it be to give more help to your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be keep your funeral day from being horrible beyond all endurance, because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the domestic circle-if it be for that, then it is mag-

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who was all the time com-plaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whisky and beer. Wilkins Mi-cawber said to David Copperfield, "Copper-field, my boy, one pound income, expenses twenty shillings and six pence; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and six pence; result, happiness." But, O working-man of America, take your morning dram, I know a man who was all the time com man of America, take your morning dram, and your noon dram, and your evening dram and spend everything you have over for tobacco and excursions, and you insure pov-erty for yourself and your children forever

If by some generous flat of the capitalists of this country, or by a new law of the Government of the United States, twenty-five per cent., or fifty per cent., or one hundred per cent. were added to the wages of the working classes of America, it would be no advantage to hundred of the working the second of the working classes. advantage to hundreds of thousands of them unless they stopped strong drink. Aye, un-til they quit that evil habit, the more money, re ruin, the more wages, the more les in the bag.

My plea this morning is to those working people who are in a discipleship to whisky bottle, the beer-mug, and the wine-flask. And what I say to them will not be more ap-propriate to the working classes than to the siness classes, and the literary classes, and the professional classes, and all classes, and not with the people of one age more than of all ages. Take one good square look at the suffering of the man whom strong drink has enthralled, and remember that toward that goal multitudes are running. The disciple of alcoholism suffers the loss of self-

Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do isto persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his lceks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago, not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he

knows he cannot, so he does not try.

I had a friend who was for fifteen years going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very His family would say, "I wish you his family would reply, "I would stop," "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens, he had it twice; and yet, after that, he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, beany time." He did not stop it, be-he could not stop it. Oh, there is a

point in inebriation beyond which if a man goes he cannot stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.' 'I have the hatchet and cut them off now." I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and, when he was ex-horted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine were set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off as I came up and the glass, I would start, for I must

Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive! He says, "I could have got rid of this at says, "I could have got hid of this at once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am escape for me. a walking corpse, I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal beating against the wires of my cage in this direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without I go on, and say that the disciple of rum

suffers from the loss of health. The older men in the congregation may re-nember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the peo-ple by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcoholism on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcer-ous sketch, swearing eternal abstinence from

everything that could intoxicate. God only knows what the drunkar! suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every What reptiles crawl over his creep os! What flends stand by his mid night pillow! What groans tear his What horrors shiver through his soul! of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Jug-gernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, now, be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Help! Help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they shrick, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they biaspheme, and they ask the keeper to kill then—"Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch! That thing is going on now all up and down the land, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming. e. I know it. I see it coming.
Again, the inebriate suffers through the

oss of home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if his passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most out-rageous things; and if he could not get

it is impossible now to lay up anything for a are on the roads and streets of this land to rainy day. I know it, but we are at the day-break of National prosperity. Some people think it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the parlor. They feel embar-rassed if the door-bell rings before they have the hall lighted. They apologize for the plan meal if you surprise them at the table clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O rum, thou toe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the unfortunate of whom I speak suffers from the loss of the soul.

The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wakes up in the last world, he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eter-

nity where is the rum to come from? Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a flend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog-shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement would it make there! Put that one drop from off the flend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it; let the drop be very small, if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink; let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the world, and he would spring to feet and cry, "That is rum, aha! his feet and cry, "That is rum, aha! That is rum!" And it would wake up the echoes of the damned—"Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow. I do not believe that it will be the absence of light. I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness. I think it will be the absence of rum. Oh, "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an

It is about time that we have another woman's crusade like that which swept through Ohio ten or twelve years ago. With prayer and song the women went into the grog-geries, and whole neighborhoods, towns and cities were redeemed by their Christian heroics. Thirty women cleared out the rum traffic from a village of one thousand inhab If thirty women, surcharged of the Holy Ghost, could renovate a town of a thousand, three thousand consecrated women, resolved to give themselves no peace until this crime was extirpated from this city could in six months clear out three-fourths of the grog-shops of Brooklyn. If there be three housand women now in this city who will put their hands and their hearts to the work, I will take the contract for driving out all these moral nuisances from the city—at any rate, three-fourths of them-in three months. If, when that host of three thousand consecrated women is marshaled, there be no one to lead them, then, as a minister of the Most High God, I will offer to take my position at the front of the host, and I will cry to them, "Come on, ye women of Christ, with your songs and your prayers! Some of you take the enemy's right wing and some the left wing. Forward! The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge!

Down with the dram shops!"

But not waiting for those mouths of hell to close, let me advise the working and the business classes, and all classes, to stop strong drink. While I declared some time ago that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God by His grace can help him to stop at any time. I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been genial, very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he their testimony, and for the first time would say, "I can stop any time." But he in my life there flashed out a truth kept going on, going on, down, down, I never understood. They said, "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will ow its power not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate

I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will give your heart to God, He will help you by His grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last

I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting in our religious assemblages there are a good many people in awful peril; and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there s not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. There are men in my congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath of whom I must make the remark, that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that is an awful thing to say, but I cannot help saying it.

Oh, beware! You have not yet been cap-ured. Beware! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalice or pewter mug, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of Judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, this morning, in the fear of God and in the love for your soul, told you, with all affection and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights— a premonition of the blackness of darkness

Oh, if you could only hear this morning Intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the head of the liquor-cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine-cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would re-mind you of the froth on the maniac's lip; and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become cap-tives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave-sweet prophecies of the resurrection! Go has a balm for such a wound: but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulchre?

CENTRAL AMERICAN FEDERATION.

An Experienced Opinion of the Sentiment of the Five Republics.

General Pierce M. B. Young, United States Minister to Guatemala and Honduras, now at home on leave, says: "I believe a large majority of the intelligent patriotic citizens of Central America would like to see a union of all those republics, as greatly to the advantage of all. I believe that at this time all the Presidents are patriotic, conservative men. The Government of the United States has but one sentiment for these republics,

and that is affection.
"In the five republics there are, perhaps,
4,000,000 of people. The population of
Guatemala is, in round numbers, 1,000,000. The people are intensely American in senti-ment, and are great believers in the United States. Their idea is that federation should be based on the Constitution of the United

Production of Aluminum.

The Bicycle as an Asthma Cure. Of all means of training the respiration Dr. Fortescue Fox thinks cycling is the best. When a person first takes to cycling he is troubled with shortness of breath, his heart beats uncomfortably and his legs get tired, but after some training these discomforts all disappear. Why should not people liable to attacks of asthma also train their respiration by such a kind of exercise-of course on condition of the heart and lungs being in perfect health? Cycling exercise first of all increases the depth of breathing, and that without fatigue, as the respiratory movements are automatic. At the same time it will accustom the rider instinctively to take in at each respiration the volume of air required to aerate the blood and to eliminate a fixed proportion of carbonic acid, leaving in the circulation the precise amount compatible with health.-London News.

Not Generally Known. A Bostonian of mark has lately distinguished himself greatly, and letters and telegrams of congratulation have been pouring in upon him from various parts of the world. These have been the subject of conversation at the breakfast table, and the Bostonian's little daughter has heard of them. The other day she said to her mother, with a pathetic air of con-

"Mamma, do you suppose all those people would think so much of papa if they knew that he sometimes puts his elbows on the table?"-Boston Transcript.

PRESIDENT OF TWO BANKS.

P. G. WEITING, PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF WORCESTER, N. Y., AND OF TOLEDO, IA., TELLS HOW HE SUFFERED.

Thought at Times He Would Have to Give Up the Fight, but Perseverance and Science Conquers His Troubles.

From the Republican, Cooperstown, N. Y. The people of the present are traveling a pace that would surprise the good old wives and knickerbockered grandfathers of a hundred years ago. Things are not done by degrees or stages in these days, but with a neverending rush and hurry. In fact, this is the great leading trait of the American people, and it never fails to attract the attention of ther Nations.

This constant hurry and ever present busiless pressure has not been without its effect upon the nerves of the race, and every year witnesses the increase of nervous disease. Medical science, however, has been keeping abreast with the times, and from the very demands made upon it there have sprung new departures and discoveries.

A reporter recently met Mr. Philip G. Weiting, who is President of the Bank of Woh



cester, and of the Toledo City Bank, of Tol do, Ia., in the handsome little town of cester among the hills of Otsego County, N. Y., and conversation drifted to the present opic. Mr. Weiting had been a sufferer from omotor ataxia for twenty-five years, som thing which none but those who have then selves been afflicted by the disease can ap preciate. Knowing that he had traveled faand wide in search of some beneficial treat-ment for his affliction, the reporter asked the President to give some facts in his own case. He responded willingly. "Yes, I suffere twenty-five years from locomotor staxia," Mr. Weiting said, "and during all that tip I was seeking some relief. Well, I found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Of course have it yet, to some extent, but I'm feeling better and my legs are stronger than eve before. I never did have much faith in either doctors or medicines, and my long siege of suffering helped along this distrust in them. Why, I could scarcely walk any distance at all, and could not stand long without my knees yielding beneath my own weight. A

state brings upon the sufferer.
"I would go to Florida every year, and vis ited almost every health resort in the country I went to the Sanitarium at Iowa Falls, Iowa and also the very best in Michigan, but they didn't do me any good. I took the full course of their baths and massage and rubbing, without receiving the least benefit. I thought I would have to give up all hope of ever curing myself. Finally I heard a good dea about Pink Pills through common report; and although, as I said, I had no faith in medicines of any kind, I was induced to try them. Well, I took several boxes withou deriving any apparent benefit, but was advised to keep it up. So, when I went to Florida that year—three years ago this summer—I took a large quantity with me. After some months I stopped taking them; but my leg-had become so much stronger and my ataxia had been so moderated that I could stand and walk better than I had done for years. Pink Pills did it, and you can well imagine how I feel toward them. They did what othing else could do.'

During the entire interview Mr. Weiting remained standing and evidently did not ex-perience the slightest discomfort, in spite of the protracted period of his affliction. Al-though well along in years, he is still actively sngaged in financial enterprises that necessi-iate a vast amount of mental and nervous energy. Suffice it to say he lacks neither, out makes his influence felt wherever he is known. Besides being President of the Wor-cester Bank, Mr. Weiting is also President of the Toledo City Bank, of Toledo, where his dvice and sound buriness policies are a cop

oling element. mmendation of Pink Pills came unolicited, and with the sincerity of one who

cels what he says, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a cor Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a con-densed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richneas to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow checks. In men they effect a radical curve is restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Baking ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Poultry Business.

During the last quar er of a century the poultry industry has developed into the largest agricultural industry of this country. The value of the poultry industry is underestimated by the American people, and it has not been until recently that attention has been called to the vast wealth which lies at our very door.

Careful inquiry reveals the astonishing fact that the United States, instead of producing more eggs than are required for home consumption, imports annually over \$2,000,000 worth of eggs. New York State and city consume about \$45,000,000 worth of eggs and poultry annually, and the population of both State and city is about 5,800,000.

The United States, with a population of 63,000,000, will consume proportionately about \$495,000,000 worth of eggs and poultry a year. In order that the full value of the industry may be determined correctly, we must add to the above \$63,000,000 for the value of fowls retained for breeding and laying stock and about \$600,000 for fancy stock and eggs.

This shows a sum total of the industry to be over \$500,000,000. The following figures show the cash value of products in the United States: Cotton, \$410,000,000; hay, \$436,000, 000; dairy products, \$254,000,000, poultry and eggs, \$560,000,000. While the poultry industry is larger than any of the others, it is the only agricultural product that we do not export. Our entire yield, which is vastly insufficient to meet the demand, is all consumed at home, and, besides, statistics show we import from for-eign countries over 13,000,000 dozen eggs annually.

Here, where we have so many natural advantages as compared with other countries, our profit should far exceed them in proportionate value. These facts also show that the value of poultry and eggs exceeds even wheat, the greatest agricultural product of our land, by over \$72,000,000.

The general impression is that this vast industry is controlled by the farmer on his acres of land. Such is not the case. The farmer does not supply forty per cent. of the eggs raised in the country. The majority of eggs and poultry are raised by city and suburban residents and those who have a small number of acres and make a specialty of poultry raising.-Texas Farmer.

A Dish That Epicures Enjoyed.

There are several amateur chefs among the many lovers of soups, fish and "crawdads" of Kansas City, who entertain quite royally their epicurean friends at picnics hereabouts. A party of cyclists, gun club men and Bohemians were treated to a wonderfully rich soup or Bourgot at Ward's Grove, on Brush Creek, yesterday, prepared by one of these amateur cooks. Some twenty-five wheclmen and gun club men spent the afternoon in devouring the twenty gallons of soup, which was made in a cauldron over a wood fire in the shady grove. Some idea of the dish from an epicurean standpoint may be had from the following list of ingredients used in it: Calf heads and tongues, veal bisquet and hocks, shins of beef, salt pork and ham bock, chickens, old and new potatoes, cauliflower, green marrowfat peas, wax beans, tomatoes, onions, carrots, turnips, green corn on the cob, fresh mushrooms, canned mushrooms, spaghetti, barley and rice. sauce, chow-chow, celery bitters, tobasco sauce, celery seed and celery salt, sweet marjoram and thyme, red peppers and white pepper, table salt, mustard and mustard seed, allspice and cloves, mace and ground sage, hard boiled eggs.

It took five hours to cook the soup, but when it was finished it was blended together in such a toothsome way that the gourmands left little of it in the cauldron when the meal was over. -St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Cats and Diphtheria,

Simultaneously with the formation of a society for the protection of the cat comes a warning regarding this usually inoffensive member of the bousehold. The Medical Officer of Brighton devotes a portion of his last report to a description of illness among the feline residents of a certain part of the town, and to an outbreak of diphtheria in the same section. No common cause for the latter could be discovered, but "in each instance there was a history that the household cat had been ill, and in several families the child which was specially fond of the cat was the sole victim of diphtheria." Moreover, the outbreak of the scourge came to an abrupt termination with the destruction of the suspected tabbies. Moral: Keep a close eye upon the health of the cat. --Westminster Gazette.

A British steamer the other day cleared from Scranton, Miss., with the largest cargo of lumber ever carried out of any port in America. It was 3,203,000 feet, in the shape of

A Nest in a Clock,

A curious incident has just occurred at Birchington Parish Church, immortalized in the "Ingoldsby Legends." In commemoration of the Queen's jubilee a clock with a skeleton face was placed in the church tower.

The other day the clock unaccountably stopped, and upon inspection it was found that a house sparrow had built its nest between the projecting VIII and IX so firmly as to prevent

the clock from working. The nest was promptly removed, only to be rebuilt a day or two latter in the same unique position. Once more the face has been cleared and the opportunity taken to regild the figures. The sparrows so far have not made another attempt to build there. -Westminster Gazette.

A German military magazine states that Krupp has made over 20,000 guns of large calibre for the armies of Eu-



by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "Labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors. The painfu! and the dangers thereof greatly leasened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also shortened, the mother strengthened and an abundant secretion of

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