DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Making the Best of Things"—Advice About Looking on the Bright Side—Blessings in Misfortune's Guise—Bereavements Fortify Our Spirit.

TEXT: "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—Job xxxvii., 31.

Wind east. Barometer falling. Storm-signals out. Ship reefing maintopsail! Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. But after awhile he assails the flanks of the clouds with flying artillery of light, and here and there is a sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe it. Many do not realize it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." In other words, there are a hundred men looking for storm, where there is one man looking for sunshine. My object is to get you and myself into the delightful habit of making the best of everything.

You may have wondered at the statistics that in India, in the year 1875, there were over nineteen thousand people slain by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were in India over twenty thousand people destroyed by wild animals. But there is a monster in our own land which is year by year destroying more than that. It is the old bear of melancholy, and with Gospel weapons I propose to chase it back to its midnight caverns. I mean to do two sums—a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition—a subtraction from your days of depression and an addition to your days of joy. If God will help me I will compel you to see the bright light that there is in the clouds, and compel you to make the best of everything.

In the first place, you ought to make the very best of all your financial misfortunes. During the panic years ago, or the long years of financial depression, you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most unaccountable ways. For the question, "How many thousands of dollars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question, "How shall I pay my butcher, and baker, and clothier, and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars, and yet all the time going down stream.

You did not say much about it because it was not politic to speak much of financial embarrassment; but your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denial in art and tapestry. Compression; retrenchment. Who did not feel the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man out of a hundred. There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He gets a distaste for prayer meetings. With plenty of bank stocks and plenty of Government securities, what does that man know of the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread?" How few men largely successful in this world are bringing souls to Christ, or showing self-denial for others, or are eminent for piety? You can count them all upon your eight fingers and two thumbs.

One of the old covetous souls, when he was sick, and sick unto death, used to have a basin brought in—a basin filled with gold, and his only amusement and the only relief he got for his inflamed hands was running them down through the gold and turning it up in the basin. Oh, what infatuation and what destroying power money has for many a man! Now, you were sailing at thirty knots the hour toward these vortices of worldliness—what a mercy it was, that honest defalcation! The same divine hand that crushed your store-house, your bank, your office, your insurance company, lifted you out of destruction. The day you honestly suspended in business made your fortune for eternity.

"Oh," you say, "I could get along very well myself, but I am so disappointed that I cannot leave a competence for my children." My brother, the same financial misfortune that is going to save your soul will save your children. With the anticipation of large fortune, how much industry would your children have?—without which habit of industry there is no safety. The young man would say, "Well, there's no need of my working; my father will soon step out, and then I'll have just what I want." You cannot hide from him how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it; he knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Perhaps he has been to the county office and searched the records of deeds and mortgages, and he has added it all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as you are. The only fortune worth anything that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with seventy thousand dollars' capital, how many turned out well? I do not know half a dozen.

The best inheritance a young man can have is the feeling that he has to fight his own battle, and that life is a struggle into which he must throw body, mind and soul, or be disgracefully worsted. Where are the burial places of the men who started life with a fortune? Some of them in the potter's field; some in the suicide's grave. But few of these men reached thirty-five years of age. They drank, they smoked, they gambled. In them the beast destroyed the man. Some of them lived long enough to get their fortunes, and went through them. The vast majority of them did not live to get their inheritance. From the gin-shop or house of infamy they were brought home to their father's house, and in delirium began to pick off loathsome reptiles from the embroidered pillow, to fight back imaginary devils. And then they were laid out in highly upholstered parlor, the casket covered with flowers by indulgent parents—flowers suggestive of a resurrection with no hope.

You sat this morning at your breakfast table, and looked into the faces of your children, perhaps you said within yourself, these things! How I wish I could start in life with a competence! How I have been disappointed in all my expectations of what I would do for them!" Upon the scene of pathos I break with a pæan of congratulation, that by your financial disaster your own prospects for heaven and the prospect for heaven of your children are infinitely improved. You may have lost what you have won a palace. Let me say, in passing, do not put much stress on the treasures of this world. You cannot take them along with you. At any rate, you cannot take them more than two or three miles; you will have to leave them at the cemetery. Attila had three coffins. So afraid he of this life that he decreed that he should be buried in a coffin of gold, then that should be inclosed in a silver, and that should be inclosed in iron, and then a large amount of wealth should be thrown in over his tomb so he was buried, and the men who slew him were slain, so that no one knew where he was buried, and no one could interfere with his treasures. To the world, who want to take with you, better have three coffins.

Work, you ought to make the best of bereavements. The whole mood over these separations and the time to the handling of the departed, and to make way to the cemetery, and to say, "I look up again; my hope is in God; my faith in God is gone! Oh, the wear and tear and exhaustion of this loneliness!" The most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial that you have had? If you could make a choice for your child between forty years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation, and bereavements, and forty years in heaven, would you take the responsibility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away the cup of eternal bliss and put into that child's hands the cup of many bereavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this moral state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being besoiled and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of fifty or sixty or seventy years they reached at a flash? If the last 10,000 children who had entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those 10,000 children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to look at this matter as a self-denial on your part for their benefit. If your children want to go off in a May-day party; if your children want to go on a flowery and musical excursion, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have only gone out in a May-day party, amid flowery and musical entertainment, amid joys and hilarities forever. That ought to quell some of your grief, the thought of their glee.

So it ought to be that you could make the best of all bereavements. The fact that you have so many friends in heaven will make your own departure very cheerful. When you are going on a voyage, everything depends upon where your friends are—if they are on the wharf that you leave, or on the wharf toward which you are going to sail. In other words, the more friends you have in heaven the easier it will be to get away from this world. The more friends here, the more bitter good-byes; the more friends there the more glorious welcomes. Some of you have so many brothers, sisters, children, friends in heaven, that I do not know hardly how you are going to crowd through. When the vessel came from foreign lands, and brought a Prince to New York harbor, the ships were covered with bunting, and you remember how the men-of-war thundered broadsides; but there was no joy there compared with the joy which shall be demonstrated when you sail up the broad bay of heavenly salutation. The more friends you have there, the easier your own transit. What is death to a mother whose children are in heaven? Why, there is no more grief in it than there is in her going into a nursery amid the romp and laughter of her household. Though all around may be dark, see you not the bright light in the clouds—that light the irritated faces of your glorified kindred?

So also, my friends, I would have you make the best of your sicknesses. When you see one move off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you become impatient with your lame foot. When a man describes an object a mile off, and you cannot see it at all, you become impatient of your dim eye. When you hear of a well man making a great achievement you become impatient with your depressed nervous system or your dilapidated health. I will tell you how you can make the worst of it. Brood over it; brood over all these illnesses, and your nerves will become more twitchy, and your dyspepsia more aggravated, and your weakness more appalling. But that is the devil's work, to tell you how to make the worst of it; it is my work to show you a bright light in the clouds.

Which of the Bible men most attract your attention? You say, Moses, Job, David, Jeremiah, Paul. Why, what a strange thing it is that you have chosen those who were physically disordered! Moses—I know he was nervous from the blow he gave the Egyptian. Job—his blood was vitiated and diseased, and his skin distressfully eruptive. David—he had a running sore, which he speaks of when he says: "My sore ran in the night and ceased not." Jeremiah had enlargement of the spleen. Who can doubt it who read Lamentations? Paul—he had lifetime sickness which the commentators have been guessing about for years, not knowing exactly what the apostle meant by "a thorn in the flesh." I do not know either; but it was something sharp, something that stuck him. I gather from all this that physical disorder may be the means of grace to the soul. You say you have so many temptations from bodily ailments, and if you were only well you think you could be a good Christian. While your temptations may be different, they are no more those of the man who has an appetite three times a day, and sleeps eight hours every night.

From what I have heard I judge that invalids have a more rapturous view of the next world than well people, and will have a higher renown in heaven. The best view of the delectable mountains is through the lattice of the sick room. There are trains running every hour between pillow and throne, between hospital and mansion, between bandages and robes, between crutch and palm branch. Oh, I wish some of you people who are compelled to cry, "My head, my head! My foot, my foot! My back, my back!" would try some of the Lord's medicine! You are going to be well anyhow before long. Heaven is an old city, but has never yet reported one case of sickness or one bill of mortality. No ophthalmia for the eye. No pneumonia for the lungs. No pleurisy for the side. No neuralgia for the nerves. No rheumatism for the muscles. The inhabitants shall never say, "I am sick." "There shall be no more pain."

Again, you ought to make the best of life's finality. Now, you think I have a very tough subject. You do not see how I am to strike a spark of light out of the flint of the tombstone. There are many people who have an idea that death is the submergence of everything pleasant by everything doleful. If my subject could close in the upsetting of all such preconceived notions, it would close well. Who can judge best of the features of a man—those who are close by him, or those who are afar off? "Oh," you say, "those can judge best of the features of a man who are close by him!"

Now, my friends, who shall judge of the features of death—whether they are lovely or whether they are repulsive? You? You are too far off. If I want to get a judgment as to what really the features of death are, I will not ask you; I will ask those who have been within a month of death, or a week of death, or an hour of death, or a minute of death. They stand so near the features, they can tell. They give unanimous testimony, if they are Christian people, that death, instead of being demoniac, is cherubic. Of all the thousands of Christians who have been carried through the gates of the cemetery, gather up their dying experiences, and you will find they nearly all bordered on a jubilate. How often you have seen a dying man join in the psalm being sung around his bedside, the middle of the verse opening to let his ransomed spirit free!—long after the lips could not speak, he looking and pointing upward.

Some of you talk as though God had exhausted Himself in building this world, and that all the rich curtains He ever made He hung around this planet, and all the flowers He ever grew He has woven into the carpet of our daisied meadows. No. This world is not the best thing God can do; this world is not the best thing that God has done.

One week of our year is called blossom week—called so all through the land because there are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which the Christian is invited—blossom week forever. It is as far ahead of this world as Paradise is ahead of Dry Tortugas, and yet here we stand trembling and fearing to go out, and we want to stay on the dry sand, and amid the stormy petrels, when we are invited to arbors of jessamine, and birds of paradise.

One season I had two springtimes. I went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the differences between going toward New Orleans and then coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans, the verdure, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. When I came back, the further I came toward home the less the foliage, and less it became until there was hardly any. Now, it all depends upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from heaven should come toward our world, he is traveling from June toward December, from radiance toward darkness, from hanging gardens toward icebergs. And one would not be very much surprised if a spirit of God sent forth from heaven toward our world should be slow to come. But how strange it is that we dread going out toward that world when going is from December toward June—from the snow of earthly storm to the snow of Edenic blossom—from the arctics of trouble toward the tropics of eternal joy.

Oh, what an ado about dying! We get so attached to the malarial marsh in which we live that we are afraid to go up and live on the hilltop. We are alarmed because vacation is coming. Best programme of celestial minstrels and hallelujah, no inducement. Let us stay here and keep ignorant and sinful and weak. Do not introduce us to Elijah, and John Milton and Bourdalone. Keep our feet on the sharp cobblestones of earth instead of planting them on the bank of amaranth in heaven. Give us this small island of a leprous world instead of the immensities of splendor and delight. Keep our hands full of nettles, and our shoulder under the burden, and our neck in the yoke, and hopples on our ankles, and handcuffs on our wrists. "Dear Lord," we seen to say, "keep us down here where we have to suffer, instead of letting us up where we might live and reign and rejoice."

We are like persons standing on the cold steps of the national picture gallery in London, under umbrella in the rain, afraid to go in amid the Turners and the Titians, and the Raphaels. I come to them and say, "Why don't you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can get in." I say: "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say; "but we have been so long on these cold steps, we are so attached to them we don't like to leave." "But," I say, "it is much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery, you had better go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is out here, but we don't know exactly how it is inside."

So we stick to this world as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, discord to cantata, sackcloth to royal purple—as though we preferred a piano with four or five of the keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned—as though earth and heaven had exchanged apparel, and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river plowed with graves with dead angels under the furrow.

I am amazed at myself and at yourself for this infatuation under which we all rest. Men you would suppose would get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go toward heaven. This world is as bright to me as to any living man, but I congratulate anybody who has a right to die. By that I mean through sickness you cannot avert, or through accident you cannot avoid—your work consummated. "Where did they bury Lily?" said one little child to another. "Oh," she replied, "they buried her in the ground." "What! in the cold ground?" "Oh, no, no; not in the cold ground, but in the warm ground, where ugly seeds become beautiful flowers."

"But," says some one, "it pains me so much to think that I must lose the body with which my soul has so long companioned." You do not lose it. You no more lose your body by death than you lose your watch when you send it to have it repaired, or your jewel when you send it to have it reset, or the faded picture when you send it to have it touched up, or the photograph of a friend when you have it put in a new locket. You do not lose your body. Paul will go to Rome to get his, Payson will go to Portland to get his, President Edwards will go to Princeton to get his, George Cookman will go to the bottom of the Atlantic to get his, and we will go to the village churchyards and the city cemeteries to get ours; and when we have our perfect spirit rejoined to our perfect body, then we will be the kind of men and women that the resurrection morning will make possible.

So you see you have not made out any doleful story yet. What have you proved about death? What is the case you have made out? You have made out just this—that death allows us to have a perfect body, free of all aches, united forever with a perfect soul free from all sin. Correct your theology. What does it all mean? Why, it means that moving-day is coming, and that you are going to quit cramped apartments and be mansioned forever. The horse that stands at the gate will not be the one lathered and bespattered, carrying bad news, but it will be the horse that St. John saw in Apocalyptic vision—the white horse on which the King comes to the banquet. The ground around the palace will quake with the tires and hoofs of celestial equipage, and those Christians who in this wrold lost their friends, and lost their property, and lost their health, and lost their life, will find out that God was always kind, and that all things worked together for their good, and that those were the wisest people on earth who made the best of everything. See you not now the bright light in the clouds?

WAR COST TO DATE.

About $3,000,000 a Day the Average Expense of Fitting Army and Navy.

WASHINGTON, D. C. (Special).—The first twenty-nine days of the war which the United States is waging against the kingdom of Spain cost this country about $80,000,000, or nearly $3,000,000 a day.

The cost of operations in the future will probably not be so great, as quite one-half of the expenditures so far have been in the way of preparation, the acquirement of warships, guns and equipments. The ordinary cost should run about $1,000,000 a day. It is estimated that more than 200,000 persons are actively employed helping the nation's land and sea forces to get into fighting trim.

The persons who derive the most profit from contracts with the Government are those that have ships, guns, commissary supplies, boots, shoes, uniforms, tents, cutlery, tinware and flannels to sell, and the railway companies.

FORCED MARCHES AT MOBILE.

The Regulars Put Through a Ten-Mile Trip Every Day.

MOBILE, Ala. (Special).—The four regiments of infantry at Camp Coppinger are now more acclimatized.

The troops are getting some fine Cuban practice by forced marches of ten miles a day, with advance and rear guards out and ambulances following to pick up those who may fall by the wayside. These practice marches are most severe, the men carrying full outfits and 200 rounds of ammunition, but they stand the test well, and few have been overcome by the heat. At the volunteer camp the troops are rapidly becoming efficient under the unceasing instructions of army and volunteer officers, the men drilling at least eight hours a day.

Killed While at Prayer.

Sarah Jane Phillips, age twenty-two years, while at prayer in her home in Audenried, Penn., was killed by a bolt of lightning. She was near the chimney when the flash struck the house.

Abyssinian Currency.

For small change the Abyssinians use the amole, or bar of salt. This is a block of hard crystallized salt, about ten inches long and two and a quarter inches in breadth and thickness, slightly tapered toward the end; five go to the dollar at the capital, but its value varies according to the distance it has to be brought from Lake Arral, a salt lake near the entrance to the Red Sea. People are very particular about this, too; if it does not ring like metal when flicked with the finger nail, or if it is cracked or chipped, they won't take it. It is a token of affection, also, when friends meet, to give each other a lick of their respective amoles, and in this way the material value of the bar is also decreased.

For still smaller change cartridges are used, of which three go to the salt. It does not matter what sort they are, whether "scatter-gun" or rifle cartridges, nor, in the latter case, does it matter whether they are Berdan, Gras, Remington or any other ammunition. Some sharpers use their cartridges in the ordinary way, and then put in some dust and a dummy bullet to make up the difference, or else they take out the powder and put the bullet in again, so that possibly in the next action the unhappy seller will find that he has nothing but miss-fires in his belt; but this is such a common fraud that no one takes notice of it, and a bad cartridge seems to serve as readily as a good one.—New York Times.

Bread Riots.

The world has seen many bread riots. In 1756, when harvests all over the world were short, wheat went up, and in England there were many insurrections on account of the scarcity of bread. In 1767, when the price of wheat rose in Mark Lane to the equivalent of $1.80 a bushel, there were serious disturbances all over England, and great violence was done by the starving populace. In 1775, when the price of wheat again went to an almost prohibitive price to the poor, it was necessary, in France, for the troops to guard the markets, and a general insurrection was only kept down by the prompt massing of troops in the disaffected and suffering places. The world well knows what a formidable part was played on the eve of the French revolution by the rise in foodstuffs, and it will be equally recalled how frequent, since that revolution, were the expressions of popular hunger and despair up to the time of the enormous expansion of the American grain production and the fall in agricultural prices. It is most pitiful to think of people, driven by want to the cry for bread, a cry which, if made too insistently, is answered with bullets.—Indianapolis News.

Attendance at the World's Expositions.

Attendance at the great expositions of the world was as follows: French exposition of 1855, total attendance, 200 days, 5,152,330; London's second international exhibition, 1862, total attendance 6,225,000, daily average 36,328; Paris exposition of 1867, total attendance 10,200,000, opened 117 days; Vienna exposition, 1873, total attendance 4,100,000; Centennial exposition at Philadelphia, 1876, total attendance 9,910,966, daily average 62,333; first international exhibition in Paris under the republic, 1878, total paid attendance 16,032,725, daily average 82,650; Paris exposition of 1889, total paid attendance 25,000,000 (the exposition opened May 6th and closed November 6th); World's Columbian exposition, Chicago, 1893, total attendance 21,477,218, daily average 119,984½. The total attendance, including exhibitors and others holding passes, was 27,529,400, which exceeded by nearly a million the total, 26,538,543, claimed by the Paris exposition. Midwinter Fair, San Francisco, 1894, total paid attendance 2,250,000; opening day 72,248 paid admissions, Atlanta exposition, 1895, from September 18th to December 31st, total paid attendance 6,180,000.

A Remarkable Case.

The following case was printed originally in *The Monitor*, a newspaper published at Meaford, Ontario. Doubts were raised as to its truthfulness, consequently a close watch was kept on the case for two years and the original statement has now been completely verified.

Mr. Petch had been a hopeless paralytic for five years. His case has had wide attention. He was confined to his bed, was bloated almost beyond recognition, and could not take solid food. Doctors called the disease spinal sclerosis, and all said he could not live. The Canadian Mutual Life Association after a thorough examination, paid him his total disability claim of $1,650, regarding him as forever incurable.

For three years he lingered in this condition. After taking some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People there was a slight change, a tendency to sweat freely. Next came a little feeling in his limbs. This extended, followed by a pricking sensation, until at last the blood began to course freely and vigorously through his body. Soon he was restored to his old time health.

Paid His Claim.

A reporter for *The Monitor* recently called on Mr. Petch again and was told:

"You may say there is no doubt as to my cure being permanent. I am in better health than when I gave you the first interview and certainly attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"To these pills I owe my release from the living death, and I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them."

Such is the history of one of the most remarkable cases in modern times. In the face of such testimony, can anyone say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not entitled to the careful consideration of every sufferer—man, woman or child? Is not the case, in truth, a miracle of modern medicine?

These pills are sold by all druggists and are considered by them to be one of the most valuable remedial agents known to science.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A volunteer company has been dubbed "The Disappointed Lovers" because of the number of young men belonging to it who have enlisted on account of disappointment in love affairs.

The New York Ledger is now successfully sold by bright boys and girls, who thus earn many valuable premiums. Two cents profit on each copy sold. No money required in advance. Send name and address for complete outfit, including Premium List, to Robert Bonner's Sons, Ledger Building, 160 William St., N. Y. City.

The most offensive thing you can say to a Tuscan is that he is ignorant or ill-bred.

ST. VITUS' DANCE, SPASMS and all nervous diseases permanently cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $1.00 trial bottle and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street., Phila., Pa.

The Turkish Government has issued a decree forbidding blood-revenge; but as it has not the power to deprive the populace of weapons, that crime continues to flourish.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Switzerland has a special academy, established by an association of hotel-keepers, at which every winter thirty men are specially educated for the hotel business.

Sent free, Klondike Map

From Gold Commission's official survey. Address Gardner & Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.

During 1897 8928 head of live stock in Switzerland were affected with foot and mouth disease; of this number 1444 were killed.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A Persian carpet has been in use for 200 years in the main hall in the Shah's palace in Teheran.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

American apples have already, in a large measure, conquered the markets of England and Germany.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

The number of ships with ladings that entered all the harbors of Germany in 1895 was 57,436.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

In a civil service examination in England there were 1866 failures in a class of 1972.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

In Canada 123,830,000 letters passed through the mail last year.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Carpet weaving in Persia is done exclusively by women.

BAD BLOOD

"CASCARETS do all claimed for them and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have often wished for a medicine pleasant to take and at last have found it in Cascarets. Since taking them, my blood has been purified and my complexion has improved wonderfully and I feel much better in every way." MRS. SALLIE E. SELLARS, Luttrell, Tenn.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets (TRADE MARK REGISTERED) REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. ... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 319

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

"JONES HE PAYS THE FREIGHT." Farm and Wagon SCALES.

United States Standard. All Sizes and All Kinds. Not made by a trust or controlled by a combination. For Free Book and Price List, address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

A tannery to tan the hides of dogs and wolves has been established in Cheyenne County, Kansas.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Commodore Schley pronounces his name as if it were spelled "Sly."

SYRUP OF FIGS

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