It Hangs On

If it was only health, we might let it cling.

But it is a cough. One cold no sooner passes off before another comes. But it's the same old cough all the time.

And it's the same old story, too. There is first the cold, then the cough, then pneumonia or consumption with the long sickness, and life trembling in the balance.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

loosens the grasp of your cough. The congestion of the throat and lungs is removed; all inflammation is subdued; the parts are put perfectly at rest and the cough drops away. It has no diseased tissues on which to hang.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster

draws out inflammation of the lungs.

Advice Free.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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. SARAH E. SELLARS, Luttrell, Tenn.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

GOLD TABLETS

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.

Fun in Sweden.

General Baron Rappe, Swedish Minister of War, has just suffered a penalty for a very amusing slight to royal ceremony. The day before Christmas King Oscar summoned a cabinet council to the palace. At the last moment General Rappe, who is notoriously absent minded, having on his full uniform, as required by the regulations, forgot to put on his plumed chapeau, and hastily clapped his ordinary silk hat on his unfortunate head. No one happened to see him en route till he approached the palace. The King and the rest of the cabinet, looking out of the window, saw the motley War Minister approaching, and burst into loud guffaws at his unceremonious appearance. They chaffed him without mercy, and the King, to censure his absence of mind, put him under a three days' arrest as provided by the military regulations forbidding the wearing of civilian attire in conjunction with military uniform.

What Our Knowledge is Good For.

The attainment of skill is the alpha as it is the omega of science. It was the attempt to gain perfection in his every-day work that led primeval man to take the first steps in that great movement of which the fruition appears in the final development of our modern universities. For a man of highest culture, also, the end and object of study is, as Aristotle teaches us, not the attainment of knowledge, but the perfecting of conduct, and this is true not only when we conceive of conduct as our action in relation to other men, but also if we look upon it as action in relation to the objects and conditions which surround us. — From "The Field of Art" in Scribner's.

Wipe Out.

It is the specific virtue of penetration in St. Jacobs Oil which carries it right down to the Sciatic nerve in the cure of Sciatica, and the effect is to soothe the nerve and wipe out the pain.

At present there is only one Protestant church on the whole island of Porto Rico.

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.

The population of the Soudan is numbered at 3,000,000, nearly all wholly uneducated.

The public awards the palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar as a cough remedy. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one Minute.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Dishonest Transactions"—One of the Crying Evils of Modern Life is the Abuse of Trust—Beware of the Web of Peculation—Advice to Business Men.

TEXT: "Whose trust shall be a spider's web."—Job viii., 14.

The two most skillful architects in all the world are the bee and the spider. The one puts up a sugar manufactory and the other builds a slaughter house for flies. On a bright summer morning when the sun comes out and shines upon the spider's web, bedecked with dew, the gossamer structure seems bright enough for a suspension bridge for aerial beings to cross on. But alas for the poor fly which in the latter part of that very day ventures on it and is caught and dungeoned and destroyed! The fly was informed that it was a free bridge and would cost nothing, but at the other end of the bridge the toll paid was its own life. The next day there comes down a strong wind, and away go the web and the marauding spider and the victimized fly. So delicate are the silken threads of the spider's web that many thousands of them are put together before they become visible to the human eye, and it takes 4,000,000 of them to make a thread as large as the human hair. Most cruel as well as most ingenious is the spider. A prisoner in the Bastille, France, had one so trained that at the sound of the violin it every day came for its meal of flies. The author of my text, who was a leading scientist of his day, had no doubt watched the voracious process of this one insect with another and saw spider and fly swept down with the same broom or scattered by the same wind. Alas that the world has so many designing spiders and victimized flies!

There has not been a time when the utter and black irresponsibility of many men having the financial interests of others in charge has been more evident than in these last few years. The bankruptcy of banks and disappearance of administrators with the funds of large estates and the disordered accounts of United States officials have sometimes made a pestilence of crime that solemnizes every thoughtful man and woman and leads every philanthropist and Christian to ask, What shall be done to stay the plague? There is ever and anon a monsoon of swindle abroad, a typhoon, a sirocco. I sometimes ask myself if it would not be better for men making wills to bequeath the property directly to the executors and officers of the court and appoint the widows and orphans a committee to see that the former got all that did not belong to them. The simple fact is that there are a large number of men sailing yachts and driving fast horses and members of expensive clubhouses and controlling country seats who are not worth a dollar if they return to others their just rights. Under some sudden reverse they fail, and with afflicted air seem to retire from the world and seem almost ready for monastic life, when in two or three years they blossom out again, having compromised with their creditors—that is, paid them nothing but regret, and the only difference between the second chapter of prosperity and the first is that their pictures are Murillos instead of Kensetts and their horses go a mile in twenty seconds less than their predecessors, and instead of one county seat they have three. I have watched and have noticed that nine out of ten of those who fail in what is called high life have more means after than before the failure, and in many of the cases failure is only a stratagem to escape the payment of honest debts and put the world off the track while they practice a large swindle. There is something woefully wrong in the fact that these things are possible.

First of all, I charge the blame on careless, indifferent bank directors and boards having in charge great financial institutions. It ought not to be possible for a president or cashier or prominent officer of a banking institution to swindle it year after year without detection. I will undertake to say that if these frauds are carried on for two or three years without detection either the directors are partners in the infamy and pocket part of the theft or they are guilty of a culpable neglect of duty for which God will hold them as responsible as He holds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have prominent business men to allow their names to be published as directors in a financial institution so that unsophisticated people are thereby induced to deposit their money in or buy the scrip thereof when they, the published directors, are doing nothing for the safety of the institution? It is a case of deception most reprehensible. Many people with a surplus of money, not needed for immediate use, although it may be a little further on indispensable, are without friends competent to advise them, and they are guided solely by the character of the men whose names are associated with the institution. When the crash came and with the overthrow of the banks went the small earnings and limited fortunes of widows and orphans and the helplessly aged, the directors stood with idiotic stare, and to the inquiry of the frenzied depositors and stockholders who had lost their all, and to the arraignment of an indignant public, had nothing to say except: "We thought it was all right. We did not know there was anything wrong going on." It was their duty to know. They stood in a position which deluded the people with the idea that they were carefully observant. Calling themselves directors, they did not direct. They had opportunity of auditing accounts and inspecting the books. No time to do so? Then they had no business to accept the position. It seems to be the pride of some moneyed men to be directors in a great many institutions, and all they know is whether or not they get their dividends regularly, and their names are used as decoy ducks to bring others near enough to be made game of. What first of all is needed is that 500 bank directors and insurance company directors resign or attend to their business as directors. The business world will be full of fraud just as long as fraud is so easy. When you arrest the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, be sure to have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They are guilty either of neglect or complicity.

We must especially deplore the misfortunes of banks in various parts of this country in that they damage the banking institution, which is the great convenience of the centuries and indispensable to commerce and the advance of nations. With one hand it blesses the lender, and with the other it blesses the borrower. On their shoulders are the interests of private individuals and great corporations. In them are the great arteries through which run the currents of the nation's life. They have been the resources of the thousands of financiers in days of business exigency. They stand for accommodation, for facility, for individual, State and national relief. At their head and in their management there are as much interest and moral worth as in any class of men, perhaps more. How nefarious, then, the behavior of those who bring disrepute upon this venerable, benignant and God honored institution.

We also deplore abuse of trust funds because the abusers fly in the face of divine goodness which seems determined to bless this land. We are having a series of unexampled national harvests. The wheat gamblers get hold of the wheat, and the corn gamblers get hold of the corn. The full tide of God's mercy toward this land is put back by those great dikes of dishonest resistance. When God provides enough food and clothing to feed and apparel this whole nation like princes, the scramble of dishonest men to get more than their share, and get it at all hazards, keeps everything shaking with uncertainty and everybody asking "What next?" Every week makes new revelations. How many more bank presidents and bank cashiers have been speculating with other people's money, and how many more bank directors are in imbecile silence, letting the perfidy go on, the great and patient God only knows! My opinion is that we have got near the bottom. The wind has been pricked from the great bubble of American speculation. The men who thought that the judgment day was at least 5000 years off found it in 1898 or 1897 or 1896. And this nation has been taught that men must keep their hands out of other people's pockets. Great businesses built on borrowed capital have been obliterated, and men who had nothing have lost all they had. I believe we are on a higher career of prosperity than this land has ever seen, if, and if, and if.

If the first men, and especially Christian men, will learn never to speculate upon borrowed capital—if you have a mind to take your own money and turn it into kites to fly them over every common in the United States, you do society no wrong, except when you tumble your helpless children into the poorhouse for the public to take care of. But you have no right to take the money of others and turn it into kites. There is one word that has deluded more people into bankruptcy than any other word in commercial life, and that is the word borrow. That one word is responsible for all the defalcations and embezzlements and financial consternations of the last twenty years. When executors conclude to speculate with the funds of an estate committed to their charge, they do not purloin; they say they only borrow. When a banker makes an overdraft upon his institution, he does not commit a theft; he only borrows.

If I had only a worldly weapon to use on this subject, I would give you the fact, fresh from the highest authority, that ninety per cent. of those who go into wild speculation lose all, but I have a better warning than a worldly warning. From the place where men have perished—body, mind, soul—stand off, stand off! Abstract pulpit discussion must step aside on this question. Faith and repentance are absolutely necessary, but faith and repentance are no more doctrines of the Bible than commercial integrity. "Render to all their dues." "Owe no man anything." And while I mean to preach faith and repentance, more and more to preach them, I do not mean to spend any time in chasing the Hittites and Jebusites and Girgashites of Bible times when there are so many evils right around us destroying men and women for time and for eternity. The greatest evangelistic preacher the world ever saw, a man who died for his evangelism—peerless Paul—wrote to the Romans, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men;" wrote to the Corinthians, "Do that which is honest;" wrote to the Philippians, "Whatsoever things are honest;" wrote to the Hebrews, "Willing in all things to live honestly." The Bible says that faith without works is dead, which, being liberally translated, means that if your business life does not correspond with your profession your religion is a humbug.

Gathered in all religious assemblages there are many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so intrusted, but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be as careful of the property of others as you are careful of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property; they put it into investment, and away it all goes, and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion, and the money market is shaken, and the press denounces, and the church thunders expulsion. You have no right to use the property of others, except for their advantage, nor without consent, unless they are minors. If with their consent you invest their property as well as you can and it is all lost, you are not to blame. You did the best you could. But do not come into the delusion which has ruined so many men of thinking because a thing is in their possession therefore it is theirs. You have a solemn trust that God has given you. In any assemblage there may be some who have misappropriated trust funds. Put them back, or if you have so hopelessly involved them that you cannot put them back confess the whole thing to those whom you have wronged and you will sleep better nights and you will have the better chance for your soul. What a sad thing it would be if after you are dead your administrator should find out from the account books or from the lack of vouchers that you are not only bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul! If all the trust funds that have been misappropriated should suddenly fly to their owners and all the property that has been purloined should suddenly go back to its owners, it would crush into ruin every city in America.

A missionary in one of the islands of the Pacific preached on dishonesty, and the next morning he looked out of his window and he saw his yard full of goods of all kinds. He wondered and asked the cause of all this. "Well," said the natives, "our gods that we have been worshiping permit us to steal; but according to what you said yesterday, the God of heaven and earth will not allow this. So we bring back all these goods and we ask you to help us in taking them to the places where they belong." If next Sabbath all the ministers in America should preach sermons on the abuse of trust funds and on the evils of purloining, and the sermons were all blessed of God and regulations were made that all these things should be taken to the city halls, it would not be long before every city hall in America would be crowded from cellar to cupola.

Let me say in the most emphatic manner to all young men, dishonesty will never pay. An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground and the owner would not sell it, but the owner finally consented to let it to him until he could raise one crop, and the abbot sowed acorns, a crop of 200 years! And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow you with horrible darkness, overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for 200 years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

I have also a word of comfort for all who suffer from the malfeasance of others, and every honest man, woman and child does suffer from what goes on in financial scampdom. Society is so bound together that all the misfortunes which good people suffer in business matters come from the misdeeds of others. Bear up under distress, strong in God. He will see you through, though your misfortunes should be centupled. Scientists tell us that a column of air forty-five miles in height rests on every man's head and shoulders. But that is nothing compared with the pressure that business life has put upon many of you. God made up His mind long ago how many or how few dollars it would be best for you to have. Trust to His appointment. The door will soon open to let you out and let you up. What shock of delight for men who for thirty years have been in business anxiety when they shall suddenly awake in everlasting holiday! On the maps of the Arctic regions there are two places whose names are remarkable, given, I suppose, by some polar expedition—Cape Farewell and Thank God Harbor. At this last the Polaris wintered in 1871 and the Tigress in 1873. Some ships have passed the cape, yet never reached the harbor. But from what I know of many of you I have concluded that, though your voyage of life may be very rough, run into by icebergs on this side and icebergs on that, you will in due time reach Cape Farewell, and there bid goodbye to all annoyances, and soon after drop anchor in the calm and imperturbable waters of Thank God Harbor. "There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

Parody on the Old Sexton—A Reply to Bishop Potter, Who Has Stated That "the Saloon is the Poor Man's Club"—It Fattens on Their Life Blood.

Nigh to a bar that was long since made,
Stood a Land-Lord, old in his death dealing trade,
The day was done and he paused to wait
The thirsty train through his open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he
And his locks were white as the foamy sea
And these words came from lips so thin,
I gather them in, I gather them in,
Gather, gather, I gather them in!

I gather them in, for man and boy,
I fill to the brim, with grief—not joy.
And I curse every home, within this town,
And fill up with dead the burial ground,
Mother and daughter, father and son,
I bring down, in sorrow one by one,
But come they stranger or come they kin
I gather them in, I gather them in!
Gather, gather, I gather them in!

Many are with me, I am not alone,
In this death-dealing trade, and I make my throne,
On the tear-stained altars, and hearth stones cold,
And my sceptre of rule is the license I hold,
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects all! all!! all!!!
They may loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,
I gather them in, I gather them in,
Gather, gather, I gather them in!

I gather them in, and their final rest,
Is there, out there in the earth's dark breast,
And the old man ceased, as the thirsty train
Came up to his bar to drink again!
Then I spake out loud, words quite bold
A mightier one than the land-lord old
Will dash to the earth this fearful sin
And into perdition will gather them in!
Gather, gather, will gather them in!

—W. Searls, D. D.

The Saloon Not a Necessity.

To the Editor—Sir: The saloon is not a necessity. There is no need of man that the saloon fills. This very agitation is evidence that the people's conscience is being pricked because of the public toleration of an awful evil that is daily perpetrating the most horrible curse upon humanity, and specially upon the workingman, and still more, cruelly treating the innocent wife and children.

Necessity? Why? Because there is money in the business, money for those who fatten upon the lifeblood sapped from the vitals of the toilers of our land, and this selfish interest simply purchases the privilege for the saloon to exist for the further gain of its promoters. The curse, the blighting, devastating curse of the saloon cannot be hidden by the assertion that the saloon is the workingman's club. If it is his club, it is used only by him to brain his wife and beat all the joy, hope and honor from the hearts and lives of his offspring, who have a right by the sacredness of birth to the sheltering care and protection of a father in the full control of his senses, and of the home fellowship of faithful parents. The saloon robs them of this enjoyment.

The saloon is not philanthropic. It does not exist for the sake of providing social relaxation for the weary. Any association it affords only serves its deadly purpose the more. The wife and children need not only social relaxation, but relaxation from disgrace and dishonor, abuse and pinched poverty, and from the more trying necessity of wearing poor if not ragged clothes, and from the harrowing necessity of eating hardened crusts while the saloon keeper's wife and children revel in their purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day.

A necessity? An institution a necessity that robs the nation of over a billion a year, sends 100,000 drunkards to their graves, makes 50,000 orphans, 20,000 widows, causes 2000 suicides, a loss to the nation of $10,000,000 through fire and violence, and causes parents under its deadly, stupefying influences to overlay 2500 little innocent children every time we count ity-two Saturday nights in the United States and is the cause of ninety-seven per cent. of all crimes!

A necessity? Never! Revolution moves slowly, but just as sure as the sun shines, just so surely is public opinion closing in on the saloon. You may not see it and I may not, but what sometimes will not happen in 100 years happens in a day, and some day, and that day is not so far distant either, the tide of sentiment will be aroused against the saloon and distillery, because of their constant menace to society, and this fearful institution will be lifted from our body politic and dropped to the nethermost hell.

Until then, welcome, thrice welcome, to any agency that has for its purpose the lessening of intemperance, whether it be through the coffee wagon, the mercy seat or the ballot box. But hail to the glad day when it shall be no more!

I desire to have it clearly understood that the foregoing is not in any way intended as a criticism to the remarks of Bishop Potter. I regard his remarks as intended to be a rebuke to the professed friends of humanity and the morals of the people whose duty it is to restrict the saloon and to provide places of respectable resort for the laboring man.

WILLIAM BREWER.
Editor-in-Chief of Salvation Army Publications in the United States.

"It Never Paid Me Better."

In an address at the recent annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, held at Manchester, England, Rev. Charles Garrett said:

"I met with a brewer, a good man in his way, who had been a member and officebearer in our church for years. He was a man kindly, generous, ready to help anybody in distress, and with a kindly word for anybody in trouble. He met me, and we had a hearty shake of the hand. He said; 'Well, Mr. Garrett, I suppose you are as earnest in teetotalism as ever.' 'Yes,' I said, 'rather more.' 'Well,' he said, 'it's all righth, you know; it pleases you and it doesn't hurt me. The fact if, I was never doing better than I am doing now.' Not long afterward I saw his second son come out of the yard in delirium tremens with three men struggling with him, a fine young fellow, and broad-chested. I saw them as they wrestled with him, his veins standing out like ropes on his forehead, and his eyes flashing. I saw him fall; they carried him in. Half an hour afterward I heard a whisper, 'he is is dead,' and I went in to try and comfort the family; and when I entered the room, there was the body, and on that side was the mother drunk, and on the other side was the brother drunk. As I stood and looked on that horrible scene I heard that father's words again, 'It never paid me better.'"

Notes of the Crusade.

According to newspaper reports a temperance wave is at present sweeping over Kentucky.

The San Francisco Chronicle asserts the existence, under the State Capitol at Sacramento, of a notorious whisky-selling joint.

The Prohibition vote of Oregon, as officially reported, was 2219 for the head of the ticket, with an average of 2449. The vote for Levering was 919.

Oregon Prohibitionists are pushing enrollment work, and report that about two-thirds of their signers are new converts. The enrollment is largely in excess of the last State vote.

THE ills of women conspire against domestic harmony. Some derangement of the generative organs is the main cause of most of the unhappiness in the household.

The husband can't understand these troubles. The male physician only knows of them theoretically and scientifically, and finds it hard to cure them.

WOMAN'S PECULIAR ILLS

But there is cure for them, certain, practical and sympathetic. Mrs. Pinkham has been curing these serious ills of women for a quarter of a century. Failure to secure proper advice should not excuse the women of to-day, for the wisest counsel can be had without charge. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for it. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Among the multitude of women helped by Mrs. Pinkham and by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is MRS. JOSEPH KING, Sabina, Ohio. She writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Will you kindly allow me the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for a long time with falling of the womb, and those terrible bearing-down pains, and it seemed as though my back would never stop aching; also had leucorrhœa, dull headaches, could not sleep, was weak and life was a burden to me. I doctored for several years, but it did no good. My husband wanted me to try your medicine, and I am so thankful that I did. I have taken four bottles of the Compound and a box of Liver Pills, and can state that if more ladies would only give your medicine a fair trial they would bless the day they saw your advertisement. My heart is full of gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for what her medicine has done for me. It is worth its weight in gold."

Switzerland's Falling Mountain.

The din of falling rocks and rubble continues at Airolo, Switzerland, when fresh portions of the mountain break away from time to time. The ruined mass of stones, trees and houses measures not less than five hundred thousand cubic metres, and the damage caused is estimated at over $200,000.

As further downfalls are feared, it has been proposed to blow down with mines the whole mass in one great avalanche, and so end the prevailing terror.—Berne correspondence of the London Mail.

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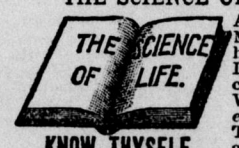

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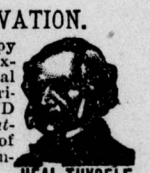

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