Creeping Consumption

Do not think for a single moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way.

It creeps its way along.

First, you think it is a little cold; nothing but a little hacking cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night sweats.

The suddenness comes when you have a hemorrhage.

Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping.

You can do it with

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

You first notice that you cough less. The pressure on the chest is lifted. That feeling of suffocation is removed. A cure is hastened by placing one of

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster over the Chest.

A Book Free.

It is on the Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Write us Freely.

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

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

Shears Made Famous by Salisbury.

One of Lord Salisbury's pet anecdotes is the story of a barber whom he once patronized. This tonsorial artist did not fail to recognize his patron, for the latter, on passing the shop a few days later, was gratified to observe a placard in the window bearing this inscription: "Hair cut, 3d. With the same scissors as I cut Lord Salisbury's hair, 6d."

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mexico has 7500 miles of railroad, having added 440 during 1898.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer invaluable as a Cough remedy. Effect magical.—LIZZIE J. JUNK, 448 West 25th St., N. Y., Dec. 11, 1897.

The longest carpet in this country is 336 feet long and six feet wide, without seams

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

A trolley road in Maine has a rotary snow-plow.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

The United States contains 35,467 drug stores.

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

About one German woman in every twenty-seven works in a factory.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

About eight million tons of coal are annually consumed in London.

Waiting to Take Hold.

You know the misery of Sciatica is awful. Well, if you love misery better than cure, let it go on, but St. Jacobs Oil is waiting to take hold, subdue the pain, and set you all right.

There are 3000 English words that are not found in the dictionary.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

Ten Beaus For Every Girl in Idaho.

With the bachelors outnumbering the maids in every State of the Union it ought to be easy for the unmarried woman to secure a partner anywhere, but the region where bachelors are most in excess is, of course, the most favorable to the spinster, since the abundance of unmarried men gives her a wider range of choice. From a matrimonial point of view Idaho is the best State of the Union, for there the number of the bachelors is to that of the maids as 16,584 to 1426, each unmarried woman in Idaho, therefore, having ten or eleven bachelors, not exactly at her beck, but available as a husband. From most points of view the West is the Mecca of the young unmarried woman, for not only are there more unmarried men in the Western States, but a living is more easily made in the West than in the East, and therefore the Western men are more addicted to matrimony.—Ladies' Home Journal.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Bundles of Life"—Inspiration Drawn From a Homely Phrase—Life, Spiritual and Physical, is Divinely Protected—Burdles Which Are Blessings.

TEXT: "The soul of my Lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God."—I Samuel xxv., 29.

Beautiful Abigail, in her rhythmic plea for the rescue of her inebriate husband, who died within ten days, addresses David, the warrior, in the words of the text. She suggests that his life, physically and intellectually and spiritually, is a valuable package or bundle, divinely bound up and to be divinely protected.

The phrase "bundle of life" I heard many times in my father's family prayers. Family prayers you know, have frequent repetitions, because day by day they acknowledge about the same blessings and deplore about the same frailties and sympathize with about the same misfortunes, and I do not know why those who lead at household devotions should seek variety of composition. That familiar prayer becomes the household liturgy. I would not give one of my old father's prayers for fifty elocutionary supplications. Again and again, in the morning and evening prayer, I heard the request that we might all be bound up in the bundle of life, but I did not know until a few days ago that the phrase was a Bible phrase.

During the last spell of cold weather there were bundles that attracted the attention and the plaudits of the high heavens, bundles of clothing on the way from comfortable homes to the door of the mission room, and Christ stood in the snowbanks and said as the bundles passed: "Naked, and ye clothed me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Those bundles are multiplying. Blessings on those who pack them. Blessings on those who distribute them. Blessings on those who receive them.

With what beautiful aptitude did Abigail in my text speak of the bundle of life! Oh, what a precious bundle is life! Bundle of memories, bundle of hopes, bundle of ambitions, bundle of destinies! Once in a while a man writes his autobiography, and it is of thrilling interest. The story of his birthplace, the story of his struggles, the story of his sufferings, the story of his triumphs! But if the autobiography of the most eventful life were well written it would make many chapters of adventure, of tragedy, of comedy, and there would not be an uninteresting step from cradle to grave.

Bundle of memories are you! Boyhood memories, with all its injustices from playmates, with all its game with ball and bat and kite and sled. Manhood memories, with all your struggles in starting—obstacles, opposition, accidents, misfortunes, losses, successes. Memories of the first marriage you ever saw solemnized, of the first grave you ever saw opened, of the first mighty wrong you ever suffered, of the first victory you ever gained. Memory of the hour when you were affianced, memory of the first advent in your home, memory of roseate cheek faded and of blue eyes closed in the last sleep, memory of anthem and of dirge, memory of great pain and of slow convalescence, memory of times when all things were against you, memory of prosperities that came in like the full tide of the sea, memories of a lifetime. What a bundle!

Bundle of hopes and ambitions also is almost every man and woman, especially at the starting. What gains he will harvest, or what reputation he will achieve, or what bliss he will reach, or what love he will win. What makes college commencement day so entrancing to all of us as we see the students receive their diplomas and take up the garlands thrown to their feet? They will be Faradays in science; they will be Tennysons in poesy; they will be Willard Parkers in surgery; they will be Alexander Hamiltons in national finance; they will be Horace Greeleys in editorial chair; they will be Websters in the Senate. Or she will be a Mary Lyon in educational realms, or a Frances Willard on reformatory platform, or a Helen Gould in military hospitals. Or she will make home life radiant with helpfulness and self-sacrifice and magnificent womanhood. Oh, what a bundle of hopes and ambitions! It is a bundle of garlands and scepters from which I would not take one sprig of mignonette nor extinguish one spark of brilliance. They who start life without bright hopes and inspiring ambitions might as well not start at all, for every step will be a failure. Rather would I add to the bundle, and if I open it now it will be because I wish to take anything from it, but that I may put into it more coronets and hosannas.

Bundle of faculties in every man and every woman! Power to think—to think of the past and through all the future, to think upward and higher than the highest pinnacle of heaven, or to think downward until there is no lower abysm to fathom. Power to think right, power to think wrong, power to think forever, for, once having begun to think, there shall be no terminus for that exercise, and eternity itself shall have no power to bid it halt. Faculties to love—filial love, conjugal love, paternal love, maternal love, love of country, love of God. Faculty of judgment, with scales so delicate and yet so mighty they can weigh arguments, weigh emotions, weigh worlds, weigh heaven and hell. Faculty of will, that can climb mountains or tunnel them, wade seas or bridge them, accepting eternal enthronement or choosing everlasting exile. Oh, what it is to be a man! Oh, what it is to be a woman! Sublime and infinite bundle of faculties! The thought of it staggers me, swamps me, stuns me, bewilders me, overwhelms me. Oh, what a bundle of life Abigail of my text saw in David and which we ought to see in every human yet immortal being!

Know, also, that this bundle of life is properly directed. Many a bundle has missed its way and disappeared because the address has dropped, and no one can find by examination for what city or town or neighborhood it was intended. All great carrying companies have so many misdirected packages that they appoint days of vendue to dispose of them. All intelligent people know the importance of having a valuable package plainly directed, the name of the one to whom it is to go plainly written. Baggage master and expressman ought to know at the first glance to whom to take it.

The bundle of life that Abigail in my text speaks of is plainly addressed. By divine penmanship it is directed heavenward. However long may be the earthly distance it travels its destination is the eternal city of God on high. Every mile it goes away from that direction is by some human or infernal fraud practiced against it. There are those who put it on some other track, who misplace it in some wrong conveyance, who send it off or send it back by some diabolic miscarriage. The value of that bundle is so well known all up and down the universe that there are 1,000,000 dishonest hands which are trying to detain or divert it or to forever stop its progress in the right direction. There are so many influences abroad to ruin your body, mind and soul that my wonder is not that so many are destroyed for this world and the next, but that there are not more who go down irremediably.

Every human being is assailed at the start. Within an hour of the time when this bundle of life is made up the assault begins. First of all there are the infantile disorders that threaten the body just launched upon earthly existence. Scarlet fevers and pneumonias and diphtherias and influenzas and the whole pack of epidemics surround the cradle and threaten its occupant; and infant Moses in the ark of bullrushes was not more imperiled by the monsters of the Nile than every cradle is imperiled by ailments all devouring. In after years there are foes within and foes without. Evil appetite joined by outside allurements. Temptations that have utterly destroyed more people than now inhabit the earth. Gambling saloons and rummeries and places where dissoluteness reigns supreme, enough in number to go round and round the earth. Discouragements, jealousies, revenges, malevolences, disappointments, swindles, arsons, conflagrations and cruelties, which make continued existence of the human race a wonderment. Was ever any valuable bundle ever so imperiled as this bundle of life? Oh, look at the address and get that bundle going in the right way! "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and strength."

Know also that a bundle may have in it more than one invaluable. There may be in it a photograph of a loved one and a jewel for a carcanet. It may contain an embroidered robe and a Dore's illustrated Bible. A bundle may have two treasures. Abigail in my text recognized this when she said to David, "The soul of my lord is bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God." And Abigail was right. We may be bound up with a loving and sympathetic God. We may be as near to Him as ever were emerald and ruby united in one ring, as ever were two deeds in one package, as ever were two vases on the same shelf, as ever were two valuables in the same bundle. Together in time of sorrow. Together in time of joy. Together on earth. Together in heaven. Close companionship of God. Hear Him, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." And when those Bible authors compared God's friendship to the mountains for height and firmness they knew what they were writing about; for they well knew what mountains are. All those lands are mountainous. Mount Hermon, Mount Gilboa, Mount Gerizim, Mount Engedi, Mount Horeb, Mount Nebo, Mount Pisgah, Mount Olivet, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount Lebanon, Mount Sinai, Mount Golgotha. Yes, we have the divine promise that all those mountains shall weigh their anchorage of rocks and move away from the earth before a loving and sympathetic God will move away from us if we love and trust Him. Oh, if we could realize that according to my text we may bound up with that God, how independent it would make us of things that now harass and annoy and discompose and torment us! Instead of a grasshopper being a burden, a world of care would be as light as a feather, and tombstones would be marble stairs to the King's palace, and all the giants of opposition we would smite down hip and thigh with great slaughter.

Know, also, that this bundle of life will be gladly received when it comes to the door of the mansion for which it was bound and plainly directed. With what alacrity and glee we await some package that has been foretold by letter, some holiday presentation, something that will enrich and ornament our home, some testimony of admiration and affection! With what glow of expectation we untie the knot and take off the cord that holds it together in safety, and with what glad exclamation we unroll the covering and see the gift or purchase in all its beauty of color and proportion. Well, what a day it will be when your precious bundle of life shall be opened in the "house of many mansions," amid saintly and angelic and divine inspection! The bundle may be spotted with the marks of much exposure, it may bear inscription after inscription to tell through what ordeal it has passed, perhaps splashed of wave and scorched of flame, but all it has within undamaged of the journey. And with what shouts of joy the bundle of life will be greeted by all the voices of the heavenly home circle.

In our anxiety at last to reach heaven we are apt to lose sight of the glee or welcome that awaits us if we get in at all. We all have friends up there. They will somehow hear that we are coming. Such close and swift and constant communication is there between those uplands and these lowlands that we will not surprise them by sudden arrival. If loved ones on earth expect our coming visit and are at the depot with carriage to meet us, surely we will be met at the shining gate by old friends now sainted and kindred now glorified. If there were no angel of God to meet us and show us the palaces and guide us to our everlasting residence, these kindred would show us the way and point out the splendors and guide us to our celestial home, bowered and fountained and arched and illumined by a sun that never sets. Will it not be glorious, the going in and the settling down after all the moving about and upsettings of earthly experience? We will soon know all our neighbors, kingly, queenly, prophetic, apostolic, seraphic, archangelic. The precious bundle of life opened amid palaces and grand marches and acclamations. They will all be so glad we have got safely through. They saw us down here in the struggle. They saw us when we lost our way. They knew when we got off the right course. None of the thirty-two ships that were overdue at New York harbor in the storm of week before last was greeted so heartily by friends on the dock or the steam tugs that went out to meet them at Sandy Hook as we will be greeted in the heavenly world if by the pardoning and protecting grace of God we come to celestial wharfage. We shall have to tell them of the many wrecks that we have passed on the way across wild seas and amid Caribbean cyclones. It will be like our arrival some years ago from New Zealand at Sydney, people surprised that we got in at all, because we were two days late, and some of the ships expected had gone to the bottom, and we had passed derelicts and abandoned crafts all up and down that awful channel—our arrival in heaven all the more rapturously welcomed because of the doubt as to whether we would ever get there at all.

Once there it will be found that the safety of that precious bundle of life was assured because it was bound up with the life of God in Jesus Christ. Heaven could not afford to have that bundle lost because it had been said in regard to its transportation and safe arrival, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." The veracity of the heavens is involved in its arrival. If God should fail to keep His promise to just one ransomed soul, the pillars of Jehovah's throne would fall, and the foundations of the eternal city would crumble, and infinite poverties would dash down all the chalices, and close all the banqueting halls, and the river of life would change its course, sweeping everything with desolation, and frost would blast all the gardens, and immeasurable sickness slay the immortals, and the new Jerusalem become an abandoned city, with no chariot wheel on the streets and no worshippers in the temple—a dead Pompeii of the skies, a buried Herculaneum of the heavens. Lest any one should doubt, the God who cannot lie smites his omnipotent hand on the side of his throne and takes affidavit, declaring, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Oh, I cannot tell you how I feel about it, the thought is so glorious. Bound up with God. Bound up with infinite mercy. Bound up with infinite joy. Bound up with infinite purity. Bound up with infinite might. That thought is more beautiful and glorious than was the heroic Abigail, who at the foot of the crags uttered, "Bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God!"

Now, my hearer and reader, appreciate the value of that bundle. See that it is bound up with nothing mean, but with the unsullied and the immaculate. Not with a pebble of the shifting beach, but with the kohinoor of the palace; not with some fading regalia of earthly pomp, but with the robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

A Boom at Pittsburg.

A wave of prosperity in Pittsburg started every mill, factory and workshop to its fullest capacity.

Elizabeth's Gift to Essex.

A ring of surpassing great historical interest is the celebrated hoop presented by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex, at the time when he was her favorite; she told him, should he ever come into trouble, no matter what, he should send her the ring. The occurrence when Essex was condemned to death and sent her the ring which she did not receive, is one of the most tragical on the pages of history. The ring was by Essex sent to his cousin, Lady Scrope, but the messenger handed it by mistake to the Countess of Nottingham, whose husband was one of the enemies of Essex, and the ring was never handed to the Queen. Years afterward, when the Countess was dying, she sent for the Queen, confessed her guilt and asked forgiveness. But Elizabeth was so enraged that she violently shook the dying woman, cursed her, etc., and refused her forgiveness. The ring itself is enameled blue and has a small portrait of the Queen.

AN EXCELLENT COMBINATION.

SUCCESSFUL ENTERPRISE BASED ON MERITS.

The Importance of Informing the Public of the Value of an Article Through the Leading Newspapers.

The few remedies which have attained to wide-world fame, as truly beneficial in effect and giving satisfaction to millions of people everywhere, are the products of the knowledge of the most eminent physicians, and presented in the form most acceptable to the human system by the skill of the world's great chemists; and one of the most successful examples is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. Unlike a host of imitations and cheap substitutes, Syrup of Figs is permanently beneficial in its effects, and therefore lives and promotes good health, while inferior preparations are being cast aside and forgotten. In olden times if a remedy gave temporary relief to individuals here and there, it was thought good, but now-a-days a laxative remedy must give satisfaction to all. If you have never used Syrup of Figs, give it a trial; you will be pleased with it, and recommend it to your friends or to any who suffer from constipation, over-feeding, colds, headaches, biliousness, or other ills resulting from an inactive condition of the kidneys, liver and bowels.

In the process of manufacturing the pleasant family laxative made by the California Fig Syrup Co., and named Syrup of Figs, figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste; but the medicinal properties of the remedy are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially. As the true and original remedy, named Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The Company has selected for years past the leading publications of the United States through which to inform the public of the merits of its remedy.

Fifty walnut trees in Cass County, Mich., were recently sold for $10,000 cash.

America's greatest physicians have conquered La Grippe and its after effects. Their treatment has been thoroughly tested in the hospitals of Europe and of this country, and is embodied in Dr. Kay's Lung Balm.

Rev. H. B. Dye, of Morrison, Iowa, writes: "Mrs. Dye had a bad attack of La Grippe which settled on her lungs. She used Dr. Kay's Lung Balm, with most decided good effects, which is a repetition of past experience with her. Nothing is so prompt and positive in its effects on her lungs."

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

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Russia has taken up the Italian idea of using the army as a means of education. All conscripts are to be taught reading and writing during their six years' service, and where it is necessary will be trained for trades as well.

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Many thousands of women have realized this too late to save their beauty, barely in time to save their lives. Many other thousands have availed of the generous invitation of Mrs. Pinkham to counsel all suffering women free of charge.

MRS. H. J. GARRETSON, Bound Brook, N. J., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with the best results and can say from my heart that your medicines are wonderful. My physician called my trouble chronic inflammation of the left ovary. For years I suffered very much, but thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and kind advice, I am today a well woman. I would say to all suffering women, take Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine and your sufferings will vanish."

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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For four years I suffered from ulceration of the womb. I became so weak I could not walk across the room without help. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wrote for special information. I began to improve from the first bottle, and am now fully restored to health."

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He called upon the postmaster and asked why no mail had been sent out. The postmaster pointed to a big and nearly empty mail-bag hanging up in a corner and said: "Well, I ain't sent it out 'cause the bag ain't nowhere nigh full yet!"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

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"I finally placed my case with several physicians and doctored with them for some time, but they failed to do me any good. Finally, with my hopes of relief nearly exhausted I read an article regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which induced me to try them. I was anxious to get rid of the terrible disease and bought two boxes of the pills, I began using them about March, 1897. After I had taken two boxes I was completely cured, and the pain has never returned. I think it is the best medicine I have ever taken, and am willing at any time to testify to its good merits."—*Bluffs (Ill.) Times.*

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