REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: The Coming Sermon—Inspiration For the Future Religious Exhortation Will Be Drawn From the Living Christ —Theology Must Take a Back Seat.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage addresses all Christian workers and describes what he thinks will be the modes of preaching the gospel in the future; text, Romans xii., 7, "Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering."

While I was seated on a piazza of a hotel at Lexington, Ky., one summer evening a gentleman asked me, "What do you think of the coming sermon?" I supposed he was asking me in regard to some new discourse of Dr. Cumming of London, who sometimes preached startling sermons, and I replied, "I have not seen it." But I found out afterward that he meant to ask what I thought would be the characteristics of the coming sermon of the world, the sermons of the future, the word "Cumming" as a noun pronounced the same as the word "coming" as an adjective. But my mistake suggested to me a very important and practical theme, "The Coming Sermon."

Before the world is converted the style of religious discourse will have to be converted. You might as well go into the modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows, instead of rifles and bombshells and parks of artillery, as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old styles of exhortation and sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons most adapted to the age in which he lived, but if those sermons were preached now they would divide an audience into two classes —those sound asleep and those wanting to go home.

But there is a discourse of the future. Who will preach it I have no idea. In what part of the earth it will be born I have no idea. In which denomination of Christians it will be delivered I cannot guess. That discourse of exhortation may be born in the country meeting house on the banks of the St. Lawrence or the Oregon or the Ohio or the Tombigbee or the Alabama. The person who shall deliver it may this moment be in a cradle under the shadow of the Sierra Nevadas or in a New England farmhouse or amid the ricefields of Southern savannas, or this moment there may be some young man in one of our theological seminaries, in the junior or middle or senior class, shaping that weapon of power, or there may be coming some new baptism of the Holy Ghost on the churches, so that some of us who now stand in the watchtowers of Zion, waking to a realization of our present efficiency, may preach it ourselves. That coming discourse may not be fifty years off. And let us pray God that its arrival may be hastened while I announce to you what I think will be the chief characteristics of that discourse or exhortation when it does arrive, and I want to make my remarks appropriate and suggestive to all classes of Christian workers.

First of all, I remark that that future religious discourse will be full of a living Christ in contradistinction to didactic technicalities. A discourse may be full of Christ though hardly mentioning His name, and a sermon may be empty of Christ while every sentence is repetitious of His titles. The world wants a living Christ, not a Christ standing at the head of a formal system of theology, but a Christ who means pardon and sympathy and condolence and brotherhood and life and heaven, a poor man's Christ, a rich man's Christ, an overworked man's Christ, an invalid's Christ, a farmer's Christ, a merchant's Christ, an artisan's Christ, an every man's Christ.

A symmetrical and fine worded system of theology is well enough for the theological classes, but it has no more business in a pulpit than have the technical phrases of an anatomist or a psychologist or a physician in the sickroom of a patient. The world wants help, immediate and world uplifting, and it will come through a discourse in which Christ shall walk right down into the immortal soul and take everlasting possession of it, filling it as full of light as is this noonday firmament.

That sermon of exhortation of the future will not deal with men in the threadbare illustrations of Jesus Christ. In that coming address there will be instances of vicarious suffering taken right out of everyday life, for there is not a day when somebody is not dying for others—as the physician saving his diphtheritic patient by sacrificing his own life; as the ship captain going down with his vessel while he is getting his passengers into the lifeboat; as the fireman consuming in the burning building while he is taking a child out of a fourth story window; as in summer the strong swimmer at East Hampton or Long Branch or Cape May or Lake George himself perished trying to rescue the drowning; as the newspaper boy one summer, supporting his mother for some years, his invalid mother, when offered by a gentleman fifty cents to get some special paper, and he got it and rushed up in his anxiety to deliver it and was crushed under the wheels of the train and lay on the grass with only strength enough to say, "Oh, what will become of my poor, sick mother now?" Vicarious suffering—the world is full of it. An engineer said to me on a locomotive in Dakota: "We men seem to be coming to a better appreciation than we used to. Did you see that account the other day of an engineer who to save his passengers stuck to his post, and when he was found dead in the locomotive which was upside down, he was found still smiling, his hand on the air-brake?" And as the engineer said it to me he put his hand on the air-brake to illustrate his meaning, and looked at me and thought: "You would be just as much a hero in the same crisis."

Oh, in that religious discourse of the future there will be living illustrations taken out from everyday life of vicarious suffering—illustrations that will bring to mind the ghastlier sacrifice of Him, who in the high places of the field, on the cross, fought our battles, and endured our struggle and died our death. A German sculptor made an image of Christ, and he asked his little child, two years old, who it was, and she said, "That must be some very great man." The sculptor was displeased with the criticism, so he got another block of marble and chiseled away on it two or three years, and then he brought in his little child, four or five years of age, and said to her, "Who do you think that is?" She said, "That must be the One who took little children in His arms and blessed them." Then the sculptor was satisfied. Oh, my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ, but a loving Christ, spreading out His arms of sympathy to press the whole world to His loving heart.

But I remark again that the religious discourse of the future will have to be short. Condensation is demanded by the age in which we live. No more need of long introductions and long applications and so many divisions to a discourse that it may be said to be hydra-headed. In other days men got all their information from the pulpit. There were few books, and there was little travel from place to place, and people would sit and listen two and a half hours to a religious discourse, and "seventeenthly" would find them fresh and chipper. In those days there was enough time for a man to take an hour to warm himself up to the subject and an hour to cool off. But what was a necessity then is a superfluity now. Congregations are full of knowledge from books, from newspapers, from rapid and continuous intercommunication and long disquisitions of what they know already will not be abided. If a religious teacher cannot compress what he wishes to say to the people in the space of forty-five minutes, better adjourn it to some other day.

The trouble is we preach audiences into a Christian frame, and then we preach them out of it. We forget that every auditor has so much capacity of attention, and when that is exhausted He is restless. That accident on the Long Island railroad years ago came from the fact that the brakes were out of order, and when they wanted to stop the train they could not stop, and hence the casualty was terrific. In all religious discourse we want locomotive power and propulsion. We want at the same time stout brakes to let down at the right instant. It is a dismal thing, after a hearer has comprehended the whole subject, to hear a man say, "Now to recapitulate," and "A few words by way of application" and "Once more," and "Finally," and "Now to conclude."

Paul preached until midnight, and Eutychus got sound asleep and fell out of a window and broke his neck. Some would say, "Good for him." I would rather be sympathetic, like Paul, and resuscitate him. That accident is often quoted now in religious circles as a warning against somnolence in church. It is just as much a warning to ministers against prolixity. Eutychus was wrong in his somnolence, but Paul made a mistake when he kept on until midnight. He ought to have stopped at 11 o'clock, and there would have been no accident. If Paul might have gone on to too great length, let all those of us who are now preaching the gospel remember that there is a limit to religious discourse, or ought to be, and that in our time we have no apostolic power of miracles. Napoleon in an address of seven minutes thrilled his army and thrilled Europe. Christ's sermon on the mount, the model sermon, was less than eighteen minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electricity scattered all over the sky that strikes, but electricity gathered into a thunderbolt and hurled, and it is not religious truth scattered over and spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and rives its indifference.

When the religious discourse of the future arrives in this land and in the Christian church, the discourse which is to arouse the world and startle the nations and usher in the kingdom, it will be a brief discourse.

Hear it, all theological students, all ye just entering upon religious work, all ye men and women who in Sabbath schools and other departments are toiling for Christ and the salvation of immortals—brevity, brevity!

But I remark also that the religious discourse of the future of which I speak will be a popular discourse. There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon as though there must be something wrong about it. As these critics are dull themselves, the world gets the impression that a sermon is good in proportion as it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw and, considering the small number of the world's population, had the largest audience ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People rushed out in the wilderness to hear Him reckless of their physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ that, taking no food with them, they would have fainted and starved had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them. Why did so many people take the truth at Christ's hands? Because they all understood it. He illustrated His subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushel measure, by a handful of salt, by a bird's flight and by a lily's aroma. All the people knew what He meant, and they flocked to Him. And when the religious discourse of the future appears it will not be Princetonian, not Rochesterian, not Andoverian, not Middletonian, but Olivetic—plain, practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins and sorrows of an auditory.

But when that exhortation or discourse does come there will be a thousand gleaming scimiters to charge on it. There are in so many theological seminaries professors telling young men how to preach, themselves not knowing how, and I am told that if a young man in some of our theological seminaries says anything quaint or thrilling or unique faculty and students fly at him and set him right and straighten him out and smooth him down and chop him off until he says everything just as everybody else says it. Oh, when the future religious discourse of the Christian church arrives all the churches of Christ in our great cities will be thronged! The world wants spiritual help. All who have buried their dead want comfort. All know themselves to be mortal and to be immortal, and they want to hear about the great future. I tell you, my friends, if the people of our great cities who have had trouble only thought they could get practical and sympathetic help in the Christian church, there would not be a street in Washington or New York or any other city which would be passable on the Sabbath day if there were a church on it, for all the people would press to that asylum of mercy, that great house of comfort and consolation.

A mother with a dead babe in her arms came to the god Siva and asked to have her child restored to life. The god Siva said to her, "You go and get a handful of mustard seed from a house in which there has been no sorrow and in which there has been no death, and I will restore your child to life." So the mother went out, and she went from house to house and from home to home looking for a place where there had been no sorrow and where there had been no death, but she found none. She went back to the god Siva and said: "My mission is a failure. You see, I haven't brought the mustard seed. I can't find a place where there has been no sorrow and no death." "Oh!" says the god Siva. "Understand, your sorrows are no worse than the sorrows of others. We all have our griefs, and all have our heartbreaks."

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own."

We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out and because people do not believe in the truth of God's word, and all that. They are false reasons. The reason is because our sermons and exhortations are not interesting and practical and helpful.

Some one might as well tell the whole truth on this subject, and so I will tell it. The religious discourse of the future, the gospel sermon to come forth and shake the nations and lift people out of darkness, will be a popular sermon, just for the simple reason that it will meet the woes and the wants and the anxieties of the people.

There are in all our denominations ecclesiastical mummies sitting around to frown upon the fresh young pulpits of America to try to awe them down, to cry out: "Tut, tut, tut! Sensational!" They stand to-day preaching in churches that hold a thousand people, and there are a hundred persons present, and if they cannot have the world saved in their way it seems as if they do not want it saved at all.

I do not know but the old way of making ministers of the gospel is better—a collegiate education and an apprenticeship under the care and home attention of some earnest, aged Christian minister, the young man getting the patriarch's spirit and assisting him in his religious service.

The printing press is to be the great agency of gospel proclamation. It is high time that good men, instead of denouncing the press, employ it to scatter forth the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The vast majority of people in our cities do not come to church and nothing but the printed sermon can reach them and call them to pardon and life and peace and heaven.

The time will come when all the village, town and city newspapers will reproduce the gospel of Jesus Christ, and sermons preached on the Sabbath will reverberate all around the world, and, some by type and some by voice, all nations will be evangelized.

He Was His Own Dentist.

A Foxcraft man who was suffering from a toothache while "seven miles from a dentist," attended to the aching molar himself by tying a fish line around it, fastening the other end of the line to a hook in the post of the piazza and sitting down quickly. This reminds a Bath man of a neighbor of his who always extracted his own teeth. If an upper one he tied a string around it, with a heavy weight at the other end of the line, mounted to the haymow and dropped the stone. If a lower tooth was the one aching, he stood on the floor and threw the weight up over a door.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Just Like a Bachelor.

"I do love dress," exclaimed a young society belle at a reception the other evening. "Then I should think you would wear more of it," commented a cynical bachelor acquaintance of middle age.—Ohio State Journal.

In Balta, Shetland isles, a baby has just been born, the first event of the kind to occur there for at least 200 years.

KEYSTONE STATE.

LATEST NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATES.

CRASH AT A CROSSING.

Train Dashes Into a Team Containing Four Persons Near Reading—One Was Instantly Killed—Another Man and Two Women Sustain Injuries—Pittsburg Steamship Company Incorporated.

Passenger Train No. 24, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving Reading at 7.20 P. M., struck a double team containing William Bowers, of 1166 Franklin street, Reading; Edwin Marquette, of Blandon; Mrs. J. H. Wilk, 218 Penn street, Reading, and Mrs. Minnie R. Neidley, 635 Walnut street, Reading, at High Road crossing, about two miles south of Reading, at 7.26 P. M. Bowers was instantly killed. Mrs. Wilk and Mrs. Neidley escaped with bruises on the arms and body. Marquette was badly bruised all over his body and legs. The wagon was completely demolished, but the horses escaped. The escape of the three occupants from instant death is miraculous. The train, which was an accommodation, took Bower's body and the injured persons to Birdsboro, from whence they were taken to Reading. The injured were taken to the Reading Hospital, where their injuries were dressed. W. H. Ossman was the engineer and C. B. French the conductor of the train. The first news of the disaster reached Reading through the operator of the Philadelphia & Reading watch tower, near High Crossing, who was attracted by the horses running up the track. Mr. Bowers resided with his parents at 1166 Franklin street, and was associated with Mr. Schmeck in the saloon business on Chestnut street, near Tenth.

Oil Industry's Big Boom.

Never in the history of the Pennsylvania oil industry has the drill been as active, and the search for new fields as persistent as during the month of October. With the crude market above $1.50, the producer is stimulated to the greatest activity, and territory abandoned years ago as unproductive is now being tested again. Oil wells have been cleaned out and the pump set to work in the hope that they will yield a little of the stuff that is now so highly valued. Notwithstanding the record breaking period of operations during October, the monthly report, issued by the National Transit Company, shows a total decrease in stocks of oil in all pipe lines of 621,437. Of this amount 582,064 represents the decrease of Lima oil. The large decrease in Lima stocks shows how hard pressed the refiners are for the crude product. Lima is of an inferior grade and not compared with the Pennsylvania crude for refining purposes under ordinary circumstances. The report warrants higher prices for the Pennsylvania article and came as a surprise to the producers, considering the tremendous activity in the fields.

Carnegie to Build Ships.

The first real entry of Pittsburg into the construction of large steel vessels on the latest approved and most modern lines is about to be undertaken, and with the taking of this step comes the initial move by the Carnegie Steel Company to combat the partly successful gobble by the Rockefeller interests of all the available lake tonnage. This is what was meant by the incorporation of the Pittsburg Steamship Company at Charleston, W. Va. H. W. Oliver says: "The new company representative, the Carnegie-Oliver interests, and its purpose is to establish a shipyard at the lakes. It is the intention to build ore carriers for this interest. This is all that can be definitely stated at this time, as the company has just been incorported." The authorized capital of the Pittsburg Steamship Company is $5,000,000. The principal incorporator is Attorney James H. Hoyt, of Cleveland, who is acting for the Carnegie-Oliver interests.

New Mine Superintendent.

It is announced that Gomer Jones will be succeeded as the superintendent of the Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Company's collieries at Audenried and Honey Brook, by Thomas Mack, of Wilkes-Barre. Jones acquired widespread notoriety at the time of the Lattimer troubles two years ago. His alleged harsh treatment of the miners was the cause of the strike which culminated in the shooting and killing of a score of miners.

Greensburg Glass Plant to Resume.

The Greensburg Glass Company's plant, that has been closed down for a long time and was recently secured by the new National Glass Company Trust, will be started up this week, employing nearly 200 men. It is announced that the glassworkers and employees generally will be employed on a strictly non-union basis.

John S. Young.

John S. Young died at Hanover from the effects of an attack of appendicitis, in the 68th year of his age. He was noted for his philanthropy. He was the head of the J. S. Young Company, manufacturers of extracts, with extensive plants located at Hanover, Shrewsbury, Pa., and Baltimore.

Found Dead on the Railroad.

Michael Tode, residing in Upper Merion, was found dead along the railroad tracks in Bridgeport near the Mill Street crossing. From the nature of the injuries on the body it is supposed he attempted to cross the tracks, when he was struck by a shifting engine.

Death Due to a Slight Cut.

Felix Shiminowski, a slate picker at Mahanoy City Colliery, cut his finger slightly two months ago. He neglected to have it treated. Blood poisoning, caused by the sulphur water, developed and caused his death.

Removal of Transmitter's Office.

The transmitter's office of the Perkiomen Railroad will be removed from Perkiomen Junction to the East Penn Junction, and in the future the movement of trains will be directed from there.

In Brief.

The barn of Franklin Miller, of Womelsdorf, was destroyed by fire, supposed to be of incendiary origin. The loss is $1,500.

Rev. A. A. De Larme, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Norristown, celebrated Sunday the sixth anniversary of his installation.

Can't Get Their Morphine.

York (Penn.) special Baltimore Sun: By request of Mayor Geise the druggists have stopped the sale of opium and morphine, except upon the prescription of reputable physicians. In consequence the large number of people in this place who have been using quantities of morphine, mostly by injection, are in a state of consternation, and many have sought scientific medical treatment. Other victims of the drug have sent to other places for it, while some are using headache powders as a substitute. One York physician is treating sixteen morphine cases.

Did Not Claim Them.

Summer Boarder—"I thought you wrote me that you had no mosquitoes." Joshua Hay—"Well, I hain't. Thair be more or less of 'em erround here, but I don't claim 'em."—Ohio State Journal.

PRAYER IN A HORSE CASE.

It Was Diplomatic and Cogent, but It Lacked Efficacy.

A ten-minute prayer in a Pennsylvania court in a horse case created quite a sensation recently. Robert F. Thomas had brought suit to recover the part payment he had made on a horse. He bought the animal from Peter German of Heidelberg Township for $80; paid $50 on him, and the balance, $30, was to be paid in sixty days. The horse was guaranteed sound. Later Thomas returned the horse and wanted his $50, saying the horse was not as represented; that the animal "knuckled." German denied this and refused to give back the money. Thomas then brought suit. The case came up before Judge Albright. Thomas took the stand, took the oath, and before answering the first question as to where he lived, turned to the learned judge and asked whether he could offer prayer. "Certainly," said Judge Albright, with a quiet nod, and while on the witness stand Thomas prayed aloud. "O Lord, Thou who rulest over all and art willing that all shall have justice, we appeal to Thee, in this our trouble, to lend ear and give Thy presence. Guide us and all of us to tell the truth to this honorable court and to this jury that I bought that dark bay horse from German for $80; that German said he was solid and sound; that I paid $50 on him; that the horse was not solid and sound, as represented, and that by right and justice this court and jury should compel German to give me my money back and receive his horse back again, as the horse is now just as I bought him. O Lord, we hold no grudge against German, and we don't want him to have any enmity against us; but we want our money back because we are entitled to it. Thou hast said that brethren should dwell together in unity, and it is our desire to do so, but we can't do it if German doesn't take his horse back and return my $50. Soften his heart toward us; forgive our enemies; give me a safe deliverance in this trial, and bless this good democratic judge who has just been indorsed by the solid republican party of Lehigh county." Thomas went on in his prayer for ten minutes, and at its conclusion the trial gravely proceeded. The jury patiently listened to all the evidence. The parties were farmers near Slatington, but German deals in horses. The jury brought in a verdict for the defendant, and apparently Thomas' prayer had not been answered as he desired, German, the defendant, having shown that the horse was not "knuckled," but was big-boned and sound, as represented—Green Bag.

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

Ex-Congressman Jerry Simpson, who has again taken to farming and stock-raising, sold 250 head of cattle the other day.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Baroness Hirsch has given about $90,000,000 toward charity since the death of her husband.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

President Hadley, of Yale, believes in the old maxim about early rising.

Ten Weeks For 10 Cents.

That big family paper, *The Illustrated Weekly*, of Denver, Col., (founded 1890) will be sent ten weeks on trial for 10c; clubs of 6, 50c; 14 for $1. Special offer solely to introduce it. Latest mining news and illustrations of scenery, true stories of love and adventure. Address as above and mention this paper; stamps taken.

Fritz Eloff, one of President Kruger's 50 grandchildren, bears the honorary title of lieutenant, despite the fact that he is only 4 years old.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE.

In Time, It Is Predicted, It Will Have Wings.

Like many other great successes in this uncertain world, the bicycle was of humble origin. It sprang from the wheelbarrow and no one blames it, says the Detroit Free Press. This is the reason that you can fall so far and be so long about it, when you are mixed up with one of these machines, no matter what price or what model. The velocipede, which the best authorities testify was a connecting link, was uglier than anything else except a three-humped camel trying to escape his keeper. The device will best be recalled as propelled by a small boy with a straw hat over his ears, his busy feet on the level with his chin and his shoulders settled down on his waist line. Then came the ungainly affair with an enormous fly wheel in front, and a pitiful little baby wheel trailing. To drop from it was like falling off a load of hay and it forced upon short, fat men the indignity of mounting from a second-story window or a convenient shade three. Nearly all of those who were thrown from it and survived are miscellaneously maimed. But it is through such rugged stages that success is reached. The bicycle became a thing of beauty and a joy forever with pneumatic tires that are blown up as they deserve it, artistic finish, ball bearings, spring seats and an unaccountable disposition to participate in a scorch. At last they have thrown off their chains and have the highest degree of freedom attainable by things inanimate. They neither eat nor drink, but are always merry. They toil not, neither do they spin—when a policeman is looking—yet Solomon in all his glory could not have ridden one of them to save his life. They do not shy at firecrackers, a cow in the road or a locomotive whistle, it does not require two hands to hold them when an interested couple are going home, as it does a horse headed for the oats bin, and they will stand without hitching wherever the bicycle thief permits. In time, it is predicted, they will have wings, and humanity itself aspires to nothing more desirable.

The persons who get on best with each other are those who talk regardless of what the other has to say.

One of the trials of those interested in the culture of flowers is the presence of destructive insects. Persons who have been discouraged by the trouble and often lack of success attending the use of insecticides will find the following simple and easily prepared wash entirely effective. It is the recipe of Mr. Eben E. Rexford, an authority of national reputation.

Shave a quarter of a pound of Ivory Soap in water sufficient to cover it and dissolve upon the stove, then add five gallons of warm water. Spray this solution upon the plants with a florist's syringe, or if they are small dip them bodily into it. In either case, be sure to reach every part. Let them stand half an hour and then rinse with clear water.

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Bolton Stafford Bird, the new Premier of Tasmania, is a Congregational minister.

Like Finding Money.

The use of the Endless Chain Starch Book in the purchase of "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch, makes it just like finding money. Why, for only 5c you are enabled to get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Natal during the last six years, has had a quarter of a century's experience in the service of the Colonial Office. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge.

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.

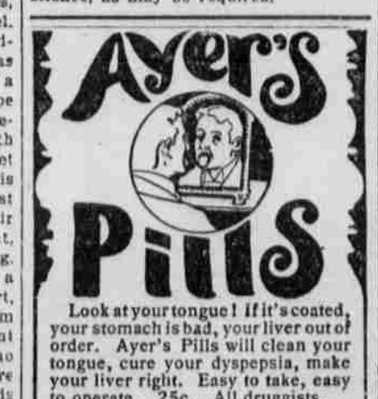
Lieutenant Brumby is a second cousin of former Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—DR. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1895.

THEY KEEP SILENT.

The Rule of Secrecy in the Royal Household.

One of the many rules hedging those who cater to the wants and pleasures of royalty is that a strict secrecy shall be maintained as to the sayings and doings of their royal masters and mistresses, says the New York Herald. Many a secret has gone to the grave untold owing to the conscientiousness of the hearer or seer, who, bound by the oath of office, would rather die than divulge what the world is ever on the qui vive to learn. It is said that when Miss Adeane, who is now Mrs. Mallett, was appointed maid of honor in the queen's household, she was visiting in a household where was a well-known man of letters and wit. "What a fine opportunity you will now have to keep an interesting diary," he said to her. Miss Adeane responded that, according to the queen's conditions, no one was allowed to keep a diary when at court. But, disbelieving, the man laughingly responded, "I think I should keep a very secret one, all the same;" to which the future maid of honor courteously replied: "Then I am afraid you would not be a maid of honor." The term "maid of honor" seems to have a wider significance than is usually applied to it. It is to be not only a maid who is honored by her elevation to the membership in the royal household, but it is to be a maid whose honor is used in defense of her mistress by speech or silence, as may be required.



Look at your tongue! If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers
50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

"Sam" P. Jones, the Southern revivalist, has canceled all his engagements on account of poor health.

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.

Paderewski celebrated the 39th anniversary of his birthday on November 6.

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