

Out of 120,000 farmers in Norway, all but 11,000 own their farms.

Indigestion is a bad companion. Get rid of it by chewing a bar of Adams' Peppermint Fruit after each meal.

The total number of persons arrested in Boston last year was 33,655.

Chauncey Olooff is considered to be the best ball singer on the stage.

A Centennial.

Dr. Graham, of Kentucky, who lived to be one hundred years old, attributed his long life and freedom from illness to the use of Dr. C. C. Olooff's Water. It was his only medicine.

In the English Army a soldier is drummed to church just as he is to drill.

SPEAK FOR THE RIGHT.

Dr. Talmage Says Silence is Not Golden While There are Evils.

In Your Large and Extensive Readings Have You Come Across a Lovelier Character Than Jesus Christ?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls for more demonstrative religion and a hearty speaking out on the right side of everything; text, Mark ix, 23, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."

Here was a case of great domestic anguish. The son of the household who had become an evil spirit, which among other things paralyzed his tongue and made him speechless. When the influence was on the patient he could not say a word—articulation was impossible. The spirit that captured the man's household was a dumb spirit—so called by Christ—a spirit abroad to-day and as lively and potent as in New Testament times. Yet, in all the history of sermons, I cannot find a discourse concerning this devil which Christ charged upon in my text, saying, "Come out of him."

There has been destructive repetition abroad in the world concerning possession of evil spirits. Under the form of belief in witchcraft this delusion swept the continents. Parents and grandparents were possessed with some evil spirit, which made them able to destroy others. In the sixteenth century in Geneva 1500 persons were burned to death as witches. Under one judge, in Lorraine, 800 persons were burned to death as witches. In one neighborhood of France 1000 persons were burned. In two centuries 30,000 persons were slain as witches. So mighty was the delusion that it included among its victims some of the greatest intellects of all time, such as Chief Justice Matthew Hale and Sir Edward Coke, and such renowned ministers of religion as Cotton Mather, one of whose books Benjamin Franklin said shaped his life—and Richard Baxter and Archbishop Cranmer and Martin Luther, and among writers and philosophers Lord Bacon. That belief which has become the laughing stock of all sensible people counted its disciples among the wisest and best people of Sweden, Germany, England, France, Spain and New England. But while we reject witchcraft, many a man who believes the Bible must believe that there are diabolical agencies abroad in the world. While there are ministering spirits there are infernal spirits to hinder, to poison and to destroy. Christ was speaking to a spiritual existence when standing before the afflicted one of the text. "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, come out of him."

Against this dumb devil of the text I put you on your guard. Do not think that this age of evil has put his light on those who by emphasis of the word "dumb" have had the golden gates of speech bolted and barred. Among those who have never spoken a word are the most graceful and lovable and intelligent of the angels of the world. The chaplains of the asylums for the dumb can tell you of the smiling faces of those who never called the name of Jesus. They are the child, and many of the most devout and prayerful souls will never in this world speak the name of God or Christ.

Many a deaf mute has seen with the angel of intelligence seated at his side and the door of the world. What a miracle of loveliness and knowledge was Laura Bridgman, of New Hampshire, not only without faculty of speech, but without hearing and without sight, all these faculties removed by sickness when two years of age, yet becoming a wonder, not only without the piano, at the sewing machine and an intelligent student of the Scriptures and of the profound philosophies which came from all parts of the world and the most eminent of men. Thanks to Christianity for what it has done for the amelioration of the condition of the deaf and the dumb. Back in the ages they were as to completely covering it, as having no right, with such paucity of equipment, to live, and for centuries they were classed among the idiotic and unsave. But in the sixteenth century came Juan Ponce, the Spanish monk, and in the seventeenth century came Juan Pablo Bonet, another Spanish monk, with dactylography, or the finger alphabet, and in the eighteenth century he had John Braidwood and Dr. Mitchell and Ackerly and Peet and others, who have given to uncounted thousands of those whose tongues were forever silent the power to spell out on the air by a manual alphabet their thoughts about this world and their hopes for the next. We realize that our own inventions in behalf of those who were born dumb.

One of the most impressive audiences I ever addressed was in the West, an audience of about 600 persons, who had never heard a sound or spoken a word, an interpreter standing beside me while I addressed them. I congratulated that audience on two advantages they had over the most of us—the one that they escaped hearing a great many disagreeable things and on the other fact that they were saying things they were sorry for afterwards.

Yet after all the alleviations of a shackled tongue is the most severe of all. We are not this morning using the congenial mutes. We mean those who are born with all the faculties of vocalization and yet have been struck by the evil one mentioned in the text—the dumb devil to whom Christ called when He said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."

There has been atheization of silence. Some one has said silence is golden, and sometimes the greatest triumph to keep your mouth shut. But sometimes silence is a crime, and at such times of the baleful influence of the dumb devil of our text. There is hardly a man or woman who has not been present on some occasion when the Christian religion became a target for rattle. Perhaps it was over in the store some day when there was not much going on and the clerks were in a group, or it was out on the farm under the trees while you were resting, or it was in the clubroom, or it was in a social circle, or it was on the way home from business, or it was on some occasion which you remember without my describing it. Some one got the laugh on the Bible and caricatured the profession of religion as hypocrisy or made a pun out of something that Christ said. The laugh started, and you joined in, and not one word of grace did you utter. What kept you silent? Modesty? No. Incapacity to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No. It was a blow on both lips by the wing of the dumb devil. If some one should malign your father or mother or wife or husband or child, you would flush up quick and utter your indignation word or doubled up fist make response. And yet here is our Christian religion, which has done so much for you and so much for the world that it will take all eternity to celebrate it, and yet when it was attacked you did not so much as say, "I differ. I object. I am sorry to hear you say that. There is another side to this." You Christian people ought in such times as these go armed, not with earthly weapons, but with the sword of the Spirit. You ought to have four or five questions with which you could confound any man who attacks Christianity. A man ninety years old was telling me how he put to flight a scoffing. My good friend said to the skeptic, "Did you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible?" "Yes," said the man. "It is a fine story and as interesting a story as I ever read."

"Well, now," said my old friend, "suppose that account of Joseph stopped half way?" "Oh," said the man. "Then it would not be entertaining." "Well, now," said my friend, "we have in this world only half of everything, and do you not think that when we hear the last half we may be consistent and that then we may find that God was right?"

Oh, friends, better lead up with a few interrogation points. You cannot afford to be silent when God and the Bible and the things of eternity are assailed. You silence gives consent to the bombardment of your Father's house. You allow a slur to be cast on your mother's dying pillow. In behalf of the Christ, who has sent you through the agonies of assassination on the rocky bluff back of Jerusalem, you dared not say a single joke. Better lead up with a few questions so that next time you will be ready. Say to the scoffer, "My dear sir, will you tell me what makes the difference between the conditions of

woman in China and the United States? What do you think of the sermon on the mount? How do you like the sermon laid down in the Scriptures? Are you in favor of the Ten Commandments? In your large and extensive readings have you come across a lovelier character than Jesus Christ? Will you please to name the triumphant deathbeds of infidels and atheists?

"How do you account for the fact that among the out-and-out believers in Christianity were such persons as Benjamin Franklin, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Bahadur Saadullah Khan, William Penn, Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, Horace Bushnell, James A. Garfield, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Admiral Foote, Addison Parkes, George Grant, John Milton, William Shakespeare, Chief Justice Marshall, John Adams, Daniel Webster, George Washington? How do you account for their fondness for the Christian religion?"

"Among the innumerable colleges and universities of the earth will you name me three that take people by the hand and report by infidels? Down in your heart are you really happy in the position you occupy antagonistic to the Christian religion?"

Go to him with a few such questions, and he will get so red in the face as to suggest apology, and he will look at his watch, and he will have an engagement and must go. You will put him in a sweat that will beat a Turkish bath. You will put him on a Turk compared with which our troops at Bull Run made no time at all.

Arm yourself, not with arguments, but with interrogation points, and I promise you victory. Shall send a man as you shall such a woman as you, surrender to one of the meanest spirits that ever smoked up from the pit—the dumb devil spoken of in the text.

But then there are occasions when this particular spirit that Christ exorcised when He said, "I charge thee to come out of him," takes people by the hand. In the most responsive religious audience have you noticed how many people never sing at all? They have a book, and they have a voice, and they know how to read. They know many of the tunes and yet are silent while the great raptures of music pass by. Among those who sing not one out of a hundred sing loud enough to bear his own voice. They hum, they give a sort of religious grunt. They make the lips go, but it is inaudible. With a voice strong enough to stop a street car one block away, all they can afford in the praise of God is about half a whisper.

With enough soprano, enough alto, enough bass to make a small heaven between the four walls, they do not sing; they give up. The volume of voice that ascends from the largest audience that ever assembled ought to be multiplied two thousand fold. But the minister rises and gives out the hymn, the organ begins, the choir or preceptor leads, the audience are standing so that the lungs may fully expand, and the mighty harmony is about to ascend when the evil spirit spoken of in my text—the dumb devil—prevents his two wings over the lips of one of the audience, and the other wing over the lips of the other half of the audience, and the voices roll back into the throats from which they started, and only here and there a voice is heard, and nine-tenths of the holy power is destroyed, and the dumb devil, as he flies away, says, "I could not keep Isaac Watts from writing that hymn, and I could not keep Lowell Mason from composing the tune to which it is set, but I smote into silence or half silence the lips from which it was to be completely covered, and there were wings to the feet. When asked why he so represented Opportunity he answered, 'The face of the statue is thus covered up, and I do not see how a man keeps any grace if he regularly attends them. They are spiritual refrigerators. Religion kept cold. How many of us have lost souls today?"

In a sculptor's studio stood a figure of the god Opportunity. The sculptor had made the hair fall down over the face of the statue so as to completely cover it, and there were wings to the feet. When asked why he so represented Opportunity he answered, 'The face of the statue is thus covered up, and I do not see how a man keeps any grace if he regularly attends them. They are spiritual refrigerators. Religion kept cold. How many of us have lost souls today?"

But do not let the world deride the church because of all this, for the dumb devil is just as conspicuous in the world. The great political parties assemble at the proper time to deliver a platform, and candidates to stand on. A committee of each party is appointed to make the platform. After proper deliberation the committees come in with a ringing report, "whereas" and "whereas." Nine cheers will be given for the platform. The dumb devil of the text puts one wing over the one platform and the other wing over the other platform. Those great conventions are opened with prayer by their chaplains. If they avoid platitudes and told the honest truth in their prayers, they would say, "O Lord, we want to be postmasters and consuls and foreign ministers and United States district attorneys. For that we are here and for that we will strive till the election next November. Give us office or we die. Forever and ever, Amen."

The world to say the least is no better than the church, and the subject of silence at the wrong time. In other words, is it not time for Christianity to become more pronounced and aggressive as never before? Take sides for God and sobriety and righteousness.

"If the Lord be God, follow Him; if Balaam follow him. Have you opportunity of rebuking a sin? Rebuke. Have you a chance to cheer a discouraged soul? Cheer it. Have you a useful word to speak? Speak it.

Be out and out up and down for righteousness. If your ship is afloat on the Pacific Ocean of God's mercy, hang out your colors from the masthead. Show your passport if you can and carry one. Do not smuggle your soul into the harbor of heaven. Speak out for God! Close up the chapter book, shut up the books, and open a new line of progress yet to be done. Put your way out shake hands with some one, and ask him to join you on the road to heaven. Do not drive up to heaven in a two-wheeled "buggy" with room for only one, and that yourself, but get the biggest gospel wagon you can find, and pile it full of friends and neighbors, and about the till they bear you all up and down the skies. "Come with us, and we will do you good, for the Lord hath promised good concerning Israel."

How Fans Were Invented.

The following Chinese legend accounts for the invention of the fan in a rather ingenious fashion: The beautiful Kan-Si, daughter of a powerful mandarin, was assisting at the feast of lanterns, when she became over-powered by the heat and was compelled to take off her mask. As it was against all rule and custom to expose her face, she held her mask before it and gently muttered it to cool herself. The court ladies present noticed the movement, and in an instant 100 of them were waving their masks. From this incident, it is said, came the birth of the fan, and today it takes the face of the mask in that country.

Must Let Sultan Win.

The Sultan of Turkey imagines himself a sport. Lately he has developed a passion for playing cards for money, and the man who is unfortunately enough to win the Sultan's money incurs his enduring dislike. Public officials permit him to win, and thus save their places.

Thoughtlessness is often selfishness with only another name.

THE NERVES OF WOMEN



"I am so nervous and wretched." "I feel as if I should fly." How familiar these expressions are! Little things annoy you and make you irritable. You can't sleep, you are unfit for ordinary duties, and are subject to dizziness.

That bearing-down sensation helps to make you feel miserable.

You have backache and pains low down in the side, pain in top of head, later on at the base of the brain.

Such a condition points unerringly to serious uterine trouble.

If you had written to Mrs. Pinkham when you first experienced impaired vitality, you would have been spared these hours of awful suffering.

Happiness will be gone out of your life forever, my sister, unless you act promptly. Procure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. It is absolutely sure to help you. Then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

You need not be afraid to tell her the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter is seen only by women and is absolutely confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with such troubles enables her to tell you just what is best for you, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.

Mrs. Valentine Tells of Happy Results Accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping it may induce others to avail themselves of the benefit of your valuable remedy. Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I felt very bad, was terribly nervous and tired, had sick headaches, no appetite, gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my back and right side, and so weak I could scarcely stand. I was not able to do anything. Had sharp pains all through my body. Before I had taken half a bottle of your medicine, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person, and your medicine shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 566 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N. J.

\$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some abortifacient has been found to contain a deadly poison, we are constantly publishing, we have decided with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission. —LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

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The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GRAY'S PATENT CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c. Paderewski's opera is called "Manru." Love thyself last.

DYSPEPSIA yields to nature's medicine, **CRAB ORCHARD WATER**

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Libby's soups are as good as soups can be. Some cooks may know how to make soups as good. None can make them better—none so cheaply. Six plates of delicious soup for 10 cents—and think of the bother saved!

Oxtail, Mulligatawny, Chicken, Mock Turtle, Tomato, Vegetable, and Chicken Gumbo.

At your grocers, in cans ready for instant serving—just heat them.

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Writes for our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

WINCHESTER "NEW RIVAL" FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS. No black powder shells on the market compare with the "NEW RIVAL" in uniformity and strong penetrating qualities. Sure fire and waterproof. Get the genuine. WINCHESTER REpeating ARMS CO., Nov. 1889, Conn.

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SPRAINS and BRUISES

which erode or hurt deeply, but at any time from whatever cause

St. Jacobs Oil

will cure surely and promptly

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Refuse substitutes, Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headaches to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascara's help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you but 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascara's Gandy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C.C.G. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Glasgow has five public baths, the cost of which varied from \$8,000 to \$160,000.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROWN QUININE TABLETS. All ailments to refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GARDNER'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Amhibition harkens women's faces.

Wanted—At Once! Traveling salesman, with or without experience, \$50.00 and expenses. For particulars write to

Sudden enthusiasm have sudden endings.

The spirit of the song Cures disease. Harold's Group Cure contains that subtle power rendering it an total cure for Croup, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc.

A boy's best friend is his mother.

Place's cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 323 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1909.

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MAKE no mistake! See that my head is on every package of **LION COFFEE** you buy. It guarantees its purity. No coffee is **LION COFFEE** unless it is in a 1 pound sealed packet with the head of a lion on the front. Then you get pure coffee—the highest grade for the money.

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The world to him seems a place of mist, peopled with ghostly beings, whose flitting to and fro about their daily tasks serves but to irritate him. He concerns at healthy amusements, and finds no comfort or pleasure in life.

He is sick and he does not know it. He drags about, and therefore thinks he is well. He is despondent and peevish, and is merely signaling—some from the stomach crying for aid—others from the nervous system strength—still others from the great life-current—the blood—meaning that it is so impeded and clogged with impurities that it cannot move.

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