

"Get busy." There is a whole sermon in the parable of the day, "get busy"—that is, get to doing something; get to work; be a doer of the word and not a hearer only. A dozen synonyms will suggest themselves for the colloquialism, yet it has, perhaps, a pregnant meaning and a rugged force which none of them quite duplicates, as is often the case with the living speech of the people, as compared with the dead speech of the books.

"Get busy" is the gospel of to-day. The man who does not get busy is distanced from the start. The stress of competition, the eager pursuit of wealth and advancement, leave no chance for the man who idles his chances away. Get busy at something; even if it is not quite what you like, do the best you can, and hope for better things. But while you are hoping, do not stop working. Get busy—keep busy.

Get busy for the good of the community. If it isn't all it should be, try to make it better, more prosperous, more progressive. Don't sit like a big frog, croaking all the time, and never trying to do anything else. Get busy in a hopeful, helpful, enterprising way. The man who gets busy has no time to be a busybody; his only interest in the affairs of others is to help where he may.

The Latest French. The Coney Island Museum proprietor was standing in the vestibule, when a well-garbed man accosted him. "Want to hire a freak?" asked the well-garbed man. "Maybe," said the museum proprietor, guardedly. "Where is he?" "I'm here."

"You're engaged. Take the vacant seat between the nail swallower and the man with the big spectacles—the chap that we call the four-eyed monster."

A New Line. "Why, where do you come from, Uncle Jasper?" I said to the old darkey who had sent the house-girl in to tell me that he wanted to see me.

"No, ma'am; dat I didn't; I come in on de rabbit."

CURSE OF SPECULATION.

Dr. Talmage Draws Lessons From Gambling Craze Which Have Swept Over the World.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage arraigns the spirit of wild speculation and gives some account of the financial ruin of other days; Proverbs xxiii, "Rid thyself of speculation, and thou shalt be enriched; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven."

Money is a gold breasted bird with feet and wings. It alights on the office desk or in the counting room or in the parlor centre table. Men and women stand and admire it. They do not notice that it has wings larger than a raven's, and that it is larger than an eagle's. One way of the hand of misfortune, and it spreads its beautiful wings and goes, "as an eagle toward heaven," my text.

Excitement following excitement until all kinds of gambling projects came forth under the wing of this South Sea enterprise. There was a large company formed with great capital for providing funerals for all parts of the land. Another company with large capital—\$5,000,000 capital—to develop a water power in Virginia to England; then, to cap the climax, a company was formed for a great undertaking—nobody to know what it is.

An old magazine of those days describes some (Hunt's Magazine). It says: "From morning until evening Change alley was full of overflowing with one dense, moving mass of living beings, composed of the most incongruous materials and in all things a mad pursuit whereof they were employed utterly opposite in their principles and feelings and far asunder in their stations in life and the professions they follow."

But it was left for our own country to surpass it all about a year ago. We have the highest mountains and the greatest cataraacts and the longest rivers, and of course we had to have the largest swindles. One day a thought came to the nation had seen enough in that direction during the morose multicausal excitement, when almost every man had a bunch of crackers in his pocket, and he thought that he expected to make a fortune. But all this excitement was as nothing compared with what took place in 1864, when a man near Fitts, Penn., digging a well, struck oil. A hundred oil companies call for a billion of stock. Prominent members of churches, as soon as a certain amount of money assigned them, saw it was their privilege to become presidents or secretaries or members of the board of directors. Some of these companies never had a foot on ground, never expected to, and their entire equipment was a map of a region where oil might be and two vials of green crude and a barrel of water.

But, while that street is a type of tried integrity on one hand, it is also a type of unbridled avarice on the other. There are the spiders that wait for innocent flies; there are the crocodiles that crawl up through the slime to catch the calf; there are the anacondas with lithe loops, ready to crush the unwary; there are the beach wreckers who stand on the beach praying for a Caribbean whirlwind to sweep over your copper mine interests. Let me say it in no place for a man to go into business unless his moral principle is thoroughly settled. That is no business for a man to go into unless he does not know when he is overpaid \$5 by mistake whether he had better take it back or not; that is no place for a man to go who has larger fun in street racing than in the office; that is no place for a man to go who does not quite know whether the laws of the State forbid usury or patronage. Ob, how many men have flaked themselves in the vortex and gone down for the simple reason their integrity had not been thoroughly established! Remember poor Ketchum—how soon the flying hoofs of his iron grays clattered with him to his destruction; remember poor Gov. at thirty years of age, astounding the world with his fortunes and his fortunes; remember that famous man whose steamboat and whose opera houses could not atone for his notorious rides through Central Park in the face of decent New York and whose behavior on Wall Street by its example has blasted tens of thousands of young men of this generation.

I have not so much admiration for the French Emperor who stood in his balcony in Paris and addressed an excited mob and quailed it as I have admiration for that venerable banker on Wall Street who in 1864 stood on the steps of his moneyed institution and quailed the fears of depositors and bade peace to the angry wave of commercial excitement.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions. New York (Special).—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "While the weather in the East has impeded distributive trade to a considerable extent this week, rendering the season in some lines rather unsatisfactory, the West and South report unchanged conditions, with operations well up to the recent average. The labor situation is a little brighter. Many strikes have been settled and others are expected to terminate shortly."

"Railways are unable to secure sufficient freight cars and other supplies, while structural work proceeds briskly with little interruption from labor conditions."

"Extended holidays abroad and a short one in this country have tended to make the grain markets unusually quiet, while corn has had the added drawback of hesitation among traders who have not recovered from the effects of manipulation in the May option. Foreign purchasers were driven out of this market by inflated quotations, as shown by Atlantic exports in five weeks of only 0.45, 0.25, 0.25, 0.25, and 0.25 bushels last year."

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"My dear sir," he began as he entered the room across the hall, "I find myself short by about —"

"Sorry, but I'm dead broke," interrupted the other.

"Is it possible? As I was saying, I find —"

"No use; can't help you."

"You mean you have no money to spare?"

"Not a red."

"Then let me lend you \$25. Here it is."

"But I thought—"

"Yes, I see, but it isn't the case. I was going to say that I found myself short of cats at the house by about half a dozen, and I wanted to ask if you had any to spare or could direct me to a cat store. As for money, you can have a hundred if you want it."

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You can rely upon it for stopping your hair from falling, for keeping your scalp clean, and for making your hair grow.

It is your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. The sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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LION COFFEE is now used in millions of homes.

Just try a package of LION COFFEE and you will understand the reason of its popularity.

Woolson Spice Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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About the first thing the doctor says— Then, "Let's see your tongue." Because bad tongue and bad bowels go together. Regulate the bowels, clean up the tongue. We all know that this is the way to keep and look well.

You can't keep the bowels healthy and regular with purges or bird-shot pills. They move you with awful gripes, then you're worse than ever.

Now what you want is Cascarets. Go and get them today—Cascarets—in metal box with the long-tailed "C" on the lid—cost 10c. Be sure you get the genuine! Cascarets are never sold in bulk. Take one! Eat it like candy, and it will work gently—while you sleep. It cures, that means it strengthens the muscular walls of the bowels, gives them new life. Then they act regularly and naturally. That's what you want. It's guaranteed to be found in

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Cascarets

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