trong

Sarsaparilla

True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. 's Pills are the best after-dinner pills.

Spider-Crabs of Japan. crab spider inhabits the ocean

terrifying the submarine world. It leous in appearance and habits. the most formidable and repulsive ure in the seas.

re than one daring pearl diver and hunter has battled with this hairy ter and been driven to seek the y of a boat's deck.

ough frequently found in cool wathe great spider-crab flourishes attains his greatest size in the waof the Japan seas.

ough often encountered by coral pearl hunters, the monster is seltrapped, and so only four speciof full-grown spider-crabs are to and in this country. ine specimen is in Rutger's College

um of Natural History. Two are collections of the Leland Stanand Cornell Universities. The specimen is in a private collecin Philadelphia. ile the largest and most ferocious

op-sea crustacea, the spider-crab most defenseless. Nature has not ided it with a single weapon of deagainst its many enemies. the appearance of the spider-

is his best defense, and he is masthe scaled and finned things that in the ocean's depths. spider-crab is so named because

strong resemblance to the familinning insect. Its habits are, er, those of the crab family. The legs, which often exceed forty feet agth, are thickly covered with black hair. The body, often fifeet in circumference, is also covwith hair, in which barnacles, seaand tiny shellfish make their

spider-crab when attacked exan overpowering odor, which pers the water around it, while it s its long, hairy, fearsome arms he water seethes.

food of the spider-crab is for the part decayed animal matter. The ure is abnormally indolent. It will n on a clump of coral and remain immovable for many hours.

Japanese pearl divers assert that such of the spider-crab is as fatal sting of a cobra's fang, but the l fighting method of the monster mbrace its enemy, fish or human. hur hairy tentacles the cases stider-crab's human victor's are ... rous, though fost how many and pearl hunters have been suffoin its terrible arms no one will

Shaving. shaves. But this is not so. A South can bird called the "motmot" acy begins shaving on arriving at Naturally adorned with long tail feathers, it is not satisfied them in their natural state, but its heak nips off the web on each for a space of about two inches, ng a neat little oval tuft at the end

H! WHAT A RELIEF.

I suffered with terrible pains in my ovary and womb. My back ached

l had kidney trouble badly. Docprescribed for me, and I followed advice, but found no relief

1 took Lydia E. am's Vegetable pound. Oh! what that tired feellay after day, in ? forning as much night after a day's work, and e free from all

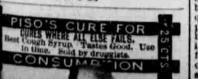
caused by Ovarian and Womb bles. I cannot express my grati-I hope and pray that other sufg women will realize the truth importance of my statement, and pt the relief that is sure to attend use of the Pinkham Medicine."-James Parrisu, 2501 Marshall N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

E MIDDLE SOUTH outh Pub. Co., Somerville, Tenu.

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MIS & NYMAN. Tiffin. Ohio. IM and WHISKY habit cured. Book sent

ANKLIN COLLEGE, NEW ATHENS, O. ful cost . 189 yr. Thorough, Cheap. Catalog free-



DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON

A GOSPEL MESSAGE.

Subject: "The Glow of Sunset."

TEXT: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."-Luke xxiv., 29.

Two villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As, with sad face and broken heart, they pass on their way a stranger accosts them. They tell Him their anxistics and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throwsover them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time and notice not the objects they pass, and before they are aware have come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon Him their hospitalities. Night is coming on, and He may meet a prowling wild beast or be obliged to lie unsheltered from on, and He may meet a prowling wild beast or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much farther now. Why not stop there and continue their pleasant conversation? They take Him by the arm, and they insist upon His coming in, addressing Him in the words, "Abide with us, for it is forward evening."

ing Him in the words, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The candles are lighted; the table is spread; pleasant socialities are enkindled. They rejoice in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and He hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwheiming power the thought flashes upon the astonished people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus, He vanished. The interview ended. He was some.

With many of us it is a bright, sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky; not a leaf rustling in the forest; no chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual davlight of joy. The sun will after awhite near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak many of us stand in the very hour described in the text, "for It is toward evening." The request of the text is appropriate for some before me, for with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like to have others remark upon it. If others sughave others remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say, "Why, I'm not so old, after all," They do, indeed, notice that they cannot lift quite so much as once. They cannot walk quite so fast. They cannot read quite so well without spectacles. They canuot so easily recover from a cough or aby occasional ailment. They have jost their taste for merriment. They have lost their taste for merriment. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year. They say that it only seems a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, symething in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within, to remind them

that it is toward evening.

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we stepon the down grade of life and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us neress it. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illuminate. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden

sing it our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far speat, we need most of all to supplicate the strong beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward

villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward avening."

The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approached in the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good natured when averything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to oppose us, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have fell the grapple of some tempta-ion. Your nature at some time quaked at A ground under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian graces retreating. You feared that you would fall in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen in all the trembling of your soul, in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements. You felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can bent back the monster that would devour you. You can unhorse the sin that would ride you down. You can sharpen the battleax with which you split the head of helmeted abomination. Who helped Paul shake the brazen gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreek? Who helped the martyrs to be firm when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake and put out the kinding fre? When the state and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition who gave strength to the who so is presented who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchant-ment? He who heard the request of the vil-lagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward even-

One of the forts of France was attacked, and the outworks were taken before night.
The besieging army lay down, thinking there was but little to do in the morning, and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So, when we are assaulted in temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will oring a way of escape that we may be able to

The prayer of the text is appropriate for all who are anticipating sorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble, but there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be making special prepara-

that we need to be making special prepara-tion for its coming.

One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deep-er into the heart than the cry of all the oth-ers. You think more about it. You give it more attention, not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual.
The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the mugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is foward even-

down. Night speeds on. It is to a sing.

You have long rejoiced in the eare of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every went. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of a separation. You cannot within three weeks.

bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy hearted. The light is fading from the sky. The air is chill. It is toward evening. You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair bal-

dependent. In five minutes on one fair bal-ance sheet you could see just how you stood in the world. But there came complications. Something that you imagined impossible happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interest. A sudden crash of National misfortunes prostrated your credit. You may to-day be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing and fear that the next turning of the wheel will brise you are standing. wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward even-

Listen to Paul's battle shout with misfor-tune. Hark to mounting Latimer's fire song. Look at the glory that has reft the dungeon and filled the earth and heavens with the erash of the falling manacles of despotism. And then look at those who have tried to cure themselves by human prescriptions, at-tempting to head grangers with tempting to heal gangrene with a patch of court plaster and to stop the plague of dying empires with the quackery of earthly wis-dom. Nothing can speak peace to the soul, nothing can unstrap our crushing burdens. nothing can overcome our spiritual foes, nothing can open our eyes to see the sur-rounding horses and chariots of saivation that fill all the mountains, but the voice and command of Him who stopped one night at Emmaus.

The words of the text are pertinent to us all, from the fact that we are nearing the evening of death. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be made, but the concerned. theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready; but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts, it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a circk is adding up his accounts, it is his duty to keep his mind and the counts. clients. When a clerk is adding up his accounts, it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christian. I knew a man who used to often say at night, "I wish I might die before moraing!" He became an

But there are times when we can and ought but there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no bypath, no circuitous route. Die we must; and it will be to us a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fall, and the eyes will close, and the heart will stop. You may hang the couch with gorgeous tapestry, but what does death care for beautiful curtains? You may bang the room with the finest works of art, but what does death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings o widowhood and orphauage; does death mind

This ought not to be a depressing theme Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding an i complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds and bathe my soul in the blue sea of When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden times broke up the silence of the deaf with cadence of mercy. When the axmen of the deaf with the third whole forests of streeth to be willing to exchange your body out to be willing to exchange your body the sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the strong beneficeal Jesus in the supplicate the fore the jasper gates and the great white

fore the jasper gates and the great white throne. But be sen that and this chere is an hour about which no man should be reckloss or foolbardy. I doubt not your courage but I tell you that you will want something betferthan a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any you have in your wardrobe to keep you warm in that place.

Circumstances do not make so much dif-ference. It may be a bright day when you push off the planet, or it may be a dark night and while the owl is heeting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards swinging their consers in the way. It may be winter and the certin in a snow shroud. It may be autumn and the forests set on fire If may be authorn and the forests set on fire by the retreating year—lead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's handin your hand, or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail train, shot off the switch and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment—rash, crash! I know not the time, I know not the mode, but the days of our life are being subtracted away and we shall come down to the the days of our life are being subtracted away and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours —three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left—five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left—four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second. Ganet seconds, two seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ended. The book closed. The palses at rest. The feet through with the fourney. The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed back to lie undisheveled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to the breast and hear no sound. You magnt put a speaking trampet to the ear, but you could not wake the deafness. No motion, no throb, no life. Still, still!

So death comes to the disciple! What if weends, two seconds, one second, Gone!

So death comes to the disciple! . What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day spring from on high, the perpetual morning of every ransocced spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has pre-pared a house of many mausions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never collesed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night.

You are almost through with the abase and backbiring of enemies. They will easily on no more by evil names. Your good deeds will no longer be misinterpreted nor your honor flehed. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities. Toward evening. The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted. bereavements of earth will soon be lifted.
You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb, like Rachel weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed, Tears wiped away, Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march. Toward evening! Death will come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as fail rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its hausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire psaim, every lake a glassy mirror, the forests transfigured delicate mists elimbing the air. Your friends will announce it, your pulses will beat it your joys will ring it; your lips will whisper it, "Toward evening"

Exeter Church Sold for \$45,

The Church of the Second Congregational Society of Exeter, N. H., has been sold at auction for \$45. The edifice was bulk in 1824 at a cost of \$10,000. The site must be cleared for the erection of a new building within the control of the control o

Making Fog to Protect Orange Trees,

The newest method of protecting orange orchards against frosts, consists in creating an artificial fog, which overhangs the trees and keeps them from harm. It is a fact familiar enough, that there is no danger from frost on a cloudy night; the clouds prevent the rapid radiation of heat from the earth and thus serve as a sort of blanket. A fog, which is an earth cloud, serves the same purpose.

The orange growers of California have found out a way of making fogs by artifice. They can create them at any time within a few minutes. If the night starts in clear and cold, with prospects of frost, the fog-making machines are turned on, and very toon the orchard is enshrouded in a thick mist. Thus protected, the trees can defy even a severe frost, which under ordinary circumstances would destroy all expectation of a crop of the yellow and juicy fruit.

The orchard provided with the fogmaking device is underlaid by a system of small pipes that carry water. Connecte I with these are perpendicular pipes which rise to a height of forty feet in the air. There are one hundred of these perpendicular pipes in every ten acres of trees. At the top of each tall pipe are a couple of "cyclone nozzles," which discharge the water in a fine spray in an upward direction. All that is required is that the water shall be turned on, and the air is charged with a fine, fog-like mist.

All the underground pipes in the orchard unite in one common supply pipe, which passes through the house of the watchman in charge. At any time when the temperature sinks to freezing point, the watchman by opening the cock of the supply pipe can at once turn on the water to all the pipes and spray nozzles. The result is a thick fog, thrown by one hundred cyclone nozzles over the entire ten acres. The mist soon fills the air to a height of forty-five feet, and any breeze drifts it about like a bank of

In connection with the apparatus is an alarm thermometer. When the temperature in the orchard falls to thirty-two degrees, an electric circuit is completed and an alarm wakes up the watchman. Without delay he turns on the fog, and then goes to bed satisfied that the orchard is sale. - New York Journal.

He Picks up Pins,

A well-dressed man walking along Superior street on Friday suddenly stopped and stooped down. Two men behind him just saved themselves from falling over his bent body and a passing woman shied to one side in sudden fright. Three bootblacks sprang from the curb and a policeman moved forward with a suspicious glance. Then the man who caused the trouble straightened up with some glittering object in his hand.

"I've got it," he said with a triumphant smile.

marked to one of the men behind him, as they fell into step. "But I've picked up pins ever since I was a boy. If I saw a pin and didn't picked it up, I felt uncomfortable for hours. B. I believe in the old rhyme? You mean about picking it up and baying Well, no; I can't say that I do. luck? The only disaster I can remember in connection with a pin that I happened to pass by didn't prave anything. My neighbor's wife eleped with the coachman the same day, that's all. But really and truly, the queer old superstition once saved my life. It was in New Orleans not long after the war and street rows were common. I was passing up the street one morning and right in front of a bank building close up to the big plate glass window, I saw a pin on the sidewalk. I stooped suddenly to get it and the same instant I heard a sharp explosior and a queer little crash and there exactly opposite where my head would have been if I didn't stopped, was a splintered hole in the plate glass window, made by a rifle bullet. I got the pin just the same and then jumped for the nearest stairway. Since that happy escape I have picked up pins with an almost religious fervor. Ha, there's one now." -Clevelan I Plain Dealer.

Do Bicycles Lessen Marriages!

Pianos are now at a discount, and it is amusing to note in the papers devoting their columns largely to the interests of those who indulge in exchange and barter that a nice piano can be secured in return for a good lady's bicycle. One thing which, I think, will in time militate against the continued use of cycles by women is that they are bad things for love and courtship. Lawn tennis and dancing parties give much better opportunities for marriageable daughters to find husbands, but under the most jovial of conditions eveling claims such close and undeviating attention that young men can find very little time to spare for their female companions-at any rate, while upon their steed steeds When this comes to be recognized, shares in bicycle companies will find the 'ladies' cycle' a drug in the market and pianos will go up. -St. Paul's.

Queer Meaus of Identification. Captain John T. Parker, an old

sailor, presented a check on a Philadelphia bank recently for payment. The teller didn't know him and refused to pay the check unless he had some one to indentify him. No one was near whom Parker knew, and the teller asked him if he hadn't anything about his person that would identify him. Parker thought a little while; then pushed up his sleeve and bared him arm to the bank officer. Above the elbow there was tatooted in India ink his name in full John ,T. Parker, "Good enough for me," said the teller, and he immediately handed out the

Of course there is such a thing as love, or there wouldn't be so many divorces.

Old age is like the whooping cough: everybody gets it.

A Great Industry.

The Stark Bros. Nurseries, this city and Rockport, Ill., is a veritable bechive. The propagating plants of the "Two Pikes," enlarged, "Old Pikes" salesmen work from New York westward. The office force is hurrying out the sales of the canvassing outness, photos of the sales of the canvassing outness, photos of the sales of the canvassing outness, photos of the sales of the canvassing outness. westward. The office force is hurrying out 500 new-style canvassing outrits, photos of fruits, trees, orchards, packing, fruit painted from nature, etc. Several departments give all their time to securing salesmen. Stark liros have room for energetic solicitors. With such progress, and millions of fruit trees, dul times unknown.—Louisiana Missouri Press.

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says. "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists,75c.

Mrs. Winslow's Scotling Symptor Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain; cures wind colle, 25c a bettle.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thom; son's Eye-water Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

FITS stopped free by Du, Kline's Great Neave Responent. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free, Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

ANY ONE who has been henefited by the sac of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. will receive information of much value and interest by writing to Pink Pills. P. O. Box 1527, Phila. Ps.

There are five male convicts to one female convict in English prisons.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently overcome habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup

London firms are said to spend over \$10,-000,000 a week in advertising

People do not discover until too late that washine rewaters not only eat up their clothes, but ruin the riskin and cause rhomastism. Try Bob-bins' Floating-Boras Soap. Excellent for the laundry and delightful for the bath.

Lord Bute has lately been making some urchases of land in Jerusalem.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer. Mes AL-LIE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, 74.

Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, enabling it to retain all its remedial value, and it disguises the taste for the palate. Some pill coats are too heavy; they will not dissolve in the stomach, and the pills they cover pass through the system as harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill with a good coat. Ask

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curriscol, ton pages. Sent free: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



'Judgment!!"

The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the finest he ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.



s can make twice as much. He can sell als Northern farm and get twice as many acres for his oney down here. We sell improved farms for \$8 to \$20 an acre. Flenty of reflerade—four No droughts. Neither too hot nor too cold—climate just right. Northern farmers are coming as. If you are interested write for FHEE pamphiet and ask all the questions you want to. If

When You Want to Look on the Bright Side of Things,

SOUTHERN HOMESEEKERS' LAND COMPANY, Somerville, Tenn.

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