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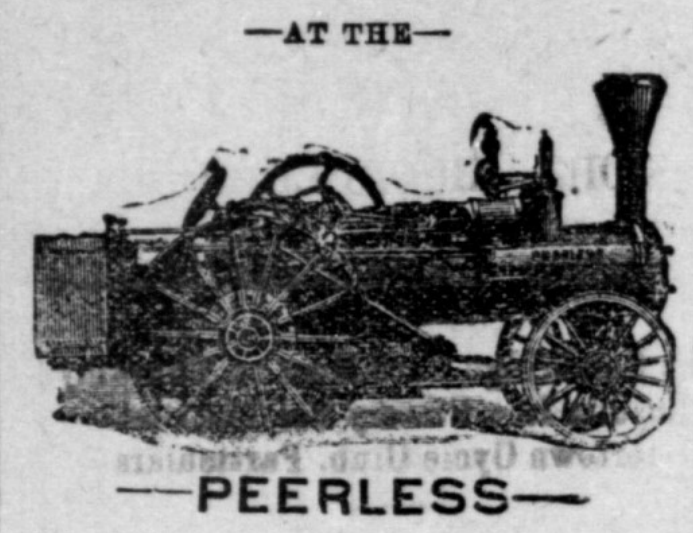

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Open Windows."

TEXT: "His windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem."—Daniel vi., 10.

The scoundrelly princes of Persia, urged on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be put under the paws and teeth of the lions who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage or putting their lower jaws on the ground, bellowing till the earth trembles. But the leonine threat did not hinder the devotions of Daniel, the Cœur de Lion of the ages. His enemies might as well have a law that the sun should not draw water, or that the south wind should not sweep across a garden of magnolias, or that God should be abolished. They could not scare him with the red hot furnaces, and they cannot now scare him with the lions. As soon as Daniel hears of this enactment he leaves his office of secretary of state, with its upholstery of crimson and gold, and comes down the white marble steps and goes to his own house. He opens his window and puts the shutters back and pulls the curtain aside so that he can look toward the sacred city of Jerusalem and then prays.

I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window and said: "Just see that man defying the law. He ought to be arrested." And the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide open window. "You are my prisoner," says the officer of the law, dropping a heavy hand on the shoulder of the kneeling Daniel. As the constables open the door of the cavern to thrust in their prisoner they see the glaring eyes of the monsters. But Daniel becomes the first lion tamer, and they lick his hand and fawn at his feet, and that night he sleeps with the shaggy mane of a wild beast for his pillow, while the king that night, sleepless in the palace, has on him the paw and teeth of a lion he cannot tame—the lion of a remorseful conscience.

What a picture it would be for some artist! Darius in the early dusk of morning not waiting for footmen or chariot, hastening to the den, all flushed and nervous and in dishabille, and looking through the crevices of the cage to see what had become of his prime minister. "What, no sound!" he says. "Daniel is surely devoured, and the lions are sleeping after their horrid meal, the bones of the poor man scattered across the floor of the cavern." With trembling voice Darius calls out: "Daniel!" No answer, for the prophet is yet in profound slumber. But a lion more easily awakened, advances, and with hot breath blown through the crevice seems angrily to demand the cause of this interruption, and then another wild beast lifts his mane from under Daniel's head, and the prophet, waking up, comes forth to report himself all unhurt and well.

But our text stands us at Daniel's window, opened toward Jerusalem. Why in that direction open? Jerusalem was his native land, and all the pomp of his Babylonish successes could not make him forget it. He came there from Jerusalem at eighteen years of age, and he never visited it, though he lived to be eighty-five years. Yet when he wanted to arouse the deepest emotions and grandest aspirations of his heart he had his window open toward his native Jerusalem. There are many of you to-day who understand that without any exposition. This is getting to be a Nation of foreigners. They have come into all occupations and professions. They sit in all churches. It may be twenty years ago since you got your naturalization papers, and you may be thoroughly Americanized, but you can't forget the land of your birth, and your warmest sympathies go out toward it. Your windows are open toward Jerusalem. Your father and mother are buried there. It may have been a very humble home in which you were born, but your memory often plays around it, and you hope some day to go and see it—the hill, the tree, the brook, the house, the place so sacred, the door from which you started off with parental blessing to make your own way in the world—and God only knows how sometimes you have longed to see the familiar places of your childhood, and how in awful crises of life you would like to have caught a glimpse of the old wrinkled face that bent over you as you lay on the gentle lap twenty or forty or fifty years ago. You may have on this side of the sea risen in fortune, and like Daniel have become great and may have come into prosperities which you never could have reached if you had staid there, and you may have many windows to your house—bay windows and skylight windows and windows of conservatory and windows on all sides—but you have at least one window open toward Jerusalem.

When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf, you see the long line of sailors, with shouldered mailbags, coming down the planks, carrying as many letters as you might suppose to be enough for a year's correspondence, and this repeated again and again during the week. Multitudes of them are letters from home, and at all the post-offices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them, hundreds of thousands of persons finding that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalem. Messages that say: "When are you coming home to see us? Brother has gone into the army. Sister is dead. Father and mother are getting very feeble. We are having a great struggle to get on here. Would you advise us to come to you, or will you come to us? All join in love and hope to meet you, if not in this world, then in a better. Goodby."

Yes, yes. In all these cities and amid the flowering Western prairies and on the slopes of the Pacific and amid the Sierras and on the banks of the lagoon and on the ranches of Texas there is an uncounted multitude who this hour stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of these people played on the heather of the Scottish hills; some of them were driven out by Irish famine; some of them in early life drilled in the German army; some of them were accustomed at Lyons or Marseilles or Paris to see on the street Victor Hugo and Gambetta; some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices; some plucked the ripe clusters from Italian vineyard; some lifted their faces under the midnight sun of Norway. It is no dishonor to our land that they remember the place of their nativity. Miscreants would they be if, while they have some of their windows open to take in the free air and the sunlight of an atmosphere which no kingly despot has ever breathed, they forgot sometimes to open the window toward Jerusalem.

No wonder that the son of the Swiss, when far away from home, hearing the National air of his country sung, the malady of homesickness comes on him so powerfully as to cause his death. You have the example of heroic Daniel of my text for keeping early memories fresh. Forget not the old folks at home. Write often, and if you have a surplus of means and they are poor make practical contribution, and rejoice that America is bound to all the world by ties of sanguinity as in no other Nation. Who can doubt but it is appointed for the evangelization of other lands? What a stirring, melting, gospelizing theory that all the doors of other Nations are open toward us, while our windows are open toward them!

But Daniel in the text kept this port hole of his domestic fortress unclosed because Jerusalem was the capital of sacred influences. There had smoked the sacrifice. There was the holy of holies. There was the ark of the covenant. There stood the temple. We are all tempted to keep our windows open on the opposite side toward the world, that we may see and hear and appropriate its advantages. What does the world say? What does the world think? What does the world do? Worshipers of the world instead of worshipers of God. Windows open toward Babylon. Windows open toward Corinth. Windows open toward Athens. Windows open toward Sodom. Windows open toward the flats instead of windows open toward the hills. Sad mistake, for this world as a god is like something I saw in the museum of Strasburg, Germany—the figure of a virgin in wood and iron. The victim in olden time was brought there, and this figure would open its arms to receive him, and once enfolded the figure closed with a hundred knives and lances upon him, and then let him drop 180 feet sheer down. So the world first embraces the idolaters, then closes upon them with many tortures, and then lets them drop forever down. The highest honor the world could confer was to make a man Roman emperor, but out of sixty-three emperors it allowed only six to die peacefully in their beds.

The dominion of this world over multitudes is illustrated by the names of coins of many countries. They have their pieces of money which they call sovereigns, crowns and half crowns, Napoleons and half Napoleons, Fredericks and double Fredericks and ducats and Isabellinos, all of which names mean not so much usefulness as dominion. The most of our windows open toward the exchange, toward the salon of fashion, toward the god of this world. In olden times the length of the English yard was fixed by the length of the arm of King Henry I., and we are apt to measure things by a variable standard and by the human arm that in the great crises of life can give us no help. We need, like Daniel, to open our windows toward God and religion.

But, mark you, that good lion tamer is not standing at the window, but kneeling while he looks out. Most photographs are taken of those in standing or sitting posture. I now remember but one picture of a man kneeling, and that was David Livingstone, who in the cause of God and civilization sacrificed himself, and in the heart of Africa his servant, Majwara, found him in the tent by the light of a candle stuck on the top of a box, his head in his hands upon the pillow and dead on his knees. But here is a great lion tamer living under the dash of the light, and his hair disheveled by the breeze, praying. The fact is that a man can see farther on his knees than standing on tiptoe. Jerusalem was about 550 statute miles from Babylon, and the vast Arabian desert shifted its sands between them. Yet through that open window Daniel saw Jerusalem, saw all between it, saw beyond, saw time, saw eternity, saw earth and saw heaven.

Would you like to see the way through your sins to pardon, through your troubles to comfort, through temptation to rescue, through dire sickness to immortal health, through night to day, through things terrestrial to things celestial—you will not see them till you take Daniel's posture. No cap of bone to the joints of the fingers, no cap of bone to the joints of the elbow, but cap of bone to the knees, made so because the God of the body was the God of the soul, and especial provision for those who want to pray and physiological structure joins with spiritual necessity in bidding us pray and pray and pray.

In olden time the Earl of Westmoreland said he had no need to pray because he had enough pious tenants on his estate to pray for him, but all the prayers of the church universal amount to nothing unless, like Daniel, we pray for ourselves. O men and women, bounded on one side by Shadrach's redhot furnace and the other side by devouring lions, learn the secret of courage and deliverance by looking at that Babylonish window open toward the southwest. "Oh," you say, "that is the direction of the Arabian desert." Yes, but on the other side of the desert is God, is Christ, is Jerusalem, is heaven.

The Brussels lace is superior to all other lace, so beautiful, so multiform, so expensive—400 francs a pound. All the world seeks it. Do you know how it is made? The spinning is done in a dark room, the only light admitted through a small aperture, and that light falling directly on the pattern. And the finest specimens of Christian character I have ever seen or ever expect to see are those to be found in lives all of whose windows have been darkened by bereavement and misfortune save one, but under that one window of prayer the interlacing of divine workmanship went on until it was fit to deck a throne, a celestial embroidery which angels admired and God approved.

But it is another Jerusalem toward which we now need to open our windows. The exiled evangelist of Ephesus saw it one day as the surf of the Icarian Sea foamed and splashed over the boulders at his feet, and his vision reminded me of a wedding day when the bride by sister and maid was having garlands twisted for her hair and jewels strung for her neck just before she puts her betrothed hand into the hand of her affianced. "I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Toward that bridal Jerusalem are our windows opened?

We would do well to think more of heaven. It is not a mere annex of earth. It is not a desolate outpost. As Jerusalem was the capital of Judea, and Babylon the capital of the Babylonian monarchy, and London is the capital of Great Britain, and Washington is the capital of our own Republic, the New Jerusalem is the capital of the universe. The King lives there, and the royal family of the redeemed have their palaces there, and there is a congress of many Nations and parliament of all the world. Yea, as Daniel had kindred in Jerusalem of whom he often thought, though he left home when a very young man, perhaps father and mother and brothers and sisters still living, and was homesick to see them, and they belonged to the high circles of royalty, Daniel himself having royal blood in his veins, so we have in the New Jerusalem a great many kindred, and we are sometimes homesick to see them, and they are all princes and princesses, in them the blood imperial, and we do well to keep our windows open toward their eternal residence.

It is a joy for us to believe that while we are interested in them they are interested in us. Much thought of heaven makes one heavenly. The airs that blow through that open window are charged with life, and sweep up to us aromas from gardens that never wither, under skies that never cloud, in a spring-tide that never terminates. Compared with it all other heavens are dead failures.

Homer's heaven was an elysium which he describes as a plain at the end of the earth or beneath, with no snow nor rainfall, and the sun never goes down, and Rhadomanthus, the justest of men, rules. Hesiod's heaven is what he calls the islands of the blessed, in the midst of the ocean, three times a year blooming with most exquisite flowers, and the air is tinted with purple, while games and music and horse races occupy the time. The Scandinavian's heaven was the hall of Walhalla, where the god Odin gave unending wine suppers to earthly heros and heroines. The Mohammedan's heaven passes its disciples in over the bridge Al-Sirat, which is finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, and then they are let loose into a riot of everlasting sensuality.

The American aborigines look forward to a heaven of illimitable hunting ground, partridge and deer and wild duck more than plentiful, and the hounds never off the scent, and the guns never missing fire. But the geographer has followed the earth round and found no Homer's elysium. Voyagers have traversed the deep in all directions and found no Hesiod's islands of the blessed. The Mohammedan's celestial debauchery and the Indian's eternal hunting ground for vast multitudes have no charm. But here rolls in the Bible heaven. No more sea—that is, no wide separation. No more night—that is, no insomnia. No more tears—that is, no more heartbreak. No more pain—that is, dismissal of lancet and bitter draft and miasma and banishment of neuralgias and catalepsies and consumptions. All colors in the wall except gloomy black. All the music in the major key because celebrative and jubilant.

River crystalline, gate crystalline and skies crystalline because everything is clear and without doubt. White robes, and that means sinlessness. Vials full of odors, and that means pure regalement of the senses. Rainbow, and that means the storm is over. Marriage supper, and that means gladdest festivity. Twelve manner of fruits, and that means luscious and unending variety. Harp, trumpet, grand march, anthem, amen and halleluiah in the same orchestra. Choral meeting solo, and overture meeting antiphon, and strophe joining dithyramb, as they roll into the ocean of doxologies. And you and I have all that, and have it forever through Christ if we will let Him with the blood of one wounded hand rub out our sin, and with the other wounded hand swing open the shining portals.

Day and night keep your window open toward that Jerusalem. Sing about it. Pray about it. Think about it. Talk about it. Dream about it. Do not be inconsolable about your friends who have gone into it. Do not worry if something in your heart indicates that you are not far off from its ecstasies. Do not think that when a Christian dies he stops, for he goes on.

An ingenious man has taken the heavenly furlongs as mentioned in Revelation and has calculated that there will be in heaven 100 rooms sixteen feet square for each ascending soul, though this world should lose 100,000,000 yearly. But all the rooms of heaven will be ours, for they are family rooms, and as no room in your house is too good for your children, so all the rooms of all the palaces of the heavenly Jerusalem will be free to God's children, and even the throneroom will not be denied, and you may run up the steps of the throne, and put your hand on the side of the throne, and sit down beside the King according to the promise, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne."

But you cannot go in except as conquerors. Many years ago the Turks and Christians were in battle, and the Christians were defeated, and with their commander Stephen fled toward a fortress where the mother of this commander was staying. When she saw her son and his army in disgraceful retreat, she had the gates of the fortress rolled shut, and then from the top of the battlement cried out to her son, "You cannot enter here except as conqueror." Then Stephen rallied his forces and resumed the battle and gained the day, 20 000 driving back 200,000. For those who are defeated in battle with sin and death and hell nothing but shame and contempt, but for those who gain the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ the gates of the New Jerusalem will hoist, and there shall be an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord, toward which you do well to keep your windows open.

Bolivia the other day presented an ultimatum to Peru for a violation of territory during the latter's recent revolution. Peru promptly refused to apologize, and now there is a prospect of war, the purpose of Bolivia being to get back one or two of her old provinces now held by Peru and shutting her out from the seacoast. If the war were confined to Peru and Bolivia, it would not be much of a struggle. Peru has had no navy since her war with Chile, and four or five thousand men are all that either of the belligerents could muster in case of war. The situation, however, is a very contagious one. War spreads in South America easily and rapidly. It is already reported that Ecuador has made an alliance with Bolivia. There is a possibility that Chile may also side with Bolivia, and in that case Argentina would certainly side with Peru. As Brazil is not on good terms with Argentina, she might take a hand in also. What the outcome of such a Kilkenny fight would be no one can say.

Acknowledged His Error.

Louis Armand, prince of Conti, was an ill-made little man, and was always absent-minded. When it could be least expected he would fall over his own walking-stick. The folks in the palace were so much accustomed to this in Louis XIII's time that they used always to say when they heard anything fall: "It's nothing only the prince of Conti tumbling down." At a masked ball in Paris someone, who had dressed himself like the prince of Conti and wore a hump on his back, came and sat beside him. "Who are you, mask?" asked the prince. The other replied, "I am the prince of Conti." Without the least ill-temper the prince took off his mask, and, laughing, said: "See how a man may be deceived. I have been fancying for the last twenty years that I was the prince of Conti."

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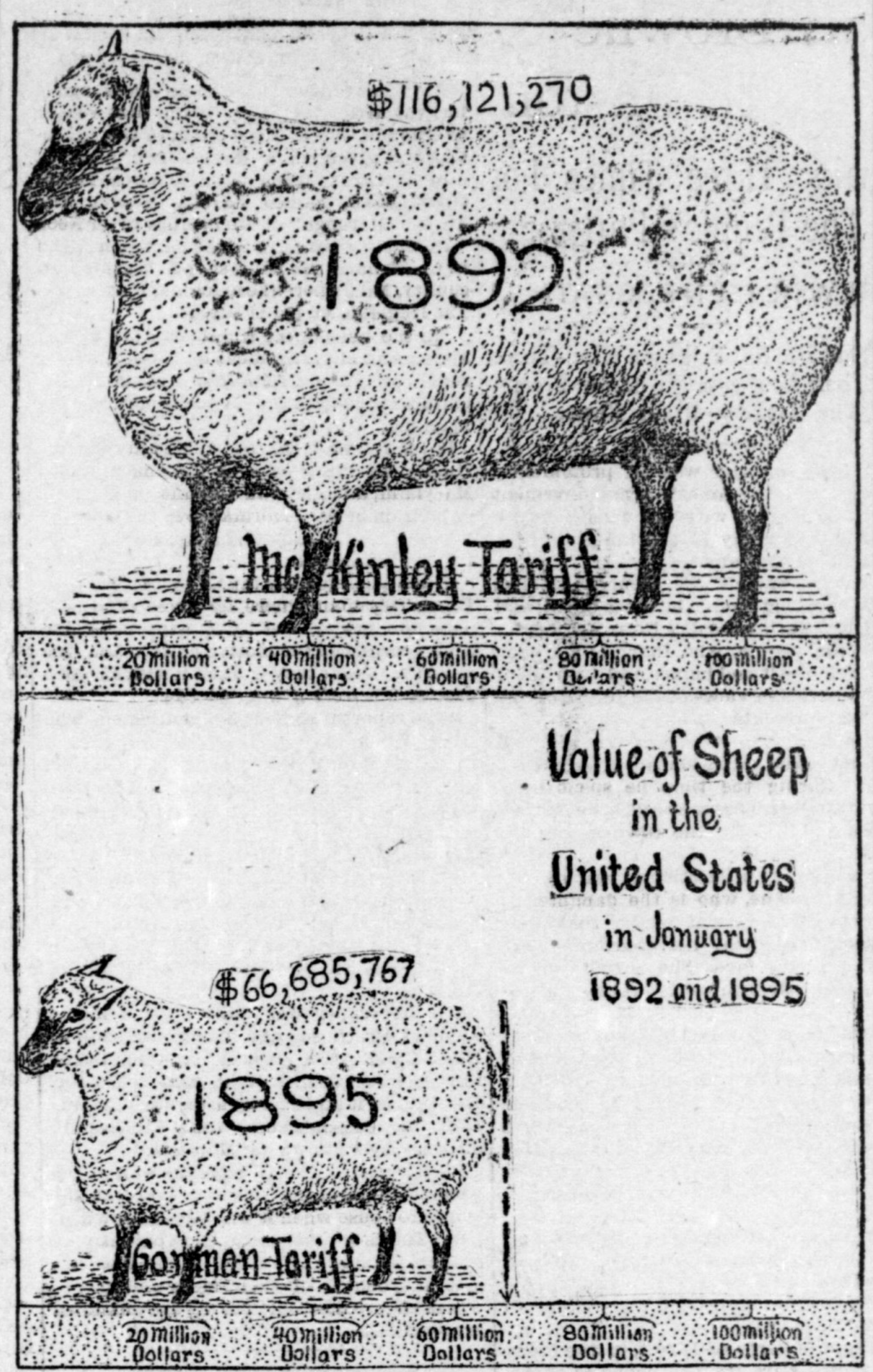

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Speaking in 1842 in the House in favor of an increased duty on hemp to keep out foreign hemp and encourage our Kentucky farmers, James Buchanan said that the increased import duty on hemp demonstrated that:

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

Be careful to make friendship the child, and not the father, of virtue.—Sir P. Sidney.

Many Influences Combine to Reduce Health to the danger limit. The reviving properties of Parker's Ginger Tonic overcome these ills.

Humanity is the peculiar characteristic of great minds.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

We have more indolence in the mind than in the body.

Everyone Knows How it Is

to suffer with corns, and they are not conducive to walking; remove them with Hindercorns

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

No one will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things.

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Of Good Health is
Pure, Rich Blood
And the surest, best way to purify your blood is to take
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Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

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IMPERIAL GRANUM
IT IS
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FOOD
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★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

GETTING TANGLED.

SOME FRIENDS OF PROTECTION LED FROM THE RIGHT TRACK.

An Impracticable Idea That Cannot Benefit the American Farmer—Forests, Mines and Factories Must Be Included—Protection Has Enabled the Construction of American Steamers.

Representatives of the Atlantic coast shipping interests met in Philadelphia to take action toward "securing equitable protection, through National legislation, for agriculture and shipping." Among the resolutions passed was the following:

> Resolved, That since neither of the two great unprotected industries can derive any benefit from a tariff on imports, we call upon Congress to equalize the protection system by extending to agricultural staples and American shipping in the foreign trade that just measure of protection to which they are entitled, as long as protection is the controlling and public policy of this Nation, and that this be done by an export bounty on the staples of agriculture and to American shipping in the foreign trade, either by a bounty on tonage or a differential duty which shall discriminate in favor of American and against foreign ships, all to the end that a restoration may be brought about of our merchant marine and that the independent land-owning farmers of the Nation may not be driven into bankruptcy and ruin by the competition of the cheap land and labor countries of the world.

This resolution is incorrect. Both the agricultural and shipping industries can derive benefit from a tariff on imports. It was by a tariff on imports, a discriminating tariff, that the American shipping interests were once so prosperous. By a similar tariff, on imports, a discriminating tariff, American shipping interests can again be restored. And we are heartily in favor of the renewal of this policy, which is so simple and so thoroughly effective.

To say that the agricultural industries of the country derive no benefit from a tariff on imports is equally untrue. What has been the experience of farmers who grow wool or hops, for instance? The necessity for a protective tariff on foreign farm products will become more and more apparent with each coming year as the farm supplies of India, Australia, South America and Russia increase in quantity and seek markets for their surplus.

We believe in giving both to agriculture and to shipping "that just measure of protection to which they are entitled," but we do not believe in doing so to the exclusion of the products of our forests, our mines or our factories, all of which were totally ignored by the shipping and agricultural representatives at Philadelphia. But where would the money come from to pay such a bounty?

Our farm products are the finest in the world, as are the products of our shipyards, the manufactures of our shipbuilders. Mr. Charles H. Cramp, the great ship manufacturer of Philadelphia, does not believe it would be a good thing if the United States were a manufacturing country alone. We quite agree with Mr. Cramp and we are glad that we are able to produce almost every article of consumption that is a necessity and a comfort to our daily life.

As Mr. Cramp well knows, we can build in this country steamships second to none in the world. It is equally true of our sailing vessels. The idea that we cannot build iron vessels is rubbish. We have the iron and we have the steel in abundance and of the best quality. It was not so much the superiority of the iron and steel vessels that caused the English shipyards to give up building wooden vessels as it was their inability to secure an abundant supply of the proper kind of timber needed in shipbuilding at as low a cost as they could procure the iron and the steel. The English shipbuilders were looking for cheapness in construction. That was the general reason why they abandoned wooden ships and gave the preference to those built of iron and steel. Without protection to our iron and steel interests Mr. Cramp would not to-day be able to manufacture the splendid specimens of naval architecture of which his shipping yards are capable.

The Cost of Democracy.

There have been already three bond sales under the Cleveland Administration, amounting to over $160,000,000, ranging from nine and a half years to thirty years in length of time, when they will fall due, and bearing interest at 4 and 5 per cent.

The charge thus saddled upon the country by taking away the duties on imports which would have made the bond sales unnecessary makes the following startling aggregate:

Principal.	Total Interest.
$50,000,000 at 5 per ct., 10 years..	$25,000,000
50,000,000 at 5 per ct., 9½ years..	23,000,000
62,315,400 at 4 per ct., 30 years..	74,778,480
$162,315,400	$123,528,480

This makes a total of principal and interest of $285,843,880, representing less than three years of Democratic meddling with the finances of the country, and immediately following an Administration under which the National debt was being steadily reduced, the National reserve fund augmented and unprecedented prosperity prevailing throughout the land.—The Irish World.

A Chapter on Cheapness.

Free trade does cheapen the cost of living by compelling cheapness in the mode of living.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

The South Not Solid.

The South was not always "solid"—not always Democratic. It was broken on the tariff question, and will be again. Time was when the South refused to regard a "tariff for revenue only" as its political Koran. A great upheaval, reaching beyond the silver agitation, is going on among a people who have passed through a fiery furnace that seems to have been required to make them even wiser, better and greater than they were before the war. Thirty years have sufficed to remove all old prejudices. Reconstruction is a thing of the past. The fear of "negro domination," which astute aspirants for office so long held up as the "bogie" man to frighten and consolidate the people, has departed, and upon the apex of all this gone and forgotten political lore we find agricultural and mineral development, and a commercial impetus which will, ere long, astonish the North and the whole world with its effects and results.

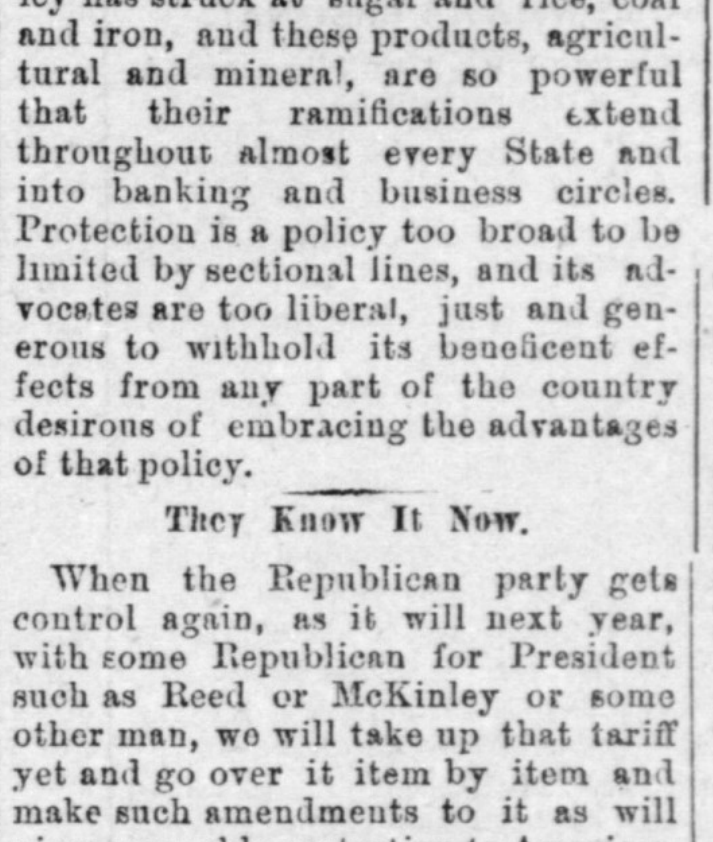
When the issue of slavery came to dominate parties all else of politics and economics in the South departed, and for at least ten years before the war, and ever since, those things which have grown out of it have made the South "solid." There is a breaking up in North Carolina, in South Carolina, in Louisiana, in Alabama, in Kentucky, in Tennessee, and the whole South is on the brink of a political volcano. This is not inexplicable. The South desires to advantage itself of progress, to share in the Nation's development, and it cannot hope to do that under the policy of a "tariff for revenue only." That policy has struck at sugar and rice, coal and iron, and these products, agricultural and mineral, are so powerful that their ramifications extend throughout almost every State and into banking and business circles. Protection is a policy too broad to be limited by sectional lines, and its advocates are too liberal, just and generous to withhold its beneficent effects from any part of the country desirous of embracing the advantages of that policy.

They Know It Now.

When the Republican party gets control again, as it will next year, with some Republican for President such as Reed or McKinley or some other man, we will take up that tariff yet and go over it item by item and make such amendments to it as will give reasonable protection to American labor and American industries as against foreign labor and foreign industries. The people of this country never knew they wanted that sort of protection—they were never certain of it—until the Democrats, by mistake, got possession of this country two years ago.—Senator Cullom.

Follow This Example.

The consumption of home products and manufactures has been very effectively agitated by the Manufacturers and Producers' Association of California. This association has 850 State factories affiliated with it, employing about 34,000 working people, and it believes in protection in its strongest form.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Will Win as We Did Before.

Next year we will go before the people as we did before. We will unfurl the banner of Republicanism, emblazoned with gold and silver, on which there shall be the words "Protection to American Industry and Protection to American Labor." Let us stand on the platform of the Republican party, and we will again see the grand and magnificent State of Lincoln and of Grant and of Logan wrested from Democratic misrule.—General Horace Clark.

American Cotton Factories.

The Southern States have now nearly one-fourth of the cotton factories of the country and the great increase of this industry in that section during the last few years gives rise to the belief that at no distant day the seat of the cotton factories will be as close as possible to the cotton fields.

Red Hair Disastrous.

According to a Philadelphia paper, nearly all the women who have been great enough to have their heads cut off have had red hair; also that they seem to be at the bottom of most trouble. For instance, Catherine of Russia, Joan of Arc, Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Anne of Austria, Empress Eugenie, Ninon de L'Enclos, Lucretia Borgia, Beatrice Cenci—all of them had red hair, and very few of them died in their beds. Even in prehistoric times it appears that red-haired women made all the trouble. A red-haired woman caused the fall of Troy, and a red-haired woman brought to Ireland seven centuries of woe. The two historic abductions of the world were of red-haired women. The destruction of Troy and the trials and tribulations of the men of Argos were caused by the rape of the red-haired Helen, the highest type of Homeric beauty.

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When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million *free.* As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, *absolutely free,* 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little COUPON with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing *only,* and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The *Free Edition* is precisely the same as those sold at $1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send NOW before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

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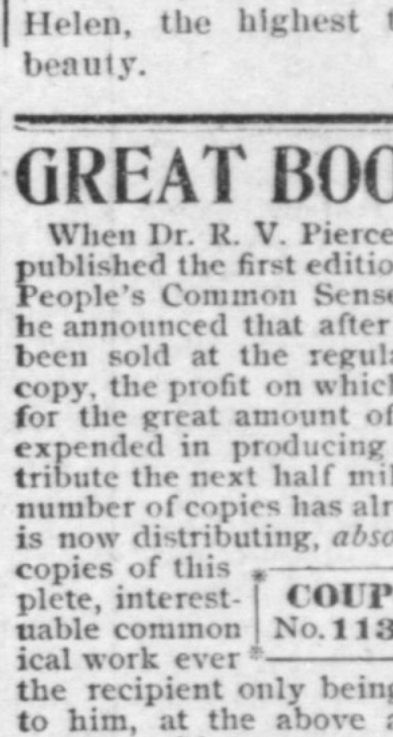

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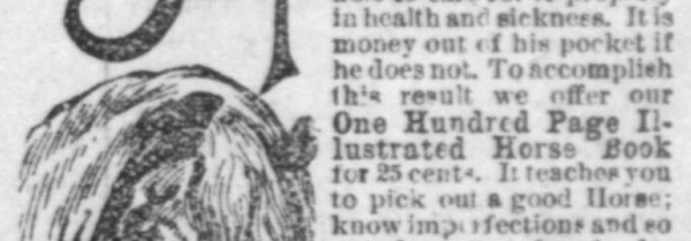

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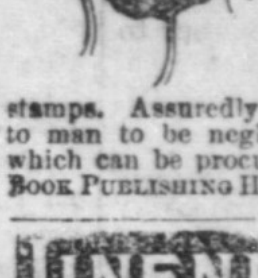

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