REV. DR. TALMAGE.

e Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Newspapers and Their Influence."

TEXTS: "And the wheels were full of eyes."—Ezekiel x., 12. "For all the Athenians and trangers which were there spent their time n nothing else but either to tell or to hear ome new thing."—Acts xvii., 21.

What is a preacher to do when he finds two exts equally good and suggestive? In that erplexity I take both. Wheels full of eyes? What but the wheels of a newspaper printng press? Other wheels are blind. They roll on, pulling or crushing. The manufacturer's wheel—how it grinds the operator with fatigues and rolls over nerve and muscle and bone and heart, not knowing what it does. The sewing machine wheel sees not the aches and pains fastened to it—tighter than the band that moves it, sharper than the needle which it plies. Every moment of every hour of every day of every month of every year there are hundreds of thousands of wheels of mechanism, wheels of enterprise, wheels of hard work, in motion, but they are eyeless.

Not so the wheels of the printing press. Their entire business is to look and report. They are full of optic nerves, from axle to diphery. They are like those spoken of by Ezekiel as full of eyes. Sharp eyes, near sighted, far sighted. They look up. They look down. They look far away. They take in the next street and the next hemisphere. Eyes of criticism, eyes of investigation, eyes of twinkle with mirth, eyes glowering with indignation, eyes tender with love, eyes of suspicion, eyes of hope, blue eyes, black eyes, green eyes, holy eyes, evil eyes, sore eyes, political eyes, literary eyes, historical eyes, religious eyes, eyes that see everything. "And the wheels were full of eyes."

My second text is the world's cry for a newspaper. Paul describes a class of people in Athens who spent their time either in gathering the news or telling it. Why especially in Athens? Because, the more intelligent people become, the more inquisitive they are—not about small things, but great things.

The question then most frequently is the question now most frequently asked, What is the news? To answer that cry is the text of the newspaper the centuries have put their wits to work. China first succeeded and has at Pekin a newspaper that has been printed every week for 1000 years, printed on silk. Rome succeeded by publishing The Acta Diurna, in the same column putting fires, murders, marriages and tempests. France succeeded by a physician writing out the news of the day for his patients. England succeeded under Queen Elizabeth in first publishing the news of the Spanish armada, and going on until she had enough enterprise, when the battle of Waterloo was fought, deciding the destiny of Europe, to give it one-third of a column in the London Morning Chronicle, about as much as the newspapers of our day gives of a small fire. America succeeded by Benjamin Harris's first weekly paper called Public Occurrences, published in Boston in 1690, and by the first daily, The American Advertiser, published in Philadelphia in 1784.

The newspaper did not suddenly spring upon the world, but came gradually. The genealogical line of the newspaper is this: The Adam of the race was a circular or news letter, treated by divine impulse in human nature, and the circular begat the pamphlet, and the pamphlet begat the quarterly, and the quarterly begat the weekly, and the weekly begat the semi-weekly, and the semi-weekly begat the daily. But alas, by what a struggle it came to its present development? No sooner had its power been demonstrated than tyranny and superstition shackled it. There is nothing that despotism so fears and hates as a printing press. It has too many eyes in its wheel. A great writer declared that the king of Naples made it unsafe for him to write of anything but natural history. Austria could not endure Kossuth's barnacled pen pleading for the reclamation of Hungary. Napoleon I., trying to keep his iron heel on the neck of Nations, said, "Editors are the regents of sovereigns and the tutors of Nations and are only fit for prison." But the battle for the freedom of the press was fought in the court rooms of England and America and decided before the century began by Hamilton's eloquent plea for J. Peter Zenger's Gazette in America, and Erskine's advocacy of the freedom of publication in England. These were the Marathon and Thermopylæ in which the freedom of the press was established in the United States and Great Britain, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put on the handcuffs and hopples of literary and political despotism. It is notable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, wrote also: "If I had to choose between a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should prefer the latter." Stung by some base fabrication coming to us in print, we come to write or speak of the unbridled printing press; or, our new book ground up by an unjust critic, we come to write or speak of the unfairness of the printing press; or, perhaps, through our own indistinctness of utterance, we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say, and there is a small riot of semicolons, hyphens and commas, and we come to speak or write of the blundering printing press; or, seeing a paper filled with divorce cases or social scandal, we speak and write of the filthy printing press; or, seeing a journal, through bribery, wheel round from one political side to the other in one night, we speak of the corrupt printing press, and many talk about the lampoonry, and the empiricism, and the sans culottism of the printing press.

But I discourse now on a subje t you have never heard—the immeasurable and everlasting blessing of a good newspaper. Thank God for the wheel full of eyes. Thank God that we do not have, like the Athenians, to go about to gather up and relate the tidings of the day, since the omnivorous newspaper does both for us. The grandest temporal blessing that God has given to the nineteenth century is the newspaper. We would have better appreciation of this blessing if we knew the money, the brain, the losses, the exasperations, the anxieties, the wear and tear of heartstrings, involved in the production of a good newspaper. Under the impression that almost anybody can make a newspaper, scores of inexperienced capitalists every year enter the lists, and consequently during the last few years a newspaper has died almost every day. The disease is epidemic. The larger papers swallow the smaller ones, the whale taking down fifty minnows at one swallow. With more than 900 dailies and weeklies in the United States and Canada, there are but thirty-six a half century old. Newspapers do not average more than five years' existence. The most of them die of cholera infantum. It is high time that the people found out that the most successful way to sink money and keep it sunk is to start a newspaper. There comes a time when almost every one is smitten with the newspaper mania and starts one, or have stock in one he must or die.

The course of procedure is about this: A literary man has an agricultural or scientific or political or religious idea which he wants to ventilate. He has no money of his own—literary men seldom have. But he talks of his ideas among confidential friends until they become inflamed with the idea, and forthwith they buy type and press and rent composing room and gather a corps of editors, and with a prospectus that proposes to cure everything the first copy is flung on the attention of an admiring world. After awhile one of the plain stockholders finds that no great revolution has been effected by this daily or weekly publication; that neither sun nor moon stands still; that the world goes on lying and cheating and stealing just as it did before the first issue. The aforesaid matter of fact stockholder wants to sell out his stock, but nobody wants to buy, and other stockholders get infected and sick of newspaperdom, and an enormous bill at the paper factory rolls into an avalanche, and the printers refuse to work until back wages are paid up, and the compositor bows to the managing editor, and the managing editor bows to the editor-in-chief, and the editor-in-chief bows to the directors, and the directors bow to the world at large, and all the subscribers wonder why their paper doesn't come. The world will have to learn that a newspaper is as much of an institution as the Bank of England or Yale College and is not an enterprise. If you have the aforesaid agricultural or scientific or religious or political idea to ventilate, you had better charge upon the world through the columns already established. It is folly for any one who cannot succeed at anything else to try newspaperdom. If you cannot climb the hill back of your house, it is folly to try the sides of the Matterhorn

To publish a newspaper requires the skill, the precision, the boldness, the vigilance, the strategy of a commander-in-chief. To edit a newspaper requires that one be a statesman, an essayist, a geographer, a statistician, and in acquisition encyclopediac. To man, to govern, to propel a newspaper until it shall be a fixed institution, a National fact, demand more qualities than any business on earth. If you feel like starting any newspaper, secular or religious, understand that you are being threatened with softening of the brain or lunacy, and, throwing your pocketbook into your wife's lap, start for some insane asylum before you do something desperate. Meanwhile, as the dead newspapers, week by week, are carried out to the burial, all the living newspapers give respectful obituary, telling when they were born and when they died. The best printers' ink should give at least one stickful of epitaph. If it was a good paper, say, "Peace to the ashes." If it was a bad paper, I suggest the epitaph written for Francis Chartreuse: "Here continueth to rot the body of Francis Chartreuse, who, with an inflexible constancy and uniformity of life, persisted in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy. His insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless imprudence from the second." I say this because I want you to know that a good, healthy, long lived, entertaining newspaper is not an easy blessing, but one that comes to us through the fire.

First of all, newspapers make knowledge democratic and for the multitude. The public library is a haymow so high up that few can reach it, while the newspaper throws down the forage to our feet. Public libraries are the reservoirs where the great floods are stored high up and away off. The newspaper is the tunnel that brings them down to the pitchers of all the people. The chief use of great libraries is to make newspapers out of. Great libraries make a few men and women very wise. Newspapers lift whole Nations into the sunlight. Better have 500,000,000 people moderately intelligent than 100,000 solons.

A false impression is abroad that newspaper knowledge is ephemeral because periodicals are thrown aside, and not one out of ten thousand people files them for future reference. Such knowledge, so far from being ephemeral, goes into the very structure of the world's heart and brain and decides the destiny of churches and Nations. Knowledge on the shelf is of little worth. It is knowledge afoot, knowledge harnessed, knowledge in revolution, knowledge winged, knowledge projected, knowledge thunderbolted. So far from being ephemeral, nearly all the best minds and hearts have their hands on the printing press to-day and have had since it got emancipated. Adams and Hancock and Otis used to go to the Boston Gazette and compose articles on the rights of the people. Benjamin Franklin, De Witt Clinton, Hamilton, Jefferson, Quincy, were strong in newspaperdom. Many of the immortal things that have been published in book form first appeared in what you may call the ephemeral periodical. All Macaulay's essays first appeared in a review. All Carlyle's, all Ruskin's, all McIntosh's, all Sydney Smith's, all Hazlitt's, all Thackerary's, all the elevated works of fiction in our day are reprints from periodicals in which they appeared as serials. Tennyson's poems, Burns's poems, Longfellow's poems, Emerson's poems, Lowell's poems, Whittier's poems, were once fugitive pieces. You cannot find ten literary men in Christendom, with strong minds and great hearts, but are or have been somehow connected with the newspaper printing press. While the book will always have its place, the newspaper is more potent. Because the latter is multitudinous do not conclude it is necessarily superficial. If a man should from childhood to old age see only his Bible, Webster's Dictionary and his newspaper, he could be prepared for all the duties of this life and all the happiness of the next.

Again, a good newspaper is a useful mirror of life as it is. It is sometimes complained that newspapers report the evil when they ought only to report the good. They must report the evil as well as the good, or how shall we know what is to be reformed, what guarded against, what fought down? A newspaper that pictures only the honesty and virtue of society is a misrepresentation. That family is best prepared for the duties of life which, knowing the evil, is taught to select the good. Keep children under the impression that all is fair and right in the world, and when they go out into it they will be as poorly prepared to struggle with it as a child who is thrown into the middle of the Atlantic and told to learn how to swim. Our only complaint is when sin is made attractive and morality dull, when vice is painted with great headings and good deeds are put in obscure corners, iniquity set up in great primer and righteousness in nonpariel. Sin is loathsome; make it loathsome. Virtue is beautiful; make it beautiful.

It would work a vast improvement if all our papers—religious, political, literary—should for the most part drop their impersonality. This would do better justice to newspaper writers. Many of the strongest and best writers of the country live and die unknown and are denied their just fame. The vast public never learns who they are. Most of them are on comparatively small income, and after awhile their hand forgets it cunning, and they are without resources, left to die. Why not, at least, have his initial attached to his most important work? It always gave additional force to an article when you occasionally saw added to some significant article in the old New York Courier and Enquirer J. W. W., or in The Tribune H. G., or in The Herald J. G. B., or in The Times H. J. R., or in The Evening Post W. C. B., or in The Evening Express E. B.

While this arrangement would be a fair and just thing for newspeper writers, it would be a defense for the public. It is sometimes true that things damaging to private character are said. Who is responsible? It is the "we" of the editorial or reportorial columns. Every man in every profession or occupation ought to be responsible for what he does. No honorable man will ever write that which he would be afraid to sign. But thousands of persons have suffered from the impersonality of newspapers. What can one private citizen wronged in his reputation do in a contest with misrepresentation multiplied into twenty or fifty thousand copies? An injustice done in print is illimitably worse than an injustice done in private life. During loss of temper a man may say that for which he will be sorry in ten minutes, but a newspaper injustice has first to be written, set up in type, then the proof taken off and read and corrected, and then for six or ten hours the presses are busy running off the issue. Plenty of time to correct. Plenty of time to cool off. Plenty of time to repent. But all that is hidden in the impersonality of a newspaper. It will be a long step forward when all is changed, and newspaper writers get credit for the good and are held responsible for the evil.

Another step forward for newspaperdom will be when in our colleges and universities we open opportunities for preparing candidates for the editorial chair. We have in such institutions medical departments, law departments. Why not editorial departments? Do the legal and healing professions demand more culture and careful training than the editorial or reportorial profession? I know men may tumble by what seems accident into a newspaper office as they may tumble into other occupations, but it would be an incalculable advantage if those proposing a newspaper life had an institution to which they might go to learn the qualifications, the responsibilities, the trials, the temptations, the dangers, the magnificent opportunities of newspaper life. Let there be a lectureship in which there shall appear the leading editors of the United States telling the story of their struggles, their victories, their mistakes, how they worked and what they found out to be the best way of working. There will be strong men who will climb up without such aid into editorial power and efficiency. So do men climb up to success in other branches by sheer grit. But if we want learned institutions to make lawyers and artists and doctors and ministers, we much more need learned institutions to make editors, who occupy a position of influence a hundredfold greater. I do not put the truth too strongly when I say the most potent influence for good on earth is a good editor and the most potent influence for evil is a bad one. The best way to re-enforce and improve the newspapers is to endow editorial professorates. When will Princeton or Harvard or Yale or Rochester lead the way?

Another blessing of the newspaper is the foundation it lays for accurate history of the time in which we live. We for the most part blindly guess about the ages that antedate the newspaper and are dependent upon the prejudices of this or that historian. But after a hundred or two years what a splendid opportunity the historian will have to teach the people the lesson of this day. Our Bancrofts got from the early newspapers of this country, from the Boston News-Letter, the New York Gazette, and The American Rag Bag, and Royal Gazetteer and Independent Chronicle, and Massachusetts Spy, and the Philadelphia Aurora, accounts of Perry's victory, and Hamilton's duel, and Washington's death, and Boston massacre, and the oppressive foreign tax on luxuries which turned Boston harbor into a teapot, and Paul Revere's midnight ride, and Rhode Island rebellion, and South Carolina nullification. But what a field for the chronicler of the great future when he opens the files of a hundred standard American newspapers, giving the minutia of all things occurring under the social, political, ecclesiastical, international headings! Five hundred years from now, if the world lasts so long, the student looking for stirring, decisive history will pass by the misty corridors of other centuries and say to the libraries: "Find me the volumes that give the century in which the American Presidents were assassinated, the Civil War enacted and the cotton gin, the steam locomotive and telegraph and electric pen and telephone and cylinder presses were invented."

Once more I remark that a good newspaper is a blessing as an evangelistic influence. You know there is a great change in our day taking place. All the secular newspapers of the day—for I am not speaking now of the religious newspapers—all the secular newspapers of the day discuss all the questions of God, eternity and the dead, and all the questions of the past, present and future. There is not a single doctrine of theology but has been discussed in the last ten years by the secular newspapers of the country. They gather up all the news of all the earth bearing on religious subjects, and then they scatter the news abroad again.

The Christian newspaper will be the right wing of the apocalyptic angel. The cylinder of the Christianized printing press will be the front wheel of the Lord's chariot. I take the music of this day, and I do not mark it diminuendo—I mark it crescendo. A pastor on a Sabbath preaches to a few hundred, or a few thousand people, and on Monday, or during the week, the printing press will take the same sermon and preach it to millions of people. God speed the printing press! God save the printing press! God Christianize the printing press!

When I see the printing press standing with the electric telegraph on the one side gathering the material, and the lightning express train on the other side waiting for the tons of folded sheets of newspaper, I pronounce it the mightiest force in our civilization. So I command you to pray for all those who manage the newspapers of the land, for all typesetters, for all reporters, for all editors, for all publishers, that, sitting or standing in positions of such great influence, they may give all that influence for God and the betterment of the human race. An aged woman making her living by knitting, unwound the yarn from the ball until she found in the centre of the ball there was an old piece of newspaper. She opened it and read an advertisement which announced that she had become heiress to a large property, and that fragment of a newspaper lifted her from pauperism to affluence. And I do not know but as the thread of time unrolls and unwinds a little further through the silent yet speaking newspaper may be found the vast inheritance of the world's redemption.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

MUST PICK BY HAND.

A Law That Huckleberries Must Not Be Picked Mechanically.

The House of Assembly of the New Jersey Legislature, in session at Trenton, has just passed a bill which prohibits the use of machinery in the harvesting of the luscious whortleberry, known more popularly as the huckleberry. The bog men have within late years greatly cheapened the price of the berry, which in Philadelphia is esteemed almost as great a luxury as "scrapple," by using a sort of scoop in stripping the bushes.

The same apparatus is also used in the gathering of cranberries, a considerable industry in the State. The berries suffer greatly by this process, and the bogmen are all anxious to return to the old system of hand picking, but each fears the violation by another of any hand-picking agreement that may be entered into; hence the appeal to the Legislature by the associated bogmen. The law declars it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to pursue the huckleberry, or the cranberry in its native bog by the aid of any mechanical device whatsoever.

IN HONOR OF FRANKLIN.

Memorial Tablet Unveiled in France to the Author of "Poor Richard."

Several hundred persons from Paris attended the unveiling of a memorial tablet that has been erected on the site of the villa at Passy, France, occupied by Benjamin Franklin from 1777 to 1785. It was at this villa that Franklin erected his first lightning conductor.

The dramatist, M. Manuel, President of the Passy Historical Society, presented the tablet. M. Fayey, a member of the French Academy, spoke of Franklin's scientific researches.

The Hon. J. B. Eustis, the American Ambassador, acknowledged the tablet. M. Roubley, director of the Society of Fine Arts; Moncure Conway, Henry Bacon, the artist; Meredith Read and many ladies were present at the ceremony.

The Squirrel Pest.

A prize of $250 for a method of inoculating squirrels with some contagious fatal disease is offered by the Commercial Association of Pendleton, Oregon, and it is believed the county authorities and various farmers' organizations will add to the sum offered. The farmers of that region are at their wits' end as to how to mitigate the plague of squirrels. Tons of strychnine have been used in the effort to exterminate the squirrels by poisoning them, but little relief is had from this or any other method heretofore used.

The Cocopah volcanoes, seventy-five miles southwest of Yuma, Arizona, were in violent eruption a week or so since. The larger ones were emitting great volumes of smoke and some flames, and the smaller ones were throwing out quantities of water, stones and mud. The roar of the eruptions could be heard twenty miles or more.

WOMAN'S WIT.

TOLD BY A SOCIETY GIRL.

Something About Morphine, Sulphur, Molasses and Other Things.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Among the popular society leaders in East Orange, N. J., Emma L. Stoll, a charming young maiden, stands in the foremost rank. She is of a lovable disposition and the light of the social set in which she moves. For two years she has been a sick girl from internal troubles peculiar to women, and having recently recovered, has given our reporter the following interesting account:

"Instead of improving under the care of my physician I became worse. For five weeks I was unable to get out of bed and about six o'clock each morning I suffered horribly. My lips were sore and lacerated from the marks of my teeth, for in my efforts to keep from screaming I sunk my teeth deep into my lips. At such times I rolled and tossed until the bed shook like an aspen leaf and it finally got so serious that the doctor—I won't tell you his name—gave me some morphine pills to take. The very thought of them now makes me shiver. These morphine pills simply put me to sleep for a while, and when I became conscious again my agony was renewed.

"The pain in my stomach and back was more than I could stand. 'Your blood is poor,' said the doctor, 'take sulphur and molasses,' and I did until it was a great wonder that I was not a molasses cake. It was time wasted in taking it because I was not benefited in the least; my suffering continued, but by a mighty effort after being in bed so long, I got up. Oh, but I was a sad sight then. From 112 pounds, I had fallen to ninety; my cheeks were pale and sunken and I limped; yes, actually hobbled from the extreme pain in my side. Then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the testimonial in the News inspired me with hope. I got the pills and took them. Before many days I began to improve and before I had finished one box I felt as if I could go out and walk for miles. I soon stopped limping and through the Pink Pills I soon bid good bye to my headaches, while the pain in my stomach and back slowly but surely succumbed to the influence of these pills that seem to be able to persuade all pain to leave one's body. Now I am as I used to be, well and strong, light-hearted and merry but never without the pills. See I have got some of them now," and from a nearby desk she handed out one of the boxes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Every poor singer in this country once led a church choir.

A Good Dog is Worth Looking After.

If you own a dog and think anything of him you should be able to treat him intelligently when ill and understand him sufficiently to detect symptoms of illness. The dog doctor book written by H. Clay Glover, D. V. S., specialist in canine diseases to the principal kennel clubs, will furnish this information. It is a cloth bound, handsomely illustrated book, and will be sent postpaid by the Book Publishing House, 134 Leonard St., N. Y. City, on receipt of 40 cts. in postage stamps.

Strawberries are ripe and being picked for shipment in Hillsborough, Fla.

Get Hindercorns and Use It If

you want to know the comfort of no corns. It takes them out perfectly. 15c. at druggists.

Eugene V. Debs declared for woman suffrage in a speech in St. Louis.

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

There is a rush of gold-seekers from Pacific ports to Alaska.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIEDER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1895.

American candy is proving very successful in England.

The Reviving Powers of Parker's Ginger Tonic make it the need o every home. Stomach troubles, colds and all distress yield to it.

Form good habits, and you will find them as hard to break as bad habits.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:

"I cannot begin to tell you what your remedies have done for me. I suffered for years with falling and neuralgia of the womb, kidney trouble and leucorrhœa in its worst form. There were times that I could not stand, was sick all over and in despair. I had not known a real well day for 15 years. I knew I must do something at once. I had tried physicians without receiving any lasting benefit. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Now, I have used 9 bottles; my weight has increased 25 lbs. I tell every one to whom and what I owe my recovery, and there are 15 of my friends taking the Compound after seeing what it has done for me. Oh, if I had known of it sooner, and saved all these years of misery. I can recommend it to every woman."—KATE YODER, 408 W. 9th St., Cincinnati, O.



Should advice be required, write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., who has the utter confidence of all intelligent American women. She will promptly tell what to do, free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is easily obtained at any druggist's, will restore any ailing woman to her normal condition quickly and permanently.

Paderewski's Joke.

The other day when Paderewski was dining at a hotel in Richmond, Va., a fine nickel-plated banjo was sent in by a local banjo player, with the request that the great pianist should write a short musical sentiment on the sheepskin head. Paderewski complied with the request, and this is the sentiment to which he attached his signature: "I have not the pleasure of being a performer on this beautiful instrument; am only a piano player." Now the banjo player is asking his friends if the virtuoso was "jollying" him.

His Mathematics Lame.

A Scotch tradesman, who had amassed, as he believed, £4,000, was surprised at his clerk showing by a balance sheet that his fortune was £6,000. "It canna be; count again," said the old man. The clerk did count again, and again declared the balance to be £6,000.

The master himself counted, and he also brought out a clear balance of £6,000. Time after time he cast up the columns; it was still a six, and not a four, that rewarded his labors. So the old merchant, on the strength of his good fortune, modernized his house, and put money in the purse of the carpenter, the painter, and the upholsterer. Still, however, he had a lurking doubt of the existence of the extra £2,000; so one winter night he sat down to give the columns "one more count."

At the close of his task he jumped up as though he had been galvanized, and rushed out in a shower of rain to the house of the clerk, who, capped and drowsy, put out his head from an attic window at the sound of the knocker, mumbling: "Who's there, and what d'ye want?" "Me, ye scoundrel!" exclaimed his employer. "Ye've added the year of our Lord amang the poons!"

Big and Brave.

Antonio Maceo, lieutenant general of the patriot army in Cuba, is one of the tallest men ever seen in the tropics, standing 6 feet 5 inches in hight. He is fairly worshiped by his followers, who have again and again demonstrated their willingness to undergo the gravest perils in his service. One of his intimate comrades describes him as a big, good-natured child, deep in his heart, but on the surface he is all soldier and patriot. His skin is of deep brown in color, his eyes are dark, soft and kindly in expression, and he is famous for his good-nature to all but the enemies of Cuba's liberty.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. Charles Austin Bates, the famous advertising writer, makes a specialty of medical advertisements. He has studied medicine and has a habit of analyzing the ingredients of every medicine about which he is asked to write, refusing to write advertisements for medicines which he cannot indorse. He says of Ripans Tabules: "I had the formula and went through it from the ground up. I found that every one of the ingredients was put in for some special purpose, and was good for the purpose intended. I have as much confidence in Ripans Tabules as I have in anything I ever wrote about. I take them myself when I have eaten a little too much or feel nausea or symptoms of headache coming on, and I find them quicker to act than any medicine I ever took. I know some people who think they can't possibly get along without them. My wife went to call one day on some friends she had known always. She found they swore by Ripans Tabules. They did not know that she knew anything about them or that I had written anything for them. By the way, if you swallow them properly, you don't taste anything in the mouth. Swallow them quickly and you are all right. You can feel their action in the stomach almost immediately; a very pleasant sensation."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists or by mail (the price (60 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA

SYRUP OF FIGS

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Money in Chickens



If you know how to properly care for them. For 25 cents in stamps you can procure a 100-PAGE BOOK giving the experience of a practical Poultry Raiser—not an amateur, but a man working for dollars and cents—during a period of 25 years. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases; to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening; which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject to make it profitable. Sent postpaid for 25c. BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE, 134 Leonard Street, N. Y. City.

ASTHMA



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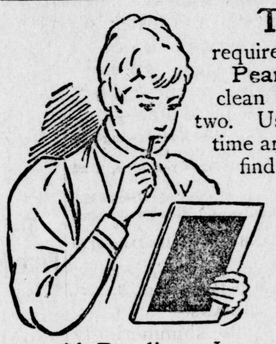
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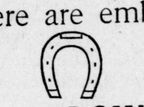
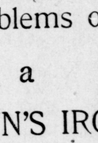
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