REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Our Social Recreations."

TEXTS: "They that use this world as not abusing it."—I Corinthians vii., 31. "And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, call for Samson, that he may make us sport."—Judges xvi., 25.

There were 3000 people assembled in the temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried, "Fetch him out, fetch him out!" Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired, and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house. So he says to the lad who leads him, "Show me where the main pillars are!" The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his right hand on one pillar, and his left hand on another pillar, and with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a winepress. "And so it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house, and he made them sport."

In other words, there are amusements that are destructive, and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The 3000 who perished that day in Gaza are as nothing compared to the tens of thousands who have been destroyed by sinful amusements.

But my first text implies that there is a lawful use of the world, as well as an unlawful abuse of it, and the difference between the man Christian and the man un-Christian is that in the former case the man masters the world, while in the latter case the world masters him. For whom did God make this grand and beautiful world? For whom this wonderful expenditure of color, this gracefulness of line, this mosaic of the ground, this fresco of the sky, this glowing fruitage of orchard and vineyard, this full orchestra of the tempest, in which the tree branches flute, and the winds trumpet, and the thunders drum, and all the splendor of earth and sky come clashing their cymbals? For whom did God spring the arched bridge of colors resting upon buttresses of broken storm cloud? For whom did He gather the upholstery of fire around the window of the setting sun? For all men, but more especially for His own dear children.

If you build a large mansion and spread a great feast after it to celebrate the completion of the structure, do you allow strangers to come in and occupy the place, while you thrust your own children in the kitchen, or the barn, or the fields? Oh, no! You say, "I am very glad to see strangers in my mansion, but my own sons and daughters shall have the first right there." Now, God has built this grand mansion of a world, and He has spread a glorious feast in it, and while those who are strangers to His grace may come in, I think that God especially intends to give the advantage to His own children—those who are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, those who through grace can look up and say, "Abba Father." You cannot make me believe that God gives more advantages to the world than He gives to the church bought by His own blood. If, therefore, people of the world have looked with dolorous sympathy upon those who make profession of religion and have said: "Those new converts are going down into privation and into hardship. Why did they not tarry a little longer in the world and have some of its enjoyments and amusements and recreations?" I say to such men of the world, "You are greatly mistaken," and before I get through I will show that those people who stay out of the kingdom of God have the hardships and self denials, while those who come in have the joys and satisfactions.

In the name of the King of heaven and earth I serve a writ of ejectment upon all the sinful and polluted who have squatted on the domain of earthly pleasure as though it belonged to them, while I claim in behalf of the good and the poor and the true, the eternal inheritance which God has given them. Hitherto, Christian philanthropists, clerical and lay, have busied themselves chiefly in denouncing sinful recreations, but I feel we have no right to stand before men and women in whose hearts there is a desire for recreation amounting to positive necessity, denouncing this and that and the other thing, when we do not propose to give them something better. God helping me and with reference to my last account, I shall enter upon a sphere not usual in sermonizing, but a subject which I think ought to be presented at this time. I propose now to lay before you some of the recreations which are not only innocent, but positively helpful and advantageous.

In the first place I commend, among indoor recreations, music—vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which began with so sweet a serenade, is finally to be demolished amid the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet, so that as there was music at the start, there shall be music at the close. While this heavenly art has often been dragged into the uses of superstition and dissipation, we all know it may be the means of high moral culture. Oh, it is a grand thing to have our children brought up amid the sound of cultured voices and amid the melody of musical instruments.

There is in this art an indescribable fascination for the household. Let all those families who have the means to afford it have flute or harp or piano or organ. As soon as the hand is large enough to compass the keys teach it how to pick out the melody. Let all our young men try this heavenly art upon their nature. Those who have gone into it fully have found in it illimitable recreation and amusement. Dark days, stormy nights, seasons of sickness, business disasters, will do little toward depressing the soul which can gallop off over musical keys or soar in jubilant lay. It will cure pain. It will rest fatigue. It will quell passion. It will revive health. It will reclaim dissipation. It will strengthen the immortal soul. In the battle of Waterloo, Wellington saw that the Highlanders were falling back. He said: "What is the matter there?" He was told that the band of music had ceased playing, and he called up the pipers and ordered them to strike up an inspiriting air, and no sooner did they strike the air than the Highlanders were rallied and helped to win the day. Oh, ye who have been routed in the conflicts of life, try by the force of music to rally your scattered battalions.

I am glad to know that in our great cities there is hardly a night in which there are not concerts, where, with the best musical instruments and the sweetest voices, people may find entertainment. Patronize such entertainments when they are afforded you. Buy season tickets, if you can, for the Philharmonic and the Handel and Haydn societies. Feel that the $1.50 or $2 that you spend for the purpose of hearing an artist play or sing is a profitable investment. Let your Academies of Music roar with the acclamation of appreciative audiences assembled at the concert or the oratorio.

Still further, I commend, as worthy of your support, the gymnasium. This institution is gaining in favor every year, and I know of nothing more free from dissipation and more calculated to recuperate the physical and mental energies. While there are a good many people who have employed this institution there is a vast number who are ignorant of its excellencies. There are men with cramped chests and weak sides and despondent spirits who through the gymnasium might be roused up to the exuberance and exhilaration of life. There are many Christian people despondent from year to year who might through such an institution be benefited in their spiritual relations. There are Christian people who seem to think that it is a good sign to be poorly, and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids they think that by the same sickliness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell the Christian people of my congregation that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your fault and when, through right exercise and prudence, you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion or the tiger or the bear, while his disposition will change and become fierce and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul.

There are good people whose ideas of heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God has put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects in bodies worn out by their own neglects—magnificent machinery, capable of propelling a Majestic across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North River propeller. Martin Luther was so mighty for God, first, because he had a noble soul, and, secondly, because he had a muscular development which would have enabled him to thrash any five of his persecutors if it had been Christian so to do. Physical development which merely shows itself in fabulous lifting, or in perilous rope walking, or in pugilistic encounter, excites only our contempt, but we confess to great admiration for the man who has a great soul in an athletic body, every nerve, muscle and bone of which is consecrated to right uses. Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men, through neglect, should allow their physical health to go down beyond repair—a ship which ought, with all sail set and every man at his post, to be carrying a rich cargo for eternity, employing all its men in stopping up leakages. When you may, through the gymnasium, work off your spleen and your querulousness and one-half of your physical and mental ailments, do not turn your back upon such a grand medicament.

Still further, I commend to you a large class of parlor games and recreations. There is a way of making our homes a hundredfold more attractive than they are now. Those parents cannot expect to keep their children away from outside dissipations unless they make the domestic circle brighter than anything they can find outside of it. Do not, then, sit in your home surly and unsympathetic and with a half condemnatory look because of the sportfulness of your children. You were young once yourself; let your children be young. Because your eyes are dim and your ankles are stiff do not denounce sportfulness in those upon whose eyes there is the first luster and in whose foot there is the bounding joy of robust health. I thank God that in our drawing rooms and in our parlors there are innumerable games and sports which have not upon them the least taint of iniquity.

Light up all your homes with innocent hilarities. Do not sit down with the rheumatism, wondering how children can go on so. Rather thank God that their hearts are so light, and their laughter is so free, and their cheeks are so ruddy, and that their expectations are so radiant. The night will come soon enough, and the heartbreak and the pang and the desolation—it will come soon enough for the dear children. But when the storm actually clouds the sky it will be time enough for you to haul out your reef tackles. Carry, then, into your homes not only the innocent sports and games which are the inventions of our own day, but the games which come down with the sportfulness of all the past ages—chess and charades and tableaux and battledoor and calisthenics and lawn tennis and all those amusements which the young people of our homes know so well how to contrive. Then there will be the parlor socialities—groups of people assembled in your homes, with wit and mimicry and joviality, filling the room with joy from door to mantel and from the carpet to the ceiling. Oh, is there any exhilaration like a scene of genial souls in one room, each one adding a contribution of his own individual merriment to the aggregation of general hilarity?

Suppose you want to go abroad in the city; then you will find the panorama and the art gallery and the exquisite collections of pictures. You will find the museum and the historical society rooms full of rare curiosities, and scores of places which can stand plainly the test of what is right and wrong in amusements. You will find the lecturing hall, which has been honored by the names of Agassiz in natural history, Doremus in chemistry, Boynton in geology, Mitchell in astronomy, John B. Gough in moral reform and scores and hundreds of men who have poured their wit and genius and ingenuity through that particular channel upon the hearts and consciences and imaginations of man, setting this country fifty years farther in advance than it would have been without the lecture platform.

I rejoice in the popularization of outdoor sports. I hail the croquet ground and the fisherman's rod and the sportsman's gun. In our cities life is so unhealthy and unnatural that when the census taker represents a city as having 400,000 inhabitants there are only 200,000, since it takes at least two men to amount to one man, so depleting and unnerving and exhausting is this metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunlight, more of the abandon of field sports. I cry out for it in behalf of the church of God as well as in behalf of secular interests. I wish that our ponds and our rivers and our capitoline ground might be all aquake with the heel and the shout of the swift skater. I wish that when the warm weather comes the graceful oar might dip the stream and the evening tide be resonant with boatman's song, the bright prow splitting the crystalline billow.

We shall have the smooth and grassy lawns and we will call out people of all occupations and professions and ask them to join in the ball player's sport. You will come back from these outdoor exercises and recreations with strength in your arm and color in your cheek and a flash in your eye and courage in your heart. In this great battle that is opening against the kingdom of darkness we want not only a consecrated soul, but a strong arm and stout lungs and mighty muscle. I bless God that there are so many recreations that have not on them the taint of iniquity, recreation in which we may engage for the strengthening of the body, for the clearing of the intellect, for the illumination of the soul.

There is still another form of recreation which I commend to you, and that is the pleasure of doing good. I have seen young men, weak and cross and sour and repelling in their disposition, who by one heavenly touch have wakened up and become blessed and buoyant, the ground under their feet and the sky over their heads breaking forth into music. "Oh," says some young man in the house to-day, "I should like that recreation above all others but I have not the means." My dear brother, let us take an account of stock. You have a large estate if you only realize it. Two hands, two feet. You will have perhaps during the next year at least $10 for charitable contribution. You will have 2500 cheerful looks if you want to employ them. You will have 5000 pleasant words if you want to speak them. Now, what an amount that is to start with.

You go out to-morrow morning, and you see a case of real destitution by the wayside. You give him two cents. The blind man hears the pennies rattle in his hat, and he says, "Thank you, sir; God bless you!" You pass down the street, trying to look indifferent, but you feel from the very depth of your soul a profound satisfaction that you made that man happy. You go on still farther and find a poor boy with a wheelbarrow, trying to get it up on the curbstone. He fails in the attempt. You say, "Stand back, my lad; let me try." You push it up on the curbstone for him and pass on. He wonders who that well dressed man was that helped him. You did a kindness to the boy, but you did a great joy to your own soul. You will not get over it all the week.

On the street to-morrow morning you will see a sick man passing along. "Ah," you say, "what can I do to make this man happy? He certainly does not want money; he is not poor, but he is sick." Give him one of those 2500 cheerful looks that you have garnered up for the whole year. Look joy and hopefulness into his soul. It will thrill him through, and there will be a reaction upon your own soul! Going on a little farther, you will come to the store of a friend who is embarrassed in business matters. You will go in and say: "What a fine store you have! I think business will brighten up, and you will have more custom after awhile. I think there is coming a great prosperity to all the country. Good morning." You pass out. You have helped that young man, and you have helped yourself.

Colonel Gardiner, who sat with his elbow on a table, spread with all extravagant viands, looking off at a dog on the rug, saying, "How I would like to change places with him, I be the dog and he be Colonel Gardiner," or those two Moravian missionaries who wanted to go into the lazaretto for the sake of attending the sick, and they were told: "If you go in there, you will never come out. We never allow any one to come out, for he would bring the contagion," Then they made their wills and went in, first to help the sick and then to die. Which was the happier—Colonel Gardiner or the Moravian missionaries dying for others? Was it all sacrifice when the missionaries wanted to bring the gospel to the negroes at the Barbados, and, being denied the privilege, sold themselves into slavery, standing side by side and lying side by side down in the very ditch of suffering, in order that they might bring those men up to life and God and heaven? Oh, there is a thrill in the joy of doing good! It is the most magnificent recreation to which a man ever puts his hand or his head or his heart.

But before closing I want to impress upon you that mere secular entertainments are not a fit foundation for your soul to build on. I was reading of a woman who had gone all the rounds of sinful amusement, and she came to die. She said, "I will die to-night at 6 o'clock." "Oh," they said, "I guess not; you don't seem to be sick." "I shall die at 6 o'clock, and my soul will be lost. I know it will be lost. I have sinned away my day of grace." The noon came. They desired her to seek religious counsel. "Oh," she said, "it is of no use. My day is gone. I have been all the rounds of worldly pleasure, and it is too late. I shall die to-night at 6 o'clock." The day wore away, and it came to 4 o'clock and to 5 o'clock, and she cried out at 5 o'clock: "Destroying spirits, ye shall not have me yet; it is not 6, it is not 6!" The moments went by, and the shadows began to gather, and the clock struck 6, and while it was striking her soul went. What hour God will call for us I do not know—whether 6 o'clock to-night, or 3 o'clock this afternoon, or at 1 o'clock, or at this moment. Sitting where you are, falling forward, or drooping down, where will you go to?

The last hour of our life will soon be here, and from that hour we will review this day's proceedings. It will be a solemn hour. If from our death pillow we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement, there will be a dart that will strike through our soul sharper than the dagger with which Virginius slew his child. The memory of the past will make us quake like Macbeth. The iniquities and rioting through which we have passed will come upon us, weird and skeleton as Meg Merrilies. Death, the old Shylock, will demand and take the remaining pound of flesh and the remaining drop of blood, and upon our last opportunity for repentance and our last chance for heaven the curtain will forever drop.

MUTILATED COIN AND ITS VALUE.

What It Has Cost the Treasury to Have It Recoined.

All the old and worn subsidiary silver coin of the United States will soon be replaced by the new design adopted in 1892. The progress being made in that direction by the United States mints is most encouraging to the Treasury officials.

For some years efforts have been made by the Treasury Department to keep the subsidiary silver coin in good condition. With this view, appropriations have been obtained from time to time, to reimburse the Treasurer of the United States for the difference between the face value of worn subsidiary silver coin and what they would produce when transferred to the mints for coinage. Since 1890 the amount of such worn and unsurrent subsidiary coin transferred by the Treasury to the mints for recoinage has been $23,642,334. The value of the same in new subsidiary silver coin is $28,535,745, showing a loss by wear of $1,106,638, which was reimbursed to the Treasurer of the United States from appropriations made by Congress for that purpose.

The amount transferred from the Treasury to the mints from July 1, 1893, to December 31, 1895, was larger than for any other period, amounting in the aggregate to $20,964,962, face value, and producing in new coin, $20,115,820, showing a loss on recoinage of $848,843.

FATAL SPANISH MISTAKE.

Again the Government Troops Fire Upon Their Own Men.

Another accidental encounter between two Spanish forces, near Esperanza, Santa Clara province, Cuba, has occurred, with disastrous results similar to those at El Cano ascently. Colonel Holguin had prepared an ambush for the enemy, when the column of General Godoy approached.

Mistaking it for a rebel force Holguin's guerillas opened fire, and a spirited combat ensued, during which the troops lost 109 killed and wounded. Seventeen were killed outright.

Among the dead is Lieutenant Colonel Fuenmayor. Five other officers were wounded. Two wounded privates died the next day. The encounter occurred on the Santa Rosa estate. The firing lasted only ten minutes. The guerilla forces were backed by infantry.

When the mistake was discovered parties began to bury the dead. One of Holguin's men so engaged found among the dead of Godoy's column the body of his own brother with two bullets through his head.

ORGAN WOULDN'T PLAY.

No Wonder, Either, for a Cat and Four Kittens Were in It.

Mrs. Clarence Brewster, of Wolcott, N. Y., had a number of guests at her home a few nights ago, and at their request started to play for them on her parlor organ, when she was nearly startled out of her wits by the queer antics of the instrument. It squeaked, groaned, wheezed and piped, but absolutely refused to play a single note.

As the organ had been in perfect order the night before, she was dumbfounded, and called her husband. With the awestruck guests grouped about him he took a screwdriver and began taking the instrument apart. When he reached the bellows the outcry was discovered to come from them, so they were cut open, when out popped his father's tabby cat, whose home was an eighth of a mile distant, on East Main street, and behind her were seen four tiny kittens.

The cat had been last seen in the harness shop where the father and son work. She had crawled into the bellows back of the pedals and had then been unable to get out. Cat and kittens were uninjured, but not so the organ.

Britains Are Bicycle Mad.

The bicycle boom is increasing in volume daily in England. The leading British firms are completely blocked with orders. Two American firms recently started doing business in London with large stocks of wheels, and they are reaping a harvest.

Retiring the Paper Currency.

At Winterville, Penn., while Frank Seibert was feeding his cows, he dropped his pocketbook containing $47 in bills. Upon missing the wallet he returned to the stable to find one of the cows just finishing its meal of greenbacks. The money had disappeared.

FIRE TRAP.

Four Persons Suffocated in a Tenement House Blaze.

FIREMAN BADLY INJURED.

Margaret Ryan, Sixty Years Old, Leaped to the Ground and Died on the Way to the Hospital—The Others Were Stifled in Their Rooms by Smoke.

Four people were killed and two injured in a fire which started early the other morning in the three-story business and tenement building, 374 Hudson street New York.

The burned building is one of a row of three-story structures, owned by the Trinity Church corporation. The ground floor is occupied by John H. Eggers, a dealer in confectioners' supplies, and the two upper floors were occupied by several families as dwellings. The second floor immediately over the confectioners' quarters was occupied by the most part by the family of Thomas McManus. The McManus family consists of Mr. and Mrs. McManus, two sons, and two daughters. Twelve other rooms on that floor are used by the McManus family, while the rooms in the rear portion of the floor were occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. McMahon, and young Malloy, the steamship fireman, who was boarding with them. On the third floor were a number of families.

In was in the apartments of the McManus family that the fire orginated, so far as the police and firemen are able to determine. Nicholas McManus, one of the sons, who slept in one of the back rooms of the suite, was awakened by the smell of smoke. He turned in an alarm and awakened the tenants. It was apparent that the lives of many were in danger, for the smoke had permeated every part of the house, and the flames were burning briskly.

All of the McManuses were able to make their way down the stairs to the street before exit in that direction was cut off by the flames. Nicholas McManus succeeded in helping several of the people out by leading them down the stairs through the blinding smoke in the hallway.

It was among the tenants on the top floor that the chief danger lay. Some of them ran to the roof and escaped in that direction, but others sought to get down by the stairway.

Miss Margaret Ryan and Miss Kate Higgins, one of the household, on being awakened, ran to the front windows on the third floor, where they lived. The firemen had already arrived and ladders had been placed on the front side of the house to help take out the tenants whose lives were in danger.

On one of these ladders was Foreman Walsh. As he was ascending a burst of flame and smoke shot out of one of the windows and he was sent reeling to the streets. As Walsh fell Miss Ryan leaped from the window to the sidewalk, and Miss Higgins, apparently overcome by the smoke in the rooms above, fell to the ground at almost the same time. An ambulance was sent for, but Miss Ryan was unconscious when placed on the conveyance, and died before the hospital was reached. Walsh was taken to the hospital at the same time. He was badly but probably not dangerously hurt.

After the flames had been extinguished a search of the building was made and the bodies of Thomas Malloy, Archibald Grogan, and Mary McMahon were found. All of the persons found dead had been suffocated before they were able to escape.

THE NEW NAVY.

House Authorizes Four Battleships to be Constructed.

The naval appropriation bill was passed by the House without substantial amendment.

An effort was made by the advocates of a larger increase of the navy than was authorized by the bill to increase the number of battle-ships from four to six.

The increase was supported on the floor by Hanley (Rep. Ind.), Cummings (Dem., N.Y.,) and Johnson (Rep., Cala.), and opposed by Messrs. Boutelle, chairman of the committee, Hulick (Rep., O.,) and Robinson (Rep., Pa.). The House by a large majority stood by the recommendation of the committee, the proposition for six battle-ships mustering but 32 votes against 134.

The bill, as passed, carries $31,611,034, and authorizes the construction of four battleships and 15 torpedo-boats, the total cost of which will be in the neighborhood of $35,000,000.

It was decided to allow three hours for general debate on the paragraph relating to the increase of the navy. Mr. Hanley a member of the naval committee, who favored a larger increase of the navy than the majority of the committee, argued in favor of an amendment, which he gave notice he would offer, to increase the number of battle-ships from four to six.

Although his people lived a thousand miles away from tidewater, he said, they were patriotic enough and proud enough to desire to see their country with a navy fitting her position as the greatest country on the globe. He thought it was time for the United States to enter upon a distinctively national policy. He referred to the aggressions of Great Britain and our other foreign complications as an argument for a strong navy.

PUT DYNAMITE ON THE STOVE.

An Italian Blown to Pieces and Another Man Loses Both Eyes.

A dynamite cartridge, which was being thawed over a fire by an Italian on the Gorge Road, near Lewiston, N. Y., exploded with terrible force.

The Italian was blown almost to pieces, and Seymour Eddy, a son of D. R. Eddy, of Lewiston, had both eyes blown out, one leg broken in three places and was otherwise injured.

A Buffalo woman snapped a loaded revolver at her husband "for a joke." He never saw it at all.

The Pig Family in Court.

Hon. C. B. Moore, ex-Attorney General of Arkansas, vouches for the truth of the following incident, which took place while he was present in the court room at the Crawford County Circuit Court last November. A man named Driver was prosecuted for stealing hogs from a man named Pig. A witness named Shoat testified that the accused re-marked, that is, changed the marks on the hogs, and then mortgaged them to a man named Ham.

This combination of names induced a member of the bar to hand up to Justice Evans, who was presiding, a slip of paper on which he had written something like this: "This is a remarkable case; here is a hog driver accused of stealing pig's hogs. He ought to meat this allegation without difficulty, since pig says his hogs were simply mortgaged to a ham, and this can only be proved by a shoat. This is not larceny; it is nothing but Bacon's abridgement."

A man likes to think that when he makes up his mind, nothing on earth can move him.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Poets are born, not made; and Poets Laureate are made, not born.

If you have tried Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap you have decided to use it all the time. If you haven't tried it you owe it to yourself to do so. Your grocer has it, or will get it. Be sure that wrappers are printed in red.

Sailors were landed from the American ship Alert at Corinto, Nicaragua, to protect property.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Atlanta, Ga., is pointing with pride to the prospects of a building twenty stories high.

Pain is Not Conducive of Pleasure,

especially when occasioned by corns. Hindercorns will please; it removes them perfectly.

Tuberculosis is said to be alarmingly prevalent among the cattle of Illinois.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

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

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are unrivailed for relieving Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat Troubles. Sold only in boxes.

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.

Take Parker's Ginger Tonic Home With you. It will exceed your expectations in abating colds, and many ill- and aches.

American candy is proving very successful in England.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Not a few men are like the amœba—they live on whatties them.

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

There are 1580 patented knitting machines.



"The Wooden Hen."

The illustration shown herewith is small in size, but really large when we consider that the "Wooden Hen" is no larger than a live hen, yet has double the capacity. It weighs only fifteen pounds, has a capacity of twenty-eight eggs, and while not a toy, is just as amusing, besides being instructive as well.

We suggest that every reader of this write Mr. Geo. H. Stahl, Quincy, Ills., and ask for a copy of his handsome little booklet "A," describing the "Wooden Hen;" also his large catalogue of the Model Excelsior Incubator. All sent free. Mention this paper.

Somehow, people have a prejudice against a drunken policeman.

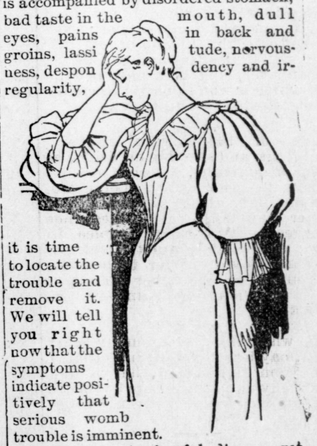
WHAT HEADACHE IS.

THE DANGER SIGNAL THAT NATURE GIVES TO WOMEN.

It Signifies That Serious Female Trouble Is Imminent.

Most female diseases manifest their presence by a headache.

When a dull heavy ache in the head is accompanied by disordered stomach, bad taste in the mouth, dull eyes, pains in back and groins, lassitude, nervousness, despondency and irregularity,



it is time to locate the trouble and remove it. We will tell you right now that the symptoms indicate positively that serious womb trouble is imminent.

Don't let this fearful disease get you in its power. If you are uncertain, write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., giving full symptoms. Your letter will be read, acted upon and answered by one of your own sex, and without charge.

Note Mrs. Snyder's letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"Before taking your remedies, day after day I would read the testimonials of women who had been cured by the use of your Vegetable Compound.

"At last I decided to write and tell you my condition.

"I had been examined by physicians who told me that my womb was very large and prolapsed, and also said there was a growth on the inside of the womb that must be cut out; menstruations were so painful that I suffered for three days of every month, and it was impossible to get any rest. For two months I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier and Sanative Wash, and now I am entirely cured. I had suffered nine years, thinking there was no cure for me, and it only took five bottles of your remedies to cure me."—MRS. L. SNYDER, Trenton Junction, N. J.



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 cent—during a period of 25 years. It teaches you how to Select 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 to 25c. BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 124 Leonard Street, N. Y. City.

DON'T DRINK IT! More deaths caused by foul water than by any other cause. Our WELL DRILLING MACHINERY obviates the difficulty and drills wells below surface contaminations and effectually shuts them out. There is money in drilling wells with modern and first-class machinery LOOMIS & NYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

PENSION JOHN W MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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

BNU 14

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.



It's Pure

Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa is Pure—it's all Cocoa—no filling—no chemicals. WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

Get Well

By using Brown's Iron Bitters. It's a natural remedy. Pleasant to take. No bad effects. Strengthens while you sleep. Cures quickly

Dyspepsia, Neuralgia and Malaria

and many other diseases if you give it a fair trial.

The genuine you can tell by the Crossed Red Lines on the Wrapper.

Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.