

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Mrs. Mary Noren, Wife of a Well-Known Farmer Near Valparaiso, Brought Back to Health and Strength by a Popular Remedy—Her Statement of the Cure.

From the Star, Valparaiso, Ind.

The attention of the Star having been called to several cases of radical cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, it was determined to investigate some of the more notable of these cases, with a view to disseminating exact information on the subject and benefiting others who were suffering. Prominent among those who had experienced benefits from the use of this remedy was mentioned Mrs. Mary Noren, wife of John Noren, a prosperous farmer, living north of Valparaiso, Ind., and to her a reporter was accordingly dispatched.

Mrs. Noren was found busily engaged in household duties, but she found time to detail her experience, and was willing and even anxious that the benefits she had felt should be told for the benefit of those who had suffered as she did.

"I had been ill since girlhood with a complication of complaints," said Mrs. Noren, "never so much as to be confined long in bed, but I suffered intense misery. My chief trouble was with my stomach. I felt a constant gnawing pain that was at times almost distracting, and which had been diagnosed by different physicians as dyspepsia and sympathetic derangement dependent on the condition of the generative organs. I had pains in the back, sometimes so great as to make me unable to work, and frequent bilious attacks. I had suffered greatly from constipation, from which I never could find permanent relief. Then these symptoms were aggravated by rheumatic pains between the shoulder blades, which were most excruciating in damp or cold weather. After my marriage, about five years ago, and when my baby was born, the trouble seemed to increase, and I was frequently so sick that I could not do my household work. I tried different physicians and used numerous remedies, but all in vain. One day last fall I happened to read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My husband got three boxes from Mr. O. D. Rushton, the druggist, and I began to use them. From the first I began to feel relief, and after three boxes were gone I was nearly well. The constipation was cured and the other troubles were so much relieved that I felt better than I had felt for years. As I continued in the use of the pills I grew better and stronger, my appetite was more natural, and my flesh increased until I am in the condition you see me now."

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 an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, and other effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Indians Riding Bicycles.

"The noble red man may yet be civilized by means of bicycles," said A. L. Bartlett, of Beatrice, Neb. "The Otoe tribe have steadily resisted all efforts to induce them to become citizens, and their numbers have dwindled until but few of them remain. In fact, there are few more Indians in Nebraska now than in New York and Indiana. A few days ago one of the chiefs of the Otoe tribe visited Beatrice and became much interested in bicycles. The owner thought it would be fun to let the old Indian learn to ride, and it was not long before the chief had mastered the art. Then he must have a wheel of his own, and not having any money he traded four ponies for one. He rode it to the reservation and next day half a dozen Indians came to town, bringing ponies to trade for bicycles. 'Ride faster. No feed,' they say, and when the bicycle manufacturers learn of this new field it is probable that they will reap a harvest, and the Indians will lay aside their primitive customs and join the L. A. W. in a body."—Washington Star.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

It Should Be of Interest to Every Thinking Woman.

Women who reason well know that no male physician can understandingly treat the complaint known as "female diseases," for no man ever experienced them.

This, Lydia E. Pinkham taught them twenty years ago, when she discovered in her Vegetable Compound the only successful cure for all those ailments peculiar to the sex. Many women have a fatal faith in their physician, and not till they can suffer no longer, will they think and act for themselves.

The following testimony is straight to the point, and represents the experience of hundreds of thousands of now grateful women: "For six years I was a great sufferer from all the internal weaknesses so prevalent among our sex. After having received treatment from four physicians of our city, and finding no relief whatever, I concluded to try Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has proved a boon to me. It can truly be called a 'Saviour of Women.'—Mrs. B. A. PERHAM, Waynesboro, Pa.

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A. H. MANSON, G. F. A. Ill. Cent. R. R. Chicago, Ill.

AUSTRIA'S NEXT KING.

Is Said to Be the Wickedest Prince on Earth.

The people of Austria are by no means pleased with Emperor Francis Joseph for having officially proclaimed as his heir to the throne his nephew, Archduke Otto. When Otto's elder brother, Francis Ferdinand, was stricken with consumption it was hoped that



ARCHDUCHESS MARIA JOSEPHA.

Otto's claims to the throne would be set aside in favor of either of the Emperor's grand-nephews or of the son of his youngest daughter, the Archduchess Valeria. Otto's claim to the throne, however, is not to be disputed. He is the second son of the late Archduke Charles Louis, second brother of the Emperor, who, after the tragic death of Crown Prince Rudolph, became heir to the throne.

Otto is called the "wickedest prince in the world." He is extremely unpopular in Austria, while in Hungary he is held in the greatest hatred. He is the black sheep of the imperial family. Not only is he a libertine but a drunkard as well, and he is frequently seen intoxicated in public. His behavior to his wife, the Archduchess Marie Josepha, a daughter of Prince George of Saxony, has been of so disgraceful a character that on two occasions she has been compelled to leave him and return to her family.

One of the stories told of Archduke Otto is that on one occasion he stopped a peasant's funeral that he might amuse himself by leaping his horse back and forth across the corpse. The Emperor has no love for him. Indeed, he detests him and it is related that on one occasion he struck him in the



PRINCE OTTO.

face because of some piece of blackguardism that the young prince had perpetrated. It was but a short time ago that several tales of his misdeeds were related in one of the leading newspapers of Budapest. Otto appealed to the Emperor to punish the editor, but Francis Joseph refused to do so, telling him his only course would be to sue him for libel, as would the meanest subject. The suit was brought, but the jury who tried the case rendered a verdict in favor of the editor. The verdict was sustained by the court and by the Court of Appeals, and thus Otto stands convicted as a reprobate of the deepest dye.

HE HAS NO ROOTER.

A Hog Whose Construction Was Not Entirely Completed.

A hog without a snout was born the other day near Henderson, Ky. Its nostrils are in the roof of its mouth, and



A HOG WITHOUT A SNOOT.

In order to breathe it must keep its mouth open. Its mouth is wholly unlike the pattern adopted by well regulated members of the hog family, and the chin is round, giving the little animal an appearance disagreeably human. It has only one eye, and from all appearances that is all nature intended it should have, as there is only one socket. The pig takes food and seems to be healthy, but its feet are not maters, and it walks with some difficulty.

Diamonds in Steel.

Some time ago it was shown by M. Moissan, a French chemist, that when iron was saturated at 3,000 centigrade with carbon and then cooled under a high pressure a portion of the carbon separated out in the form of diamonds. The conditions under which very hard steels are now made should also result in the formation of diamonds, and an examination of a large number of samples of such steel has shown that this is really the case. The diamonds are obtained by dissolving the metal in acid and then subjecting the residue to the action of concentrated nitric acid, fused potassium chlorate, hydrofluoric and sulphuric acid successively. The crystals are very minute, the largest being only five mm. in diameter, but they present all the chemical and physical properties of true diamonds.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Tommy—Say, Mollie, I wish I had ten cents to get some candy with. Mollie—Go and ask father who Socrates was and what is meant by the differential calculus. He's got company, and I shouldn't wonder if he gave you a quarter.—Boston Transcript.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE PREACHES UPON A RAPTUREOUS OUTLOOK.

He Says It Should Stir the World to Gladness—Arbitration Is Better than Battle—Rays of Dawn in the Day of Progress.

The Day Is at Hand.

If the clarion note of this sermon delivered in a national capital could sound through Christendom, it would give everything good a new start. Dr. Talmage's text was Romans xiii, 12, "The day is at hand."

Back from the mountains, and the sea-side, and the springs, and the farmhouse, your cheeks bronzed and your eyes lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done, the deep plowing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphorescence. Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the mountains, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I cannot tell. I simply know I am happy. It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry, "Halleluiah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation.

Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the keynote of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tunes of "Antioch," "Ariel," and "Coronation." I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons. We do wrong if we allow our personal sorrows to interfere with the glorious fact that the kingdom is coming. We are wicked if we allow apprehension of national disaster to put down our faith in God and in the mission of our American people. The God who hath been on the side of this nation since the fourth of July, 1776, will see to it that this nation shall not commit suicide on Nov. 3, 1896. By the time the unparalleled harvests of this summer get down to the seaboard we shall be standing in a suburb of national prosperity that will paralyze the pessimists who by their evil prophecies are blaspheming the God who hath blessed this nation as he hath blessed no other.

Notes of Gladness.

In all our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. No man had a right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that was glum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose that Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over his knee and shoulder at his evening invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant anything when he said of Christ, "He rejoiced in spirit"? Do you believe that the divine Christ, who pours all the waters over the rocks at Vernal Falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life? I believe not only that the morning laugh, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an emblem and assume them, and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced because of what he calls the great gladness he saw in the people. Godlessness is blasphemy where, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers disturbed many centuries ago, telling them that there was danger of stellar collision. We were told by these astronomers that there were worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults and perils like the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other and seen that by the movement of the switch one or two inches the train shoots this way and that without colliding, then you may understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch tender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, cannot the hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only 6,000 years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at about 3 o'clock, and I think that is just about an hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

Victory for Peace.

The first ray of dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully met by the pen taking the place of the sword. The Venezuelan controversy in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

The Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the Narrows or off the coast of Spain? By a gulf stream of the ocean, crossed by a gulf stream of human blood? By the pathway of nations incarnadined? No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, take the matter over and telegraph to Washington and to London, "All settled." Peace, peace! England pays to the United States the amount awarded—pays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

The Siam controversy in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think, through the peccadillo of an ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment at Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation died in a war that has not even the dignity of being respectable. What is the least that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war. Down with the sword and up with the treaty!

We in this country might better have settled our sectional conflicts by arbitration than by the trial of the sword. Philanthropy said to the north, "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a certain time be born free." Philanthropy at the same time said to

the South, "You sell the slaves and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The South replied, "I won't pay a cent." The South replied, "I won't sell." War, war! A million dead men, and a national debt which might have ground this nation to powder! Why did we not let William H. Seward of New York and Alexander Stephens of Georgia go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the North pay in cost of war \$4,700,000,000 and the South pay \$4,750,000,000, the destroying angel leaving the first death in 300,000 houses all the way from the Potomac to the Alabama? Ye aged men whose souls fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Oh, yes! We have come to believe, I think, in this story that arbitration is better than battle.

Too Dear a Price.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war paint and Chinese and Japanese go into wholesale massacres and Afghan and Zulu butcheries, but the new day of Christian nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as vanquished, and that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God this nation might be made of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave Gen. Custers. Stop expatriating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the ambushments. A general of the United States army in high repute throughout this land, and who perhaps had been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who had been wounded again and again in behalf of our Government in battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between the white man and the Indian had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of contest.

Let me put myself in their place: I inhale a large dose of the water of life, rich with fish, and the woods are sonful with birds, and my comrades are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder under the large tree my father died. An invader comes and prods me with a spear, and I have possession of my property. He crowds me back, and crowds me on, and crowds me into a corner, until after awhile I say: "Stand back! Don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to my property? He crowds me back, and I get this far from my father, and he gets it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say: "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this nation to a great deal better use than you do."

And you keep crowding me back and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and, fired by their hardships, I howl you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero. I am the culprit. Behold the United States Government and the North American Indian! The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have a war, deeper, deeper, that which is right in defense of a Washington home is right in defense of a home on top of the Sierra Nevada. Before this dwindling race dies completely out I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's judgment I would rather be a blood smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation. One was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other pretended to be representative of a Christian nation. Notwithstanding all this the general disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glittering edge of keen steel is a sign unmistakable that "the day is at hand."

The World's Nearness.

I find another ray of dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail-like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with 1,400,000,000 of population and no facile means of communication, but now, with telephony for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear and through steamboating and railroading the 25,000 miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into insignificant brevity. Hong Kong is nearer to New York than a few years ago. New Haven was Boston, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne without speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity is going to give for the final movements of Christianity.

A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in twenty minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for sixteen centuries and may go on in the work through other centuries, but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may all do their work in twenty-four hours. The world sometimes derides the church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did not the first science 5,652 years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took 5,800 years before it even guessed that there was any practical use that might be made of that subtle and mighty element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. We do not read the green's speech at the proroguing of parliament the day before in London? If that be so, is it anything marvelous to believe that in twenty-four hours a divine communication can reach the whole earth? Suppose Christ should descend on the nations—may we expect that Christ will come among the nations personally; suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should descend upon these cities. Would not that fact be known all the world over in twenty-four hours? Suppose he should present his gospel in a few words, saying: "I am the Son of God. I came to pardon all your sins and to heal all your sorrow. To prove that I am a supernatural being I have just descended from the clouds. Do you believe me, and do you believe me now?" Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck.

I tell you all these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities or even the improbabilities that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instantaneously when the time comes. There are fore-takenings in the air. Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down or that the end of the world is going to break, but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough the famines and plagues. Enough the Asiatic cholera. Enough the wars. Enough the shipwrecks. Enough the conflagrations. I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens and the lenses

of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of lightning influences. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some banner that has never been carried ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the Great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the drones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning cloud and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day—dit garlands, whether white or red, for him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand."

Rays of Dawn.

One more ray of dawn, as we see in facts chronicle and mathematics. Come now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden and all deer? Now, let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaiah and Hosea and Micah and Malachi and John and Peter and Paul and the Lord himself, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success toward a dead failure. If there is a child in your house sick and you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is gone. If you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast and the captain assures you the vessel is staunch, and the winds are toward a dead failure, and if you are sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness and defeat or on toward light and blessedness. You agree I believe the latter, and if so every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inexorable in chronology and mathematics I commend you to good cheer. If you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer gone by brings us nearer unending abhorrence. Put your alchemic dawn on the top of your Bible and rejoice.

If it is nearer morning at 3 o'clock than it is at 2, if it is nearer morning at 4 o'clock than it is at 3, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings, and another minute, and another minute, and another minute, and the moon stood still once. They will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand."

In the Sunlight.

Beloved people, I present this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction; and that all heaven is on our side—sanctity, cherubim, seraphim, omnipotent, almighty, and through docility and procession, principalities and dominion, he who hath the moon under his feet, and all the armies of heaven on white horses.

Brother, brother, all I am afraid of is not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood bought immortality. Oh, Christ, how shall I meet thee, thou of the scarred brow, and the scarred back, and the scarred hand, and the scarred foot, and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or wounds gotten in thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, ye foes of God, I dare you to combat. Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on, with tongues forked and viperine. Come on, with forces soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on; I bare my brow. I uncover my head. I dare you to hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with him on earth, we cannot be glorified with him in heaven. Take good heart. On, on, on! See, the skies have brightened! See, the hour is about to come! Pick out all the choicest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent; the day is at hand."

Short Sermons.

Character.—The building of character is what constitutes true and enduring prosperity. The making of character is in line with God's plan for the world. It is not true that every man is as good as every other man, but it is true, now and ever, that every man has an equal right with every other man. Character is what a man is, what he shall be, and by which he shall be judged at the last day.—Rev. B. L. Whitman, Baptist, Washington.

Liquor License.—A licensed saloon is a legitimate loafing place and a breeder of vice and crime. The revenue from license is not paid by the wealthy, but by the poor, and chiefly by the poor women and children, who are deprived of food and clothing to pay the saloon-keeper. Every one who votes to license a saloon is a partaker in crime to every suicide or murder or woe that comes from that saloon.—Rev. W. R. Goodwin, Methodist, San Francisco.

Life Principles.—Christianity brought into the world three great energizing principles of life—the divine fatherhood, human brotherhood, immortality. Christ came to bring a more abundant life. He was the life as well as the light of men. God's fatherhood overarches the world with a dome that fails to cover none. Human brotherhood is inclusive of all races and peoples. The immortality makes man the citizen of two worlds.—Rev. Dr. Gunnison, Universalist, Worcester, Mass.

Religion in America.—The trouble with American religion is that it has got so far beyond the divine law that men leave it behind when they go into business or public life. "If we have in our land a republic of raving and roaring tigers, we must stock our stores and our caucuses, our boards of trade and our council chambers, our legislative halls and our executive mansions with some of the righteousness of the divine law. Our Christianity needs to get a new inspiration from the life of our founder.—Rev. M. H. Harris, Universalist, Reading, Pa.

Larger than a State.

The largest ranch now running in the United States is situated in the State of Wyoming. The dimensions of this immense farm are of such mammoth proportions that figures of its area appear almost fabulous and beyond belief. An idea of its dimensions may be gained from the fact that the State of Rhode Island could be dropped into the middle of it, and yet leave a margin of some twenty miles all around it—and it is stocked with upwards of 200,000 animals of various kinds, including horses, cattle, sheep, goats, hogs and half-bred buffalo. The inventory shows that 400 horses, 20,000 cattle and over 150,000 sheep daily graze on its broad acres.

A Singular Form of Monomania.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying expurgations upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

A bride in Montreal appeared at the altar with her pet canary fastened to her shoulder by a golden chain. During the marriage ceremony the bird broke into song.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

When we strive to do the best we can we are sure to find that our best is beyond anything we had dared to hope for.

A sickly, plump-covered skin is often transformed, as if by magic, into the full bloom of radiant health by the use of Gleun's Sulphur Soap. Of druggists.

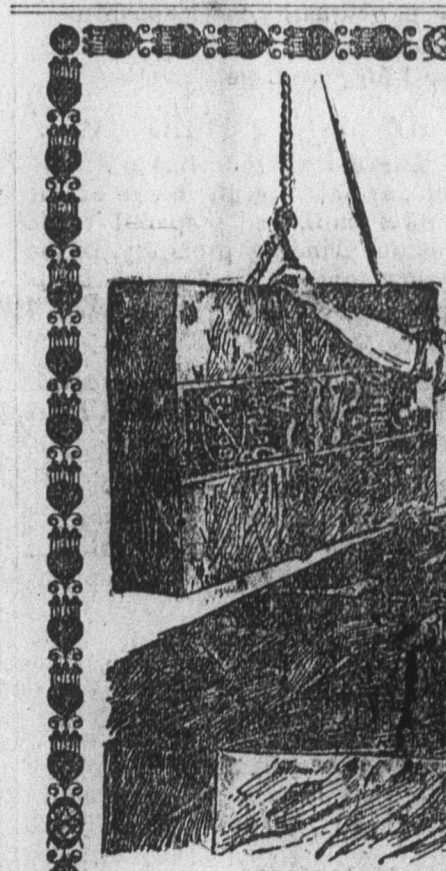
The city of Ghent, the chief port of Belgium, stands on twenty-six different islands, which are connected by ninety-two bridges.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '96.

The smallest children are nearest heaven, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.

Great Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sales naturally result from the great merit which makes the thousands of wonderful cures by Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.



"A Good Foundation."

Battle Ax Plug

Lay your foundation with "Battle Ax." It is the corner stone of economy. It is the one tobacco that is both BIG and GOOD. There is no better. There is no other 5-cent plug as large. Try it and see for yourself.

Old age

comes early to the clothes that are dragged up and down over the wash-board. It's ruinous. Nothing else uses them up so thoroughly and so quickly.

This wear and tear, that tells so on your pocket, ought to be stopped. Get some Pearlina—use it just as directed—no soap with it—and see how much longer the clothes last, and how much easier and quicker the work is. Pearlina saves the rubbing.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." It's FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if you grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

Send it Back. JAMES EYRE, New York.

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