

"Peace Hath

Her Victories

No less renowned than war," said Milton, and now, in the Spring, is the time to get a peaceful victory over the impurities which have been accumulating in the blood during Winter's hearty eating. The banner of peace is borne aloft by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It brings rest and comfort to the weary body racked by pains of all sorts and kinds. Its beneficial effects prove it to be the great specific to be relied upon for victory. Hood's never disappoints.

Salt Rheum—My mother was seriously afflicted with salt rheum and painful aching sores. No medicine helped her until Hood's Sarsaparilla was used, which made her entirely well. **Esse E. Mapplethorpe**, 338 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Tired Feeling—I had that tired, dull feeling, dyspepsia, headaches and sinking spells, but Hood's Sarsaparilla made me new man. I never was better than now. **John Mack**, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver fits; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hard Man to Get At.

The manager is a hard man to see. Shut in his private office and with a well-trained boy in the ante-room, he is inaccessible to anyone whom that boy does not know. You cannot even get your card sent to him; the boy always says he is not in. You will get the same answer at the box office. I remember hearing an old manager once say to his office boy: "My son, if you don't know to speak other people's lines you will not succeed in this business. I have written a part for you. Whenever anyone you don't know says: 'Is Mr. Brown in?' that's your cue to answer: 'No, sir.' I wish you to be dead letter-perfect in that line from this time on."—Scribner's.

Give the Children a Drink

called **Grain-O**. It is a delicious, appetizing nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it, because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. **Grain-O** aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 12¢ a can.

Phenomenally Common.

Visitor—So this is some of that weather that you brag so much about? It seems to me to be about like the average for this time of the year in the country generally.

Oldest Inhabitant—About like the average? Young feller, I've lived in this same place for nigh onto 72 years, an' this here weather is more like the average than any we've had in all that time.—Judge.

Let the Alibi Slide—Pete—"Yais, Dave got ten days in jail fo' stealin' dem chickens. He could hab proved an alibi, too, if he'd wanted to." Abe—"Dat so? Den why didn't he?" Pete—"Why, de facts ob de case was dat on de night dem chickens was stole Dave was 20 miles off in anudder country, stealin' a hoss."—Judge.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes tight shoes easy. Cures Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25 cents.

Business.

Highwayman—Your money or your life.

Lawyer—Here's all I have.

"All right. Now get out!"

(Taking him by the buttonhole)—"Wait a minute, friend. Don't you want to engage counsel to defend you in case you should be arrested for this affair?"—Boston Journal.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50¢.

There is only one thing more important than to learn patience, and that is to learn when not to use it.—Town Topics.

Stricken with Sciatica? St. Jacobs Oil will strike it out and cure.

A rheumatic affection is never reciprocal.—Christian Work.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, **SYRUP OF FIGS**, manufactured by the **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**, illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, expelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its action on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.** only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Made by all Druggists.—Price 50¢ per bottle.

LAST HOUR OF CHRIST

Lessons of Comfort in the Scenes Found by Dr. Talmage.

Heaven's Brightest Crowns Shall Adorn the Brows of Those Who Bear Life's Burdens with Christian Fortitude.

(Washington, March 26, Copyright, 1889.) From the pathetic scene of Christ's last hour of suffering Dr. Talmage in this sermon draws lessons of comfort for people in trouble; text, John 19:30: "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar."

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day, crying, begging, cursing, but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged, as bent over and tied to a low post his bare back was inflamed with the scourges intersticed with pieces of lead and bone, and now for whole hours the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, nauseated, feverish, a world of agony is compressed in the two words: "I thirst!" Oh, skies of Judea, let a drop of rain strike on His burning tongue! Oh, world, with rolling rivers and sparkling lakes and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink! If there be any pity in earth or Heaven or hell, let it now be demonstrated in that line from one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoings, and that always gives an honest man anxiety.

There is no sign of destination about you—pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you—but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances.

Just as the bills run up the wages seem to run down. You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push, and when you sit down with your wife and talk over the expenses you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here, and you abridge there, and you get things snug for smooth sailing, and, lo, suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some debtor has failed, and you are thrown abeam end. Well, brother, you are in glorious company. Christ owned not the house in which He stopped or the colt on which He rode or the boat in which He sailed. He lived in a borrowed house; He was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet He had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where He could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax bill. Not a dollar did He own.

Privation of domesticity, privation of nutritious food, privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep, privation of all worldly resources!

The king of the earth had chased chalices out of which to drink, but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before Him, and it was very sharp, and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death, but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record.

You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the curse hung on the doorknob. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart to-day. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head and said: "Oh, if I could only have it still!" Oh, it is too still now! You lost your patience when the tops and the strings and the shells were left amid floor, but, oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again if they were scattered by the same hands.

With what a ruthless plowshare bereavement rips up the heart! But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell Him anything new in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when He lost one it brought tears to His eyes. Lazarus had often entertained Him at his home. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion; the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar intimate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them—Mary and Martha and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ. His great, loving eyes filled with tears! Oh, yes, yes! He knows all about loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Then there is the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die. Whether I will be calm or excited, whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation, I cannot say. But come to the point I must, and you must. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our hearts and serve on us the writ of ejection, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and summery glories have vanished from our vision. We will wake up into a realm which has only one season and that the season of everlasting love.

But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds! I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together? Is there no escape from this separation?"

None, absolutely none. A great many men tumble through the gates of the

future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage, but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which He was more appreciative than we could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phosphorescence of the sea. He tread it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens, for they were the spanned canopy of His wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies. He twisted them into His sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air. They whirled their way through His discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physicianless. He died in cold sweat and dizziness and hemorrhage and agony, that have put Him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom, and He gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows, and He puts them under His own neck and head. He gathers on His own tongue the burning thirsts of many generations. The sponge is soaked in the sorrow of all those who have died in their beds, as well as soaked in the sorrows of all those who perished in icy or fiery martyrdom. While Heaven was pitying, and earth was mocking, and hell was deriding, He took the vinegar!

To all those to whom life has been an acerbity—a dose they could not swallow, a draft that set their teeth on edge and a rasping—I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel, the astronomer, used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds nigh, and it is my ambition now this hour to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that, looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles, you may behold the glorious constellation of a Saviour's mercy and a Saviour's love. Oh, my friends, do not try to carry all your ills alone. Do not put your poor shoulder under the Apennines, when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind you rush this way and that way, and you wonder what this man will say about it, and you try this prescription and that prescription and the other prescription. Oh, why do you not go straight to the Heart of Christ, knowing that for our own sinning and suffering race He took the vinegar?

There was a vessel that had been tossed of the seas for a great many weeks and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They signaled it. When the vessel came nearer the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water. We are dying for lack of water."

And the captain of the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you and hundreds of feet deep."

And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water and put out the fire of their thirst.

So I hail you to-day, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting for comfort and thirsting for eternal life, and I ask you what is the use of going in that death-struck state while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy. Oh, dip your buckets and drink and live forever. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yet there are people who refuse this Divine sympathy, and they try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens, and their life, instead of being a triumphant march from victory to victory.

Will he be a hobbling on from defeat to defeat, until they make a final surrender to retributive disaster. Oh, I wish I could to-day gather up in my arms all the woes of men and women, all their heartaches, all their disappointments, all their chagrins, and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus. He took the vinegar.

Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles of Iberia—jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great lustre and of great value. He died in those jungles. His body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered.

And I fear that to-day there are some who will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of their sin, carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul—to be lost forever. Oh, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation! But, no.

There are some, I fear, who turn away from this offered mercy and comfort and Divine sympathy, notwithstanding that Christ, for all who would accept His grace, trudged the long way, and suffered the lacerating thongs, and received in His face the expectorations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty, and the discouraged, and the discomfited of the race, took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant Gospel!

Curbing Talk Over Telephones. People who have a grudge against telephone companies in general will be pleased to know that the women of New South Wales refused to be ground down by any soulless corporation.

They determined to get the worth of the telephone rent, no matter how much time it took, so they conversed over the wires by the hour until the central office people were driven to distraction.

Things got to such a point that the postmaster-general in Sydney was appealed to, and he issued an order forbidding loquacious women from monopolizing a telephone for more than ten minutes at a time.

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