

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### "SAY SO" THE SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S DISCOURSE.

The Eminent Divine Believes in Outspoken Religion—Nothing Can Stand Before Prayer—Let the Redeemed Show Their Colors.

**A Practical Sermon.**  
Rev. Dr. Talmage never produced a more practical and suggestive sermon than the one of last Sunday. His subject was "Say So," and the text selected was Psalm 138, 2, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

An overture, an antiphon, a doxology is this chapter, and in my text David calls for an outspoken religion and requests all who have been rescued and blessed no longer to hide the splendid facts, but to recite them, publish them and, as far as possible, let all the world know about it. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." There is a sinful reticence which has been almost canonized. The people are quite as outspoken as they ought to be on all subjects of politics and are fluent and voluminous on the Venetian question and bi-metallism and tariffs, high and low and remodeled, and female suffrage, and you have to skillfully watch your chance if you want to put into the active conversation a modest suggestion of your own. But on the subject of divine goodness, religious experience and eternal blessedness they are not only silent, but boastful of their reticence. Now if you have been redeemed of the Lord why do you not say so? If you have in your heart the pearl of great price, worth more than the Kohinoor among Victorian jewels, why not let others see it? If you got off the wreck in the breakers, why not tell of the crew and the stout lifeboat that safely landed you? If from the fourth story you are rescued in time of conflagration, why not tell of the fireman and the ladder down which he carried you? If you have a mansion in heaven awaiting you, why not show the deed to those who may by the same process get an emerald castle on the same boulevard? By the last two words of my text David calls upon all of us who have received any mercy at the hand of God to stop impersonating the asylums for the dumb, and in the presence of men, women, angels, devils and all worlds, "say so."

**Personal Salvation.**  
In these January days thousands of ministers and private Christians are wondering about the best ways of starting a revival of religion. I can tell you a way of starting a revival, continental, hemispheric and worldwide. You say a revival starts in heaven. Well, it starts in heaven just as a prosperous harvest starts in heaven. The sun must shine, and the rains must descend, but unless you plow and sow and cultivate the earth you will not raise a bushel of wheat or a peck of corn between now and the end of the world. How, then, shall a universal revival start? By all Christian people telling the story of their own conversion. Let ten men and women get up next week in your prayer meeting, and, not in a conventional or cautious or doubtful way, but in the same tone they employ in the family or place of business, tell how they crossed the line, and the revival will begin then and there if the prayer meeting has not been so dull as to drive out all except those concerning whom it was foreordained from all eternity that they should be there. There are so many different ways of being converted that we want to hear all kinds, so that our own case may be helped. It always puts me back to hear only one kind of experience, such as a man gives when he tells of his Pauline conversion—how he was knocked senseless, and then had a vision and heard voices, and after a certain number of days of horror got up and shouted for joy. All that discourages me, for I was never knocked senseless, and I never had such a sudden burst of religious rapture that I lost my equilibrium. But after awhile a Christian man got up in some meeting and told us how he was brought up by a devout parentage and had always been thoughtful about religious things, and gradually the peace of the gospel came into his soul like the dawn of the morning—no perceptible difference between moment and moment—but after awhile all perturbation settled down into a hope that had consoled and strengthened him during all the vicissitudes of a lifetime. I said, "That is exhilarating; that was my experience." And so I was strengthened.

**A Universal Revival.**  
I have but little interest in what people say about religion as an abstraction, but I have unlimited interest in what people say about what they have personally felt of religion. It was an expression of his own gratitude for personal salvation which led Charles Wesley, after a season of great despondency about his soul and Christ had spoken pardon, to write that immortal hymn:

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise!  
In church, and in the street,  
And in the solitary place.

It was after Abraham Lincoln had been comforted in the loss of Tad, the bright boy of the White House, that he said, "I now see as never before the preciousness of God's love in Jesus Christ and how we are brought near to God as our Father by him."

What a thrill went through the meeting in Portland, Ore., when an ex-attorney general of the United States arose and said: "Last night I got up and asked the prayers of God's people. I feel now perfectly satisfied. The burden is rolled off and all gone, and I feel that I could run or fly into the arms of Jesus Christ."

What a record for all time and eternity was made by Gellinius, the play actor, in the theater at Heliopolis. A burlesque of Christianity was put upon the stage. In derision of the ordinance of baptism a bathtub, filled with water, was put upon the stage, and another actor, in awful blasphemy, dipped Gellinius, pronouncing over him the words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." But coming forth from the burlesqued baptism he looked changed and was changed, and he cried out to the audience: "I am a Christian. I will die as a Christian." Though he was dragged out and stoned to death, they could not drown the testimony made under such awful circumstances. "I am a Christian. I will die as a Christian." Let the redeemed of the Lord say so.

**Efficacy of Prayer.**  
What a confirmation would come if all who had answers to prayers would speak out; if all merchants in tight places because of hard times would tell how, in response to supplication, they got the money to pay the note; if all farmers in time of drought would tell how, in answer to

prayer, the rain came just in time to save the crop; if all parents who prayed for a wandering son to come home would tell how, not long after, they heard the boy's hand on the latch of the front door.

Sammel Hick, an English Methodist preacher, solicited aid for West India missions from a rich miser and failed. Then the miser dropped on his knees, and the miser said, "I will give thee a guinea if thou wilt give over." But the miser said, "I will give thee two guineas if thou wilt give over." Then the money was taken to the missionary meeting. Oh, the power of prayer! Melancthon, utterly discouraged, was passing along a place where children were heard praying, and he came back, saying: "Brethren, take courage. The children are praying for us." Nothing can stand before prayer. An infidel came into a Bible class to ask puzzling questions. Many of the neighbors came in to hear the discussion. The infidel arose and said to the leader of the Bible class, "I hear you allow questions asked?"

"Oh, yes," said the leader, "but at the start let us kneel down and ask God to guide us!" "Oh, no," said the infidel, "I did not come to pray! I came to discuss."

"But," said the leader, "you will of course submit to our rule, and that is always to begin with prayer." The leader knelt in prayer, and then arose and said to the infidel, "Now you pray." The infidel replied: "I cannot pray. I have no God to pray to. Let me go! Let me go!" The spectators, who expected fun, found nothing but overpowering solemnity, and a revival started, and among the first who were brought in was the infidel. That prayer did it. In all our lives there have been times when we felt that prayer was answered. Then let us say so.

**The Value of Kind Words.**  
Let the same outspokenness be employed toward those by whom we have been personally advantaged. We wait until they are dead before we say so. Your parents have planned for your best interests all these years. They may sometimes, their nervous system used up by the cares, the losses, the disappointments, the worries of life, be more irritable than they ought to be, and they probably have faults which have become oppressive as the years go by. But those eyes, long before they took on spectacles, were watching for your welfare, and their hands, not as smooth and much more deeply lined than once, have done for you many a good day's work. Life has been the years of a struggle than you will ever know about, and much of the struggle has been for you, and how much they are wrapped up in your welfare you will never appreciate.

Have you by word or gift or behavior expressed your thanks? Or if you cannot quite get up to say it face to face, have you written it in some holiday salutation? The time will soon pass and they will be gone out of your sight, and their ears will not hear, and their eyes will not see. If you owe them any kindness of deed or any words of appreciation, why do you not say so? How much we might all of us save ourselves in the matter of regrets if we did not delay until too late an expression of obligation that would have made the last years of earthly life more attractive. The grave is deaf, and epitaphs on cold marble cannot make reparation.

In conjugal life the honeymoon is soon past, and the twain take it for granted that each is thoroughly understood. How dependent on each other they become, and the years go by, and perhaps nothing is said to make the other fully understand that sense of dependence. Impatient words sometimes come forth, and motives are misinterpreted, and it is taken as a matter of course that the two will walk the path of life side by side until about the same time their journey shall be ended, but some sudden and appalling illness unloosens the right hands that were clasped years before at the altar of orange blossoms, the parting takes place, and among the worst of all the sorrow is that you did not often, if you ever did at all, tell her or tell him how indispensable she was, or how indispensable he was to your happiness, and that in some plain, square talk long ago you did not ask for forgiveness for infirmities and neglects, and by some unkind utterance make it understood that you fully appreciated the fidelity and re-enforcement of many years. Alas, how many such have to lament the rest of their lives, "Oh, if I had only said so!"

**The Christian Ideal.**  
The Lord has hundreds of thousands of people among those who have never joined his army because of some high ideal of what a Christian should be, or because of a fear that they may not hold out, or because of a spirit of procrastination. They have never publicly professed Christ. They have as much right to the sacraments and as much right to all the privileges of the church as thousands who have for years been enrolled in church membership, and yet they have made no positive utterance by which the world may know they love God and are on the road to heaven. They are redeemed of the Lord, and yet do not say so. Oh, what an augmentation it would be if by some divine impulse all those outsiders should become insiders! I tell you what would bring them to their right places, and perhaps nothing else will. Days of persecution! If they were compelled to take sides as between Christ and his enemies, they would take the side of Christ, and the faggots, and the instruments of torture, and the anathemas of all earth and hell would not make them blanch. Martyrs are made out of such stuff as they are. But let them not wait for such days, as I pray to God may never come. Drawn by the sense of fairness and justice and obligation, let them show their colors. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!

This chapter from which I take my text mentions several classes of persons who ought to be outspoken. Among them all those who go on a journey. What an opportunity you have, you who spend so much of your time on rail trains or on shipboard, whether on lake or river or sea! Spread the story of God's goodness and your own redemption wherever you go. You will have many a lone ride beside some one whom you will never see again, some one who is waiting for one word of rescue or consolation. Make every rail train and steamer a moving palace of souls. Casual conversations have harvested a great host for God.

There are many Christian workers in pulpits, in mission stations, in Sabbath schools, in unheeded of places who are doing their best for God, and without any recognition. They go and come, and no one cheers them. Perhaps all the reward they get is harsh criticism or repulse, or their own fatigue. If you have ever heard of any good they have done, let them know about it. If you find some one benefited by their aims, or their prayers, or their cheering word, go and tell them.

**No Great Hurry.**  
A foppish young man, with a foot-ball crop of hair, was walking along a Philadelphia street the other evening, when a little urchin asked him the time. "Ten minutes to 9," said the man. "Well," said the boy, "at 9 o'clock you get your hair cut," and he took to his heels and ran down Tenth street. The man, who was in a hurry, and in turning the corner came in contact with a policeman, nearly knocking him down. "What's up?" asked the policeman. The man, very much out of breath, said: "You see that young brat running down the street? He asked me the time; I told him 10 minutes to 9, and he said: 'At 9 o'clock get your hair cut.' 'Well,' remarked the policeman, 'what are you running for? You've got eight minutes yet.'"

There were fought 2,261 engagements during the war of the rebellion.

They may be almost ready to give up their mission. They may be almost in despair because of the seeming lack of results. One word from you may be an ordination that will start them on the chief work of their lifetime. A Christian woman said to her pastor: "My usefulness is done. I do not know why my life is spared any longer, because I can do no good." Then the pastor replied, "You do me great good every Sabbath." She asked, "How do I do you any good?" and he replied, "In the first place you are always in your seat in the church, and that helps me, and in the second place you are always wide awake and alert, looking right up into my face, and that helps me; and in the third place I often see tears running down your cheeks, and that helps me." What a good thing he did not wait until she was dead before he said so!

**Helpfulness of Appreciation.**  
There are hundreds of ministers who have hard work to make sermons because no one expresses any appreciation. They are afraid of making him vain. The moment the benediction is pronounced they turn on their heels and go out. Perhaps it was a subject on which he had put especial pains. He sought for the right text, and then did his best to put the old thought into some new shape. He had prayed that it might go to the hearts of the people, and he had added to the argument the most vivid illustrations he could think of. He had delivered all with a power that left the audience exhausted. Five hundred people may have been blessed by it, and resolved upon a higher life and nobler purposes. Yet all he hears is the clank of the pew door, or the shuffling of feet in the aisle, or some remark about the weather, the last resort of inanity. Why did not that man come up and say frankly, "I am here done me good?" Why did not some woman come up and say, "I shall go home to take up the burden of life more cheerfully?" Why did not some professional man come up and say: "Thank you, dominie, for that good advice. I will take it. God bless you." Why did they not tell him so? I have known ministers, in the nervous reaction that comes to some after the delivery of a sermon with no seeming result, to go home and roll on the floor in agony.

But to make up for this lack of outspoken religion there needs to be and will be a great day when, amid the solemnities and grandeur of a listening universe, God will "say so." No statistics can state how many mothers have rocked their babies and hovered over infantile sicknesses, and brought up their families to manhood and womanhood and launched them upon useful and successful lives and yet never received one "Thank you," that amounted to anything. The daughters became queens in social life or were affianced in highest realms of prosperity; the sons took the first honors of the university and became radiant in monetary or professional spheres. Now the secret of all that uplifted maternal influence must come out. Society did not say so, the church did not say so, the world did not say so, but on that day of all other days, the last day, God will say so.

There are men to whom life is a grind and a conflict, hereditary tendencies to be overcome, accidental environments to be endured, appalling opposition to be met and conquered, and they never so much as had a rose pinned to their coat lapel in admiration. They never had a song dedicated to their name. They never had a book presented to them with a complimentary word on the fly leaf. All they have to show for their lifetime battle is scars. But in the last day the story will come out, and that life will be put in holy and transcendent rhythm, and their courage and persistence and faith and victory will not only be announced, but rewarded. "These are they that came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," God will say so!

**Last Judgment.**  
We miss one of the chief ideas of a last judgment. We put into the picture the fire, the smoke, and the earthquake, and the descending angels, and the uprising dead, but we omit to put into the picture that which makes the last judgment a magnificent opportunity. We omit the fact that it is to be a day of glorious explanation and commendation. The first justice that millions of unrewarded and unrecognized and unappreciated men and women get will be on that day when services that never called forth so much as a newspaper line of finest pearl or diamond type, as the printers term it, shall be called up for coronation. That will be the day of enthronement for those whom the world calls "nobodies." Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, needs no last judgment to get justice done him, but those men do need a last judgment who at times, in all armies, under the most violent assault, in obedience to command, themselves stood still. Deborah, who encouraged Barak to bravery in battle against the oppressors of Israel, needs no last judgment to get justice done her, for thousands of years have clapped her applause. But the wives who in all ages have encouraged their husbands in the battles of life, women whose names were hardly known beyond the next street or the next farmhouse, must have God say to them: "You did well! You did gloriously! I saw you down in that dairy. I watched you in the old farmhouse mending those children's clothes. I heard what you said in the way of cheering when the breadwinner of the household was in despair. I remember all the sick cradles you have sung to. I remember the backaches, the headaches, the heartaches. I know the story of your knitting needle, as well as I know the story of a queen's scepter. Your castle on the heavenly hill is all ready for you. Go up and take it!" And turning to the surprised multitudes of heaven he will say, "She did what she could." God will say so.

**Pay of Russian Ambassadors.**  
Russian ambassadors are paid about twice as much as ours. The ambassadors to Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, London and Paris receive 50,000 rubles, or \$37,500; the ambassador of Rome 40,000 rubles, those at Washington, Tokio, Madrid and Pekin 30,000, at Tcheran 25,000, at Athens, Brussels, The Hague, Copenhagen, Mexico, Munich and Stockholm 20,000. The ministers at Bucharest, Belgrade, Rio de Janeiro, Lisbon and Stuttgart get 18,000 rubles, the envoy to the Vatican 12,000, those to Dresden and Cettigne 10,000, and to Weimar and Darmstadt 8,000.

**Wants Wild Beast Farms.**  
A well-known English writer on zoology says the rapid opening of Africa means the destruction of many wild animals, and zoos will not be able to keep up their stock unless they act promptly in the matter. He recommends that wild beast farms be established in civilized countries to preserve desirable species.

**Leather Shoes in Japan.**  
There is but one factory in Japan where leather shoes are made. The natives, except about the court, wear sandals of straw or wood.

**Telephone Charges in France.**  
Hereafter telephone charges in France are to be 5 cents for three minutes within a radius of fifteen miles.

## STAGE "PROPS."

A Glimpse Behind the Scenes to See How They Are Made.

Within the past century papier-mache, as a material for manufacturing theatrical properties, has supplanted many other materials formerly used for that purpose. Years ago these things, which transform the stage into such realistic scenes of wondrous beauty, were carved out of wood or molded in metal or clay. Now almost every object detached from the scenery is made of papier-mache—the statues and sphinx at the door of the millionaire's residence, the large Egyptian vases which adorn the king's palace, and the ornamental work of the chair in which he sits, the swan boat in which the young prince arrives, and even the tray on which his wine is served.

Papier-mache is a simple mixture of straw paper, water and size, yet this material for manufacturing "props" is preferable to others for various reasons: it is lighter, cheaper and more durable.

The process, too, is an interesting one. The property man of a Chicago theater recently showed the writer how it is carried out. He reached into a barrel and got a lump of clay. With this he made a model; around it he built a bank of clay and over it he poured plaster paris. When this became hard he took the mold to a table at the far end of the room. "Now," he said, picking up a large sheet of straw paper, which he tore into small pieces, "I take this paper, piece at a time, dip it in this bucket of water, put a layer of size on it and paste it inside of the mold—so."

As he worked away in this manner he explained that great care must be taken in doing this part of the work, so that the seams will not be visible on the exterior of the vase.

When he had completely covered the inside of the mold with paper he placed it over a gas fire to bake. This required half an hour, at the end of which time the vase was taken out of the mold and bronzed. The vase was a beautiful one, of unique design, and looked like the genuine article. It was eighteen inches in height, measured ten inches across the top and weighed less than a quarter of a pound. The actual cost of the material was 2½ cents the required time to make it was forty minutes.—Times-Herald.

## Retaliation by a Horse.

A correspondent sends to The Companion a story of a handsome black horse, so big and strong that he seemed hardly to feel the weight of the heavy delivery wagon with which he made the rounds of the neighborhood. His driver was a brutal fellow, who ought to have been the creature driven. Blows, kicks and angry words were the only caresses he ever bestowed upon his steed, and these the horse suffered quietly for many a long day, till finally even his endurance gave out.

One hot morning the man reined the horse in roughly by the curbstone. On dismounting he seemed to think the wagon too near, and harshly ordered his steed to back, emphasizing the command with a cut from his whip. The horse backed obediently, though angrily, while the man, heated by his exertions, took off his coat, and having hung it over the dashboard, disappeared in the house.

The great black fellow waited until the driver was out of sight, then, looking around, he saw the coat hanging only a short distance from his heels. Instantly a change came over him; he actually seemed to laugh as he lifted one foot and let fly at the coat.

Finding he could hit it well, he began to beat a regular tattoo upon it; first with one foot, then with the other, and finally, as he grew excited, with both at once.

Surely no coat ever had a more thorough dusting. Out flew note books, papers and handkerchiefs, and rolled into the gutter; but the horse kept on until he heard a door slam and knew his master was returning. Then, with a final kick that sent the coat itself under the wagon, he settled sleepily down in the shafts, and pretended to be watching a pair of mules that had just gone by.

He didn't seem to mind the slaps the driver gave him while picking up his belongings, and when he started off he looked up at the window and appeared to wink at those who had been watching him and half wishing that they could reward him with a peck of oats.

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## LIGHTED BY FIRE BALLS.

An Extraordinary Phenomenon Witnessed on an Ocean Vessel.

One of the most unique electrical storms at sea, which probably seemed intensified by reason of the fact that a cargo of Spanish iron ore passed through it, was experienced by the British steamship Mercedes, which arrived at this port yesterday from Bilbao. On the Grand Banks of Newfoundland during the nights of Dec. 3 and 4 the ocean appeared like a mighty mass of flames or an endless stretch of prairie fires. Balls of electric fire hissed and exploded in all directions and darted among the vessel's masts and rigging.

The Mercedes' escape from "going down on Dec. 1 seemed little short of a miracle. She was struck by seas rolling fearfully high. During the height of the storm a huge deck derrick, weighing many tons, was torn loose from its fastenings and swept overboard, leaving a hole in the vessel's deck through which the water ran into the cargo. In its course it carried away the main topmast, which was also of iron; part of the flying bridge, the after winch, and part of the deck fittings. The decks were flooded with tons of water, the ship rolled at an angle of 70 degrees and the sea broke in all directions, filling the cabin and the officers' quarters.

Soon afterward the storm partially subsided, when the electrical fire appeared in all directions. It hung in big balls for two nights from the masts and fore and aft stays, and practically turned night into day. As the big fire balls came together, they would burst with a loud report upon the vessel and disappear. Under this light at night such temporary repairs were made as were deemed necessary to reach port.

Captain Tait of the Mercedes states that the passage was one of the most trying experiences of his life. The rolling and lurching of the vessel in the storm and the fury of the gales were terrible in the vicinity of 25 degrees longitude. Only the heroic work of the crew saved the vessel, as all the shipping men about the marine exchange yesterday agreed.—Philadelphia Record.

## They Were Too Late.

The belated wayfarer was standing in the shadow of a building, with both hands pointing heavenward, while he gazed into the muzzle of a revolver. One footpad was holding the revolver where it would do the most good in case of an emergency, and the other was going through the victim's pockets. The silence was so oppressive that the belated wayfarer finally felt obliged to speak.

"Think you're smart, don't you?" he said.

"We know our business," returned one of the footpads, gruffly.

"Of course, you do," said the belated wayfarer with something like a sneer. "You know that this is my pay day, I suppose."

"Sure," replied the footpad. "That's why we laid for you."

"He ain't got but 65 cents, Bill," interrupted the one who had been searching the victim's pockets.

"Well," cried the other.

"That's right," said the belated wayfarer, cheerfully.

"But you was paid to-day," insisted the man with the revolver.

"Right again," admitted the belated wayfarer in the same cheerful tone. "But somebody got in ahead of you, and you thought you were so all-fired smart that I'll be hanged if I'm not glad of it."

"Somebody got your roll?"

"Yep."

"Who?"

"My wife came to the office after it this afternoon. Oh, you've got to get up mighty early to beat her."—Chicago Post.

## Of Variegated Hues.

The "humming bird flower" of Eastern Turkey is a unique specimen of floral mimicry. It is a beautiful blossom of variegated hues, the total length of the entire flower being about one and three-quarters inches. As one might imagine from its name, it is an exact image of a miniature humming bird. The breast is green, the wings deep rose color, the throat yellow, and the head and beak almost pure black. The only particular in which it is not a perfect bird is that the stem gives it the appearance of having but a single leg and foot.

## Not Much.

He—I am so afraid your father will object.

She—Don't worry. Papa hasn't much influence in this family.—New York Weekly.

## DR. MAYBE AND MUSTBE.

You choose the old doctor before the young one. Why? Because you don't want to entrust your life in inexperienced hands. True, the young doctor may be experienced. But the old doctor must be. You take no chances with Dr. Maybe, when Dr. Mustbe is in reach. Same with medicines as with medicine makers—the long-tried remedy has your confidence. You prefer experience to experiment—when you are concerned. The new remedy may be good—but let somebody else prove it. The old remedy must be good—judged on its record of cures. Just one more reason for choosing AYER'S Sarsaparilla in preference to any other. It has been the standard household sarsaparilla for half a century. Its record inspires confidence—50 years of cures. If others may be good, Ayer's Sarsaparilla must be. You take no chances when you take AYER'S Sarsaparilla.

## Nerves

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists; \$1. Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

## A Trip to the Garden Spots of the South.

On January 28, February 11 and March 10, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the North, to all points on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within thirty days and will allow stop-over at any points on the south-bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

## Wiser than Solomon.

A man was recently tried for stealing a watch from a lady in an omnibus. The man declared that the watch was his and the woman was mistaken in identifying it as hers. Suddenly the magistrate asked: "Where's the key?"

The prisoner fumbled in his pockets and said he must have left it at home. The magistrate asked him if he wound the watch frequently with the key, and he said: "Yes."

Then a key was procured, watch and key were handed the prisoner, and he was told to wind the watch. He opened the case, but could not find any place to use the key. It was a keyless watch! He was committed for trial.—London Amusing Journal.

## NAPOLEON,

## ONCE ASKED FOR AN OPINION,

## Gives a Graphic Description of His Ideal Woman. Mothers Please Note.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]  
In response to a question asked by a lady, the great Napoleon replied:—

"My ideal woman is not the beautiful-featured society belle, whose physician tries in vain to keep her in repair, nor the fragile butterfly of fashion, who gilds the tortures of disease with a forced smile."

"No! my ideal is a woman who has accepted her being as a sacred trust, and who obeys the laws of nature for the preservation of her body and soul."

"Do you know, my knee involuntarily bends in homage when I meet the matron who reaches middle age in complete preservation."

"That woman is rendered beautiful by perfect health, and the stalwart children by her side are her reward. That's my ideal woman."

To grow to ideal womanhood the girlhood should be carefully guarded.

Mothers owe a duty to their daughters that in too many cases is neglected.

Nature has provided a time for purification; and if the channels are obstructed the entire system is poisoned, and misery comes.

At a mothers' meeting the wife of a noted New York divine said to her listeners: "Watch carefully your daughters' physical development."

"Mothers should see that Nature is assisted, if necessary, to perform its office, and keep their daughters well informed as to matters concerning themselves."

Irregularities, from whatever cause, are sure indications of organic trouble. With irregularities come disturbance of the stomach and kidneys.

Violent headaches often attack the victim; pains shoot everywhere. Extreme irritability follows quickly, and then utter despondency overwhelms the already overburdened life.

Unless the obstruction is removed at once, your daughter's whole future will be darkened.

Lady F. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will accomplish the work speedily. It is the most effective remedy for irregular or suspended action known.

S. N. C. No. 1-106

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You choose the old doctor before the young one. Why? Because you don't want to entrust your life in inexperienced hands. True, the young doctor may be experienced. But the old doctor must be. You take no chances with Dr. Maybe, when Dr. Mustbe is in reach. Same with medicines as with medicine makers—the long-tried remedy has your confidence. You prefer experience to experiment—when you are concerned. The new remedy may be good—but let somebody else prove it. The old remedy must be good—judged on its record of cures. Just one more reason for choosing AYER'S Sarsaparilla in preference to any other. It has been the standard household sarsaparilla for half a century. Its record inspires confidence—50 years of cures. If others may be good, Ayer's Sarsaparilla must be. You take no chances when you take AYER'S Sarsaparilla.

He—I am so afraid your father will object.

She—Don't worry. Papa hasn't much influence in this family.—New York Weekly.

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