REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: "*He drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying: 'Do thyself no harm.'*" Acts xvi., 27-28.

Here is a would-be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sheriff, and according to the Roman law, a bailiff himself must suffer the punishment due an escaped prisoner; and if the prisoner breaking jail was sentenced to be endungeoned for three or four years, then the sheriff must be endungeoned for three or four years; and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment, then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment. The sheriff had received especial charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas. The government had not had confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two clergymen, about whom there seemed to be something strange and supernatural.

Sure enough, by miraculous power, they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep, and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing that they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's axe on the morrow, and suffer public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own decease. But before the sharp, keen, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart, one of the unloosened prisoners arrests the blade by the command: "Do thyself no harm."

In olden time, and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander's ambassador had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orators. Isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedon. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Ceasar, took his own life, and after three times his wounds had been dressed tore them open and perished. Mithridates killed himself rather than submit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life unbearable. Lycurgus a suicide, Brutus a suicide. After the disaster of Moscow, Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of opium, and one night his servant heard the ex-Emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the groans aroused all the attendants, and it was only through utmost medical skill he was resuscitated from the stupor of the opiate.

Times have changed, and yet the American conscience needs to be toned up on the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last month that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own behest? Defaulters, alarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they cannot endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infelicity, domestic impatience, anger, remorse, envy, jealousy, destitution, misanthropy, are considered sufficient causes for absconding from this life by Paris green, by laudanum, by belladonna, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by leap from the abutment of a bridge, by firearms. More cases of felo de se in the last two years than any two years of the world's existence, and more in the last month than in any twelve months. The evil is more and more spreading.

A pulpit not long ago expressed some doubt as to whether there was really anything wrong about quitting this life when it became disagreeable, and there are found in respectable circles people apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that suicide is the worst of all crimes, and I shall lift a warning unmistakable. But in the early part of this sermon I wish to admit that some of the best Christians that have ever lived have committed self-destuction, but always in dementia, and not responsible. I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of the Christian who dies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid fever. While the shock of the catastrophe is very great, I charge all those who have had Christian friends under cerebal aberration step off the boundaries of this life, to have no doubt about their happiness. The dear Lord took them right out of their dazed and frenzied state into perfect safety. How Christ feels toward the insane you may know from the kind way He treated the demoniac of Gadara and the child lunatic, and the potency with which he hushed tempests either of sea or brain.

Scotland, the land prolific of intellectual giants, had none grander than Hugh Miller. Great for science and great for God. He came of the best Highland blood, and was a descendant of Donald Roy, a man eminent for piety and the rare gift of second-sight. His attainments, climbing up as he did from the quarry and the wall of the stonemason, drew forth the astonished admiration of Buckland and Murchison, the scientists, and Dr. Chalmers, the theologian, and held universities spellbound while he told them the story of what he had seen of God in the old red sandstone.

That man did more than any being that ever lived to show that the God of the hills is the God of the Bible, and he struck his tuning fork on the rocks of Cromarty until he brought geology and theology accordant in divine worship. His two books, entitled "Footprints of the Creator" and the "Testimony of the Rocks," proclaimed the banns of an everlasting marriage between genuine science and revelation. On this latter book he toiled day and night through love of nature and love of God, until he could not sleep, and his brain gave way, and he was found dead with a revolver by his side, the cruel instrument having had two bullets—one for him and the other for the gunsmith who at the coroner's inquest was examining it and fell dead. Have you any doubt of the beatification of Hugh Miller, after his hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello? Among the mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of heaven.

No one doubted the piety of William Cowper, the author of those three great hymns, "Oh, for a closer walk with God," "What various hindrances we meet," "There is a fountain filled with blood;" William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochrondria he resolved to take his own life, and rode to the river Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at the very point from which he expected to spring, and rode back to his home, and that night threw himself upon his own knife, but the blade broke; and then he hanged himself to the ceiling, but the rope parted. No wonder that when God mercifully delivered him from that awful dementia he sat down and wrote that other hymn just as memorable:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

While we make this merciful and righteous allowance in regard to those who were plunged into mental incoherence, I declare that that man who, in the use of his reason, by his own act, snaps the bond between his body and his soul, goes straight into perdition. Shall I prove it? Revelation xxi., 8: "Murderers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Revelation xxii., 15: "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers." You do not believe the New Testament? Then, perhaps, you believe the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not kill." Do you say all these passages refer to the taking of the life of others? Then I ask you if you are not as responsible for your own life as for the life of others? God gave you a special trust in your life. He made you the custodian of your life as He made you the custodian of no other life. He gave you as weapons with which to defend it two arms to strike back assailants, two eyes to watch for invasion, and a natural love of life which ought ever to be on the alert. Assassination of others is a mild crime compared with the assassination of yourself, because in the latter case it is treachery to an especial trust, it is the surrender of a castle you were especially appointed to keep, it is treason to a natural law, and it is treason to God added to ordinary murder.

To show how God in the Bible looked upon this crime, I point you to the rogue's picture gallery in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of the people who have committed this unatural crime. Here is the headless trunk of Saul on the walls of Bathshan. Here is the man who chased little David—ten feet in stature chasing four. Here is the man who consulted a clairvoyant, Witch of Endor. Here is a man who whipped in battle instead of surrendering his sword with dignity, as many a man has done, asks his servant to slay him, and when the servant declines, then the giant plants the hilt of the sword in the earth, the sharp point sticking upward, and he throws his body on it and expires, the coward, the suicide. Here is Ahitophel, the Machiavelli of olden times, betraying his best friend David in order that he may become prime minister of Absalom, and joining that fellow in his attempt at paricide. Not getting what he wanted by change of politics, he takes a short cut out of a disgraced life into the suicide's eternity. There he is, the ingrate! Here is Abimelech, practically a suicide. He is with an army, bombarding a tower, when a woman in the tower takes a grindstone from its place and drops it upon his head, and with what life he has left in his cracked skull he commands his armor-bearer: "Draw thy sword and slay me, lest men say a woman slew me." There is his post-mortem photograph in the book of Samuel. But the hero of this group is Judas Iscariot. Dr. Donne says he was a martyr, and we have in our day apologists for him. And what wonder, in this day when we have a book revealing Aaron Burr as a pattern of virtue, and in this day when we uncover a statue to George Sand as the benefactress of literature, and in this day when there are betrayals of Christ on the part of some of His pretended apostles—a betrayal so black it makes the infamy of Judas Iscariot white! Yet this man by his own hand hung up for the execration of all the ages, Judas Iscariot.

All the good men and women of the Bible left to God the decision of their earthly terminus, and they could have said with Job, who had a right to commit suicide if any man ever had—what with his destroyed property, his body all aflame with insufferable carbuncles, and everything gone from his home except the chief curse of it, a pestiferous wife, and four garrulous people pelting him with comfortless talk while he sits on a heap of ashes scratching his scabs with a piece of broken pottery, yet crying out in triumph: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil, and the aversion which it creates by the loathsome and ghastly spectacle of those who have hurled themselves out of life, and notwithstanding Christianity is against it, and the arguments and the useful lives and the illustrious deaths of its disciples, it is a fact alarmingly patent that suicide is on the increase.

What is the cause? I charge upon Infidelity and Agnosticism this whole thing. If there be no hereafter, or if that hereafter be blissful without reference to how we live and how we die, why not move back the folding doors between this world and the next? And when our existence here becomes troublesome, why not pass right over into Elysium? Put this down among your most solemn reflections, and consider it after you go to your homes; there has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented, and therefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challenge all the ages, and I challenge the universe. There never has been a case of self-destruction while in full appreciation of his immortality and of the fact that that immortality would be glorious or wretched according as he accepted Jesus Christ or rejected Him.

You say it is a business trouble, or you say it is electrical currents, or it is this, or it is that, or it is the other thing. Why not go clear back, my friend, and acknowledge that in every case it is the abdication of reason or the teaching of infidelity which practically says: "If you don't like this life get out of it, and you will land either in annihilation, where there are no notes to pay, no persecutions to suffer, no gout to torment, or you will land where there will be everything glorious and nothing to pay for it." Infidelity always has been apologetic for self-immolation. After Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" was published and widely read there was a marked increase of self-slaughter.

A man in London heard Mr. Owen deliver his infidel lecture on Socialism, and went home, sat down, and wrote these words: Jesus Christ is one of the weakest characters in history, and the Bible is the greatest possible deception," and then shot himself. David Hume wrote these words: "It would be no crime for me to divert the Nile or the Danube from its natural bed. Where then can be the crime in my diverting a few drops of blood from their ordinary channel?" And having written the essay he loaned it to a friend, the friend read it, wrote a letter of thanks and admiration, and shot himself. Appendix to the same book.

Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Montaigne, under certain circumstances, were apologetic for self-immolation. Infidelity puts up no bar to people's rushing out from this world into the next. They teach us it does not make any difference how you live here or go out of this world, you will land either in an oblivious nowhere or a glorious somewhere. And infidelity holds the upper end of the rope for the suicide, and aims the pistol with which a man blows his brains out, and mixes the strychnine for the last swallow. If infidelity could carry the day and persuade the majority of people in this country that it does not make any difference how you go out of the world you will land safely, the Hudson and the East river would be so full of corpses the ferryboats would be impeded in their progress, and the crack of a suicide's pistol would be no more alarming than the rumble of a street car.

I have sometimes heard it discussed whether the great dramatist was a Christian or not. I do not know, but I know that he considered appreciation of a future existence the mightiest hindrance to self-destruction:

"For who could bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns—puzzles the will?"

Would God that the coroners would be brave in rendering the right verdict, and when in a case of irresponsibility they say: "While this man was demented he took his life;" in the other case say: "Having read infidel books and attended infidel lectures, which obliterated from this man's mind all appreciation of anything like future retribution, he committed self-slaughter!"

Ah! Infidelity, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God and angels and men, stand up, thou monster, thy lip blasted with blasphemy, thy cheek scarred with lust, thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up Satyr, filthy goat, buzzard of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou monster Infidelity! Part man, part panther, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hands red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit and sup on the sobs and groans of families thou has blasted, and roll on the bed of knives which thou hast sharpened for others, and let thy music be the everlasting miserere of those whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of infidelity with all the crimes of self-immolation for the last century on the part of those who had their reason.

My friends, if ever your life through its abrasions and its molestations, should seem to be unbearable, and you are tempted to quit it by your own behest, do not consider yourself as worse than others. Christ himself was tempted to cast Himself from the roof of the Temple, but as He resisted, so resist ye. Christ came to medicine all our wounds. In your trouble I prescribe life instead of death. People who have had it worse than you will ever have it have gone songful on the way. Remember that God keeps the chronology of your life with as much precision as He keeps the chronology of nations, your death as well as your cradle.

Why was it that at midnight, just at midnight, the destroying angel struck the blow that set the Israelites free from bondage? The four hundred and thirty years were up at twelve o'clock that night. The four hundred and thirty years were not up at eleven, and one o'clock would have been tardy and too late. The four hundred and thirty years were up at twelve o'clock, and the destroying angel struck the blow and Israel was free. And God knows just the hour when it is time to lead you up from earthly bondage. By His grace make not the worst of things, but the best of them. If you must take the pills, do not chew them. Your everlasting rewards will accord with your earthly perturbations, just as Caius gave to Aggrippa a chain of gold as heavy as had been a chain of iron. For the asking—and I do not know to whom I speak in this august assemblage, but the word may be especially appropriate—for your asking you may have the same grace that was given to the Italian martyr, Algerius, who, down in the darkest of dungeons, dated his letter from "the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison."

And remember that this brief life of ours is surrounded by a rim, a very thin but very important rim, and close up to that rim is a great eternity, and you had better keep out of it until God breaks that rim and separates this from that. To get rid of the sorrows of earth, do not rush into greater sorrows. To get rid of a swarm of summer insects, leap not into a jungle of Bengal tigers.

There is a sorrowless world, and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doorstep and the aurora that lights up our northern heavens, confounding astronomers as to what it can be, is the waving of the banners of the procession come to take the conquerors home from church militant to church triumphant, and you and I have ten thousand reasons for wanting to go there, but we will never get there either by self-immolation or impenitency. All our sins slain by the Christ who came to do that thing, we want to go in at just the time divinely arranged, and from a couch divinely spread, and then the clang of the sepulchral gates behind us will be overpowered by the clang of the opening of the solid pearl before us. O God, whatever others may choose, give me a Christian's life, a Christian's death, a Christian's burial, a Christian's immortality!

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A Berlin scientist says salt is conducive to longevity.

Brass solder may be made by using twelve parts of brass, six parts of zinc, and one part of tin.

Antipyrine in doses of one to three grains is recommended by Sonnenberger as a remedy for whooping cough.

A gas stove has been invented to rival the bookcase folding bed. It is concealed in a handsome colonial clock case.

Lithium is the lightest metal known and is worth $160 per ounce. Gallium is the costliest metal known and is worth $3250 per ounce.

It is asserted that, under certain conditions, the bark of the quilla tree of Chili possesses cleansing properties superior to those of the best soap.

Wonders are being continually accomplished by electricity. A French electrician thinks he will soon be able to produce a thunder storm at will.

A correspondent of the Liverpool *Mercury* says that he heard some cornet playing from a phonograph which had been repeated more than a thousand times, and all the notes were as clear and distinct as ever.

A new carpenter rule has been invented by a Boston mechanic. It is of novel construction, and aside from its uses as a rule makes a very handy bevel or square, in which legs may be adjustably clamped in any desired position.

The tax-collectors' receipts of the ancient Egyptians were inscribed on pieces of broken crockery. Some of them, from the British museum collection, have been translated, and show the tax in Egypt under the early Cæsars.

A new chain wrench for plumbers is especially adapted for use in connection with pipes, and is so constructed that the pipe may be turned from right to left or vice versa, without removing the wrench, while it permits of tightening the chain less than the length of a link.

The French in Cayenne are said to hold in great dread the *Lucilia hominivorax*, or man-eating fly. This insect lays its eggs in the mouth or nostrils of sleeping, and especially of drunken, individuals, and the hatched-out *larvæ* usually produce a horrible death.

The Colt arms factory at Hartford, Conn., will soon begin the manufacture of the 5000 navy revolvers for the United States Government. The new piece is a five-shooter of thirty-eight calibre. Besides being self-cocking, all the cartridges may be instantly removed by a pressure of the thumb.

Blacksmiths, who sometimes get hold of fractious horses, will appreciate the device of a Sidney (Ohio) man. The invention is a horseshoeing rack, and consists of a pen, readily adjustable to the size of any animal, and in which a horse can be securely fastened the rack being made so that it can be readily taken down and moved out of the way.

French chemists now obtain from the essence of birch bark, by rectification an essential oil which possesses among other proprieties that of being fatal to insect life, and an electrically insulating tarry substance; and these two products are so treated and combined with other substances as to produce an anti-oxidizing compound and an insulating material capable of the same applications as ebonite.

By means of recent improvements made in the manufacture of rifles as many as 120 barrels can now be rolled in an hour by one machine. They are straightened cold and bored with corresponding speed, and even the rifling is done automatically, so that one man tending six machines can turn out sixty or seventy barrels per day. With the old rifling machine twenty barrels was about the limit of a day's work, but the improved machines attend to everything after being once started, and, when the rifling is completed, ring a bell to call the attention of the workman.

The weather vane in the shape of a large grasshopper, which adorns Faneuil Hall in Boston, is said to have been placed there by the owner of the hall, who was also a wholesale grocer, as a sign of his occupation. The grasshopper was the sign of the Wholesale Grocers' Association of Boston. Mr. Faneuil was a prominent member of this association.

FARM EXPERIENCES.

Interesting Observations on Animals, Insects and Crops.

[Correspondence N. Y. Times.]

The instinct of farm cats, used much more to exercise their wits for the purpose of living than the average house cat which is spoiled by too much petting has afforded a subject for many interesting stories. But a case, which, I think is unique occurred in my barn this season. A pair of ducks nested close together in the barn and hatched out a lot of ducklings. The cat had her nest close by those of the ducks, where she nursed one little kitten. The ducks went off the morning after their broods were hatched to the pond and did not return. On looking for the ducklings they were not to be found, and I was beginning to suspect the cat had made away with them, when I saw the dark little things peeping out from her nest. She had gathered them all in with her and was keeping them warm, and spit and fought when I attempted to take them from her to return them to the ducks.

The value of a crop of millet is far greater than is generally supposed or believed. As a forage for all kinds of stock it comes next to corn. I am now feeding millet hay to milking cows, work oxen, horses and colts with evident advantage. It is preferred before any other kind of hay by the horses, and is all eaten without waste. I consider it worth at least one-quarter more than the best timothy. But this crop must be cut early and cured quickly, and grown thickly too, to be worth this. When ripe and over-cured it is not worth any more than straw, and I don't consider the grain of much value for feeding.

I have just finished cutting two acres of second-growth clover and timothy for soiling. It has been used for all kinds of stock, including pigs, which eat it greedily. The two acres have supported 12 yearling steers and heifers, 3 cows, 4 spring calves, 1 bull, 4 oxen, 2 horses and 7 pigs for two months and the new growth of the first part of it would make very good pasture. Had this field been pastured it would not have yielded more than feed for the 12 yearlings, if they could have even lived on it for the two months. Feeding green crops by soiling has been frequently proved to yield three times as much food as the same land pastured would have done.

The common opinion that earth worms damage potatoes is generally supposed by the fact that the worms have been found in the hollows eaten in the tubers. This is circumstantial evidence of the weakest kind. A man goes to his corn crib and finds that the corn has been eaten off from the cobs, and he also finds a cat curled up and sleeping on the corn. Will he jump at once to the conclusion that the cat knawed the corn? Certainly not, and because he knows it is not the nature of cats to eat corn. He lays the blame in the right quarter, the mice and rats, because he knows these animals insest the cribs and he recognizes the marks of their teeth. Now a person that calls an earth worm an insect does not know enough to give a just judgment in this case. Now, worms have no teeth or mandibles and cannot consequently make marks or indentures in a potato. Wire worms, on the contrary have a sharp pair of mandibles or over teeth and make distinct marks in the potatoes which they bite into, and so do the large white grubs; and these make much larger marks and eat much deeper than the wire worms do. So that when any person says that earth worms cause the damage to potatoes known as scab his experience is not correctly based. In any soil there are myriads of earth worms and a great many white grubs, and the potatoes are always more or less eaten by the later, but they have never been scabby to the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant. And there are no wire worms—(the kind known as hundred legs—myriapods—is ment.)

My experience in this respect, due to very careful observation, is that the white grubs keep to one potato, remaining near it or in the cavity they make until it is nearly all eaten away; the wire worms eat only the skin, and go from one potato to another, damaging some more than others, and most of them but little, and many are only spotted in a few places. Always the most damaged are the softest and ripest ones. It is curious that no fungus has ever been found growing in the scabby potatoes, although sometimes it may be found on the potato growing at the wounded part, and hence accidental.

A Very Curious Stone.

There has lately been found in Colorado a white opaque variety of hydrophane in rounded lumps from five to twenty-five mm. in diameter, with a white, chalky, or glazed coating, and which is of peculiar interest to scientific men. For its power of absorbing liquid this substance is quite remarkable, and when water is allowed to slowly drop on it it first becomes very white and chalky, and then gradually perfectly transparent. This property is developed so strikingly as to give rise to the name "magic stone" for it, and has suggested its use in rings, lockets, charms, etc., to conceal photographs, hair, or other objects which the wearer wishes to reveal only when caprice might dictate. In an examination of several specimens of this curious material to determine its specific gravity, etc., the fact was readily disclosed that hydrophane—the weight being taken both dry and wet—absorbs more than an equal volume of water.

Discoveries in Ancient Syria.

The United States Consul at Beyrout reports that a few months ago a party of Germans, under the patronage of their Government, began excavations in a mound at the foot of the Amanus (a mountain two days' journey south of Marash in the Vilayet of Aleppo), and have discovered some fifty blocks of blackbasalt with bas reliefs of men and animals, constituting the basement story of a large palace. These sculptures bear unmistakable characteristics of Hittite art, but no Hittite inscriptions have yet been found. In the court of the palace was discovered a colossal statue of Sardanapalus covered with Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions. The Germans are still pushing forward their excavations in eager expectation of more important discoveries.

When Log Cabins Flourish.

A party of American gentlemen, who had been camping out on an island in the great Lake Nipigon, Canada, last Summer, were returning in a sail boat and were yet seven miles from port when the sun went down, and with the sailing breeze.

A discouraging situation, truly.

"Never mind, I can row you there inside of two hrs," said the guide, who had charge of the party, as their murmurs arose.

"Why man, it is seven miles, there are four of us in this heavy boat—its a big job you undertake," said one.

"No matter, I have done the likes before and can do it again," cheerfully replied the broad shouldered Irishman, as he stowed away the sail and bent to the oars. He was a splendid oarsman, and the boat was soon under headway again.

"What would I not give to enjoy your health and strength," remarked the Professor.

"Yes I am pretty healthy, and though I am past sixty I feel as strong as ever," replied the guide. "But only three years ago I stood at death's door and never thought to pull an oar again. Of course, I was in the woods all winter, logging, and I got into the water one day and caught cold. It settled on my lungs and I had a bad cough, which hung on till I ran down almost to a skeleton."

"Call in a physician?"

"Yes, I went twenty miles through the bush to see a doctor; he gave me some medicine, but it did not help me much."

"How was you cured effected?"

"An old Scotch lady, who had come over from the Orkneys, gave me a preparation of balsams and herbs, which she said the early settlers in America used, and it soon stopped my cough and put me on my feet again."

One has but to travel along the frontier to learn how easy it is to get along without doctors and how effective are the natural remedies which the old grandmothers know how to prepare. They often cure where the best physicians fail.

Every mother of a family knows how coughs and colds are quickly and radically cured with syrups and teas made from balsams and herbs which "grandmother taught us how to make."

Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy was, after long investigation of the merits and comparison with other old time preparations, selected from them because proved to be the very best of them all. It has brought back the roses to many a pallid cheek—there is no known remedy its equal as a cure for coughs and colds.

Cats as a general thing do not like water, though they are good swimmers.

Children Starving to Death

On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvelous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. COHEN, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in Infantile wasting with good results. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength and increases the appetite. I am glad to use such a reliable article."

An Irish philosopher says the best pumpkin pie is made of squash.

A Madman at Large!

He is a well-known citizen, and his nearest and dearest friends do not suspect his insanity. How do we happen to know about it? Listen: his appetite is gone, he is low-spirited, he don't sleep well, he has night sweats, he is annoyed by a hacking cough. These symptoms are the forerunners of consumption and death, and yet he neglects them. Is it any wonder that we call him a madman? If you are his friend tell him to get a bottle of Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery without delay. It will cure him if he takes it in time. It will not miraculously create new lungs when the old ones are nearly gone, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy condition. Tell him about it, and warn him that in his case delay means death.

The English Bishop of Truro has inherited $400,000 from an uncle.

Wonderful Popularity.

The fact that the sale of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets exceeds that of any other pill in the market, be it great or small, is on account of the fact that they are tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, and that in most cases one little "Pellet" is sufficient for a dose; that they are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; and for constipation, biliousness, sick-headache, and all diseases arising from derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels, they are absolutely a specific. A gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

Iowa has no less than ten women county school superintendents.

Keep Them in the Nursery.

HAMBURG FIGS should be kept in the nursery, where they are particularly useful in case of constipation or indigestion, as they are liked by children, and are prompt and efficacious in action. 25 cents. Dose one Fig. Mack Drug Co., N. Y.

Texas has 1,010,929 head of hogs, valued at $1,241,665.

Use the great specific for "cold in the head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A mocking bird in Albany, N. Y., whistles "Boulanger's March."

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

All good swimmers are not belligerent, yet they strike out right and left.

GOLD Live at home and make more money work.... for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY-FEVER HEALS THE SORES PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

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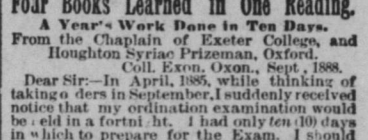

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