

REV. DR. ALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE SUNDAY SERMON.

"The Birthplace of Sewing Societies." (Preached at Joppa.)

TEXT: "And all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which while she was with them."—Acts ix, 39.

Christians of Joppa! I pressed as I am with your mosaic, the first I ever saw, and stirred as I am with the fact that your harbor once floated the great rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples at Jerusalem were builded, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through his town on the way to Jerusalem, nothing can make me forget that this Joppa was the birthplace of the sewing society that has blessed the poor of all succeeding ages in all lands. The disasters to your town when Judas Maccabeus led his army and Xerxes had five hundred prisoners massed in your neighborhood, cannot make me forget that one of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this spot by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffably in the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in your home. In the doorway, and around about the building, and in the room where she sits, are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman, and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one, she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted at the street corners by those whom she blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard: "Dorcas is coming." The sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope, as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them; and as she goes out the lane, eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow, and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half-paid slipper climbs the hill and the wretched man, and sees his little boy, and says: "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas brought the oil. In another place, a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness, the news comes: "Dorcas is sick." No bulletin flashing from the palace gate, telling the stages of a King's disease, is more anxiously awaited for than the news from this sick benefactress. Alas for Joppa! there are despairing looks and wailing voices which have uttered many cheerful words: that hand which had made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; that star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that envelop the river of death; every God forsaken place in this town, wherever there is a sick child and no baln; wherever there is hunger and no bread; wherever there is guilt and no commiseration; wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks and wailing voices, and frantic restlessness as they cry: "Dorcas is dead!" They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of this place, stopping with a tanner by the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door, and stands in the presence of the dead. What exultation and grief all about him! Her stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle, he will do it, he will raise the dead crowd, so he kindly orders that the whole room be cleared. The door is shut against the populace. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know when you are alone with a lifeless body. The apostle kneels, he prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulcher, and in the strength of Him who is the resurrection he exclaims: "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life, the heart flutters; in the nerve, the sight, the cheek flushes, the organs stir, the life returns.

We see in this subject Dorcas the disciple; Dorcas the benefactress; Dorcas the lamented; Dorcas the resurrected.

If I had not seen that word discipline in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such a name never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needle-work of this woman, I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. With that she lives and she has daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of to-morrow, I charge you, in the name of God, to imitate the woman of whom I speak, to attend to the first, last and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for God and being at peace with Him. When the trumpet shall sound, there is a heaven prepared for a woman of mount sin and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amidst the rising of the dead, and amidst the boiling of yonder sea, and amidst the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens, calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ, calm notwithstanding all the tumult, the fire in the heavens were only the gildings of an autumn sunset, as though the peal of the trumpet were only the harmony of an orchestra, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends hurrying through a gateway at evening with laughter, and shouting "Dorcas, the disciple!" Would God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet of Jesus!

Further, we see Dorcas the benefactress. History has told the story of the crown; the epic poet has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops, and rustic music in the air; the corn, has sung the praises of the plow. I tell you the praises of the needle. From the fig leaf robe prepared in the garden of Eden to the last stitch taken on the garment for the poor, the needle has wrought wonders of kindness, gentleness and beneficence. It adorned the garb of the high priest; it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle; it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon; it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth; and in high places, and in low places, by the fire of the potter's wheel, and under the bush of the chandelier, everywhere, it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the Gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and woe with the war cry of "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the missions of the employer have been constructed. Amidst the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands, I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes. I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the skin; it has struck weakness into the limbs; it has made madness in the brain; it has filled the potter's field; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall speak only of charities of the needle.

This woman was a representative of all those women who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the leprosi, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who

go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute bearing that Gospel which is sight for the blind, and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a bird, and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of your city which makes remaining speech on the benevolent platform, and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying: "Hush your miserable howling!" The sufferers of the world want not so much theory as practice; not so much tears as deeds; not so much much smiles as shoes; not so much "God bless you!" as jackets and frocks. I will put one earnest Christian man, hard working, against five thousand more theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have fine ideas about church architecture who never in their life helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, who never sent a farthing for their evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world, who never had the courage like Dorcas to take the needle and assault it.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, Come now and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box. The Princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine-stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII, of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amidst the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door and came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I, went down amidst the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around, and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the Civil War in America who has not heard of the women of the Sanitary and Christian commissions, or of that fact, before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain, the women of the North met the women of the South on the battlefield, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded, and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas the benefactress.

She came now to speak of Dorcas the lamented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in this town of Joppa! I suppose there were women here with larger fortunes; women, perhaps, with handsomer faces; but there was no grief at their departure like this. If our American women would but turn to Dorcas, and learn of her, and learn of the women of the Mediterranean Sea, and learn of the wharves of this seaport, then there would be no more of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmourned. They may be a very large funeral; there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse; there may be high sounding eulogiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sin. The church of God has lost nothing, the world has lost nothing. It is only a human body that is only a grumbling cesspool; it is only an idler stopped yawning; it is only a dissipated fashionable part of his wine cellar; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The church of God needs no like the prophet, "Howl, for fire, for the cedar, for the olive tree." Widows hood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes to kiss the cold brow of her who charmed it away. And all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning, because Dorcas is dead.

When Josephine of France was carried out to her grave, there were a great many men and women of pomp and pride and position mourning for her. But I am not affected by the story of history that on that day there were ten thousand of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because, when they lost Josephine, they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were put upon the cheeks of the heathen? There may be no mass for the dead; there may be no costly sarcophagus; there may be no elaborate mausoleum; but in the damp cellar of the city, and through the lonely huts and mean dwellings, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

I speak to you of Dorcas the resurrected. The apostle came to who she was and said: "Arise and walk." In what I show you the compass the great writer put that—"She sat up!" Oh, what a time there must have been around this town, when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What clapping of hands there must have been! Singing! What laughter! Sound it all through that lane! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Dorcas is resurrected!

You and I have seen the same thing many a time, not dead, but resurrected, in the deceased coming up again after death in the good accomplished. If a man labors up to fifty years of age, serving God, and then dies, we are apt to think that his earthly work is done. No. His influence on earth will continue to the world's end. Services rendered for Christ never stop. Christian women toil for the upbuilding of a church through many anxieties, through many self denials, with prayers and tears, and then she dies. It is fifteen years since she went away. Now the spirit of God is upon the church, and the souls stand up and confess the faith of Christ. Has that Christian woman, who went away fifteen years ago, nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in the songs ever since forgiven, and all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again.

After a while all these womanly friends of Christ will put down their needle forever. After making garments for others, some one will make a garment for them; the last robe will be woven by the angels of heaven. You will have heard the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last orphanage. You will have come in woe out from your last round of agony. I do not know where you will sleep, nor what your epitaph will be, but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on! Soft bed, pleasant slumber, undisturbed repose! Sleep on!

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep.

Then one day there will be a sky reading, and a whirl of wheels, and the flash of a pagan; armies marching, chains clinking, banners waving, thunders booming, and the Christian woman will arise from the dust, and she will be suddenly surrounded—surrounded by the wanderers of the street whom she reclaimed, surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she administered. Daughter of God, so strangely surrounded, what would it mean that reward has come, that the victory is won, that the crown is ready, that the banquet is spread. Shout it through all the crumbling earth. Sing it through all the flying heavens. Dorcas is resurrected!

In 1838, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean war to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called Crimean medals. Galleries were erected for the two houses of

Parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A Colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkermann was seated in a wheel chair; others came limping on their crutches. Then the Queen arose before them in the name of her government, and uttered words of commendation to the officers and men, and distributed these medals, inscribed with the four great words of Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann and Sebastopol. As the Queen gave to the wounded men and the wounded officers, the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people with streaming eyes joined in the song:

God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God save the Queen!

And then they shouted "Huzza! huzza!" Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better and gladder day will come when Christ shall gather those who he has toiled in His service, the soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of heaven He will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and then He will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields, dear to earth and dear to heaven, Bethlehem! Nazareth! Gethsemane! Calvary!

IMPRISONED BY FLAMES.

One Hundred Men Caught in a Burning Building.

Four smoke-blackened and crumbling walls, towering up above a steaming, smoking, smouldering mass of machinery, brick and building debris is all that now remains of the eight story brick building at the corner of First avenue south and Fourth street, Minneapolis, Minn., in which had been printed three daily and one weekly newspapers, and where was located the Minneapolis Tribune, besides numerous other offices. It is expected that from ten to twenty persons lost their lives. Shortly after 11 o'clock a wall fell and a number of persons are believed to have been buried. Eight men injured have been taken out.

The fire started in a law office in the third story. The cry of "fire" was raised, and several persons went down from the seventh story to investigate, but returned to work. The smoke began to fill the narrow stairways, and the fire rapidly made its way to the top. No immediate danger was feared. The only exits from the building, which was supposed to be fire-proof were a narrow staircase, the elevator and a single fire escape. The flames sought the elevator shaft, which conveyed them to the top story. The fire was a fierce one while it lasted, and it was due to the effective work of the department that the flames were kept from spreading to the frame buildings on the adjacent lots.

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The plan of the building was such as to make it well adapted for anyone who had delayed after the alarm had been given to make his escape from the building. As there were not less than one hundred men at work on the upper stories at the time the fire broke out, and the warning was late as well as the means of egress limited, some of our American women would do well to turn to Dorcas, and learn of her, and learn of the women of the Mediterranean Sea, and learn of the wharves of this seaport, then there would be no more of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmourned. They may be a very large funeral; there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse; there may be high sounding eulogiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sin. The church of God has lost nothing, the world has lost nothing. It is only a human body that is only a grumbling cesspool; it is only an idler stopped yawning; it is only a dissipated fashionable part of his wine cellar; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The church of God needs no like the prophet, "Howl, for fire, for the cedar, for the olive tree." Widows hood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes to kiss the cold brow of her who charmed it away. And all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning, because Dorcas is dead.

NINETEEN LIVES LOST.

The American Ship Chesborough Goes on the Rocks.

The steamship Gaic, at San Francisco, from China and Japan, brings news that the American ship Chesborough was wrecked Oct. 29 by running of the rocks off Stuchi-Ri-Hani, Nineteen of the crew were drowned. The vessel was from Hokkaido and was loaded with sulphur. Four of the crew were saved.

Victor Boeck, aged 18, of Philadelphia, was one of the four survivors. After relating his terrible experience in the battle for life, and the disappearance of one of the crew, he said: "I was on the deck when the rigging in which they had taken refuge, he gives the following tale of his own trials, together with a man named Nolan:

"I succeeded in getting a piece of round wood which seemed to belong to a top mast, about two fathoms long. I was very glad to have it, and I had to let go. Nolan stuck to it. I swam off and succeeded in getting a deck beam with large spikes in it. On this I was tossed about on the angry waves like a feather, but by hard work I kept the timber headed toward shore and tried to propel it with my feet. I got it about half way. Some of the others were ahead of me. At this time the enormous sea swept over us, carrying away supports and dashing the drift wood against us. I was covered with bruises and scars. I was very glad to see Nolan, and I should be drowned, but did not give up, I remembered feeling a not unpleasant sensation, bright and pretty colored lights seemed to twinkle before my eyes, and the incidents of my life flash through my brain. I saw more and more clearly the scenes of my childhood, and I clung to it. I looked around, but could not see any of my previous companions. They were drowned. Many times I was washed from my timber, but at last my feet touched shore, and a huge breaker rolled me over and over. I lay on my back, and the fisher men threw me a rope some Japanese fishermen threw to me. The fishermen cared for me and the three others who reached land, though Moos, Peeps and another were waving crazy from their torture in the water."

MARKETS.

Baltimore—Flour—City Mills, extra, \$4.50
48 1/2; Wheat—Southern Falls, \$2.84;
48 1/2; Corn—Southern Yellow, \$1.25;
48 1/2; Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania
25 1/2; Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania
57 1/2; Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania
12 1/2; Straw—Wheat, 7.50; Butter,
Eastern Creamery, 19 1/2; Eggs—
55 1/2; Cheese—Western, 10 1/2; Eggs—
25; Tobacco Leaf—Inferior, 15 1/2; Good
Common, 3 00; Middling, 15 1/2; Good
to fine red, 3 1/2; Fancy, 10 1/2.

New York—Flour—Southern Common to
fair extra, \$3.50; 55; Wheat—No. 1
\$1.17; No. 2, \$1.15; Corn—Southern
Yellow, 42 1/2; Oats—White, State 57 1/2;
48 1/2; Butter—State, 12 1/2; Cheese—State,
8 1/2; Eggs—24 1/2.

Philadelphia—Flour—Pennsylvania
48 1/2; Wheat—Pennsylvania and
Southern Red, 75; Corn—Southern
Yellow, 42 1/2; Oats—White, State 57 1/2;
48 1/2; Butter—State, 12 1/2; Cheese—State,
8 1/2; Eggs—24 1/2.

Baltimore—Cattle—12 1/2; Sheep—\$3.00
45.00; Hogs—\$4.00.

New York—Beef—\$5.00; Sheep—\$3.50
45.00; Hogs—\$4.00.

East Liberty—Beef—\$5.00; Sheep—
\$4.00; Hogs—\$4.00.

In a Paris Hotel.

For bed-room use you are expected to provide your own soap and matches. Lights, a very nice candle, by the way, that does not drip, and in showy silver-plated candle-sticks, are charged for a franc each. You cannot burn too many for a hotel-keeper, who would keep you in a great state of brilliancy all night long. Women, especially those who are vain, must revel in the Parisian bed-rooms, for they abound in mirrors on every side. The wardrobe door is a full-length mirror; there is a mirror over the mantel, another over the dressing table, and a fourth somewhere else. And they are the real French plate, too, which never make you fancy you are cross-eyed or facially crooked, and sometimes, the ugly woman think, really make you look handsome.

The Reason.

Two men, in the dining-room of a hotel, were watching a hungry fellow who sat near them.

"Waiter," said the hungry fellow, "bring me some fried perch."

After he had eaten the perch he ordered a broiled bass and, after devouring it, said:

"Now just bring me along any other fish that you happen to have handy."

"That fellow is extremely fond of fish," said one of the men.

"Not so much that he is fond of them as the fact that he hasn't had any for a long time."

"He could get them, I am sure. The markets are full of them."

"Yes, but you see he has been beyond the reach of the markets; he has just returned from a fishing expedition."

Later unto Amicola

Came a pale face preacher, teaching Peace and progress to the natives, Wood and won by Uania. She nobler to make his calling, Whispered to him nature's secret—Told him of the herbs so potent For the healing and the saving."

—EXTRACT FROM POEM OF "GAMITA."

You may sing of the beauty of springtime That glows on the cheek of the young. But I sing of a beauty far more rare, The beauty that is seen in the face Of women whose summer is o'er. Eternal disorders are the frost which come to the flowers which betoken good health, without which there can be no real beauty. If our American women would but turn to Dorcas, and learn of her, and learn of the women of the Mediterranean Sea, and learn of the wharves of this seaport, then there would be no more of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmourned. They may be a very large funeral; there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse; there may be high sounding eulogiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sin. The church of God has lost nothing, the world has lost nothing. It is only a human body that is only a grumbling cesspool; it is only an idler stopped yawning; it is only a dissipated fashionable part of his wine cellar; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The church of God needs no like the prophet, "Howl, for fire, for the cedar, for the olive tree." Widows hood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes to kiss the cold brow of her who charmed it away. And all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning, because Dorcas is dead.

The fulfilment of the wicked is paved with good intentions, but the pavements never grow up and the system has its advantages.

Deafness Can't be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running ear, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed you are deaf. It is not until the inflammation has been removed that the hearing is restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, nine cases out of ten are caused by taking colds and catching colds in an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we cannot cure with HALL'S CATARRH CURE. Send for circular, free.

J. F. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Who hath no more bread than he needs should not keep a dog, but he generally keeps seven.

A \$2.50 Paper for \$1.75.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION gives so much for the small amount that it costs. It is no wonder it is taken by millions of children and young people. With its fine paper and beautiful illustrations, its Weekly Illustrated Supplements and its Double Holiday Numbers, it seems as if the publishers could not do enough to please. By sending \$1.75 now you may obtain it free 1 January, and for a full year from that date to January, 1901. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Every day brings its bread, and the bill comes on Saturday.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectual cleanse the system when constive or bilious.

For sale in 50c. and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Who lives in a glass house should make arrangements to move.

Millions of women use Dobbin's Electric Cream, and say it is the best and cheapest. If they are right, you ought to use it. If wrong, one trial will show you. Buy a bar of your grocer and try it next Monday.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops, vast tracts of fertile land, and a country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigrant Board, Portland, Ore.

Inflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Cass Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 50c. per bottle.

A Chicago druggist retained over 100,000 "Tassili's Punch" 5c. Cigars in four months.

Fear nothing, but let keep away from the electric light wire.

Rheumatism

According to recent investigations is caused by excessive lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the nervous system, particularly in the joints, and causes the local manifestations of the disease, pains and aches in the back and shoulders, and in the joints of the knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying and vitalizing action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also strengthens the whole body.

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PAULINE BUS, COLLEGE, Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular.

INFORMATION about ARKANSAS. Good lands, low prices, easy terms. Write for circular. THOS. HENCK, Land Comr., Little Rock, Arkansas.

Both Tanned.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Figg, "I look like a perfect fright. I never had any idea I would get tanned so much in the course of one short week."

"Me, too, ma," said Tommy, who had stayed at home to help his father keep house while his mother was enjoying her vacation.

DOCTOR SQUILLS—There is nothing serious, sir; your wife has merely bit a little skin off the end of her tongue. Mr. Henpeck—End of her tongue! Great Scott! I didn't know there was any end to it.



SHE TELLS HIM THE SECRET.

An Editor's Experience.

Major Sidney Herbert, a well-known journalist in agricultural circles, writes April 18th, 1898: Some five years ago I wrote a letter stating that Swift's Specific had cured me of severe rheumatism. Since that time I have had no return of the rheumatic troubles, although frequently exposed to the influences that produced former attacks. Several of my friends had a similar experience, and are firm in their conviction that S. S. S. brought a permanent cure. The searching power of this medicine is shown in the fact that it developed a medicinal talent that was conspicuous in my blood over thirty years ago, and has removed the last trace of it. I have also tested S. S. S. as a tonic after a severe attack of malarial fever, which kept me in bed for three months, and am convinced that its curative and strengthening properties insured my recovery from that illness, as I was in a very low condition of health.

SWIFT HERBERT, Atlanta, Ga.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT'S SPECIFIC COMPANY, Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Pierce's Remedy for Catarrh—Best, Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

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