

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?
It is the only sure for Swollen, Smarting, Itched, Aching, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Leloy, N. Y.

An automobile club has been formed in Boston.

Beauty is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

New South Wales contains more flowering plants than all Europe.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves during a storm.

Ever Have a Dog Bother You?
When riding a wheel, making you wonder for a few minutes whether or not you are to get a fall and a broken neck? Wouldn't you have given a small farm just then for some means of driving off the beast? A few drops of ammonia shot from a Liquid Pistol would do it effectually and still not permanently injure the animal. Such pistols sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps by New York Union Supply Co., 125 Leonard St., New York City. Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one.

Twenty-eight varieties of the lemon grow in Italy; in France, eleven.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Music boxes for bicycles are now manufactured by a firm in Hamburg, Germany.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

There are 24,000 Gaelic-speaking Highlanders in the city of Glasgow.

No-To-Bac for Zitty Cuts.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

One-third of the population of the world speaks the Chinese language.

"Honor is Purchased by Deeds We Do."

Deeds, not words, count in battles of peace as well as in war. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. It has won many remarkable victories over the arch enemy of mankind—impure blood. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

An Aerobic Crow.
Herbert Oxley, a Norristown young man, has a talking crow which is a very remarkable bird, indeed. He plucked the creature in its infancy from a plum tree overhanging the Perkiomen, and for over a year he has spent two or three pleasant hours every evening in educating it. The crow can swear in the following languages: Italian, German, Spanish, French, Greek and Chinese. Its star feat is performed on a small upright pole. It climbs to the top of the pole and balances itself there on its beak as an acrobat would balance himself on his head. Then it begins to fan the air with its wings and to revolve slowly. The beak beats deep into the wood, the wings whirl faster, and soon the inverted crow is twirling round and round with the rapidity of a whirling dervish. It keeps this up until exhausted, when it falls off the pole in a dazed condition into the waiting hands of its master. There are many crows that can talk—they learn easily if their tongues are split—but very few can spin around on their beaks.—Philadelphia Record.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 91, 24.]
DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For some time I have thought of writing to you to let you know of the great benefit I

have received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Soon after the birth of my first child, I commenced to have spells with my spine. Every month I grew worse and at last became so bad that I found I was gradually losing my mind.

The doctors treated me for female troubles, but I got no better. One doctor told me that I would be insane. I was advised by a friend to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and before I had taken all of the first bottle my neighbors noticed the change in me.

"I have now taken five bottles and cannot find words sufficient to praise it. I advise every woman who is suffering from any female weakness to give it a fair trial. I thank you for your good medicine."—MRS. GERTRUDE M. JOHNSON, JONESBORO, TEXAS.

Mrs. Perkins' Letter.
"I had female trouble of all kinds, had three doctors, but only grew worse. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and used the Sassafras Wash, and caught up your troubles enough."

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Gospel's Triumph—Victories of the Christian Religion Depicted—Transformations wrought by Christ's Teachings—Drunkards Reclaimed.

(Copyright, Louis Klophe, 1898.)
WASHINGTON, D. C.—The antagonists of the Christian religion are in this sermon of Dr. Talmage met in a very unusual way, and the triumph of the Gospel are depicted. The text is Ezekiel xli, 21. "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."

Two modes of divination by which the king of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God. He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them up, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver the brighter or darker prospect of success was intimated. That is the meaning of the text. "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver." Stupid delusion! And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world were to be hoodwinked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of a vast number of deceits practiced upon the human race. In the latter part of the last century Johanna Southcote came forth pretending to have divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in her honor, and 100,000 disciples came forward to follow her. About five years before the birth of Christ Apollonia was born, and he came forth, and after five years being speechless, according to the tradition, he healed the sick, and raised the dead, and preached virtue, and, according to the myth, having deceased, was resurrected.

The Delphic oracle deceived vast multitudes of people; the Pythoness seated in the temple of Apollo uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them any way you wanted to read them. But there are those who say that all these delusions combined are as nothing compared with the delusion now abroad in the world—the delusion of the Christian religion. That delusion has to-day 400,000,000 dupes. It proposes to enslave the earth with its girdle. That which has been called a delusion has already overshadowed the Appalachian range on this side of the sea, and it has overshadowed the Balkan and Caucasian ranges on the other side of the sea. It has conquered the Asiatic and the United States. This champion delusion, this hoax, this swindle of the ages, as it has been called, has gone forth to conquer the islands of the Pacific, and Melanesia and Micronesia and Malayan Polynesia have already surrendered to the delusion. Yes, it has conquered the Indian archipelago, and Borneo and Sumatra and Celebes and Java have fallen under its wings. In the Fiji Islands, where there are 120,000 people, 102,000 have already become the dupes of this Christian religion, and if things go on as they are now going on and the influence of this great hallucination of the ages cannot be stopped it will swallow the globe. Supposing, then, that Christianity is the delusion of the centuries, as some have pronounced it, I propose to show you what has been accomplished since the chimera of this fallacy, this hoax, this swindle of the ages.

And, in the first place, I remark that this delusion of the Christian religion has made wonderful transformations of human character. I will go down the aisle of any church in Christendom, and I will find on either side that aisle those who were once profligate, profane, unclean of speech and unclean of action, drunken and lost. But by the power of this delusion of the Christian religion they have been completely transformed, and now they are kind and amiable and loving and useful. Everybody sees the change. Under the power of this great hallucination they have quit their former associates, and, whereas they once found their chief delight among those who gambled and swore and raced horses, now they find their chief joy among those who preach the word of God in churches. Everybody complete is the delusion. Yes, their own families have noticed it—the wife has noticed it, the children have noticed it. The money that went for rum now goes for books and for clothes and for education. This is a new man. All who know him say there has been a wonderful change. What is the cause of this change? This great hallucination of the Christian religion. There is as much difference between what he is now and what he once was as between a rose and a nettle, as between a dove and a raven, as between day and night. Tremendous delusion!

Admiral Farragut, one of the most admired men of the American navy, early became a victim of this Christian delusion, and, seated not long before his death at Long Branch, he was giving some friends an account of his early life. He said: "My father went down to put an end to Aaron Burr's rebellion. I was a cabin boy and went along with him. I could swear like an old salt. I could gamble like a pro. I could drink like a water-drinker. I knew all the wickedness there was at that time aboard. One day my father cleared everybody out of the cabin except myself and locked the door. He said: 'David, what are you going to do? What are you going to do?' I said, 'Father, I am going to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea and be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die of a fever in a foreign hospital.' 'Oh, no!' I said, 'Father, I will not do that; I will tread the quarter deck or command.' 'You do.' 'No, David, my father said; 'no, David, a person that has your principles and your bad habits will never tread the quarter deck or command.' My father went out and shut the door after him, and I said then, 'I will change, I will never swear again, I will never drink again, I will never gamble again,' and, gentlemen, by the help of God, I have kept those three vows to this time. I soon after that became a Christian, and that decided my fate for time and for eternity."

Another victim of this great Christian delusion. There goes Saul of Tarsus on horseback at full gallop. Where is he going? To destroy Christians. He wants no better play than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are massacring God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afraid. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Ostria to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him, they tried to scare it out of him, they thought they would give up of him by putting him on small diet, and denying him a cloak, and condemning him as a criminal, and howling at him through the streets; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not sweat it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him, so they tried the surgery of the sword, and one summer day in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the 6000 years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion. An that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity! It overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by large majority they will say, "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost?" One of the fools who believed in this Bible, John Milton. Benjamin Franklin surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter that he wrote to Thomas Paine begging him to destroy "The Age of Reason" in manuscript and never let it go into type, and writing afterward, in his old days, "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals he left and the religion he has given us are the best things the world has ever seen."

NIAGARA'S VOICES.

They Are Not Rumbling or Rapid, but Plangent and Silvery.

Niagara has many voices, and some of them are thus described by Mrs. van Rensselaer in the Century: "And the noise of Niagara? Alarming things have been said about it, but they are not true. It is a great and mighty noise, but it is not, as Hennepin thought, an 'outrageous noise.' It is not a roar. It does not drown the voice or stun the ears. Even at the actual foot of the falls it is not oppressive. It is much less rough than the sound of heavy surf—steadier, more homogeneous, less metallic, very deep and strong, yet mellow and soft; soft, I mean, in its quality. As to the noise of the rapids, there is none more musical. It is neither rumbling nor sharp. It is clear, plangent, silvery. It is not a roar. It does not drown the voice or stun the ears. Even at the actual foot of the falls it is not oppressive. It is much less rough than the sound of heavy surf—steadier, more homogeneous, less metallic, very deep and strong, yet mellow and soft; soft, I mean, in its quality. 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