

Consumption of Amber.
In Dantale alone during last year nearly 100 tons of amber were turned to the smoker's purpose in pipes and cigarette holders. This, of course, is amber of the familiar yellow variety. Sicilian amber, on the other hand, shows a wonderful variety of tints, from ruby red to turquoise blue, as may best be seen in the private collection of Arnold Buffum, an American of fortune, who has made colored ambers his hobby, has written a book about them and has recently been on a visit to London, carrying with him a number of his finest specimens.

When a woman gives a man a compliment, she generally spoils it by trying to make a serial story of it.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., Proprietors of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, etc.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascares, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

I use Fico's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. FARRARSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1904.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe; 10c.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Small bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 261 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascares, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 50c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 5c. a bottle.

Spurious silver dollars are being extensively circulated in Maine and New Hampshire.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00 at all druggists.

There are a great many cases where a woman gives her dignity credit for protecting her, when it is really her age.

Impure Air Blood


Eating rich and hearty food, sweets and fats in winter, close confinement and breathing vitiated air in office, store, shop, house, factory or school—take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will be cured. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure, and purges the system, and cures all the troubles that are caused by impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

On a red hot day Hires Rootbeer stands between you and the distressing effects of the heat.



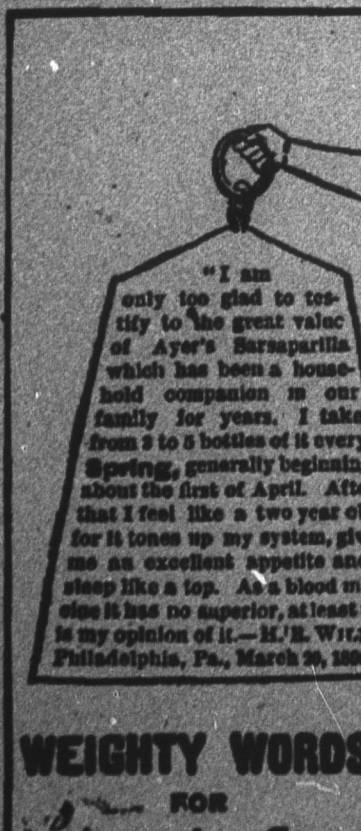
Hires Rootbeer

cools the blood, tones the stomach, invigorates the body, fully satisfies the thirst. A delicious, sparkling, temperance drink of the highest medicinal value.

Made only by The Charles F. Hires Co., Phila., Pa. A package makes 6 glasses. Sold everywhere.

GET RELIEF quickly; send for an investment of \$1.00. Hires Rootbeer & Co., 36 1/2 W. 7th St., N. Y.

WEIGHTY WORDS FOR Ayer's Sarsaparilla.



"I am only too glad to testify to the great value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has been a household companion in our family for years. I take from 2 to 3 bottles of it every Spring, generally beginning about the first of April. After that I feel like a two year old, for it tones up my system, gives me an excellent appetite and I sleep like a top. As a blood medicine it has no superior, at least that is my opinion of it.—K. E. WILDER, Philadelphia, Pa., March 26, 1906."

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Noted Washington Divine's Sunday Subject.

Subject: "MOAB AND RUTH"

Text: "And she went and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers, and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech."—Ruth II, 2.

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrive at Bethlehem is harvest time. It was the custom when a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest field for the reapers to re-use to gather it up. That was to be left for the poor who might happen to come along that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of raking it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor, coming that way, might glean it and get their bread. But you say, "What is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toll in the sun, and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the harvest field?"

Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming there, right behind the swarthy, sun-browned reapers, he beholds a beautiful woman gleaning—a woman more fit to bend to a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was an eventful day!

It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaner—an attachment full of undying interest to the church of God in all ages. While Ruth, with an squalid, or nearly a basket of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her the successes and adventures of the day. That Ruth, who left her native land of Moab in darkness, and traveled through an undying affection for her mother-in-law, is in the harvest field of Boaz, is affirmed to one of the best families in Judah, and becomes in after time the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. Out of so dark a night did there ever dawn so bright a morning?

I learn in the first place from this subject how trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty and exile that developed, illustrated and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Dr. Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Davolock the better soldier, and Kiro the better encyclopedist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man; "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little heart and tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him, his style will be different." After awhile the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house, and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourse! The fact is that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument and his execution is cold and formal and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has prospered. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first sweep of the keys.

Misfortune and trials are great educators. A young doctor comes into a sickroom where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription and very rough in his manner and rough in the feeling of the pulses and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question. But years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house, and now he comes into the sickroom, and with fearful eyes he looks at the dying child, and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator, borrows—I see its touch in the grandest painting, I hear its tremor in the sweetest song, I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the fountains of Hippocrene were struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron shoe of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns his children amid the howling of wild beasts and the shrieking of blood splashed gullotine and the cracking of the cross. It took the persecutions of Margara Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took all the hostilities against the Scotch Covenanters and the fury of Lord Claverhouse to develop James Renwick and Andrew Melville and Hugh McKail, the glorious martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea and the December blast and the desolate New England coast and the war woop of savages to show forth the prowess of the pilgrim fathers.

When amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood
Rang to the anthems of the trees.

It took all our past national distresses, and it takes all our present national sorrows to lift up our nation on that high career where it will march long after the footstep of the

traces have marked and (Yinnies that have jeered, shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates despotism and who, by the strength of his own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the church and in the world, that through darkness and storm and trouble men, women, churches, nations, are developed.

Again, I see in my text the beauty of un-faltering friendship. I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity, but of all her acquaintances how many were willing to trade off with her to-day, when she had to make that lonely journey? One—the heroine of my text. One—absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and all things went well, they had a great many callers, but I suppose that after her husband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sung in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests now though the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful sunflowers that spread out their color in the morning hour! But they are always asleep when the sun is going down. Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in U, but when his property went and the trials came then there were not so much that peered as Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite. Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicions arise about a man's character, and he becomes like a bank in a panic, and all the imputations rush on him and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been half a century in building which go down under one push, as a vast temple is consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant.

In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how trying it is to find some one who is faithful in days of adversity as in days of prosperity? David had such a friend in Abiathar, the Jews had such a friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause. Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail; Christ had such a friend in the Marys, who adhered to Him on the cross. Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whithersoever thou goest I will go, and whithersoever thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou dicest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if I should be parted from you and me."

Again, I learn from this subject that paths which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem to go along with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said: "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judah! They won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi. But behold her in my text in the harvest field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the lords of the land and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which often starts very darkly ends very brightly.

When you started out for heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction; how Sinai thundered and the devil tormented and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pouched upon you and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins. After awhile you went into the harvest field of God's mercy. You began to glean in the fields of divine promise and you had more sheaves than you could carry as the voice of God addressed you saying, "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven, and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the gospel!

So, very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying, "You must go." And we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert, and we are pounded and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through 10,000 obstacles that have been slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle, but, blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip-top of the captured battlements we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know? Know I! I know it because God says so: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them with living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

It was very hard for Noah to endure the howling of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark and was every morning quizzed about his old boat that would never be of any practical use; but when the deluge came and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea-monsters, and the elements, leashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his family and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a yellow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smothering his lips in satisfaction after it had been raining his last drop of blood, the sheeted, lone, burning from the supplicants at His crucifixion! Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha, were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of reward comes for Christ. All the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on His throne, crowned heads are to bow before Him on whose head are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up at His feet, like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star;
That light, the breaking day which tips
The golden spired Apocalypses.

Again, I learn from my subject that events which seem to be most insignificant may be momentous. Can you imagine anything more unimportant than the coming of a poor woman from Moab to Judah? Can you imagine anything more trivial than the fact that she just happened to alight on the field of Boaz? To all appearances, there was no interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look at that one little incident with a thrill of unexpressed and eternal satisfaction. So it is in your history and in mine. Events that you thought of no importance at all have been of very great moment. The

usual conversation, that accidental meeting—you did not think of it again for a long while, but how it changed all the phases of your life.

It seemed to be of no importance that Tubal invented rude instruments of music, mallets, harp and organ, but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy, and as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now of lute and drum and corset is only the long continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that Tubal Cain learned the uses of copper and iron, but that rude foundry of ancient days has its echo in the rattle of Birmingham machinery and the roar and bang of factories on the Merrimac.

It seemed to be a matter of no importance that Luther found a Bible in a monastery, but as he opened that Bible and the brass-bound lid fell back they jarred everything, and the rustling of the wormed leaves was the sound of the wings of the angel of the reformation. It seemed to be a matter of no importance that a woman whose name has been forgotten dropped a tract in the way of a very bad man of the name of Richard Baxter. He picked up the tract and read it, and it was the means of his salvation. In after days that man wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," that was the means of bringing a multitude to God, among others Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which has brought thousands and tens of thousands into the kingdom of God and among others the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote a book called "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of bringing a great multitude to Christ, among others Leigh Richmond. Leigh Richmond wrote a tract called "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of the salvation of unconverted multitudes. And that tide of influence started from the fact that one Christian woman dropped a Christian tract in the way of Richard Baxter, the tide of influence rolling on through Richard Baxter, through the great Wilberforce, through Leigh Richmond on, on, on forever, forever. So the insignificant events of this world, seem, after all, to be the most momentous.

Again, I see in my subject an illustration of the beauty of female industry. Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest field under the hot sun or at noon taking plain bread with the reapers or eating the parched corn which Boaz handed to her. The customs of society, of course, have changed, and without the hardships and exposure to which Ruth was subjected every intelligent woman will find something to do.

I know there is a sickly sentimentality on this subject. In some families there are persons of no practical service to the household or community, and though there are many who all around about them, in the world, they spend their time in languishing over the story of some lover who shot himself. They would not deign to look at Ruth carrying back the barley on her way home to her mother-in-law, Naomi. All this fastidiousness may seem to do very well while they are under the shelter of their father's house, but when the sharp winter of misfortune comes, what of these butterfly persons under indulgent parentage may get upon themselves habits of indolence, but when they come out into practical life their soul will recoil with disgust and chagrin. They will feel in their hearts what the poet so severely satirized when he said:

Folk are so awkward, things so impolite,
They're elegantly pained from morning until night.

Through that gate of indolence how many men and women have marched, useless on earth, to a destroyed eternity! Spinoza said to Sir Horace Vere, "Of what did your brother die?" "Of having nothing to do." "What was the answer?" "Ah," said Spinoza, "that's enough to kill any general of us!" There is it possible in this world, where there is so much suffering to be alleviated, so much darkness to be enlightened and so many burdens to be carried, that there is any person who cannot find anything to do?

Mina de Staal did a world of work in her time, and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid manuscript books which she had written, some one said to her, "How do you find time to attend to all these things?" "Oh," she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in any one which I could make a livelihood if necessary." And, if in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! How many dying all around about us without one word of comfort! We want more Abigails, more Hannahs, more Rebecas, more Marys, more Deborahs, consecrated, body, mind, soul, to the Lord who bought them.

Once more I learn from my subject the value of gleaning. Ruth going into that harvest field might have said: "There is a straw, and there is a straw, but what is a straw? I can't get any barley for myself or my mother-in-law out of these separate straws." Not so said beautiful Ruth. She gathered two straws, and she put them together, and more straws, until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down, she went and gathered more straws, until she had another sheaf, and another, and another, and then she brought them together, and she threshed them out, and she had an sheaf of barley, high a bushel. Oh, that we might all be gleaners!

William Barrett learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith shop. Abercrombie, the world renowned philosopher, was a philosopher in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while as a physician he was waiting for the door of the sickroom to open. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental or spiritual improvement. The great duties of life cross the field like strong reapers and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my friends, you could go into the bread and basket week of your life and find golden opportunities, which, gathered, might at least make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is in the stray opportunities and the ray privileges which, taken up and bound together and beaten out, will at last fill you with a mesh joy.

There are a few moments left worth the gleaning. Now, Ruth, to the field! May each one have a measure full and running over! Oh, you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household an aged one or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toll in this field, then let Ruth take home to feed Naomi this sheaf of gleaning, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi be our portion forever!

The Police Department at Taunton, Mass., is trying a novel experiment to decrease drunkenness in that place. The name of every person arrested and convicted of the offense in question is to be sent to each licensed liquor dealer in the city, with a warning that if liquor is sold to any of them within six months after the receipt of their names, the person so doing will be liable to a fine.

RELIGIOUS READING.

WE WILL HAVE FAITH.
The way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare,
Our feet are worn and weary,
Our feet are worn and weary,
More heavy was thy burden,
More dreary was thy way,
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us.

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and hard to bear,
For we dread the bitter tomorrow,
But we will not despair,
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And thou wilt bid it cease;
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Give us thy peace!
—Adelaide A. Proctor.

THE TALENTS MUST GAIN USE.
When Nelson signaled from his flagship to every man in his fleet, "England expects every man to do his duty," it did not mean the same to all. To the captains it meant that they should do their best as commanders; to the marines that they should do their best at the guns; to the sailors that they should do their best in sailing the ships; to the cabin boys that they should do their best as messengers. Every one succeeded who did the best he could. Success is not a question of talents, but of doubling them. It is not a question of present position at all, but of making the most of one's soul. Over both departments of your business, the earthly and the heavenly, in each of which you are called upon to glorify God and do good to men, write high above the entrance door this significant motto: God expects every man to do his best.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock.

PRAYER THE BREATH OF THE SPIRIT.
Prayer is the breath of the spirit that is in harmony with God. Learn the conditions of effectual prayer, and conform to them just as you obey laws of gravitation, of electricity, of physical life. Daily see that the life aim is right and high; that the ruling desire of your heart is toward truth and love; that the will is set with immovable fixedness on righteousness; that the words and deeds of daily life are in the direction of and in harmony with aim, desire, and purpose, and that you trust in the God revealed in Jesus Christ and abiding within you. Rest in Him. Talk to Him. Wait in silence before Him. Let your whole life of business, of hard labor, of social intercourse, of recreation, of intellectual, artistic, scientific, professional service be in harmony with this doctrine of prayer—this life of prayer.—Bishop Vincent.

PRAYER FOR WISDOM THROUGH SORROW.
We beseech thee, Almighty God! healer and comforter of man's sorrows, that not only those things which we have suffered in the body and the outward losses and pains of life may bless us; but also may the evil that we have done become to us the solemn gate through which, in penitence and sorrow having gone forth, in joy and rejoicing we may return. We beseech thee to make us wise that no dead past may have power to detain us long; give us not sackcloth and ashes but help us to gain light from which we never should have fallen; and in newness of heart and freshness of courage to do the things that we have hitherto left undone. Hear us of thy mercy. Make thy face clear to us. Lead us in patience, correction and loving kindness through life and death into eternal peace, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

THE ONE THING WORTH CARING FOR.
To await the growing of a soul is an almost divine act of faith. How pardonable surely, the impatience of deformity with itself, of a consciously deplorable character, standing before Christ, wondering, yearning, hungering to be like that. Yet must one trust the process fearlessly and without misgiving. "The Lord the Spirit" will do his part. . . . The creation of a new heart, the renewing of a right spirit, is an omnipotent work of God. No man, nevertheless, who feels the worth and solemnity of what is at stake will be careless as to his progress. To become like Christ is the only thing in the world worth caring for. Those only who make this quest the supreme desire of their lives can even begin to hope to reach it.—Henry Drummond.

"We, too, would wear unspotted
The garments of the King,
We could have the royal perfume
About our neck and clasp,
And unto all beholders
A lilyed beauty bring."
Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not,
Who finds not God within.
—F. L. Hosmer.

THE LITTLE THINGS COUNT.
Often times the little things you do don't seem of much account. But they are. One spring morning a little boy planted a single seed in a bank of earth. It grew, budded and blossomed into sweet blue violets unseason by the child planter. It also seeded, and the seed fell out upon the bank of earth, and the next spring more violets grew, and so for years, increasing every season. The boy, grown a man in a foreign land, desired to visit his childhood's home. When he saw the bank of violets he remembered how years before he had planted there a single seed. "Can it be," he said, "that all these have sprung from the single seed I planted? I will never waste a single seed!"—English Kriehange.

WE ALL MAY DO SOMETHING.
We may not move through the dark continent of Africa, a living, unburst of God's truth and glory, as did Livingstone. We may not be asked to lie in a prison, as did Judson, to testify that we desire God's will to be done by us and in us. But we have some money to give, some heart promptings to compassion, some insight to see where aid is needed, some ability to pray. Are these all and ever at the disposal of the Master?—S. S. Times.

TROUBLE.
Through trouble, with surprise we find
The soul is lifted high,
As birds against a gentle wind
More easily can fly.
—George Bancroft Griffith.

There is such a thing as potting ourselves in the way of God's overflowing love and letting it beat upon us till the response of love to Him comes, not by struggle, not even by deliberation, but by necessity, as the echo comes when the sound strikes the rock.—Phillips Brooks.