Future Pavements.

Teacher—"Now, little girl, I have told the class about the wicked place being paved with good intentions. Now what do you suppose heaven is paved with?" Little Girl (with a delightful recollection of a fresh-aid picnic)—"Ham sandwiches, bananas, an' pie."—Harlem Life.

Last year 4,700,000 cubic yards of material was dredged out of the Duluth-Superior harbor.

Spring

Annually Says Take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In the spring those Pimples, Boils, Eruptions and General Bad Feelings indicate that there are cobwebs in the system. It needs a thorough brushing, and the best brush is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which sweeps all humors before it. This great medicine eradicates Scrofula, subdues Salt Rheum, neutralizes the acidity which causes Rheumatism—in short, purifies the blood and thoroughly renovates the whole physical system.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been taken in our family as a blood purifier and spring medicine with satisfactory results." LENAH RICHARDSON, 135 West William street, Bath, N. Y. Be sure to get Hood's.

A Story of Twins.

Lloyd Lowndes and Richard Lowndes, sons of Governor Lowndes of Maryland, are twins and look very much alike. According to a story going the rounds, Richard was traveling through Ohio a year ago, when a man came through the cars and slapped him on the back. "Hello, Lloyd," he said, "stop over and spend the night with me at Chillicothe." Richard said he wasn't Lloyd, but the man wouldn't believe him, so he stopped over. Among the people he met was Miss May Quinn. She liked him and he liked her, but Richard had been married for several years. So he told his brother Lloyd about her, and in process of time Lloyd went to see her, fell in love, proposed, and was married last week. When he told his fiancee that he was not the Lloyd she first met, but that the first Lloyd was a false. Lloyd and really Richard, he had a hard time convincing her he was speaking the truth.

Philadelphia has 41 wards and two branches of the city council. Chicago has 35 wards.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

Tells About Her Daughter's Illness and How She was Relieved—Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

"MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you about my daughter. She is nineteen years old and is flowing all the time, and has been for about three months. The doctor does her but very little good, if any. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I want your advice before beginning its use. I have become very much alarmed about her, as she is getting so weak."—MRS. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga., May 21, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit my daughter has received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After beginning the use of your medicine she began to mend rapidly and is now able to be at her work. Her menses are regular and almost painless. I feel very thankful to you and expect to always keep your Vegetable Compound in my house. It is the best medicine I ever knew. You have my permission to publish this letter if you wish, it may be the means of doing others good."—MRS. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga., September 18, 1899.

So. 14.

CHOICE Vegetables will always find a ready market—but only that farmer can raise them who has studied the great secret how to obtain both quality and quantity by the judicious use of well balanced fertilizers. No fertilizer for Vegetables can produce a large yield unless it contains at least 8% Potash. Send for our books, which furnish full information. We send them free of charge.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,
93 Nassau St., New York.

Dr. TALMAGE SERMON

THE GREAT DIVINE'S ELOQUENT MESSAGE.

Subject: The Home Life—It Points Out the Duty of Parents and Admonishes the Children—Don't Stuff the Young People With Religion.

[Copyright 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage will interest young men while it is full of advice and encouragement to parents who are trying to bring up their children aright; text, Proverbs x., 1, "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

In this graphic way Solomon sets forth the idea that the good or evil behavior of children blesses or blights the parental heart. I know there are persons who seem to have no especial interest in the welfare of their children. The father says: "My boy must take the risks I took in life. If he turns out well, all right. If he turns out ill, he will have to bear the consequences. He has the same chance that I had. He must take care of himself." A shepherd might just as well thrust a lamb into a den of lions and say, "Little lamb, take care of yourself."

Nearly all the brute creation are kind enough to look after their young. I was going through a wood, and I heard a shrill cry in a nest. I climbed up to the bird's nest, and I found that the old bird had left the brood to starve. But that is a very rare occurrence. Generally a bird will pick your eyes out rather than surrender her young to your keeping or your touch. A lion will rend you if you come too near the whelps. Even the barnyard fowl, with its clumsy foot and heavy wing, will come at you if you approach its young too nearly, and God certainly intended to have fathers and mothers as kind as the brutes.

Christ comes through all our households to-day, and He says: "You take care of the bodies of your children and the minds of your children. What are you doing for their immortal souls?" I read of a ship that foundered. A life-boat was launched. Many of the passengers were in the waters. A mother, with one hand beating the wave and the other hand holding her little child out toward the lifeboat, cried out, "Save my child!" And that impassioned cry is the one that finds an echo in every parental heart in this land to-day. "Save my child!" That man out there says: "I have fought my own way through life, I have got along tolerably well, the world has buffeted me, and I have had many a hard struggle. It don't make much difference what happens to me, but save my child!" You see I have a subject of stupendous import, and I am going, as God may help me, to show the cause of parental solicitude and then the alleviations of that solicitude.

The first cause of parental solicitude, I think, arises from the imperfection of parents on their own part. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope that if we have any excellences they will copy them. But the probability is they will copy our faults and omit our excellences. Children are very apt to be echoes of the parental life. Some one meets a lad in the back street, finds him smoking and says: "Why, I am astonished at you! What would your father say if he knew this? Where did you get that cigar?" "Oh, I picked it up on the street." "What would your father say and your mother say if they knew this?" "Oh," he replies, "that's nothing. My father smokes!" There is not one of us to-day who would like to have our children copy all our examples. And that is the cause of the solicitude on the part of all of us. We have so many faults we do not want them copied and stereotyped in the lives and characters of those who come after us.

The solicitude arises from our conscious insufficiency and unwisdom of discipline. Out of twenty parents there may be one parent who understands how thoroughly and skillfully to discipline; perhaps not more than one out of twenty. We, nearly all of us, err on one side or on the other. Here is a father who says, "I am going to bring up my children right; my sons shall know nothing but religion; shall see nothing but religion, and hear nothing but religion." They are routed out at 6 o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. They are awakened up from the sofa on Sunday night to recite the Westminster Catechism. Their bedroom walls are covered with religious pictures and quotations of Scripture, and when the boy looks for the day of the month he looks for it in a religious almanac. If a minister comes to the house, he is requested to take the boy aside and tell him what a great sinner he is. It is religion morning, noon and night.

Time passes on, and the parents are waiting for the return of the son at night. It is 9 o'clock, it is 10 o'clock, it is 11 o'clock, it is 12 o'clock, it is half-past 12 o'clock. Then they hear a rattling of the night key, and George comes in and hastens upstairs lest he be accosted. His father says, "George, where have you been?" He says, "I have been out." Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he has started on the broadroad to ruin for this life and ruin for the life to come, and the father says to his wife, "Mother, the Ten Commandments are a failure; no use of Westminster Catechism; I have done my very best for that boy; just see how he has turned out." Ah, my friend, you stuffed that boy with religion; you had no sympathey with innocent hilarities; you had no common sense. A man at midlife said to me, "I haven't much desire for religion; my father was as good a man as ever lived, but he jammed religion down my throat when I was a boy until I got disgusted with it, and I haven't wanted any of it since." That father erred on one side.

Then the discipline is an entire failure in many households because the father pulls one way and the mother pulls the other way. The father says, "My son, I told you if I ever found you guilty of falsehood again I would chastise you, and I am going to keep my promise." The mother says: "Don't! Let him off this time."

A father says, "I have seen so many that make mistake by too great severity in the rearing of their children. Now, I will let my boy do as he pleases. He shall have full swing. Here, my son, are tickets to the theatre and opera. If you want to play cards, do so; if you don't want to play cards, you need not to play them. Go when you want and come back when you want to. Have a good time. Go it!" Give a boy plenty of money and ask him not what he does with it, and you pay his way straight to perdition. But after awhile the lad thinks he ought to have a still larger supply. He has been treated, and he must treat. He must have wine suppers. There are larger and larger expenses.

After awhile one day a messenger from the bank over the way calls in and says to the father of the household of which I am speaking, "The officers of the bank would like to have you step over a minute." The father steps over, and the bank officer says, "Is that your check?" "No," he says; "that is not my check. I never made an 'H' in that way; I never put a curl to the 'Y' in that way. That is not my writing. That is not my signature. That is a counterfeit. Send for the police." "Stop!" says the bank officer. "Your son wrote that."

Now the father and mother are waiting for the son to come home at night. It is 12 o'clock, it is half-past 12 o'clock, it is 1 o'clock. The son comes through the hallway. The father says: "My son, what does all this mean? I gave you every opportunity. I gave you all the money you wanted, and here in my old days I find that you have become a spendthrift, a libertine and a sot." The son says: "Now, father, what is the use of your talking that way? You told me to go it, and I just took your suggestion." And so to strike the medium between severity and too great leniency, to strike the happy medium between the two and train our children for God and for heaven, is the anxiety for every intelligent parent.

But for the most part the children that live sometimes get cross and pick up bad words in the street or are disposed to quarrel with brother or sister and show that they are wicked. You see them in the Sabbath-school class. They are so sunshiny and bright you would think they were always so, but the mother looking over at them remembers what an awful time she had to get them ready. Time passes on. They get considerably older, and the son comes in from the street from a pugilistic encounter bearing on his appearance the marks of defeat, or the daughter practices some little deception in the household. The mother says, "I can't always be scolding and fretting and finding fault, but this must be stopped." So in many a household there is the sign of sin, the sign of the truthfulness of what the Bible says when it declares, "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies."

Some go to work and try to correct all this, and the boy is picked at and picked at and picked at. That always is ruinous. There is more help in one good thunderstorm than in five days of cold drizzle. Better the old fashioned style of chastisement, if that be necessary, than the fretting and the scolding which have destroyed so many.

There is also a cause of great solicitude sometimes because our young people are surrounded by so many temptations. A castle may not be taken by a straightforward siege, but suppose there be inside the castle an enemy, and in the night he shoves back the bolt and swings open the door. Our young folks have foes without, and they have foes within. Who does not understand it? Who is the man here who is not aware of the fact that the young people of this day have tremendous temptations?

Oh, how many traps set for the young! Styles of temptation just suited to them. Do you suppose that a man who went clear to the depths of dissipation went down in one great plunge? Oh, no! At first it was a fashionable hotel. Marble floor. No unclean pictures behind the counter. No drunken hiccough while they drink, but the click of cut glass to the elegant sentiment. You ask that young man now to go into some low restaurant and get a drink, and he would say, "Do you mean to insult me?" But the fashionable and the elegant hotel is not always close by, and now the young man is on the down grade. Farther and farther down until he has about struck the bottom of the depths of ruin. Now he is in the low restaurant. The cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. Gambling for drinks. Shuffle away, shuffle away. The landlord stands in his short sleeves, with his hands on his hips, waiting for an order to fill up the glasses.

The clock strikes twelve—the tolling of the funeral bell of a soul. The breath of eternal woe flushes in that young man's cheeks. In the jets of the gaslight the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. Two o'clock in the morning, and now they are sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord comes around and says "Wake up, wake up! Time to shut up!" "What!" says the young man. "Time to shut up?" Push them all out into the night air. Now they are going home. Going home! Let the wife crouch in the corner and the children hide under the bed. What was the history of that young man? He began his dissipations in the barroom of a Fifth avenue hotel and completed his damnation in the lowest grogshop.

Sometimes sin does not halt in that way. Sometimes sin even comes to the drawing room. There are leprous hearts sometimes admitted in the highest circles of society. He is so elegant, he is so bewitching in his manner, he is so refined, he is so educated, no one suspects the sinful design, but after a while the talons of death come forth. What is the matter with that house? The front windows have not been open for six months or a year. A shadow has come down on that domestic hearth, a shadow thicker than one woven of midnight and hurricane. The agony of that parent makes him say, "Oh, I wish I had buried my children when they were small!" Loss of property? No. Death in the family? No. Madness? No. Some villain, kid gloved and diamonded, lifted that cup of domestic bliss until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows played around the rim and then dashed it into desolation and woe, until the harpies of darkness clapped their hands and all the voices of the pit uttered a loud "Ha, ha!"

The statistic has never been made up in these great cities of how many have been destroyed and how many beautiful homes have been overthrown. If the statistic could be presented, it would freeze your blood in a solid cake at your heart. Our great cities are full of temptations, and to vast multitudes of parents these temptations become a matter of great solicitude.

Begin early with your children. You stand on the banks of a river and you try to change its course. It has been rolling now for 100 miles. You cannot change it. But just go to the source of that river, go to where the water just drips down on the rock. Then with your knife make a channel this way and a channel that way, and it will take it. Come out and stand on the banks of your child's life when it is thirty or forty years of age, or even twenty, and try to change the course of that life. It is too late! It is too late! Go farther up at the source of life and nearest to the mother's heart, where the character starts, and try to take it in the right direction. But, oh, my friend, be careful to make a line, a distinct line between innocent hilarity on the one hand and vicious hilarity on the other. Do not think your children are going to ruin because they make a racket. All healthy children make a racket. But do not laugh at your child's sin because it is smart. If you do, you will cry after awhile because it is malicious. Remember it is what you do more than what you say that is going to affect your children. Do you suppose Noah would have got his family to go into the ark if he staid out? No. His sons would have said, "I am not going into the boat; there's something wrong; father won't go in; if father stays out, I'll stay out."

Are all your children safe? I know it is a stupendous question to ask, but I must ask it. Are all your children safe? A mother, when the house was on fire, got out the household goods, many articles of beautiful furniture, but forgot to ask till too late, "Are the children safe?" When the elements are melting with fervent heat and God shall burn the world up and the cry of "Fire! Fire!" shall resound amid the mountains and the valleys, will your children be safe?

I wonder if the subject strikes a chord in the heart of any man who had Christian parentage, but has not lived as he ought? God brought you here this morning to have your memory revived. Did you have a Christian ancestry? "Oh, yes!" says one man. "If there ever was a good woman, my mother was good." How she watched you when you were sick! Others wearied. If she got weary, she nevertheless was wakeful, and the medicine was given at the right time, and when the pillow was hot she turned it. And, oh, then, when you began to go astray, what a grief it was to her heart!

All the scene comes back. You remember the chairs, you remember the table, you remember the doorsill where you played, you remember the tones of her voice. She seems calling you now, not by the formal title with which we address you, saying, "Mr." this or "Mr." that, or "Honorable" this or "Honorable" that. It is just the first name, your first name, she calls you by this morning. She bids you to a better life. She says: "Forget not all the counsel I gave you, my wandering boy. Turn into paths of righteousness. I am waiting for you at the gate." Oh, yes, God brought you here this morning to have that memory revived, and I shout upward the tidings. Angels of God send forward the news. Ring! Ring! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found!

A GREAT TRUCK GARDEN.

Mexico May Supply Us with Our Early Vegetables.

From recent developments it is apparent that the Southern States will not possess the monopoly of supplying northern cities with garden products, says the Philadelphia Record. The science of refrigeration and the construction of refrigerator ships and refrigerator cars has reached such a high state that it is now possible to raise fruit, it might be said, in almost any part of the world, and carry it to any other part. The fact has been for years demonstrated by the shipment of carcasses from Australia to England by the shipload, where an enormous trade has been built up. The same principle can be applied to the transportation of fruits. A very large proportion of the product of California is now shipped eastward in refrigerator cars, and some of the finest fruits on display in the East come from that State in this way. The agriculturists in the South have recently had their attention directed to the advisability of diversifying crops by the high price paid for garden products. The market garden has of late years become a very important factor in southern agricultural economy.

Enterprising capitalists, since the development of Mexico by railroads have been looking at the possibilities of climate there, and have taken steps in some cases to establish plantations for the growth of fruits on a large scale, which it is their intention to ship by refrigerator processes to United States ports and then to inland points. The schemes read well, and apparently are well based. There appears to be no reason why garden truck could not be raised in Mexico and delivered safely and profitably to a great many cities and towns throughout the United States. A great many products there are four to eight weeks ahead of the South. Dairy farming has become very profitable. Milk in large cities sells at 25 cents in Mexico; butter at 36 to 48 cents a pound. Labor costs only from 12 to 25 cents a day. Sugar cane turned into brown sugar yields from $70 to $95 an acre gross. Green barley and corn are raised in large quantities for fodder.

Cattle raising since the Spanish war has been greatly stimulated, and the western cattlemen are now there laying the foundations for big ranches. Wheat is cultivated on the high tablelands of Central Mexico, but it is not as good as that grown in the States. Such products as coffee, vanilla, rubber, cocoanut and cocoa are all raised in certain sections and raised profitably.

Money in Lullabies.

A new industry is that of lullaby singing. Young women who are studying vocal music very often turn their growing talent to small account, at least, by going to nurseries two or three times a week to sing to the children at bedtime hour soft, crooning lullabies. It is in households, of course, where the mother has no singing voice, and who believes in the influence of sweet and correct singing on the developing ear of the child. This may seem the exaggeration of detail, but in these days it is the trifles that are considered in their bearing upon the large results

An old man wants to marry a young girl. Relatives appeal to the courts to stop it. Now if every man had to satisfy his family before he perpetrated matrimony, how many marriages would there be in the year?

Defined.

From Brooklyn Life: Teacher—Johnny, you may define the first person. Johnny—Adam.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Is the best remedy for bronchitis. It relieves the troublesome cough at once, effects an easy expectoration and cures in a few days. Price 25c. at all druggists.

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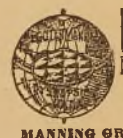

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Mrs. M. E. Latimer, Biloxi, Miss., had an itchy breaking out on her skin, and she sends $1 for two boxes, saying: "Tetterine is the only thing that gives me relief." This is strong language, disinterested and voluntary. It cures all skin diseases, tetter, itch, eczema, salt-rheum, etc., and never fails. 50c. a box at druggists or send stamps to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Not So Looney.

Lunatics often assume a superiority of intellect to others which is quite amusing. A gentleman while walking along a road not far from the side of which ran a railway, encountered a number of insane people out for exercise. With a nod toward the railway lines, he said to one of the lunatics: "Where does this railway go to?" The lunatic looked at him scornfully for a moment and then replied: "It doesn't go anywhere. We keep it here to run trains on."—Agate.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. (SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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A free medical dispensary has been opened in Chinatown, San Francisco.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

White opossums are occasionally caught in Ohio county, Ind.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Painters in the car shops at Knoxville are working 15 to 17 hours a day.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Out in the frontier the word gun was applied almost exclusively to pistols.

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Fun of "Auto" Men.

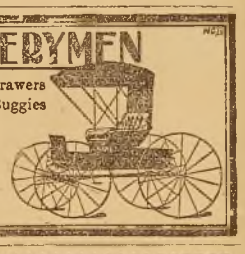
It seems that one of the latest fashions of the automobilists, motocyclists and various "chaffeurs" of the auto kind in Paris is to tear through space with escape pipe wide open, emitting a succession of explosions that for frightful noise can discount a switch engine. They are not obliged to leave the escape open and make all this noise, but "it sounds big," and they do it. Recently Beconnais on his tricycle, going at fifty miles per hour in the heart of Paris, scared a cab horse into running away, and the cabby is now in bed. A noise that will scare a Paris cab horse must be something more than the rattle of a boy's hoop, or a nurse girl with a baby carriage.

Human Nature's Failing.

The average male employe is always a good deal more grieved when he has to work ten minutes overtime than he is pleased when the boss lets him go some night an hour early.—Somerville Journal.

New contracts with the United States Government allow army surgeons pay during authorized absences.

FOR DOCTORS AND LIVERYMEN



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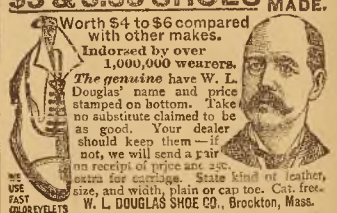

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