

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."—Matt. xxiii, 24.

A proverb is compact wisdom, knowledge in chunks, a library in a sentence, the electricity of many clouds discharged in one bolt, a river put through a mill race. When Christ quotes the proverb of the text He means to set forth the ludicrous behavior of those who make a great bluster about small sins and have no appreciation of great ones.

In my text a small insect and a large quadruped are brought into comparison—a gnat and a camel. You have in museum or on the desert seen the latter, a most awkward, sprawling creature, with back two stories high, and stomach having a collection of reservoirs for desert travel, an animal forbidden to the Jews as food, and in many literatures entitled "the ship of the desert." The gnat spoken of in the text is the grub form. It is born in pool or pond, after a few weeks becomes a chrysalis, and then after a few days becomes the gnat as we recognize it. It is in its smallest shape, and yet inhabits the water—for my text is a misprint, and ought to read "strain out a gnat."

My text shows you the Prince of inconsistencies. A man after long observation has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink there is a grub or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the broad light. He says: "I would rather do anything else than drink this water until this larva be exterminated." This water is brought under inspection. The water rushes through the sieve and leaves against the side of the sieve the grub or gnat. Then the man carefully removes the insect and drinks the water in placidity. But going out one day, and hungry, he devours a "ship of the desert," the same water which he was forbidden to eat. The gastronomer has no compunctions of conscience. He suffers from no indigestion. He puts the lower jaw under the camel's fore foot, and his upper jaw over the cup of the camel's back, and gives one swallow and the dromedary disappears forever. He strained out a gnat; he swallowed a camel.

While Christ's audience were yet smiling at the appositeness and wit of his illustration—for smile they did in church unless they were too stupid to understand the hyperbole—Christ practically said to them: "That is you." Functionally about small things; reckless about affairs of great magnitude. No subject ever withered under a surgeon's knife more bitterly than the Pharisees. When Christ's scalpel of truth. As an anatomist will take a human body to pieces and put them under a microscope for examination, so Christ finds his way to the heart of the dead Pharisee and cuts it out and puts it under the glass of inspection for all eyes to examine. Those Pharisees thought that Christ would flatter them and compliment them, and how they must have writhed under the red-hot words as he said: "Ye fools, ye white-washed graves, ye blind guides, which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

There are in our day a great many gnats strained out and a great many camels swallowed, and it is the object of this sermon to sketch a few persons who are extensively engaged in that business.

First, I remark that all those ministers of the Gospel are photographed in the text who are very scrupulous about the conventionalities of religion, but put no particular stress upon matters of vast importance. Church services ought to be grave and solemn. There is no room for frivolity in religious convocation. But there are illustrations and there are hyperboles like that of Christ in the text that will irradiate with smiles any intelligent auditor. There are men like those blind guides of the Pharisees, who draw the corners of the mouth down, and denounce all those things which have a tendency to draw the corners of the mouth up, and these men go to installations and to presbyteries and to conferences and to associations, and their pockets full of fine sieves to strain out the gnats, while in their own churches at home every Sunday there are fifty people at home asleep. They make their churches a great dormitory, and their sermons are a lullaby, while some wakeful soul in a pew with her fan keeps the flies off unconscious persons approximate. Now, I say it is worse to sleep in church than to smile in church, for the latter implies a great deal of attention, while the former implies the indifference of the hearers and the stupidity of the speaker. In old age, or from physical infirmity, or from long watching with the sick, drowsiness will sometimes overpower one; but when a minister of the Gospel looks off upon an audience and finds healthy and intelligent people struggling with drowsiness, it is time for him to give out the doxology or pronounce the benediction. The great fault of church services to-day is not too much vivacity, but too much somnolence. The one is an irritating gnat that may be easily strained out; the other is a great, sprawling and sleepy-eyed camel of the great desert. In all our Sabbath-schools, in all our Bible classes, in all our pulpits, we need to brighten up our religious message with such Christ-like vivacity as we find in the text.

I take down from my library the biographies of ministers and writers of past ages, inspired and un-inspired, who have done the most to bring souls to Jesus Christ, and find that without a single exception, they concur; they all agree, and their humor to Christ. Elijah used it when he advised the Baalites as they could not make their God respond, telling them to call louder, as their God might be asleep and gone, a hunting, Job used it when he said to his self-comforters: "Wisdom will die with you." Christ not only used it in the text, but when He ironically complimented the putrefied Pharisees, saying: "The whole need not a physician," and when by one word He described the cunning of Herod, saying: "Go ye, and tell that fox." Matthew Henry's commentaries from the first page to the last are corrupted with humor as summer clouds with heat and lightning. John Bunyan's writings are as full of humor as the ere of savings truth, and there is not an aged man here who has ever read "Pilgrim's Progress" who does not remember that when reading it he smiled as often as he wept. Chrysostom, George Herbert, Robert South, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Jeremy Taylor, Rowland Hill, George G. Finney and all men of the past who greatly advanced the kingdom of God consecrated their wit and their humor to the cause of Christ. It has been in all the ages, and I say to these young theological students, who cluster in these services Sabbath by Sabbath, sharpen your wit as keen as cimeters, and then take it in this holy war.

It is a very short bridge between a smile and a tear, a suspension bridge from eye to eye, and it is soon crossed over, and a smile is sometimes just as sacred as a tear. There is as much religion, and I think a little more, in a spring morning heart, than in a starless midnight. Religious work without any humor or wit in it is a banquet with a side of beef, and that raw, and no condiments, and no desert succeeding. People will not sit down at such a banquet. By all means remove all frivolity and all bathos and all lightness and all vulgarity—strain them out through the sieve of holy discrimination; but, on the other hand, beware of that monster which overshadows the Christian church to-day, conventionality, coming up from the Great Sahara desert of ecclesiasticism, having on its back a hump of sanctimonious gloom, and vehemently refuse to swallow that camel.

Oh, how thankful a great many people are about the infinitesimals while they are quite reckless about the magnitudes. What did Christ say? Did He not exhort the people in His time who were so careful to wash their hands before a meal but did not wash their hearts? It is a bad thing to have unclean hands; it is a worse thing to have an unclean heart. How many people

there are in our time who are very anxious that after their death they shall be buried with their feet toward the east, and not at all anxious that during their whole life they should face in the right direction, so that they shall come up in the resurrection of the just whichever way they are buried. How many there are chiefly anxious that a minister of the Gospel shall come in the line of apostolic succession, not caring so much whether he comes from Apostle Paul or Apostle Judas. They have a way of measuring a gnat until it is larger than a camel.

Again: My subject photographs all those who are abhorrent of small sins, while they are indifferent to the most heinous crimes. He will find many a merchant who, while he is so careful that he would not take a yard of cloth or a spool of cotton from the counter without paying for it, and who, if a bank cashier should make a mistake and send in a roll of bills \$5 too much, would dispatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surplus, yet who will go into a stock company in which, after a while, he gets control of the stock, and then waters the stock and makes \$100,000 appear like \$300,000. He only stole \$100,000 by the operation. Most of the men of fortune made their wealth in that way. One of those men, engaged in such unrighteous acts, that evening, the evening of the very day when he watered the stock, will find a wharf rat stealing a newspaper from the basement doorway, and he will catch the thief by the collar, and twist the collar so tightly the poor fellow cannot say that it was thirst for knowledge that led him to the dishonest act, but grip the collar tighter and tighter, saying: "I have been looking for you a long while; you've stolen my paper four or five times, and haven't you? You miserable wretch." And then the old stock gambler, with a voice they can hear three blocks, will cry out: "Police, police!" That same man, the evening of the day in which he watered his stock, will kneel with his family in prayers and thank God for the prosperity of the day, then kiss his children good night with an air which seems to say: "I hope you will all grow up to be as good as rising father." Prisons for sins insensible in size, but palaces for crimes dromedarian. No mercy for sins animalcule in proportion, but great leniency for mastodon iniquity. A poor slyly takes from the basket of a rich man a choice pear, and brings some one else from the choler—And you smother him in the horrible atmosphere of Raymond Street Jail or New York Tombs, while his cousin, who has been skillful enough to steal \$50,000 from the city, you will make him a candidate for the New York Legislature.

There is a great deal of uneasiness and nervousness now among some people in our time to have gotten unrighteous fortunes, a great deal of nervousness about dynamite. I tell them that God will put under their feet the stones for their stumbling blocks, and that dynamite, the earthquake of his omnipotent indignation. It is time that we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividends and has outsiders in equities. Many a man is riding a high, polished horse, and lacing his belt to steal one copy of a newspaper is a gnat; to steal many thousands of dollars is a camel. There is many a fruitdealer who would not consent to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbor, but who would not steal one peach from the fruit market; and as long as I can remember we have read every summer the peach crop of Maryland is a failure, and by the time the crop comes in the misapprehension makes a difference of millions of dollars, and a man who would not steal one peach basket steals 50,000 peach baskets. Go down in the summer time into the Mercantile library, in the reading room, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the country, and their prices, and you will find many a man, and the same man wrote them, methodically and infamously carrying out the huge lying about the grain crop from year to year and for a score of years. After a while there will be a "corner" in the grain market, and a man who has a contempt for a petty theft will burglarize the wheat bin of a nation and commit larceny upon the American corn crib. And some of the men will sit in churches and in reforming institutions, crying out against the small gnats of second-handism, while in their grain elevators and their storehouses they are fattening huge camels which they expect after a while to swallow. Society has to be entirely reconstructed on this subject. We are to find that sin is inexcusable in proportion as it is great.

I know in our time the tendency is to charge religious frauds upon good men. They say: "Oh, what a class of frauds you have in the Church of God in this day!" and when an older church, or a deacon, or a minister of the Gospel, or a superintendent of a Sabbath-school turns out a defaulter, what display heads there are in many of the newspapers. Great primer type, five line pica. "Another Saint Absconded." "Clerical Scoundrel." "The Church of God in Disrepute." "Sinners on the Churches;" while there are a thousand scoundrels outside to where there is one inside the church, and the misbehavior of those who never see the inside of a church is so great, it is enough to strain out the small gnats of second-handism, while in their grain elevators and their storehouses they are fattening huge camels which they expect after a while to swallow. Even John Milton in his "Paradise Lost," depicted the covetous Satan, and made a description of him you have heard used to suppress your admiration. Oh, this straining out of small sins like gnats and this gulping down great iniquities like camels!

This subject does not give the picture of one of two persons, but it is a picture of thousands of people may see their likenesses. For instance, all those people who, while they would not rob their neighbor of a farthing, appropriate the money and the treasure of the public. A man has a house to sell, and he tells his customer, "It is worth \$400." Next day the assessor comes around and the owner says it is worth \$15,000. The government of the United States took off the tax from personal income, among other reasons, because so many men would tell the truth, and many a man with an income of hundreds of dollars a day made statements which seemed to imply he was about to be handed over to the overseer of the poor. Careful to pay their passage from Liverpool to New York, yet smuggling in their Saratoga trunk ten silk dresses from Paris and a half dozen watches from Geneva, Switzerland, telling the custom-house officers on the wharf: "There is nothing in that trunk but wearing apparel," and putting a five-dollar gold piece in his hand to punctuate the statement.

Described in the text are all those who are particular never to break the law of grammar, and who want all their language an elegant specimen of syntax, straining out all the inaccuracies of speech with a fine literary criticism, while through their conversation go slander and innuendo and profanity and falsehood larger than a whale, and camels, when they might better fracture every law of the language and shock intellectual taste, and better let every verb seek in vain for its nominative, and every noun for its government, and every preposition lose its way in the sentence, and adjectives and participles and pronouns get into a grand riot worthy of the Fourth Ward on election day, than to commit a moral inaccuracy. Better swallow a thousand gnats than one camel.

Such persons are also described in the text who are very much alarmed about the small faults of others, and have no alarm about their own great transgressions. There are in every community and every church watch-dogs, who feel called upon to keep their eyes on others and growl. They are full of suspicions. They wonder if that man is not dishonest; if that man is not unclean; if there is not something wrong about the other man. They are always the first to hear of anything wrong. Vulgar as always, they are quick to catch. They are self-appointed detectives. I lay this down as a rule without any exception that those people who have the most faults themselves are most merciless in their watching of others. From scalp of head to sole of foot they are full of jealousies and hypercritical. They spend their lives in hunting for mud and mud turtles, instead of hunting for Rocky Mountain eagles, always for something mean instead of something grand. They look at their neighbors' imperfections through a microscope and look at their own imperfections through a telescope. One side down. Twenty faults of their own do not hurt

them so much as one fault of somebody else. Their neighbors' imperfections are like gnats and they strain them out; their own imperfections are like camels and they swallow them. But lest some might think they escape the scrutiny of the text, I have to tell you that we all come under the divine satire when we make the questions of time more prominent than the questions of eternity. Come now, let us all go into the confessional. Are not all tempted to make the question: Where shall I live now? greater than the question: Where shall I live forever? How shall I get more dollars here? greater than the question: How shall I lay up treasures in heaven? the question: How shall I pay my debts to man? greater than the question: How shall I meet my obligations to God? the question: How shall I gain the world? greater than the question: What if I lose my soul? the question: Why did God let sin come into the world? greater than the question: How shall I get it extirpated from my nature? the question: What shall I do with the twenty or forty or seventy years of my sublimity? the question: How shall I escape the millions of cycles of my post terrestrial existence? Time, how small it is! Eternity, how vast it is! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when compared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said: "That doesn't mean me, and that doesn't mean me," and with a ruinous benevolence we are giving the whole sermon away.

But let us all surrender to the charge. What if I lose my soul? the question: How shall I lay up treasures in heaven? the question: How shall I pay my debts to man? greater than the question: How shall I meet my obligations to God? the question: How shall I gain the world? greater than the question: What if I lose my soul? the question: Why did God let sin come into the world? greater than the question: How shall I get it extirpated from my nature? the question: What shall I do with the twenty or forty or seventy years of my sublimity? the question: How shall I escape the millions of cycles of my post terrestrial existence? Time, how small it is! Eternity, how vast it is! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when compared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said: "That doesn't mean me, and that doesn't mean me," and with a ruinous benevolence we are giving the whole sermon away.

A Trick in Rifle Shooting.

"No, sir, I do not claim to be an expert at fancy shooting," said Captain Jack Crawford, in answer to the Arounder's inquiry. "There is too much trickery—a sort of sleight-of-hand business connected with it. I do pretend to be a crack shot, and to excel in accuracy and rapidity with a Winchester rifle. The Winchester Arms Company have offered repeatedly to back me for \$5,000 against any man in the world in that sort of skill. I have fired twelve shots in three and a half seconds. But here, let me enlighten you as to one of the neat little tricks used in fancy shooting." Here the scout produced what appeared to be, as he held it at a distance, a brass shell tipped with a leaden ball. "Looks like a bullet, don't it?" he said, with a laugh. "Well, it isn't. It is simply a papier-mache protuberance appropriately colored to look like lead. Now, I'll show you what's behind it." Picking open the end he disclosed to view a quantity of shot—about 200, he said, were in the shell, with just enough powder in the butt to do the work. "How are these used? You have probably witnessed the feat of cracking glass balls thrown in the air by shooting at them with a Winchester, and while riding a horse going at a gallop. Well, that's the kind of a 'ball' cartridge that is used, and the spectators look on with wonder and admiration, supposing that it is done with a single ball; and that is something, my boy, that no man in the world has ever done or will do, because it is a physical impossibility."—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Wonderful Beetle.

The light of the fire-flies of tropical America seems to be dependent upon the will, as when feeding or asleep it is not seen, attaining its greatest brilliancy during activity and flight. The color of the light is a rich green, but the eggs emit a light of a bluish tint, according to Dubois. This naturalist has made some extremely interesting experiments with the Pyrophorus. The eggs which he dried retained their luminosity for a week, the light reappearing when they were placed in water. He ground the luminous organs in a mortar, after having dried them in vacuum and then mixed them in boiled water, the latter immediately becoming luminous. Dr. Dubois concludes that the light of the Pyrophorus is intended as illumination for itself alone. To prove this he covered one of the upper lights with wax and the animal moved in a curve; when both spots were covered the beetle soon stopped and then moved in an uncertain manner, carefully feeling the ground with his antennae. The spectrum of the light was extremely beautiful, being continuous, without dark or brilliant rays.—*Christian at Work.*

How the Sparrow Came.

The English sparrow's advent here was very like the rabbit which Australia is so anxious to get rid of. A miller caterpillar, indigenous to this climate, was found to be destroying the trees in the parks, besides being a nuisance in consequence of its propensity to hang from the trees by a web-like thread. Persons passing under the trees were liable to have the crawling creatures drop down their necks or upon their clothes, and some remedy was sought to rid New York of these pests. A foreigner suggested the importation of a few sparrows. Seventy-five pairs were brought over from the Old World, and the severe winter which followed killed the birds. A second attempt was made, and every one was asked to care for the little creatures and build sparrow houses. This was done and the sparrows were saved the next winter. The young broods raised in the country were soon able to take care of themselves. It did not take long for the acclimated foreigners and their descendants to migrate, and now they are found all over the United States.—*New York Mail and Express.*

A Clock Without a Tick.

A curiously considerate invention has just been produced in the shape of a noiseless clock for sick rooms. In place of the usual pendulum, the hands are set in motion by the unrolling of a chain, the end of which is fastened to a buoy floating in a tank of liquid. This fluid escapes at a uniform rate, and can be utilized to feed a lamp-wick, thus giving the apparatus the double character of clock and lamp. When the lamp is lighted the necessary diminution of liquid takes place by combustion, at other times by a carefully regulated dropping.

WOMAN SUCCEEDS.

One of the Successful Ones Tells How It Is Done.

No proper estimate of the future economical progress of the country can be made that does not take into consideration an element which may be termed "the woman in business." She is knocking at all the doors of commercial enterprise, and there are very few into which she has not already forced an entrance. The results seem to indicate that, beyond a doubt, she has come to stay. She cannot perhaps often reach the levers which move the great driving wheels of business, but she proves a most important factor in the minor but scarcely less important machinery of detail.

Phil Armour's private secretary is a young lady who was first employed as a stenographer and type-writer. She proved so capable and efficient that her sphere of usefulness has been gradually enlarged, until she now has probably a closer acquaintance with Armour's extended business than any other person connected with it.

It used to be claimed that woman had neither physical nor mental stamina to conduct a large business. Mrs. Miller has made a success of as complicated a business enterprise as almost any in the country. The strong point in this case is that when she took the helm, the Feak Leslie Publishing Company had but a short time previously failed.

Madam Demorest conducts a very extensive business, which includes the publishing of a magazine. Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller conducts a famous dress reform movement, and is also the editor of a very successful magazine called *Dress*. Her daily mail is said to be larger than that of any other woman in the United States.

Mrs. Miller says: "Warner's safe cure is the only medicine I ever take or recommend. The safe cure has the effect to give new energy and vigor to the system."

These women have demonstrated that the sex can succeed in business if they take proper care of their health. That is the main point, even with the sterner sex, and it is the subject to which, above all others, the woman of the day should give her attention. And here, as everywhere, comes in play the old maxim. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

A Stupendous Cattle Ranch.

A cattle ranch is a stupendous thing, scarcely to be portrayed on paper in the mere enumeration of figures and numbers. When I say that one firm of cattle kings—that of Lux & Miller—owns 162,000 domestic animals, in neat cattle, sheep and pigs, with two great cattle ranches, and eight main farms, beside 20,000 acres in grain, comprising in all 700,000 acres, or 100 miles of land, the mind can scarcely take it in. Perhaps it may give a clearer idea to say that they own all the land on the west bank of the San Joaquin River for fifty miles, and nearly all on the opposite side; and it is said of them that in driving their beef cattle to market in San Francisco, for over a hundred miles they drive them over their own land, and "put up" each night at one of their own ranches.—*Cosmopolitan.*

Cleveland's Future Home.

Mr. Cleveland intends to remain a citizen of New York State, and on his retirement from Federal office he will select some portion of the State in which he will make his home, says a Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn *Enquirer*. Those most fully aware of the drift of his thought in this regard say that at present the choice lies between Albany and Brooklyn, with a probability that Brooklyn will be selected, although it is known that there are many ties which draw him to the State capital. That decision, however, is a matter for the future. The renunciation of Buffalo as a place of residence has been formally made and is final. The act leaves the President without a voting place in the State until he determines where in the State he will live, and consequently he did not vote in the State in 1886 or in 1887, for he could not.

A Queer Character.

The Human Express Agent, Edwin H. Low, of the Uptown Steamship Office, has a correspondent in London who is a queer character. He charges you so much for his time and calls himself a University Agent. If you have a friend in London he will hunt him up and deliver a cable message to him. He has a staff of newspaper men who assist him, and no commission ever stumps them. If you see the cable mention of a friend's death he'll find out all the particulars. If you cable him to interview Gladstone, he won't say he can't. He'll cable back in a few hours: "Tried Gladstone; he wouldn't talk," and charge you for his time.—*New York World.*

Beauties of the Bicycle.

Friend—"Why, Wheeler, what a state you're in! Had an accident?" Bicycle—"Yes, slightly. In that race against time yesterday I broke my machine, my head, two fingers, a rib." Friend—"Hold on, for heaven's sake. Was there anything you didn't break?" Bicycle (sadly)—"Yes; the record."—*Tid-Bits.*

Interesting to Women.

A philosopher may hold forth on the immutability of Time, the indestructibility of Cosmos, the popularity of the equinoxes, the disintegration of the Belva Lockwood party or the differentiation of female suffrage, but he can't interest the average woman one-hundredth part as much as a cut in the price of hairpins or a four-line announcement of a remnant sale.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

By means of a solution and an instrument called a Nebulizer the worst case of Catarrh can be quickly and pleasantly cured. For particulars address City Hall Pharmacy, 264 B'way, New York. Free pamphlet.

After Diphtheria

Scarlet fever or pneumonia, the patient recovers strength slowly, as the system is weak and debilitated, and the blood poisoned by the ravages of the disease. What is needed is a good reliable tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has the elements of strength for the body, and vitality and richness for the blood which soon brings back robust health.

"After recovering from a prolonged sickness with diphtheria, and needing something to build me up I took two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I felt the results from the first dose. It seemed to go from the top of my head to the ends of my toes. I know Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good thing."—J. B. STRATTON, Druggist, Westfield, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Barnum's Profits and Losses.

The Showman Barnum's profits on leading exhibitions have been estimated as follows:

Joice Heath, nurse of Washington.	\$25,000
Aztec children.	25,000
Mermaid.	50,000
Tom Thumb.	125,000
American Museum, five years (\$100,000 a year).	500,000
Uptown Museum.	100,000
White whale, woolly horse and Circassian girls.	25,000
Caravans, nineteen years (\$100,000 a year).	1,900,000
	\$3,000,000

His losses have been:	
American Museum, burned.	\$400,000
Uptown Museum, burned.	50,000
Iranistan, burned.	25,000
Failure Jerome Clock Company.	25,000
Caravan destruction.	150,000
	750,000

Reader, is not even this doing pretty well for one who started as a bartender.
—*New York Letter.*

Rats' Teeth.

The rat is finely equipped for the peculiar life he is ordained to lead. He has strong weapons, in the shape of four long and very sharp teeth—two in the upper jaw and two in the lower. These teeth are wedge-shaped, and, by a wonderful provision of nature, have always a fine, sharp cutting edge. On examining them carefully, the inner part is found to be of a soft, ivory-like composition, which can easily be worn away, and the outside is composed of a glass-like enamel, which is exceedingly hard. The upper teeth work into the under, so that the centres of the opposed teeth meet perfectly in the act of gnawing, hence the soft part is being continually worn away, while the hard part keeps a sharp, chisel-like edge all the time, and at the same time the teeth are constantly growing up from the bottom, so that as they wear away a fresh supply is ready.
—*Sciss C. Oss.*

A Trial by Jury.

That great American jury, the people, have rendered a unanimous verdict in favor of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the standard remedy for bowel and stomach disorders, biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, constipation and sluggish liver.

Mr. Powderly says that "for every man the Knights of Labor have lost on account of their temperance clause they have gained 500."

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

Since Prohibition has been enforced in Kansas, church membership has, it is said, increased from ten to forty per cent.

Come to the bridal chamber Death! Come to the mother, when she feels For the first time, her first-born's breath, And thou art terrible!

The untimely death which annually carries off thousands of human beings in the prime of youth, is indeed terrible. The first approach of consumption is insidious, and the sufferer himself is the most unconscious of its approach. One of the most alarming symptoms of this dread disease is, in fact, the irradicable hope, which lurks in the heart of the victim, preventing him from taking timely steps to arrest the malady. That it can be arrested in its earlier stages is beyond question, as there are hundreds of well-attested cases where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a complete cure.

The enormous strides temperance is making are shown in the joint proclamation outlawing liquor in the home fishing fleets of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark.

HIS PHOTO.

The venerable benefactor of mankind, intent upon his good works, is known as we see him here.

His familiar face and the good he has done is illustrated in the following marvelous instance: Jan. 17, 1883, George C. Osgood & Co., druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote: "Mr. Lewis Dennis, No. 136 Moody st., desires to recommend St. Jacobs Oil to any afflicted with rheumatism, and desires especially to say that Orrin Robinson, of Granville, Mass., a boy of 12 years, came to his house in the summer of 1881 walking upon crutches, his left leg having been bent at the knee for over two months and could not be bent back. He could not walk upon it. Mr. Dennis had some St. Jacobs Oil in the house and gave it to him to rub on his knee. In six days he had no use for his crutches and went home well without them, and he has been well since St. Jacobs Oil cured him." In July, 1887, inquiry was made of the Messrs. Osgood to ascertain the condition of the little cripple, which brought the following response: "Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1887.—The poor cripple on crutches, Orrin Robinson, cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881, has remained cured. The young man has been and is now at work every day at manual labor. Dr. George C. Osgood, M. D." No other remedy can make the same showing.

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Rubber Stamp

With your name in dia ink