

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.

Belgium is about the combined size of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

### Warm Weather

Weakness is quickly overcome by the toning and blood enriching qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine cures that tired feeling almost as quickly as the sun dispels the morning mist. It also cures pimples, boils, salt rheum, scrofula and all other troubles originating in bad, impure blood.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5. Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

The scarcity of tin ore in the world is pointed out by Geologist B. G. Skertchley, of Australia, in a published monograph. He shows that while known gold fields cover 1,500,000 square miles of the earth's surface, the located tin fields have an area of only 12,500 square miles. The seven tin districts of Europe produce about 8300 tons yearly, with 8000 tons of this credited to the Cornwall mines. Asia has two tin districts; Hunan, in China, said by some to yield 10,000 to 20,000 tons annually, but proven to yield less than 2500 tons per year; and the tin mines of the Straits Settlements and adjacent territory, the richest in the world, yielding 58,000 tons yearly. Africa has no known tin mines; North America has no paying mines; South America mines less than 4000 tons per year, in Bolivia and Peru, and Australia contributes about 6000 tons a year.

A Spanish soldier's usual meal consists of bread, olive oil and garlic. Meat he rarely gets, and to this has been attributed the fact that his wounds heal so rapidly.

### COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.

Mrs. MADGE BARCOCK, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with its attendant aches and pains, now she is well. Here are her own words: "Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person. Before I began taking it I was all run down, felt tired and sleepy most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such terrible headaches all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I also had ovarian trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

### HEADACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."

CANDY CASCARETS  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED  
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Gripes. 50c. 50c. CURE CONSTIPATION. No-To-Bac Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to cure Biliousness, Indigestion, etc. If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

### Grain=0

It takes the place of coffee at 1/4 the cost. Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

## DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

### SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

"Writing in Dust"—The Subject—A Denunciation of Hypocrisy—The Injustice of Condemning in Woman Sins That Are Overlooked in Man.

Text: "Jesus stooped down and with His fingers wrote on the ground."—John viii, 8.

You must take your shoes off and put on the special slippers provided at the door if you would enter the Mohammedan mosque, which stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar had thundered it down. Zerubbabel's temple had stood there, but had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built, because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant and unimportant. He had the materials together, and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar, and silver tables, on which stood golden cups, and there were carved exedrae and incense burners, and splendid, glittering balustrades and ornamented gateways.

In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about Him when a wild disturbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed a crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that He sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to see Christ to act contrary and public reprehension. If He say "Let her die," they will charge Him with cruelty. If He let her go they will charge Him with being in complicity with wickedness. Which ever way He does, they would howl at Him.

Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which He was sitting, and goes down on one knee, or both knees, and with the forefinger of His right hand He begins to write in the dust of the floor, word after word. But they were not so diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that He settle this case of transgression, until He looked up and told them they might themselves begin the woman's assassination, if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself, would open the door. "Go ahead, but be sure that the man who flings the first missile is immaculate." Then He resumed writing with His finger nail in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over His shoulder to see what He had written, the soundless skulls and eyes of the whole place is clear of pursuers, antagonists and plaintiffs, and when Christ has finished this strange chirography in the dust He looks up and finds the woman all alone.

The prisoner is the only one of the courtroom left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorney having cleared out. Christ is victor, and He says to the woman: "Where are the persecutors in this case? are they all gone? Then I discharge you; go and sin no more." I have written what Christ wrote on the ground. For do you realize that this is the only time that He ever wrote at all? I know that Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the King of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspondence. The wisest Being who ever lived saw, and the One who had more to say than anyone who ever lived, never writing a book or a chapter or a paragraph or a word on parchment. Nothing but the literature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush and the breath of a wind obliterated it forever.

Among all the rolls of the volumes of the first library founded at Thebes there was not one scroll of Christ. Among the books of the Alexandrian Library, which, by the infamous decree of Caliph Omar, were used as fuel to heat the baths of the city, not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the multitude of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British Museum, or Berlin, or Vienna, or the learned repositories of all nations, not one word written directly by the finger of Christ. All that He ever wrote He wrote in dust, uncertain, shifting dust.

My text says He stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with His fingers He would write on the dust He must bend clear over. Ave, He must get at least on one knee, or He cannot write on the ground. But surprised that He stooped down, His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from celestial heights to mortal level. From residence above the stars to where a star had fallen to designate His landing-place. From Heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round and silver letters of constellation and galaxy on the blue scroll of Heaven to writing on the ground in the dust which the feet in the crowd had left in Herod's temple.

Christ came down from the highest Heaven to the brooding of fish for His own breakfast, on the banks of the lake. From embazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. From the homage cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, to the paying of sixty-two and a half cents of tax to Caesar. From the deathless country to a tomb built in a hole in the ground. The uplifted vane of Galilee was high, but He had to come down before, with His feet, He could touch it, and the whirlwind that arose above the billow was higher yet, but He had to come down before with His lip He could kiss it into quiet. Both in stooping down, Nazareth stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in condescension with humiliations that went before and self-abnegations that came after, when on that memorable day in Herod's temple, He stooped down and wrote on the ground.

Whether the words He was writing were in Greek or Latin or Hebrew, I cannot say. For He knew all those languages. But He is still stooping down, and with His finger writing on the ground: in the winter in letters of crystals, in the spring in letters of flowers, in summer in golden letters of harvest, in autumn in letters of fire or fall leaves. How it would sweeten up and enrich and embelish this world, could we see Christ's chirography all over it. This world was not flung out into space thousands of years ago, and then left to look out for itself. It is still under the Divine care. Christ never for a half second takes His hand off of it, or it would soon be a shipwrecked world, a defunct world, an obsolete world, an abandoned world, a dead world. "Let there be light," was said at the beginning. And Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, let there be snowflakes to enrich the earth; and under the clouds of spring and says, come ye blossoms and make redolent the orchards; and in September, dips the branches in the vat of beautiful colors, and swings them into the hazy air. No whim of mine is this. "With Him was not anything made that was made." Christ writing on the ground.

ing of the divine suggestion. "To are the salt of the earth, but if the salt hath lost its savor, it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did He write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. They crowded, with a pack of their own sciences, feet pell mell. Nothing will fly a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when the Rev. Benjamin Abbott, of olden times, was preaching, he exclaimed: "For aught we know, he may be a murderer in this house," and a man rose from the assemblage and started for the door and bawled aloud, confessing to a murder he had committed fifteen years before. And no wonder these Pharisees, reminded of their sins, took to their heels.

But what did Christ write on the ground? The Bible does not state. Yet as Christ never wrote anything except that once you cannot blame us for wanting to know what He really did write. But I am certain He wrote nothing trivial or nothing unimportant and will allow me to say that I think I know what He wrote on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but kneeling there in the Temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites who were so self-appointed constabulary, and having in its presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was very penitent for her sins, I am sure He wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating. And the one word was "hypocrisy" and the other word was "forgiveness."

Yes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the finger of Christ was the awful word hypocrisy. Of those hypocritical Pharisees. When the fox begins to pray look out for your chickens. One of the cruel magistrates of olden times was going to excommunicate one of the mazzars, and he began in the usual form—"In the name of God, Amen, I do hereby pronounce thee excommunicated in the name of God!" Yet how many outrages are practiced under the garb of religion and sanctity! When in synods and conferences, ministers of the Gospel are about to say something unbrotherly and unkind and unchristian, they never always begin by being ostentatiously pious, the venom of their assent corresponding to the heavenly flavor of the prelude. About to devour a reputation they say grace before meat.

But I am sure there was another word in that dust. From her entire manner I am sure that arraigned woman was repentant. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behavior and her tears moved Him, and when He stooped down to write on the ground He wrote that mighty, that imperial word, forgiveness.

When on Sinai God wrote the law, He wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the hard granite surface. But when He writes the offense of the woman, He writes so that it can be easily rubbed out, and when she repents of it—oh, He was a merciful Christ! I was reading of a legend that is told in the far East about Him. He was walking through the streets of a city and He saw around a dead dog. He stooped down and said, "What some object is that dog?" "Yes," said another, "his ears are matted and bleeding." "Yes," said another, "even his hide would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ said, "I forgive thee." "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that anyone could find anything pleasant concerning the dead dog, said, "Why, this must be Jesus of Nazareth." Reproved and convicted, they went away.

But while I speak of Christ of the text, His stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the most tremendous of all literature. It is the grandest of all libraries. When the excavated Nineveh was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a nation's dust.

Oh! this mighty literature of the dust; where are the remains of Sennacherib and Attila and Epaminondas and Tamerlane and Trajan and Philip of Macedon and Julius Caesar? Dust! Where are the guests who danced the floors of the Alhambra or the Persian palaces of Ahasuerus? Dust! Where are the musicians who played, or the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chiseled, and the architects who built, in all the centuries except our own? Dust! Where are the most of the books that once entranced the world? Dust! Only twenty books of history, all lost. The most of Menander's writings lost. Of one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, all gone but twenty. Euripides wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but seven. Quinctilian wrote the favorite book on the corruption of eloquence, all lost. Thirty books of Tacitus lost. Dion Cassius wrote eighty books, only twenty remain. Berossus's history all lost. Where there is one living book there are a thousand dead books.

### A Woman Presents a Check.

Scene: A downtown bank.

"Will you cash that, please?"

"Certainly, but it requires a stamp."

"A what?"

"A stamp; a bank check stamp. Up here in the corner."

"Does it?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you put it on?"

"We are not the ones to put it on. The person who draws the check stamps it."

"What's it for?"

"It's a war tax."

"How funny. Does the Government expect to carry on the war with my poor little two cents?"

"Yes, with yours and others."

"But I haven't any stamp. I've been out of town and didn't know about the law."

"It wasn't necessary to know it until you drew the check."

"How ridiculous. And you won't let me have any money until I put a stamp in the corner?"

"We are obliged to insist that the tax be paid."

"Supposing I give you two cents?"

"That will do."

"But I haven't two cents."

"Perhaps you could borrow it of somebody."

"Perhaps I could—of you."

"As a banker I couldn't countenance any such transaction."

"Dear, dear. How ridiculously serious it is. Here, I have a cartick. You take it for five cents, and give me three cents change. Will you?"

"Yes."

Then she went away with a bright smile. She had cleared a fraction of a cent by calling the value of the ticket five cents.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### "Talking Quaker."

It is no easy matter for a novice to talk "Quaker" fluently. The tongue becomes confused with the triple choice of pronouns and flaps hopelessly around the palate. I well remember my clumsy effort to engage in conversation with a farmer whom I met near Chester. When I happened upon him, he was sitting on a fence, vacantly staring at a cream-colored cow in the adjacent field. I at once defined him to be a "Friend" in dress, and determined to delight the old fellow and amuse myself by carrying on a skillful dialogue in his own idiom. This is how I succeeded:

"How do thee do, sir? Is—that is—are thee meditating?" If he was delighted he controlled his emotion admirably. All he did was to gape and inquire: "Hey?"

"The fields, the birds, the flowers," I pleasantly pursued, "are enough to bring thou dreams—I mean dreams to thou."

He was looking at me now, and critically. I felt that my syntax had been very idiotic instead of idiomatic; so, wiping the sweat from my brow and hat, I eyed him calmly and observed: "Those cows, are they thy's—or thee's—that is, thou's hang it, I mean thee's?"

It was very fortunate. He crawled down from the fence, and as he ambled away muttered, indignantly: "Go to Bedlam! I'm a farmer, but, but, thank heaven, I'm not a loonatic!"—Tid-Bits.

### \$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: Sold by Druggists, J. C. CHERRY & Co., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### 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 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., 135 Leonard St., New York City. Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one.

### Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Each Cascarets, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Geysers, or spouting springs, are found in every part of Iceland.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Serial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 961 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Sultan possesses no crown, coronation being unknown in Turkey.

### No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

The number of churches in Chicago has grown from 157 in 1870 to 638.

### 6% GOLD BONDS,

Payable semi-annually at the Globe Trust Company, Chicago, Ill. These bonds are a first mortgage upon the entire plant, including buildings, land and property of an Industrial Company located close to Chicago. The Company has been established for many years, is well known and doing increasing business. The officers of the Company are men of high reputation, esteemed for business ability. They have made so great a success of this business that the Company are rarely ever offered for sale. A few of these bonds came into our hands during the hard times, and we purchased them several years ago. We offer them in issues of accrued interest. For security and interest rate these Industrial Bonds are among the best. Class bonds and securities.

### KENDALL BANKER

Place New

### Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No tie clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the 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.

The Victoria Cross carries with it a life pension of \$250 a year.

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

The average marrying age of a Frenchman is thirty years.

To Cure A Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 50c.

The Italians carry their money, together with their passports, in long tin tubes.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a cough medicine.—M. A. BROTHER, 883 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

Argentina owes its name to the silver reflections of its rivers.

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

The only wild quadruped in Iceland is the fox.

### SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.  
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.  
LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

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SHOOTS WATER, AMMONIA, OR OTHER LIQUID.

50c. PROTECTION AGAINST DOGS OR MEN, WITHOUT KILLING OR MAIMING. LOTS OF FUN TO BE HAD WITH IT.

50c. ACTUAL SIZE. NOT A TOY.

It is a weapon which protects bicyclists against vicious dogs and foot-pads; travelers against robbers and tough bosses against thieves and tramps. It is adapted to many other situations. It does not kill or injure; it is perfectly safe to handle; makes no noise or smoke; breaks no law and creates no lasting regrets, as does the bullet pistol. It simply and simply protects, by compelling the foe to give undivided attention to himself for a while instead of to the intended victim. It is the only real weapon which protects and also makes fun, laughter and lots of it; it shoots, not once, but many times without reloading; and will protect by its appearance in time of danger, although loaded only with liquid. It does not get out of order; is durable, handsome, and nicely finished. Sent boxed and post-paid by mail with full directions how to use for 50c in U. S. Postage Stamps, Post-Office Money Order, or Express Money Order.

NEW YORK UNION SUPPLY CO., 135 Leonard St., New York.

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### FALL DRESS GOODS

Australian Fleece—The lightest, warmest fabric known for dresses, wrappers, shirt-waists, etc. 27 inches wide; 12 1/2 cts. per yard. Express prepaid. Send for catalogue in stamps. Textile Novelty Co., 78 Elm St., New York, for samples of their entire line. If you are unable to find these goods in your retail store we will supply you from our mill direct.

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COLUMBIAS ARE STANDARD FOR CHAIN MACHINES. HARTFORDS Next Best. Other Models Low Prices. Catalogue Free.

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A MALARIA GERM MAGNIFIED.

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For Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Liver Complaints, is unparalleled in the annals of a medicine.

THEY CURE. NO MERCURY. THE HAPPY MEDICINE CO., West New Brighton, S. I., Borough of Richmond, N. Y.

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