

**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.

Gas was first used in America in lighting streets in Baltimore on November 25, 1816.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Official bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 61 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Envelopes for letters were first used in their present form in 1839.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

One pound of phosphorus is sufficient to tip 1,000,000 matches.

**To Cure A Cold in One Day.**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Among flowers the chrysanthemum is said to live the longest after being cut.

**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.**  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

Willow wood is the most available for the use of powder manufacture.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALICE DOUGLASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 29, 1894.

Wooden sleepers on railways last about fifteen years.

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

About 58,000 Prussians emigrate annually.

## Scrofula

Faints the blood of millions, and sooner or later may break out in hip disease, running sores or some more complicated form. To cure scrofula or prevent it, thoroughly purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has a continually growing record of wonderful cures.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Grant's Friendship for a Governor.  
When General Grant visited Jerusalem, he found Reouf Pacha in the position of governor of that wonderful city. A strong friendship sprang up between the thin-lipped, taciturn General and the suave, courtly, and yet most simple-mannered Pacha. It is many years ago now, but Reouf still loves to talk of his meeting with Grant as one of the few truly great moments he has met in his life. And as for Grant's opinion of Reouf, I understand from a good source that, before leaving Jerusalem, Grant assured him that if he were again elected President of the United States, he would ask the Sultan to send him as Turkish minister to Washington.—Harper's Magazine.

**The Two Matched.**  
Helen—"What do you think of Kate's new tea-gown?"  
Mattie—"It was made rather stylish, but don't you think the colors rather weak?"  
Helen—"Yes; but they matched her tea very nicely."—Chicago News.

## MRS. PINKHAM'S ADVICE.

What Mrs. Nell Hurst has to Say About It.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you I had not been well for five years; had doctored all the time but got no better. I had womb trouble very bad. My womb pressed backward, causing piles. I was in such misery I could scarcely walk across the floor. Menstruation was irregular and too profuse, was also troubled with leucorrhoea. I had given up all hopes of getting well; everybody thought I had consumption. After taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I felt very much better and was able to do nearly all my own work. I continued the use of your medicine, and feel that I owe my recovery to you. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and your wonderful medicine. Any one doubting my statement may write to me and I will gladly answer all inquiries.—Mrs. NELL HURST, Deepwater, Mo.

Letters like the foregoing, constantly being received, contribute not a little to the satisfaction felt by Mrs. Pinkham that her medicine and counsel are assisting women to bear their heavy burdens.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. All suffering women are invited to write to her for advice, which is given without charge. It is an experienced woman's advice to women.

## Biliousness

I have used your valuable CASCA-CARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one who is troubled with either of these ailments. I have tried you will never be without them in the family. EDW. A. MARX, Albany, N. Y.



## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "Our Own Times"—How We Can Serve Our Generation—Our Responsibilities Chiefly With the People Now Afloat of Us—Help Your Neighbors.

Text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."—Acts xiii., 36.

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die; a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone slinger, and fighter, and dramatist, and blank-verse writer, and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which is nothing but an archangelic blast on stertor. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden times, life was longer, and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century.

Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess, and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot cheer their wounds, we cannot bury their dead and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might hallow as loud as we could; not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted. I admit that I am in sympathy with the dead whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven, and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "Oh, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, at least, that I had a good father once, so I can keep him in my prayers."

But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed off. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased. We shall not see them; we shall not hear any of their voices; we will take no part in their conceptions, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the 180 generations gone or the 180 generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the former gaze and look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may, by our behavior, start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe, and whose hearts now beat, and mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the generations past, but we cannot see the 180 generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off, and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is, that you and I will have to start very soon for our work, or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one of us to say to us, as we were said of David: "After he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully, in a common-sense way, and see what we can do for our own generation. First, let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has griddled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields, and oceans full of fish, and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are now suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew, and God only can set it right. Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 skulls, and Bagdad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were compelled to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while in the tower of the world's wealth and pomp have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the so-called population of the world—millions of skulls. Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almost nuts and feel they were in Heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring class are so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobaccoist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum.

Let us serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm-chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand, and through clouds of luxurious smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake, and begin the supplies of others' necessities. So far from helping appease the world's hunger are those who insist, desecrating as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a sycamore or an axe on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round and the man holding the axe bore on it harder and harder, while the water dropped from the grindstone and the edge of the axe from being round and dull, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put up against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner—his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner, and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?"

It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an awful thing to be in good humor with the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us, and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends. Suppose that some of the energy we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in merciful alleviations. I have read that the battlefields on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battle of Lepanto—160,000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 men under Schwarzenberg. No, not the greatest and most terrific battle in the world being fought all the world over. It is the battle for bread. The ground tone of the finest passage of one of our great poets is: "The hungry multitudes of Vienna as the king rode through and they shouted, 'Bread! Give us bread!' And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and academy, the tread of uncounted multitudes, who, with streaming eyes and cheeks and broken hearts, in behalf of themselves and their families, are pleading for bread."

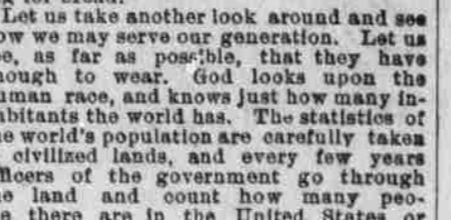
Let us take another look around and see how we may serve our generation. Let us see, as far as we can, how we have enough to wear. God looks upon the human race, and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the number of the inhabitants of the world. He has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people. Not slovenly apparel, not ragged apparel, not insubstantial apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat, or a good bonnet, and a good shirt, and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations, adapted to all climates, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting.

But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The good clothes of the complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations, adapted to all climates, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting. The fact is, there needs to be and will be, a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlaws had their way, it would read and tear and diminish, until, instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fifths would be in rags. I will let you see the redemptive reason we take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus, and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are a result of the loss of a great advantage, either on the part of the present sufferer, or of his ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and the empty wardrobes, there will be enough for all to wear.

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What short-sighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to see and feed only the most palatable part of an animal, namely, his body while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off of a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in the world, and a great advantage, the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph and telephone and the stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden times, once in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up, and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since; but now they are so numerous, we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think the world has developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the 4000 years before Christ to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any one of the 180 generations that have passed off. Where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "Men, on the north side is desertion and death; on the south side is victory; on the north side is poverty; on the south side is Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Stopping across the line one by one his troops followed, and finally his whole army.

How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept Him instantaneously and forever. Get on the rock first, and then you will be able to help others upon the same rock. Men and women have been saved quarter that I have been talking about it. What! Without a prayer? Yes. What! Without time to deliberately think it over? Yes. What! Without a tear? Yes, believe. That is all. Believe what? That Jesus died to save you from sin and death and hell. Will you believe it? You have. Something makes me think you have. Newlight has come into your countenance. Welcome! Welcome! Hall! Hall! Saved yourselves, how are you to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it to every one you meet. We are good, and we are more religion, and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have. The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong, and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right, and that will induce others to go right. When the great Centennial Exhibition was being held in Philadelphia the question came up among the directors as to whether they should keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a reporter who was a member of the world from Nevada arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion, and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went West and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old man, I come back to me, and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath, and he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put, 'Shall we open the exhibition on the Sabbath?' it was almost unanimous, 'No.' 'No.' 'What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right.' I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balm its wounds, and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has as its terminus acclamation rapturous and gates pearl and garlands amaranthine, and fountains rainbowed, and dominions enthroned and coroneted. For I cannot forget that jubilee in the closing words of my text: 'David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep.' What a lovely sleep it was. Undfall Abaelon did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Persecuting Saul did not harrow it. Etlie did not all it with nigritage. Sineda-headed by and his father's looks at night he had not had such a good sleep. At seventy years of age he laid down to it. He had had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adulm, or in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But to-day, he has a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. 'After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep.'"

Woman's Heroism.  
From the Register-Gazette, Rockford, Ill.  
During the civil war nearly as much heroism was shown by the women of our nation as by the brave soldiers. Many a woman, weeping for her dead son, bound up the wounds of his suffering comrades, rejoicing in their strength, and sorrowing for the one who was gone. At that time was laid the foundation for the world-famed organization known as the Woman's Relief Corps, whose aid to the soldier of to-day, fighting against the world for a living, is no less notable than the heroism of the early '60's.



On the Battlefield.  
One of the most earnest members of the corps at Byron, Ill., is Mrs. James Houseweart, but illness once put a stop to her active work. A year or so ago, when she was nearing fifty years of age, the time when women must be careful of their strength, Mrs. Houseweart was taken seriously ill. The family physician told her that she had reached a critical period of her life, and must be very careful. His prescriptions and treatment did not benefit her, and other treatment proved unavailing.

At last Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to her notice, with indisputable evidence that they were helpful in cases such as hers, and with renewed hope she tried the remedy. Last March she took the first box of the pills, which gave much relief. She was determined to be cured, and kept on with the medicine, until now eight boxes have been consumed, and she feels like a new woman.

Mrs. Houseweart said: "I have taken only eight boxes, but I have been improving since I took the first dose. I do not believe I could have lived without the pills. They certainly have done me more good than any physician or any medicine I have ever tried."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Theatrical companies in Mexico must play everything they advertise or pay a fine.  
Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment, which reaches the mucous membrane of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be lost forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammation of the mucous membrane.

Acres of ground around Sandringham, England, are devoted to the cultivation of lilies of the valley.  
To Cure Constipation Forever, Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fails, druggists refund money.  
Half of the 125,000 Scandinavians in the United States live in Chicago.  
Now Is The Time to check coughs, colds and sore throat with Johnson's Whooping Cough Syrup, 25c. A. P. Hoxsey, M.F.R., Buffalo, N. Y.

There are no children's funerals and no infants' graves in China.  
Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fails, druggists refund money.  
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Vienna, Austria, has a burglar who has been convicted of breaking into 300 houses.  
War Humor at Santiago.  
Captain Evans is responsible for a choice bit of sailor humor which deserves to be rescued for history before it is lost in some dusty pigeon-hole in the Navy Department.  
On the day after the destruction of Cervera's ships the Spanish warship Reina Mercedes was discovered in the Santiago Harbor channel, evidently intending to finish what Hobson was the Merrimac had begun. Then Captain Adams signalled from the Iowa: "The Spaniards are trying to sink a ship to block the channel. They need help."

Even the business-like jackey who was fastening the signal flags to the halyards must have laughed as the Captain ordered the letters which spelled out the last three words.  
Of course a fleet officered by Americans was not slow to act on the piece of grim humor, and a minute after the signal was hoisted the Iowa, Massachusetts, Texas and Vesuvius were giving the Reina Mercedes all the "help" she needed. Their shot and shell sank her before she reached her intended berth in the narrowest part of the channel, and left the way into the harbor open to our ships.—New York World.

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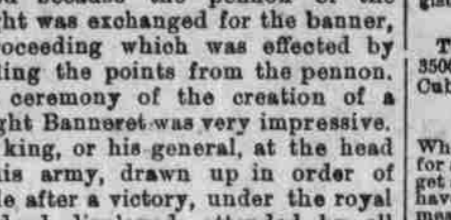
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An Obsolete Order.  
The Order of the Knights of Banneret was a degree of knighthood formerly existing in England and France, which was given on the field of battle in reward for the performance of some heroic act. It was so called because the pennon of the knight was exchanged for the banner, a proceeding which was effected by rendering the points from the pennon. The ceremony of the creation of a Knight Banneret was very impressive. The king, or his general, at the head of his army, drawn up in order of battle after a victory, under the royal standard displayed, attended by all the officers and nobility of the court, received the banneret-elect, who was not necessarily a knight previously, led between two knights of note, or other men famous in arms, carrying his pennon in his hand, the heralds walking before him and proclaiming his valiant achievements for which he deserved to be made a Knight Banneret, and to display his banner on the field. The king, or general, then said to him: "Advance, Banneret!" and caused the point of his pennon to be torn off. The new knight with his trumpeters sounding before him, and the nobility and officers bearing him company, was sent back to his tent, where an entertainment was provided by the king. The first Banneret in England is said to have been made by Edward I., and the last by Charles I.—Detroit Free Press.



Salaries of Public Officials.  
Notwithstanding the fact that salaries of men in official life in this country are inadequate, it is easy to find 10,000 to accept any berth or billet that is offered. Our Attorney-General of the United States receives \$8000 a year; the Attorney-General of England draws a salary of \$35,000, and, in addition, fees amounting to \$25,000, making \$60,000 a year. The American Solicitor-General gets \$7000 a year, while the same officer in England has \$30,000 in salary and \$15,000 in fees, making \$45,000. President McKinley's salary is \$50,000 and a house free, with an entertainment fund. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives a salary of \$100,000 annually, the Governor-General of India \$125,000, with \$60,000 additional for expenses, making \$185,000; the Governor-General of Canada \$50,000. Chief Justice Fuller receives \$10,500 a year, his associates \$10,000; the Lord Chief Justice of England draws \$40,000 and each of his fourteen associates \$25,000. The Lord High Chancellor gets \$50,000.—New York Press.

Rats as a Hair Tonic.  
A Chinese gentleman advocates the use of the rat as an article of diet, and makes the following remarks on its properties as a hair restorer: "What the carrot is to a horse's coat a rat is to the human hair. Neither fact can be explained, but every horseman knows that a regimen of carrots will make his stud as smooth and lustrous as velvet, and the Chinese, especially the women, know that rats used as food stop the falling out of hair and make the locks soft, silky and beautiful. I have seen it tried many times, and every time it succeeded."—Medical Record.

Beauty Is Blood Done.  
Clean blood means a clean complexion without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

The American Bible Society has sent 3500 Spanish New Testaments to Santiago, Cuba.  
Ever Have a Dog Bother You?  
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