Uncle Sam Says: This is **America's Greatest Spring Medicine.** Take it Now to Sharpen Your Appetite, Vitalize Your Blood, To Overcome That Tired Feeling. Go to your druggist and get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and begin to take it today, and realize at once the great good it is sure to do you.

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Is America's Greatest Spring Medicine.

## PROMPTLY MET.

### The Boisterous Bully Was Gently But Effectively Called. Down.

There was a big, coarse-voiced fellow, with red face, a superfluity of beef about his head and an insatiable desire to hear himself talk that was nicely come up with in a barber shop the other day. He was flashily dressed and seemed aggrieved that every man employed in the place did not rush to help him get ready for the chair. He had assistance in having himself brought down to the condition for being shaved, declining to handle anything from his hat to his collar and necktie.

While being lathered and shaved he told boisterously and profanely about the degeneracy of the times. Men who had to earn their living didn't know their places and acted as though they were just as good as those who hired them. The greatest mistake this country had ever made was when it did away with slavery instead of extending it to every state and territory in the union.

After he had insisted upon half a dozen additions and extra touches from the knight of the strop the big man stepped from the chair and produced a fat pocketbook, while still holding forth in his offensive vein.

"Nevah mine dat," said the proprietor, who had known life on the plantation in the old days. "We don' make no cha'ge fo takin' de bris'les off of an'mals like you."

The bully was about to break loose like an unheralded cyclone of destruction, but he saw half a dozen barbers about him, each on whetting a razor on the palm of his hand and looking solemn.

"How do you make money at that price?" he asked with a sickly grin.

"We make it offen ge'men, sah," and it was wonderful to see how soon the big man was dressed and away.—Detroit Free Press.

**Comment.**

Maud—Cholly hasn't been quite himself, of late.

Rose—No? I hadn't noticed any improvement.—Puck.

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## A CHEERING SERMON.

### Rev. Dr. Talmage Points to the Light Ahead.

**Words of Cheer for the Despondent—Making the Best of Financial Misfortunes, of Sickness and of Death.**

In the following discourse Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage endeavors to point out the rift in the cloud and the light beyond to those whose lives are troubled. The text is:

And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds.—Job xxxvii., 21.

Wind east. Barometer falling. Storm signals out. Ship reefing main topsails! Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. But after awhile he assails the flanks of the clouds with flying artillery of light, and here and there is a sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe it. Many do not realize it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." In other words, there are a hundred men looking for storm where there is one man looking for sunshine. My object will be to get you and myself into the delightful habit of making the best of everything.

You may have wondered at the statistics that in India, in the year 1875, there were over 19,000 people slain by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were in India over 20,000 people destroyed by wild animals. But there is a monster in our own land which is year by year destroying more than that. It is the old bear of melancholy, and with gospel weapons I propose to chase it back to its midnight caverns. I mean to do two sums—a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition—a subtraction from your days of depression and an addition to your days of joy. If God will help me I will compel you to see the bright light that there is in the clouds, and compel you to make the best of everything.

In the first place, you ought to make the very best of all your financial misfortunes. During the panic a few years ago you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most unaccountable ways. For the question: "How many thousands of dollars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question: "How shall I pay my butcher, and baker, and clothier, and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars and yet all the time going down stream.

You did not say much about it because it was not politic to speak of financial embarrassment; but your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denial in art and tapestry. Compression; retrenchment. Who did not feel the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense and yet retained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man out of a hundred. There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He gets a dictate for prayer meetings. With plenty of bank stocks and plenty of government securities, what does that man know of the prayer: "Give me this day my daily bread?" How few men largely successful in this world are bringing souls to Christ, or showing self-denial for others, or are eminent to piety? You can count them all upon your eight fingers and two thumbs.

One of the old covetous souls, when he was sick, and sick unto death, used to have a basin brought in—a basin filled with gold, and his only amusement and the only relief he got for his inflamed hands was running them down through the gold and turning it up in the basin. Oh, what infatuation and what destroying power money has for many a man! Now, you were sailing at 30 knots the hour toward these vortices of worldliness—what a mercy it was, that honest defalcation! The same Divine hand that crushed your storehouse, your bank, your office, your insurance company lifted you out of destruction. The day you honestly suspended in business made your fortune for eternity.

"Oh," you say, "I could get along very well myself, but I am so disappointed that I can not leave a competence for my children." My brother, the same financial misfortune that is going to save your soul will save your children. With the anticipation of large fortune, how much industry would your children have?—without which habit of industry there is no safety. The young man would say: "Well, there's no need of my working; my father will soon step out, and then I'll have just what I want." You can not hide from him how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it; he knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Perhaps he has been to the county office and searched the records of deeds and mortgages, and he has added it all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as you are. The only fortune worth anything that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with $40,000 capital, how many turned out well? I do not know half a dozen.

The best inheritance a young man can have is the feeling that he has to fight his own battle, and that life is a struggle into which he must throw body, mind and soul, or be disgracefully worsted. Where are the burial places of the men who started life with a fortune? Some of them in the potter's field; some in the suicide's grave. But few of these men reached 35 years of age. They drank, they smoked, they gambled. In them the beast destroyed the man. Some of them lived long enough to get their fortunes, and went through them. The vast majority of them did not live to get their inheritance. From the gin shop or house of infamy they were brought home to their father's house, and in delirium began to pick off loathsome reptiles from the embroidered pillow, and to fight back imaginary devils. And then they were laid out in a highly upholstered parlor, the casket covered with flowers by indulgent parents—flowers suggestive of a resurrection with no hope.

As you sat this morning at your breakfast table, and looked into the faces of your children, perhaps you said within yourself: "Poor things! How I wish I could start them in life with a competence. How I have been disappointed in all my expectations of what I would do for them!" Upon that scene of pathos I break with a paean of congratulation, that by your financial losses your own prospects for Heaven, and the prospect for the Heaven of your children is mightily improved. You may have lost a toy, but you have won a palace.

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven." What does that mean? It means that the grandest blessing God ever bestowed upon you was to take your money away from you. Let me here say, in passing, do not put much stress on the treasures of this world. You can not take them along with you. At any rate, you can not take them more than two or three miles; you will have to leave them at the cemetery. Attila had three coffins. So fond was he of this life that he decreed that he should be buried in a coffin of gold, and that then that should be inclosed in a coffin of silver, and that should be inclosed in a coffin of iron, and then a large amount of treasure should be thrown in over his body. And so he was buried, and the men who buried him were slain, so that no one might know where he was buried, and no one might there interfere with his treasures. Oh, men of the world, who want to take your money with you, better have three coffins!

Again, I remark, you ought to make the very best of your bereavement. The whole tendency is to brood over these separations, and to give much time to the handling of mementoes of the departed, and to make long visitations to the cemetery, and to say: "Oh, I can never look up again; my hope is gone; my courage is gone; my religion is gone; my faith in God is gone! Oh, the wear and tear and exhaustion of this loneliness!" The most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial that you have had? If you could take a choice for your child between forty years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation and bereavements, and forty years in Heaven, would you take the responsibility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away the cup of eternal bliss and put into that child's hands the cup of many bereavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child had been lifted would you like to hold it down to the risks of this mortal state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being besoiled and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of 50 or 60 or 70 years, they reached at a flash? If the last 10,000 children who had entered Heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those 10,000 children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to look at this matter as a self-denial on your part for their benefit. If your children want to go off in a May-day party; if your children want to go on a flowry and musical excursion, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have only gone out in a May-day party, amid flowery and musical entertainment, amid joys and hilarities forever. That ought to quell some of your grief, the thought of their glee.

So it ought to be that you could make the best of all bereavements. The fact that you have so many friends in Heaven will make your own departure very cheerful. When you are going on a voyage, everything depends upon where your friends are—if they are on the wharf that you leave, or on the wharf toward which you are going to sail. In other words, the more friends you have in Heaven the easier it will be to get away from this world. The more friends here, the more bitter good-bys; the more friends there the more glorious welcomes. Some of you have so many brothers, sisters, children, friends in Heaven, that I do not know hardly how you are going to crowd through. When the vessel came from foreign lands, and brought a prince to our harbor, the ships were covered with bunting, and you remember how the men-of-war thundered broadsides; but there was no joy there compared with the joy which shall be demonstrated when you sail up the broad bay of heavenly salutation. The more friends you have there, the easier your own transit. What is death to a mother whose children are in Heaven? Why there is no more grief in it than there is in her going into a nursery amid the romp the and laughter of her household. Though all around may be dark, see you not the bright light in the clouds—that light the irridated faces of your glorified kindred?

So also, my friends, I would have you make the best of your sicknesses. When you see one move off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you become impatient with your lame foot. When a man describes an object a mile off, and you can not see it at all, you become impatient of your dim eye. When you hear of a well man making a great achievement you become impatient with your depressed nervous system or your dilapidated health. I will tell you how you can make the worst of it. Brood over it; brood over all these illnesses, and your nerves will become twitchy, and your dyspepsia more aggravated, and your weakness more appalling. But that is the devil's work, to tell you how to make the worst of it; it is my work to show you a brighter light in the clouds.

Which of the Bible men most attract you attention? You say, Moses, Job, David, Jeremiah, Paul. Why, what a strange thing it is that you have chosen those who were physically disordered! Moses—I know he was nervous from the clip he gave the Egyptian. Job—his blood was vitiated and diseased, and his skin distressfully eruptive. David—he had a running sore, which he speaks of when he says: "My sore ran in the night and ceased not." Jeremiah had enlargement of the spleen. Who can doubt it who reads Lamentations? Paul—he had a lifetime sickness which the commentators have been guessing about for years, not knowing exactly what the apostle meant by "a thorn in the flesh." I do not know either; but it was something sharp, something that sruck him. I gather from all this that physical disorder may be the means of grace to the soul. You say you have so many temptations from bodily aliments, and if you were only well you think you could be a good Christian. While your temptations may be different, they are no more than those of the man who has an appetite three times a day and sleeps eight hours every night.

From my observation, I judge that invalids have a more rapturous view of the next world than well people, and you will have higher renown in Heaven. The best view of the delectable mountains is through the lattice of the sick room. There are trains running every hour between pillow and throne, between hospital and mansion, between bandages and robes, between crutch and palm branch. Oh, I wish some of you people who are compelled to cry: "My head, my h[illegible] foot, my foot! my back, my back," would try some of the Lord's medicine! You are going to be well anyhow before long. Heaven is an old city, but has never yet reported one case of sickness or one bill of mortality. No opthalmia for the eye. No pneumonia for the lungs. No pleurisy for the side. No neuralgia for the nerves. No rheumatism for the muscles. "The inhabitants shall never say: I am sick." "There shall be no more pain."

Again, you ought to make the best of life's finality. Now, you think I have a very tough subject. You do not see how I am to strike a spark of light out of the flint of the tombstone. There are many people who have an idea that death is the submergence of everything pleasant by everything doleful. If my subject could close in the upsetting of all such preconceived notions, it would close well. Who can judge best of the features of a man—those who are close by him, or those who are afar off? "Oh," you say, "those can judge best of the features of a man who are close by him!"

Now, my friends, who shall judge of the features of death—whether they are lovely or whether they are repulsive? You? You are too far off. If I want to get a judgment as to what really the features of death are, I would not ask you; I will ask those who have been within a month of death, or an hour of death, or a minute of death. They stand so near the features they can tell. They give unanimous testimony if they are Christian people that death, instead of being demoniac, is cherubic. Of all the thousands of Christians who have been carried through the gates of the cemetery, gather up their dying experiences, and you will find they nearly all bordered on a jubilate. How often you have seen a dying man join in the psalm being sung around his bedside, the middle of the verse opening to let his ransomed spirit free!—long after his lips could not speak, looking and pointing upward.

One week of the year is called blossom week—called so all through the land because they are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which the Christian is invited—blossom week forever. It is as far ahead of this world as Paradise is ahead of Dry Tortugas, and yet here we stand shivering and fearing to go out, and we want to stay on the dry sand, and amid the stormy petrels, when we are invited to arbors of jessamine and birds of paradise.

One season I had two springtimes. I went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the difference between going toward New Orleans and then coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans, the verdue, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. When I came back, the further I came toward home the less the foliage, and less and less it became until there was hardly any. Now, it all depends upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from Heaven should come toward our world, he is traveling from June toward December, from radiance toward darkness, from hanging gardens toward icebergs. And one would not be very much surprised if a spirit of God sent forth from Heaven toward our world should be slow to come. But how strange it is that we dread going out toward that world when going is from December toward June—from the snow of earthly storm to the snow of the Edenic blossom—from the arties of trouble toward the tropics of eternal joy.

Oh, what an ado about dying! We get so attached to the malarial marsh in which we live that we are afraid to go up and live on the hilltop. We are alarmed because vacation is coming. Eternal sunlight, and best programme of celestial minstrels and hallelujah, no inducement. Let us stay here and keep cold and ignorant and weak. Do not introduce us to Elijah, and John Milton and Bourdalone. Keep our feet on the sharp cobblestones of earth instead of planting them on the bank of amaranth in Heaven. Give us this small island of a leprous world instead of the immensities of splendor and delight. Keep our hands full of nettles, and our shoulder under the burden, and our neck in the yoke, and hopples on our ankles, and handcuffs on our wrists. "Dear Lord," we seem to say, "keep us down here where we have to suffer, instead of letting us up where we might live and reign and rejoice."

I am amazed at myself and at yourself for this infatuation, under which we all rest. Men you would suppose would get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go toward Heaven. I congraulate anybody who has a right to die. By that I mean through sickness you can not avert, or through accident you can not avoid—your work consummated. "Where did they bury Lily?" said one little child to another. "Oh," she replied, "they buried here in the ground?" "Oh, no, no; not in the cold ground, but in the warm ground, where ugly seeds become beautiful flowers."

"But," says one, "it pains me so much to think that I must lose the body with which my soul has so long companioned." You do not lose it. You no more lose your body by death than you lose your watch when you send it to have it repaired, or your jewel when you send it to have it reset, or the faded picture when you send it to have it touched up or the photograph of a friend when you have it put in a new locket. You do not lose your body. Paul will go to Rome to get his, Payson will go to Portland to get his, President Edwards will go to Princeton to get his, George Cookman will go to the bottom of the Atlantic to get his, and we will go to the village churchyards and the city cemeteries to get ours; and when we have our perfect spirit rejoined to our perfect body, then we will be the kind of men and women that the resurrection morning will make possible.

So you see you have not made out any doleful story yet. What have you proved about death? What is the case you have made out? You have made out just this—that death allows us to have a perfect body, free of all aches, united forever with a perfect soul free from all sin. Correct your theology. What does it all mean? Why, it means that moving day is coming, and that you are going to quit cramped apartments and be mansioned forever. The horse that stands at the gate will not be the one lathered and bespattered, carrying bad news, but it will be the horse that St. John saw in Apocalyptic vision—the white horse on which the King comes to the banquet. The ground around the palace will quake with tires and hoofs of celestial equipage, and those Christians who in this world lost their friends, and lost their property, and lost their health, and lost their life, will find out that God was always kind, and that all things worked together for their good, and that those were the wisest people on earth who made the best of everything. See you not now the bright light in the clouds?

**Liberal Religion.**

The world wants a religion that shall satisfy all the needs of men's nature, nourish the mind, strengthen the will, warm and uplift the heart.—Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, Independent, Chicago, Ill.

## PEOPLE DON'T CARE.

### It Is the Man Who Has an Ax Who Wants War.

**Mischievous People Have Fun with the Darkies—Convicts Are Good Fighters—Stephen Girard's Secret of Success.**

War is a big thing—an awful thing—but our people do not seem to be very much concerned. They have more curiosity than apprehension. The great excitement is at Washington, and even there it is based not upon fear of blood or suffering, but upon the struggle between the two great political parties—which one shall get ahead and what move is the best one to get ahead and stay there. Whatever McKinley does or proposes to do the democrats must fight it and vice versa. The success of the party is a bigger thing than war. We have never seen congress so bewildered. Some are for intervention, some for recognition, some for annexation and all for revenge. Wall street sees nothing but the money that is in it. Some preachers are for peace at any price and some are howling for war. Of course the army and navy want a fight, for that is their professional business and gives a chance for promotion. Then there are the editors and publishers who must appear to be at fever heat whether they feel so or not, for it is a harvest time for news, and the people want the news and will buy the papers. The farmers, too, are affected and are studying what to plant for profit, and the speculators in grain and meat are bulling and bearing, according to their faith.

But the great masses of the American people, the toilers and consumers, who have nothing to gain and nothing to lose by a war, are lookers on with unconcern. They have no ax to grind, nor even a hatchet, but still have a feeble hope of more work and better wages. Down here at the south there is no great interest except in the cities, for our people never get any contracts or government jobs, and don't expect any gain from a war with Spain. If we get a customhouse here and there the material must come from over the line, notwithstanding the marble and the granite are at our doors. Northern contractors clean out our rivers and harbors and all the profit goes away from home.

Our mischievous people tell the negroes they have got to go and do all the fighting, for it is McKinley's war and they all voted for him. The boys read to them paragraphs from the northern papers which say that northern soldiers would die of fever in Cuba in a week and that only southern negroes can stand the climate. Lots of them around here are fixing to hide out and have done picked out their canebrake. Clarence, the drayman, is a leader, a heeler in elections, and he says: "I never vote for any war. I ain't gwine to fight. I ain't done nothin' to nobody and nobody ain't done nothin' to me. I ain't mad wid nobody and how can a man fight widout he's mad? Mr. Akerman and Mr. Crawford got me into dis scrape and dey must git me out. I wonder if dey is gwine to de war?"

Last Sunday I saw a gang of negroes standing around a preacher and he was reading the big headlines of the Constitution to them. There is a large pictorial recruiting poster in the post office, and they stand off and look at it with serious alarm. But they are not going from these parts, neither are the white people going right now. Old man Ingram was a good fighter in the last war and seemed to like the business, and he says he wouldn't mind going if they would let him fight under Gen. Lee and wear gray clothes. My friend, Capt. Dobbs, says he will go along with Dr. Calhoun and will skirmish around awhile and get sick and get the doctor to give him a discharge at the end of three months and then he will come home and draw a pension all the rest of his life.

Well, if it has to be a war Mr. McKinley had better turn it over to Gen. Lee to fight it.

Big things are piling in on us just now. The state canvass for state officials is now going on and getting red hot and it takes nearly all our time to keep up with that and the war too. Maybe we will need another war governor, and if we do Col. Chandler has had more experience in that line than some other folks.

Col. Renfroe could take care of the negro convicts and march them to the front just like old Joe Brown did the 200 convicts in the penitentiary when Sherman came along. Gov. Brown went down there with a wagon load of gray clothes and made them take off their stripes, and he gave them all guns and had them to elect their officers and then made them a speech and said:

"Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens, Soldiers—It doesn't follow that because you are convicts you are not patriots. Now is the great opportunity of your lives to redeem yourselves and wipe off the disgrace from yourselves and your kindred. The enemy is at your doors and you must fight him—yes!

"Fight till the last armed foe expires—
Fight for your altars and your fires,
God and your native land."

And they hailed their freedom with a shout, and they marched forth like new men, and they did fight. Just so, Col. Renfroe could march the 2,000 negro convicts forth and under his lead they, too, will fight.

Then here is the cold wintry blast that has come over our country and killed our fruit and vegetables and paralyzed our hopes. Our most forward peaches are not killed, but our potatoes are utterly prostrated. They will come out again and I think will make us a good crop. Two years ago mine were killed down to the ground, but they came out again and I never had a better crop. This leads me to think that maybe they had better be cut down early and then they would make more fruit and less vines. My wife threw all sorts of old clothes over her Mareschal Neal rose vine that was full of buds. My neighbors covered up their beans and beets, and some of them spread newspapers over their potatoes and saved them. I was away down in Greensboro the coldest night and it was not cold enough there to kill anything. A few degrees of latitude makes a great difference. Mr. Marbury, the weather man, told us of this coming freeze and I have great faith in him. When the weather bureau was first established we thought it was a humbug, but long observation has convinced the world that the winds and the waves and the weather are not the mystery they used to be. Science has revealed their courses and their changes and the telegraph tells it truly many hours beforehand. The Scripture says: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and ye hear the sound thereof, but ye cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth."

But we can tell now and can fortify against disasters on land and perils on the deep. Verily, there is something new under the sun.

I was ruminating about the classic town of Greensboro, one of the oldest towns in the state. What a beautiful country surrounds it! What pretty roads and streets! What attractive homes and pretty mansions! What wealth of lovely flowers! I saw wisterias there growing wild and bowering upon old dead trees. Many of these stately ante-bellum mansions still have the tall fluted columns and the parapet roofs that were so common in the olden time. I saw the old Cone mansion and the house where William C. Dawson lived. I went to college with the Dawson boys, but they are dead and left no sign. I heard their father make a speech in 1845. He was the first whig who ever represented that district in congress. He was United States senator in 1847. He was universally popular—kind, courteous and gentle, he worked his own way from humble life up to many eminent positions and never lost a friend. Dawson county was named for him, but none was named for Toombs or Stephens. They were greater statesmen, but they made enemies, while Dawson, by his exceeding courtesy and gentle manners, made friends. Young men, if you aspire to political honors, you had better remember this. When Stephen Girard was asked the secret of his success he replied: "Civility."—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

## A BUCCANEER BOOM.

### The Brethren of the Coast Sacked Towns When the Galleons Failed Them.

The buccaneers are afraid of nothing. They paid no attention to the rules of war. A little ship would attack a big one without the slightest hesitation, and, more than that, would generally take it; and in every way Spain was beginning to feel as if she were acting the part of provider to the pirate seamen of every nation.

Finding that she could do nothing to diminish the number of the buccaneering vessels, Spain determined that she would not have so many richly-laden ships of her own upon these dangerous seas; consequently a change was made in regard to the shipping of merchandise and the valuable metals from America to her home ports. The cargoes were concentrated, and what had previously been placed upon three ships was crowded into the holds and between the decks of one great vessel, which was so well armed and defended as to make it almost impossible for any pirate ship to capture it. In some respects this plan worked very well, although when the buccaneers did happen to pounce upon one of these richly-laden vessels in such numbers and with such swift ferocity that they were able to capture it they rejoiced over a prize far more valuable than anything the pirate soul had ever dreamed of before. But it was not often that one of these great ships was taken, and for a time the results of Spanish robbery and cruelty were safely carried to Spain.

But it was very hard to get the better of the buccaneers; their lives and their fortunes depended upon this boom, and if in one way they could not get the gold out of the Spaniards, which the latter got out of the natives, they would try another. When the miners in the gold fields find they can no longer wash out with their pans a paying quantity of the precious metal they go to work on the rocks and break them into pieces and crush them into dust; so, when the buccaneers found it did not pay to devote themselves to capturing Spanish gold on its transit across the ocean, many of them changed their methods of operation and boldly planned to seize the treasures of their enemy before it was put upon the ships. Consequently the buccaneers formed themselves into larger bodies, commanded by noted leaders, and made attacks upon the Spanish settlements and towns. Many of these were found nearly defenseless, and even those which boasted fortifications often fell before the reckless charges of the buccaneers. The pillage, the burning and the cruelty on shore exceeded that which had hitherto been known on the sea. There is generally a great deal more in a town than there is in a ship, and the buccaneers proved themselves to be among the most outrageous, exacting and cruel conquerors ever known in this world. They were governed by no laws of warfare; whatever they chose to do they did. They respected nobody, not even themselves, and acted like wild beasts, without the disposition which is generally shown by a wild beast, to lie down and go to sleep when it has had enough.

There were times when it seemed as though it would be safer for a man who had a regard for his life and comfort to sail upon a pirate ship instead of a Spanish galleon, or to take up his residence in one of the uncivilized communities of Tortuga or Jamaica instead of settling in a well-ordered Spanish-American town with its mayor, its officials and its garrison.

It was a very strange nation of marine bandits which had thus sprung into existence on these far-away waters; it was a nation of grown-up men who existed only for the purpose of carrying off that which other people were taking away; it was a nation of second-hand robbers, who carried their operations to such an extent that they threatened to do away entirely with that series of primary robberies to which Spain had devoted herself. I do not know that there were any companies formed in those days for the prosecution of buccaneering, but I am quite sure that if there had been their stocks would have gone to a high figure.—Frank R. Stockton, in St. Nicholas.

**Confidence and Happiness.**

"Marse Jim," said the old voter who knew him pretty well, "is you gwine ter run fer office erg'in?"

"I thought I would."

"En you think you'll git dar?"

"Why, certainly."

The old man was silent for full two minutes, then he said:

"Marse Jim, ef I had de confidence dat you got I moutn't be rich, but I'd be powerful happy!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Preparing for Action.**

Featherstone—Will your sister be down soon, Willie?

Willie—I guess so. She is changing her dress.

Featherstone (impatiently)—What is she doing that for?

Willie—She said she wanted to put on something that didn't rumple.—Harlem Life.

**Their Mania.**

Maud—How on earth did May Barginchase come to accept Jack Price after his awful accident?

Ethel—Well, the cable car cut him quite in two, you know, and she really couldn't resist the temptation to take him then, because he was only half Price!—Up to Date.

**Where He Got 'Em.**

"I want your jewels!" hissed the burglar.

"Certainly!" said the mother of Gracchi; "I will go and get them."

When she returned with her two stalwart sons—say, maybe that burglar didn't get 'em!—N. Y. Evening Journal.

## DOCTORS DON'T DENY IT.

### The frank testimony of a famous physician.

When Dr. Ayer announced his Sarsaparilla to the world, he at once found the physicians his friends. Such a remedy was what they had looked for, and they were prompt to appreciate its merits and prescribe it. Perhaps no medicine—known as a patent medicine—is so generally administered and prescribed by physicians as Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood diseases, and diseases of the skin that indicate a tainted condition of the blood. Experience has proved it to be a specific in such diseases, and sores of long standing, old ulcers, chronic rheumatism, and many other like forms of disease have yielded to the persevering use of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla after other medicines had utterly failed. The testimonials received from physicians to the value of this remedy would fill a volume. Here is one leaf signed by Rich'd H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

"It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the success which your preparation of Sarsaparilla has had in the treatment of cutaneous and other diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood. Were it necessary, I might give you the names of at least fifty individuals who have been cured of long-standing complaints simply by the administration of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One very remarkable instance was that of a quite old woman who had lived at Catonsville, near this city. She had been afflicted with [illegible] rheumatism for three years, and had [illegible] hundred dollars' worth [illegible] relief, yet without [illegible] I advised her to try [illegible] Sarsaparilla and told [illegible] do her good. I would [illegible] A short time afterward, I learned [illegible] had cured her, and [illegible] a neighbor of hers [illegible] his complaint by [illegible] result of the [illegible] Sarsaparilla. It [illegible] best blood purifier with which I [illegible]."

There is no other [illegible] medicine can show a similar record. [illegible] imitate the [illegible] remedy. They [illegible] has the record. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla [illegible] the favor [illegible] friendship of the physician [illegible] fulfils [illegible] of the family, because it cures. [illegible] all promises made for it. It [illegible] thousands of people of the most [illegible] diseases that can mutilate [illegible] Nothing has ever superceded it and [illegible] ever will until a medicine is [illegible] that can show a record of cures greater [illegible] number and equal in wonder to those wrought by Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured, is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer Company, Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

**From Two Sides.**

"My son," said the philosopher, "you know the adage, don't you? Never put all your eggs in one basket. Then if an accident happens only a portion of them will be broken. So with your money. Don't put it all in one bank."

"Yes," returned the son, who knew a few things, too, "but in scattering your money around among banks you only increase the chances of getting left by cashiers."—Chicago Evening News.

**$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 upon 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 F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Masculine Morality.**

Because a man fools away a great deal of money is no sign of immorality. Many a man has spent all he earned all his life whose idea of a highly wicked time was to chuck a girl under the chin.—Atchison Globe.

**He Courted Failure.**

Isaacs—Do you tink marriage vos a vailure?

Abrams—So hellup me if I dit, I vould ged married domorrows.—Up-to-Date.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

A man wearing a shirt and collar of different colors would look just as well wearing one boot and one shoe.—Washington Democrat.

A woman licks the envelope to make the stamp stick, and the man licks the stamp.—Washington Democrat.

We often wonder what some women would do if they couldn't talk.—Washington Democrat.

**Danger of Reviving Memories.**

Jeweler—You say your wife's a musician? I should think something in the form of a lyre would please her.

Customer—Did you ever try to explain at two o'clock in the morning? Then how can you suggest such a thing?—Jewelers' Weekly.

**Shake Into Your Shoes**

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, nervous, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. *Try it to-day.* Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It is wonderful to think what the presence of one human being can do for another—change everything in the world.—Story of William and Lucy Smith, George S. Merriam.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

We are wont to look forward to troubles with fears of what they will inflict, but back on them with wonder at what they have saved us from.—Samuel Johnson.

Since the discovery and introduction of *Dr. Moffett's* TEETHINA *(Teething Powders)* the death rate of small children has largely decreased. TEETHINA Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels and makes teething easy.

People who can't buy things good enough in their own town often are the poorest dressed.

**Don't You Sleep?**

Does your Head Ache? Somniff Caffein cures instantly. All druggists. 25 cents. Dr. Paxton Medical Co., 201 River St., Troy, N. Y.

A man's way of expressing his utter contempt for a thing is by saying he wouldn't give a chew of tobacco for it.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Nine times out of ten a woman is prompter to pay a debt than a man.—Washington Democrat.

Many people get up early and do nothing else all day.—Washington Democrat.

## MRS. PINKHAM TALKS ABOUT "CHANGE OF LIFE."

**Women are Urged to Prepare for this Wonderful Revolution in the Economy of Their Life Blood—Mrs. Watson Tells How She Was Helped.**

At no time is woman more liable to physical and mental dangers with hours of suffering than at the "Turn of Life."

The great want in woman's system is ability to properly adjust itself to the new conditions. The outlet, monthly, of blood is now being diminished and carried into the body for the supply food of its later years.

Daughters, you can now to some extent repay your mother's early care. She must be spared every possible exertion. You must help her bear her burdens and anxieties. This critical time safely over, she will return to renewed health and happiness.

That so many women fail to anticipate this change thus happily, is owing not merely to lack of care, but to ignorance. There is, however, no excuse for ignorance when experienced advice can be yours free of all cost. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., she has helped great numbers of women successfully through the Change of Life, and she will help you.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best tonic for uterine changes. It works harmoniously upon all these overwrought organs, invigorates the body and drives off the blues.

Read this letter from Mrs. DELLA WATSON, 524 West 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time during the change of life, and it has been a savior of life unto me. I can cheerfully recommend your medicine to all women, and I know it will give permanent relief. I would be glad to relate my experience to any sufferer."

**Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills**

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House-cleaning with Pearline doesn't mean the usual hard work.

Neither does washday. And what would ordinarily take seven days ought to be done in three.

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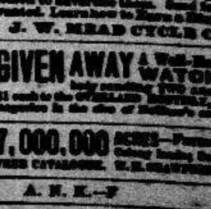

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