UNCLE SAM (AFTER THE BANQUET): NOW, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, TAKE A CASCARET TO-NIGHT AND YOU WILL FEEL ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING. IT'S THE GREAT AMERICAN MEDICINE.

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

A keen observation is one of the greatest assistants in the acquirement of ease and power.—Success.

Half an hour is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Servent girls in Berlin are usually allowed half a day out twice a month only.

Another "Bear Garden."
A Montana debating society announces that the next subject will be: "Resolved, that the sheep herder is a better citizen than the saloon keeper." It is expected that the debate will bring out some new styles in artillery.—Denver Republican.

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The maid—Do you think it's unlucky to get married on Friday?
The Bachelor—Of course. Why should Friday be an exception?—Judge.

Take care, or you also may become nothing more in life than a warning.—Atchison Globe.

900 DROPS

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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At 6 months old
35 DOSES – 35 CENTS

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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To purify the blood take Prickly Ash Bitters three or four times a week during the Spring months. It will insure health in hot weather.

Sold everywhere at $1.00 per bottle.

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Here's the monarch—nothing like it on earth. Salzer's New 20th Century Oat takes the oats, carries first prize as the biggest yielder everywhere. The fact is, Salzer's oats are bred to produce. The U. S. Department of Agriculture claims that out of over 400 samples and kinds tested, Salzer's were the best. How do you like that, Mr. Farmer? Our new 20th Century Oat is bound to completely revolutionize oat growing and we expect dozens of farmers to report yields in 1902 running from 200 to 300 bushels per acre. Price is dirt cheap. Be in the swim and buy this variety this spring to sell to your neighbors the coming fall for seed. It will surely pay you.

Salzer's Marvel Wheat—42 bus. per Acre

The only spring wheat on earth that will yield a paying crop north, east, south, and west and in every state in the Union. We also have the celebrated Macaroni wheat, yielding on our farms, 63 bushels per acre.

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The most marvelous cereal and hay food on earth, producing from 60 to 80 bushels of grain and 4 tons of rich hay per acre.

VEGETABLE SEEDS

We are the largest growers and our stock of earliest Peas, Beans, Sweet corn and all money making vegetables is enormous. Prices are very low. Onion seed 60 cents and up a pound. Catalogue tells.

For 10c—Worth $10

Our great catalogue contains full description of our Beardless Barley, yielding 120 bushels; our Triple Income Corn, going 400 bushels; our potatoes, yielding 600 bushels per acre; our grass and clover mixtures, producing 6 tons of magnificent hay; our Pan Oat, with its 8 tons of hay, and Teosinte with 80 tons of green fodder per acre. Salzer's great catalogue, worth $100 to any wide awake gardener or farmer, with 10 farm seed samples,—worth $10 to get a start—is mailed you on receipt of 10c. postage.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WISC.

FORGIVE AND FORGET

Dr. Talmage Illustrates How Offenders May Be Emancipated.

God Remembers Our Sins No More If We Sincerely Ask Forgiveness —Art of Recollection and Forgetting.

[Copyright, 1902, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.]

Washington.

From the letter to the Hebrews Dr. Talmage takes a text and illustrates how all offenders may be emancipated; text, Hebrews 8:12: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

The national flower of the Egyptians is the heliotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindoos is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the forgetmenot. We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we cannot remember. Mnemonics, or the art of assisting memory, is an important art. It was first suggested by Simonides of Ceos 500 years before Christ. Persons who had but little power to recall events or put facts and names and dates in proper processions have through this art had their memory reenforced to an almost incredible extent. A good memory is an invaluable possession. By all means cultivate it. I had an aged friend who, detained all night at a miserable depot in waiting for a rail train fast in the snowbanks, entertained a group of some ten or fifteen clergymen likewise detained on their way home from a meeting of presbytery, by first with a piece of chalk drawing out on the black and sooty walls of the depot the characters of Walter Scott's "Marmion" and then reciting from memory the whole of that poem of some 80 pages in fine print. My old friend, through great age, lost his memory, and when I asked him if this story of the railroad depot was true he said: "I do not just remember now, but it was just like me. Let me see," said he to me. "Have I ever seen you before?" "Yes," I said, "you were my guest last night, and I was with you an hour ago." What an awful contrast in that man between the greatest memory I ever knew and no memory at all!

But right along with this art of recollection, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is one quite as important, and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of forgetting. There is a splendid faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might through that process be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness that ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from a weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of omnipotence that God is able to obliterate a part of His own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the Divine forgiveness, the record of misbehavior is not only crossed off the books, but God actually lets it pass out of memory. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget, and you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetting is so great that if two men appeal to Him and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his heart pardoned and the other man, after a life of abomination, gets pardoned God remembers no more against one than against the other. The entire past of both the moralist, and his imperfections, and the profligate, with his debaucheries, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten forever and forever.

This sublime attribute of forgetfulness on the part of God you and I need, in our finite way, to imitate. You will do well to cast out of your recollection all wrongs done you. During the course of one's life he is sure to be misrepresented, to be lied about, to be injured. There are those who keep these things fresh by frequent rehearsal. If things have appeared in print, they keep them in their scrapbook, for they cut these precious paragraphs out of newspapers or books and at leisure times look them over, or they have them tied up in bundles or thrust in pigeonholes, and they frequently regale themselves and their friends by an inspection of these flings, these sarcasms, these falsehoods, these cruelties. I have known gentlemen who carried them in their pocketbooks, so that they could easily get at these irritations, and they put their right hand in the inside of their coat pocket over their heart and say: "Look here! Let me show you something." Scientists catch wasps and hornets and poisonous insects and transfix them in curiosity bureaus for study, and that is well, but these of whom I speak catch the wasps and the hornets and the poisonous insects and play with them and put them on themselves and on their friends and see how far the noxious things can jump, and show how deep they can sting. Have no such scrapbook. Keep nothing in your possession that is disagreeable. Tear up the falsehoods and the slanders and the hypercriticisms.

Imitate the Lord in my text and forget, actually forget, sublimely forget. There is no happiness for you in any other plan or procedure. You see all around you in the church and out of the church dispositions acerb, malign, cynical, pessimistic. Do you know how these men and women got that disposition? It was by the embalmment of things pantherine and viperous. They have spent much of their time in calling the roll of all the rats that have nibbled at their reputation. Their soul is a cage of vultures. Everything in them is sour or embittered. The milk of human kindness has been curdled. They do not believe in anybody or anything. If they see two people whispering, they think it is about themselves. If they see two people laughing, they think it is about themselves. Where there is one sweet pippin in their orchard there are 50 crabapples. They have never been able to forget. They do not want to forget. They never will forget. Their wretchedness is supreme, for no one can be happy if he carries perpetually in mind the mean things that have been done him. On the other hand, you can find here and there a man or woman (for there are not many of them) whose disposition is genial and summery. Why? Have they always been treated well? Oh, no. Hard things have been said against them. They have been charged with officiousness, and their generosities have been set down to a desire for display, and they have many a time been the subject of tittle tattle, and they have had enough small assaults like gnats and enough great attacks like lions to have made them perpetually miserable if they would have consented to be miserable. But they have had enough divine philosophy to cast off the annoyances, and they have kept themselves in the sunslight of God's favor and have realized that these oppositions and hindrances are a part of a mighty discipline by which they are to be prepared for usefulness and heaven. The secret of it all is they have, by the help of the Eternal God, learned how to forget.

Another practical thought: When our faults are repented of let them go out of mind. If God forgets them, we have a right to forget them. Having once repented of our infelicities and misdemeanors, there is no need of our repenting of them again. Suppose I owe you a large sum of money, and you are persuaded I am incapacitated to pay and you give me acquittal from that obligation. You say: "I cancel that debt. All is right now. Start again." And the next day I come in and say: "You know about that big debt I owe you. I have come in to get you to let me off. I feel so bad about it I cannot rest. Do let me off." You reply with a little impatience: "I did let you off. Don't bother yourself and bother me with any more of that discussion." The following day I come in and say: "My dear sir, about that debt—I can never get over the fact that I owe you that money. It is something that weighs on my mind like a millstone. Do forgive me that debt." This time you clear lose your patience and say: "you are a nuisance. What do you mean by this reiteration of that affair? I am almost sorry I forgave you that debt. Do you doubt my veracity or do you not understand the plain language in which I told you that debt was canceled?" Well, my friends, there are many Christians guilty of worse folly than that. While it is right that they repent of new sins and of recent sins, what is the use of bothering yourself and insulting God by asking Him to forgive sins that long ago were forgiven? God has forgotten them. Why do you not forget them? No; you drag the load on with you, and 365 times a year, if you pray every day, you ask God to recall occurrences which He has not only forgiven, but forgotten.

Quit this folly. I do not ask you less to realize the turpitude of sin, but I ask you to a higher faith in the promise of God and the full deliverance of His mercy. He does not give a receipt for part payment or so much received on account, but receipt in full. God having for Christ's sake decreed "your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more." As far as possible let the disagreeables of life drop. We have enough things in the present, and there will be enough in the future, to disturb us without running a special train into the great Goneby to fetch us as special freight things left behind. Years ago, when there was a great railroad strike, I remember seeing all along the route from Omaha to Chicago and from Chicago to New York hundreds and thousands of freight cars switched on the sidetracks, those cars loaded with all kinds of perishable material, decaying and wasting. After the strike was over did the railroad companies bring all that perished material down to the markets? No; they threw it off where it was destroyed and loaded up with something else. Let the long train of your thoughts throw off the worse than useless freight of a corrupt and destroyed past and load up with gratitude and faith and holy determination. We do not please God by the cultivation of the miserable. He would rather see us happy than to see us depressed. You would rather see your children laugh than to see them cry, and your Heavenly Father has no fondness for hysterics.

Not only forget your pardoned transgressions, but allow others to forget them. The chief stock on hand of some people is to recount in prayer meetings and pulpits what big scoundrels they once were. They not only will not forget their forgiven deficits, but they seem to be determined that the church and the world shall not forget them. If you want to declare that you have been the chief of sinners and extol the grace that could save such a wretch as you were, do so, but do not go into particulars. Do not tell how many times you got drunk or to what bad places you went or how many free rides you had in the prison van before you were converted. Lump it, brother; give it to us in bulk. If you have any scars got in honorable warfare, show them. but if you have scars got in ignoble warfare do not display them. I know you will quote the Bible reference to the horrible pit from which you were digged. Yes, be thankful for that rescue, but do not make displays of the mud of that horrible pit or splash it over other people. Sometimes I have felt in Christian meetings discomfited and unfit for Christian service because I had done none of those things which seemed to be, in the estimation of many, necessary for Christian usefulness, for I never swore a word or ever got drunk or went to compromising places or was guilty of assault and battery or ever uttered a slanderous word or ever did any one a hurt, although I knew my heart was sinful enough, and I said to myself: "There is no use of my trying to do any good, for I never went through those depraved experiences." But afterward I saw consolation in the thought that no one gained any ordination by the laying on of the hands of dissoluteness and infamy.

And though an ordinary moral life, ending in a Christian life, may not be as dramatic a story to tell about, let us be grateful to God rather than worry about it if we have never plunged into outward abominations. It may be appropriate in a meeting of reformed drunkards or reformed debauchees to quote for those not reformed how desperate and nasty you once were, but do not drive a scavenger's cart into assemblages of people the most of whom have always been decent and respectable. But I have been sometimes in great evangelical meetings where people went into particulars about the sins that they once committed, so much so that I felt like putting my hand on my pocketbook or calling for the police lest these reformed men might fall from grace and go at their old business of theft or drunkenness or cutthroatery. If your sins have been forgiven and your life purified, forget the waywardness of the past and allow others to forget it.

Many years ago a family consisting of the husband and wife and little girl of two years lived far out in a cabin on a western prairie. The husband took a few cattle to market. Before he started his little child asked him to buy for her a doll, and he promised. He could after the sale of the cattle purchase household necessities and certainly would not forget the doll he had promised. In the village to which he went he sold the cattle and obtained the groceries for his household and the doll for his little darling. He started home along the dismal road at nightfall. As he went along on horseback a thunderstorm broke, and in the most lonely part of the road and in the heaviest part of the storm he heard a child's cry. Robbers had been known to do some bad work along that road, and it was known that this herdsman had money with him, the price of the cattle sold. The herdsman first thought it was a stratagem to have him halt and be despoiled of his treasures, but the child's cry became more keen and rending, and so he dismounted and felt around in the darkness and all in vain until he thought of a hollow that he remembered near the road where the child might be, and for that he started and, sure enough, found a little one fagged out and drenched of the storm and almost dead. He wrapped it up as well as he could and mounted his horse and resumed his journey home. Coming in sight of his cabin, he saw it all lighted up and supposed his wife had kindled all these lights so as to guide her husband through the darkness. But no. The house was full of excitement, and the neighbors were gathered and stood around the wife of the house, who was insensible as from some great calamity. On inquiry the returned husband found that the little child of that cabin was gone. She had wandered out to meet her father and get the present he had promised, and the child was lost. Then the father unrolled from the blanket the child he had found in the fields, and, lo, it was his own child and the lost one of the prairie home, and the cabin quaked with the shout over the lost one found! How suggestive of the fact that once we were lost in the open fields or among the mountain crags. God's wandering children, and He found us, dying in the tempest, and wrapped us in the mantle of His love and fetched us home, gladness and congratulation bidding us welcome. The fact is that the world does not know God or they would all flock to Him.

There are certain names so magnetic that their pronunciation thrills all who hear them. Such is the name of the Italian soldier and liberator, Garibaldi. Marching with his troops, he met a shepherd who was in great distress because he had lost a lamb. Garibaldi said to his troops: "Let us help this poor shepherd find his lamb." And so, with lanterns and torches, they explored the mountains, but did not find the lamb, and after an unsuccessful search late at night they went to their encampment. The next morning Garibaldi was found asleep far on into the day, and they wakened him for some purpose and found that he had not given up the search when the soldiers did, but had kept on still further into the night and had found it, and he pulled down the blankets from his couch, and there lay the lamb, which Garibaldi ordered immediately taken to its owner. So the Commander of all the hosts of heaven turned aside from His glorious and victorious march through the centuries of heaven and said: "I will go and recover that lost world and that race of whom Adam was the progenitor, and let all who will accompany me." And through the night they came, but I do not see that the angelic escort came any farther than the clouds, but their most illustrious Leader came all the way down, and by the time His errand is done our little world, our wandering and lost world, our world fleecy with the light, will be found in the bosom of the Great Shepherd, and then all Heaven will take up the cantata and sing: "The lost sheep found!"

So I set open the wide gate of my text, inviting you all to come into the mercy and pardon of God—yea, still further, into the ruins of the place where once was kept the knowledge of your iniquities. The place has been torn down and the records destroyed, and you will find the ruins more dilapidated and broken and prostrate than the ruins of Melrose or Kenilworth, for from these last ruins you can pick up some fragment of a sculptured stone or you can see the curve of some broken arch, but after your repentance and your forgiveness you cannot find in all the memory of God a fragment of your pardoned sins so large as a needle's point. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Six different kinds of sounds were heard on that night which was interjected into the daylight of Christ's assassination. The neighing of the warhorses—for some of the soldiers were in the saddle—was one sound, the bang of the hammers was a second sound, the jeer of malignants was a third sound, the weeping of friends and followers was a fourth sound, the plash of blood on the rocks was a fifth sound, and the groan of the expiring Lord was a sixth sound. And they all commingled into one sadness. Over a place in Russia where wolves were pursuing a load of travelers and to save them a servant sprang from the sled into the mouths of the wild beasts and was devoured and thereby the other lives were saved are inscribed the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Many a surgeon in our own time has in tracheotomy with his own lips drawn from the windpipe of a diphtheritic patient that which cured the patient and slew the surgeon, and all have honored the self-sacrifice. But all other scenes of sacrifice pale before this most illustrious martyr of all time and all eternity. After that agonizing spectacle in behalf of our fallen race nothing about the sin forgetting God is too stupendous for my faith, and I accept the promise, and will you not all accept it? "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

CONGRESSMAN HOWARD.

Of National Reputation are the Men Who Recommend Pe-ru-na to Fellow Sufferers.

A Remarkable Case Reported From the State of New York.

CONGRESSMAN HOWARD, OF ALABAMA.

House of Representatives, Washington, Feb. 4, 1899.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio:

Gentlemen—"I have taken Peruna now for two weeks, and find I am very much relieved. I feel that my cure will be permanent. I have also taken it for la grippe, and I take pleasure in recommending Peruna as an excellent remedy to all fellow sufferers."

M. W. HOWARD.

Congressman Howard's home address is Fort Payne, Ala.

MOST people think that catarrh is a disease confined to the head and nose. Nothing is farther from the truth. It may be that the nose and throat are the oftenest affected by catarrh, but if this is so it is so only because these parts are more exposed to the vicissitudes of the climate than the other parts of the body.

Every organ, every duct, every cavity of the human body is liable to catarrh. A multitude of ailments depend on catarrh. This is true winter and summer. Catarrh causes many cases of chronic disease, where the victim has not the slightest suspicion that catarrh has any thing to do with it.

The following letter which gives the experience of Mr. A. C. Lockhart is a case in point:

Mr. A. C. Lockhart, corner Cottage St. and Thurston Road, Rochester, N. Y., in a letter written to Dr. Hartman says the following of Peruna:

"About fifteen years ago I commenced to be ailing, and consulted a physician. He pronounced my trouble a species of dyspepsia, and advised me, after he had treated me about six months, to get a leave of absence from my business and go into the country. I did so and got temporary relief. I went back to work again, but was taken with very distressing pains in my stomach.

"I seldom had a passage of the bowels naturally. I consulted another physician with no better results. The disease kept growing on me until I had exhausted the ability of sixteen of Rochester's best physicians. The last physician advised me to give up my work and go south, after he had treated me for one year.

"I was given a thorough examination with the X-ray. They would not even determine what my trouble was. Some of your testimonials in the Rochester papers seemed to me worthy of consideration, and I made up my mind to try a bottle of Peruna. Before the bottle was half gone I noticed a change for the better. I am now on the fifth bottle, and have not an ache or pain anywhere. My bowels move regularly every day, and I have taken on eighteen pounds of flesh. I have recommended Peruna to a great many and they recommend it very highly. I have told several people that if they would take a bottle of Peruna, and could then candidly say that it had not benefited them, I would pay for the medicine."

A. C. LOCKHART.

Mr. W. P. Peterson, of Morris, Ill., says: "I was nearly dead with catarrhal dyspepsia and am now a well man, better, in fact, than I have been for twenty years or more. "Since I got cured by your Peruna I have been consulted by a great many people."—W. P. Peterson.

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GUN CATALOGUE. IT'S FREE.

It illustrates and describes all the different Winchester Rifles, Shotguns and Ammunition, and contains much valuable information. Send at once to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

A Bird Himself.
The wise judge frowned sternly on the prisoner.
"I suppose you are ready to confess that you are a confidence man?" said his honor.
"Oh, no," hastened Bunko Billy, with an injured look, "I am merely an ornithologist."
"An ornithologist, indeed! What kind of birds do you handle?"
"Jays!"
And then only the clanking doors disturbed the court.—Chicago Daily News.

Point of View.
New England Statesman—Wasn't that a mortifying scene in the senate chamber?
Statesman from the Breezy West—Mortifying? It was disgusting. It was stopped before we could tell which one was the best man!—Chicago Tribune.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

The Flaw.
Helen—Delia wouldn't listen to anything but classical music for the world.
Judy—No: but look at the rag-time hat she wears!—Detroit Free Press.

The explanation of a young man's downfall in Atchison is given by his friends as follows: "He was his mother's pet, and never in his father's confidence."—Atchison Globe.

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Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by ST. JACOBS OIL of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at baths and in hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using ST. JACOBS OIL. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle.

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Some more recent records with Hazard Smokeless Powder—Mr. C. W. Phillis won high average at the Jeffersonville, Ohio tournament, January 16, 1902, breaking 193 of the 150 targets shot at. Mr. Chas. B. Spicer at the January Shoot held at Brenham, Texas, won the W. J. Graber trophy; killing 29 out of 32 birds shot at. Such work proves the superiority claimed for Hazard Smokeless Powder—It is second to none—Get it from your dealer.

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