

AN ETERNAL GLOOM.

Dr. Talmage Pictures the Earth Without the Gospel.

Vividly Portrays the Gloom of an Ideal World-Triumph of Atheism Would Mean Death of Civilization.

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In this sermon Dr. Talmage gives a glimpse of what the world would be if the Gospel were abolished and the human race left without Divine guidance.

Christianity is the rising sun of our time, and men have tried with the uprolling vapors of skepticism and the smoke of their blasphemy to turn the sun into darkness.

Suppose the archangels of malice and horror should be let loose a little while and be allowed to extinguish and destroy the sun in the natural heavens? They would take the oceans from other worlds and pour them on the luminary of the planetary system, and the waters gushing down amid the ravines and the caverns, and there is explosion after explosion, until there are only a few peaks of fire left in the sun, and these are cooling down and going out until the vast continents of flame are reduced to a small acreage of fire, and that whitens and cools off until there are only a few coils left, and these are whitening and going out until there is not a speck left in all the mountains of ashes and the valleys of ashes and the chasms of ashes.

Of course this withdrawal of the solar light and heat throws our earth into a universal chill, and the tropics become the temperate, and the temperate becomes the arctic, and there are frozen rivers and frozen lakes and frozen oceans. From arctic and antarctic regions the inhabitants gather in toward the center and find the equator as the pole. The slain forests are piled up into a great bonfire, and around them gather the shivering villages and cities.

The wealth of the coal mines is hastily poured into the furnaces and stirred into rage of combustion, but soon the bonfires begin to lower, and the nations begin to die. Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, California geysers, cease to smoke, and the ice of hailstorms remains unmelted in their crater. All the flowers have breathed their last breath. Ships with sailors frozen at the mast, and helmsmen frozen at the wheel, and passengers frozen in the cabin, all nations dying, first at the north and then at the south. Child frosted and dead in the cradle. Old-generations frosted and dead at the hearth. Workmen with frozen hands on the hammer and frozen feet on the shuttle. Winter from sea to sea. All encompassing winter. Perpetual winter. Globe of frigidities. Hemisphere shackled to hemisphere by chains of ice. Universal Nova Zemba. The earth an ice box grinding against other ice floes. The archangels of malice and horror have done their work, and now they may take their thrones of glacier and look down upon the ruin they have wrought. What the destruction of the sun in the natural heavens would be to our physical earth, the destruction of Christianity would be to the moral world. The sun turned into darkness!

Infidelity in our time is considered a great joke. There are people who rejoice to hear Christianity caricatured and to hear Christ assailed with quibble and quick and misrepresentation and badinage and harlequinade. I propose to-day to take infidelity and atheism out of the realm of jocularity into one of tragedy and show you what infidelity propose and what if they are successful they will accomplish. There are those in our communities who would like to see the Christian religion overthrown and who say the world would be better without it. I want to show you what is the end of this road and what is the terminus of this crusade and what this world will be when atheism and infidelity have triumphed over it, if they can. I say, if they can. I reiterate it, if they can.

In the first place, it will be the complete and unutterable degradation of womanhood. I will prove it by facts and arguments which no honest man will dispute. In all communities and cities and states and nations where the Christian religion has been dominant woman's condition has been ameliorated and improved, and she is deferred to and honored in a thousand things, and every gentleman takes off his hat before her. If your associations have been good, you know that the name of wife, mother, daughter, suggests gracious surroundings. You know there are no better schools and seminaries in this country than the schools and seminaries for our young ladies. You know that while woman may suffer injustice in England and the United States she has more of her rights in Christendom than she has anywhere else.

Now, compare this with woman's condition in lands where Christianity has made little or no advance—in China, in Barbary, in Borneo, in Tartary, in Egypt, in Hindustan. The Burmese sell their wives and daughters as so many sheep. The Hindu Bible makes it disgraceful and an outrage for a woman to listen to music or look out of the window in the absence of her husband and gives a lawful ground for divorce a woman's beginning to ent before her husband has finished his meal. What mean those white bundles on the ponds and rivers in China in the morning? Infanticide following infanticide. Female children destroyed simply because they are female. Woman harnessed to the plow as an ox. Woman veiled and barricaded and in all styles of cruel seclusion. Her birth a misfortune. Her life a torture. Her death a horror. The missionary of the cross to-day in heathen lands preaches generally to two groups—a group of men who do as they please and sit where they please; and the other group, women hidden and carefully secluded in a side apartment, where they may hear the voice of the preacher, but may not be seen. No refinement. No liberty. No hope for the life to come. Ungodly nose. Cramped foot. Disfigured face. Emburied soul. Now, compare those two conditions. How far toward this latter condition that I speak of would a woman go if Christian influ-

ences were withdrawn and Christianity were destroyed? It is only a question of dynamics. If an object be lifted to a certain point and not fastened there and the lifting power be withdrawn, how long before that object will fall down to the point from which it started? It will fall down, and it will go still farther than the point from which it started. Christianity has lifted woman up from the very depths of degradation almost to the skies. If that lifting power be withdrawn she falls clear back to the depth from which she was resurrected, not going any lower, because there is no lower depth. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that the only salvation of woman from degradation and woe is the Christian religion—and the only influence that has ever lifted her in the social scale is Christianity—I have heard that there are women who reject Christianity. I make no remark in regard to those persons. In the silence of your own soul make your observations.

If infidelity triumph and Christianity be overthrown, it means the demoralization of society. The one idea in the Bible that atheists and infidels most hate is the idea of retribution. Take away the idea of retribution and punishment from society, and it will begin very soon to disintegrate, and take away from the minds of men the fear of hell, and there are a great many of them who would very soon turn this world into a hell. The majority of those who are indignant because of the idea of punishment are men whose lives are bad or whose hearts are impure and who are afraid of the Bible because of the idea of future punishment for the same reason that criminals hate the penalitarians. Oh, I have heard his brave talk about people fearing nothing of the consequences of sin in the next world, and I have made up my mind it is merely a coward's whistling to keep his courage up. I have seen men flaunt their immoralities in the face of the community, and I have heard them defy the judgment day and scoff at the idea of any future consequence of their sin, but when they came to die they shrieked until you could hear them for nearly two blocks, and in the summer night the neighbors got up to put the windows down because they could not endure the horror.

I would not want to see a rail train with 500 Christian people on board go down through a drawbridge into a watery grave; I would not want to see 500 Christian people go into such disaster, but I tell you plainly that I could more easily see that than I could for any protracted time stand and see an infidel die, though his pillow were of cedar down and under a canopy of vermillion. I have never been able to brace up my nerves for such a spectacle. There is something at such a time so indescribable in the countenance. I just looked in upon it a minute or two, but the clutch of his fist was so diabolic and the strength of his voice was so unnatural I could not endure it.

There is no hell, there is no hell, there is no hell! The man had said for 60 years, but that night when I looked in the dying room of my infidel neighbor there was something on his countenance which seemed to say: "There is, there is, there is!" The mightiest restraints to-day against theft, against immorality, against libertinism, against crime of all sorts—the mightiest restraints are the retributions of eternity. Men know that they can escape the law, but down in the offenders' soul there is the realization of the fact that they cannot escape God. He stands at the end of the road of profligacy, and He will not clear the guilty. Take all idea of retribution and punishment out of the hearts and minds of men, and it would not be long before our cities would become Sodom. The only restraints against the evil passions of the world to-day are Bible restraints.

Suppose now these generals of atheism and infidelity got the victory, and suppose they marshaled a great army made up of the majority of the world. They are in companies, in regiments, in brigades—the whole army. Forward, march, ye hosts of infidels and atheists, banners flying before, banners flying behind, banners inscribed with the words: "No God! No Christ! No Punishment! No Restraints! Down with the Bible! Do as You Please!" The sun turned into darkness!

Forward, march, ye great army of infidels and atheists! And first of all you will attack the churches. Away with those houses of worship. They have been standing there so long degrading the people with consolation in their sermons and sermons. All those churches ought to be exterminated, they have done so much to relieve the lost and bring home the wandering, and they have so long held up the idea of eternal rest after the proxym of this life is over. Turn the St. Peters and St. Pauls and the temples and tabernacles into clubhouses. Away with those churches!

Forward, march, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they scatter the Sabbath schools filled with bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little ones who are singing songs on Sunday afternoon and getting instruction when they ought to be on the street corners playing marbles or swearing on the commons. Away with them! Forward, march, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they will attack Christian asylums, the institutions supported by Christian philanthropes. Never mind the blind eyes and the deaf ears and the crippled limbs and the darkened intellects. Let paralyzed old age pick up its own food and orphans fight their own way and the half reformed go back to their evil habits. Forward, march, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and with your battleaxes hew down the cross and split up the manger of Bethlehem.

On, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and now they come to the graveyards and the cemeteries of the earth. Pull down the sculpture above Greenwood's gate, for it means the Resurrection. Tear away at the entrance of Laurel Hill the figure of Old Mortality and the child. On, ye great army of infidels and atheists, into the graveyards and cemeteries, and where you see "Asepe in Jesus" cut it away, and where you find a marble story of Heaven's bliss, and where you find a little child's grave "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me" substitute the words "delusion" and "sham," and where you find an angel in marble strike off the wings, and when you come to a family vault chisel on the door: "Dead once, dead forever."

But on, ye great army of infidels and atheists, on! They will attempt to scale Heaven. There are heights to be taken. Pile hill on hill and Pelion upon Ossa, and then they hoist the ladders against the walls of Heaven. On and on until they blow up the foundations of Jasper and the gates of pearl. They charge up the steep. Now they aim for the throne of Him who liveth forever and ever. They would take down from their high place the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, "Down with them!" they say, "Down with them from the throne!" they say, "Down forever! Down on our side! He is not God. He has no right to sit there. Down with Him! Down with Christ!"

A world without a head, a universe without a king. Orphan constellations. Fatherless galaxies. Anarchy supreme. A dethroned Jehovah. An assassinated God. Patricide, regicide, deicide. That is what they mean. That is what they will have if they can. I say, if they can. Civilization hurled back into barbarism and semibarbarism driven back into Hottentot savagery. The wheel of progress turned the other way and turned toward the dark ages. The clock of the centuries put back 2,000 years. Go back, you Sandwich islands, from your schools and from your colleges and from your reformed condition to what you were in 1820, when the missionaries first came. Call home the 500 missionaries from India and overthrow their 2,000 schools, where they are trying to educate the heathen, and scatter the 140,000 little children that they have gathered out of barbarism into civilization. Obliterate all the work of Dr. Duff in India, of David Abel in China, of Dr. King in Greece, of Judson in Burma, of David Brainerd amid the American aborigines, and send home the 3,000 missionaries, tolling for Christ's sake, tolling themselves into the grave. Tell these 3,000 men of God that they are of no use. Send home the medical missionaries who are doctoring the bodies as well as the souls of the dying nations. Go home, London Missionary society. Go home, American board of foreign missions. Go home, ye Moravians and relinquish back into darkness and squalor and death the nations whom ye have begun to lift.

Oh, my friends, there has never been such a nefarious plot on earth as that which infidelity and atheism have planned. We were shocked a few years ago because of the attempt to burn the parliament houses in London, but if infidelity and atheism succeed in their attempt they will dynamite a world. Let them have their full way, and this world will be a habitation of three rooms—a habitation with just three rooms, the one a madhouse, another a lazaretto, the other a penitentiary. These infidel bands of music have only just begun their concert—yea, they have only been stringing up their instruments. I to-day put before you their whole programme from beginning unto close. In the theater the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward, but in this infidel drama of death the farce comes first and the tragedy afterward. And in the former acts and interludes laugh and mock, but in the latter God himself will laugh and mock. He says so. "I will laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh."

From such a chasm of individual, national, worldwide ruin, stand back, Oh, young men, stand back from that chasm! You see the practical drift of my sermon. I want you to know where that road leads. Stand back from that chasm of ruin. The time is going to come (you and I may not live to see it, but it will come) just as certainly as there is a God it will come) when the infidels and the atheists who openly and out and out and above board preach and practice infidelity and atheism will be considered as criminals against God, as they are criminals against God. Society will push out the leper, and the wretch with soul gangrened and ichorous and vermin covered and rotting apart with his beastiality will be left to die in the ditch and be denied decent burial, and men will come with spades and cover up the carcass where it falls, that it poison not the air, and the only text in all the Bible appropriate for the funeral sermon will be Jeremiah 22:19: "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass."

A thousand voices come up to me this hour, saying: "Do you really think infidelity will succeed? Has Christianity received its deathblow?" Yes, when the smoke of the city chimney arrests and destroys the noontday sun. Josephus says about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem the sun, which turned into darkness, but only the clouds rolled between the sun and the earth. The sun went right on. It is the same sun, the same luminary, as when at the beginning it shot out like an electric spark from God's fingers, and to-day it is gilding the sea, and to-day it is filling the earth with its light. The same old sun, not at all worn out, though its light steps 190,000,000 miles a second, though its pulsations are 450,000,000,000 undulations in a second. The same sun with beautiful white light made up of the violet, and the indigo, and the blue, and the green, and the red, and the yellow, and the orange—the seven beautiful colors, now just as when the solar spectrum first divided them.

At the beginning God said: "Let there be light," and light was, and light is, and light shall be. So Christianity turned into darkness, but only the clouds rolled between the sun and the earth. The sun went right on. It is the same sun, the same luminary, as when at the beginning it shot out like an electric spark from God's fingers, and to-day it is warming the nations, and to-day it is gilding the sea, and to-day it is filling the earth with its light. The same old sun, not at all worn out, though its light steps 190,000,000 miles a second, though its pulsations are 450,000,000,000 undulations in a second. The same sun with beautiful white light made up of the violet, and the indigo, and the blue, and the green, and the red, and the yellow, and the orange—the seven beautiful colors, now just as when the solar spectrum first divided them.

Mostly when a post rots in the ground it is just at the surface, where the combination of moisture, air and soil makes the conditions right for rotting. Often both ends for two and a half or three feet will be found sound enough to use. Such posts can be made serviceable by cutting away one-half of each post, leaving a flat surface, and putting two or three bolts and nuts through to hold them together, and then setting the posts in the ground again. A post thus repaired will often last as long in the fence as it did when originally set and used. In most places, unless a man is very handy with tools, the labor of splicing two old posts would be worth as much if not more than the cost of buying a new one.—Prairie Farmer.

Sheep with Immense Tails. The native sheep of South Africa have tails weighing as much as 20 pounds and some with tails weighing as much as 30 pounds have been recorded. The usual weight varies from 6 to 15 pounds. This curious appendage, which is broad and flat, consists chiefly of fat, which is sometimes used as a substitute for butter. They are a hardy breed of sheep and easy to please in the matter of grazing.

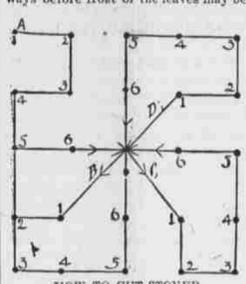
AGRICULTURAL HINTS

ABOUT CORN STOVER.

How to Avoid All Loss and Prevent the Stalks from Being Trampled in the Mud.

In many sections of the country there is much loss of food due to irrational methods of managing corn stover. Corn allowed to stand until after frost becomes poorer in sugar and other nutritious substances, is less palatable and is harder to cure on account of the development of acids from the natural juices of the plant. When cut and left standing in the field longer than is necessary there is more or less loss from decay at the base of the stems and in the center of the shocks. When fed to the stock in the usual manner much of it is trampled in the mud or fouled in other ways and the stalks are not only of no use but are often a positive nuisance for months.

This may all be avoided as follows: Choose an early maturing variety and allow it to stand in the field until the grain begins to harden and the lower leaves turn yellow at the tips. Cut always before frost or the leaves may be



HOW TO CUT STOVER.

Blown away from being made brittle by being frozen. Save steps in cutting, as shown in cut. Begin by cutting and carrying links into 6 in each of the courses a, b, c, d and shocking them at x. In cutting follow the course of the small figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 to 6. Husk and crib the ears as soon after drying as the condition of the weather will permit.

The stover may be stored whole or cut. If whole always have it under cover when possible. Where this is impracticable use a raised framework of rails or logs, and lay the butts of the stalks toward the outside of the pile. Protect the top with a covering of straw or poor hay. If to be cut a silage cutter is not the thing, because the chunks of hard stem are likely to hurt the animals' mouths if nothing more. Use a corn shredder. This will crush and tear the stalks, thus overcoming the objection mentioned. If a shredder that also has a husking attachment be chosen, much time, cold work and possibly medicine may be saved. Stover managed in this way is easier to handle, occupies less space, is more cleanly eaten up, suffers less waste from trampling, and the pieces of stalk not eaten are useful as bedding and absorbent material in the manure heap. Moreover, when so treated stover may be baled and sent to market. But it must be observed that to keep well the stover must be properly cured in the field and be perfectly dry when placed in the stack or run through the shredder. If this rule be followed, and the shredded material be protected from damp, there is no reason why it should spoil as some persons claim it does.

If corn is to be grown for dry fodder, the sweet varieties must be avoided, since they are very difficult, often impossible, to cure, and when packed away in the barn are almost sure to rot. They should be treated as ensilage. This difficulty should not arise, however, except where corn is grown for the canning factories.—M. C. Kains, in Agricultural Epitome.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight New Shoes Feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Sore, and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Grocers. Price 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Take everything with a grain of moderation. A little fertilizer makes the grass grow better, but put it on a foot thick and it kills all vegetation.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Move the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25c and 50c.

Size is no criterion of strength. A small animal may be stronger than a big squab.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

SIX THOUSAND MILES OF RAILROAD.

It may be interesting to note the following statement of mileage of the New York Central, leased and operated lines, which shows the total miles of track east of Buffalo as 6,114.81.

It is, of course, generally known that some of the Western lines have a greater mileage, but their tracks run through a number of sparsely settled States, while the tracks of the New York Central and leased lines is all in the densely populated States of New York and Pennsylvania, accommodating, by its numerous trains, millions of passengers each year.

Here is the mileage of the New York Central leased and operated lines:

Table listing mileage for various lines: New York Central and branches, New York & Harlem, Spuyten Duyck & Yonkers, New York & Putnam, Troy & Greenburgh, Mohawk & Malone and branches, Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg, and branches, Carthage & Adirondack, Gouverneur & Oweka, New Jersey Junction, West Shore and branches, West Branch and branches, Wallkill Valley, Syracuse, Geneva & Corning, Fall Brook and branches, Pine Creek, Holloway, St. Lawrence & Adirondack, Terminal Railway of Buffalo.

Total, 6,114.81 Miles of sliding, 1,600.59 Total number of miles of track and sidings, 7,715.40 - Buffalo Express, April 6, 1899.

A Card of Thanks. To the Editor—I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to the following named persons for the assistance rendered me in the death of my dear wife, Officers Brown, Lotz and O'Donnell, who helped get the carriages in line at the funeral; John Gorman, who watched the corpse; Joseph Simmen, of Simmon & Corby, who was in a noticeable while singing "All Coons Look Alike to Me" at the wake, and to Nick Wein of the funeral home, for the mortuary during their bereavement. Those who shall never be forgotten for their kindness. Mrs. Sarah Ann Wells, nee Murphy—Penny Press.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 14c the price of coffee, 12c and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Marked Down Dollars. The proprietor of a Woodward avenue grocery store arranged a big oak frame in his window around a board covered with some black cloth. On the board were a lot of new dollar bills. Above being a placard reading: "Bookmarks, Only 98 Cents." And, though hundreds of persons stopped before the window and gazed at the strange array and stranger sign, but one ventured inside to buy. "It was either one or the other," said the merchant, in speaking of the advertising scheme, "either the people thought they were bills of a 'called-in' series, or were bogus or else they were too busy to come in and save two cents. Leastways, I didn't sell a single bill.—Detroit Free Press.

STATES OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm has deposited with him a certain book entitled "The Standard Dictionary of the English Language," which said book cannot be copied by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY, Subscribed and sworn to before me and subscribed my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1899. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system. See for testimonials, full directions, and price, 50c, Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Always Nimble. There is no rest for money. Spendthrifts keep it going. Misers keep counting it.—N. O. Picayune.

The service of the Nickel Plate Road to New York City and Boston is a demonstration of the demands of the traveling public are met by providing three perfect fast express trains in each direction daily. These trains are composed of modern, first-class coaches, elegant sleeping cars, dining cars between Chicago, New York and Boston, and unexcelled dining cars. Sold through agents between Chicago and New York have four first-class sleepers in charge of day coaches, whose services are placed at the disposal of passengers. If you want to travel comfortably, economically and safely, see that your ticket is routed via the Nickel Plate Road.

Lots of men think it is smart to follow the dictates of their own conscience, when like as not it is on a fool's errand.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

THE MARKETS. New York, May 15. FLOUR—No. 2 red, 82 1/2 @ 84. WHEAT—No. 2 red, 82 1/2 @ 84. CORN—No. 2, 31 1/2 @ 32. RYE—No. 2, 31 1/2 @ 32. BUTTER—Extra, 24 @ 25. EGGS—Fresh, 12 @ 13. CATTLE—Steers, 4 1/2 @ 5. SHEEP—Clip, 4 1/2 @ 5. HOGS—Medium, 4 1/2 @ 5.

FLOUR—Winter wheat pat., 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. Minnesota pat. 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. Minnesota bal., 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. WHEAT—No. 2 red, 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4. CORN—No. 2 yellow on track, 27 1/2 @ 28. OATS—No. 2 white, 24 1/2 @ 25. BUTTER—Creamery, first, 15 @ 16. CHEESE—York state, cream, 10 1/2 @ 11. EGGS—Fresh laid, 12 @ 13 1/4. BUTTER—Per bushel, 24 @ 25. SEEDS—Prime timothy, 1 3/4 @ 1 1/2. Clover, 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4. HAY—Timothy, 10 @ 11. Bulk on market, 10 1/2 @ 11. CATTLE—Steers, choice, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. SHEEP—Fair to good clip, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. HOGS—Medium and Yorkers, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4.

FLOUR—Family, 2 3/4 @ 3. WHEAT—No. 2 red, 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4. CORN—No. 2 mixed, 28 1/2 @ 29. RYE—No. 2, 28 1/2 @ 29. HOGS—Medium and Yorkers, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. TOLEDO. WHEAT—No. 2 hard, 72 1/2 @ 74. CORN—No. 2 mixed, 34 1/2 @ 35. OATS—No. 2 mixed, 27 1/2 @ 28. BEEVES—Best steers, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. SHEEP—Fair, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. Choice lambs, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. HOGS—Medium, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. PITTSBURGH. BEEVES—Fair, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. SHEEP—Prime wethers, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. Choice lambs, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. HOGS—Prime heavy, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. Medium, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4.



The courtship period for Ayer's Sarsaparilla

passed long since, when it won the confidence and esteem of thoughtful men and women 50 years ago. You need have no doubts, if, when you go to buy Sarsaparilla, you simply say the old name

"AYER'S"

That is the kind that cured your fathers and their fathers before them, and it is the kind that will cure you. Other Sarsaparillas may look like it, may even taste like it, but somehow or other they haven't the knack of curing people that Ayer's has. Just try one bottle of Ayer's today.

Joking with an Official. They tell a good story about an attaché of the courthouse on Leavenworth street. Two jokers began "monkeying" with his telephone the other day, disconnecting it and otherwise bothering the official. Shortly afterward one of the jokers called up the official from another office and introduced himself as being the chief operator at the central office. "For heaven's sake see what's the matter with your telephone up there," he gruffly spoke to the official. "Whatever the matter I don't know, but your electric current is flowing like mad into the central office, and there's about an inch of it on the floor already." The official grew pale with fright, and he rushed into the office of the two jokers. "Now you've done it," he began to fume with sincerity. "The main office has just called me up and says that on account of your blamed fooling the electric current is surging the central office, and the girls are quitting work. Come in here now and fix that up." The two jokers expressed sorrow to the official, went in and pretended to tighten a screw and then went down cellar and took turns in having spinal meningitis.—Waterbury Democrat.

Beauty marred by a bad complexion may be restored by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents. All things come to him who waits—bad luck included.—Chicago Daily News.

Never wear shoes too small for you," is a good foot rule.—Chicago Daily News.

WOMEN are assailed at every turn by troubles peculiar to their sex. Every mysterious ache or pain is a symptom. These distressing sensations will keep on coming unless properly treated.

The history of neglect is written in the worn faces and wasted figures of nine-tenths of our women, every one of whom may receive the invaluable advice of Mrs. PINKHAM, without charge, by writing to her at Lynn, Mass.

MISS LULA EVANS, of Parkersburg, Iowa, writes of her recovery as follows: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had been a constant sufferer for nearly three years. Had inflammation of the womb, leucorrhoea, heart trouble, bearing-down pains, backache, headache, ached all over, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. My heart trouble was so bad that some nights I was compelled to sit up in bed or get up and walk the floor, for it seemed as though I should smother. More than once I have been obliged to have the doctor visit me in the middle of the night. I was also very nervous and fretful. I was utterly discouraged. One day I thought I would write and see if you could do anything for me. I followed your advice and now I feel like a new woman. All those dreadful troubles I have no more, and I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash a sure cure for leucorrhoea. I am very thankful for your good advice and medicine."



"EAST, WEST, HOME IS BEST," IF KEPT CLEAN WITH SAPOLIO