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Talmage's Sermon.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of inspiring thoughts for those who find life a struggle and shows that we have many celestial sympathizers; texts, Hebrews xii, 1, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses;" I Corinthians xv, 32, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus."

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world, the Amphitheater. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence. The time for the combat has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip into his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then rallying his wasted strength he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25,000 clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

All Have Lions to Fight.

To one of the Roman amphitheatrical audiences of 100,000 people Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." The direct reference in the last passage is made to a race; but elsewhere having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life as a combat.

The fact is that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it for twenty years; but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory—the sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. The combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

A Cloud of Witnesses.

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in an arena, around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius or Augustus or the reigning king. So in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns. The Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our King hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed and the tears wiped away and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat, but our King's sympathies are all with us—nay, unheard of condescension! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my power!"

They gave to the men in the arena in the olden time food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

In all the anguish of our heart
The Man of Sorrows bore a part.

Once in the ancient amphitheater a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair. The lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the King in this case is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are they who put their trust in him."

The Angels in the Gallery.

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are—the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child; that one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All these are messengers of light! Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living host into a heap of 185,000 corpses. Those yonder chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant awoke the shepherds. These at creation stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the newborn world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity, but this one is leader of the 20,000 chariots of God and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command and go forth on the high behest.

Now, bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God and leap on their fallen carcasses! O bending throng of bright angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot, I hail you today from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again, and I see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till the last Red sea shall divide, and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at, ye were stoned, ye were spit upon! They have been in this fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

Help From the Prophets.

In the ancient amphitheater the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out, "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelujahs.

I look again, and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth he preached, and so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who is that army of 6,000? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array, 884,000, who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group, Felicitas of Rome and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from a rock; another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are together, a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord tonight!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "If I had ten heads, they should all fall off for Christ!" The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by redhot pinchers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight all the world over bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out; the swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume; the floods cannot drown; the lions cannot devour. Courage down there in the arena!"

Some Eminent Spectators.

What? Are they all looking? This hour we answer back the salutation they give and cry, "Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!"

I look again, and I see another gallery—that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There is Albert Barnes and around him the presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder are Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there are John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There are George Whitefield and the ministers who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there the band of missionaries—David Abeel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved; and David Brainerd, of the aborigines evangelized; and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burma took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs! Do we in Christ's cause suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease
While others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas?

Toplady shouts in his old hymn:

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in words a little varied:

A charge to keep you have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky!

I look again, and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of, but these we knew. Oh, how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children—do they look with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle of life? They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay, I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the King to call us, saying, "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown!"

The Gaze of the Universe.

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! O majestic circles of light and love! Throngs, throngs, throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us and angels for us and prophets and apostles for us and the great souls of the ages for us and our glorified kindred for us—shall we give up the fight and die? No, Son of God, who didst die to save us! No, ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us! No, ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us! No, ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us! No; we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I would reign,
He faithful to my Lord,
And bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital rose up in bed the last moment and cried, "Here, here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh, I heard the roll call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether after this battle of this life is over our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified and, with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls, shall cry, "Here, here!"

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

Rich Men's Funerals.

When a rich man dies, his death assumes an importance in dollars and cents which to the man who lives all his life with the prospect of being laid away for his long sleep at a cost of not over $100 seems enormous. Though the millionaire cannot take his wealth beyond the grave, he frequently takes a considerable amount inside the doors of the tomb. The coffin in which Li Hung Chang was buried recently was one which that wily old diplomat had had made to suit his fancy and had carried around with him for many years. It was beautifully ornamented with gold and precious stones and was valued at $65,000. The widow of a millionaire named Hillier lavished $20,000 on the coffin in which she buried the body of her husband. The coffin was of exquisitely carved mahogany profusely ornamented with solid gold and lined with rare silk which cost $65 a yard. Nearly all millionaires spend great sums upon the mausoleums where they and their family are to rest at last. The great Mackay and Vanderbilt mausoleums are examples of this, and Senator Clark of Montana has built him a tomb the cost of which is said to have been $175,000.—New York Press.

Expensive Coronations.

It may be of interest to point out at this time that the most expensive coronation on record was that of the present czar of Russia. Upward of $15,000,000 was spent by the government alone and fully another $5,000,000 by the public authorities of various Russian towns. The representatives of other powers vied with each other in lavish outlays, and, counting the sums spent by other persons, the coronation of Nicholas II. cannot have cost much less than $25,000,000.

The coronation of Czar Nicholas I. was also a very expensive affair. The then Duke of Devonshire was the British representative, and he spent fully $150,000 of his own money in connection with it. The coronation of George IV. was the most expensive in English annals, and this cost only $12,500,000. Of this amount $125,000 was expended on the coronation robe and $225,000 on the crown.

The cost of the coronation of George III. did not amount to half that of the coronation of George IV. The whole cost of the coronation of William IV. amounted to only $150,000 and that of Queen Victoria to $350,000.

THE NAGGING HABIT.

One of the Sins That Destroy the Comfort of Home.

There is one exceedingly disagreeable habit into which some people fall without seeming to notice it. This is nagging. They cannot say what they have to say and then let it alone, but keep pecking and pecking at it on every occasion, and if occasions do not arise naturally they make them. In this nagging sarcasm or irony bears a leading part. A thing may be said once or twice as a pleasant raillery in a genial humor, but when repeated over and over it ceases to be fun. It then cuts. Sarcasm is a two edged tool; it cuts and wounds the one at whom it is aimed and it irritates and roughens the one who uses it. It is a dangerous tool for one to use who wishes to be either kind or just. It comes easily to the lips, and the intellect takes a certain kind of delight in aptness, ingenuity or sharpness. Its use grows on one; at least the habit becomes so habitual that it is used unconsciously. However good naturedly one seems to take it, it is almost certain to leave a sting; there is a wound that hurts. Struggle against it as one will, there will often be an impression carried that some part of it is meant in earnest.

Too often do all of us wound the feelings of others by carelessness in speech. We cannot too carefully guard ourselves against the nagging habit. It rasps and wears out the best of dispositions. Let us endeavor ever to make our speech kindly even when obliged to find fault. "A blow with a word strikes deeper than a blow with a sword." We shall never err by speaking too kindly. These naggers are often kind at heart and would not willingly wound another. They have formed the habit unconsciously and are not aware of how frequently they indulge in that kind of talk. It does not occur to them that any one may take a further meaning than they have meant or that any part of it will be taken seriously. It is unavoidable, however, that this is so.

The nagging habit is the real reason why some women find it difficult to retain servants. It is for the sharpness of their tongues that some really excellent people are avoided and disliked in society. People dread the tongue lashings that slip so easily from the lips and without real malice, but they nevertheless cut deep. Let us put a guard on ourselves and see that this habit of sarcastic speech and nagging is not ours. The Chinese have a saying that "a man's conversation is the mirror of his thoughts." There is truth in it. If we habitually talk in a certain way, we grow to be that way in character.—Milwaukee Journal.

Marked For Death.

Dr. Shults, an old soldier of Wichita, tells a grewsome story of how he was once marked for death and how he got religion. He had been badly wounded and was in a big hospital near Washington. He noticed that it was the custom of the hospital laundry to close at 6 o'clock every night and that if there was a patient in the ward who was expected to die during the night clean underclothes were brought from the laundry and put by his bed. One night the nurse brought clean underclothes and put them by Dr. Shults' bed, and he knew then that his time had come.

As the hours wore on a young woman came to him and offered to pray. She was Ella Chase, sister of the famous Kate Chase Sprague and daughter of Salmon P. Chase, secretary of the treasury. The doctor was glad to have her pray, and he admits that he did a little supplicating on his own account. However, he pulled through the night, and the next morning those clean underclothes were carried away.—Kansas City Journal.

Prejudiced.

George Rice Carpenter, professor of English in Columbia university, had instructed each of the members of one of his classes to be ready on a certain day to read a composition on a subject of his own choosing. One of the students selected the topic "Girls of American Cities." He told of the good qualities of the Chicago girl, the St. Louis girl, the Philadelphia girl, the Bostonian and concluded with the statement that the New York girl was the best of all.

Professor Carpenter's wife is a Boston woman by birth, and it so happened that when the student had finished reading his "theme" another member of the class asked:

"What is your opinion about this matter?" Immediately the professor replied:

"Well, you see, by marriage I am hopelessly prejudiced."—New York Times.

Latest Achievement In Hosiery.

Paper stockings, the secretly cherished ideal of the bachelor and also of the bachelor girl, are said to have been achieved. Paper is made into a sort of strong twine, which is roughened to give it a woolly look, and then it is knitted like the real thing! The stockings are to be retailed at 1½ cents a pair, or about 3 cents silver. Thus patient darners of socks and stockings are to have release from their task, and matrimony is to be still further postponed and laundry bills saved.—Mexican Herald.

East African Progress.

Great changes have been made among the negroes of German East Africa. They now use plates, cups, glasses, saucers, looking glasses, spoons, knives, umbrellas and occasionally clocks; they call for soap and kerosene. In their market places they are seen drinking tea with sugar at table. The women have adopted European clothes and make use of sewing machines even in the interior districts.

A Zola Blaze.

There has just been another bonfire of M. Zola's books in Melbourne. The local supreme court has decided that certain of his novels are "indecent literature" within the meaning of the act. In consequence when a consignment of these books arrives from London or Paris it is promptly seized at Port Melbourne and carried into the custom house yard, where the books are piled into a heap and set alight. The process is primitive, but effective.—London Chronicle.

Saved Him From Torture.

There is no more agonizing trouble than piles. The constant itching and burning makes life intolerable. No position is comfortable. The torture is unceasing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures piles at once. For skin diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, all kinds of wounds it is unequalled. J. S. Gerall, St. Paul, Ark., says: "From 1865 I suffered with the protruding, bleeding piles and could find nothing to help me until I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. A few boxes completely cured me." Beware of counterfeit. L. R. Irwin.

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an easy way.

and a sure way to treat a case of Sore Throat in order to kill disease germs and insure healthy throat action is to take half a glassfull of water put into it a teaspoonful of

Mexican Mustang Liniment

and with this gargle the throat at frequent intervals. Then bathe the outside of the throat thoroughly with the liniment and after doing this pour some on a soft cloth and wrap around the neck. It is a POSITIVE CURE.

25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.

IT MAY BE YOU have long been troubled with a running sore or ulcer. Treat it at once with Mexican Mustang Liniment and you can depend upon a speedy cure.

THE ARK OF NOAH.

An Ancient Tablet That Gives an Exact Description of It.

A remarkable discovery has been made in the British museum during the slow course of deciphering the cuneiform inscriptions on earthern tablets found in the ruins of the library of Asurbanipal the Magnificent, king of Assyria from 668 to 626 before the day of Christ.

The new find is that of a tablet that tells in details of Noah's ark, giving exact dimensions and enumerating the animals that were carried on it to save them from the deluge.

The ancient record, predating even the ancient Asurbanipal's reign by no one knows how many centuries, treats the matter not as legend, but as history.

According to the dimensions given in the record, the hull of the ark was almost exactly twice as long and more than ten times as wide as the Oceanic or the Celtic, the two biggest ships in the world today. Either of the two big ships when in drydock towers eighty feet from keel to lower deck. The deckhouse alone of the ark, according to the tablets, was more than three times as high as that.

So great was this deckhouse that neither the Oceanic nor Celtic could accommodate it on their hulls, for it alone was 400 feet longer than either of these ships are over all.

The description of the ark as given in the tablets depicts it as having been a huge houseboat in form. Thus the present and common conception of what its appearance was is identical with that conveyed by the old record.

According to the figures given in the tablet, the ark would have drawn so much water that she never could enter New York harbor, even in the highest tide, when there are thirty-six feet of water clear. This fact serves to give a graphic conception of what the extent of the deluge must have been.

The tablet, after giving the dimensions of the ark, goes on to describe the arrangement of the deckhouse. There was ample room on each side of the deckhouse for moving about, a space 17.20 feet wide having been left on each side of the craft between the deckhouse and the gunwale of the ark. At each end was a great deck, where the inmates rested during the day. One may suppose these two decks were similar in purpose, if not in form, to the promenade decks on the modern liners.

The work of deciphering the inscription has not been completed, and only a partial list of the animals that were carried has been made out as yet. The inscription, as far as read, enumerates in the order given dromedaries, camels, oxen, mules, asses, sheep, goats, antelopes and rabbits as the mammals that were carried. Doves head the list of birds, then follow swallows and ravens.

All this agrees with the account of the building and voyage of the ark as given in the Bible except the order in which the birds are named.—Washington Post.

Social Traits of Browning.

In his immense humanity he refused to make distinctions of manner among those of his own class of life who approached him, always excepting the rare cases where base qualities had been proved beyond a doubt to his mind. The thing he most abhorred was untruthfulness. Even insincerity in its most conventional form was detestable to an upright mind which loved and sought for truth in all its phases. His first impulse was to think well of people, to like them, to respect them; they were human souls, and therefore to him of the greatest earthly interest. He conversed affably with all. Lover of beauty as he was, he would talk as pleasantly with dull old ladies as with young and pretty ones. He made himself delightful at a dinner party whether the guests chanced to be of mediocre intelligence or of superior brains. His fund of sparkling anecdote for all was never exhausted. In this, as in many other ways, one learned from him the lesson of self forgetfulness. He never asked: "Do these people amuse me? Do I find them agreeable?" His only thought was, "Let me make their time pass pleasantly."—The Late Mrs. Arthur Bronson in Century Magazine.

The Church of England.

Recent statistics show the Church of England provides in England and Wales about 7,000,000 sittings in places of worship against over 8,000,000 provided by the nonconformists. The church [illegible] number 1,9[illegible] in nonconformist congregations, but the church communicants are not enrolled as exactly as those in the other bodies.

A Gracious Queen.

Queen Margherita of Italy did a great many kind deeds in aid of men of letters and artists, which are gradually coming to light. She disclosed the musical gifts of Puccini and sent him to Milan to study at her expense. She never missed a chance to make the acquaintance of eminent foreigners. A funny story is told of her first meeting with Gregorovius. She invited him to dance in a quadrille with her, but the poor scholar could no more dance than fly and had to excuse himself, whereupon the queen remarked, "Very well; since you don't dance I will give up the quadrille, and we will have a chat together."

A Historic Church.

The officers of old St. John's church on Church hill, Richmond, confer with much warmth a published report to the effect that the venerable structure is to be sold to make way for a block of commercial buildings. The senior warden, Captain Cyrus Phillips, says that the church does not owe a cent to any one. It was in this church that Patrick Henry made his celebrated "Give me liberty or give me death" speech in 1775, and it is the delight of all visitors to Richmond to stand in the pew in which he uttered the memorable words.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best and most famous compound in the world to conquer aches and kill pains, Cures Cuts, heals Burns and Bruises, subdues Inflammation, masters Piles. Millions of Boxes sold yearly. Works wonders Boils, Ulcers Felons, Skin Eruptions. It cures or no pay. 25c at, B. Schmitt's drug store.

STOPS PAIN

Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901.
Ever since the first appearance of my menses they were very irregular and I suffered with great pain in my head, back, stomach and legs, with terrible bearing down pains in the pelvic region. During the past month I have been taking Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught, and I passed the monthly period without pain for the first time in years. NANNIE DAVIS.

What is life worth to a woman suffering like Nannie Davis suffered? Yet there are women in thousands of homes to-day who are bearing these terrible menstrual pains in silence. If you are one of these we want to say that this same

WINE OF CARDUI

will bring you permanent relief. Console yourself with the knowledge that 1,000,000 women have been completely cured by Wine of Cardui. These women suffered from leucorrhoea, irregular menses, headache, backache, and bearing down pains. Wine of Cardui will stop all these aches and pains for you. Purchase a $1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui to-day and take it in the privacy of your home.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.