

YOU CAN'T STOP 'EM.
News comes from Attica, Ind., of the destruction, by fire, of the big laboratory and office building of the Sterling Remedy Company, makers of Cascades Candy Cathartic and No-To-Bac, the original guaranteed-to-cure habit cure. The fire broke out in one of the packing rooms on the third floor during the noon hour, and had made considerable headway before it was discovered.
As soon as it became apparent that the fire department would have difficulty in combating the flames, the work of saving the thousands of valuable documents, contracts, files, millions of booklets and tons of advertising matter was begun with the utmost energy. The Sterling Remedy Company is the principal industry of the beautiful little city of Attica, employing several hundred people, besides being affiliated with the Indiana Mineral Springs, the famous Magna Mud Cure. Hundreds of men, women and children vied with each other in carrying the contents of the burning building to places of safety.
Meanwhile the proverbial energy and presence-of-mind of General Manager Kramer, of the Sterling Remedy Company, was displayed. He quietly walked away and secured a big show room near by, and had all the office furniture, charred and dilapidated as it was, taken there. Before the boxes had ceased burning, in which the fire originated, orders were being dictated at the make-shift office for new supplies, and car loads of material were ordered by wire while the streams were still playing on the ruins. Several shipments were made the same evening from goods saved, and on Friday morning, all departments were at work in various rooms about town, while a gang of men were cleaning away the wreckage preliminary to rebuilding.
His Parting Shot.
He (after being rejected)—I shall never marry now.
She—Foolish man! Why not?
(Visciously)—If you won't have me, who will?—Philadelphia North American.

Rheumatism
Hood's Sarsaparilla Gives Complete Relief, Also Cures Catarrh.
"I was troubled with rheumatism and had running sores on my face. One of my friends advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did. After taking six bottles I was cured. Hood's Sarsaparilla has also cured me of catarrh." MISS MAMIE ERMER, 4409 Moffitt Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills cure Constipation. 25 cents.

PERFECT HEALTH.
The healthiest person you know owes his health to activity of the liver. The liver keeps people well and the right liver remedy will bring to thousands the health they think has departed for good. No one who feels tired, worn-out, dull or listless, can afford to overlook

STORM'S LIVER REGULATOR.
It gives strength and energy, cures indigestion, headaches and constipation. If it fails to benefit, it costs you nothing.
Price 50c.

Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co. W. N. Wilkerson & Co. Wholesale Agents, MEMPHIS, TENN.

SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOK ON THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.
JAMES S. ROBINSON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

TEXAS HEROES SPEAK PLAINLY.
To C. Bell.
San Antonio, Tex., writes: In 1892 I had Chronic Dysentery and Periodical Constipation. Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine cured me then, and I have raised my daughter, Miss Julia Bell, whose picture I send, on it. Some dealers try to force "Zellin's Regulator" on me, but I always return it.
Profuse Menstruation.
Flooding is always an annoying and sometimes a very dangerous disorder. When the menstrual discharge is natural, it is so gradual that by mixing with the vaginal secretions it is prevented from coagulating, while in this disease, clots are often formed. Where there is a tendency to costiveness, laxative doses of Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine should be taken, and to give tone and strength to the pelvic organs Dr. Simmons Squaw Vine Wine should be used continuously for weeks, to effect a permanent cure.

Gulbrand Wilson.
Dublin, Tex., writes: Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine has saved many lives in this malarial country. It prevents Biliousness, Malarial Intermittent Fever and Congestion. It thoroughly cleanses my system without any pain, while the "Zellin's Regulator" and "Black Draught" would have killed me. I used caused great uneasiness in bowels and griped. I think it as far ahead of them as noonday is ahead of midnight.

Painful Menstruation
Is caused by disordered nervous system, vitiated blood, uterine derangements, displacement of womb, excessive menstruation, and often completely incapacitates suffering women for anything except suffering untold agony. For relief of pain apply cloths wet with hot water to back and hips. For permanent cure take one tablespoonful Dr. Simmons Squaw Vine Wine before each meal for three days before and during the monthly period, and each night during the period take a dose of Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine, and cure is certain.
Keep Your Eyes Open. Some men for money we learn are trying to deceive the public with a preparation called "Black Draught," telling the people "it's just the same" as M. A. S. L. M. The statement is false. There is no genuine without the name, picture and autograph of Dr. M. A. Simmons.

Seattle Klondike Alaska
FREE INFORMATION BY SEATTLE, WASH., CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUREAU.
Apply to: Alaska, Washington State, Seattle, 65,000 population; Railroad Commercial Mining and Agricultural Center, BEST WINTER, LOVE, 2000 population; Largest City; Safest Route. Address SECRETARY.

SERVICE OF THE MASTER.
Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches on Christian Physical Power.
Timely Lessons Drawn From the Story of Samson—The Proper and Improper Uses of Strength—Sanctified Muscles.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, in the following sermon, points out how giants in body and mind owe out ought to consecrate their powers to good and great purposes. The text is:
And Samson went down to Timnath.—Judges, xiv, 1.
There are two sides to the character of Samson. The one phase of his life, if followed into the particulars, would administer to the grotesque and mirthful; but there is a phase of his character fraught with lessons of solemn and eternal import. To these graver lessons we devote our sermon. This giant no doubt in early life gave evidence of what he was to be. It is almost always so. There were two Napoleons—the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon—but both alike; two Howards, the boy Howard and the man Howard—but both alike; two Samsons—the boy Samson and the man Samson—but both alike. This giant was no doubt the hero of the playground, and nothing could stand before his exhibitions of youthful prowess. At 18 years of age he was betrothed to the daughter of a Philistine. Going down toward Timnath, a lion came upon him, and, although this young giant was weaponless, he seized the monster by the long mane and shook him as a hungry hound shakes a Mareh hare, and made his bones crack, and left him by the wayside bleeding under the smiting of his fist and the grinding of his heel.
There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh, his arms bunched with muscles that can lift the gate of a city, taking an attitude defiant of everything. His hair had never been cut, and it rolled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his bulk, fierceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.
There is a dissolute woman living in the Valley of Sorek by the name of Delilah. They appoint her the agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building, and then Delilah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you should take seven green withes, such as they fasten wild beasts with, and put them around me, I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she claps her hands and says: "They come—the Philistines!" and he walks as though they were no impediment. She coaxes him again, and says: "Now tell me the secret of this great strength?" and he replies: "If you should take some ropes that have never been used and tie me with them I should be just like other men." She ties him with the ropes, claps her hands, and shouts: "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before—not a single obstruction. She coaxes him again, and he says: "Now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair, and by this house-loom weave them into a web, I could not get away." So the house-loom is rolled up, and the shuttle flies backward and forward, and the long plaits of hair are woven into the web. Then she claps her hands and says: "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before, dragging a part of the loom with him.
But after awhile she persuaded him to tell the truth. He says: "If you should take a razor or shears and cut off this long hair, I should be powerless and in the hands of my enemies." Samson sleeps, and that she may not wake him up during the process of shearing, help is called in. You know that the barbers of the east have such a skillful way of manipulating the head to this very day that, instead of waking up a sleeping man, they will put a man wide awake sound asleep. I hear the blades of the shears grinding against each other, and I see the long locks falling off. The shears or razor accomplishes what green withes and new ropes and house-loom could not do. Suddenly she claps her hands and says: "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He rouses up with a struggle, but his strength is all gone. He is in the hands of his enemies.
I hear the groans of the giant as they take his eyes out, and then I see him staggering on in his blindness, feeling his way as he goes on toward Gaza. The prison door is open, and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his hand on the mill crank, which, with exhausting horizontal motion, goes day after day, week after week, month after month—work, work, work! The consternation of the world in captivity, his locks shorn, his eyes punctured, grinding corn in Gaza!
First of all behold in this giant of the text that physical power is not always an index of moral power. He was a huge man—the lion found it out; and the 3,000 men whom he slew found it out; yet he was the subject of petty revenges and out-gianted by low passion. I am far from throwing discredit upon physical stamina. There are those who seem to have great admiration for delicacy and sickness of constitution. I never could see any glory in weak nerves or sick headache. Whatever effort in our day is made to make weak men and women more robust should have the favor of every good citizen as well as of every good Christian. Gymnastics may be positively religious.
Good people sometimes ascribe to a wicked heart what they ought to ascribe to a slow liver. The body and the soul are such near neighbors that they often catch each other's disease. Those who never saw a sick day, and who, like Hercules, show the giant in the cradle, have more to answer for

than those who are the subjects of life-long infirmities. He who can lift twice as much as you can, and walk twice as far, and walk twice as long, will have a double account to meet in the judgment.
How often is it that you do not find physical energy indicative of spiritual power! If a clear head is worth more than one dizzy with perpetual vertigo—if muscles with the play of health in them are worth more than those drawn up in chronic "rheumatics"—if an eye quick to catch passing objects is better than one with vision dim and uncertain—then God will require of us efficiency just in proportion to what he has given us. Physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. We ought to have as good digestion of truth as we have capacity to assimilate food. Our spiritual hearing ought to be as good as our physical hearing. Our spiritual taste ought to be as clear as our tongue. Samsons in body, we ought to be giants in moral power.
But while you find a great many men who realize that they ought to use their money aright, and use their intelligence aright, how few men you find aware of the fact that they ought to use their physical organism aright! With every thump of the heart there is something saying: "Work! work!" and, lest we should complain that we have no tools to work with, God gives us our hands and feet, with every knuckle, and with every joint, and with every muscle saying to us: "Lay hold and do something."
But how often it is that men with physical strength do not serve Christ! They are like a ship full manned and full rigged, capable of vast tonnage, able to endure all stress of weather, yet swinging idly at the docks, when these men ought to be crossing and recrossing the great ocean of human suffering of sin with God's supplies of mercy. How often it is that physical strength is used in doing positive damage, or in luxurious ease, when, with sleeves rolled up and bronzed bosom, fearless of the shafts of opposition, it ought to be laying hold with all its might, and tugging away to lift up this sunken wreck of a world.
It is a most shameful fact that much of the business of the church and of the world must be done by those comparatively invalid. Richard Baxter, by reason of his diseases, all his days sitting in the door of the tomb, yet writing more than 100 volumes, and sending out an influence for God that will endure as long as the "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Edward Payson, never knowing a well day, yet how he preached, and how he wrote, helping thousands of dying souls like himself to "swim in a sea of glory!" And Robert McChesney, a walking skeleton, yet you know what he did in Danvers, and how he shook Scotland with zeal for God. Philip Doddridge, advised by his friends, because of his illness, not to enter the ministry, yet you know what he did for the "rise and progress of religion" in the church and in the world.
Oh, how often it is that men with great physical endurance are not so great in moral and spiritual stature! While there are achievements for those who are bent all their days with sickness—achievements of patience, achievements of Christian endurance—I call upon men of health to-day, men of muscle, men of nerve, men of physical power, to devote themselves to the Lord. Giants in body, you ought to be giants in soul.
Behold, also, in the story of my text, illustration of the damage that strength can do if it be misguided. It seems to me that this man spent a great deal of his time in doing evil—this Samson of my text. To pay a bet which he had lost by guessing of his riddle he robs and kills thirty people. He was not only gigantic in strength, but gigantic in mischief, and a type of those men in all ages of the world who, powerful in body or mind, or any faculty of social position or wealth, have used their strength for iniquitous purposes.
It is not the small, weak men of the day who do the damage. These small men who go swearing and loafing about your stores and shops and banking houses, assailing Christ and the Bible and the church—they do not do the damage. They have no influence. They are vermin that you crush with your foot. But it is the giants of the day, the misguided giants, giants in physical power, or giants in mental acumen, or giants in social position, or giants in wealth, who do the damage. The men with sharp pens that stab religion and throw their poison all through our literature; the men who use the power of wealth to sanction iniquity, and bribe justice, and make truth and honor bow to their golden scepter. Misguided giants—look out for them! In the middle and latter part of the last century no doubt there were thousands of men in Paris and Edinburgh and London who hated God and blasphemed the name of the Almighty; but they did but little mischief—they were small men, insignificant men. Yet they were giants in those days.
Oh, men of stout physical health, men of great mental stature, men of high social position, men of great power of any sort, I want you to understand your power, and I want you to know that that power devoted to God will be a crown on earth, to you typical of a crown in Heaven; but misguided, dragged in sin, administrative of evil, God will thunder against you with His condemnation in the day when millionaire and pauper, master and slave, king and subject, shall stand side by side in the judgment; and money-bags, and judicial ermine, and royal robe shall be riven with the lightning.
Behold also how a giant may be slain! Delilah started the train of circumstances that pulled down the temple of Dagon about Samson's ears. And tens of thousands of giants have gone down to death and hell through the same impure fascinations. It seems to me that it is high time that pulpits and platform and printing-press speak out against the impurities of modern society. Fastidiousness and prudery say: Better not speak—you will rouse

up adverse criticism; you will make worse what you want to make better; better deal in glittering generalities; the subject is too delicate for polite ears. But there comes a voice from Heaven overpowering the mincing sentimentalities of the day, saying: "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins."
The trouble is that when people write or speak upon this theme they are apt to cover it up with the graces of belles-lettres, so that the crime is made attractive instead of repulsive. Lord Byron in "Don Juan" adorns this crime until it smiles like a May queen—Michelet, the great French writer, covers it up with bewitching rhetoric until it glows like the rising sun, when it ought to be made loathsome as a smallpox hospital. There are to-day influences abroad which, if unresisted by the pulpit and the printing-press, will turn our modern cities into Sodom and Gomorrah, fit only for the storm of fire and brimstone that whelmed the cities of the plain.
Behold also in this giant of the text and in the giant of our own century that great physical power must crumble and expire. The Sampson of the text long ago went away. He fought the Philistines. He could fight anything, but death was too much for him. He may have required a longer grave and a broader grave; but the tomb nevertheless was his terminus.
If, then, we are to be compelled to go out of this world, where are we to go? This body and soul must soon part. What shall be the destiny of the former I know—dust to dust. But what shall be the destiny of the latter? Shall it rise into the companionship of the white-robed, whose sins Christ has slain; or will it go down among the unbelieving, who tried to gain the world and save their souls, but were swindled out of both? Blessed be God, we have a Champion! He is so styled in the Bible; a Champion who has conquered death and hell, and He is ready to fight all our battles from the first to the last. "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah, mighty to save?" If we follow in the wake of that Champion death has no power and the grave no victory. The worst man trusting in Him shall have his dying pangs alleviated and his future illumined.
In the light of this subject I want to call your attention to a fact which may not have been rightly considered by five men in all the world, and that is the fact that we must be brought into judgment for the employment of our physical organism. Shoulder, brain, hand, foot—we must answer in judgment for the use we have made of them. Have they been used for the elevation of society or for its depression? In proportion as our arm is strong and our step elastic will our account at last be intensified. Thousands of sermons are preached to invalids. I preach this morning to stout men and healthful women. We must give to God on account for the right use of this physical organism.
These invalids have comparatively little to account for, perhaps. They could not walk half a mile without sitting down to rest. In preparation of this subject I have said to myself, how shall I account to God in judgment for the use of a body which never knew one moment of real sickness? Rising up in judgment, standing beside men and women who had only little physical energy, and yet consumed that energy in a conflagration of religious enthusiasm, how will we feel abashed?
Oh, men of the strong arm, and the stout heart, what use are you making of your physical forces? Will you be able to stand the test of that day when we must answer for the use of every talent, whether it were a physical energy, or a mental acumen, or a spiritual power?
The day approaches, and I see one who in this world was an invalid, and who stands before the throne of God to answer she says: "I was sick all my days. I had but very little strength, but I did as well as I could in being kind to those who were more sick and more suffering." And Christ will say: "Well done, faithful servant."
And then a little child will stand before the throne, and she will say: "On earth I had a curvature of the spine, and I was very weak, and I was very sick; but I used to gather flowers out of the woodlark and bring them to my sick mother, and she was comforted when she saw the sweet flowers out of the woodlark. I didn't do much, but I did something." And Christ shall say, as he takes her up in His arms and kisses her: "Well done, well done, thy faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." What, then, will be said to us—we to whom the Lord gave physical strength and continuous health?
I said to an old Scotch minister, who was one of the best friends I ever had: "Doctor, did you ever know Robert Pollock, the Scotch poet, who wrote 'The Course of Time'?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I knew him well; I was his classmate." And then the doctor went on to tell me how that the writing of "The Course of Time" exhausted the health of Robert Pollock, and he expired. It seems as if no man could have such a glimpse of the day for which other days were made as Robert Pollock had, and long survive that glimpse. In the description of that day he says, among other things:
Begin the woe, ye woods, and tell it to the doleful winds.
And doleful winds wail to the howling hills,
And howling hills mourn to the dismal valleys,
And dismal valleys sigh to the sorrowing brooks,
And sorrowing brooks weep to the weeping stream.
And weeping stream awake the groaning deep;
Ye heavens, great archway of the universe, put sackcloth on.
And ocean, robe thyself in garb of widowhood,
And gather all thy wails into a groan, and utter it.
Long, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, in notes,
The ocean says to her, Nature dies, and angels come to lay her in her grave.

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And ocean, robe thyself in garb of widowhood,
And gather all thy wails into a groan, and utter it.
Long, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, in notes,
The ocean says to her, Nature dies, and angels come to lay her in her grave.

And then the doctor went on to tell me how that the writing of "The Course of Time" exhausted the health of Robert Pollock, and he expired. It seems as if no man could have such a glimpse of the day for which other days were made as Robert Pollock had, and long survive that glimpse. In the description of that day he says, among other things:
Begin the woe, ye woods, and tell it to the doleful winds.
And doleful winds wail to the howling hills,
And howling hills mourn to the dismal valleys,
And dismal valleys sigh to the sorrowing brooks,
And sorrowing brooks weep to the weeping stream.
And weeping stream awake the groaning deep;
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CAUSE FOR ALARM.

How baldness begins.

How to prevent it.

Every person, male or female, shrinks from baldness. It adds to the appearance of age and is a serious discomfort. The cases are rare when the falling out of the hair may not be stopped, and a new and healthy growth of the hair promoted. The hair grows in the scalp like a plant in the soil. If a plant flourishes, it must have constant attention; it must be watered regularly and find its food in the soil where it is rooted. It's so with the hair. Neglect is usually the beginning of baldness. Dandruff is allowed to thicken on the scalp. The hair begins to loosen. The scalp loses its vitality. The hair, insufficiently nourished, begins to fade and to fall. The instant need in such a case is some practical preparation which, supplying the needed nourishment to the scalp, will feed the hair, give it strength, and so produce a strong and healthy growth. All this is done by Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, the most practical and valuable preparation for the hair that can be obtained. It tones up the scalp, does away with dandruff, stops the hair from falling, restores the original color to gray or faded

hair, and gives an abundant and glossy growth. Those who are threatened with approaching baldness will be interested in the following voluntary statement, made by Alderman S. J. Green, of Spencer, Iowa. He writes:
"About four months ago, my hair commenced falling out so rapidly that I became alarmed, and being recommended Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor by a druggist, I resolved to try this preparation. I have been now using it for three months, and am much gratified to find that my hair has ceased falling out and also that hair which had been turning gray for the past five years has been restored to its original color, dark brown. It gives me much pleasure to recommend this dressing."
S. J. GREEN, Alderman, Spencer, Iowa.
Those who are interested in preserving and beautifying the hair will do well to send for Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor. A copy of the cures told by the cured. This book of 100 pages is sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Inappropriate Music.
Speaking of church music, there is nothing which is so frequent a source of wonder to me as the lack of understanding some of our church musicians display in their choice of music. I have heard the intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana played as an organ voluntary—that intermezzo whose story of earthly passions is so plain that it does not need words. I have heard the same organist play Schubert's "Serenade" on communion Sunday, but the most glaring exhibition of bad taste I have ever heard was just a few Sundays ago when a certain organist sang an old hymn to that famous air of Delilah's, "Samson et Delilah," the most passionate music I know. She sang it beautifully, too, and was evidently utterly unconscious of the fact that the meaning of music does not depend entirely on the words. I actually heard the superintendent of the Sabbath school—dear, simple soul—congratulate her on the success of her effort, too.—Washington Post.

The Man of Moderate Means.
"I can't afford," said the man of moderate means, "to go to many places of amusement, but I am admitted free to the play with the longest run on record, 'The Struggle for Life.'"
—N. Y. Sun.
The Spills.
Citizen—To tell the honest truth, do you think you are earning your salary?
Office Holder—Man, I earned it four times over in the campaign.—Cincinnati Enquirer.
There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving; half the world is in the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.—Henry Drummond.

The early and the latter part of human life are the best or at least the most worthy of respect. The one is the age of innocence, the other of reason.—Joseph Joubert.
A Persevering Son-in-Law.—"May I ask what is going on in the village?" inquired the observant stranger. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant, sir," replied the native. "She's 101 to-day, sir." "And tell me, pray, who is that little man with the dreadfully sad countenance who walks by the old lady's side?" "That's her son-in-law, sir. He's been keeping' up her life insurance for the last 30 years."—Tit-Bits.

Out of His Depth.—"What," said the girl with loose hair around her ears and a spasmodic manner, "is your opinion of the ultimate destiny of the human race?" "Did I ever understand you to say the ultimate destiny of the human race?" inquired Willie. "Yes." "Why—um—if you want my candid opinion, I should say that—that—that it's a long ways off."—Washington Star.

Borus, in your last novel you spoil the story by raising an insurmountable barrier between the hero and heroine, who certainly ought to have married each other. "I couldn't help it, Nagus. My wife insisted that I was the hero of the story myself, and she got jealous of the heroine."—Chicago Tribune.
Miss Quickstep—"What part of town are we driving through, Mr. Fiddle?" "Fiddle?" "I haven't the least idea." Miss Quickstep—"I was aware of that. Still I thought it possible you might know what part of town we are driving through."—Chicago Tribune.

Doing His Own Jesting.—"Your highness will be rejoiced to learn," the grand vizier was saying, "that there are no further requests from the powers." "Ah, yes," rejoined the sultan, affably. "To be sure. We were rather tired of boned Turkey." It appeared, now, that the court jester was engaged in devising a plan of monetary reform, and thus a portion at least of the usual duties of that functionary had temporarily devolved back upon the throne.—Detroit Journal.

IN A WORLD WHERE "CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS" NO PRAISE IS TOO GREAT FOR

SAPOLIO

Cotton, like every other crop, needs nourishment.

Potash, will increase the crop and improve the land.</