

of the courts of justice... Middle Ages were sometimes... to us by ludicrous per... between the years of 1120 and... were recorded the trials of... animals, the last delinquent... an unfortunate cow. The an... were not only those ac... direct assaults upon human... such as going a man to death... a child, but the justice of those... saw man by any animal or in... There was a regular case of ac... these cases.

Back from the mountains and the seashore, and the springs, and the farmhouse, your cheeks bronzed and your spirits lightened, I hail you home again with the words of Gebel to the Shammamite: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep pining of the heart, followed by the flash of the phosphorescence. Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it be the bracing air of the mountains, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I can not tell. I simply know I am happy.

It was said that John Moffat, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermons, and to exhort himself would cry "Hallelujah!" I am in such a profane mood to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the keynote of my next twelve-months' ministry. I want to set it to the tunes of "Antioch," "Ariel" and "Coronation." I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons. Do you wonder if we allow our personal sorrows to interfere with the glorious fact that the Kingdom is coming. We are waked if we allow apprehension of National disaster to put down our faith in God and the mission of our American people. The God who hath been on the side of this Nation since the 4th of July, 1776, will see to it that this Nation shall not commit suicide on November 3, 1896. By the time the upland harvest of this summer comes down to the sea-board, we shall be standing in a sunburst of National prosperity that will paralyze the pessimists, who by their evil prophecies are blaspheming the God who hath blessed this Nation as He hath blessed no other.

In all our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. No man had a right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that He was grim at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose that Christ was unresponsive when the children gambled over His knee and supposed that His evangelist meant nothing when He said "Who is He?" (John 8:12). Do you believe that through Christ who pours all the waters over the rocks at Yerul Falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rashing raptures of human life? I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness.

Astronomers disturbed many people by telling them that there was danger of stellar collision. We were told by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and annihilation, perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center, where two or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and see that by the movement of the switch one or two inches, the train shoots this way and that, without colliding, then you may understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch-tender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, cannot the hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe, keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which would last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world, or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding.

The sun rose this morning at about 6 o'clock, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand." The first ray of the dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword. The Venetian controversy in any other age of the world would have brought shock of arms, but now is being quietly adjusted, that no one knows just how it is being settled.

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

## The Eminent Divine's Sermon Delivered in Washington.

Subject: "The Day is at Hand."

TEXT: "The day is at hand."—Romans VIII, 12.

There will be no more arrows shot out from the ambushments. A General of the United States Army, who has been in more than one Indian war, and who has been wounded again and again in behalf of our Government in battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian Nations let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of conflict.

Let me put myself in their place: I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are filled with birds, and my cornfields are silver and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under the large tree, my father died. An invader comes, and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner, until, after a while, I say: "Stand back, don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off my premises?" I get this from my father and he goes to his father. "What right have you to come here and drive me off my premises?" I say: "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I can hit you harder than you can. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back and crowding me on into the closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and I find by their hardships I have you in train. Forthwith all the world comes to your father to pronounce eulogium, comes to your father to anathematize me. You are the hero, I am the culprit. Behold the United States Government and the North American Indian. The red man is wronged more wrong than I would, or you. We were laid to rest in defence of a Washington home is right in defence of a home on top of the Sierra Nevada. Before this dwindling red race dies completely out, I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's judgment, I would rather be a blood-smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation! One was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other pretended to be a representative of the Christian Nation. Notwithstanding all this, a general diplomat with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glittering edge of steel is a sign unmistakable that "the day is at hand."

I find another ray of dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail-like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with fourteen hundred millions of population and no facial means of communication; but now, through telegraphy for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading, the twenty-five thousand miles of the world's circumference is shriveling up into insignificant brevity! Hong Kong is nearer New York than a few years ago. Now Havana was New York, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne, within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraph of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in twenty minutes. Christianity has been putting its batteries for nineteen centuries, and may go on in the work through other centuries; but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may all do their work in twenty-four hours.

Suppose Christ descended on the Nations—many expect that Christ will do among the Nations personally—suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should descend upon these cities. Should not that fact be known all the world over in twenty-four hours? Suppose He should present His Gospel in a few words, saying: "I am the Son of God; I came to pardon all your sins and to heal all your sorrow; to prove that I am a supernatural being, I have just descended from the clouds. Do you believe Me, and do you believe Me now?" Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck. I tell you all these things to show you it is impossible that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instantly, when the time comes.

There are foretellings in the air. Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down, or that the axle of the world is going to break; but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough, the famines and plagues. Enough, the Asiatic cholera. Enough, the wars. Enough, the shipwrecks. Enough, the conflagrations. I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens, and the lenses or other most powerful telescopes well pointed. Better have all your eyes really for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some new banner, that has never been carried, ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church tower well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver will be about to come. Drive off the throngs of dotardism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning clouds, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day. Better have all your eyes red, for the day is at hand.

On more rays of the dawn I see in fact, now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Hosea, and Micah, and Malachi, and John, and Peter, and Paul, and the Lord Himself, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success or toward a final failure. If there will be a final house split, then you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is gone.

There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and heavenly world may, after a while, make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist, but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after awhile, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what it is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however: That the veil between this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after awhile, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport Brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old Scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in the battle against unrighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—him of the Red Sea, him of the valley of Ajalon, him of Mt. Sinai, him of the English cavalry, at the close of the year brought up all the old cavalry horses that they should be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground in Knivesmire Heath and turned out those old war-horses into the thickest and richest pasture to spend the rest of their days as compensation for what they had done in other days. One day a thunderstorm came up and these war-horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle—and they wheeled into line—no riders on their back—they wheeled into line ready for the fray. And I doubt not whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old war-horses will keep their places on the field and exchange crown for helmet, the palm branch for weapon, and come down out of the King's galleries into the arena, crying: "Make room! I must fight in this great Armageddon." The old war-horses mingling in the fight.

Beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win. That all their prayers are answered, and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, archangelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, dogmatic and procession, principalities and dominion, for who had the moon under his feet, and all the armies of heaven on white horses.

Brother! brother! all I am afraid of is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood bought immortality. O, Christ, how shall I meet Thee! Thou of the scarred hand and the scarred foot and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or wounds gotten in Thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, ye foes of God, I dare you to the combat! Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on with tongues forked and viperine. Come on with tongs soaked in scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow, I uncover my heart. Strike! I can not see my Lord until I have been hit for Christ. If I do not suffer with Him on earth, we can not be glorified with Him in heaven. Take good heart. On! On! Seal the skies have brightened! Seal the hour is about to come. Pick out all the choicest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

### A PALACE OF HAY.

It Will Be a Feature at a Great Industrial Exposition at Toronto, Canada.

A palace of hay. Just think of a huge palace made entirely of hay! Such a structure has just been decided upon by the directors of the National Exposition to be held at Toronto, Canada. A mammoth structure will be erected from bales of pressed hay on the exhibition grounds of the big American fair. It will be used to advertise the vast hay-producing country of the West.

Large bales of compressed hay will be sent down from the Northwest, and the building will be built of these blocks. When completed the building will be festooned with wheat and other grains in the sheaf and in bunches, and the entrance will be tastefully arranged. Inside the space will be divided off, so as to display the exhibits from each district. Should it escape its great liability to destruction by fire it will form an unique and picturesque feature of the exposition, and one of unusual attraction and interest to farmers.

### INTERESTING DECISION.

Man Can Be a Citizen of the United States and a British Subject Too.

The Master-in-Chambers at Toronto, Canada, handed out a decision in which it was stated that a man can be both a citizen of the United States and a subject of Great Britain at the same time.

The case was that in which the agent of the New York Life Insurance Company in Paris, France, was sued by G. H. Bolton on a promissory note for \$700. The defendant sought to set aside the writ on the grounds that he was a citizen of the United States, and that the service of the writ should have been made on him personally instead of on his solicitors. The plaintiff's solicitor, however, contended that Langmuir was both a British subject and an American citizen, he never having abjured his allegiance to the English crown. The Master so decided and Langmuir must appear on the writ of summons, which, according to the decision, was properly served. The decision established a precedent.

### A MANGANESE BONANZA.

A Chicago Man Made Rich in a Most Unexpected Way.

Manganese has made E. B. Brainerd, of Chicago, rich. His good fortune is as unexpected as it is welcome. At Lyndhurst, Va., is a five hundred acre tract of land which has restored Mr. Brainerd to prosperity. It came to him many years ago in payment of a bad debt, and because he could not get rid of it he kept it. The most valuable deposit of manganese ever discovered in the country has been found there and \$1,000,000 worth of the metal is in plain sight. A New York syndicate has offered to buy or develop it, and work will begin at once. Manganese is a metal used chiefly as a flux in furnaces, rolling mills and foundries. Last spring Mr. Brainerd, who has been a prominent contractor in Chicago for years, had serious financial reverses and failed. Now fortune has come again in a most unexpected manner.

### 2500 Lives Lost in Japan.

The steamer Dorica, just arrived at San Francisco from the Orient, brings news that the city of Kobe, Japan, was wiped out by fire on August 26, and that floods, storms and earthquakes caused the loss of 2500 lives and the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property in Northern Japan.

### Ireland's Prosperity.

Ireland has had a year of unexampled prosperity, if the deposits in banks are any standard, the increase in them in joint stock banks being over six million dollars, and in savings banks over six million dollars. The traffic receipts on the Irish railroads, too, were the largest on record.

There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and heavenly world may, after a while, make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist, but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after awhile, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what it is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however: That the veil between this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after awhile, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport Brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old Scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in the battle against unrighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—him of the Red Sea, him of the valley of Ajalon, him of Mt. Sinai, him of the English cavalry, at the close of the year brought up all the old cavalry horses that they should be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground in Knivesmire Heath and turned out those old war-horses into the thickest and richest pasture to spend the rest of their days as compensation for what they had done in other days. One day a thunderstorm came up and these war-horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle—and they wheeled into line—no riders on their back—they wheeled into line ready for the fray. And I doubt not whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old war-horses will keep their places on the field and exchange crown for helmet, the palm branch for weapon, and come down out of the King's galleries into the arena, crying: "Make room! I must fight in this great Armageddon." The old war-horses mingling in the fight.

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

CLEANS COPPER BOILERS. The best way to clean hot-water copper boilers is with oxalic acid. Procure ten cents' worth from the druggist and put it in a bottle that will hold a pint and a half. Fill the bottle with cold water, and when the acid is dissolved rub it over the hot boiler with a soft cloth and polish at once with a dry piece of flannel. The bottle should be marked "Poison," and kept out of ordinary reach. The amount indicated will make enough to use several times.

### COOKING GREENS.

All greens ought to be very carefully washed in several waters. Beet greens, also spinach and other greens, are spoiled by being cooked in too much water. One authority says: A cup of water for half a peck of greens is sufficient. Many of these delicate greens are better if cooked in melted butter or the drippings from fried bacon. Put the butter into a saucepan and place it over the fire; put in the washed greens, cover them and cook from fifteen to twenty minutes, stirring frequently to keep them from scorching. Turn them into a hot dish and season with a little more butter and the salt and pepper necessary. Garnish the dish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

### A HOT WEATHER SOUP.

The by no means highly trained cook of a certain up town family serves every day during trying hot weather an appetizing soup that is destitute of meat stock. Nor are they purées after the most approved receipts; they are simply "Bridget's soups" generically when the mistress is pressed for a name from some inquiring guest, and the maid herself specifies them no more satisfactorily than "My Monday soup," "My Tuesday soup," and so on. Usually the base is made from two or three potatoes boiled in a quart of water with an onion. More potato or more onion before the cup of milk or cream, with butter or a little thickening, is added, makes a potato or onion soup. If the family has had corn out from the cob one day, the next the cobs are added to the usual base, and a delicious corn soup is the result. A can of tomatoes turns it, of course, to a tomato soup. Occasionally the taste of meat is craved, and the extract of beef is resorted to with satisfactory effect with the use of a bay leaf and peppercorns. Once a week the chicken bones from a dinner are utilized, and the treat of the seven days, a delectable chicken soup with rice, is evolved. The use of a gas stove through the heated term developed the soup faculty in the cook to save long boiling of bones.

### RECIPES.

Rice—Wash thoroughly one-quarter pound rice. Put into plenty of boiling salted water. When soft drain in colander. Pour over it some cold water; drain. Add a bit of butter, a dash of pepper; mix carefully and place in open oven on a warm platter a little while.

Tomatoes Spiced in Vinegar—Select seven pounds of ripe tomatoes, peel and slice them, and put them in the preserving kettle with three pounds and a half of sugar, a quart of good white vinegar, and an ounce each of ground cinnamon, ground mace and ground clove. Mix and stew slowly for three hours. Put in jars and use as you would jelly or apple sauce. It can be served with any kind of meat, and it will be found easy to keep and economical.

Steamed Batter Pudding—Beat one egg, add one-half teaspoon sugar and lump of butter size of walnut. Sift one teaspoon baking powder and one-half teaspoon salt into two cups of flour. Stir a cup of raisins into the flour. Stir all together, adding gradually two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk. Turn into buttered pudding dish. Steam one hour. Cover steamer with cloth before covering with lid, as this closes it more surely. Serve pudding with cream and sugar.

Argentine Soup—Soak one-half pint split peas for two hours. Boil in plenty of water for four hours with two bay leaves and twelve seeds of dried red pepper. An hour before serving add one quart of good strong stock of three-quarters of a pint of cold roast meat gravy. One-half hour before serving add one pint of canned tomatoes. Allow soup to boil down to three quarts. Strain through colander. Season with salt to suit taste. Two teaspoonfuls will be found nearly correct. Allow soup to boil again before serving. This soup may be varied indefinitely by using different fresh and dried vegetables.

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### ALMOST A MIRACLE.

THE RESTORATION TO HEALTH OF A PROMINENT MAN.

Worn Out by Exposure and Broken Down in Health He Was in Misery for Months—Is Now a Well and Happy Man—Read the Story.

From the News, Charlottesville, Va. In the interest of common humanity, your reporter has the honor to send you an interesting and profitable interview had with one of Harrison County's most highly esteemed citizens, concerning his narrow and miraculous escape from death. The person referred to is Mr. Floyd E. Barnett, of Jarvisville, West Virginia, who is well known throughout Harrison County and other sections of the State.

Mr. Barnett's narrative is as follows: "I live at Jarvisville, West Virginia, was born and raised there, and am thirty-nine years of age. I am a farmer by occupation, and the exposure and hardships incident to this life finally overcame a strong constitution, and in the month of May, 1894, I was seized with what the medical fraternity pronounced a severe rheumatism.

"The disease was first felt in the hip and soon became severely painful. Within a short time the whole lower extremity was affected and became terribly swollen, and at times the pain which was almost unbearable extended up into the shoulder. I consulted the best physicians and specialists in the country, some of whom treated me some time, but to no successful purpose. I used various patent medicines and tinctures of wide recommendation, but none of them gave relief. I worried along this way for some months, being unable to work and at times unable to move. I became restless at night and could not sleep. The disease seemed to affect my heart and it was utterly impossible to lie on my left side on account of the seriousness of the pain at the heart.

"My condition seemed a hopeless one and I was much discouraged, when by chance I happened to read an account in the Wheeling Independent of the wonderful cure of a person afflicted like myself, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had effected. This was some time in the month of December. I immediately procured a box and began to use them. A change commenced at once.

"I continued to take the pills until I felt entirely cured. To-day I am a well and sound man. The pills not only cured my rheumatism, but drove the trouble from my heart as well. For more than a year now I have not been troubled in the slightest with either neuralgia, or any other for that matter. I am a strong man and perform as much manual labor as any farmer.

Mr. Barnett is a man highly respected for veracity. His statements are corroborated by his neighbors and his recovery is ascribed to the use of Dr. Williams' Pills. As he talked to your reporter, he showed every sign of being a man in excellent health and only too glad to tell the simple story of how his life was saved by the use of the pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Salem, N. Y.

A popular jacket is of blue cloth and fitted both in the back and front, fastening in front with hooks and eyes that are, of course, invisible. An elaborate braiding in black soutache is down each side of the front, and extends well across the bust, shaping in toward the waist, while seven rows of soutache braid are the edge finish. The high collar is the usual military one of blue cloth, overlaid with seven rows of the black braid. The sleeves are full puffs, gathered in to fitted cuffs, on which is the braiding pattern in long designs to harmonize with that on the front.—Ladies' Home Journal.

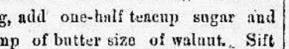
### There are some bright lads in New Jersey.

A schoolboy in Newark was asked to name five of the great canals in the world, and he promptly announced, as first on the list, "the alimentary canal."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic, 25c a bottle.

FITs stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use. Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Price 50c a bottle and trial package. Sent to Dr. Kline, 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

No Shirt is the new chief of the Umattila Indians. Should he be allowed to visit the white settlements?



### Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

V. N. U. 41-93

OPIMUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent free. Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

### RED SALESWOMEN.

EMPLOYERS SHOULD BE MORE CONSIDERATE.

Statement by a Young Lady in Brooklyn.

In the vast retail establishments of our cities, many women are employed as saleswomen.

Some formerly held the positions that

are expected to do some work. Their duties

are to be on their feet from morning to night, and many of them, in a short time, contract these disagreeable complaints called "female troubles."

They occur irregularly, suppressed menstrual menstruation, weakness, nervousness, general depression and nervous prostration.

They are beset with such symptoms as faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, depression, melancholy, "all-gone" feelings, and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, and hopelessness.

Such cases there is one tried and reliable remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound at once removes the troubles. The following is a true story:

My dear Mrs. Pinkham:—After being you, and before your answer I was too miserable to go to the office, and so lost my position. That was five weeks ago. I am now back in my old place, and never felt so well in all my life. The bear-down gains and whites have left and I am not a bit nervous or life looks brighter to me. I don't get tired, my temper is real good, and I could scream right out for joy.

Vegetable Compound at once removes the troubles. The following is a true story:

My dear Mrs. Pinkham:—After being you, and before your answer I was too miserable to go to the office, and so lost my position. That was five weeks ago. I am now back in my old place, and never felt so well in all my life. The bear-down gains and whites have left and I am not a bit nervous or life looks brighter to me. I don't get tired, my temper is real good, and I could scream right out for joy.

