SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The Dangers of Pessimism.

TEXT: "I said in my haste, All men are liars."—Psalm cxvi., 11.

Swindled, betrayed, persecuted David, in a paroxysm of petulance and rage, thus insulted the human race. David himself falsified when he said, "All men are liars." He apologizes and says he was unusually provoked, and that he was hasty when he hurled such universal denunciation, "I said in my haste," and so on. It was in him only a momentary triumph of pessimism. There is ever and anon, and never more than now, a disposition abroad to distrust everybody, and because some bank employes defraud to distrust all bank employes, and because some police officers have taken bribes to believe that all policemen take bribes, and because divorce cases are in the court to believe that most, if not all, marriage relations are unhappy.

There are men who seem rapidly coming to adopt this creed: All men are liars, scoundrels, thieves, libertines. When a new case of perfidy comes to the surface, these people clap their hands in glee. It gives piquancy to their breakfast if the morning newspaper discloses a new exposure or a new arrest. They grow fat on vermin. They join the devils in hell in jubilation over recreancy and pollution. If some one arrested is proved innocent, it is to them a disappointment. They would rather believe evil than good. They are vultures, preferring carrion. They would like to be on a committee to find something wrong. They wish that as eyeglasses have been invented to improve the sight, and ear trumpets have been invented to help the hearing, a corresponding instrument might be invented for the nose, to bring nearer a malodor.

Pessimism says of the church, "The majority of the members are hypocrites, although it is no temporal advantage to be a member of the church, and therefore there is no temptation to hypocrisy." Pessimism says that the influence of newspapers is only bad, and that they are corrupting the world, when the fact is that they are the mightiest agency for the arrest of crime and the spread of intelligence, and the printing press, secular and religious, is setting the nations free. The whole tendency of things is toward cynicism, and the gospel of Smashup. We excuse David of the text for a paroxysm of disgust, because he apologizes for it to all the centuries, but it is a deplorable fact that many have taken the attitude of perpetual distrust and anathematization. There are, we must admit, deplorable facts, and we would not hide or minify them. We are not much encouraged to find that the great work of official reform in New York City begins by a proposition to the liquor dealers to break the law by keeping their saloons open on Sunday from two in the afternoon to eleven at night.

Never since America was discovered has there been a worse insult to sobriety and decency and religion than that proposition. That proposition is equal to saying: "Let law and order and religion have a chance on Sunday forenoons, but Sunday afternoons open all the gates to gin and alcohol and Schiedam schnapps and sour mash and Jersey lightning, and the variegated swill of breweries and drunkenness and crime. Consecrate the first half of the Sunday to God and the last half to the devil. Let the children on their way to Sunday-schools in New York at 3 o'clock in the afternoon meet the alcoholism that does more than all other causes combined to rob children of their fathers and mothers and strew the land with helpless orphanage. Surely strong drink can kill enough people and destroy enough families and sufficiently crowd the almshouses and penitentiaries in six days of the week without giving it an extra half day for pauperism and assassination.

Although we are not very jubilant over a municipal reform that opens the exercises by a doxology to rum, we have full faith in God and in the gospel which will yet sink all iniquity as the Atlantic Ocean melts a flake of snow. What we want, and what I believe we will have, is a great religious awakening that will moralize and Christianize our great populations and make them superior to temptations, whether unlawful or legalized. So I see no cause for disheartenment. Pessimism is a sin, and those who yield to it cripple themselves for the war, on one side of which are all the forces of darkness, led on by Apollyon, and on the other side of which are all the forces of light, led on by the Omnipotent. I risk the statement that the vast majority of people are doing the best they can. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the officials of the municipal and the United States governments are honest.

Out of a thousand bank presidents and cashiers, nine hundred and ninety-nine are worthy the position they occupy. Out of a thousand merchants, mechanics and professional men, nine hundred and ninety-nine are doing their duty as they understand it. Out of one thousand engineers and conductors and switchmen, nine hundred and ninety-nine are true to their responsible positions. It is seldom that people arrive at positions of responsibility until they have been tested over and over again. If the theory of the pessimist were accurate, society would long ago have gone to pieces, and civilization would have been submerged with barbarism, and the wheel of the centuries would have turned back to the dark ages. A wrong impression is made that because two men falsify their bank accounts those two wrongdoers are blazoned before the world, while nothing is said in praise of the numbness of bank clerks who have stood at their desks year in and year out until their health is well nigh gone, taking not a pin's worth of that which belongs to others for themselves, though with skilful stroke of pen they might have enriched themselves and built their country seats on the banks of the Hudson or the Rhine.

It is a mean thing in human nature that men and women are not praised for doing well, but only execrated when they do wrong. By divine arrangement the most of the families of the earth are at peace, and the most of those united in marriage have for each other affinity and affection. They may have occasional differences, and here and there a season of pout, but the vast majority of those in the conjugal relation chose the most appropriate companionship, and are happy in that relation. You hear nothing of the quietude and happiness of such homes, though nothing but death will seem part. But one sound of marital discord makes the ears of a continent, and perhaps of a hemisphere, alert.

The one letter that ought never to have been written printed in a newspaper makes more talk than the millions of letters that crowd the postoffices and weigh down the mail carriers with expressions of honest love. Tolstoi, the great Russian author, is wrong when he prints a book for the depreciation of marriage. If your observation has put you in an attitude of deploration for the marriage state, one of two things is true in regard to you. You have either been unfortunate in your acquaintanceship, or you yourself are morally rotten. The world, not as rapid as we would like, but still with long strides, is on the way to the scenes of beatitude and felicity which the Bible depicts. The man who cannot see this is wrong, either in his heart or liver or spleen. Look at the great Bible picture gallery, where Isaiah has set up the pictures of arborescence, girdling the world with cedar and fir and pine and boxwood and the lion led by a child, and St. John's pictures of waters and trees, and white horse cavalry, and tears wiped away, and trumpets blown and harps struck, and nations redeemed. While there are 10,000 things I do not like, I have not seen any discouragement for the cause of God for twenty-five years. The kingdom is coming. The earth is preparing to put on bridal array. We need to be getting our anthems and grand marches ready. In our hymnology we shall have more use for "Antioch" than for "Windham," for "Ariel," than for "Naomi." Let "Hark, From the Tombs a Doleful Cry!" be submerged with "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come!" Really, if I thought the human race were as determined to be bad and getting worse, as the pessimists represent, I would think it was hardly worth saving. If after hundreds of years of gospelization no improvement has been made, let us give it up and go at something else besides praying and preaching.

My opinion is that if we had enough faith in quick results and could go forth rightly equipped with the gospel call the battle for God and righteousness would end with this nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, only five or six years off, would begin the millennium, and Christ would reign, either in person on some throne set up between the Alleghanies and the Rockies or in the institutions of mercy and grandeur set up by His ransomed people. Discouraged work will meet with defeat. Expectant and buoyant work will gain the victory. Start out with the idea that all men are liars and scoundrels, and that everybody is as bad as he can be, and that society, and the church, and the world are on the way to demolition, and the only use you will ever be to the world will be to increase the value of lots in a cemetery. We need a more cheerful front in all our religious work. People have enough trouble already and do not want to ship another cargo of trouble in the shape of religiosity. If religion has been to you a peace, a defense, an inspiration and a joy, say so. Say it by word of mouth, by pen in your hand, by face illumined with a divine satisfaction. If this world is ever to be taken for God, it will not be by groans, but by hallelujahs. If we could present the Christian religion as it really is, in its true attractiveness, all the people would accept it, and accept it right away. The cities, the nations would cry out: "Give us that, give it to us in all its holy magnetism and gracious power! Put that salve on our wounds! Throw back the shutters for that morning light. Knock off these chains with that silver hammer! Give us Christ—His pardon, His peace, His comfort, His heaven! Give us Christ in song, Christ in sermon, Christ in book, Christ in living example!"

As a system of didactics religion has never gained one inch of progress. As a technicality it befogs more than it irradiates. As a dogmatism it is an awful failure. But as a fact, as a re-enforcement, as a transfiguration, it is the mightiest thing that ever descended from the heavens or touched the earth. Exemplify it in the life of a good man or a good woman, and no one can help but like it. A city missionary visited a house in London and found a sick and dying boy. There was an orange lying on his bed, and the missionary said, "Where did you get that orange?" He said: "A man brought it to me. He comes here often and reads the Bible to me and prays with me and brings me nice things to eat." "What is his name?" said the city missionary. "I forget his name," said the sick boy, "but he makes great speeches over in that great building," pointing to the Parliament House of London. The missionary asked, "Was his name Mr. Gladstone?" "Oh, yes," said the boy, "that is his name—Mr. Gladstone!" Do you tell me a man can see religion like that and not like it? There is an old fashioned mother in a farm house. Perhaps she is somewhere in the seventies, perhaps seventy-five or seventy-six. It is the early evening hour. Through spectacles No. 8 she is reading a newspaper until toward bedtime, when she takes up a well-worn book, called the Bible. I know from the illumination in her face she is reading one of the thanksgiving psalms, or in Revelation the story of the twelve pearly gates. After awhile she closes the book and folds her hands and thinks over the past and seems whispering the names of her children, some of them on earth and some of them in heaven. Now a smile is on her face, and now a tear, and sometimes the smile catches the tear. The scenes of a long life come back to her. One minute she sees all the children smiling around her, with their toys and sports and strange questionings. Then she remembers several of them down sick with infantile disorders. Then she sees a short grave, but over it cut in marble, "Suffer them to come to Me." Then there is the wedding hour, and the neighbors in, and the promise of "I will," and the departure from the old homestead, then a scene of hard times, and scant bread and struggle. Then she thinks of a few years with gush of sunshine and flittings of dark shadows and vicissitudes.

Then she kneels down slowly, for many years have stiffened the joints, and the illnesses of a lifetime have made her less supple. Her prayer is a mixture of thanks for sustaining grace during all those years, and thanks for children good and Christian—and kind, and a prayer for the wandering boy, whom she hopes to see come home before her departure. And then her trembling lips speak of the land of reunion, where she expects to meet her loved ones already translated, and after telling the Lord in very simple language how much she loves Him, and trusts Him, and hopes to see Him soon, I hear her pronounce the quiet "Amen," and she rises up—a little more difficult effort than kneeling down. And then she puts her head on the pillow for the night, and the angels of safety and peace stand sentinel about that couch in the farm house, and her face ever and anon shows signs of dreams about the heaven she read of before retiring. In the morning the day's work has begun down stairs, and seated at the table the remark is made, "Mother must have overslept herself." And the grandchildren also notice that grandmother is absent from her usual place at the table. One of the grandchildren goes to the foot of the stairs and cries, "Grandmother!" But there is no answer. Fearing something is the matter, they go up to see, and all seems right. The spectacles and Bible on the stand, and the covers of the bed are smooth, and the face is calm; her white hair on the white pillow case like snow on snow already fallen. But her soul is gone up to look upon the things that the night before she had been reading of in the Scriptures. What a transporting look on her dear old wrinkled face! She has seen the "King in His beauty." She has been welcomed by the "Lamb who was slain." And her two oldest sons, having carried up stairs, look and whisper, Henry to George, "That is religion!" George to Henry, "Yes, that is religion!"

There is a New York merchant who has been in business I should say forty or fifty years. During an old-fashioned revival of religion in boyhood he gave his heart to God. He did not make the ghastly and infinite and everlasting mistake of sowing "wild oats," with the expectation of sowing good wheat later on. He realized the fact that the most of those who sow "wild oats" never reap any other crop. He started right and has kept right. He went down in 1837 when the banks failed, but he failed honestly and never lost his faith in God. Ups and downs—he sometimes laughs over them—but whether losing or gaining he was growing better all the time. He has been in many business ventures, but he never ventured the experiment of gaining the world and losing his soul. His name was a power both in the church and in the business world. He has drawn more checks for contributions to asylums and churches and schools than any one, except God, knows. He has kept many a business man from failing by lending his name on the back of a note till the crisis was past. All heaven knows about him, for the poor woman whose rent he paid in her last days, and the man with consumption in the hospital to whom he sent flowers and the cordials just before ascention, and the people he encouraged in many ways, after they entered heaven kept talking about it, for the immortals are neither deaf nor dumb. Well, it is about time for the old merchant himself to quit earthly residence.

As it is toward evening, he shuts the safe, puts the roll of newspapers in his pocket, thinking that the family may like to read them after he gets home. He folds up a $5 bill and gives it to the boy to carry to one of the ear men who got his leg broken and may be in need of a little money; puts a stamp on a letter to his grandson at college, a letter with good advice, and an inclosure to make the holidays happy, then looks around the store or office and says to the clerks, "Good evening," and starts for home, stopping on the way at a door to ask how his old friend, a deacon in the same church, is getting on since his last bad attack of vertigo. He enters his own home, and that is his last evening on earth. He does not say much. No last words are necessary. His whole life has been a testimony for God and righteousness. More people would like to attend his obsequies than any house or church would hold. The officiating clergyman begins his remarks by quoting from the psalmist, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men." Every hour in heaven for all the million years of eternity that old merchant will see the result of his earthly beneficence and fidelity, while on the street where he did business, and in the orphan asylum in which he was a director, and in the church of which he was an officer, whenever his generosity and beneficence and goodness are referred to, bank director will say to bank director, and merchant to merchant, and neighbor to neighbor, and Christian to Christian: "That is religion. Yes, that is religion."

There is a man seated or standing very near you. Do not look at him, for it might be unnecessary embarrassment. Only a few minutes ago he came down off the steps of as happy a home as there is in this or any other city. Fifteen years ago, by reason of his dissipated habits, his home was a horror to wife and children. What that woman went through with in order to preserve respectability and hide her husband's disgrace is a tragedy which it would require a Shakespeare or Victor Hugo to write out in five tremendous acts. Shall I tell it? He struck her. Yes; the one who at the altar he had taken with vows so solemn they made the orange blossoms tremble! He struck her! He made the beautiful holidays "a reign of terror." Instead of his supporting her, she supported him. Two children had often heard him speak the name of God, but never in prayer—only in profanity. It was the saddest thing on earth that I can think of—a destroyed home! Walking along the street one day an impersonation of all wretchedness, he saw a sign at the door of a Young Men's Christian Association, "Meeting For Men Only."

He went in hardly knowing why he did so, and sat down by the door, and a young man was in broken voice and poor grammar telling how the Lord had saved him from a dissipated life, and the man back by the door said to himself, "Why cannot I have the Lord do the same thing for me?" and he put his hands, all a-tremble, over his bloated face and said: "O God, I want that! I must have that!" and God said, "You shall have it, and you have it now!" And the man came out and went home a changed man, and though the children at first shrank back and looked to the mother and began to cry with fright they soon saw that the father was a changed man. That home has turned from "Paradise Lost" to "Paradise Regained." The wife sings all day long at her work, for she is so happy, and the children rush out into the hall at the first rattle of the father's key in the door latch to welcome him with caresses and questions of, "What have you brought me?" They have family prayers. They are altogether on the road to heaven, and when the journey of life is over they will live forever in each other's companionship. Two of their darling children are there already, waiting for father and mother to come up. What changed that man? What reconstructed that home? What took that wife, who was a slave of fear and drudgery, and made her a queen on a throne of affection? I hear a whispering all through this assemblage. I know what you are saying: "That's religion! Yes, that's religion!" My Lord and my God, give us more of it!"

Why, my hearers from all parts of the earth, do you not get this bright and beautiful and radiant and blissful and triumphant thing for yourselves, then go home telling all your neighbors on the Pacific, or in Nova Scotia, or in Louisiana, or Maine, or Brazil, or England, or Italy, or any part of the round world, that they may have it too. Have it for the asking! Have it now! Mind you, I do not start from the pessimistic standpoint that David did, when he got mad and said in his haste, "All men are liars!" or from the creed of others that every man is as bad as he can be. I rather think from your looks that you are doing about as well as you can in the circumstances which you are placed, but I want to invite you up into heights of safety and satisfaction and holiness, as much higher than those which the world affords as Everest, the highest mountain in all the earth, is higher than your front doorstep.

Here He comes now. Who is it? I might be alarmed and afraid if I had not seen Him before and heard His voice. I thought He would come before I got through with this sermon. Stand back and make way for Him. He comes with scars all around His forehead; scars in the center of both hands stretched out to greet you; scars on the instep of both the feet with which He advances; scars on the breast under which throbs the great heart of sympathy which feels for you. I announce Him. I introduce Him to you, Jesus of Bethlehem and Olivet and Golgotha. Why comest Thou hither this winter day, Thou of the springtime and summery heavens? He answers: To give all this audience pardon for guilt, condolence for grief, whole regiments of help for day of battle and eternal life for the dead! What response shall I give Him? In your behalf and in my own behalf I hail Him with the ascription: "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

The New Orleans aldermen who were willing to consider a bribe of $1,000 will be regarded as very small potatoes by the average member of the New York police force.

Deer Horns as Medicine.

Deer horns are used by the Chinese for medical purposes, and consequently the value to a Chinaman, of a pair of horns depends upon the quantity of the medicinal property contained in them. This property, which may almost be called the "virtue," is said to be greater in the young horns, and to get rarer as the horns grow older. The deer from which the horns are obtained are a true species of deer, the females having no horns; and this, as Darwin has pointed out in "The Descent of Man," is the case with all kinds of deer proper, the reindeer only excepted. In substance the horns are not horny, like the horns of a cow or an antelope, but are, when young, composed of a very delicate venous substance, covered with a velvety coating, and when old are osseous rather than callous.

For some months after they begin growing they are very tender, and the deer, not liking to touch them against branches of trees or bushes, a thing they are almost sure to do in the forest, will remain in the open, deserting cover, and so many times exposing themselves to greater dangers than the ones they flee from. After a time, as the horns grow older, the velvet covering begins to peel off, and while doing so causes an irritating, itching feeling, that makes the deer rub them against the twigs, mossy bark, or any other yielding substance not hard enough to hurt. This rubbing assists the velvet to peel off, and the horns then enter the second or intermediate stage. They are no longer tender, nor are they so hard as they eventually become, but are still going through a process of development.

Eventually their growth is perfected, they stand for a time, are shed, to be replaced by new ones, and become the property of the first forest or hunter who has the good fortune to find them. These shed horns, together with any horns taken from deer when they were approaching the time of shedding, have reached the third or final stage, and are the least valuable.

A Tiny Baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Norsdon, a Norwegian couple living near Lowell, Lake county, Ind., are parents of a male baby weighing only nine ounces. The woman is above the average size of womankind. The child is fourteen inches in height, and a finger ring worn on the father's little finger could be slipped over its leg up to the knee.—Atlanta Constitution.

Not Much.

Not much to give, a cup of water, yet its draught of cool refreshment drained by fevered lips will send more pleasure through the frame than when the juice of wine renews the joys of brighter days; not much to buy, a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, yet rubbed well on lumbago's twisting pains, will straighten up and cure more crooked backs than when the boys march forth on holiday parade. Not much to try it, anyway; for in all its world-wide mission to comfort those in pain, it never yet deceived, so that its name like household words is known to be remembered. It's the external wine of joy.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

With Emphasis

we say that Ripans Tabules, the best and standard remedy for stomach and liver troubles, will cure your headache or bilious attack. One tabule gives relief.

In 1889 the United States produced over 34,000,000 barrels of petroleum.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

Easter will not again come in March during this century. U5

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

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 1894.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25cts., 50cts., $1.

DON'T Neglect a Cough. Take some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar *instanter*.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

At Every Twinge

Of Rheumatism you should remember that relief is at hand in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, which settles in the joints. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and removes this taint. Therefore Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Rheumatism when all other remedies have failed. Give it a fair trial.

"I suffered intensely with Rheumatism, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured me." HARRY F. PITTARD, Winterville, Ga.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic

Home of Our Roses.

To China, India, Persia, and the whole Orient in fact, may be traced many of the best known strains of our cultivated roses. For some reason, America is poorer in native species than is the eastern continent, and this, together with the fact that rose culture was well established across the water before gardening was begun in America, accounts for our having so few varieties of roses developed from native species.

The prairie or Michigan rose is the only American kind from which cultivated varieties are known to have come. The Messieurs Feast, of Baltimore, raised seedlings from it in 1836, and among them were the Queen of the Prairies and the Baltimore Belle, two vigorous old fashioned climbers that old fashioned people still love, though they have been much supplanted by climbing hybrids and teas. Of the two the Baltimore Belle is the more delicate in form and in construction, seeming to show traces of Noisette blood, but they are both so hardy and grow so rapidly that they will never quite lose favor until some of the more finished varieties have been produced with strength equal to their beauty.

A Famous Jail Warden.

A purse of gold has been presented to a warden upon his retirement after forty years' service from Birmingham (England) jail. He thoroughly deserves it if, as it is stated, he was the original of the Warder Evans in "Never Too Late To Mend." It is now the fashion to ignore Reade's wonderful romance. The scenes in the jail are somewhat too terrible, none the less so that they were taken from real life and were the cause of quite a tumult in the theatre at which, under the title of "Gold," the story was dramatized.—Philadelphia Press.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

LINENE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tissa

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. *They fit well, wear well and look well.* A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,

77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

THE POOR MAN'S CHANCE

HOMES 100,000 ACRES Choice Hardwood Farming Lands situated along the line of a new railroad now being constructed in central Wisconsin, and near a through trunk line already constructed, for sale cheap in single purchasers or colonies. Special Inducements Given to Colonies. Long time and low interest. Send for full particulars to NORTHWESTERN LUMBER CO., EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

AXION ELASTIC TRUSS

PATENTED.

RUPTURE Cured

POSITIVELY HOLDS RUPTURE. Worn night and day. Has an Adjustable Pad which can be made larger or smaller to suit changing condition of RUPTURE. Illus. Cat. sent securely sealed by G. V. House Mfg. Co. 744 Broadway, N.Y. City

WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value and interest FREE to readers of this paper. Charles A. Baldwin & Co., 2 Wall St., N. Y.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SOME of the largest cotton manufacturing corporations of Massachusetts have obtained legislation enabling them to do business in other States than Massachusetts, which means that they propose to build and operate mills in the Southern States, nearer the base of supplies of cotton and coal. Labor also is very much cheaper than at the North.

ON a cold day in Japan mine hostess has a glowing bed of coals in her hibatsu—a square hole in the middle of the room filled with sand. Over this he hangs horizontally a futon, or blanket, to keep the heat in. With his feet stuck under this blanket and his red fingers spread out over the hibachis, or little movable dishes of coals, a fellow doesn't freeze.

It seems likely that one of the most important benefits to civilization of Stanley's African expedition will be the introduction of African mahogany to Western commerce. There is even now a flourishing trade in this wood, which is sold more cheaply in the United States than it formerly was in Liverpool. Central America, Brazil and the West Indies have hitherto contributed the world's chief supply of mahogany. It was one of Sir Walter Raleigh's discoveries, and it first began to be used in making furniture toward the close of the seventeenth century.

THE most finished negro scholar in the world to-day, according to the Boston Transcript, is Edward Wilmot Blyden, who represented Liberia at the court of St. James. He is a valued contributor to many English magazines, is a linguist of pronounced ability, and is one of the most profound thinkers the negro race has yet produced. He is the author of a work entitled, "Christianity, Islam and the Negro Race," which has had two editions in London. Dr. Blyden is a pure negro, without a trace of white blood in his veins.

FIGURES are always coming up to worry people who have no head for them. They cannot lie, and there they are. Statistics on the reasonable expectancy of life indicate that if a man is a drunkard at 20 he will live 15 years longer; if sober, he has 44 years more to live. At 30 the proportions of years of life remaining under the same conditions are fourteen and thirty-six. If a man is a drunkard at his fortieth year, he cannot reasonably hope to live to be older than 51. But if he is temperate at that age the expectancy of life extends to 69.

CARTER, who pleaded guilty of stealing $30,000 from the New York National Bank of Commerce, was for years a confidential clerk in the bank, and the money stolen, which was taken at periods stretching over a score of years, was used to make an aged mother and father more comfortable and help to educate several children who were growing up around him. This is no palliation of the offense legally, but there is a moral in it just the same. With six years of prison life staring one in the face, one's reflections may savor of regret.

M. GIRAULT, Henard and Paulin have received the three first prizes of $1,200 each for plans for the Paris exposition of 1900. All three preserve the Eiffel tower and the Machinery building of the '89 exhibition. M. Henard proposes a palace of illusions with mirrors for walls, and also a continuous moving platform along both banks of the Seine. M. Paulin builds a floating Indo-Chinese and Japanese tower on the river. Among the suggestions in the other plans that received prizes are that the Court la Reine be turned into a sort of Midway Plaisance, that a marine basin be built in the Trocadero garden and that another Crystal Palace be built.

A PHILADELPHIA barber who has become a convert to the germ theory of disease has discharged the bootblack and coat brusher connected with his shop, and refuses even to keep a brush on hand for the individual use of his customers who may want to shine their shoes or dust their coats. He holds that the doctors are right, and that the germs of consumption and other diseases are plenty that they settle on every article of the human wearing apparel; and he is not going to have any brushing going on about his place that will disturb disease germs and send them hunting for a new place down his throat, where they can do more damage than on clothing.

"Three thousand notices," says the Philadelphia Record, "will go out to American artists informing them of the generous offer of a prize of $5,000 by William L. Elkins, of this city, for the best picture painted by an American painter and stating the conditions under which the competition will be conducted. The direction of this interesting artistic gallery will be under the control of the Academy of the Fine Arts, and the artists will be given ample time in which to put forth their best efforts. The exhibition of their works will prove one of the most interesting displays ever made by the Acad-