TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Subject: "David and Absalom."

TEXT: "Is the young man Absalom safe?"—II Samuel xviii., 29.

The heart of David, the father, was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion.

The two great questions were to be decided—the safety of his boy and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After a while a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on the top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no! There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battlefield—the question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the king, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "O Absalom! my son! my son! Would to God I had died for thee. O Absalom! my son! my son!"

My friends, the question which David, the king, asked in regard to his son is the question that resounds to-day in the hearts of hundreds of parents. Yea, there are a great multitude of young men who know that the question of the text is appropriate when asked in regard to them. They know the temptations by which they are surrounded. They see so many who started life with as good resolutions as they have who have fallen in the path, and they are ready to hear me ask the question of my text, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The fact is that this life is full of peril. He who undertakes it without the grace of God and a proper understanding of the conflict into which he is going must certainly be defeated. Just look off upon society to-day. Look at the shipwreck of men for whom fair things were promised and who started life with every advantage. Look at those who have dropped from high social position and from great fortune, disgraced for time, disgraced for eternity. All who sacrifice their integrity come to overthrow. Take a dishonest dollar and bury it in the center of the earth, and keep all the rocks of the mountain on top of it, then cover these rocks with all the diamonds of Golconda, and all the silver of Nevada, and all the gold of California and Australia, and put on the top of these all banking and moneyed institutions, and they cannot keep down that one dishonest dollar. That one dishonest dollar in the center of the earth will begin to heave and rock and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Now, what are the safeguards of young men? The first safeguard of which I want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around that word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with rice or poverty. Harsh words and petulance and scowling may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness and self sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity you, young man; you never had a home. But a multitude in this audience can look back to a spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it now without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that so stirred your soul. A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it; but, oh! how much it means to you. Fresco on palace wall does not mean so much to you as those rough hewn rafters. Parks and bowers and grass of fashionable watering place or country seat do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain farm house and singing under the weeping willows. The barred gateway swung open by porter in full dress does not mean as much to you as that swing gate, your sister on one side of it and you on the other, she gone fifteen years ago into glory; that scene coming back to you to-day, as you swept backward and forward on the gate, singing the songs of your childhood. But there are those here who have their second dwelling place. It is your adopted home. That is also sacred forever. There you established the first family altar. There your children were born. In that room flapped the wing of the death angel. Under that roof, when your work is done, you expect to lie down and die. There is only one word in all the language that can convey your idea of that place, and that word is "home."

Now, let me say that I never know a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the club room, in the literary society, in the art salon, than you do in these unpretending home pleasures, you are on the road to ruin. Though you may be shut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred, young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third-class boarding house, into that room gather books, pictures and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Bid unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another safeguard for these young men is industrious habits. There are a great many people trying to make their way through the world with their wits instead of by honest toil. There is a young man who comes from the country to the city. He was twice before he is as old as his father when he first saw the spires of the great city. He is seated in his room at a rent of a year, waiting for the banks to declare their dividends and the stocks to run up. After awhile he gets impatient. He tries to improve his penmanship by making copy plates of other merchants' signatures. Never mind—all is right in business. After awhile he has his estate. Now is the time for him to retire to the country, amid the flocks and the herds, to cultivate the domestic virtues.

Now the young men who were his schoolmates in boyhood will come, and with their hard ox teams draw him logs, and with their hard hands will help to heave up the castle. That is no fancy sketch; it is every-day life. I should not wonder if there were a rotten beam in that palace. I should not wonder if God should smite him with dire sicknesses and pour into his cup a bitter draft that will thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if that man's children grew up to be to him a disgrace and to make his life a shame. I should not wonder if that man died a dishonorable death and were tumbled into a dishonorable grave and then went into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

O young man, you must have industry of head or hand or foot, or perish. Do not have the idea that you can get along in the world by genius. The curse of this country to-day is geniuses—men with large self conceit and nothing else. The man who proposes to make his living by his wits probably has not any. I should rather be an ox, plain and plodding and useful, than to be an eagle, high flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcasses. Even in the Garden of Eden it was not safe for Adam to be idle, so God made him a horticulturist, and if the married pair had kept busy dressing the vines they would not have been sauntering under the trees, hankering after fruit that ruined them and their posterity! Proof positive of the fact that when people do not attend to their business they get into mischief. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise, which, having no overseer or guide, provideth her food in the summer and gathereth her meat in the harvest." Satan is a roaring lion and you can never destroy him by gun or pistol or sword. The weapons with which you are to beat him back are pen and type and hammer and adz and saw and pickax and yardstick and the weapon of honest toil. Work, work, or die.

Another safeguard that I want to present to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to take aim too low, and it is very often that the captain, going into conflict with his men, will cry out, "Now, men, aim high!" The fact is that in life a great many men take no aim at all. The artist plans out his entire thought before he puts it upon canvas, before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. An architect thinks out the entire building before the workmen begin. Although everything may seem to be unorganized, that architect has in his mind every Corinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. A poet thinks out the entire plot of his poem before he begins to chime the cantos of tinkling rhythms. And yet there are a great many men who start the important structure of life without knowing whether it is going to be a rude Tartar's hut or a St. Mark's cathedral, and begin to write out the intricate poem of their life without knowing whether it is to be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymester's ditch. Out of 1000, 999 have no life plot. Booted and spurred and caparisoned, they hasten along, and I run out and say: "Hello, man! Whither away?" "Nowhere!" they say. Oh, young man, make every day's duty a filling up of the great life plot. Alas, that there should be on this sea of life so many ships that seem bound for no port! They are swept every whither by wind and wave, up by the mountains and down by the valleys. They sail with no chart. They gaze on no star. They long for no harbor. Oh, young man, have a high ideal and press to it, and it will be a mighty safeguard. There never were grander opportunities opening before young men than are opening now. Young men of the strong arm and of the stout heart and of the bounding step, I marshal you to-day for a great achievement.

Another safeguard is a respect for the Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath, and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. Is it exorbitant, after giving six days to the feeding and clothing of these perishable bodies, that God should demand one day for the feeding and clothing of the immortal soul?

Our bodies are seven day clocks, and they need to be wound up, and if they are not wound up they run down into the grave. No man can continuously break the Sabbath and keep his physical and mental health. Ask those aged men, and they will tell you they never knew men who continuously broke the Sabbath who did not fail in mind, body or moral principle. A manufacturer gave this as his experience. He said: "I owned a factory on the Lehigh. Everything prospered. I kept the Sabbath, and everything went well. But one Sabbath morning I bethought myself of a new shuttle, and I thought I would invent that shuttle before sunset, and I refused all food and drink until I had completed that shuttle. By sundown I had completed it. The next day, Monday, I showed to my workmen and friends this new shuttle. They all congratulated me on my great success. I put that shuttle into play. I enlarged my business; but, sir, that Sunday's work cost me $30,000. From that day everything went wrong. I failed in business, and I lost my mill." Oh, my friends, keep the Lord's day. You may think it old fogy advice, but I give it to you now: "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work." A man said that he would prove that all this was a fallacy, and so he said, "I shall raise a Sunday crop." And he plowed the field on the Sabbath, and then he put in the seed on the Sabbath, and he cultured the ground on the Sabbath. When the harvest was ripe, the reaper, it on the Sabbath, and he carried it into the mow on the Sabbath, and then he stood out defiant to his Christian neighbors, and said: "There, that is my Sunday crop, and it is all gathered." After awhile a storm came up and a great darkness, and the lightnings of heaven struck the barn, and away went his Sunday crop.

There is another safeguard that I want to present. I have saved it until the last because I want it to be the more emphatic. The great safeguard for every young man is the Christian religion. Nothing can take the place of it. You may have gracefulness enough to put to blush Lord Chesterfield, you may have foreign languages dropping from your tongue, you may discuss laws and literature, you may have a pen of unequaled polish and power, you may have so much business tact that you can get the largest salary in a banking house, you may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson, and with as long locks as those which hung Absalom, and yet you have no safety against temptation. Some of you look forward to life with great despondency. I know it. I see it in your faces from time to time. You say, "All the occupations and professions are full, and there's no chance for me." Oh, young man, cheer up! I will tell you how you can make your fortune. Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things will be added. I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. You will not drink the brimming cup of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a generous Saviour you will not act like that; you have not the heart to act like that. That is not manly. That is not honorable. That is not brave. Your great want is a new heart, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I tell you so to-day, and the blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities of this hour to put the cup of life to your thirsty lips. Oh, thrust it not back. Mercy presents it—bleeding mercy, long suffering mercy. Despise all other friendships, prove recreant to all other bargains, but despise God's love for your dying soul—do not do that. There comes a crisis in a man's life, and the trouble is he does not know it is the crisis. I got a letter in which a man says to me:

"I start out now to preach the gospel of righteousness and temperance to the people. Do you remember me? I am the man who appeared at the close of the service when you were worshiping in the chapel after you came from Philadelphia. Do you remember at the close of the service a man coming up to you all a-tremble with conviction, and crying out for mercy, and telling you he had a very bad business, and he thought he would change it? That was the turning point in my history. I gave up my bad business. I gave my heart to God, and the desire to serve Him has grown upon me all these years, until now woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

That Sunday night was the turning point of that young man's history. This very Sabbath hour will be the turning point in the history of 100 young men in this house. God help us! I once stood on an anniversary platform with a clergyman who told this marvelous story. He said:

"Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend Park Theatre, New York, to see a play which made religion ridiculous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theatre to see that vile play, and their early convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door of the theatre. One of the young men stopped and started for home, but returned and came up to the door, but he had not the courage to go in. He again started for home and went home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position. He lost his morals, he lost his soul. He died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on it. I stand before you to-day," said that minister, "to thank God that for twenty years I have been permitted to preach the gospel. I am the other young man."

Oh, you see that was the turning point—the one went back, the other went on. The great roaring world of business life will soon break in upon you, young men. Will the wild wave dash out the impressions of this day as an ocean billow dashes letters out of the sand on the beach? You need something better than this world can give you to rest on your heart, and it sounds hollow. You want something great and grand and glorious to fill it, and here is the religion that can do it. God save you!

REED IN WASHINGTON.

The Prospective Speaker Ready for the Opening of Congress.

Washington, Nov. 25.—Hon. Thomas B. Reed arrived in the city last evening over the Pennsylvania road on the "limited" from New York city. He was immediately driven to the Shoreham hotel, owned by Gov. Morton. That hostelry has been Mr. Reed's headquarters for several years past, and it will be the base of his operations this congress, when he is not presiding in the house. The prospective speaker declined to talk about the contests that are being waged for committee chairmanships and the minor elective offices of the house.

GALE ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

Many Small Vessels Lost and a Number of Persons Drowned.

Rome, Nov. 25.—A violent tempest prevailed over the Mediterranean yesterday. The Italian brig Giuseppe was wrecked at Calvi, Corsica, and four of her crew were drowned. Many small vessels have been lost. A number of drownings are reported from different places along the coasts.

PRISON DEATHS.

Average Rate for Sing Sing, Auburn and Clinton, 1.32.

Albany, Nov. 25.—Based on the daily average population of state prisons the average death rate for Sing Sing, Auburn and Clinton prisons combined was 1.32 against 2.31 last year. The deaths this year in the prisons numbered only fifty against eighty-six the previous year.

ONE MAN PERISHED.

Hotel and Ten Buildings Burned at North Stratford, N. H.

North Stratford, N. H., Nov. 25.—Fire broke out in the Willard house at 6:30 last night and spread with rapidity destroying ten buildings including the Willard house and livery stables, the Twohey block and several dwellings. Joseph Reilley, who was sick in bed at the Willard house, perished in the flames. Several persons were badly burned in trying to effect their escape.

She Wants To Become a Notary.

Columbus, O., Nov. 25.—Miss Nellie C. G. Robinson, a woman attorney of Cincinnati, has instituted proceedings in mandamus in the supreme court to compel Gov. McKinley to issue her a commission as a notary public. The governor claims that the law giving women the right to vote in school elections does not give the right to act as notaries. The suit is friendly, and brought to test the matter.

Increase of Suicides in Germany.

Berlin, Nov. 25.—The government has ordered an inquiry into the causes of the frequency of suicides among firemen and stokers employed on merchant steamers and the inquiry is likely to extend to investigation of the causes of the general increase of suicides, which has become very noticeable.

Voice Heard Eighteen Miles.

Eighteen miles is the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Canon of the Colorado, where one man shouting the name of "Bob" at one end, his voice was plainly heard at the other end, which is eighteen miles away. Lieutenant Foster, on Perry's third Arctic expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of 6,696 feet, or about one mile and a quarter, and Sir John Franklin said that he conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile. Dr. Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles. Sound has remarkable force in water. Colladon, by experiments in the Lake of Geneva, estimated that a bell submerged in the sea might be heard at a distance of more than sixty miles. Franklin says that he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away. Over water or a surface of ice sound is propagated with great clearness and strength, says the Oil City Derrick. Dr. Hutton relates that on a quiet part of the Thames, near Chelsea, he could hear a person read distinctly at the distance of 140 feet, while on the land the same could be only heard at seventy-six feet. Professor Tyndall, when on Mont Blanc, found the report of a pistol no louder than the pop of a champagne bottle. Persons in a balloon can hear voices from the earth a long time after they themselves are inaudible to people below.

Prosperity Dependent Upon Rivers.

What would happen to the world if the rivers were to dry up? The North American waters are said to have been in process of drying up for the past six or seven years. The water about Montreal is some four feet below its depth this time last year. If the St. Lawrence and its tributaries should fall as much more next year Canada would be almost untenable. But this, we may venture to predict, is not going to occur. The conditions as they are are sufficiently distressing. Our most vital interest in Canada is the forwarding interest. Without it, Montreal would disappear as Palmyra did when caravans took another route, and would probably, after a similar lapse of time, show far less worthy ruins to mark the spot where once it was. Our grain is for the present dammed back in the canals, the steamships coming to carry it off are tearing their hulls on unusual rocks and getting laid up. Most interesting is the commission of the Science Department of McGill University, to measure the outflow of the river at what we would fain hope is the lowest point it will reach in our day. It has been a singularly bland and bright autumn, the finest we have ever known, but let us be thankful it is raining to-day.

Live-Looking Dead Plants.

A curious exhibit is being placed in position in the Mechanics' Fair to-day. It is somewhat belated, but the managers of the fair were unable to secure it before. It is nothing, more or less, than a display of "mummified" plants. It requires a label to inform people that they are dead, for the plants appear exactly as if alive and growing. They are not made of wax, or of cloth, but are genuine plants that have grown in the earth until they have reached a good state of development, when, by their being treated to a certain injection, the growth is arrested. Then comes the strange part, for the plants so treated do not droop and die; the leaves remain fresh and bright, and the plant stands erect. It is, moreover, impervious to heat and cold, and nothing seems able to destroy its strange repose. The most striking part of the exhibit is a collection of large palms used for decorating. These plants are noted for being very tender and susceptible to almost every influence. Those on exhibition have been dead for six months, yet not even when the leaves are carefully examined would the fact be suspected.

Professional Joke Writers.

There is a coterie of about forty writers, most of whom live in this city, who do nothing else but write for the comic papers. They do not wait for a happy inspiration, but make the inspiration come to them. They write jokes and verse for a living, and with some of them it is a good living, indeed. These are the men the comic papers depend upon for most of their material, and at least ten of them make from $40 to $80 a week "just joke writing." Some of these are well known to the general public from their names over verses or short sketches. But some of them, again, who write merely short "squibs," are known only to the editor. It is no uncommon thing for any one of these men to turn out from fifty to two hundred jokes a week.

Buying Scottish Potatoes.

It is frequently the custom for merchants in Scotland to buy potatoes when in the ground and to undertake the lifting and carting. For this purpose they often communicate with a man in Ireland, called a "gaffer," who takes a gang of young women over to assist, and the Irish women are some of the best workers in the field.

Utilizing Animal Hair.

An invention, which may prove very valuable to the leather industry has been introduced in Berlin, the object of which is to transform into an article of value what is generally considered next to valueless, namely, animal hair. Thus it becomes possible to remove the hair from a skin or hide in such a manner as to obtain an artificial hair-covered surface identical to that presented by the skin before the operation, and without in any way injuring the grain of the hide, which is subsequently converted into leather. The artificial fur skin is lighter, more supple, wears better, and is absolutely waterproof.

The hair-seals of Greenland skins are made into fine shoes, the hair being wasted, but if treated as above it would be a valuable product. Small skins for furrier work, such as the muskrat, can be sewed together, the fur, after this treatment, being contained in one large piece. The application of this invention to furs used in dressmaking opens up a wide field, especially owing to the greater suppleness of the transferred articles.

The T. G. C. Y.

If we take up a modern atlas and look over the map of the United States, we see the traceries of rivers and railroads so intertwined as to be confusing. But main streams and main streams are plainly lined. It is very much like a chart of the human system, with nerves and arteries well defined. Particularly do we see the G. S. N. (great Sciatic nerve) main stem, which can carry to the square inch more pain than some railroads carry in freight. A prominent business man in a big city was attacked by Sciatica. The pain was awful. He hurried home in fear that he would be crippled by it. In half an hour he was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. He now takes big stock in that famous remedy, and travels on the T. G. C. Y. (take good care of yourself) plan, keeping a bottle of the great pain cure always at hand.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally know that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

That which people call hope, is really conceit: a man believes that his dull talent will finally bring a fortune, and hopes on.

Gastric Dyspepsia

And constipation troubled me for over a year. I grew worse and could hardly perform household duties. I had severe pain in my stomach, especially at night. I treated with a physician six months with no avail. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and having taken six bottles I am free from all distress in my stomach and am no longer troubled with dyspepsia." MRS. M. GARET FENNER, Indian Falls, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many other houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized Wind Mills, Self Oiling Combination Windmills, Steel Towers, Steel Tanks and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Derrick Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Corn Grinders. On application it will send a catalogue of these articles that it will furnish after January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Steel Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for circulars. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

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MAPLE SYRUP INDUSTRY.

Chiefly Confined to the New England States.

This is the time of year when maple syrup takes its proper place as king of the condiments at the breakfast table. It comes in with buckwheat cakes and hominy.

There is just a round million of dollars invested in this country in the machinery which produces and purifies the syrup. The industry is confined almost entirely to the few States north of Massachusetts. That is because the maple tree refuses to flourish in any but a cold climate. It won't grow in the Northwestern States, for the reason that it has to have plenty of moisture, and that is to be had only near the ocean.

Fully 90 per cent. of the maple syrup and maple sugar produced in this country comes from Vermont. The annual yield of syrup and sugar of that state is valued at something like half a million dollars.

Seventy-five per cent. of the product consumed in this country, and the best is exported to Europe. But it is not in common use beyond the sea for the reason that it is very expensive because of the freight and duty. In England it is to be found in many of the homes of the nobility, where it is regarded in high favor, not only because it is delicate and sweet, but because it is a unique and costly product. There is a good deal of mystery about the origin of the production of maple sugar and syrup. By whom it was first discovered will probably never be known.

The maple tree is active in summer and passive in winter. The tree is extremely porous, there being, according to the highest authority, about 100,000 cells in every cubic inch of the wood. In summer the tree absorbs moisture into all these cells, which is condensed into water. This water, mingling with the natural saccharine properties of the tree, becomes maple sap in a crude form.

The tree is also extremely sensitive to weather conditions. When in February and March the maple begins to "eat," as the New England farmer terms it, the tree wishes to unburden itself, and it does so, whether the farmer is on hand to get the benefit of the process or not. But the farmer is generally on hand.

SLUG TWO.

Before machinery was invented for the purpose the farmer used to furrow the trunk of the tree by slashing the bark lengthwise with a knife. Then at deep furrows all around the tree near its base. A trough attached to the lowest of these furrows carried the syrup from the tree to the dripping pot, and that constituted the process of getting the product.

The farmer nowadays goes up to a tree that is "sweating," casts his eye on the softest spot in the trunk and bores into it to a depth of several inches a metal tap, and this relieves the tree in splendid shape. The tree bears just as anxious to get rid of the sap as the farmer is to gather it.

Can Cats Swim?

Though it seems somewhat difficult to understand how the sportsmen of the Nile keep their cats not only to hunt game, but believe it from the water, the hunting cat depicted on the walls of Thebes is proof of the Egyptian cat's service in that respect.

Some of these representations puss is seen in the act of seizing a bird that has been brought down by the marksman in a boat, while in another scene the cat is shown in the boat ready for their sport.

It appears, from these ancient illustrations of field and other sports, that the Egyptians are able to train their domestic cats to act in the same way as our pet retriever dogs do. It is generally believed that nothing will induce a cat to enter water, but this is clearly a fallacy. The tiger, for instance, is an excellent swimmer, as many have found to their cost, and so the cat, another member of the feline family, can swim equally as well on any occasion to exert its powers, whether in search of prey or to effect its escape from some enemy.

Cats are exceedingly fond of fish and often drag them out of their native element. They have been known to help themselves out of aquaria that have been uncovered, and on moonlight nights they may be seen watching for the unwary occupants of a fish pond, especially during the spawning season.

Educated Oysters.

"As useless as an oyster" is an every-day saying, yet, according to the Brooklyn, the oyster has an amount of intelligence little to be expected in a creature of such low organization. Dicquemare tells us that oysters taken from a bed uncovered by the sea, open their shells, lose the water within and perish. Oysters taken from the same bed at a depth, if kept in reservoirs, are occasionally left uncovered for a time and are otherwise ill-used, learn to keep their shells shut, and live for a much longer time when deprived of the water. First Darwin and then others noted the above as a wonderful instance of intelligence in a mollusk. The fact is turned to advantage in Jamaica, where "oyster cabooses" are placed in the sea, from the mouth of the harbor to the sandy beach, and oysters are put in these cabooses to fatten, and they do fatten, and get very large and plump, and are ready for the market in about three months.

Although it is generally believed that oysters are very much like a chart of the human system, with nerves and arteries well defined. Particularly do we see the G. S. N. (great Sciatic nerve) main stem, which can carry to the square inch more pain than some railroads carry in freight. A prominent business man in a big city was attacked by Sciatica. The pain was awful. He hurried home in fear that he would be crippled by it. In half an hour he was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. He now takes big stock in that famous remedy, and travels on the T. G. C. Y. (take good care of yourself) plan, keeping a bottle of the great pain cure always at hand.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally know that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

That which people call hope, is really conceit: a man believes that his dull talent will finally bring a fortune, and hopes on.

Gastric Dyspepsia

And constipation troubled me for over a year. I grew worse and could hardly perform household duties. I had severe pain in my stomach, especially at night. I treated with a physician six months with no avail. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and having taken six bottles I am free from all distress in my stomach and am no longer troubled with dyspepsia." MRS. M. GARET FENNER, Indian Falls, N. Y.

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Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

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