SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "A Welcome to Congress."

TEXT: "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—II Kings vi., 17.

The American Congress is assembling. Arriving or already arrived are the representatives of all sections of this beloved land. Let us welcome them with prayer and benediction. A nobler group of men never entered Washington than those who will to-morrow take their places in the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives. Whether they come alone or leave their families at the homestead far away, may the blessing of the Eternal God be upon them! We invite them to our churches, and together they in political spheres and we in religious circles will give the coming months to consideration of the best interests of this country which God has blessed so much in the past that I purpose to show you and show them, so far as I may now reach their ear or to-morrow their eye through the printing press, that God will be with them to help them as in the text He filled the mountains with help for Elisha.

As it cost England many regiments and $2,000,000 a year to keep safely a troublesome captive at St. Helena, so the king of Syria sends out a whole army to capture one minister of religion—perhaps 50,000 men to take Elisha. During the night the army of Syrians came around the village of Dothan, where the prophet was staying. At early daybreak the man servant of Elisha rushed in and said: "What shall we do? There is a whole army come to destroy you! We must die! We must die!" But Elisha was not scared a bit, for he looked up and saw the mountains all around full of supernatural forces, and he knew that if there were 50,000 Syrians against him there were 100,000 angels for him, and in answer to the prophet's prayer in behalf of his affrighted man servant the young man saw it too. Horses of fire harnessed to chariots of fire, and drivers of fire pulling reins of fire on bits of fire, and warriors of fire with brandished swords of fire, and the brilliance of that morning sunrise was eclipsed by the galloping splendors of the celestial cavalcade. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." I speak of the upper forces of the text that are to fight on our side as a Nation. If all the low levels are filled with armed threats, I have to tell you that the mountains of our hope and courage and faith are full of the horses and chariots of divine rescue.

You will notice that the divine equipage is always represented as a chariot of fire. Ezekiel and Isaiah and John, when they come to describe the divine equipage, always represent it as a wheeled, a harnessed, an upholstered conflagration. It is not a chariot like kings and conquerors of earth mount, but an organized and compressed fire. That means purity, justice, chastisement, deliverance through burning sacrifice. Chariot of rescue? Yes, but a chariot of fire. All our National disenthralments have been through scorching agonies and red disasters. Through tribulation the individual rises. Through tribulation Nations rise. Chariots of rescue, but chariots of fire. But how do I know that this divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last 119 years. The American Revolution started from the pen of John Hancock in Independence Hall in 1776. The colonies, without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without money, without prestige. On the other side, the mightiest Nation of the earth, the largest armies, the grandest navies and the most distinguished commanders, and resources inexhaustible, and nearly all Nations ready to back them up in the fight. Nothing, as against immensity.

The cause of the American colonies, which started at zero, dropped still lower through the quarrelling of the generals, and through the jealousies at small successes, and through the winters which surpassed all references in depth of snow and horrors of congealment. Elisha surrounded by the whole Syrian army did not seem to be worse off than did the thirteen colonies encompassed and overshadowed by foreign assault. What decided the contest in our favor? The upper forces, the upper armies. The Green and White Mountains of New England, the Highlands along the Hudson, the mountains of Virginia, all the Appalachian ranges were full of re-enforcements, which the young man Washington saw by faith, and his men endured the frozen feet, and the gangrened wounds, and the exhausting hunger, and the long march because "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Washington himself was a miracle. What Joshua was in sacred history the first American President was in secular history. A thousand other men excelled him in different things, but he excelled them all in roundness and completeness of character. The world never saw his like, and probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will be another such exigency. He was let down a divine interposition. He was from God direct.

I do not know how many can read the history of those times without admitting the contest was decided by the upper forces. Then in 1861, when our Civil War opened, many at the North and at the South proclaimed it National suicide. It was not courage against cowardice, it was not wealth against poverty, it was not large States against small States. It was heroism against heroism, it was the resources of many generations against the resources of generations, it was the prayer of the North against the prayer of the South, it was one-half of the Nation in armed wrath meeting the other half of the Nation in armed indignation. What could come but extermination?

At the opening of the war the commander-in-chief of the United States forces was a man who had been great in battle, but old age had come, with many infirmities, and he had a right to quietude. He could not mount a horse, and he rode on the battlefield in a carriage, asking the driver not to jolt it too much. During the most of the four years of the contest on the Southern side, was a man in midlife, who had in his veins the blood of many generations of warriors, himself one of the heroes of Churubusco and Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepec. As the years passed on and the scroll of carnage unrolled there came out from both sides a heroism and a strength, and a determination that the world had never seen marshaled. And what but extermination could come when Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson met, and Nathaniel Lyon and Sidney Johnston rode in from North and South, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderbolts of battle, clashed? Yet, we are a Nation, and yet we are at peace. Earthly courage did not decide the contest. The upper forces of the text—"there was a battle fought above the Lookout Mountain, but there was rather than that.

"Horses and chariots of God" rescued of this Nation in 1876, at the close of a Presidential election famous for ferocity. A darker cloud yet settled down upon this Nation. The result of the election was in dispute, and revolution, not between two or three sections, but revolution in every town and village and city of the United States seemed imminent. The prospect was that New York would throttle New York, and New Orleans would grip New Orleans, and Boston, Boston, and Savannah, Savannah, and Washington, Washington. Some said Mr. Tilden was elected, others said Mr. Hayes was elected, and how near we came to universal massacre some of us guessed, but God only knew. I ascribe our escape not to the honesty and righteousness of infuriated politicians, but I ascribe it to the upper forces of the text. Chariots of mercy rolled in, and though the wheels were not heard and the wash was not seen, yet all through the mountains of the North, and the South, and the East, and the West, though the hoofs did not clatter, the cavalry of God galloped by. I tell you God is the friend of this Nation. In the awful excitement at the massacre of Lincoln, when there was a prospect that greater slaughter would open upon this Nation, God hushed the tempest. In the awful excitement at the time of Garfield's assassination God put His foot on the neck of the cyclone. To prove God is on the side of this Nation I argue from the last eight or nine great National harvests, and from the National health of the last quarter of a century, epidemics very exceptional, and from the great revivals of religion, and from the spreading of the church of God, and from the continent blossoming with asylums and reformatory institutions, and from an Edenization which promises that this whole land is to be a paradise, where God shall walk.

I am encouraged more than I can tell you as I see the regiments wheeling down the sky, and my jeremiads turn into doxologies, and that which was the Good Friday of the Nation's crucifixion becomes the Easter morn of its resurrection. Of course God works through human instrumentalities, and this National betterment is to come among other things through a scrutinized ballot box. By the law of registration it is almost impossible now to have illegal voting. There was a time—you and I remember it very well—when droves of vagabonds wandered up and down on Election Day, and from poll to poll, voted here, and voted there, and voted everywhere, and there was no challenge, or if there were, it amounted to nothing, because nothing could so unloyally be proved upon aroused moral sentiment. There has never been so much discussion of morals and immorals. Men, whether or not they acknowledge what is right, have to think what is right. We have men who have had their hands in the public treasury the most of their lifetime, stealing all they could lay their hands on, discoursing eloquently about lishonesty in public servants, and men with two or three families of their own preaching eloquently about the beauties of the seventh commandment. The question of sobriety and drunkenness is thrust in the face of this Nation as never before and takes a part in our political contests. The question of National sobriety is going to be respectfully and deferentially heard at the bar of every Legislature, and every House of Representatives, and every State Senate, and an omnipotent voice will ring down the sky and across this land and back again, saying to these rising tides of drunkenness which threaten to whelm home and church and Nation, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be staid."

I have not in my mind a shadow of disheartment as large as the shadow of a housefly's wing. My faith is in the upper forces, the upper armies of the text. God is not dead. The chariots are not unwheeled. If you would only pray more and wash your eyes in the cool, bright water fresh from the well of Christian reform, it would be said of you, as of this one of the text, "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

When the army of Antigonus went into battle, his soldiers were very much discouraged, and they rushed up to the general and said to him, "Don't you see we have a few forces and they have so many?" And the soldiers were affrighted at the smallness of their number and the greatness of the enemy. Antigonus, their commander, straightened himself up and said, with in litigation and vehemence, "How many do you reckon me to be?" And when we see the vast armies arrayed against the cause of sobriety it may sometimes be very discouraging, but I ask you in making up your estimate of the forces of righteousness—I ask you how many the vagrands. Now, in every well organized neighborhood, every voter is watched with severest scrutiny. If I am in a region where I am allowed a vote, I must tell the registrar my name, and how old I am, and how long I have resided in the State, and how long I have resided in the ward or the township, and if I misrepresent fifty witnesses will rise and shut me out from the ballot box. Is not that a great advance? And then notice the law that prohibits a man voting if he has bet on the election. A step farther needs to be taken and that man forbidden a vote who has offered or taken a bribe, whether it be in the shape of a free drink, or cash paid down, the suspicious cases oblige to put their hand on the Bible and swear their vote in if they vote at all. So, through the sacred chest of our Nation's suffrage, redemption will come.

God will save this Nation though as do you reckon the Lord God Almighty to be? He is our commander. The Lord of Hosts is His name. I have the best authority for saying that the chariots of God are 29,000, and the mountains are full of them.

Have you any doubt about the need of the Christian religion to purify and make decent American politics? At every yearly or quadrennial election we have in this country great manufactories—manufactories of lies—and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day, all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies prurient. Lies cut bias and lies cut diagonal. Long limbed lies and lies with double back action. Lies complimentary and lies defamatory. Lies that some people believe and lies that all the people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies with humps like camels, and scales like crocodiles, and necks as long as storks, and feet as swift as an antelope's, and stings like adders. Lies raw and scalloped and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and ruffles and braiders and ready wound bobbins. Lies by Christian people who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a Presidential campaign.

I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in such times. I should think he would stand dazed, his hand on his pocketbook, and dare not go out nights. What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption. The only good thing about it is many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German and Italian and Swedish and French papers translate it all and put it in the infernal stuff to the subscribers.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of impudence. The Christian religion will speak after awhile. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we wade every year or every four years must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains—from the one mountain issuing the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and blessing rather than cursing. Yes, we are going to have a National religion. There are two kinds of National religion. The one is supported by the State, and it is a matter of human politics, and it has great patronage, and underit men will struggle for prominence without reference to qualifications, and its archbishop is supported by a salary of $75,000 a year, and there are great cathedrals, with all the machinery of music and canonicals, and room for a thousand people, yet an audience of fifty people, or twenty people, or ten or two. We want no such religion as that, no such National religion, but we want this kind of National religion—the vast majority of the people converted and evangelized—and then they will manage the secular as well as the religious.

Do you say that this is impracticable? No. The time is coming just as certainly as there is a God, and that this is His book and that He has the strength and the honesty to fulfill His promises. One of the ancient emperors used to pride himself on performing that which his counselors said was impossible, and I have to tell you to-day that man's impossibles are God's easies. "Hath He said, and shall He not do it? Hath He commanded, and will He not bring it to pass?" The Christian religion is coming to take possession of every ballot box, of every schoolhouse, of every home, of every valley, of every mountain, of every acre of our National domain. This Nation, notwithstanding all the evil influences that are trying to destroy it, is going to live.

Never since, according to John Milton, when "satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as now. What a jewel it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic Ocean, dividing us from the wormout Governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific Ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic Sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent 10,500 miles long, 17,000,000 square miles, and all of it but one-seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—100,000,000, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora and all fauna, all metals and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone, and the rivers ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities, isthmus of Darien, the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one Government, and all free, and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people, He shall at last set up His throne in this world. Who shall have this hemisphere, Christ or satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannas, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's Bay to Tierra del Fuego, and the other from Bering Strait to Cape Horn—and all the moral and temporal and spiritual and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all human computation? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind and soul on the right side of all moral, religious and National movements.

Ah, it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be seven feet by three, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon—the youngest of us all. But we have an anxiety about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be a grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulchre, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden.

One of the seven wonders of the world was the white marble watch tower of pharos of Egypt. Sostratus, the architect and sculptor, after building that watch tower, cut his name on it. Then he covered it with plaster, and to please the king he put the monarch's name on the outside of the plastering, and the storms beat and the seas dashed in their fury, and they washed off the plastering, and they washed it out, and they washed it down, but the name of Sostratus was deep cut in the imperishable rock. So across the face of this Nation there have been a great many names written, across our finances, across our religions, names written for a remembrance, names written on the architecture of our churches, and our schools, and our asylums, and our homes of mercy, but God is the architect of this continent, and He was the sculptor of all its grandeurs, and long after through the wash of the ages and the tempests of centuries—all other names shall be obliterated the divine signature and divine name will be brighter and brighter as the millenniums go by, and the world shall see that the God who made this continent has redeemed it by His grace from all its sorrows and from all its crimes.

Have you faith in such a thing as that? After all the chariots have been unwheeled, and after all the war chariots have been crippled, the chariots which Elisha saw on the morning of his peril will roll on in triumph, followed by all the armies of heaven on white horses. God could do it without us, but He will not. The weakest of us, the faintest of us, the smallest brained of us, shall have a part in the triumph. We may not have our name, like the name of Sostratus, cut in imperishable rock and conspicuous for centuries, but we shall be remembered in a better place than that, even in the heart of Him who came to redeem us and redeem the world, and our names will be seen close to the signature of His wound, for, as to-day He throws out His arms to us, He says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hand!" But the mightiest of all agencies, the potency of prayer, I beg you seek our National welfare.

Some time ago there were 4,600,000 letters in the dead letter post office in this city—letters that had lost their way—but not one prayer ever directed to the heart of God miscarried. The way is all clear for the ascent of your supplications heavenward in behalf of this Nation. Before the postal communication was so easy, and long ago on a rock 100 feet high on the coast of England there was barrel fastened to a post, and in great letters on the side of the rock, so it could be seen far out to sea, were the words "Post-office," and when ships came by a boat put out to take and fetch letters. And so sacred were those deposits or affection in that barrel that no lock was ever put upon that barrel, although it contained messages for America and Europe and Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea. Many a storm tossed sailor, homesick, got messages of kindness by that rock, and many a homestead heard good news from a boy long gone. Would that all the heights of our National prosperity were in interchange of sympathies, prayers going up meeting blessings coming down, postal celestial; not by a storm struck rock on a wintry coast, but by the Rock of Ages.

SEEN IN NEW GUINEA.

Strange Life in the Interior of the Island.

The only white man known to have crossed the island of New Guinea from shore to shore, to have actually traversed the vast unknown interior and seen the aboriginal Papuans face to face in their native forests, is Van Gestel.

"I started in 1874 from the mouth of the Fly River, in the Gulf of Papua, on the south coast of New Guinea, to run the frontier line. There was talk at that time of the annexation of New Guinea by the Government of Queensland, Australia, and so the Dutch Government resolved to define its possessions. I entered Papua with a detachment of a hundred Dutch soldiers, in their tidy uniforms of light blue linen, and a band of as many coolies to carry supplies.

"The interior of New Guinea is one vast mass of upheaved granite, without traces of minerals or metal ores, the strata tilted and piled topsy-turvy. Everywhere the work of volcanic eruptions is to be seen. Such a thinly populated region, considering the fact that it was an absolutely new country and that fruits and small game were so plentiful, I did not suppose could exist. The natives we saw from time to time, at a distance mostly: they never molested us. Their heads were flat on top, with long, curly, black hair; they went entirely naked. Their buttocks extended out eight and even ten inches, this repulsive deformity constituting a fleshy support amply capable of sustaining a child in a sitting position. Nor was this their most marked peculiarity. Some of the nursing mothers threw their breasts back over their shoulders or under their arms, at will, to feed the infant carried in a sling between their shoulders.

"The Papuans are a very unattractive race to look upon. In arms they were primitive to a degree that was astounding. They had neither bows nor spears that I saw, their only weapons being stone hatchets. Of the use of metals they seemed to be entirely ignorant. In the dry season they made their homes in caves, which they found or excavated for themselves. Some of these cave dwellings I visited, discovering fragments of their repasts and occasionally a broken stone axe. In the rainy season they live high in the trees, where they build rude houses of sticks laid around and intertwined with the branches, thatched with dried alang-alang, and reached by shaky looking stick ladders.

"Most startling was the solitude, the destitution of life and motion, in the great central plateaus which we reached in our gradual ascent from the river level. There were plenty of small creatures of the squirrel tribe, some of the peculiar pig-headed deer we have in Java, and an occasional little tiger cat, rather handsome than hurtful looking. That was all I saw in my whole journey, from the mouth of the Fly River on the southeast coast to Geelvink Bay on the northwest, not a single beast of prey, unless those pretty little spotted tree cats could be dignified by that name. Not a kangaroo of either the tree-climbing or grass-jumping variety was seen, nor any of the dingos or wild dogs elsewhere reported. I did see a number of specimens of the great bat called by the natives kalong or 'flying dog,' with its curious coat of light brown hair and its wing expanse of six feet—truly a formidable looking creature, but not hurtful as I found it.

"But of birds there is, I verily believe, a vaster profusion of more beautiful tints and delicate plumage in New Guinea than anywhere else in the world. They fairy flamed through those sombre forests, which but for their bright hues and sharp cries would have been funereally suggestive. What a paradise the interior of New Guinea would be for a naturalist! From the great cebu, which devours stones, and the cassowary, through all the species of peafowl and the bird of paradise, down to the cockatoos and the wood pigeons, there were birds of beauty in never ceasing variety and numbers.

"At suitable stations along the route I had the soldiers nail up on trees the Dutch flag and iron charts of the Dutch coat of arms, on most of which no white man's eyes have since fallen. When we reached Geelvink Bay, and realized that our task was finished, and that Holland's part of New Guinea was so definitely determined then and thenceforth that no other nation could lay claim to it, we gave a rousing cheer, and it must have been music in the ears of the solitary post holder whom the Government had even then for some years maintained on the coast. The poor fellow probably didn't see a friendly face more than half a dozen times a year. He lived in a block house, watching the coaling station for the Dutch war vessels in those waters."

The George Washington Stone.

Carved by nature in the rough stone of Marblehead Neck, Mass., the calm face of George Washington gazes out over the waste of waters. In this quiet, secluded corner of Massachusetts this remarkable monument remained for ages undiscovered until Albert Chapman, of Marblehead, cropped the bushes and weeds which grew about its base in rank luxuriance, disclosing the stone features which bear a most striking resemblance to the Father of His Country. Some call it the "Old Man of the Sea," but the majority of Marblehead citizens trace in its lines and curves a counterfeit of the loved face of the first President. The face is formed by three rocks, one forming the forehead, one the chin and the other the nose. The face rests upon a slightly elevated knoll, at an angle, as if the great General in effigy were taking his repose and languidly gazing out to sea. The George Washington stone will henceforth be one of the many objects of patriotic pilgrimage on the coast of the Bay State.

Take Ca[illegible]
Of your health [illegible] up your system, [illegible] digestion, [illegible] your appetite, [illegible] your blood, [illegible] out all impurities and protect sickness [illegible]
Hood's
Sarsaparilla
The One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.
Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. [illegible]

A Gigantic Edible Shell Fish.

On the shores of the Island of C[illegible] in the Falkland group, there is fou[illegible] edible shell fish that can be best [illegible] peled to a gigantic oyster. Its [illegible] has to be pried open with a crow[illegible] and the oyster loosened from its [illegible] with large knives. It weighs [illegible] twelve to eighteen pounds and [illegible] make about thirty delicious stew[illegible] or box pans. The order "Half a d[illegible] on the deep shell" is unknown in C[illegible]

All the Year Round.

The avocations of men go on just the [illegible] in winter as in summer, and those who [illegible] hard with hands, body and muscles [illegible] this full well. The sports also are jo[illegible] festive and are attended with many [illegible] dents. The chances of accident are [illegible] the same to all, but to the laboring cl[illegible] mishap means very much. For instan[illegible] sprain may cripple badly and mean lo[illegible] time, place and money, were it not th[illegible] all know how readily St. Jacobs Oil [illegible] cure a sprain, and prevent all these mi[illegible] ings. So let us enjoy ourselves without [illegible]

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Rewar[illegible] any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured [illegible] Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, [illegible]

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. C[illegible] ney for the last 15 years, and believe him [illegible] fectly honorable in all business transact[illegible] and financially able to carry out any ob[illegible] tion made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, To[illegible] Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Whole[illegible] Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, [illegible] ing directly upon the blood and mucous [illegible] faces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. [illegible] by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

"MARCELLA" appears as one of the cha[illegible] ters in the December installment of [illegible] Humphry Ward's novel, "Sir George [illegible] said," in *The Century*. "Marcella" is [illegible] Lady Maxwell.

The average annual number [illegible] deaths in Paris is 55,000.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cu[illegible] all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

Since 1820 Pennsylvania has [illegible] duced 853,000,000 tons of coal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for chi[illegible] teething, softens the gums, reduces infla[illegible] tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a b[illegible]

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cu[illegible] Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MOBBS, 3[illegible] 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

In 1890 the United States produ[illegible] one-third of the world's pig-iron.

SYRUP of FIGS
ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results w[illegible] Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleas[illegible] and refreshing to the taste, and [illegible] gently yet promptly on the Kidne[illegible] Liver and Bowels, cleanses the s[illegible] tem effectually, dispels colds, he[illegible] aches and fevers and cures habit[illegible] constipation. Syrup of Figs is [illegible] only remedy of its kind ever p[illegible] duced, pleasing to the taste and [illegible] ceptable to the stomach, prompt [illegible] its action and truly beneficial in [illegible] effects, prepared only from the m[illegible] healthy and agreeable substances, [illegible] many excellent qualities commen[illegible] to all and have made it the m[illegible] popular remedy known.
Syrup of Figs is for sale in [illegible] cent bottles by all leading dr[illegible] gists. Any reliable druggis[illegible] may not have it on hand will [illegible] cure it promptly for any one [illegible] wishes to try it. Do not accept [illegible] substitute.
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP C[illegible]
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

$3 A DAY SURE. [illegible] and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; [illegible] the work and teach you how to [illegible] work in the locality where [illegible] send us your address and we will [illegible] the business fully; remember [illegible] sulte a clear profit of $3 for every [illegible] worth absolutely sure. Write [illegible]
ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box 1[illegible]
PENSION JOHN W. MORS[illegible] Washington, [illegible] Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty [illegible]

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

[illegible]S OF INTEREST ON THE FASHIONS.

[illegible]n and Matrimony. Tortoise [illegible]ll Combs. Forty Styles of [illegible]ling Costumes. How to Win [illegible]y Cheeks.

[illegible]IRTON AND MATRIMONY.

[illegible]he curious statistician has been at [illegible]rouble of compiling a report showing the number of women who, after [illegible]ng out of Girton and Newnham [illegible]es for women, in England, during [illegible]ast fifteen years, have condescended [illegible] the marriage state. With the [illegible]uncement that of 1,500 only 200 [illegible] deserted the cold and classic [illegible]s of learning for the frivolous [illegible]s of matrimony, it will at once be [illegible] that Girton is not considered by [illegible]male sex a good qualification for [illegible]mony.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

[illegible]dium-sized tortoise shell combs [illegible]mented with applied silver are [illegible] popular than anything else just [illegible] but they really show off better in [illegible] hair than in any other. Black [illegible]et and mat jet combs and hairpins [illegible]oing imported from Paris and are [illegible]dy very popular. Many of them [illegible] in crescent and butterfly shapes, [illegible] are thickly studded with rhine[illegible]s. The side combs match, and the [illegible]t of these novelties in blonde hair [illegible]rgeous and striking.

[illegible]TY STYLES OF CYCLING COSTUMES.

[illegible]ty girls in forty styles of cycling [illegible]mes were on exhibition, to women [illegible] in Philadelphia the other day [illegible]session of the Women's Congress. [illegible]y sort of costume was represented [illegible]omers of all lengths and sizes, [illegible]l and scant; divided skirts, bifur[illegible]d in various styles, and an abun[illegible]e of different sorts of plain skirt [illegible]mes. The dresses were the work [illegible]g firms in the city, and a committee of the Congress investigated the [illegible]ts of the various styles, with a [illegible] to a report of some kind. A [illegible]cle was fastened firmly on the [illegible], and on this many of the girls il[illegible]rated the appearance and advan[illegible]s of their particular costume in [illegible]al wheeling practice.

[illegible]OW TO WIN ROSY CHEEKS.

[illegible]know whereof I speak when I say [illegible]fully one-half the world com[illegible]es each day in direct violation of [illegible]aw of health, writes Mary Abbott. [illegible] sleeping all night in a closed [illegible]om, the windows double, the fur[illegible] heat, in wintry weather, turned [illegible]ith its fumes of disease and death, [illegible]cts, my lady, dresses herself and [illegible] about the business of the day [illegible]out a thought of the bed she has [illegible] in and is going to sleep in again. [illegible]wed and unshaken, it lies just as [illegible]left it until somebody comes and [illegible]ads it up, puts on the embroidered [illegible]ms and folds down the dainty [illegible]d that transforms it into a verti[illegible] "whited sepulcher," full of the [illegible]s of disease. Get out your physi[illegible]es and read about thewaste that [illegible]es from the pores of the body during [illegible], and then dream pleasant dreams [illegible], if you dare, in an unaired bed [illegible] an unventilated bedroom. When [illegible] can bring me a flower that blos[illegible]s in a charnel-house I will show [illegible] woman who has won rosy cheeks [illegible] bright eyes from unhygienic sur[illegible]dings.

WOMAN'S GLORY.

[illegible] woman's crowning glory is as[illegible]lly a luxuriant head of hair. "If [illegible]oman have long hair," says St. [illegible], "it is a glory to her," and special [illegible]al praise is given to the tresses of [illegible]lom, the son of David. Long hair [illegible]ally desirable, and to promote and [illegible]n it when secured is worth no lit[illegible] trouble and care. Countless tonics [illegible]washes are in use, many of them [illegible]lent in their way, but the best [illegible]tifier for the locks is absolute [illegible]liness and tireless grooming (if [illegible] may employ the word), with the [illegible]r kind of brush.

[illegible]s a mistaken idea that the hair [illegible] not need frequent washing. In [illegible]ummer it should be cleansed at [illegible] once a week and stiff brushing [illegible]wed. There is no danger of catch[illegible]old if the hair is carefully dried [illegible] tablespoon full of whiskey rub[illegible]into the scalp.

[illegible]ndruff, that disfiguring and un[illegible]g condition of the scalp, is not [illegible]ase, unless in a most aggravated [illegible]. In frequent cases it is due to [illegible]t of the brush and proper wash[illegible]. You can keep dandruff from ac[illegible]lating but you cannot keep it [illegible] forming. One of the best [illegible]poos the writer has ever tried is [illegible]as follows: Beat thoroughly the [illegible] of a fresh egg, squeeze into it the [illegible] of a small lemon, stir together, [illegible]ust before using drop into the [illegible]re ten drops of ammonia. Then, [illegible] the ends of the fingers dipped [illegible] mixture, thoroughly saturate the [illegible] rubbing vigorously. When all [illegible]mpoo is rubbed in dip the hands [illegible]n water and rub the hair [illegible]usly; [illegible] gain [illegible] it dry [illegible] let it [illegible]