SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "A Shattered Faith."

TEXT: "And some on broken pieces of the ship."—Acts xxvii., 44.

Never off Goodwin sands or the Skerries or Cape Hatteras was a ship in worse predicament than, in the Mediterranean hurricane, was the grain ship on which 276 passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Citta Vecchia. After a two weeks' tempest, when the ship was entirely disabled and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was small, crooked-backed, and sore-eyed, according to tradition. It was Paul, the only unscared man aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one click of the scissors—nay, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Knowing that they can never get to the desired port, they make the sea on the fourteenth night black with overthrown cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took in the two paddles they had on those old boats and hoisted the mainsail so that they might come with such force as to be driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes, tumbling towards the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost, now rolling over to the starboard, now over to the larboard; now a wave dashes clear over the deck, and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arms around a mast, he cries: "All is well. God has given me all those that sail with me." Crash went the prow, with such force that it broke off the mast. Crash went the timbers till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships, and into a thousand fragments the vessel goes, and into the waves 276 immortals are precipitated. Some of them had been brought up on the seashore and had learned to swim, and with their chins just above the waves and by the strokes of both arms and propulsion of both feet they put out for the beach and reached it. But alas for those others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long seasickness.

Oh, what will become of them? "Take that piece of a rudder," says Paul to one. "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to another. "Take those planks of Castor and Pollux." "Take that plank from the lifeboat." "Take anything and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the breakers! Oh, the merciless waters, now they sweep over the heads of men, women and children! Hold on there! Almost ashore. Keep up your courage. Remember what Paul told you. There the receding wave on the beach leaves them and a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There another plank comes in, with a life clinging fast to it. There another piece of the shattered vessel, with its freightage of an immortal soul. They must by this time all be saved. Yes; there comes in last of all, for he had been overseeing the rest, the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out, "Thank God, all are here!"

Gather around a fire and call the roll. Paul builds a fire, and when the bundle of sticks begins to crackle, and, standing and sitting around the blaze, the passengers begin to recover from their chill, and the wet clothes begin to dry, and warmth begins to come into all the shivering passengers, let the purser of the vessel go round and see if any of the poor creatures are missing. Not one of the crowd that were plunged into the sea. How it relieves our anxiety as we read: "Some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

Having on previous occasions looked at the other passengers, I confine myself today to an examination of those who came in on broken pieces of the ship. There is something about them that excites in me an intense interest. I am not so much interested in those that could swim. They got ashore, as I expected. A mile of water is not a very great undertaking for a strong swimmer, or even two miles are not. But I cannot stop thinking about those on broken pieces of the ship.

The great gospel ship is the finest of the universe and can carry more passengers than any craft ever constructed, and you could no more wreck it than you could wreck the throne of God Almighty. I wish all the people would come aboard of her. I could not promise a smooth voyage, for oftentimes it will be tempestuous or a chopped sea, but I could promise safe arrival for all who took passage on that Great Eastern, so called by me because its commander came out of the east, the star of the east a badge of his authority.

But a vast multitude do not take regular passage. Their theology is broken in pieces, and their life is broken in pieces, and their habits are broken in pieces, and their word and spiritual prospects are broken in pieces, and yet I believe they are going to reach the shining shore, and I am encouraged by the experience of those people who are spoken of in the text, "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

One object in this sermon is to encourage all those who cannot take the whole system of religion as we believe it, but who really believe something, to come ashore on that one plank.

I do not underrate the value of a great theological system, but where in all the Bible is there anything that says Believe in John Calvin and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in Arminius and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in synod of Dort and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in the Thirty-nine Articles and thou shalt be saved? A man may be orthodox and go to hell, or heterodox and go to heaven. The man who has the deep affection of his heart accepts Christ is saved, and the man who does not accept him is lost.

I believe in both the Heidelberg and Westminster catechisms, and I wish you all did, but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea, that Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them, and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on the grand old ship I would rather have you for nothing but a piece only find a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a place of safety. Yes, there is room on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are to-day kept out of the Kingdom of God because they cannot believe everything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul who has lately traveled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me, "I cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there will be another opportunity of repentance after death." I say to him: "My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death when he has a good chance before death is a stark fool? Had not you better take the plank that is thrown to you now and head for shore rather than wait for a plank that may by invisible hands be thrown to you after you are dead? Do as you please, but as for myself, with pardon for all my sins offered me now, and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now, I instantly take them, rather than run the risk of such other chance as wise men think they can pick off or twist out of a Scripture passage that has for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way." You say, "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology. I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great siege guns of divine revelation, but I do ask you to take the one plank of the gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl strung beach of heaven."

Says some other man, "I would attend to religion if I was quite sure about the doctrine of election and free agency, but that mixes me all up." Those things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them, for I say to myself, "If I love Christ and live a good, honest, useful life, I am elected to be saved, and if I do not love Christ and live a bad life I will be damned, and all the theological seminaries of the universe cannot make it any different." I floundered a long while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when they threw the grain overboard, but I struck at last a merry for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore ever since.

While I am talking to another man about his soul he tells me, "I do not become a Christian because I do not believe there is any hell at all." Ah, don't you? Do all the people of all beliefs and no belief at all, of good morals and bad morals go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight, in a hallway, the owner of a house and a burglar meet. They both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar dies in five minutes, and the owner of the house lives a week after. Will the burglar be at the gate of heaven, waiting, when the house owner comes in? Will the debauchee and the libertine go right in among the families of heaven? I wonder if Herod is playing on the banks of the river of life with the children he massacred. I wonder if Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth are there shooting at a mark. I do not now controvert it, although I must say that for such a miserable heaven I have no admiration. But the Bible does not say, "Believe in perdition and be saved." Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought not to keep you from loving and serving Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get ashore. You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy, about the atmosphere from that which others adopt, but you are not therefore hindered from action.

Because your theory of light is different from others do not refuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different you do not refuse to acknowledge the north star. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different hinder you from acting upon what you know? If you have not a whole ship fastened in the theological drydocks to bring you to wharfage, you have at least a plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

"But I don't believe in revivals!" Then go to your room, and all alone, with your door locked, give your heart to God, and join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than fifty in the shade.

"But I do not believe in baptism!" Come in without it and settle that matter afterward. "But there are so many inconsistent Christians!" Then come in and show them by a good example how professors should act. "But I don't believe in the Old Testament!" Then come in on the New. "But I don't like the book of Romans." Then come in on Matthew or Luke. Refusing to come to Christ, whom you admit to be the Saviour of the lost, because you cannot admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of the broken ship. I hear him say: "I won't go in on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the right place, and the sails set, and that keel piece where it belongs, and that floor timber right, and the ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old sailor, and know all about ships for forty years, and as soon as I can get the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in." A man drifting by on a piece of wood overhears him and says: "You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man in the offing, while trying to mend his ship, goes down. The man who trusted to the plank is saved. Oh, my brother, let your smashed up system of theology go to the bottom, while you come in on a splintered spar! "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. The steamship Knickerbocker, of the Cromwell line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in great storms, and the captain and crew saw the schooner Mary D. Cranmer, of Philadelphia, in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a lifeboat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line was thrown the poor fellows, but their hands were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down, never to rise again till the sea gives up its dead. Approbate that heroism and self sacrifice of the brave fellows all who can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out into a more biting cold and into a more overwhelming surge to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety? The wave of human hate rolled over him from one side and the wave of hellish fury rolled over him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of the tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue!

Let all else go and cling to that; put that under you, and with the earnestness of a swimmer struggling for his life put out for shore. There is a great warm fire of welcome already built, and already many, who were as far out as you are, are standing in its genial and heavenly glow. The angels of God's rescue are waiting out into the surf to cheer your hand, and they know how exhausted you are, and all the redeemed peoples of the heaven are on the beach with new white robes to clothe all those who come in on broken pieces of the ship.

My sympathies are for such all the more because I was naturally skeptical, disposed to question everything about this life and the next, and was in danger of being farther out to sea than any of the 276 in the Mediterranean breakers, and I was sometimes the annoyance of my theological professor because I asked so many questions. But I came in on a plank. I knew Christ was the Saviour of sinners and that I was a sinner, and I got ashore, and I do not propose to go out on that sea again. I have not for thirty minutes discussed the controverted points of theology in thirty years, and during the rest of my life I do not propose to discuss them for thirty seconds.

I would rather in a mud scow try to weather the worst cyclone that ever swept up from the Caribbean, than risk my immortal soul in useless and perilous discussions in which some of my brethren in the ministry are indulging. They remind me of a company of sailors standing on the Ramsgate pier head, from which the lifeboats are usually launched, and coolly discussing the different styles of carlocks and how deep a boat ought to set in the water while a hurricane is in full blast and there are three steamers crowded with passengers going to pieces in the offing. An old tar, the muscles of his face working with nervous excitement, cries out: "This is no time to discuss such things. Man the lifeboat! Who will volunteer? Out with her into the surf! Pull, my lads; pull for the wreck! Ha, ha! Now we have them. Lift them in and lay them down on the bottom of the boat. Jack, you try to bring them to. Put these flannels around their heads and feet, and I will pull for the shore. God help me! There! Landed! Huzza!" When there are so many struggling in the waves of sin and sorrow and wretchedness, let all else go but salvation for time and salvation forever.

You admit you are all broken up, one decade of your life gone by, two decades, three decades, four decades, a half century, perhaps three-quarters of a century, gone. The hour hand and the minute hand of your clock of life are almost parallel, and soon it will be 12 and your day ended. Clear discouraged, are you? I admit it is a sad thing to give all of our lives that are worth anything to sin and the devil, and then at last make God a present of a first rate corpse. But the past you cannot recover. Get on board that old ship you never will. Have you only one more year left, one more month, one more week, one more day, one more hour—come in on that. Perhaps if you get to heaven God may let you go out on some errand of mercy to some other world, where you can atone for your lack of service in this.

From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deploration something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties and fine social position and great opportunity, but through worldliness and neglect all has gone to waste save these few remaining hours. I now accept of Christ and shall enter heaven through His mercy, but alas, alas, that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the waving hands of a multitude in whose salvation I had borne a blessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pieces of the ship."

Experiment has proved the feasibility of employing prisoners on work outside the prisons, like road-making, drainage, building, farming and other operations of the sort. This will probably be found the wise way to employ them. Keep them at something useful outside. They are a permanent class, composing everywhere a definite percentage of the mass of society, and ought to be turned to the best economic use which may also be the best for their reformation. They are capable of doing a great deal of good under enlightened and scientific management, and receiving a greater measure of it than has been possible under the methods heretofore prevailing. The criminals of the State would leave a great mark on the public works of the State if their energies were permanently and systematically turned in that direction. But they must not be left idle. "That way madness lies." The crime of keeping them locked up with nothing to do would be almost as great as any of those of their own commission, which they were thus expiating.

New York ladies have been discussing the inroads made on the home by club life and bewailing modern innovations generally. One woman declared that "homes are broken up that the homemaker may obtain leisure for lectures and clubs, and even babies of 6 are smitten with the fever. Cupid has no privacy in which to shoot his darts and can only make his advances under the cover of a hundred eyes." But, worse than all this, was the statement that the fin de siecle woman had no time to make mince pies.

He Was Thankful.

A young American who was bicycling in Southern France was pushing his wheel up a steep hill, when he overtook a peasant with a donkey-cart who was rapidly becoming stalled, though the little donkey was doing his best. The benevolent wheelman, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his wheel with the other, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load up to the top successfully. The summit reached, the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor. "It was very good of you, monsieur," he said; "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey!"

Aluminum.

Aluminum heel tips are coming in rogue in England, and bid fair to come into general use. The leather is better protected than in the ordinary manner and they will stand up on the rough pavement, which is quite an advantage.

Spools are turned and bored by a simple machine, which is said to be able to complete from 5,000 to 6,000 per

CLOTH FROM CAT'TAIL.

A New Use for the Humble but Pretty Water Plant.

Very few, probably, are aware that the fur, or vegetable down of the cattail is a marketable article, superior to feathers or cotton for many purposes. It is not quite so valuable or useful as eiderdown, but it approaches it very closely, and is cheaper than any of the three. As a matter of fact, a great many people are to-day using articles covered with cat-tail products who have no idea where the material comes from.

It is a vast extent of country, comparatively speaking, from which the cat-tail is gathered. It comes from the swamps along the numerous creeks that put in from the Delaware bay, from Morris River to Cape May. The average amount gathered in the season is a ton a day. The work of gathering and transporting it, and then weaving it into the many forms which it must take before becoming salable, constitutes a considerable industry.

One of the most elaborate uses to which this material is put is that of covering sofas. Very many of the supposed plush-covered divans are really covered with a fabric of cat-tail. It wears better than the plush, and is infinitely cheaper.

The same argument that applies to the sofa is applicable to the pillow. Very often, however, such pillows go by another name.

Sofa pillows, also, are made of cat-tail because a pillow avowedly covered with cat-tail would probably be regarded with contempt. Call it Alaskan plush, however, or Shetland wool that has been treated by a new process, and it will sell readily enough, and give good satisfaction, too.

The family album which graces the centre table in the parlor of so many farm houses is also in many instances adorned with cat-tail covers, although the housewife cannot be convinced they are not plush. She has doubtless paid almost as much as if they were what she supposes, and naturally she scoffs at any person who hints that she has been victimized.

It is becoming a prevalent custom to use cat-tail fud on the back of hand mirrors and brushes, which have heretofore been backed with plush. Some say that the substitute is really proving better than the original. The head rest, too, seen on the easy chair, is often of cat-tail—and it is none the less comfortable for that.

Another article for which the cat-tail is used is the bed quilt. The eiderdown quilt is an old-time article of luxury. The cat-tail quilt is every whit as comfortable, and costs about one quarter as much. In New Jersey, at least, the housewife fully appreciates the value of the cat-tail quilt, however much her less well-informed sisters may scoff at the idea.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

It is calculated that by the year 2000 there will be 000 English-speaking person globe.

An Outside Pocket.

A kangaroo wears an outside his overalls. It is a sort of arrangement in which he carries whole family, but this is really su to the use of outside pockets in c of working men, who in machine factories are subjected to sudde severe bruises. If a bottle of St Jacob's Oil were stored away in some of the pockets, handy to rub on the part of these sudden hurts and b place, there would be hardly time in the cure of the worst of the worst bruises. It is known to remedy, curing the tenderness a of the spot very promptly, while cess of curing, the discoloration and the affected parts are fully

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The citizens of New Hamp raised $8,700 with which erect a statue of President some appropriate place.

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Can be reached from New York ty-eight hours' ride on the m equipped vestibuled train via R. R. and Southern Railway. every day in the week except Sun New York and Florida. The New York and Florida Limited leaves 12.10 noon daily except Sunday, exclusively of Pullman dining, drawing room, observation and and is operated solid between New St. Augustine, reaching the latter for dinner next day, or you can York at 4.30 P. M., through Pullman room sleeping cars are operated New York and Tampa, 12.15 A. M., thro drawing-room sleeping cars to Jacksonville. Connections are made above trains for Augusta and all points York and Florida Limited also carries man drawing-room sleeping car Augusta. New York office, 271 B

Permission to evacuate old Corinth, between the thus and the modern city granted.

Deafness Cannot be C

by local applications, as they can not diseased portion of the ear. There is way to cure deafness, and that is by tional remedies. Deafness is caused condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine tenths of all cases of Deafness are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MISCELLANEOUS

Hell Ohatsam, the travel says that among the people in the Dark Contin are slaves.

College fraternities have representative newspapers, combined circulation of 62 each issue.

The total number of locom June 30, 1895, in the employ of ways in the United States 699, being an increase of 271 previous year. The averag increase since 1890 has been

John Mills, as administrator father's estate, has sold at p a bale of cotton which his fat in 1872. The father refused at 22 cents, deeming the price and had held it for a rise. It 4-5 cents.

Matthew Buckinger, a Ger many years ago exhibited in London, had neither arms but, nevertheless, managed to good hand, very clear and holding the pen between the his right arm and his chest.

The railroad across working order from St. Peter a point beyond Krasyonsk work is carried on at the pre of speed it is probable that fine may be completed in 189 of 1905.

A pig jumped in front of a train near Jeffersonville, Ind. gineer saw it and sighed for er's loss. But when the trai Watson, five miles away, was found on the pilot of t a little bruised but not other jured.

Called His Dog Over the "P

Reynoldsville and Punx Penn., are connected by Ol One evening recently Tom being at Punxatawney "called family at Reynoldsville. His the voice and barked. Then nolds began calling the dog tled lustily, as he does when out on a rabbit hunt. An h later the pup ran panting into and greeted his master. He the call and responded.

Public Dancing Prohibit

Not content with a rigid en of a curfew law requiring girls to be off the streets after p. m., the village of Earl has prohibited public dancing is only permitted at priva unless upon a permit secured village board, and these pe limited to four each year. G is the home of E. C. Curtis elected Speaker of the House sentatives.—Chicago Chronic

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Queer Love Making.

There is a bird in South America that makes love with its feet. It is a handsome creature, but walks clumsily, and the only sound it can utter is a hoarse cluck. It dances, however, in a way that wins admiration from the females of its species, though its antics only serve as an incentive to laughter to human beings who see them.

This bird, known as the cock of the rock, lives in the northern mountainous portion of South America. It is about the size of a large chicken. The entire bird, body, wings and tail, is blood-red in color, with the exception of the tail feathers, which have a narrow band of brown across them near the ends, which are tipped with buff. On the head is a crest of feathers like a great red ball, which contracts or expands at the pleasure of its owner.

When the mating season comes, seven to ten males seek some secluded spot, where there is a level patch of ground, and clear it of any sticks, stones or leaves, stamping down the dirt until it is hard and level.

Then they call the females, who stand at the edge of this novel arena. One at a time the males then perform a most curious dance. Each dancer will first strut up and down a few times, and then, to the apparent delight of the rest, commence to caper around in an extremely ludicrous manner, spreading its tail and wings, puffing up his crest, bowing to the others, and at the same time keeping up a hopping gait until he is exhausted.

When all the males have danced, each female will choose a mate, and the happy pairs depart to begin housekeeping.

Two Barrels of Flour.

A Barton (Vt.) wife made the following from a barrel of flour: One hundred and fifty pies (mince, apple, custard, etc.), 5 chicken pies, 89 apple dumplings, 11 jelly rolls, 18 cakes, 24 dozen ginger snaps, 67 dozen doughnuts, 20 dozen cookies; and this from another barrel of flour: Eighty-six loaves of bread, 634 rolls and biscuits, 24 finger rolls, 20 pies, 7 dozen cookies, 6½ dozen popovers, 25 dozen griddle cakes and 6 dozen flour gems.

The United States last year produced 36,000,000 barrels of fermented liquors.

Hot Water on Tap.

A London company, known as the Hot Water Supply Syndicate, has been given a charter for the very latest in the line of penny-in-the-slot machines. It has been granted permission to erect, experimentally, a number of long columns and fittings for supplying hot water to the public at the rate of a half-penny per gallon. The apparatus ingeniously uses the heat given off by the gas burned in street lamps. The idea is said to have worked satisfactorily in Manchester, and for several years a similar apparatus has been working successfully in households.—Green Bag.

Three Privileged Characters.

Four Buffalo, N. Y., newspaper reporters were caught by the police at a prize-fight the other day, and were run in with the gang. But Judge King dismissed the reporters, saying that it was a principle of law, as well as of common sense, that three kinds of men were permitted to go anywhere without blame—doctors, clergymen and reporters. The outcome of the whole business was that badges were issued to the Buffalo reporters to protect themselves against arrest.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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According to our last census 3,981 persons over 100 years old were found, and of these 2,583 were women. In France in 1895 there were only sixty-six men and 147 women over the 100 mark.

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Carriages, buggies and harness can be bought of the Elkhart Carr age and Harness Mfg. Co., of Elkhart, Ind., at one-third less than dealers' prices. Their production is described in a large catalogue that is mailed free.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Great NERVE RESTORER. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's coughs and colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

St. Vitus' Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c.

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JUST try a 10c. box of Cascarets, candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

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HORSES ON SNOWSHOES.

Only Way They Can Travel Over Twenty Feet of Snow.

All the horses working at the placer mine under the shadow of Pilot Peak, Plumas Country, California, wear snowshoes. The altitude of the place is about 5,500 feet and enormous quantities of snow fall there in the winter, not infrequently reaching to the depth of twenty feet, says the San Francisco Call.

"To overcome the disadvantages of the snow and enable us to carry on our projects there," said Mr. Bowman, one of the owners of the mine, "we put snowshoes on the horses. By doing this we are able to bet in our supplies of groceries, meats, canned goods and other things, and to transport the product of our mines. All our picks, shovels, giant powder and similar things that have to be taken about in winter are handled in this way.

"Only California-bred horses are used. It has been found these are the best, and, if possible, we get mountain horses—those that are raised at high altitudes. The horses go right along in the snow. They usually take a fast walk, but sometimes they trot a little.

"They get so accustomed to the snowshoes that they don't stumble or fall at all, and they like them so well that they don't like to walk without them. They will put up their feet to have the snowshoes put on.

"We used wooden shoes at first and they worked very well, but now we have something a great deal better. It consists of a thin steel plate eight inches in diameter, through which are holes for the calks of the ordinary shoe. The plate is fastened by a steel spring to the lower part of the hoof, and there is a nut on it so it can be screwed up tight with a wrench.

"On the bottom of this steel plate is a coating of India rubber, and this, by the way, is a great improvement in horse snowshoes. It keeps the shoe free entirely of snow, whereas formerly snow used to clog and fill up on the plate. This would cause the horses to slip and flounder around. Even when the horses are fitted out with snowshoes for the first time they rarely ever fall, though, of course, they are usually steadied a little till they get the hang of things. We are careful not to select nervous horses. We don't want a horse that's too high-spirited. We rather prefer those that are quiet and not easily perturbed.

"The trained snowshoe horse can go anywhere, no matter how precipitous the mountains are, or how deep the snow is. We tried for awhile making snowshoes out of aluminum for the horses. The metal was light, and it was thought for a time that it would be just the thing. But we found that the aluminum, unlike steel, would bend, so we gave up the new white metal and stuck to the steel, using a thick rubber coating for the bottom."

Purifying a Room's Air.

The air of a room may be purified in two hours by setting inside of it a wide-mouthed pitcher filled with pure cold water. In three hours at most it will have absorbed all the respired gases in the room, leaving the air purer by that much, but the water will be too filthy to use, if one but knew and see what it has taken in. It is estimated that a common pailful of ice-cold water will absorb in six hours one quart of carbonic acid, and several pints of ammonia from the air. For the purpose of purifying the air the water is all right, but don't use it to wash in or to drink. For those purposes use fresh water, just drawn, or use from vessels that are already covered either by metal or china, or by several folds of cloth, like a clean towel. Care in the use of drinking water would avert many calamities as typhoid and other malarial fever—From the Washington Star.

Where the Fish Chew Tobacco.

Binghamton, Feb. 6.—Francis Harding, living near Lilly Lake, in this County, has made a discovery. He was out tip-up fishing, and had cut several holes in the ice. He had waited in vain for a bit for several hours, when he happened to toss a quid of tobacco in one of the holes. Quick as a flash it was snapped up and disappeared beneath the water. This gave him an idea, and pulling up one of his many hooks, he placed a piece of plug tobacco on it. Instantly there was a commotion, and he pulled in a fine four-pound pickerel. Francis then distributed his remaining supply of tobacco on the various hooks, and the result was that in half an hour he had over fifteen pounds of fish. Since then he has made several large hauls in this manner.

The Boy's Wish.

"Pastor Tom Spurgeon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle," writes a correspondent of the London News, "took his little son to witness the festivities at Spurgeon's Orphanage. No doubt Master Spurgeon has a very happy home, but when he saw the array of toys, and the general jollity in the institution which his grandfather founded, he looked up in his father's face and made the unfilial remark:

"Oh, don't I wish I was an orphan!"

A WOMAN'S BODY.

What Its Neglect Leads to. Mrs. Chas. King's Experience.

A woman's body is the repository of the most delicate mechanism in the whole realm of creation, and yet most women will let it get out of order and keep out of order, just as if it were of no consequence. Their backs ache and heads throb and burn; they have wandering pains, now here and now there. They experience extreme lassitude, that don't-care and want-to-be-left-alone feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness and the blues, yet they will go about their work until they can scarcely stand on their poor swollen feet, and do nothing to help themselves. These are the positive fore-runners of serious womb complications, and unless given immediate attention will result in untold misery, if not death.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will, beyond the question of a doubt, relieve all this trouble before it becomes serious, and it has cured many after their troubles had become chronic.

The Compound should be taken immediately upon the appearance of any of these symptoms above enumerated. It is a vegetable tonic which invigorates and stimulates the entire female organism, and will produce the same beneficial results in the case of any sick woman as it did with MRS. CHAS. KING, 1815 Rosewood St., Philadelphia, Pa., whose letter we attach:

"I write these few lines, thanking you for restoring my health. For twelve years I suffered with pains impossible to describe. I had bearing-down feelings, backache, burning sensation in my stomach, chills, headache, and always had black specks before my eyes. I was afraid to stay alone, for I sometimes had four and five fainting spells a day. I had several doctors and tried many patent medicines. Two years ago I was so bad that I had to go to bed and have a trained nurse. Through her, I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I never had anything give me the relief that it has. I have taken eight bottles, and am now enjoying the best of health again. I can truthfully say it has cured me."

REASONS FOR USING

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

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The regular subscription price of "Demorest's Magazine," "Judge's Library," and "Funny Pictures" is $3.30.

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"DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE" is by far the best family magazine published; there is none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature are so skilfully presented as in Demorest's. There is, in fact, no publication pretending to a similar scope and purpose which can compare with it. Every number contains a free pattern coupon.

"JUDGE'S LIBRARY" is a monthly magazine of fun, filled with illustrations in caricature and replete with wit and humor. Its contributors are the best of American wits and illustrators.

"FUNNY PICTURES" is another humorous monthly; there is a laugh in every line of it.

All three of these magazines are handsomely gotten up. You should not miss this chance to secure them.

Cut out this advertisement and send it with $2.00 to

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A lady from North Carolina says: "My sister has used

RIPANS TABULES

and speaks in the highest terms of them, and says they cannot be excelled in keeping the system well regulated. She was a sufferer from dyspepsia and indigestion for several years."

Ask your druggist for them. Five in a vial, price 72 cents, enough for a time. One gives relief. A dose for a dyspeptic is one tablet taken after each meal. Some people find it convenient to carry the vial with them. Any druggist, if he chooses, can sell you a vial for 72 cents. The tablets are sold by druggists generally. The five-cent package is for trial, but the 72-cent vial is the regular size, containing a supply for a long time. Ripans Tabules are the best known remedy for sick headache, biliousness, indigestion, dyspepsia, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Ripans Tabules