

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE UNPARDONABLE SIN" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"All Manner of Sin Shall Be Forgiven Unto Men; but the Blasphemy of the Holy Ghost Shall Not Be Forgiven Unto Men"—Matthew 12: 31-32.



NEW YORK, July 14, 1895. In his sermon for to-day, Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still in the West on his annual summer tour, chose a subject which has been a fruitful theme of theological disputation for centuries past, viz.: "The unpardonable sin."

The texts selected were: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." (Matthew 12: 31-32.)

"He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." (Heb. 12: 17.)

As sometimes you gather the whole family around the evening stand to hear some book read, so now we gather—a great Christian family group—to study this text; and now may one and the same lamp cast its glow on all the circle!

You see from the first passage that I read that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost for which a man is never pardoned. Once having committed it, he is bound hand and foot for the dungeons of despair. Sermons may be preached to him, songs may be sung to him, prayers may be offered in his behalf; but all to no purpose. He is a captive for this world, and a captive for the world that is to come. Do you suppose that there is any one here who has committed that sin? All sins are against the Holy Ghost; but my text speaks of one especially. It is very clear to my own mind that the sin against the Holy Ghost was the ascribing of the works of the Spirit to the agency of the devil in the time of the apostles. Indeed, the Bible distinctly tells us that. In other words, if a man had raised given to him, or if another was raised from the dead, and someone standing there should say, "This man got his sight by Satanic power; the Holy Spirit did not do this; Beelzebub accomplished it," or, "This man raised from the dead was raised by Satanic influence," the man who said that dropped down under the curse of the text, and had committed the fatal sin against the Holy Ghost.

Now, I do not think it is possible in this day to commit that sin. I think it was possible only in apostolic times. But it is a very terrible thing ever to say anything against the Holy Ghost, and it is a marked fact that our race has been markedly kept back from that profanity. You hear a man swear by the name of the Eternal God, and by the name of Jesus Christ, but you never hear a man swear by the name of the Holy Ghost. There are those here today who fear they are guilty of the unpardonable sin. Have you such anxiety? Then I have to tell you positively that you have not committed that sin, because the very anxiety is a result of the movement of the gracious Spirit, and your anxiety is proof positive, as certainly as anything that can be demonstrated in mathematics, that you have not committed the sin that I have been speaking of. I can look upon this audience and feel that there is salvation for all. It is fit like when they put out with those life-boats from the "Loch Earn" for the "Ville du Havre." They knew that there was not room for all the passengers, but they were going to do as well as they could. But to-day we man the life-boats of the Gospel, and we cry out over the sea, "Room for all!" Oh, that the Lord Jesus Christ would, this hour, bring you all out of the flood of sin, and plant you on the deck of the glorious old Gospel craft!

But while I have said I do not think it is possible for you to commit the particular sin spoken of in the first text, I have by reason of the second text to call your attention to the fact that there are sins which, though they may be pardoned, are in some respects irrevocable; and you can find no place of repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears. Esau had a birthright given him. In olden times it meant not only temporal but spiritual blessing. One day Esau took this birthright and traded it off for something to eat. Oh, the folly! But let us not be too severe upon him, for some of us have committed the same folly. After he had made the trade, he wanted to get it back. Just as though you to-morrow morning should take all your notes and bonds and government securities, and should go into a restaurant, and in a fit of recklessness and hunger throw all those securities on the counter and ask for a plate of food, making that exchange. This was the one Esau made. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and he was very sorry about it afterward; but "he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

There is an impression in almost every man's mind that somewhere in the future there will be a chance where he can correct all his mistakes. Live as we may, if we only repent in time, God will forgive us; and then all will be as well as though we had never committed sin. My discourse shall come in collision with that theory. I shall show you, my friends, as God will help me, that there is such a thing as an unsuccessful repentance; that there are things done wrong that always stay wrong, and for them you may seek some place of repentance, and seek it carefully, but never find it.

Belonging to this class of irrevocable mistakes is the folly of misspent youth. We may look back to our college days, and think how we neglected chemistry, or geology, or botany, or mathematics. Can we ever get the discipline or the advantage that we would have had had we attended to those duties in early life? A man wakes up at forty years of age and finds that his youth has been wasted, and he strives to get back his early advantages. Does he get them back—the days of boyhood, the days in

college, the days under his father's roof? "Oh," he says, "if I could only get those times back again, how I would improve them!" My brother, you will never get them back. They are gone, gone. You may be very sorry about it, and God may forgive, so that you may at last reach heaven; but you will never get over some of the mistakes that have come to your soul as a result of your neglect of early duty. You may try to undo it; you cannot undo it. When you had a boy's arms, and a boy's eyes, and a boy's heart you ought to have attended to those things. A man says, at fifty years of age, "I do wish I could get over those habits of indolence." When did you get them? At twenty or twenty-five years of age. You cannot shake them off. They will hang to you to the very day of your death. If a young man through a long course of evil conduct undermines his physical health, and then repents it in after life, the Lord may pardon him; but that does not bring back good physical condition. I said to a minister of the Gospel, one Sabbath, at the close of the service, "Where are you preaching now?" "Oh," he says, "I am not preaching. I am suffering from the physical effects of early sin. I can't preach now; I am sick." A consecrated man he now is, and he mourns bitterly over early sins; but that does not arrest their bodily effects.

The simple fact is that men and women often take twenty years of their life to build up influences that require all the rest of their life to break down. Talk about a man beginning life when he is twenty-one years of age; talk about a woman beginning life when she is eighteen years of age! Ah, no! In many respects that is the time that close life. In many cases out of ten, all the questions of eternity are decided before that. Talk about a majority of men getting their fortunes between thirty and forty! The get or lose fortunes between ten and twenty. When you tell me that a man is just beginning life, I tell you he is just closing it. The next fifty years will not be of as much importance to him as the first twenty.

Now, why do I say this? Is it for the annoyance of those who have only a baleful retrospection? You know that is not my way. I say it for the benefit of young men and women. I want them to understand that eternity is wrapped up in this hour; that the sins of youth we never get over; that you are now fashioning the mold in which your great future is to run; that a minute, instead of being sixty seconds long, is made up of everlasting ages. You see what dignity and importance this gives to the life of all our young folks. Why, in the light of this subject, life is not something to be frittered away, not something to be smirked about, not something to be danced out, but something to be weighed in the balances of eternity. Oh, young man! the sin of yesterday, the sin of to-morrow, will reach over ten thousand years, ay, over the great and unending eternity. You may, after awhile, say, "I am very sorry. Now I have got to be thirty or forty years of age, and I do wish I had never committed those sins." What does that amount to? God may pardon you; but unto those things you never will, you never can.

In this same category of irrevocable mistakes I put all parental neglect. We begin the education of our children too late. By the time they get to be ten or fifteen we wake up to our mistakes and try to eradicate this bad habit, and change that, but it is too late. The parent who smites, in the first ten years of the child's life, to make an eternal impression for Christ, never makes it. The child will probably go on with all the disadvantages, which might have been avoided by parental faithfulness. Now you see what a mistake that father or mother makes who puts off to a later date the education of his child. Here is a man who at fifty years of age says to you, "I must be a Christian!" and he yields his heart to God, and sits in the place of prayer to-day a Christian. None of us can doubt it. He goes home and he says, "Here at fifty years of age I have given my heart to the Savior. Now I must establish a family altar." What? Where are your children now? One in Boston, another in Cincinnati; another in New Orleans; and you, my brother, at your fiftieth year going to establish your family altar? Very well; better late than never; but alas, alas that you did not do it twenty-five years ago!

When I was in Chamouni, Switzerland, I saw in the window of one of the shops a picture that impressed my mind very much. It was a picture of an accident that occurred on the side of one of the Swiss mountains. A company of travelers, with guides, went up some steep places—places which but a few years ago were attempted to go up. They were, as all travelers are there, fastened together with cords at the waist, so that if one slipped the rope would hold him—the rope fastened to the others. Passing along the most dangerous point one of the guides slipped and they all started down the precipice; but after awhile one more muscular than the rest stuck his heels into the ice and stopped; but the rope broke, and down, hundreds and thousands of feet, the rest went. And so I see whole families bound together by ties of affection, and in many cases walking on slippery places of worldliness and sin. The father knows it, and the mother knows it, and they are bound all together. After a while they begin to slide down steeper and steeper, and the father becomes alarmed, and he stops, planting his feet on the "Rock of Ages." He stops, but the rope breaks, and those who were once tied fast to him by moral and spiritual influences go over the precipice. Oh, there is such a thing as coming to Christ soon enough to save ourselves, but not soon enough to save others!

How many parents wake up in the latter part of life to find out the mistake! The parent says, "I have been too lenient," or "I have been too severe in the discipline of my children. If I had the little ones around me again, how different I would do!" You will never have them around again. The work is done, the bent to the character is given, the eternity is decided. I say this to young parents—those who are twenty-five or thirty or thirty-five years of age—have the family altar to-night. How do you suppose that father felt as he leaned over the couch of his dying child, and the expiring son said to him, "Father, you have been very good to me. You have given me a fine education, and you have placed me in a fine social position; you have done everything for me in a worldly sense; but, other, you never told me how to die. Now I am dying and I am afraid."

In this category of irrevocable mistakes I place, also, the unkindness done the departed. When I was a boy my

mother used to say to me sometimes, "De Witt, you will be sorry for that when I am gone." And I remember just how she looked, sitting there, with cap and spectacles, and the old Bible in her lap; and she never said a truer thing than that, for I have been sorry since. While we have our friends with us, we say unguarded things that wound the feelings of those to whom we ought to give nothing but kindness. Perhaps the parent, without knowing into the matter, boxes the child's ears. The little one, who has fallen in the street, comes in covered with dust, and, as though the first disaster were not enough, she whips it. After a while the child is taken, or the parent is taken, or the companion is taken and those who are left say, "Oh, if we could only get back those unkind words, those unkind deeds; if we could only recall them!" But you can not get them back. You might bow down over the grave of that loved one, and cry and cry—the white lips would make no answer. The stars shall be plucked out of the sockets, but these influences shall not be torn away. The world shall die, but there are some wrongs immortal. The moral of which is, take care of your friends while you have them; spare the scolding; be economical of the satire; shut up in a dark cave, from which they shall never swarm forth, all the words that have a sting in them. You will wish you had some day—very soon you will—perhaps to-morrow. Oh, yes. While with a firm hand you administer parental discipline, also administer it very gently, lest some day there be a little slab in the cemetery, and on it chiseled "Our Willie," or "Our Charlie," and though you bow down in the grave and seek a place of repentance, it carefully with tears, you can not find it.

There is another sin that I place in the class of irrevocable mistakes, and that is lost opportunities of getting good. I never come to a Saturday night but I can see during that week that I have missed opportunities of getting good. I never come to my birthday but I can see that I have wasted many chances of getting better. I never go home on Sabbath from the discussion of a religious theme without feeling that I might have done it in a more successful way. How is it with you? If you take a certain number of bushels of wheat and scatter them over a certain number of acres of land, you expect a harvest in proportion to the amount of seed scattered. And I ask you now, have the sheaves of moral and spiritual harvest corresponded with the advantages given? How has it been with you? You may make resolutions for the future, but past opportunities are gone. In the long procession of future years all those past moments will march; but the archangel's trumpet that wakes the dead will not wake for you one of those privileges. Esau has sold his birthright and there is not wealth enough in the treasure houses of heaven to buy it back again. What does that mean? It means that if you are going to get any advantage out of this Sabbath day, you will have to get it before the hand wheels around the clock to the to-morrow.

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I stand before those who have a glorious birthright. Esau was not so rich as you are. He had once and you sell it forever. I remember the story of the lad on the Arctic some years ago—the lad who went to the Arctic coast, and came back with a great deal of gold. It was found that the ship must be taken. Some of the passengers got off in the life boat, some got off in rafts, but three hundred went to the bottom. During all those hours of calamity Stewart Holland stood at the signal gun and it sounded across the sea, "boom! boom!" The helmsman forsook his place, the engineer was gone, and some faint and some prayed and some blasphemed and the powder was gone and they could no more set off the signal gun. The lad broke in the magazine and brought out more powder, and again the gun boomed over the sea. Oh, my friends, tossed on the rough sea of life, some have taken the warning, have gone off in the lifeboat, and they are safe; but others are not making any attempt to escape. So I stand at the signal gun of the Gospel, sounding the alarm, "boom! boom!" Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation. Hear it that your soul may live.

Children's Fear of Animals. So far as I can ascertain, facts are strongly opposed to the theory of inherited fear of animals. Just as in the first months a child will manifest something like recoil from a pretty and perfectly innocent pigeon, so later on a child manifest fear in the most unlikely directions. In the invisible playmate we are told of a girl who got into her first fright on seeing a sparrow drop on the grass near her, though she was not the least afraid of big things, and on first hearing the dog bark in his kennel said, with a little laugh of surprise, "Oh! coughing." A parallel case is sent me by a lady friend. One day when her daughter was about four years old she found her standing, the eyes wide open and filled with tears, the arms outstretched for help, evidently transfixed with terror, while a small wood louse made its slow way toward her. The next day the child was taken, for the first time, to the Zoo, and the mother, anticipating trouble, held her hand. But there was no need. A "fearful spirit" in general, she released her hand at the first sight of the elephant, and galloped after the monster. If inheritance plays a principal part in the child's fear of animals, one would have expected the facts to be reversed. The elephant should have excited dread, not the harmless insect.—James Sully in Popular Science Monthly.

A Dish Made Their Fortune. Brandade is fresh cod boiled with onions, garlic, white pepper, laurel leaves and sage. It was brandade that, under the first Empire, laid the foundations of the fortune of the Trois Freres Provencaux. The three brothers, who were all good cooks, brought with them to Paris their recipe for brandade and other Provencaux dishes.—London Telegraph.

HISTORIC EVERGREENS CUT.

Planted Over Sixty Years Ago in Wisconsin by a Pioneer Resident. The far-famed "evergreen avenue" in front of the Catholic church at Little Chute, which for nearly sixty years has been a landmark known and admired throughout the Fox river valley, is no more, says the Milwaukee Journal. The local church authorities for some reason decided upon its removal, and the beautiful evergreen trees have been cut down and sold for firewood. This avenue of splendid evergreen trees was planted by the hands of Father Van der Brook, the pioneer missionary of the Fox river region. It was in 1831 Father Van der Brook, then a young but learned and pious priest of the Roman Catholic church, left his home in the east and came west to the then territorial wilds of Wisconsin to become a missionary among the Indians. He came to what is now Little Chute, then the principal village of the Menominee tribe of Indians, on July 4, 1831. For the first few years his only parishioners were the Menominee Indians and the few chance voyagers and hardy trappers and hunters who passed that way on the old-time trail from Fort Howard to Fort Dearborn (Chicago). In 1835, on the site where in 1873 Father Marquette established the first mission on Fox river, Father Van der Brook built a bark wigwam, from which he preached the gospel to his savage hearers even as had the early Jesuits two centuries before him. In 1836 he built a little log church on the site of the earlier wigwam, and it still stands a short distance from the more pretentious but less picturesque brick structure which now occupies the site of that earlier house of worship. From the door of this little chapel which stood on the crest of the bluff he planted two rows of evergreen trees, leading back about forty rods to the "trail," now the main street of Little Chute, and the highway from Appleton to Kaukauna. To the day of his death, in 1851, these trees were an especial object of his care.

Summer Tourist Rates. The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry.) is now selling excursion tickets at reduced rates to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Bayfield, Marquette, Deadwood, Dakota, Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitowish, Lake City, and the lake and mountain resorts to the west and northwest. For rates and full information apply to agents of connecting lines. Illustrated pamphlets, giving full particulars, will be mailed free upon application to W. B. Kalskorn, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Real Temperance Work Progressing. The good cause of temperance flourishes in spite of the mistakes of some of its misguided friends. The use of alcoholic drinks is steadily decreasing. Drunkenness is becoming less prevalent. The managers of the great railway lines and other corporations are helping the temperance movement by insisting on sobriety among their employes. In congress and in state legislatures there is not one-tenth as much inebriety to-day as there was forty years ago. On the farms and in the factories and mills, and wherever men work for their bread, there is a gratifying diminution of intemperance. This "good work goes on" bravely and hopefully.—Ex.

Ladies, Use the Eureka Corset Steel Protector (patent apple-foam). It will prevent your corset steels from breaking, and, if broken, enable you to mend them in a few minutes. Price, 10 cents. For sale by all dry goods and notion stores. Will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Eureka Corset Steel Protector Co., Suite 417, New Era Bldg., 7 Blue Island avenue, Chicago.

Too Polite. "There is such a thing as being too polite. For instance, there is Plumleigh. He went into a store to inquire about something or other, and there was nobody but a woman there. He began by asking, 'I beg your pardon, if you are not engaged,' and before he could say any more she interrupted him with: 'This is so sudden!' And, by gracious, she accepted him on the spot, and before he knew what was going on, No, sir, it doesn't pay to be too polite." And the speaker shook his head sagely, and not without a suggestion of sadness.—Boston Transcript.



KNOWLEDGE Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Schrage's \$1,000,000 Rheumatic Cure Never Failed. 147 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Royal Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. Latest U. S. Government Food Report. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

LASSOING A BEAR.

An Incident of a Chase in the Rocky Mountains.

After an hour's weary traveling down the winding way we came out upon the plain and found a small cow outfit belonging to Mr. Stevens, and under a long lay our dead silver tip, while a half dozen punchers squatted about it. It appeared that three of them had been working up in the foot-hills when they heard the dogs, and shortly discovered the bear. Having no guns and being on fairly good ground, they called their riatas and prepared to do battle.

The silver-tip was badly blown, and the three dogs which had stayed with him were so tired that they sat up at a respectful distance and panted and lolled. The first rope went over Bruin's head and one paw. There lies the danger. But instantly number two flew straight to the mark, and the pointer surged while Bruin stretched out with a roar. A third rope got his other hind leg and the puncher dismounted and tied it to a tree. The roaring, biting, clawing mass of hair was practically helpless, but to kill him was an undertaking.

"Why didn't you brand him and turn him loose?" I asked the cowboy. "Well," said the puncher in his Texan drawl, "we could have branded him all right, but we might have needed some help in turning him loose."

They pelted him with malpais, and finally stuck a knife into the vital part, and then, loading him on a pony, they brought him in. It was a daring performance, but was regarded by the "punchers" as a great joke.

GRASS IS KING'S TON PER ACRE.

How grass; that is the foundation of all successful farming. Sow this fall! Did you ever hear of six tons per acre? Salzer's seeds produce such yields. Wheat 60 to 80 bushels! Rye 60 bushels! Cut this out and send for free sample of winter wheat and grass and full catalogue to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. (W.N.U.)

Pleasing Sign of the New South.

The magnificent scale upon which the Atlanta exposition is planned speaks for the prosperity of the south, and the abundant space which has been reserved by northern exhibitors denotes the steady diminution of sectional feeling in this country. The show will stand as a testimonial of the advancement made by the new south, and of the progress of the nation at large, for nearly every state in the Union will be represented. Money has been expended with a lavish hand to make the exposition a success, and to this will be added the active sympathy and good will of the whole country.—Ex.

Tobacco-Weakened Resolutions.

Nerves irritated by tobacco, always craving for stimulants, explains why it is so hard to swear off. No-To-Tobacco is the only guaranteed tobacco-habit cure because it acts directly on affected nerve centers, restores irritation, promotes digestion and healthy, refreshing sleep. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days. No run risk. No-To-Tobacco is sold and guaranteed by druggists everywhere. Book free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Calling for a Big Navy.

Prudence, self-respect and patriotism demand that this country should have a powerful navy, capable of coping with the best afloat, says an exchange. Congress should realize this fact and adopt some comprehensive plan which will insure the construction of an adequate fleet within a reasonable time. It is always possible for the United States to raise a large army at short notice, although the arming and equipping of a large force might meet with delays, but it is impossible to build a fleet except after years of work.

You will ride a Bicycle. Of course you will ride. All the world will—fashion, pleasure, business—men, women, children. It takes a while sometimes for the world to recognize its privileges, but when it does it adapts itself promptly. Therefore, you who are in the world will ride a bicycle—a COLUMBIA bicycle if you desire the best the world produces; a Hartford, the next best, if anything short of a Columbia will content you. Columbia, \$100; Hartfords, \$80; \$60; for boys and girls, \$50. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn. Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Providence, Buffalo.

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Cabled Field and Hog Fence. Cabled Post, Garden and Rabbit Fences. Steel Web Picket Lawn Fence, and Quality first class. PRICES LOW. Chicago Fence Co., 121 High St., De Kalb, Ill.

Pink and purple are the leading colors worn in Paris this season.

FITZ—All fits stopped free by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. No fit after the third bottle. Guaranteed cures. Treatise and circulars free. 21c cases. Sent to Dr. J. C. King, 108 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

Bees in order to collect one pound of honey must visit the clover fields not less than 3,850,000 times.

"I have tried Parlor's GINGER Tonic and believe it is the best I ever used, and will use it when familiar with its revitalizing properties."

You never appreciate the weight of your friend's infirmities until you lug him home on his off nights.

Just how it does it is not the question. It is enough to know that Henderson takes out the corn, and a very pleasing relief it is. It is a drugless.

It is hard to believe that a man who doesn't agree with us can be altogether right in his heart.—Texas Sittings.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life. Allis Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

An albino frog with beautiful pink eyes has lately been added to the curiosities in the museum at Berlin.

"Hanson's Magic Cure Salve." Warranted to cure all sores, cuts, and ulcers. Price 10c. Sold by druggists.

It has been calculated that the saline matter held in solution in sea water comprises one-twentieth of its weight.

R. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky. "Halt's Catarrh Cure" cures everyone that takes it." Sold by Druggists, etc.

"When a man tells you something you can't swallow," isn't it a little unkind to try to make him "eat his words."—Texas Sittings.

Hegeman's Compound for Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc. Sold by Druggists, etc.

He—Were you ever in love? She—I thought I was once, but since I have read a few of the modern society novels I have concluded that I wasn't.

If the Baby is Crying Too Much. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, "Washley's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething."

A Little Overlight. Jones was absent-minded, and as he was about to sail for the continent with his wife and family a friend came down to see him off and make sure all was right. The friend was late. It was twenty minutes of sailing time, but he found Jones smiling and happy.

"Hello, Jones!" he cried. "All right!" "Yes," nodded Jones; "trunks, tickets, letter of credit, steamer chair—everything. Matter myself that all is right this time."

"That's good," was the answer. "Where's Mrs. Jones and the family? Have to tell them adieu and hurry ashore."

"Jove!" cried Jones, sitting down suddenly. "I think they're waiting at home for me."—Harper's Magazine.

You can carry the little vial of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets right in the vest-pocket of your dress suit. It will not make even a little lump. The "Pellets" are so small that 42 of them go in a vial scarcely more than an ounce, and are big round as lead pellets. They cure constipation. One "Pellet" is a laxative; two a mild cathartic. One taken after dinner will stimulate digestive action and palliate the effects of over-eating. They act with gentle efficiency on stomach, liver and bowels. They don't do the work themselves. They simply stimulate the natural action of the organs themselves.

BLOOD POISON. A SPECIALTY. Primary, Secondary, Tertiary. See our circulars. You can be treated at home for a few dollars under our guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will cure you for a few dollars and refund your bill, and we will cure you for a few dollars and refund your bill, and we will cure you for a few dollars and refund your bill.

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