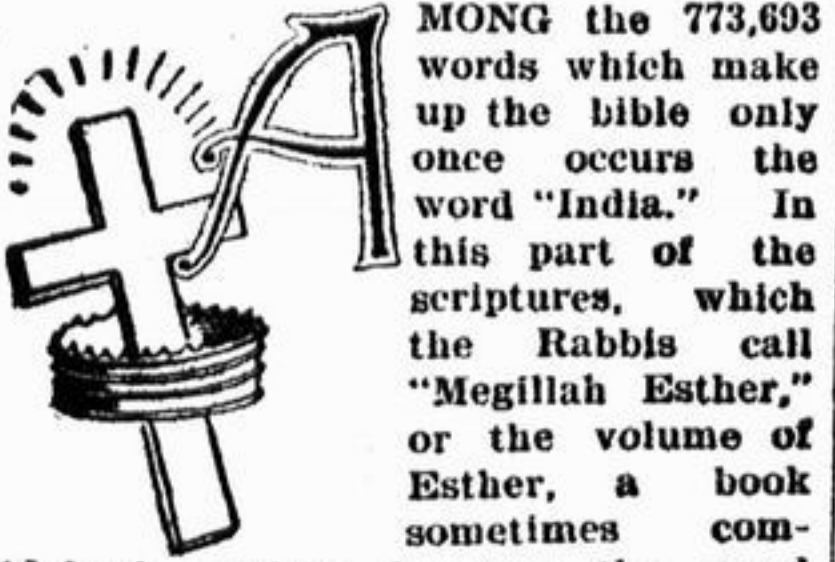


TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE HUNGER IN INDIA, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "This is Ahasuerus Which Reigned from India, Even unto Ethiopia"—Ezther 1:1. A Lead Plundered by Greed.



Plained against because the word "God" is not even once mentioned in it, although one rightly disposed can see God in it from the first chapter to the last, we have it set forth that Xerxes, or Ahasuerus, who invaded Greece with two million men, but returned in a poor fisher's boat, had a vast dominion, among other regions, India. In my text India takes its place in bible geography, and the interest in that land has continued to increase until, with more and more enthusiasm, all around the world Bishop Heber's hymn about "India's coral strand" is being sung. Never will I forget the thrill of anticipation that went through my body and mind and soul when, after two weeks' tossing on the seas around Ceylon and India—for the winds did not, according to the old hymn, "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle"—our ship sailed up one of the mouths of the Ganges, past James and Mary island, so named because a royal ship of that name was wrecked there, and I stepped ashore at Calcutta, amid the shrines and temples and sculptures of that "City of Palaces," the strange physiognomies of the living and the cremations of the dead, I had never expected to be there, because the sea and I long ago had a serious falling out; but the facilities of travel are so increasing that you or your children will probably visit that land of boundless fascination. Its configuration is such that no one but God could have architected, and it seems as if a man who had no religion going there, would be obliged to acknowledge a God as did the cowboy in Colorado. His companion, an atheist, had about persuaded the cowboy that there was no God, but coming amidst some of that tremendous scenery of high rocks and awful chasms, and depths dug under depths, and mountains piled on mountains, the cowboy said to his atheistic companion, "Jack, if there is no God now, I guess from the looks of things around here there must have been a God some time." No one but the Omnipotent could have planned India, and no one but the Omnipotent could have built it. It is a great triangle, its base the Himalayas, a word meaning "the dwelling place of snows," those mountains pouring out of their crystal cup the Indus, the Brahmaputra and the Ganges to slake the thirst of the vast populations of India. That country is the home of two hundred and forty million souls. Whatever be one's taste going there, his taste is gratified. Some go as hunters of great game, and there is no end to their entertainment. Mighty fauna; bison, buffalo, rhinoceros, elephant, panther, lion, tiger—this last to be the perpetual game for Americans and Europeans, because he comes up from the malarial swamps, where no human being dare enter; the deer and antelope his accustomed food, but once having obtained the taste of human blood, he wants nothing else, and is called "the man-eater." You can not see the tiger's natural ferocity after he has been humiliated by a voyage across the sea. You need to hear his growl as he presses his iron paw against the cage in Calcutta. Thirteen towns have been abandoned as residence because of the work of this cruel invader. In India in the year 1877 eight hundred and nineteen people were slain by the tiger, and ten thousand cattle destroyed. From the back of the elephant or from galleries built among the trees fifteen hundred tigers went down and eighteen thousand dollars of government reward were paid the sportsmen.

The Baptist missionary, Carey, who did infinite good to India, had two great passions—first, a passion for souls, and next, a passion for flowers, and he adorned his Asiatic home and the American homes of his friends, and museums on either side the sea, with the results of his floral expeditions in India. To prepare himself for morning prayers, he was accustomed to walk amid the flowers and trees. It is the heaven of the arabesque and abelmosch, and palm tree. The ethnologist, going there, will find endless entertainment in the study of the races now living there and the races of whose blood they are commingling. The historian, going there, will find his theory of Warren Hastings' government in India the reverse from that which Edmund Burke gave him in the most famous address ever made in a court room, its two characteristics matchless eloquence and one-sidedness of statement. The archaeologist will be thrown into a frenzy of delight as he visits Delhi of India and digs down and finds seven dead cities underneath the now living city. All success to the hunters and the botanists and the ethnologists and the historians and the archaeologists who visit India, each one on his or her errand! But we today visit India as Christian women and men to hear the full meaning of a groan of hunger that has traveled fourteen thousand miles, yet gets louder and more agonizing as the days go by. But why have any interest in people so far away that it is evening there when it is morning here, their complexion darker, their language to us a jargon, their attire unlike that found in any American wardrobe, their

memory and their ambition unlike anything that we recall or hope for? With more emphasis than you put into the interrogatory "Why," I answer, "First: Because our Christ was an Asiatic. Egypt gave to us its monuments, Rome gave to us its law, Germany gave to us its philosophy, but Asia gave to us its Christ. His mother an Asiatic; the mountains that looked down upon him, Asiatic; the lakes on whose pebbly banks he rested and on whose chopped waves he walked, Asiatic; the apostles whom he first commissioned, Asiatic; the audiences he wheeled with his illustrations drawn from blooming lilies and salt crystals, and great rain-falls, and bellying tempests, and hypocrites long faces, and croaking ravens—all those audiences Asiatic. Christ during his earthly stay was never outside of Asia. When he had sixteen or eighteen years to spare from his active work, instead of spending that time in Europe, I think he goes farther toward the heart of Asia, namely, India. The Bible says nothing of Christ from twelve years of age until thirty, but there are records in India and traditions in India which represent a strange, wonderful, most excellent, and supernatural being as staying in India about that time. I think Christ was there much of the time between his twelfth and his thirtieth year, but however that may be, Christ was born in Asia, suffered in Asia, died in Asia, ascended from Asia, and all that makes me turn my ear more attentively toward that continent as I hear its cry of distress. . . .

Most interesting are the people of India. At Calcutta, I said to one of their leaders, who spoke English well: "Have these idols which I see any power of themselves to help or destroy?"

He said: "No; they only represent God. There is but one God."

"When people die, where do they go to?"

"That depends upon what they have been doing; if they have been doing good, to heaven, and if they have been doing evil, to hell."

"But do you not believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death we go into birds or animals of some sort?"

"Yes; the last creature a man is thinking of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a bird, he will go into a bird; if he is thinking of a beast, he will go into a beast."

"I thought you said that at death the soul goes to heaven or hell?"

"He goes there by a gradual process. It may take him years and years."

"Can any one become a Hindoo?"

"Could I become a Hindoo?"

"Yes, you could."

"How could I become a Hindoo?"

"By doing as the Hindoos do."

From the walls of one of their museums at Jeypore I had translated for me these beautiful sentiments:

The wise make failure equal to success.

Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads, let love through good deeds show.

Do not to others that which if done to thee would cause thee pain. And this is the sum of duty.

A man obtains a proper rule of action by looking on his neighbor as himself.

From that continent of interesting folk, from that continent that gave the Christ, from that continent which has been endeared by so many missionary heroes, there comes a groan of eighty million people in hunger. More people are in danger of starving to death in India to-day than the entire population of the United States. In the famine in India in the year 1877 about six million people starved to death. That is more than all the people of Washington, of New York, of Philadelphia, of Chicago, put together. But that famine was not a tenth part as awful as the one there now raging. Twenty thousand are dying there of famine every day. Whole villages and towns have died—every man, woman and child; none left to bury the dead. The vultures and the jackals are the only pallbearers. Though some help has been sent, before full relief can reach them I suppose there will be at least ten million dead. Starvation, even for one person, is an awful process. No food, the vitals gnaw upon themselves and faintness and languor and pangs from head to foot, and horror and despair and insanity take full possession. One handful of wheat or corn or rice per day would keep life going, but they cannot get a handful. The crops failed and the millions are dying. Oh, it is hard to be hungry in a world where there is enough grain, and fruit, and meat, to fill all the hungry mouths on the planet; but alas! that the sufferer and the supply cannot be brought together. There stands India to-day! Look at her! Her face dusky from the suns of many centuries; under her turban such achings of brow as only a dying nation feels; her eyes hollow with unutterable woe; the tears rolling down her sunken cheek; her back bent with more agonies than she knows how to carry; her ovens containing nothing but ashes. Gantt, ghastly, wasted, the dew of death upon her forehead and a pallor such as the last hour brings, she stretches forth her trembling hand towards us and with hoarse whisper she says: "I am dying! Give me bread! That is what I want! Bread! Give it to me quick! Give it to me now—bread! bread! bread!" America has heard the cry. Many thousands of dollars have already been contributed. One ship laden with breadstuffs has sailed from San Francisco for India. Our senate and house of representatives in a bill signed by our sympathetic president have authorized the secretary of the navy to charter a vessel to carry food to the famine sufferers, and you may help to fill that ship. We want to send at least six hundred thousand bushels of corn. That will save the lives of at least six hundred thousand people.

Many will respond in contributions of money, and the barns and corn-crisps of the entire United States will pour forth their treasures of food. When that ship is laden till it can carry no more, we will ask Him who holds the winds in his fist and plants his triumphant foot on stormy waves to let nothing but good happen to the ship till it anchors in Bengal or Arabian waters. They who help by contributions of money or breadstuffs toward filling that relief ship will favor their own food for their lifetime with appetizing qualities, and insure their own welfare through the promise of him who said, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." . . .

And now I bethink myself of something I never thought of before. I had noticed that the circle is God's favorite figure, and upon that subject I addressed you some time ago, but it did not occur to me until now that the Gospel seems to be moving in a circle. It started in Asia, Bethlehem, an Asiatic village; Jordan, an Asiatic river; Calvary, an Asiatic mountain. Then this Gospel moved on to Europe; witness the chapels and churches and cathedrals and Christian universities of that continent. Then it crossed to America. It has prayed and preached and sung its way across our continent. It has crossed to Asia, taking the Sandwich Islands in its way, and now in all the great cities on the coast of China people are singing "Rock of Ages" and "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood;" for you must know that not only have the Scriptures been translated into these Asiatic tongues, but also the evangelical hymns. My missionary brother, John, translated some of them into Chinese, and Mr. Gladstone gave me a copy of the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" which he himself had translated into Greek. The Christ who it seems spent sixteen or eighteen years of his life in India is there now in spirit, converting and saving the people by hundreds of thousands, and the Gospel will move right on through Asia until the story of the Saviour's birth will anew be made known in Bethlehem, and the story of a Saviour's sacrifice be told anew on and around Calvary, and the story of a Saviour's Ascension be told anew on the shoulder of Mt. Olivet. And then do you not see the circle will be complete? The glorious circle, the circle of the earth? This old planet, gashed with earthquake and scorched with conflagration and torn with revolutions, will be girdled with churches, with schools, with universities, with millennial festivities. How cheering and how inspiring the thought that we are, whether giving temporal or spiritual relief, working on the segment of such a circle. And that the Christy mission which started in Asia will keep on its way until it goes clear around to the place where it started! Then the earth will have demonstrated that for which it was created, and as soon as a world has completed its mission it dies. Part of the heavens is a cemetery of dead worlds. Our world built to demonstrate to the worlds which have been loyal to God the awful results of disloyalty, so that none of them may ever attempt it—I say our world, having finished its mission, may then go out of existence. The central fires of the world which are burning out rapidly toward the crust, may have reached the surface by that time and the Bible prophecy be fulfilled, which declares that the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up.

May the 19th, 1869, was a memorable day, for then was laid the last tie which connected the two rail tracks which united the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The Central Pacific Railroad was built from California eastward. The Union Pacific Railroad was built westward. They were within arm's reach of meeting, only one more piece of the rail track to put down. A great audience assembled, mid-continent, to see the last tie laid. The locomotives of the Eastern and Western trains stood panting on the tracks close by. Oration explained the occasion, and prayer solemnized it and music enchanted it. The tie was made of polished laurel wood, bound with silver bands, and three spikes were used—a gold spike, presented by California; a silver spike, presented by Nevada, and an iron spike, presented by Arizona. When, all heads uncovered and all hearts thrilling with emotion, the hammer struck the last spike into its place, the cannon boomed it amid the resounding mountain echoes and the telegraphic instruments clicked to all nations that the deed was done. My friends, if the laying of the last tie that bound the East and the West of one continent together was such a resounding occasion, what will it be when the last tie of the track of Gospel influences, reaching clear around the world, shall be laid amid the antheams of all nations? The spikes will be the golden and silver spikes fashioned out of the Christian generosity of the hemispheres. The last hammer stroke that completes the work will be heard by all the raptured and piled-up galleries of the universe, and the mountains of earth will shout to the thrones of heaven, "Hallelujah!" For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah! For the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Old Soldiers and Religion.

In thirty-six different religious beliefs are represented, the Methodists being in the majority.

A Kansas City woman sued her husband for divorce recently, alleging "harsh, barbarous and unbearable treatment." The specific charge was that he came home mad one day and cast her sealin into the furnace.

OUR SPRINGFIELD LETTER.

Of Interest to Farmers.

The senate got into a big row over the odorous anti-oleomargarine bill which has been fought out in committee. The bill provides that oleomargarine shall not be colored, yet in the same bill, in three separate sections, provides that butter may be colored. The committee, after full argument from the farming interest, decided that it would not report the bill as it was, but would prepare a substitute forbidding and punishing the sale of oleomargarine as butter. The committee did not believe that coloring oleomargarine ought to be forbidden, but did believe that the selling of it as butter ought to be forbidden. This did not suit the butter men and they had another just such bill introduced again and the fight was to send this bill to committee, while the friends of the bill, led by Senator Berry, tried to have it acted on without going to committee. Senator Mahoney insisted that the committee which had this matter in charge was expecting soon to present a bill which would punish the fraudulent sale of any article, but was not in favor of injuring the interest of manufacturers to suit the whims of those who were supporting the bill. He also said that the men who used this article were entitled to the consideration of this legislature. The bill was aimed not at the coloring, but at its use. Points of order were raised, rules read and counter rules invoked, speeches on all these points made and finally after Berry had tired himself out shouting as if he were driving ten yoke of oxen instead of fifteen pairs of senators, the motion to send to second reading was voted down. It required, under the rulings of the chair, a two-thirds vote, although the chairman was free to admit that he was not able to cite the rule, but decided under the rule of common parliamentary law quoted by John Humphrey, who is the best man on points of order in the senate. One very funny thing occurred among the shower of thunder and evolution of gas which was so plenty. Senator Dunlap, who had made a speech or rather an argumentative motion to read without referring, found a rule which said positively that the bill must go to the committee. Some one wanted to know, indignantly, where he found that rule, and turning to the title of the volume he held in his hand he discovered that it was a house instead of a senate rule. This caused a dozen mad senators to burst into laughter. After sending the bill at the end of two hours of the noisiest session we have had this term, the bill went to a committee, which will report favorably, and next week it will pass the senate. The only hope is to sidetrack it in the house, which is also in favor of it. It is a discreditable piece of legislation, attempting to tear down one business for the purpose of making another.

Prison Labor Bills.

The prison labor question is one which has got to be settled within the near future. If any one can suggest a better solution of it than by putting the men at work at some occupations in which they can earn at least a part of what it costs to keep them he ought to rise up pretty soon and tell a suffering state what that plan is. The plan of keeping these men in idleness is nearing its termination and the custom of allowing the state to be scared out of putting the men to work ought to be nearing its end. Every time the officials who have the responsibility of the prisons upon them set the men to work at any manufacturing a bill is introduced and pushed through the legislature forbidding such work. All the complaints made against prison work, like those made against "scab" work, are either imaginary or grossly exaggerated, and there ought to be sense enough in the state administration to put an end to the farce, as it is now being acted at the grand stand. These men who are in the prison must work at something. The good of the state—which is a higher consideration than that of any individual—demands it, and we are not going to be fooling along with this matter much longer. Why not put all prison labor to work on the roads. I believe this to be the real solution to the problem.

For Lincoln's Tomb.

While standing under the dome of the state house the other day, in conversation with a gentleman who has long been connected with the public affairs of the state, he remarked that this building should be made the shrine of Lincoln. He described the tomb of Napoleon, and said something of the same kind could be artistically arranged in this place. By excavating in the center of the basement floor under the open space beneath the dome, a room about fifty feet in diameter, which should be finished off in the finest marble, making use of specimen slabs furnished by all the states and by different organizations in the country, even accepting any which may be offered by foreign countries, a fitting receptacle could be made for his sarcophagus, where it would be seen by every person who comes into the capitol and people would come here from all over the country to see and honor his shrine. A popular subscription could be relied on to furnish the money to make so grand a receptacle for the human remains of the great martyr. So appropriate a mausoleum as this will appeal to the good sense of the public, and some day it will be taken up and acted upon. All it wants is some one to start it in a fair way and let the people know that the money is wanted. No person who goes to Paris fails to see the tomb of Napoleon, be-

cause it is so centrally located that it is within the view of all.

John Reeve in Luck.

Our star clerk of the house has had new honors thrust upon him. Some men are born to fame others achieve it by the hardest kind of digging, delving, striding and climbing, together with lying, others having honors, fame and all that thrust on them without even getting down on their marrow bones and begging for it. John Reeve is one of the fortunate few who can't help being hit by the shafts of fortune. The other day they elected him city clerk of Decatur, the town he has honored by making it the home of his family since he returned from Washington a few years ago. John wanted to be secretary of state last year, but the machine had no use for him, and he had to waive that service. If he had been willing to farm out the places under his appointment to the crowd who made the nominations, perhaps he might have come out a winner.

Gen. McNulta in Old Haunts.

General John McNulta was a visitor here during the week. His prominence as a brainy, discreet and wonderfully successful manager of great combined enterprises placed in his hands by courts makes any reference to his earlier life and history of peculiar interest, especially to Peoria readers. Every reader of The Journal knows something of his way of taking hold of the complicated affairs of the "Trust" and the order he brought out of the confusion, suspicions and distrust in which he found the concern.

The Beet Sugar Industry.

The interest which is being taken in the beet sugar industry calls for the publication of everything which casts any light on the subject. Much that I have seen recently published is so crude that I have been looking up one branch of the matter which is of vital importance to any one who has in view engaging in that enterprise.

When the Chatsworth beet sugar mill was in operation, under the management of Mr. Jacob Hunn and some other Springfield capitalists, Mr. Jonathan Periam was the analytical chemist of the establishment. Living in that county at the time, I was pretty well acquainted with what was going on there, and knew about their processes, their failure and the reasons for it. Meeting Mr. Periam here today I took the occasion to talk over that matter with him, and asked his views about the probability of success in such enterprises in this state. He said:

"The trouble at Chatsworth was, first, that there was too much nitre in the soil, giving to our beets too great a percentage of salt-peter; second, lack of water, and, third, the process of extraction was so imperfect that we only got about 75 per cent of the sugar out of the beet. These latter two difficulties can be easily overcome in this state. The diffusion process now in universal use is so great an improvement on the centrifugals we used that it saves all but the merest fraction of the sugar. Soft water is a necessity, but by the condensation of the steam used they get a sufficient supply for diffusing. As for the other trouble, there is no doubt that in any of the soils of this state which are called good corn soils, the presence of nitre is so common that good sugar beets cannot be raised on them. The heavier soils, such as we call good for winter wheat, and the sandy soils are safe, but, and here is first where the trouble comes in, soil analyses are entirely useless to discover the faults. For some reason nothing but the analysis of the beets themselves, during all the maturing season, can give the condition. It is well for those who are thinking of going into the beet sugar business to bear these facts in mind. Also it is well to add that nothing short of a large concern can be made to pay. At the time the Chatsworth enterprise failed sugar was worth at wholesale 12 cents, now about 4 1/2 cents. The machinery to make it must be of the most approved patterns. Only the best will pay in the very small margin of profit now obtained. For some reason only the very best locality, soils and water will do. Any slight mistake in selections will insure failure.

There is one striking difference between the alligator and the crocodile; the alligator never leaves fresh water, while the crocodile often goes to sea, presumably in quest of an island which instinct tells it is not very distant.

Mrs. Pancake—I can't see why a great big fellow like you should beg. Hungry Hank—Well, mum, I s'pose me size helps to gimme an appetite.—Truth.

WOMAN TO WOMEN.

From the Republican, Belvidere, Ill. Many a woman will recognize the ill described below by Mrs. W. L. De Munn, of Capron, Ill. Unfortunately they are ill peculiar to the sex, and we have no doubt, whatever, will be read with the greatest interest.

The facts are given precisely as stated to a reporter of this paper. Mrs. De Munn said: "I was almost a wreck. I was all run down and too weak to do anything. I felt as if there was no hope for relief. I managed to keep around the house a good part of the time, but the bed was the proper place for me. No one knew how badly I felt. My appetite was gone, I was troubled with nervous headache, the attack occurred at times became so dizzy that I could not stand up. On several occasions I reeled off the sidewalk and fell when I attempted to walk. I have given you but a faint idea of my condition."

"How did it happen that you were cured?" "I read an article in one of the papers which seemed plain and honest and was induced to buy a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was delighted to obtain relief before using the entire box. I continued taking the medicine and today am completely cured. You can't say too much for these pills," repeated Mrs. De Munn.

"Do you know of any other cases?" "Do you know of several. I recommended the pills to my neighbors and everyone who has taken them thinks there is nothing like them. My sister took them for nervous headache and received prompt relief. There seems to be something in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to make sick people well. I think they were rightly named when they called them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the attack of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of the name, in box or six boxes for \$2.40, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A One-Sided Gospel.

The Gospel of Christ is much more comprehensive than some people imagine. They tell us sometimes to limit our preaching to some feature of the Gospel, they forget that it is easy to preach a one-sided Gospel, and that the Gospel is many-sided.—Rev. Dr. Patton.

The Ideal Line.

The members of the Baptist Young People's Union who contemplate attending a national meeting of that body in July, should bear in mind that there is no better equipped line from the East to the Northwest, than the popular Big Four Route, via Cincinnati or Louisville. All through passenger trains on this line are vestibuled, equipped with Buffet Sleepers, with Hotel Dining Cars on day trains. At Cincinnati, direct connection is made in the same depot with the Queen & Crescent Route, the Short Line to Chattanooga, via the famous High Bridge. At Louisville, with the Southern Railway and the Louisville & Nashville, via Mammoth Cave and Nashville, allowing stop-over at both these points.

The fare from Chicago will be extremely low. For rates, time card, etc., address J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., or H. W. Sparks, T. F. A., 224 Clark St., Chicago.

Kleptomaniacs.

"Do you think there is any such thing as kleptomania?" asked the nervous man's wife. "I'm convinced of it," was the reply. "And if I could get into the room of that man who practices on the trombone I'd prove it."—Washington Star.

There Is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1¢ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Ritual and Prayer.

There is always a priest of some sort, but not always a prophet of any sort. The line of priests never fails. It is easy to remember a ritual and to do over again an old ceremony. It is easier to make a long prayer than to do justice.—Rev. M. W. Reed.

To Whom It May Concern.

This is to call the attention of the public to the fact that the Wisconsin Central Lines have two fast trains daily between Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, touching all the important points in Central Wisconsin enroute. The Company has thousands of acres of fine farming lands in Northern Wisconsin for sale. For complete information on this subject, address JAB. C. FOND, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

The New Regime.

The old regime of indolent aristocracy is giving way to the new regime of the aristocracy of usefulness. Pampered daughters of ill-advised wealth are being trained into helplessness, independence and skillful self-reliance.—Rev. J. L. Jones.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures, painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the pain, corns, bunions and blisters. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. For mail order 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, La Roy, N. Y.

Opportunity for Homeseekers.

There are excellent opportunities along the line of the Chicago & North-Western R'y in western Minnesota and South Dakota for those who are desirous of obtaining first-class lands upon most favorable terms for general agricultural purposes, as well as stock raising and dairying. For particulars and land-seekers' rates, apply to Agents of The North-Western line.

A German baron is serving on the police force at Washington, but his excesses have not discovered him yet.

Dr. E. E. Kline's Great Kidney & Bladder Cure. Send for FREE 25-cent bottle and treatise. Dr. E. E. Kline, 121 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Lowell, Ma., has a postmistress—a woman physician, a woman legislator, and a woman justice of the peace.