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50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

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PRAYER FOR RULERS

REV. DR. TALMAGE CALLS THE NATION TO ITS KNEES.

He Gives Many Reasons Why We Should Pray for Those in Authority—His Plea for the High Tide of National Prosperity.

Washington, April 11.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage, delivered before a mighty throng, goes forth from the capital calling the nation to its knees. Before beginning his sermon Dr. Talmage made a eloquent appeal for American aid for the battle ing millions of India. Eighty millions are affected by this famine, and unless America generously comes to the rescue millions of lives will be lost. His text was I Timothy ii. 1, 2: "I exhort, therefore, that, first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority."

That which London is to England, Paris to France, Berlin to Germany, Rome to Italy, Vienna to Austria, St. Petersburg to Russia, Washington is to the United States republic. The people who live here see more of the chief men of the nation than any who live anywhere else between Atlantic and Pacific oceans. A senator or member of the house of representatives, or supreme court judge, or secretary of the cabinet, or ambassador of foreign nation enters any church in any other city his coming and going are remarked upon. Much deference is paid to him. In Washington there are so many political conventions in our churches, our streets, our hotels that their coming and going is less excitement. The Swiss set from up the Matterhorn or Jungfrau into the Alps. So we at this capital are accustomed to walk among monarchs of oriental and political eminence. They are not to us a great novelty. Morning, noon and night we meet the great. But there is no place on earth where the importance of the Pauline injunction to prayer for rulers in eminent place ought to be felt or appreciated. At a time when our public men have been the rescue of our national treasury from appalling deficits and the arbitration question, and in many departments men of important positions which are new and untried, I would like to preach my text with a whole tonnage of sermons—words written by the necessary to the young theologian. I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men, for kings, and for all that are in authority."

Reasons for Prayer.

If I take the time and do not forget some of them, before I get through I will give you four or five reasons why the people of the United States ought to make earnest and continuous prayer for this eminent place. First because that will put us in proper attitude toward the successful men of the nation. After you have prayed for a man you will do him justice. There is a bad streak in human nature that delights in assault those that are more successful than ourselves. It shows in all its boyhood when the lads, all running to get their ride on the back of a railroad, and one gets on, these falling to get on shout to the driver, "Cut behind!" Unsuccessful men seldom like those in any department are successful. The cry is, "He is a political accident—he bought his way up!" or "It just happened so!" and there is an impatient waiting for him to come down more quickly than he went up. The best method of such cynicism is prayer. After we have risen from our knees we will be doing the official good instead of evil. We will be hoping for him benedictions rather than malediction. If he makes a mistake, we will call it a mistake instead of malfeasance in office. Yet, oh how much happier we will be, for wishing one evil is diabolic, but wishing one good is saintly, is angelic, is godlike! When the Lord drops a man into a place in which there is no lower level, he allows him to be put on an investigating committee with the one to be finding something wrong. In ecclesiastical assemblies of the Presbyterian church, in conferences of the Methodist church, in conventions of the Episcopal church, in house of representatives and in senate of United States there are men who have had to be appointed on the committee of malcontents, while there are others who are glad to be put on the committee of eulogisms. After you have prayed for the words of my text, for all that are in authority, you will say, Brethren, gentlemen, Mr. Chairman, I mean for serving on the committee of malcontents, for last night just before I prayed for those in eminent position, I read that chapter in Corinthians about charity which "hopeth all things and endureth all evil." The committee of malcontents is important committee, but I here now declare that those are incompetent for its work who have, not in spirit of conventionality, but in spirit of earnest importunity, prayed for those in high position. I cannot help it, but I do like a St. Bernard better than a bloodhound, and I would rather be a humming bird among honeysuckle than a crow scooping upon field carcasses.

Perplexities of Public Life.

Another reason why we should pray for those in eminent place is because they have such multiplied perplexities. This day at this time holds hundreds of men who are expectant of preferment, and United States mail bags, as never before, are full of applications. Let me say I have no sympathy with either the uttered or printed sneer at what are called "office seekers." If I had not already received appointment as minister plenipotentiary from the high court of heaven—and I had it my back a family for whom I wishes to achieve a livelihood, there is no employer whose service I would sooner seek than city, state or United States government. Those governments are the promptest in their payments, paying just as well in hard times as in good times and during summer vacation as during winter work. Besides that, many of us have been paying taxes to city and state and nation for years, and while we are entitled for the protection of government, the government is indebted to us for the honest support we have rendered it. I wish success to all earnest and competent men who appeal to city or state or nation for a place to work. But how many men in high place in city and state and nation are at their wits' end to know what to do, when for some places there are ten applicants and for others a hundred! Perplexities arise from the fact that citizens sign petitions without reference to the qualifications of the applicant for the places applied for. You sign the application because the applicant is your friend. People sometimes want that for which they have no qualification, as we hear people sing "I want to be an angel," when they offer the poorest material possible for angelhood—boors waiting to be sent to foreign palaces as ambassadors, and men without any business qualification wanting to be consuls to foreign ports, and illiterates, capable in one letter of wrecking all the laws of orthography and syntax, desiring to be put into positions where most of the work is done by correspondence. If divine help is needed in any place in the world, it is in those places where patronage is distributed. In years gone by awful mistakes have been made. Only God, who made the world out of chaos, could, out of the crowded pigeon-holes of public men, develop symmetrical results. For this reason pray Almighty God for all those in authority.

God to the Rescue.

Then there are the vaster perplexities of our relations with foreign governments. For directions in such affairs the God of nations should be implored. The demand of the people is sometimes so heated, so unwise, that it must not be heeded. Hark to the boom of that gun which sends from the American steamer San Jacinto a shot across the bow of the British merchant steamer Trent, Nov. 8, 1861. Two distinguished southerners, with their secretaries and families, are on the way to England and France to officially enlist them for the southern Confederacy. After much protest the commissioners, who had embarked for England and France, surrendered and were taken to Fort Warren, near Boston. The capture was a plain invasion of the laws of nations and antagonistic to a principle for the establishment of which the United States government had fought in other days. However, so great was the excitement that the secretary of the United States navy wrote an applauditory letter to Captain Wilkes, commander of the San Jacinto, for his "prompt and decisive action," and the house of representatives passed a resolution of thanks for "brave, adroit and patriotic conduct," and the millions of the north went wild with enthusiasm, and all the newspapers and churches joined in the huzza. England and France protested, the former demanding that unless the distinguished prisoners should be surrendered and apology made for insult to the British flag within ten days Lord Lyons must return to London; taking all the archives of the British legation. War with England and France seemed inevitable, and war with England and France at that time would have made a restored American nation impossible for a long while, if not forever. Then God came to the rescue and helped the president and his secretary of state. Against the almost unanimous sentiment of the people of the north the distinguished Confederates were surrendered, the law of nations was kept inviolate, the lion's paw was not lifted to strike the eagle's beak, and perhaps the worst disaster of centuries was avoided.

There came another crisis within the last two years, when millions of people demanded that American war vessels sail into Turkish waters and stop the atrocities against the Armenians. The people at large have no idea of the pressure brought upon our government to do this rash thing. Missionaries and other prominent Americans gathered around Constantinople assembled at the office of the American legation and demanded that our minister plenipotentiary cable to Washington for United States ships of war, and they suggested the words of the cablegram. Had our ships gone into those waters the guns of foreign nations, everlastingly jealous of us, would have been turned against our shipping, and our navy, within a few years become respectable in power, would have crawled backward in disgrace. The proposition to do what could not be done was mercifully withdrawn.

The Right Thing.

There will not be a year between now and the next 20 years when those who are in authority will not need the guidance of the God of nations. God only can tell the right time for nations to do the right thing. To do the right thing at the wrong time is as bad as to do the wrong thing at any time. Cuba will one day be free, but it will be after she has shown herself capable of free government. To acknowledge Cuban independence now would be to acknowledge what does not exist. The time may come when the Hawaiian islands may be a part of our government. But it will be when they have decidedly expressed the desire for annexation. In all national affairs there is a clock. The hands of that clock are not always seen by human eyes. But God sees them, not only the hour hand, but the minute hand, and when the hands announce that the right hour has come the clock will strike, and we ought to be in listening attitude. "The Lord reigneth. Let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof."

You see there are always in places of authority unbalanced men who want war because they do not realize what war is, or they are designing men, who want war for the same reason that wreckers like hurricanes and foundering ships, because of what may float ashore from the ruins. You see that men who start wars never themselves get hurt. They make the speeches and collect make the self-sacrifices. Notice that all those who instigated our civil war never as a consequence got so much as a splinter under the thumb nail, and they all died peacefully in their beds. I had two friends—as thorough friends as old men can be to a young man—Wendell Phillips and Robert Toombs. They were not among those who expected anything advantageous from the strife, but took their positions conscientiously. They both had as much to do with the "Act of the Sword" between the north and the south as any other two men. A million brave northern and southern dead were put in the grave trenches, but the two illustrious and honest men I have mentioned were in good health long after the ending of things at Appomattox, and if those who advocated measures recently that would have brought on war between our country and Spain or England or Turkey had been successful in bringing on the wholesale murder, they themselves would now have been above ground. I hope they will be, to celebrate the birth of the twentieth century. If God had not interfered, we would have had three wars within the last two years—war with England, war with Spain and war with Turkey, this last joined by other nations transatlantic. To preserve the peaceful equipoise which such men are disturbing, we need a divine balancing, for which all good men on both sides the sea ought to be every day praying.

A Mighty Service.

Again, prayer to God for those in authority is our only way of being of any practical service to them, for the most part, an impertinence. They have all the facts as we cannot have them, and they see the subject in all its bearings and we can be of no help to them except through the supplication that our text advises. In that way we may be infinite reenforcement. The mightiest thing you can do for a man is to pray for him. If the old Bible be true, and if it is not true it has been the only imposition that ever blessed the world, turning barbarism into civilization and tyrannies into republics—I say if the old Bible be true, God answers prayer. You may get a letter, and through forgetfulness or lack of time not answer it, but God never gets a genuine letter that he does not make reply. Every genuine prayer is a child's letter to his heavenly Father, and he will answer it, and though you may get many letters from your child before you respond, some day you say: "There! I have received ten letters from my daughter, and I will answer them all now and at once, and though not in just the way that she hopes for, I will do it in the best way, and though she asked me for a sheet of music, I will not give it to her, for I do not like the music spoken of, but I will send her a deed to a house and lot, to be hers forever." So God does not in all cases answer in the way those who sent the prayer hoped for, but he in all cases gives what is asked for or something better. So prayers went up from the north and the south at the time of our civil war, and they were all answered at Gettysburg. You cannot make me believe that God answered only the northern prayers, for there were just as devout prayers answered south of Mason and Dixon's line as north of it, and God gave what was asked for, or something as much more valuable as a house and lot are worth more than a sheet of music. There is not a good and intelligent man between the gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence river who does not believe that God did the best thing possible when he stood this nation down in 1865 a glorious unity, never to be rent until the waters of the Ohio and the Savannah, the Hudson and the Alabama, are licked up by the long, red tongues of a world on fire. Yes! God sometimes answers prayers on a large scale.

In worse predicament nation never was than the Israelitish nation on the banks of the Red sea, the rattling shields and the clattering hoofs of an overwhelming host close after them. An army could just as easily wade through the Atlantic ocean, from New York to Liverpool, as the Israelites could have waded through the Red sea. You need to sail on its waters to realize how big it is. How was the crossing effected? By prayer. Exodus xiv, 15: "And the Lord said unto Moses Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward"—that is, "Stop praying and take the answer." And then the waters began to be agitated and swung this way and that way, and the ripple became a billow, and the billow climbed other billows, and now they rise into walls of sapphire, and invisible trowels mason them into firmness, and the walls become like mountains, topped and turreted and domed with crags of crystal and God throws an invisible chain around the feet of those mountains, so that they are obliged to stand still, and there, right before the Israelitish army, is a turnpike road with all the emerald gates swung wide open. The passing host did not even get their feet wet. They passed dry shod, the bottom of the sea as hard as the pavement of Pennsylvania avenue, or New York's Broadway, or London's Strand. Oh, what a God they had! Or I think I will change that and say, "What a God we have!"

What power puts his hands upon astronomy in Joshua's time and made the sun and moon stand still? Joshua x, 12, "Then spake Joshua unto the Lord." Prayer! As a giant will take two or four great globes and in an astounding way swing them this way or that, or hold two of them at arm's length, so the Omnipotent does as he will with the great orbs of worlds, with wheeling constellations and circling galaxies, singing solitary star around star, star tossed after star, or sun and moon held out at arm's length, and perfectly still, as in answer to Joshua's prayer. To God the largest world is a pebble.

Righteous Selfishness.

Another reason why we should obey the Pauline injunction of the text and pray for all that are in authority is that so very much of our own prosperity and happiness are involved in their doings. A selfish reason, you say. Yes, but a righteous selfishness like that which leads you to take care of your own health and preserve your own life. Prosperous government means a prosperous people. Damaged government means a damaged people. We all go up together or we all go down together. When we pray for our rulers, we pray for ourselves, for our homes, for the easier gaining of our livelihood, for better prospects for our children, for the hurling of these hard times so far down the embankment they can never climb up again. Do not look at anything that pertains to public interest as having no relation to yourself. We are touched by all the events in our national history, by the signing of the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, by the small ship, the Half Moon, sailing up the Hudson, by the treaty of William Penn, by the hand that made the "Liberty bell" sound its first stroke, by Old Ironsides plowing the high seas. And if touched by all the events of past American certainly by all the events of the present day. Every prayer you make for our rulers, if the prayer be of the right stamp and worth anything, has a rebound of benediction for your own body, mind and soul.

Another reason for obedience to my text is that the prosperity of this country is coming, and we want a hand in helping on its coming. At any rate I do. It is a matter of honest satisfaction to a soldier, after some great battle has been fought and some great victory won, to be able to say: "Yes, I was there I was in the brigade that stormed those heights, I was in that bayonet charge that put the enemy into flight!" Well, the day will come when all the financial, political and moral foes of this republic will be driven back and driven down by the prosperities that are now in their way, but which come with slow tread in "fatigue dress" when we want them to take "the double quick." By our prayers we may stand on the mountain top and beckon them on, and show them a shorter cut. Yea, in answer to our prayers the Lord God of Hosts hurls from the high heavens command then forward swifter than mounted troops ever took the field at Eylau or Austerlitz.

In 1673 Holland was assailed. Her people prayed mightily. The ships of her enemies waited for the high tides on which to come in. In answer to the prayers offered the tide, as never before, was detained 12 hours, and before that 12 hours had passed a hurricane swooped upon the enemies' ships and destroyed them, and Holland was saved. If God detained the high tide in answer to prayers will he not listen to us in answer to prayer? Surely it has been low tide long enough. May the Lord hasten the high tide of national welfare. American citizens, our best hold is on God. We have all seen families in prayer and churches in prayer. What we want yet to see is this whole nation on its knees.

Words of Webster.

The most of them are dead—those who in 1861 moved in that procession that marched from the city hall of Washington down Louisiana avenue to Seventh street, and then through Pennsylvania avenue to the north gate of yonder capitol, to lay the cornerstone of the extension of that capitol. The president, who that day presided, and solemnly struck the stone three times in dedication, long ago quit earthly scenes, and the lips of the great orator of that long are dust, and the grand master of that occasion long ago put down the square and the level and the plumb with which, for the last time, he pronounced a cornerstone well laid. But what most interests me now is that inside that cornerstone, in a glass jar, hermetically sealed, is a document of national import though in poor penmanship. It is the penmanship of Daniel Webster, which almost ruined the penmanship of this country for many years, because many thought if they had Daniel Webster's poor penmanship, it might indicate they had Webster's genius. The document reads as follows:—

"If it shall hereafter be the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundation be unturned and this deposit, be brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that on this day the nation of the United States of America stands firm; that their constitution still exists unimpaired and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affection of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world, and all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and the happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures now to be erected over it may endure forever. God save the United States of America! Daniel Webster, secretary of state of the United States."

A New Consecration.

That was beautiful and appropriate at the laying of the cornerstone of the extension of the capitol 38 years after the cornerstone of the old capitol had been laid. Yet the cornerstone of our republic was first laid in 1776, and at the restablishment of our national government was laid again in 1865. But are we not ready for the laying of the cornerstone of a broader and higher national life? We have as a nation received so much from God. Do we not owe new consecration? Are we not ready to become a better Sabbath keeping, peace loving, virtue honoring, God worshiping nation? Are we not ready for such a cornerstone laying? Why not now let it take place? With long procession of prayers, moving from the north and the south, the east and the west, let the scene be made august beyond comparison.

The God of nations, who hath dealt with us as with no other people, will preside at the solemnization. By the square and the level and the plumb of the everlasting right let the cornerstone be adjusted. Let that cornerstone be the reasoning together of the two granite tables on which the law was written when Sinai shook with the earthquake, and inside that cornerstone put the Sermon on the Mount and a scroll containing the names of all the men and women who have fought and prayed and toiled for the good of this nation, from the first martyr of the American Revolution down to the last woman who bound up a soldier's wounds in the field hospital. And let some one, worthy to do so, strike the stone three times with the gospel hammer, in the name of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. Then let the building rise, one wall laved by the Pacific ocean, and the other washed of the Atlantic, until its capstone shall be laid amid the shouting of all nations, by that time as free as our own divinely founded, divinely constructed and divinely protected republic, the last throne of oppression having fallen flat into the dust, and the last shackle of tyranny been hung up in museum as a relic of barbaric ages.

The prayer that the great expounder wrote to be put in the cornerstone at the extension of the capitol I ejaculate as our own supplication, "God save the United States of America!" only adding the words with which Robert South was apt to close his sermons, whether delivered before the court at Christchurch chapel or in Westminster Abbey, at anniversary of restoration of Charles II or on the death of Oliver Cromwell amid the tempest that every swept over England: "To God be rendered and ascribed, as is most due, all praise, might, majesty and dominion, both now and forever. Amen."

Some Indian Girls.

Among the Indian girls at the Crow agency school in Montana are the following: Clara Spotted Horse, Edith Long Ear, Kittie Medicine Tail, Lena Old Bear, Clara Bull-Nose, Blanche Little Star, Nellie Shell-on-the-Neck, Mary Old Jack Rabbit, Bertha Full Mouth, Katie Drum, Fanny Pleity Butterflies, Bessie Crooked Arm, Martha Long Neck, Isabel Lunch, Flay Hairy Wolf, Alice Shoots-as-She-Goes, Stella Wolfhouse, Lucy Hawks, Beatrice Beads-on-Ankle, Louisa Three Wolves, Anna Medicine Pipe, Maggie Broken Ankle, Sarah Three Irons, Ida Wrinkle Face, Jessie Flat Head Woman, Lottie Grandmother's Knife, Minnie Nod-at-Bear, Daisy Young Heifer.

Smashed Proverbs.

Never cry over skimmed milk.

A child can lead a colonel to a bar, but probably ten men would not ask him to drink.

"It is never too late to men," she said when the clock struck 1 and George was still at the club.

After you look a gift horse in the mouth you will see there is no use to lock the stable door.

Better count your chickens before they are snatched—the darkey's hour is just before dawn.

A SHREWD WIDOW.

Her Income of $50 a Month From Two Sets of Bean Fortunes.

"The curious and adroit ways in which some persons manage to make money in this city on a capital small in substance but large in assurance were brought to my mind the other night when I went to take dinner with a friend," said a man about town the other day. "My friend, by the way, is a very prosperous and highly paid executive officer of one of the big commercial concerns in this city. He occupies for the winter season a set of apartments in a fashionable apartment house on the west side. As he had announced his intention of remaining in the city until June 1, of course I did not imagine any connection between his house-hold arrangements and a big moving van which I saw standing in front of the door of the apartment house as I approached. Men carrying furniture jostled me as I entered, and I said to myself, 'Here's some one moving out.' But when I stepped out of the elevator at my friends' landing I met more men coming out of his apartments, carrying more furniture, under the supervision of an auctioneer, who stood at the landing shouting instructions.

"Just within the door I found my friend and his wife and servants and children in company with a man who I afterward found was a city marshal.

"A sight of me my friend burst into laughter. 'Come in,' he cried. 'We can receive you in a novel manner.' The city marshal had just finished his work, and my friend led me through his apartments. His parlor was untouched, but every bed but one and every bureau and chair had disappeared from his bedrooms and dining room and kitchen, and the carpets were gone from bedrooms and hall. 'I guess I won't stay to dinner,' I remarked when I saw the bare condition of the dining-room. 'Oh, yes, you will,' said his wife. 'I will borrow a kitchen table and some chairs from a neighbor, and you will get along.' 'Thank heaven, we still have the kitchen utensils and the dinner left, but I don't know what we should have had these if my husband had not got home before the men got through taking out the furniture.'

"We had dinner and passed the evening very pleasantly in the parlor, and I finally left the family of five persons to go to sleep as best they could upon the one bed and parlor sofa that were left. While we ate dinner they told me how they came to be in such a fix.

"It seems that when they were house hunting last fall they saw this flat, and liking its location declared for its possession. A young widow was occupying it, but her business projects were not prospering, and she was about to give up possession. She owned the furniture and had just been moved out. She agreed to take a lease of the place up to June 1 and to sublet it to my friend with furniture for an advance of $25 a month for the use of her furniture. My friend hired it on these terms. As my friend preferred to have his own parlor furniture and some other things, he discarded that much of the widow's goods. Then a brilliant idea struck her. The flat across the hall was just being vacated. She saw the leaving tenant, bought for a trifle some of his furniture and moved in that which my friend had discarded and advertised that flat to rent furnished. In three days she got a tenant and made a bargain with him by which she reaped another income of $25 a month for the use of her furniture in that flat.

"Everything went along all right until the day I went there to dine, when the city marshal had suddenly appeared. It seems that the widow had borrowed money on her furniture and still owed something less than $100. She had fallen behind in her payments, and the marshal had come to foreclose the chattel mortgage. The widow settled the debt the next day and had the furniture moved back. It was during the moving of the furniture, my friend tells me, that he first noted the paucity and cheapness, and he declares that the widow could have replaced it with modern flat furniture for about the amount of the debt, and yet on this small investment and the little extra she had spent for the balance of the furniture in the other flat the astute widow was drawing an income of $50 a month."—New York Sun.

The Plain Truth.

Mrs. Housewife (sternly)—Bridget, how do you explain the fact that four times I have come upon you unawares in the kitchen and found you kissing a policeman?

Bridget—Well, ma'am, it must be on account of your felt slippers, ma'am.—New York Journal.

Rev. James Van Wyck, of Hamilton, is very seriously ill.

Too Much for the Dog.

"Chappy, how in the world do you get by that savage bulldog when you call at Miss Dillion's?"

"Blow cigawette smoke in his face."

40 RED-COATS

Put to route an Army of Formidable Trespassers.

Constipation, Dizziness, Pain under the Shoulder Blades, Sick Headache, Depressed Feeling, Bloating After Eating, Debility and Insomnia result from an Inactive Liver.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 40 little Red Coats at a cost of 20 cents will set you right in short order. Piles of testimony to prove it.

POISONED BLOOD

Dreadful Death-Draught Comes From Diseased Kidneys

When Uric Acid Flows in the Veins, Life looks Out of Darkened Windows, expecting soon the Close of Day.

The fashionable Italian poison of the XVI. century was Aqua Torfana. It was used by the medicis and all the first families of Rome, Genoa and Naples. In five years historians tell us, over 600 wives used it to make widows of themselves.

In these modern days a more terrible and more prevalent poison is decimating the human family, and men have asked in vain for an antidote. It is the uraemic poisoning of the blood, caused by diseased kidneys. The poison which these useful organs should filter from the blood is allowed to remain in the circulation and courses through the body, like

"Accursed Hebenon. . . . whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That with sudden vigor it doth posset
and curd
Like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood."

To-day there is a remedy. Science has discovered a sure cure. All may have and apply it. It is sold under the name of DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

It is a specific for all Kidney ailments. It cures by restoring the Kidneys, so that they properly perform their natural functions. It is the only known cure for Diabetes, and Bright's Disease. For sale by druggists everywhere, and the Dodd's Medicine Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Vernon Bromley, Trenton, Ont., says: "For a number of years have suffered severely from Rheumatism and Sciatica. Was induced to procure a half dozen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills which I have used, and from being a cripple I am a well man."

Mr. Thos. Harrison, St. Mary's, N.B., says: "In spite of all other treatment I suffered for nearly a year with Stone in the Bladder. I was relieved by passing the same, after using one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and completely cured by a few boxes."

Mr. Wm. McEvela, 275 Friel St., Ottawa, says: "Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills have worked a wonderful cure in my case. Had been laid up with kidney trouble for months."

G. B. Cones, Orillia, Ont., says: "I most cheerfully testify that five boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured me of Diabetes from which I suffered two years."

NEW CHEMICALS.

Gases and Compounds Lately in Commercial Use Placed Under Restrictions.

Several more or less dangerous articles of chemical manufacture are becoming so largely employed for a variety of useful purposes now that some restrictions as to their sale, conveyance and storage are, in the interest of the public safety, imperative. Certain substances that were previously regarded as chemical curiosities have ceased to be so, and are now important commercial commodities and made on a very large scale. Thousands of gallons of "liquid" carbonic acid gas in steel cylinders under high compression may now be seen every day being conveyed in carts from place to place, and similarly other gases are stored under pressure in "tubes," as, for example, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrous oxide, and so on, all of which may expose the public to danger. Solid bricks of metallic sodium, again (kept under naphtha of course), are every day carried from port to port as part of a ship's cargo, and very serious accidents have occasionally arisen from the intermixture of various chemicals on board ship by the damaging effect of a rough passage upon the packages. The trade in cylinders of compressed gases has already been placed under control.

Still another chemical substance of comparatively recent discovery is now so extensively used as to have given rise to the necessity of a bona fide order being recently issued. We refer to carbide of calcium, which on simply becoming moist gives off the exceedingly inflammable gas acetylene. Carbide of calcium is useful for a variety of purposes, but chiefly because on simply placing it in water it evolves pure acetylene, which possesses a remarkably high illuminating power. The employment of this method of generating a gaseous illuminant for optic lanterns for photographic purposes and for lighting private dwelling houses, has already been tried. It is quite obvious that some restriction should be placed upon the sale and storage of this substance, which is now being manufactured on a large scale, and which simply in a moist atmosphere gives off an inflammable gas, which with air forms an explosive mixture.

Carbide of calcium is now to be brought under the fourteenth section of the petroleum act, 1871, and, after April 1, it will be unlawful to keep carbide of calcium except by virtue of a license to be obtained from the local authority under the petroleum act. Doubtless the recent accidents that have been reported from time to time by the employment of acetylene in this way have prompted the home office to issue this order, together with a memorandum showing the character of the risks to be guarded against, and giving suggestions as to the nature of the precautions likely to be most effectual for securing safety.—London Lancet.

PHOBIÆ OF ALL SORTS.

The Word Builder Is Hard at Work Inventing Names.

In a recent work of M. Gelineau on "Unhealthy Fear, or Phobiæ," the author gives a complete list of these morbid mental conditions. They are aichmophobia, or fear of sharp points, as of needles or pins; agroaphobia, or fear of open spaces, with a subvariety; thalassophobia, or dread of the ocean; astrophobia, or fear of the stars and celestial space; claustrophobia, or fear of inclosed spaces; mysophobia, or fear of filth; hematophobia, dread of blood; necrophobia, or horror of dead bodies; thanatophobia, or dread of death; anthropophobia, or fear of crowds; monophobia, or fear of being left in solitude; basillophobia, or fear of microbes; sideroderomophobia, or dread of railways; pathophobia, or fear of disease, with many subdivisions, of which the most important and most frequent are anginophobia, fear of angina pectoris; ataxaphobia, syphilophobia, lyssophobia, or fear of rabbies; spermatophobia and zoophobia, or fear of animals, which in its turn has subdivisions of cats, dogs, horses, mice, etc., ad totum catalogum animalium.

Further, we find in the same list kleptophobia, fear of becoming a kleptomaniac; pyrophobia, fear of matches; stasophobia, dread of standing upright; acrophobia, or dread of drafts of air; arrophobia, fear of high places; toxicophobia, a fear of poisons; demonophobia, a dread of the devil (this is rather rare).

There are also a great number of phobiæ peculiar to certain professional persons, as physicians, artists, accountants, which have yet to be Hellenized and classified. The culminating fear, however, the quintessence of dread, is the fear of having a fear, the dread of a dread, or phobophobia. The study of these phobiæ opens up a large subject, and the long names will be hailed with delight by some unscrupulous members of our profession. In calming (or humbugging) hysterical patients some of them would be invaluable, for that useful and elastic term "neurasthenia" is getting a bit played out among the laity. The hypochondriac old lady who tells her sympathetic medical attendant that even to think of "traveling by a horrid railway train sets her all of a tremble" will be greatly calmed and edified when Dr. Wosky gravely replies that such a statement does not surprise him, as she is suffering from that curious and interesting complaint called siderodromophobia.—Medical Times and Hospital Gazette.

A CHICKEN CARRIER.

IT MAKES A GREAT HIT WITH THE COLORED CYCLISTS.

Brother Abraham Higginbottom's Invention Greeted With Applause by the Thompson Street Club—Never Too Old or Too Fat to Ride a Wheel.

When the routine business of the regular Saturday night meeting of the Thompson Street Bicycle club had been disposed of, President Toots introduced the Hon. Castaway Jones of Toledo, who is known as "the Hurricane Bikist of Ohio." The honorable stranger made his bow and said he did not intend to make a speech. He had read and heard of the club, and was glad to see the colored man coming to the front. He was, he believed, the first colored man in Ohio to mount the bike. When he began riding, he had public opinion and the declaration of all scientists to overcome. It was contended that no man with a heel six inches long could work a pedal and that the kinks in his hair would lift him out of the saddle. He had proved that scientists did not know their business. When he began riding, his left leg was six inches short; he had a cataract on his right eye, and his backbone was at least six inches out of plumb. How was it now? That short leg had come down, the cataract had disappeared, and he stood as perpendicular as a lamppost. He had other reasons to bless the bike. It had renewed his youth, made peace in his family, made him believe in a hereafter and cured his taste for chicken meat. He hoped he should not be far distant when every colored man and woman in America would be gliding about on the silent steed, and it was his opinion that it would do more to elevate and educate than all the cuckoo clocks which could be turned out.

Brother Abraham Higginbottom, who had been asked to investigate and report on the subject of riding the bike at night, announced that he was ready with his remarks. In order to get at bottom facts he had practiced night riding for the last four weeks. Up to 10 o'clock and so long as he had a lighted lantern and the police were about he had felt no peculiar sensation. After that hour he had. The bike had instinctively taken its way toward the suburbs. The lantern had gone out, and the thoughts of its rider turned to chicken pie, chicken on toast, chicken served up in various ways. His eyes began to search the darkness for alleys and henroosts. His Brother White was riding a rented machine and would not therefore be out of pocket, and he would take upon himself the authority to declare his suspension as an active member. He might stand upon the surbstone and squint at the riders on public parade days, or he might take a wheel out into the country and hire a 12 acre lot, but the club would no longer be responsible for damages or stand behind for funeral expenses in case he broke his neck.

Brother Warlock Smith arose to ask for information. His wife was a woman weighing 300 pounds, and wanted to learn to ride the bike. He had persistently discouraged her, on the grounds that she was too fat and would not present a graceful picture. He had a mother in law 70 years old. She also wanted to ride, but he had objected to her age and leanness. Was there any limit to age, fatness or leanness? If there was, he wanted the club to support him in his objections. If not, he was prepared to give in.

The president replied that the bike had some for all and would be made use of by all. No matter how fat, no matter how lean, no matter whether the person was 20 years old or 90. A dumpy woman, weighing 300 pounds, might not look as chic on a wheel as one weighing 120, but she would look as chic as she could, and the public must put up with it. An old lady with false hair, spectacles and a cracked voice had rights the same as a daisy of a girl, and no one should seek to abridge them. In his family circle the fat and the lean, the aged and the youthful, and even his father-in-law, who had stiff knees, a bald head, a humped back and had lost his voice for the last ten years, rode a wheel and headed the procession. M. QUAL.

MEN IN MANY COLORS.

Richard Harding Davis Describes a Great Hungarian Celebration.

"In one notable group the men wore canary yellow silk from head to foot, trimmed heavily with silver. Their boots were yellow, their capes were yellow, and the tall plumes in their peaked caps were yellow. Another group wore gray velvet, with gray fur and silver; another, purple velvet, with gold; another, blue velvet, with ermine and silver. There were never more than 20 men at the most in any group. Sometimes there would be but five or six, but the costume of each one was as rich, whether he rode or walked, as any court dress of any emperor of Europe. The horses were covered with velvet saddlecloths, heavy with jewels and gold and silver ornaments. Some were hung from the head to the tail with strings of gold coins that one could hear jangling for a hundred yards as they advanced, stamping and tossing their heads, and others were covered with leopard and tiger skins, or with a harness of red morocco leather, or with blue turquoises that lay in beautiful contrast upon the snow white coat and mane.

Some of the provinces which dated back to the beginning of civilization were represented by men with the arms of the Huns of the Goths and Vandals, and the fierce simplicity of their appearance made the silks and satins of those next in line seem foolish and theatrical. These descendants of the earliest warriors were perhaps the most effective figures in the procession. Some of them wore black armor, some gold, some silver, and others the plain steel shirt of chain armor, which clung to them like a woolen jersey. Their legs were bound with raw leather thongs, and on their heads they wore steel casques with a bar of steel running from the helmet to the chin to protect the face from sword thrusts, and each rider held before him a great spear, from each side of which sprouted black eagle's feathers. There was something so grim and fierce in their appearance that the crowd along the side walks stood awed as they passed and then burst into the most enthusiastic cheers heard that day.—Richard Harding Davis in Scribner's.

More Poetical Than Useful.

"I woke up in the night, but couldn't tell the time. My watch had stopped."

"What kind of a watch is it?"

"One of those silent midnight watches."

She Couldn't Smile.

There are those whose power of expression is forever lagging behind their sense of appreciation. They may feel a thing deeply and they may see a thing keenly, but somehow they can't make it manifest. In some cases they can't even look it.

Many a woman has in silence relished a "joke" just as fully as her friend who goes off into perfect guffaws over it. But she gets none of the credit. It's really tragic—this being unable even to look your sense of humor, almost as bad indeed, as having no humor at all. A man who is afflicted in this way says that he can imagine no more inconvenient, if not actually torturing, state of things. For instance, he was once traveling on a railway train when a very pretty girl, whom he chanced to face, did a thing that of course no girl ought to do, but which the best of them have been known to, stared straight at the young man and smiled.

It was a very faint smile, but for all that there was no mistaking it. What was more, the girl kept on smiling whenever she had the chance. And the young man? Well, he naturally wanted to smile back. He was, in the first place, appreciative of such favors, and, in the second place, he was at an age when they were most appealing. But smile back he couldn't. Again and again did he try, and again and again did he fail. Never had his affliction so dominated him. At last he made up his mind that cruel a smile he would before they reached this city, no matter what it cost. It was no use,