Catarrh

May affect any portion of the body where the mucous membrane is found. But catarrh of the head is by far the most common, and strange to say, the most liable to be neglected. It originates in a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. The wonderful success Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in curing catarrh warrants us in urging all who suffer with this disease to try this peculiar medicine. It renovates and invigorates the blood, and tones every organ.

"I have been troubled with nasal catarrh, and never found relief till I used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I am confident will do all that is claimed. Thanks for Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. L. Routt, Marksburg, Ky.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done

Over 25 Pounds Gain in 10 Weeks Experience of a prominent Citizen

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE. SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased.

C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ely's Cream Balm Is worth $1000 to any Man, Woman or Child Suffering from **CATARRH**

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

RRR RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures and Prevents Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Asthma, Bruises, Sprains,

Quicker Than Any Known Remedy.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in its various forms cured and prevented. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For Headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

OLD DR. CHASE'S CHOLAGOGUE

ABSOLUTELY CURES MALARIA & ALL BILIOUS DISEASES.

Every man, woman and child ought to take some Brains medicine, ought to "clean house" as it were. A prominent Detroit Banker says: "I take one or two bottles of

CHOLAGOGUE

every Spring, and have not missed a day's work since 1869. POSITIVELY, this medicine WILL CURE

MALARIA, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER AND AGUE.

Aches in the bones that Spring brings to one-half the people. For sale at Drug stores. CHASE MEDICINE CO., Detroit, Mich. FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CO. Wholesale Agts.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Any book learned in one reading. Mind wandering cured. Speaking without notes. Wholly unlike artificial systems. Piracy condemned by Supreme Court. Great inducements to correspondence classes. Prospectus, with opinions of Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed Specialist in Mind diseases, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the great Psychologist, J. M. Buckley, D. D., Editor of the Christian Advocate, Richard Proctor, the Scientist, and others, sent post free by Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave. New York.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

Michigan's largest general **Sporting Goods' Establishment.** V. KINDLER.

ASTHMA CURED

FROM DIVINE LIPS.

An Eloquent Scriptural Flow in Which a Point is Made.

The Rev. Talmage on "Satan on His Travels"—His Satanic Majesty Tours in all Localities Sprinkling His Crude Loath in Divers Places—A Conversation is Held Between the Diety and Sheol's Master in Which the Almighty is Informed That the Devil is an Earthly Pedestrian, Etc.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 11.—The throngs in and around Brooklyn Tabernacle are on the increase. As an evidence of the demand for Dr. Talmage's work two hundred and fifty thousand copies (250,000) of his forthcoming subscription book, "The Pathway of Life," have been bought from the Historical Company by Messrs. B. F. Johnson & Company, of Richmond, Virginia, although the retail prices are from three dollars and a half to five dollars a copy. In the history of literature no book has had such an advanced sale.

At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for the subject of his sermon: "Satan on His Travels." His text was, Job 1-7: "And the Lord said unto Satan: Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said: From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

In 1672 was printed the largest book ever published, namely, two huge volumes of near five thousand pages in small type, the author Joseph Caryl. It was a commentary on this Book of Job. When it took a year for the journey from England to India, the son of the author of this commentary started for India, leaving his father writing on his book, and was gone for years, and when he came back to England still found his father writing on it. I never saw the commentary, but I do not wonder at its size because there is no end to the interest of the Book of Job. I am not surprised that Goethe, the unbeliever, took from this wonderful book the opening of his drama "Faust," and the Mephistopheles of the great German was only the Satan of Job. It seems that one day in heaven God was on His throne and angels and messengers came to report on their different missions. I suppose one angel said: "I was out among the stars and I saw one of them burn down." Another angel, I imagine, said: "I was off on a stellar excursion and was present at the birth of a new world." Another angel, I think, said: "I was journeying five hundred million miles in the wilderness of immensity and I saw a meteor run down a planet." Another angel: "I was off and helped at the inauguration of a race of beings amid the mountains and valleys of that mighty world in the South-east part of the heavens." But while these good and great spirits were making their reports a ghastly, grizzly, hideous monster from some miry, sulphurous, filthy world, came into the palace without wiping his feet, and God asked him where and how he had been occupying himself, and this greatest scoundrel of the universe made reply with blazing effrontery, and instead of acknowledging any of the mischief he had been doing said he had been an earthly pedestrian and had lived a sort of circumambulatory, peripatetic life. And the Lord said unto Satan: Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said: From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it."

This monster of my text has a great variety of names. You know that notorious villains are apt to take a variety of names. Arraigned in Paris for burglary a man will give one name, arrested in San Francisco for arson he will give another name, imprisoned at Montreal for murder he will give another name. So this creature of my text has many names. He is called in sacred and profane literature Abaddon, Apollyon, Ahrimanes Zaniel, Asmodeus the revenging devil, Beelzebub the sovereign of devils, Lucifer the brilliant devil, Diabolus the despairing devil, Mammon the money devil, Pluto the fiery devil, Baal the military devil, Meresin the plaguing devil. He is called the father of lies and has for his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren all falsehoods, deceptions, frauds, swindles, slanders, backbitings and subterfuges. All men of good sense, whether enlightened by the Bible or in heathendom, have not ceded that there are baleful and maleficent influences abroad that have not their origin in the human race, and demonology is as certain as angelology. The sword of Paracelsus was thought to have a demon in the hilt and there is now a demon in every sword hilt. The ancients supposed the air was filled with sylphs and satyrs and sirens and gnomes and vampires and salamanders and undines and hobgoblins. The Talmud says Adam's first wife was Lillis and that their children were all devils. Two or three hundred years ago a demonographer gave the names of ambassadors of evil which he thought Satan sent to different countries: Mammon, ambassador to England; Belphegor, ambassador to France; Martinet, ambassador to Switzerland; Rimmon, ambassador to Russia; Thamuz, ambassador to Spain; Hutgin, ambassador to Italy; and that there was a princess of devils by the name of Proserpine. But what was mere guess work of mythology or superstition has been made clear by divine revelation. We find that there is somewhere a monarch of all wickedness. He has a throne of power and courtiers and armies and navies and machinery of evil vast as the round world. He is the supervisor of all mischief and what he cannot do himself he delegates others to do, and as each one of our race is supposed to have a guardian good angel, I have to doubt that every human being has a besieging malignant spirit nagging his footsteps and trying to make him think wrong and act wrong, an especial devil of fraud or a devil of avarice or a devil of uncleanliness or a devil of poor health, and as in my text the spirits are represented as to the Lord so I have no doubt the evil spirits report to Satan, who is the enemy of the whole human race, and who has a celerity that makes flight around the world the matter of a second, and who marshals on his side the forces volcanic, atmospheric, epidemic, geologic, oceanic and cyclonic. "And the Lord said unto Satan: Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord and said: From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it."

Satan began his attack on this world long before Adam and Eve were created. While I believe the Bible record that the world was fitted up for man's residence in one week, I believe also the geological record that the world was previously for hundreds of thousands of years going through great changes. The lumber for the house that was to be built in a week for our first parents may have been hauled to the spot a million years before. This Prince of the Power of the Air has been trying for all that million years to demolish and use up this world. The record is on the rocks. He tried to drown it with universal waters. He tried to burn it up with universal fires. Then he tried to freeze it into ruin, and covered it with universal glacier. And for ages he kept this world before our first parents occupied it in paroxysms and convulsions, and the remains of those strugglers I have seen, and you have seen in museums, or if with geologist's hammer you have gone down into the stone libraries of the mountains. Yes, after the famous Bible week the world had been fitted into a Paradise for the home of our sinless ancestors. Satan comes into the Garden of Eden, not through the gate of foliage and upright in posture, but crawls in under the bushes a snake, and having despoiled our first parents goes to work to ruin Paradise, and does the work so thoroughly that one who recently visited the site of the ancient garden between the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates says the place is a desert, not a flower, and the ground so poor that nothing but some date-trees grow there, and the miserable villagers from nearby are not so well covered up with their rags as Adam and Eve were covered up with their innocence. So you see the Father of lies for once told the truth when the Lord said unto him: Whence comest thou? and Satan answered the Lord and said: "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

In my text we have Satan on his travels, and I am going to tell you some of the routes he is apt to take. On his way down from the palace where he reported himself in answer to the question: Whence comest thou? the first range of mischief he may be expected to take is the air. It was not a witticism or a slip of the pen when Paul in his letter to the Ephesians called Satan the "Prince of the Power of the Air." I think it means that Satan works through conditions of the atmosphere. The West wind is full of angels, the East wind is full of devils. Satan spreads abroad his black wings and hurricanes and euroclydans and Caribbean whirlwinds and equinoctials are hatched out. He takes the miasmas that float up from swamps and hatches them into typhoid fevers. He takes the cold blasts and hatches them into pneumonia and rheumatisms and consumptions. Not only has he power in the upper air where highest clouds float, but power over the lower air which we breathe, and as we breathe nineteen times a minute and take in three hundred and fifty cubic feet of air in every twenty-four hours and much of this air affects the arterial circulation, you see what opportunities the Prince of the Air has of contaminating and despoiling and demoralizing a man. Through atmospheric influence he clouds the disposition and rasps the nerves and covers the best of people with religious despondency, as in the case of Edward Payson and William Cowper and that beloved apostle of Evangelism, James W. Alexander. His great delight is to have the air of churches vitiated and in that way dulls the preacher and stupifies the people and sees to it that the atmosphere of not more than one out of a hundred churches is fit to breathe, and whole congregations Sabbath by Sabbath are asphyxiated. Yes, he is worthy of the title St. Paul gave him: "Prince of the Power of the Air."

Another route he is apt to take is through domestic life. There is no greater sport for him than conjugal quarrel. It does not make any difference how long the marriage ring has been on the finger of the right hand, he will try to pull off the signet. He says to the husband: "What a plain wife you have compared with what she once was! Don't you see that the color has gone out of her cheek and there are several wrinkles about her temples and a sprinkling of frost on her locks? Besides that, you have advanced in intelligence while she has stood still or gone back. How hard it is that you should be chained to such dullness and imbecility!" Then he turns and says to the wife: "That man neglects you, you have a right to be jealous. He likes his cigar and his club and anything and everything better than you. Why not get a divorce? Marriage is only a civil contract anyhow and not a divine alliance. Let me have that ring. It means nothing and you might as well give it to me." The ring is handed over to Satan and he tosses it up and down like a plaything over the mouth of perdition and says: "I will hand it back, only let me have it a little while." And he keeps tossing that ring with all its sacred memories higher up and further out, tossing and catching, tossing and catching it until one day you clutch for it, crying: "Give me back my ring!" but lo, it has dropped into the yawning gulf and you suddenly find who has been pitching and catching the ring, and you cry out: "Whence comest thou?" and he answers: From going to and fro in the domestic life of the city and from walking up and down in it; that is all." There are thousands of marriage relations strained almost to the breaking, and I commend to all men and women who are restless in the present marriage state that they resume the old-time courtship and take as much pains to make themselves agreeable as they did five or ten or twenty years ago, before the wedding march announced to the flushed and fluttering crowd that the bride and groom were coming. According to the statistics of Professor Dikes, in one year in moral New Hampshire there were 241 divorces; in temperate Maine, 478 divorces; in good old Massachusetts, 600 divorces, and in the New England of "steady habits," 2,113. In one county of Illinois 830 divorce suits were begun in one year, and in many places it seems as if a new arrangement had been made of the commandments, and instead of ten there are only nine, the seventh commandment having been left out. When you see how many husbands and wives are parted by law, and know of so many who would like to dissolve conjugal partnership, do you not come to the conclusion that Satan is engaged in mighty industries?

Another route that Satan is apt to take in his active travels is the factories and other establishments where capital sits in the office or counting room and a good many hands of laborers are busy among wheels and spindles and fabrics. On this visit he will first step into the manufacturer's office and finding the owner and proprietor of the great establishment all alone with his correspondence and his account books, says to him: "You are not making as much money as you ought. You furnish all the brains. Were it not for your enterprise this establishment would not be in existence. These men and women in your employ are of very common mould. Their appetite is coarser and they do not need the luxuries you require. Their comfort and happiness are of very little importance. Put them down on the very verge of starvation and take all the profits into your own possession, and if they do not like it tell them to go where they can do better." Having done his work in the counting room Satan steps right out among the workmen. He says: "You work too many hours and you do your work better than it needs to be done. You are serving a bloated bondholder anyhow. He has no right to have anymore than you have. Why should he ride and you walk? Why should he have tenderloin steak and you salt pork? Capital is the enemy of labor. Let labor be the sworn foe of capital. Why don't you strike and bring him to terms? Wait until he has a large order to fill by contract and then he cannot help himself. Go all together, without a moment's warning, and tell him you are going to stop. If he has more resources than you know of and persists in going on and getting new men, give them a volley of brickbats or put a little dynamite in his office and blow him and his factory up up with the same explosion." Look out here on the night sky! Great fire somewhere. What is it? The night is cold and Satan has made a big bonfire of that factory to warm himself by. The capitalist has lost heavily and the workmen and their families are without bread and clothing. "Whence comest thou, Satan?" "From going to and fro among employers and employes and from walking up and down among them. Ha! Ha! I was the only one who made anything out of that strike. What a splendid fire and lots of smoke! Ha! Ha! I like smoke."

Another route Satan is apt to take in his active travels is through the merchantile establishments. He steps in and says to the clerks: "How much salary do you get? Is that all? Why, you can't live on that! You have a right to enough for a livelihood. A few quarters out of the money drawer will never be missed, or here and there is a remnant of goods you could take home without being found out. Or you could change those account books a little and you could make that figure eight a naught and that figure five a three, and if you do not feel exactly right about doing that you can some day pay it back, which you can do perfectly easy. Don't feel like running the risk! Well then you can't go to the theatre and you can't go on that round with the boys and you will have to wear that plain coat whereas you could have your overcoat fur lined, and take board at a tip-top place and walk amid plush and tapestries positively Oriental. While you are making up your mind I will just go through the different parts of this great commercial establishment and try every one from the wealthy firm down to the errand boys." The result of that Satanic visit is that one of the partners has drawn so much out of the concern that the whole business is crippled and a bright and promising boy is sent home to his mother in disgrace and a young man is in jail for embezzlement. Three lives ruined and three eternities. Whence comest thou, Satan? "From going to and fro among merchantile houses and from walking up and down among them. I like to ruin splendid fellows and blast parental hopes, and of all the liquors that I ever tasted fill my glass with a brewing of agonizing tears. Come! let us click together the rims of our glasses to the overthrow of the fifty thousand young men I ruined last year! Huzza!" Satan would rather have one young man than twenty old ones. If he would win the septuagenarians and the octogenarians he could do but little harm with them. But he says: "Give me a young man, especially if he be bright, generous and social." He sees the young men have for good or bad been the mightiest influence in this world. Hernando Cortes conquered Mexico at thirty-two. Gustavus Adolphus became immortal in history so early that he died at thirty-eight. Rapheal the most famous of painters died at thirty-seven. William Pitt was Prime Minister of England at twenty-four. Jesus Christ completed his earthly life at thirty-three. Five years in a young man's life are of more power for good or evil than the last fifteen of an old man's life. So Satan is especial greedy for young men, and in going to and fro in the earth he has especial temptation for them.

Another route that Satan on his active travels is apt to take is for the despoiling of the people's souls. It does not pay him merely to destroy the the bodies of men and women. Those bodies would soon be gone anyhow; but great treasurers are involved in this Satanic excursion. On this route he meets a man who is aroused by something he has seen in the Bible and Satan says: "Now I can settle all that; the Bible is an imposition; it has been deluding the world for centuries; do not let it delude you. It has no more authority than the Koran of the Mohammedan or the Shaster of the Hindoo, or the Zenda-Vesta of the Persian!" He meets another man who is hastening towards the kingdom of God and says: "Why all this precipitation? Religion is right, but any time within the next ten years will be soon enough for you. A man with a stout chest like yours and such muscular development need not be bothering himself about the next world." But Satan says nothing to him about the fact that the professor who gave his whole life to the study of health and could lift more pounds than any American died at about forty, and that another learned man who proved conclusively that if we observe the laws of health we need never die, expired before he got his book on that subject published. Satan meets another man who has gone through a long course of profligacy and is beginning to pray God for forgiveness, and Satan says to the man: "You are too late, the Lord will not help such a wretch as you, you might as well brace up and fight your own way through." And so with a spite and an acuteness and a velocity that have been gaining for six thousand years, he ranges up and down baffling, disappointing, defeating, afflicting, destroying the human race. Through his own hand or delegated infernalism he has pursued and ha[...]s all, and cursed every heart and cursed eve[ry] home and cursed every nation and cu[rsed] every continent. He has [...]gated eve[ry w]ar. He has rejoiced in ev[ery] pestilen[ce]. He has started every groan. He has pressed out every sigh. He has hurled every shipwreck. Lazarettoes, insane asylums, commercial panics, plagues, destroying angels, continental earthquakes, and world-wide disasters are to him a perfect glee. Can you look upon the Communism and the Mormonism and the Mohammedanism and the wide sweep of drunkenness and fraud and libertinism, the Franco-German war and Crimean war, the North and South United States war, and rivers of blood flowing across continents of misery into oceans of wretchedness, without realizing the power of the Evil One, who reported to the Lord Almighty, and when asked: Whence comest thou? answered: "From going to and fro in the earth and from going up and down in it."

But, blessed be God! I may substitute anthem for requiem and Hallelujah Chorus for the Dead March in Saul. The New Testament says: "The Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil." It prophesied that an angel would come down from heaven with key and chain and incarcerate and shut up the old dragon. It says that Christ came to "destroy him that had the power of death—that is the devil." And from the way Christ drove the devil out of those possessed by him until he was glad to hide under the bristles of the swine of Gadara and from other violent ejectments, we know that there is in existence a power a millionfold mightier than the diabolic. The old lion of death shall go down under the stroke and roar of the "Lion of Judah's tribe." Yes, my text shows that Satan was compelled to report to the Almighty and give account of himself. When God said to him: "Whence comest thou?" he was forced to answer. What means that Scripture which says that Christ shall bruise the serpent's head? If you have ever killed a snake the passage ought to be plain to you. You see this old serpent, the devil, has crawled across the nations, poisoning whole generations and leaving its trail on everything; but after a while it will be cornered, and hissing and writhing in rage and with crest lifted and forked tongue shot out it will make final attack on Christ, and Christ will advance upon it, and lifting his omnipotent foot, that foot strong enough to crush a world, lifting that foot right over the head of the reptile, will put down his heel with a crushing power that shall leave the monster bleeding and mashed, never to hiss again or bite again or shake his old rattle again. Thank God he has already received a stunning blow. Hear you not the rumbling of the Christian printing presses and the whirling of the Gospel chariot wheel? As many souls have been added to the Christian Church in the last eighty years as in the previous eighteen centuries and that is a ratio of increase acclamatory with gladness. The kingdom is coming, and I am so sure of it that I do not propose to fret and worry because it has not already come. I may jump to get on a boat that is going off, but I do not propose to jump for a boat that is coming in. The sharp attacks of infidelity and sin are a good sign that especial blessing is coming in showers over all the earth. Flies bite sharp just before rain.

If we do not see the full consummation our children will see it. In the time of the French Revolution a great procession of boys carried through the street a banner with the inscription: "Tremble tyrants; we shall grow up!" Though we may fail to do our duty there is a rising generation being gospelized and coming by the hundreds of thousands from our Sabbath-schools and Christian homes who might properly have on their banners: "Tremble, ye powers of darkness and sin; for we are growing up!" We may not amount to much in ourselves, but if we put ourselves in the right place we can do great exploits. Two put under two make only four; but placed beside two make twenty-two. Yet what you and I most need is power to drive back this Apollyon, this Asmodeus, this Ahrimanes from our hearts and lives. And we can do it not by our own strength but by divine power afforded, for here is a passage emblazoned with encouragement which says: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." Remember it is no sin at all to be tempted. The best and the mightiest have been tempted. Milton describes a toad squat at the ear of Eve. The sin is in surrendering. Do not feel so secure in yourself as to think you cannot be overthrown. How do you account for the fact that there are so many old men in Sing Sing and Auburn and the other penitentiaries, serving out their protracted sentences for frauds committed in middle-life or advanced ages, although their early life had been good and nothing bad been suspected of them until at fifty or sixty years of age the whole land was struck dumb at their forgery or embezzlement. The clock in the steeple of old Trinity Church striking the hours did not remind the recreant Wall-streeter of the passage of time that would soon bring exposure to and doom. The explanation is that Mephistopheles, Apollyon, Satan got in his work at that time. The man was not naturally bad. He was as good as any of you are, but Satan with whole battalions of infernals swooped upon him unawares. Look out for the wiles of the devil, not only those of you who are young but the middle-aged and the old. Outside of God you are not safe a moment. But yield not to disheartenment. If we put our trust in God our best days are yet to come—days of victory, days of song, days of heaven, and the best days of righteousness in all the earth are yet to come. As the ten thousand men of Xenophon's army when they came to the top of Mount Theches and saw the waters on which they were to sail to their homes, the soldiers with clapping hands and waving banners all together shouted:

"The sea; the sea!" So we to-day in our march toward our heavenly home come up to the top of the mountain of holy anticipation and look off upon oceans of light and oceans of glory and oceans of joy; and thrilled as we have never been thrilled before we clap our hands and wave our gospel ensigns and cry one to another and shout up to the responding and re-echoing heavens: "The sea; the sea!"

Bones of an Indian Giant.

A member of the Logan grays, the crack military organization of Logansport, that held its encampment this year at Eagle lake, near Warsaw, stopped in this city on his way home from camp and told the following story of the discovery by the part of a cavern on an island in Eagle lake, near Warsaw: Am. Jones rowed to a small island near the southwest corner of the lake and began digging for worms. He turned over a large flat stone near a tree and under it was a small hole which was an entrance to a cave. Jones called the boys up and we began an exploration of the cavern, which proved to be twenty-five feet long, fifteen feet wide and eight feet deep. The walls are of a natural formation of stone, reaching out in the middle so as to form two perfect rooms.

In the front room was the skeleton of a man six feet nine inches long. The bones were very large, indicating great strength. Along one side of the cave runs a small stream of water as pure as crystal. In the front it forms a small pool. In this were a number of eels. Old settlers in this vicinity claim that the skeleton is that of Eagleookie, the giant Indian chief, who lived alone on this island and mysteriously disappeared during a severe winter about thirty years ago. The lake was named after this chief and the island is known as Giant island. Eagleooke was a great pilferer, and several articles which he had stolen a generation ago were found near his bones, including a double shovel plough, the first one ever used in the country, belonging to a farmer living seven miles from the lake.—*Wabash (Ind.) Dispatch to Cincinnati Commercial.*

She Was Thoughtful of Him.

Bride (of a month)—My husband seems to be out very late to night.

Maid—Yes'm; it's after 11 o'clock.

"Mercy on me! Do you suppose he could have met some former sweetheart, and——"

"No, indeed mum. The butler tells me your husband is at the club having a good time with his bachelor friends, and I think, ma'am, you ought to do something about it."

"Why, of course. How thoughtless I am! Get me the box of phosphorus from the cabinet."

"Dearie me! You ain't going to commit suicide!"

"Suicide! You must be crazy. I'm going down to the front door to rub phosphorous on the keyhole."—*Philadelphia Record.*

New to the Business.

He was a new conductor on his first trip.

As the car passed the corner a handsomely dressed young woman nodded her head graciously.

The new conductor tipped his hat with the utmost politeness, and turning to a passenger on the platform, said:

"How's that for a mash, eh?"

"She wanted you to stop the car," replied the passenger.

"B'gosh," exclaimed the new conductor, "I never thought of that. It may turn out a smash instead of a mash."—*Epoch.*

Might Have Been Worse.

Mrs. Hendricks: "I read an account in the morning paper of such a sad occurrence. An eagle snatched a baby from its nurse's arms and carried it off."

Mr. Oldboy (who is not fond of babies): "It might have been sadder, Mum. What if the eagle had failed to get away with the baby!"—*Epoch.*

"It's a cold day when I get left," said the summer straw hat, as it cuddled up snugly in the dust on top of the wardrobe.—*Puck.*

The bricklayers' assistant expects to have a hot winter.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

This Desirable End to Be Attained Through Practice of the Golden Mean.

The true secret of good health and immunity from disease, says a writer in the London *News*, lies in finding out and practicing the golden mean of every creed. The vegetarian, for instance, goes too far; but he is perfectly correct in his assumption that most men eat too frequently and too plentifully of meat, and not nearly enough of vegetables and fruit. The average Englishman believes in good slices from the joint, usually underdone, and often eaten in haste, with the day's work but half done. Vegetables are with him a very secondary consideration, partly because they are often badly cooked and not temptingly served. Were he to eat less meat and more vegetables and fruit he would be less of a martyr to rheumatism in his old age than he is at present. Nor is he sufficiently appreciative of fish as an article of diet. Here, again, unsatisfactory cooking comes in as a factor in deferring the general public from what is for them. The ordinary English cook is as wasteful in her method's of cooking as she is careless in her manner of serving it. The man who does the most justice to his own constitution is he who compasses an attractive variety in his diet, ranging through all the flavors of fish, flesh, foul and the wares of the green-grocer, in a way that not only satisfies appetite, but stimulates it. The teetotaler's theory of life is good for those who can not restrain themselves so as to leave off drinking when they have had enough. Water is not what it was when the world was younger, or as it is even now in places where human life is not thickly congregated about it as it is in England. Various forms of pollution destroy the purity of our rivers, and the student of sanitary science sees a thousand horrors in a glass of cold water. But the golden grain of truth in the teetotaler's theory is not far to seek. It lies in the use of wines, spirits, and beer without abusing them. Till now man has invented no better, no more absolutely suitable accompaniment to a good dinner than well-brewed ale or sound claret. These aid the system to assimilate the food it absorbs. Lemonade is lowering, and its sweetness spoils the savor of most dishes. Milk is not always admirable as a dinner drink, especially when fish plays any part of the menu. Tea or coffee taken with meat is simply suicidal. These hot beverages turn the meat into something resembling leather, and the result interferes sadly with digestion. The man who desires long life must not give a place to "high tea" in his daily program. Of tea itself it can only be said that it is harmless if not taken too often or made too strong. The American lady, who, after several calls and a cup of tea at each, remarked that she could "always worry down another cup," was probably unaware of the mischief she was doing herself. No one need totally abstain from tea if they will only take the precaution to buy it good, not to make it strong, not to let it infuse long, never take it more than twice a day, and to abjure it after 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

As to the man for whose bath the ice has to be broken on the Surpentine on winter mornings, who can deny that he is intemperate in the matter of cold water? And yet the morning tub is indispensible to all who wish to live a long and healthy life. It is true that there have been centenarians who have known nothing of this luxury, but their longevity has been in spite of that fact, not because of it. The bath is good, but not too much bath. Walking is good, but it must not be overdone. Dickens overdid it. Most of us however, underdo it, and scarcely walk enough. Flesh accumulates upon us in middle age because we do not take sufficient exercise, and then we give up long walks because we are stout and consequently lazy, thus reversing the process of cause and effect. The health suffers seriously and a way is open to many maladies. People who assert that they have not time to take long walks should remember that they are probably cutting short their own time by refraining from the needful exercise.

Many people take too much medicine. Morbid persons with hypochondriacal tendencies are always dosing themselves. They apparently regard their own interior arrangements as a sort of puzzle that has been badly put together, and their efforts to sort things out with the aid of pills and powders are but a series of experiments. Highly destructive to cheerfulness is this frame of mind, and cheerfulness is one of the best ends to length of days. It is possible to cultivate this quality, and to the interests of those about us, no less than in our own, it ought to be cultivated. It is a sign of a healthy mind, and enables its possessor in a certain degree to shake off worry, which is a terrible shortener of human life. No one ever died of work, but worry has killed its thousands. There are many ways of avoiding it. The chief is to live within one's income and thus escape the wearing cares that come of debt and improvidence, avoiding anxiety for the future of those dependent on us. A little voluntary self-denial saves a mountain of it, enforced and inevitable, as the proverbial stitch in time saves nine.

VICTIMS OF THE BIG FIRE.

One Hundred and Seventeen Bodies Taken from the Smoldering Ruins.

The question of the number of the unfortunate people who lost their lives in the Chicago fire of 1871 has always been an open one. From the rapidity with which the disastrous conflagration enveloped the heart of the city it can readily be understood that it was utterly impossible for the details of fatalities and casualties to be made a matter of record, and yet that a sad list of fatalities resulted from the terrible deluge of fire which swept the devoted city during the night and morning of Oct. 8 and 9 can not be doubted.

Some very erroneous impressions seem to be abroad about this matter. Not long ago an eastern magazine in replying to an inquiry on the subject, said that no lives were lost in the Chicago fire. This is quite as misleading as is the impression implicity believed by even some old Chicagoans that a very considerable number perished in the flames. The precise number of fatalities could not possibly be known owing to the condition in which many bodies and parts of bodies were found, burned beyond identification, and badly charred and crushed, as most of them were. Dr. Ben Miller, ex-coroner and ex-county physician, possesses in a record of notes taken at the time what is probably the only authentic information of that melancholy mission, the search for the burned dead undertaken by him assisted by the county undertaker and his men co-operating with the police. A morgue for the reception of the remains had been prepared on Milwaukee avenue and the exploring party set out. The first body found was on Washington street between Clark and Dearborn. It was but slightly burned, being protected from the flames which swept the street by a heap of masonry and rubbish which had fallen upon it. It was subsequently ascertained that this man had been cut off from retreat in the third story of the building in which he roomed. For some time he sat upon the ledge of the window, but the flames forced him out and after hanging on to the window sill until his grasp loosened he fell to the sidewalk, striking on his head, the fall killing him instantly. The badly charred remains of a man were found inside a piece of unusually large iron water-pipe lying in the grounds of the water-works. Evidently he had crawled into the big pipe to escape the intense heat and had been suffocated by the dense masses of smoke and showers of fine cinders which overtook him. At Erie street bridge was found the body of a man afterward identified as Martin Lunt, an assistant bridge-tender, and another corpse was dug out of some ruins on Grant street near La Salle. The remains of a woman found on Jackson street near Clinton were supposed to be those of Mary Dangler who resided in that neighborhood.

The saddest part of the search was the discovery of charred remains burned not only beyond all recognition but so badly as to make their removal in entirety almost impossible. In many instances these charred corpses bore scarcely any resemblance to human bodies. In a number of instances the spinal column and the neck were all that remained to prove their kinship with the race. Bodies burned beyond recognition were found on Dearborn avenue, between Indiana and Ohio streets; on Clark street between Madison and Monroe; on Kingsbury street, near Erie, and an alley, between State and Walnut streets, and in a number of other places in the north division, in which section of the city the largest number of bodies was found. In all 117 corpses were rescued from the smoldering ruins and with the utmost care taken to the morgue. Subsequently all these remains were interred in one common grave with appropriate public ceremonies.—*Chicago Times.*

The Intelligent Compositor.

"What in thunder's this!" exclaimed the intelligent compositor; "'household gods!' That don't mean nothing. Oh, yes, now I see; Mr. Gluten left out an 'o.'" And the intelligent compositor deliberately and in conscious pride set it up "household goods." "That means something," he said. He was right. It did mean something—his discharge which took place the next day.—*Boston Times.*

The Fatal Number.

"Amarintha, in accepting me, you have made me immeasurably happy." "I am glad to know it, Arthur. You are not in the least superstitious, are you?" "No, darling. Why do you ask?" "Because you are the thirteenth man to propose to me this summer."—*Life.*

Theatrical managers are longing for the end of the political campaign. Brother B[ar]ton of the Casino says that the campaign is particularly injurious to traveling companies. He recalls that it is difficult to buck against torchlight processions and in support of his statement remarks that Edward Booth himself, while in an inland city where the political battle was raging, played to a $30 house. Theatrical managers think there should be a presidential election only once in eight or twelve years.

Looking the matter up for curiosity's sake, it is found that there are still on the pension rolls of the country 8 6 men who served in the war of 1812. The war ended seventy-three years ago. There were, as near as can be got at, some 50,000 men who were recognized as having had a pensionable part in that war. If service in the late war turns out to be as conducive to longevity as that in the war of 1812, and the same proportion of veterans survive for a like period we shall have, even as late as the year 1938, some 16,000 surviving veterans.

An exchange calls attention to the case of Miss Rosa Wise, a young girl of Meridian, Miss., who had 5 cents given to her as a joke for a birthday present. She bought a yard of calico with it and made a sunbonnet, which she sold for 40 cents. This she invested in more calico, made it up, sold the garments and reinvested the capital until she had $11. With this she bought potatoes, planted them, paid for the cultivation of her crop, for gathering and carting to town and made $50 clean profit. It is to be hoped Miss Rosa will not throw all the fat in the fire now by spending the $50 for a new fall bonnet.

The motive force of the world, as officially summarized by the bureau of statistics, Berlin, presents some remarkable facts, together with the interest general statement that four-fifths of the engines now working in the world have been constructed during the last twenty-five years in round numbers. France has 50,000 stationary or portable boilers, 7,000 locomotives and 1,900 boats' boilers; Germany has 59,000 boilers, 10,000 locomotives and 1,700 ships' boilers; Austria 12,000 boilers and 2,800 locomotives. The force equivalent to the working steam engines represents, in the United States, 7,500,000 horse power, 4,500,000 in Germany, 3,000,000 in France, and 1,500,000 in Austria. In these enumerations the motive power of the locomotives is not included, whose number in all the world amounts to 105,000, representing a total of 3,000,000 horse power, which amount, added to the other powers, gives a total of 46,000,000 horse power. As a steam horse power is equal to three actual horses' power, and a living horse is equal to seven men, the steam engines of the world may be said to represent, therefore, approximately, the work of 1,000,000,000 men.

The Special Offer

of The Youth's Companion of Boston, Mass., which we published last week, should be noticed by our readers, as the opportunity comes but once a year. Any new subscriber to The Companion who will send $1.75 at once, can have the paper free to January 1, 1889, and for a full year from that date. This offer includes four holiday numbers, for Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years and Easter, all the Illustrated Weekly Supplements, and the Annual Premium List, with 590 illustrations. Really a $2.50 paper for only $1.75 a year.

A German officer cannot marry an American woman without Bismarck's consent.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Life is a continual routine whatever guise it assumes.

Yes, he loves you now, 'tis true,
Lass with eyes of violet blue,
Lips as sweet as honey dew,
Bonny little bride!
Will he love you as to-day,
When your bloom has fled away,
When your golden locks are grey,—
Will his love abide?

Yes, if it is the true kind it will survive all the inevitable wastes and changes of life. But, it is every woman's desire and duty to retain, as long as she can, the attractions that made her charming and beloved in youth. No one can keep her youthful bloom or equable temper if weighed down and suffering from female weakness and disorders. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy for these troubles. Sold by druggists.

Mr. Moody will spend the winter in evangelistic work on the Pacific coast.

An Offensive Breath

is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

The king of Siam recently donated $250,000 to Baptist missions.

Inventions of the 19th Century.

The steamboat, the reaper, the sewing machine,
Cars running by night and by day,
Houses lighted by gas and heated by steam,
And bright electricity's ray.
The telegraph's click speeds like lightning released,
Then the telephone comes to excel it;
And, to put on the finish, the last but not least,
Is the famed little Purgative Pellet.

Last but not least is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellet, because it relieves human suffering, adds to the sum of human comfort, and enables the relieved sufferer to enjoy all the blessings and luxuries of the age we live in.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

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Gout in most cases first makes itself known by an acute pain in the joint of the great toe. This most excruciating pain may be likened to that produced by the driving of a wedge under the nail. For gout use Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents a bottle.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink," a little at a time of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and you will relieve your cold, and not rack your chest and lungs to pieces, and keep everybody else in a state of agitation. Price twenty-five cents.

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Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs, Colds and all other Throat Troubles.—"Pre-eminently the best."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Laughter and song are the heart's rivers of hope.

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a sample bottle Free to convince you of the merits of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50c and $1.

A Yuma squaw and a Chinaman have been married in San Bernardine, Cal.

$60,000 for $1.00.

Send $1 to the Montana Investment Company, Helena, Montana, for a chance in their Prize Distribution, Jan'y 7th, 1889. The $60,000 Aborn House, Des Moines, Iowa, and 133 cash prizes from $10 to $5,000. Tickets $5. Fifths $1.

A smile through tears is the soul's rainbow of peace.

ST. JACOBS OIL For Neuralgia.

FRESH TESTIMONIALS.

20 Minutes. Irvington, Ill., May 28, 1888. About three years ago, Mrs. Egbert Tenerah was taken with Neuralgia in head and face had suffered three days; she tried St. Jacobs Oil; was relieved in 20 minutes. Jas. T. Goodner, Druggist.

Prompt. Columbus, Ohio, May 29, 1888. Have suffered with Neuralgia for many years; I use St. Jacobs Oil; it gives relief and finally drives away all pain. I would use no other medicine. SOPHIA PFEIFER.

Sure. Towanda, Ill., June 5, 1888. The wife of SIMON P. ANDERSON had pains in the head from childhood, which yield to St. Jacobs Oil. G. W. HOWARD & SONS, Druggists.

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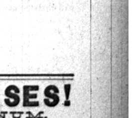

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