Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for, at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, prevalence of fevers and other diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and bodily health vigorous by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches. 25c.

CALLS HER A DUTIFUL WIFE.

A Justice Discharges a Woman Who Beat Another at Her Husband's Order.

Mrs. Maggie Strippel, of 136 Meeker avenue, Williamsburgh, was arraigned in the Ewen street police court yesterday for striking Mrs. Alice Whalen, a cotenant, and pulling out a handful of her hair, says the New York Sun.

"Just before Mrs. Strippel struck me," said Mrs. Whalen, "I stood in the hall and overheard Mrs. Strippel's husband telling her to give me a licking. I said nothing at the time, as I didn't believe she would do anything like that for her husband. The first thing I knew Mrs. Strippel was behind me, and she began to punch me and kick me, and then she pulled out my hair."

"Did you do this?" inquired Justice Murphy of Mrs. Strippel.

"Yes, your honor," she said, softly, after having stood in silence for nearly a minute. "My husband ordered me to do it."

"If that's the case," said the justice, cheerfully, "you're a dutiful wife, and I'll dismiss the case and discharge you."

Mrs. Whalen looked in surprise at Justice Murphy and asked:

"You've discharged her?"

"That's what I've done," replied Justice Murphy.

Czarina and the Woman Question.

The influence of the Russian empress is strongly felt in the sphere of intellectual progress. She has manifested great interest in the growth of the woman movement, and in court circles this subject is one that engrosses much attention. It is related that a meeting of feminists was recently about to be held in the capital, and that the empress was anxious to obtain fuller information about the precise aims of advanced Russian women than she was likely to get from the St. Petersburg press. The ladies of the court, as well as the czar himself, were questioned on the subject, but at that time their knowledge of the matter was not very extensive. The empress therefore dispatched one of her secretaries to the meeting, with orders to take a full report of the proceedings. This she has also done on every similar occasion subsequently, so there is every appearance that the court will now be kept well in touch with the aspirations of the pioneers of feminism in Russia.

GOT THE BACKACHE?

If You Have, Here's the Way to Rid Yourself of the Weariness and Pain Attending It.

Some people suffer with headaches many people are worn out and weary all the time, many more people have lame back and backache. Few people understand the real cause of their aches, and fewer yet know how easily they can find a cure. Just a word of explanation before we prove that what we say is true. The back is the key-note of the kidneys. It aches; that's a sign that the kidneys are not working properly; it is lame; another sign, the kidneys are out of order. The kidneys, you know, are the filters of the blood but filters sometimes get clogged up. This means in their case that the blood courses through the entire system impregnated with poisonous uric acid, bringing on many a disorder which, if neglected, means disease perhaps incurable. And now about the cure:—Don't take our word for it; read what others say:

Mr. David C. Oaks is proprietor of the well known hardware and paint shop at 220 East Main Street, Kalamazoo. Mr. Oaks has suffered a great deal from kidney ailments; he described his condition and cure as follows: "I had a bad, lame back, which I suppose was caused by my kidneys; was confined to my bed during bad attacks. I might say, from time to time, I have been in that condition for years. The urinary organism was affected, urine being scanty, highly colored, and difficult in passage. I was in a bad shape when I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, about which I had heard. I have used now two boxes of them, and the pills have removed all the pain and trouble. There was a marked improvement right from the first, and it has continued right along. Doan's Kidney Pills are the right thing in the right place."

For sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited, The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Caution: In view of the many imitations of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should make sure that our place of manufacture, namely, Dorchester, Mass. is printed on each package.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASS.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and nocharge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., [illegible] Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

Cut Out and send this Advertisement.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION. BY PERMISSION OF RAND, McNALLY & CO.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

(CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.)

She hesitated a moment; her glance fell upon the corner of a letter projecting from the pocket of his torn and dusty uniform; that might give her his address; she leaned forward and took it gently out. The address was, "William Cavendish, Esquire; The Admiralty, Whitehall;" the seal was unbroken.

The truth broke in on her instantly; she called to the coachman and the carriage stopped.

"Home!" she cried, imperatively; the horses were wheeled round. "Drive fast!" she added, and they quickened their pace.

In a few minutes they stopped in front of No. 23 Bedford square. Dick opened his eyes.

"Are you there?" he asked; "I have a letter—"

"Yes," she said, gently, "I know; it shall be delivered at once; but now you must come in with me."

He obeyed, moving slowly and with pain; she did not offer him help from herself or her servants, for which he was dimly grateful. In the hall stood the colonel, bland as ever, and looking as if he saw nothing unusual in Dick's appearance or costume. Camilla hastily explained the case, Dick standing by silently the while, giving his whole attention to controlling any expression of the pain in his head, which was becoming more and more severe.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "Capt. Estcourt will do me the honor of making use of my room in which to rest from the fatigue of his gallant struggle against superior numbers?"

Dick followed him upstairs, but stopped short at the top of the first flight.

"I have a letter to deliver," he repeated in a tone of helpless obstinacy; "it will be too late."

"If you will intrust it to me," replied the colonel, "I will send it directly; the carriage is still at the door."

They reached a room upon the floor above, where M. de Montaut left his guest in charge of a valet and returned downstairs with the letter in his hand. At the drawing-room door he found Camilla waiting for him.

"You would be doing me a favor," she said, "by taking that letter yourself to its address."

He looked at her as if he were about to ask a question, but apparently changed his mind, and bowed instead.

"Your wish is in itself a reason more than sufficient," he said, as though half in answer to his own thought; and he went on down to the front door, and stepped into the carriage with something like a crafty smile upon his handsome face.

A quarter of an hour after his departure Dick made his appearance in the drawing-room, where he found Camilla alone. At first she was surprised and pleased to see him looking so little the worse for his injuries; but she soon perceived by the nervous excitement of his manner and the brightness of his eyes that he was by no means out of the wood yet. He expressed his gratitude for her timely rescue, and his admiration of the skill and courage with which she had brought under control so excited and disorderly a crowd. She laughed, and put the matter lightly on one side.

"It is my brother-in-law come back," she said, in a tone of perfectly counterfeited unconcern.

Dick looked fixedly at her! in his eyes were dumb reproach and the sadness of an unspoken farewell; about his mouth gathered the lines of resolution, and, for a moment, the curve of bitterness.

She flushed, and all her manner changed instantly. "Don't misunderstand me," she cried impulsively. "I know what you have done, and loyalty can never fail of sympathy from me!"

The colonel's step was heard ascending the stairs; she heard Dick stiffen himself to bear the news of his unwelcome fortune, and felt, with a quick sense of surprise at her own weakness, that she was too much interested to stay and see him face the ordeal. She made some incoherent excuse and as the door opened she passed the colonel hurriedly and ran toward her own room breathless and confused. But she was stayed in mid-course by a cry from M. de Montaut and the sound of a bell ringing violently downstairs. She turned half round; the colonel came out on to the stairs.

"I regret to say," he began, with exasperating politeness and deliberation, "that disappointment at the news of which I was the unwilling bearer has prostrated our gallant friend with an attack of fever. What professional enthusiasm!" he continued, with a half smile. "One may doubt whether my lords have this time favored the better man."

She looked as if two might doubt that, but answered nothing, and the colonel returned to his patient.

CHAPTER III.

THE SURGEON who was called in, without delay, to attend to Dick's injuries pronounced them to be slight in themselves: but for the feverish condition to which they had given rise he prescribed immediate rest and quiet. He looked a little doubtfully at each of his listeners in turn as he said this:

"You mean," inquired Camilla, "that he must not be moved for the present?"

"Well," was the reply, "of course it might be managed, but it is a risk, and if you could, without too much inconvenience, keep him for a couple of nights at any rate—"

"Oh!" cried the colonel, interrupting, "do not think twice about it; convenience is nothing in a case of urgency, and Capt. Estcourt is a valued friend of ours."

The surgeon looked relieved, and went away promising to return the same evening.

Camilla for herself approved the arrangement made by her brother-in-law, but she was at the same time surprised at it. He had not only spoken of Dick, with whom he was in no way intimate, as "a valued friend"—that was, perhaps, only a piece of his habitual politeness—but he had also readily entered into a plan which did in fact involve a considerable inconvenience, and this was by no means so usual a thing for him. At least, he always had a personal motive for such acts, and she was at a loss to see an adequate one here; for the difficulty which he had thus brought upon himself was no slight one. The patient had been taken from the drawing-room into a spare-room adjoining it on the same floor, and separated from it only by a partition wall of slight construction, through which the sound of conversation was by no means inaudible. Now, it happened by ill fortune that on this very evening matters were to be spoken of in that drawing-room which must not be overheard by any living ear. The meeting was one which could not be postponed, and no other room in the house was suitable for it, for it was to be in appearance a merely social gathering. And all this the colonel knew as well as she did.

As they sat at dinner she alluded to the question while the servants were absent from the room.

"Yes," replied M. de Montaut, "it is unfortunate, but it would be inhuman to move our poor friend; his safety may depend on his remaining quiet."

"On his remaining quiet!" said Camilla. "Our safety will certainly depend on that, if he does overhear us."

"Eh bien, then we will remain quiet."

"It will be his duty to inform against us," she replied.

"As an officer, true," said her companion, cooly; "but on this occasion the gallant captain will not fulfill that duty, for he has another more imperative."

She looked at him in doubt.

"The duty, I mean, of a loyal chevalier."

"I know him better!" was the exclamation on her lips, but she checked it, and hesitated for an answer.

"In reality," he said, "we need fear no such complication. I have just recollected that the doctor said he intended to give his patient a composing draught at an early hour this evening, so he will hear no treason after all."

"You are sure?" she asked; "sure, I mean, that he will give it, and that it will be effectual?"

"I will see to it myself, if you wish," he replied; "but I am surprised to find you so apprehensive for our security. You used to think no risk too great to run for the good cause."

"In that," she said, hotly, "I shall never change; it is not that I am lukewarm, as you will see tonight!"

He bowed, and rose from the table to open the door for her. Before they had been in the drawing-room half an hour the surgeon returned. He brought with him the sleeping draught.

"That is a good idea of yours," said Camilla, as he produced it.

"To Colonel de Montaut belongs the credit of suggesting it," was the reply.

"Really?" she said; "I should not have suspected that."

The colonel looked a little confused.

Within five minutes of the doctor's departure the bell rang twice in rapid succession, and three gentlemen were ushered into the drawing-room, where Madame de Montaut was waiting to receive them. A conversation on the most general subjects at once began, but there was an air of expectation in the manner of all, and when the colonel entered every one turned to him as though with an unspoken inquiry.

He greeted the two newcomers, and turned to Madame de Montaut. "I think we may begin now," he said.

She looked at him and raised her eyebrows interrogatively. He nodded to signify that Dick was fast asleep, and sat down at a small table, laying a bundle of papers upon it.

"My friends," he said, "I have summoned you to-night to propose a fresh attempt."

He looked at the faces around him and observed that Camilla was similarly occupied. His hearers showed by their looks that they perfectly understood his meaning, but were either reserved or unenthusiastic in the matter.

"M. Carnac," he continued, with grave politeness, bowing to the elderly gentleman who sat nearest to him, "it is from you that we have learned to expect a critical judgment. Are you not of opinion that the time has come for renewed activity?"

"It has come again and again," replied the person addressed, "but always without result."

"No doubt," said the colonel; "but that has been solely due to a want of forethought and energy, which must not occur again."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed a short gentleman, with a beard, who was evidently an Englishman; "there have been good enough plans laid, but no one fit to be trusted with their execution."

The third of the visitors turned upon the speaker.

"You will pardon me," he said, with some acrimony, "if I differ entirely; it is, in my opinion, the stay-at-homes who are to blame, in devising impossible methods of which they take the credit and others the danger!"

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, in a soothing tone, "you are both right, but you both speak only according to your own experience. You, Mr. Holmes, deserved success, but your subordinates failed you. You, M. le Comte, followed your instructions with a courage and loyalty which would have secured a triumph if your directors had not made a cruel mistake in their calculations. These two fatal forms of error must be avoided. We must think and act with equal certainty, and all will be well."

Mr. Holmes shook his head in sulky silence. The Comte de Rabodanges exclaimed, fiercely, "It is too much to expect; the cat does not offer her paw a second time!"

During this altercation Camilla had sat silent, but with growing impatience; her eyes flashed and her cheeks were fiery-red. The colonel, always ready to turn the force of others to account for his own purpose, hastened to give the final impulse to her pent-up indignation. He looked at her, and raised his shoulders and eyebrows in a gesture of resignation.

"You!" she cried; "you too despair at the eleventh hour? What do these doubts and recriminations mean? Do none of you any more remember the greatness of the cause you serve? Have you begun to forget the emperor?"

As the lightning of this word flashed upon them her hearers started violently.

"Ah!" she went on, with quickening breath, "there is magic in the name! It is perhaps because you whisper it so seldom that it has ceased of late to stir you; let us be bolder in speech and braver in action!"

"Madame," replied M. Carnac, deprecatingly, and with a bow of genuine admiration, "your enthusiasm is heroic, but it is not prudent; the boldness that you preach is likely to bring discomfiture upon us all."

"Discomfiture!" she cried with ringing scorn. "What, then, does the timidity you practice bring upon the emperor? Are we to preserve our own freedom at the price of his captivity, and amid the luxury of a great capital to shut our eyes to the misery of his exile on a lonely rock unfit for human habitation?" There was an awkward silence. After a moment's pause she went on again in a more pleading tone.

"Let us for an instant look back," she said earnestly, "upon the splendor of his past career, and then consider to what the rancor of his enemies has brought him. The man of action, for whose deeds Europe was not wide enough, confined within a circuit of a dozen miles! The man of genius refused even the companionship of his best-loved books! The commander of armies with but a pair of lackeys at his call; the maker and dethroner of kings denied his royal title! Do you not know," she cried, and her voice rang deep again with anger, "do you not know that his house is but a moldering tail, and his allowance a prisoner's pittance? Himself the most magnificently generous of men, he has been driven by sordid necessity to melt his plate; he suffers in health, he is in danger. He—just heaven!—from the inspiration of whose life we drew the spirit that animates our own!"

"Well spoken!" cried the colonel, skillfully following up the advantage she had gained for him; "well spoken! And all that we then had shall soon be ours again; is it not worth one more effort my friends?"

"It is, indeed," murmured M. Carnac, with a sigh. The Comte de Rabodanges grumbled, "If only it were the last." Mr. Holmes settled himself in his chair. "Well," he said, bluntly, "let's hear your plan, if you've got one."

The colonel untied his bundle of papers and spread them out upon the table in front of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACCIDENTALLY HANGED.

A Philadelphia Child Meets with a Curious Mishap—Strangled by Her Clothes.

Hanging from a hole in the wicker coach in which she had been sleeping, Mrs. Jeremiah J. Buck yesterday evening found her 18-month-old daughter, Jessie, dead, but with the warmth of life still lingering in her tiny body, says the Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Buck lives with her husband at No. 2664 Tioga street, and it was when her husband had returned from his work that the mother went to awaken the child and discovered the accident. Her screams quickly brought assistance, and an investigation disclosed the fact that the baby's death was the result of one of the most peculiar accidents on record. The little one had been placed in the old coach during the afternoon to take a nap. The coach was in the second story front room, and for some time had been the baby's sleeping place. It was about six o'clock when Mr. Buck returned home from his work and asked for Jessie. Mrs. Buck completed her preparations for supper and went upstairs to waken the child. To her surprise the coach seemed empty, and she called Jessie, thinking she had gone to hide, as she had done before. Receiving no reply she looked closer, and in the dim light saw what seemed to be a bundle protruding from a hole in the wickerwork at one end of the coach. The now frightened mother hastily procured a light and to her terror found that what she supposed was a bundle was the naked body of her baby girl, hanging by her arm pits. Her clothing, bundled up about her head, had evidently smothered her, while preventing the entire body from slipping through the hole. The child had probably been restless in her sleep and had gradually worked her body through the broken wickerwork until stopped by the clothing. The little one's arms were stretched above her head and she had evidently been prevented from making an outcry that could be heard. Snatching the still warm body in her arms Mrs. Buck ran screaming down stairs. Neighbors sent for Dr. Schwartz, and the little one's body was bathed in mustard water. Artificial respiration was also tried, but all efforts were useless. The child was dead. Jessie was a very pretty, golden-haired girl, the pet of the neighborhood, and her tragic death created quite a sensation.

It Was "Elevator Knee."

A woman who made her initial attempt recently to ride a wheel was discouraged to find that her knees seemed stiff and very quickly tired of the effort to work the pedals. Speaking to her physician about it, he told her she was undoubtedly affected with what is known as "elevator knee." This was a hitherto unknown malady to her, but it has been referred to before in public prints, and is a recognized affection not uncommon with those whose life in a "lift" apartment house almost does away with the use of those knee muscles exercised in going up and down stairs.

POINTERS.

"Better is little with righteousness than great revenues without right."—Bible.

Loud assertion may prevail for a time, but in the end real merit wins the prize.

The man who does his work well dignifies it, but he does not usually wear gloves while at work.

There is more religion in sharp hoe than one would think to find there. Try it on your hired hand.

The willing worker finds his labor light and his days short. The man who watches the sun cannot see it move.

The young lady who marries a man who drinks thinking to reform him takes great chances of bringing sorrow to herself.

The entire circulation of the newspaper press of the world is estimated at 10,700,000,000 copies, and there exists one journal for every $2,600 inhabitants.

WISDOM.

Ill-fitting harness, badly kept tools, poorly fed horses means debt and failure.

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances. Religion is above all circumstances, and will lift man up above them.—Hare.

The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him who is weary.—Isaiah.

The thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making.—Ruskin.

Calvinism when it is the mere creed of the reason may be a negligible thing, but a vitalized Calvinism is one of the greatest powers in the world.—W. Robertson Nicoll.

If I can only place a little brick in the pavement of the Lord's pathway I will place it there, that coming generations may walk thereon to the heavenly city.—Phillips Brooks.

In Christendom alone there seems to lie an inexhaustible energy of world-wide expansion. The nations of Christendom are everywhere arbiters of the fate of non-Christian nations.—W. E. Gladstone.

CURRENT NOTES.

There is a constant yearning in this country for a tramp who can make himself up to resemble the tramps that are pictured in the comic papers.—Washington Post.

He—The doctor has told me to take a walk every morning for exercise, but he says I ought to have some object in view. She—Why not think of home?—New York Herald.

"I don't see how it can be that a college graduate as you are should spell so badly. Is it an inherent weakness?" "Naw. It's independence of character."—Cincinnati Tribune.

It is small things that count in the battle of life. I have seen men get out of an elephant's way without any trouble, but they had a terrible struggle to get rid of a flea.—Atlanta Constitution.

"See here, what do you mean by calling me a free silver man in disguise? I have always been fair and open in my advocacy of the white metal." "But you are in disguise all the same. Why don't you let your chin whiskers grow?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Man in Audience—Do you claim, sir, that I can't be saved? Great Temperance Preacher—What business are you in, brother? Man in Audience—I'm running a beef market—Great Temperance Preacher—Let us sing!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"There is no money in literature," said the man who had become discouraged. "I know a man who is getting rich out of stories." "A publisher?" "No! He built a big apartment house. It has twelve stories, and every one brings him in at least $300 a month."—Washington Star.

The small boy was playing cowboy more to his own satisfaction than the of his nervous father. "I am the Wild Wolf of Bitter creek," he yelled. "And this is your night to howl," said the exasperated parent, appearing with a strap. And Willie howled.—Cincinnati Tribune.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

STORY OF GIDEON'S BATTLE AT MOUNT GILBOA.

"And the Three Companies Blew the Trumpets, and Broke the Pitchers and Held the Lamps in Their Left Hands"—Judges, vii, 20—21.

WHAT is the strangest battle ever fought. God had told Gideon to go down and thrash the Midianites, but his army is too large; for the glory must be given to God, and not to man. And so proclamation is made that all those of the troops who are cowardly and want to go home may go, and twenty-two thousand of them scampered away, leaving only ten thousand men. But God says the army is too large yet; and so he orders these ten thousand remaining to march through a stream, and commands Gideon to notice in what manner these men drink of the water as they pass through it. If they get down on all fours and drink then they are to be pronounced lazy and incompetent for the campaign; but if, in passing through the stream, they scoop up the water in the palm of their hand and drink and pass on they are to be the men selected for the battle. Well, the ten thousand men marched down in the stream and the most of them come down on all fours and plunge their mouths, like a horse or an ox, into the water and drink; but there are three hundred men who, instead of stooping just dip the palm of their hands in the water and bring it to their lips, "lapping it as a dog lappeth." Those three hundred brisk, rapid, enthusiastic men are chosen for the campaign. They are each to take a trumpet in the right hand and a pitcher in the left hand and a lamp inside the pitcher, and then at a given signal they are to blow the trumpets and throw down the pitchers and hold up the lamps. So it was done.

It is night. I see a great host of Midianites, sound asleep in the valley of Jezreel. Gideon comes up with his three hundred picked men and when everything is ready the signal is given and they blow the trumpets and they throw down the pitchers and hold up the lamps and the great host of Midianites, waking out of a sound sleep, take the crash of the crockery and the glare of the lamps for the coming on of an overwhelming foe; and they run, and cut themselves to pieces, and horribly perish.

The lessons of this subject are very spirited and impressive. This seemingly valueless lump of quartz has the pure gold in it. The smallest dew-drop on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth. God's mint coins no small change.

I learn in the first place, from this subject, the lawfulness of Christian stratagem. You know very well that the greatest victories ever gained by Washington or Napoleon were gained through the fact that they came when and in a way they were not expected—sometimes falling back to draw out the foe, sometimes crossing a river on unheard-of rafts; all the time keeping the opposing forces in wonderment as to what would be done next.

You all know what strategy is in military affairs. Now I think it is high time we had this art sanctified and spiritualized. In the church, when we are about to make a Christian assault, we send word to the opposing force when we expect to come, how many troops we have, and how many rounds of shot, and whether we will come with artillery, infantry, or cavalry, and of course we are defeated. There are thousands of men who might be surprised into the kingdom of God. We need more tact and ingenuity in Christian work. It is in spiritual affairs as in military that success depends in attacking that part of the castle which is not armed and intrenched.

For instance here is a man all armed on the doctrine of election; all his troops of argument and prejudice are at that particular gate. You may batter away at that side of the castle for fifty years and you will not take it; but just wheel your troops to the side gate of the heart's affections and in five minutes you can capture him. I never knew a man to be saved through a brilliant argument. You cannot hook men into the kingdom of God by the horns of a dilemma. There is no grace in syllogisms. Here is a man armed on the subject of perseverance of the saints; he does not believe in it. Attack him at that point and he will persevere to the very last in not believing it. Here is a man armed on the subject of baptism; he believes in sprinkling or immersion. All your discussion of ecclesiastical hydropathy will not change him. I remember when I was a boy that with other boys I went into the river on a summer day to bathe and we used to dash water on each other, but never got any result except that our eyes were blinded; and all this splashing of water between Baptists and Pedo-baptists never results in anything but the blurring of the spiritual eye-sight. In other words you can never capture a man's soul at the point at which he is especially intrenched. But there is in every man's heart a bolt that can be easily shoved. A little child four years old may touch that bolt and it will spring back and the door will swing open and Christ will come in.

I think that the finest of all the fine arts is the art of doing good, and yet this art is the least cultured. We have in the kingdom of God today enough troops to conquer the whole earth for Christ, if we only had skillful maneuvering. I would rather have the three hundred lamps and pitchers of Christian stratagem than one hundred thousand drawn swords of literary and ecclesiastical combat.

I learn from this subject, also, that a small part of the army of God will have to do all the hard fighting. Gideon's army was originally composed of thirty-two thousand men, but they went off until there were only ten thousand left, and that was subtracted from until there were only three hundred. It is the same in all ages of the Christian Church: a few men have to do the hard fighting. Take a membership of a thousand and you generally find that fifty people do the work. Take a membership of five hundred and you generally find that ten people do the work. There are scores of churches where two or three people do the work.

We mourn that there is so much useless lumber in the mountains of Lebanon. I think, of the ten million membership of the Christian Church today, if five millions of the names were off the books the Church would be stronger. You know that the more cowards and drones there are in any army the weaker it is. I would rather have the three hundred picked men of Gideon than the twenty-two thousand uplifted host. How many Christians there are standing in the way of all progress! I think it is the duty of the Church of God to ride over them and the quicker it does it the quicker it does its duty.

Do not worry, oh Christian, if you have to do more than your share of the work. You had better thank God that he has called you to be one of the picked men, rather than to belong to the host of stragglers. Would not you rather be one of the three hundred that fight than the twenty-two thousand that run? I suppose those cowardly Gideonites who went off congratulated themselves. They said: "We got rid of all that fighting, did not we? How lucky we have been; that battle costs us nothing at all." But they got none of the spoils of the victory. After the battle the three hundred men went down and took the wealth of the Midianites and out of the cups and platters of their enemies they feasted. And the time will come, my dear brethren, when the hosts of darkness will be routed, and Christ will say to his troops: "Well done, my brave men, go up and take the spoils! Be more than conquerors forever!" and in that day all deserters will be shot!

Again: I learn from this subject that God's way is different from man's, but is always the best way. If we had the planning of that battle we would have taken those thirty-two thousand men that originally belonged to the army and we would have drilled them and marched them up and down by the day and week and month, and we would have had them equipped with swords or spears, according to the way of arming in those times, and then we would have marched them down in solid column upon the foe. But that is not the way. God depletes the army and takes away all their weapons and gives them a lamp and a pitcher and a trumpet and tells them to go down and drive out the Midianites. I suppose some wiseacres were there who said: "That is not military tactics. The idea of three hundred men, unarmed, conquering such a great host of Midianites!" It was the best way. What sword, spear, or cannon ever accomplished such a victory as the lamp, pitcher and trumpet?

God's way is different from man's way, but it is always best! Take, for instance, the composition of the Bible. If we had had the writing of the Bible we would have said, "Let one man write it. If you have twenty or thirty men to write a poem, or make a statute, or write a history, or make an argument, there will be flaws and contradictions." But God says: "Let not one man do it, but forty men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them, but not contradicting each other on any important point, while they all wrote from their own standpoint and temperament; so that the matter-of-fact man has his Moses; the romantic nature his Ezekiel; the epigrammatic, his Solomon; the warrior his Joshua; the sailor his Jonah; the loving, his John; the logician his Paul. Instead of this Bible which now I can lift in my hand—instead of the Bible the child can carry to Sunday School—instead of the little Bible the sailor can put in his jacket when he goes to sea—if it had been left to men to write, it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesiastical controversy which has arisen. God's way is different from man's, but it is best, infinitely best.

So it is in regard to the Christian's life. If we had had the planning of a Christian's life we would have said: "Let him have eighty years of sunshine, a fine house to live in; let his surroundings all be agreeable; let him have sound health; let no chill shiver through his limbs, no pain ache his brow, or trouble shadow his soul." I enjoy the prosperity of others so much I would let every man have as much money as he wants and roses for his children's cheeks and fountains of gladness glancing in their large round eyes! But that is not God's way. It seems as if man must be cut, and hit, and pounded just in proportion as he is useful. His child falls from a third-story window and has its life dashed out; his most confident investment tumbles him into bankruptcy; his friends, on whom he depended, aid the natural force of gravitation in taking him down; his life is a Bull Run defeat. Instead of twenty-two thousand advantages he has only ten thousand—ay, only three hundred—ay, none at all. How many people there are at their wits' end about their livelihood, about their reputation. But they will find out it is the best way after awhile; God will show them that he depletes their advantages just for the same reason he depleted the army of Gideon—that they may be induced to throw themselves on his mercy.

A grape vine says in the early spring: "How glad I am to get through the winter! I shall have no more trouble now! Summer weather will come and the garden will be very beautiful!" But the gardener comes, and cuts the vine here and there with his knife. The twigs begin to fall and the grape vine cries out: "Murder! what are you cutting me for?" "Ah," says the gardener, "I don't mean to kill you. If I did not do this you would be the laughing stock of all the other vines before the season is over." Months go on, and one day the gardener comes under the trellis and the grape vine says: "Thank you, sir; you could not have done anything so kind as to have cut me with that knife." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." No pruning, no grapes; no grinding mill, no flour; no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown!

So God's way, in the redemption of the world, is different from ours. If we had our way we would have had Jesus stand in the door of heaven and beckon the nations up to light, or we would have had angels flying around the earth proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. Why is it that the cause goes on so slowly? Why is it that the chains stay on, when God could knock them off? Why do thrones of despotism stand when God could so easily demolish them? It is his way, in order that all generations may co-operate and that all men may know they cannot do the work themselves. Just in proportion as these pyramids of sin go up in height will they come down in ghastliness of ruin.

Oh, thou father of all iniquity! If thou canst bear my voice above the crackling of the flames, drive on thy projects, dispatch thy emissaries, build thy temples, and forge thy chains; but know that thy fall from heaven was not greater than thy final overthrow shall be when thou shalt be driven disarmed into thy fiery den, and for every lie thou hast framed upon earth thou shalt have an additional hell of fury poured into thine anguish by the vengeance of our God, and all heaven shall shout at the overthrow, as from the ransomed earth the song breaks through the skies, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!" God's way in the composition of the Bible, God's way in the Christian's life God's way in the redemption of the world, God's way in everything—different from man's way, but the best.

I learn from this subject that the overthrow of God's enemies will be sudden and terrific. There is the army of the Midianites down in the valley of Jezreel. I suppose their mighty men are dreaming of victory. Mount Gilboa never stood sentinel for so large a host. The spears and the shields of the Midianites gleam in the moonlight and glance on the eye of the Israelites, who hover like a battle of eagles, ready to swoop from the cliff. Sleep on, oh army of the Midianites! With the night to hide them and the mountain to guard them and strong arms to defend them let no slumbering foeman dream of disaster! Peace to the captains and the spearmen!

Crash go the pitchers! up flare the lamps! To the mountains! fly! fly! Troop running against troop, thousands trampling upon thousands. Hark to the scream and groan of the routed foe, with the Lord God Almighty after them! How sudden the onset! how wild the consternation, how utter the defeat! I do not care so much what is against me if God is not. You want a better sword or carbine than I have ever seen to go out and fight against the Lord omnipotent. Give me God for my ally, and you may have all the battlements and battalions.

I saw the defrauder in his splendid house. It seemed as if he had conquered God, as he stood amidst the blaze of chandeliers and pier mirrors. In the diamonds of the wardrobe I saw the tears of the widows whom he had robbed, and in the snowy satin the pallor of the white-cheeked orphans whom he had wronged. The blood of the oppressed glowed in the deep crimson of the imported chair. The music trembled with the sorrow of unrequited toil. But the wave of mirth dashed higher on reefs of coral and pearl. The days and the nights went merrily. No sick child dared pull that silver doorbell. No beggar dared sit on that marble step. No voice of prayer floated amidst that tapestry. No shadow of a judgment day darkened that fresco. No tear of human sympathy dropped upon that upholstery. Pomp strutted the hall, and Dissipation filled her cup, and all seemed safe as the Midianites in the valley of Jezreel. But God came. Calamity smote the money market. The partridge left its eggs unhatched. Crash went all the porcelain pitchers! Rout, rout, dismay, and woe in the valley of Jezreel!

Alas for those who fight against God! Only two sides. Man immortal, which side are you on? Woman immortal, which side are you on? Do you belong to the three hundred that are going to win the day, or to the great host of Midianites asleep in the valley, only to be roused up in consternation and ruin? Suddenly the golden bowl of life will be broken and the trumpet blown that will startle our soul into eternity. The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night, and as the God-armed Israelites upon the sleeping foe. Ha! Canst thou pluck up courage for the day when the trumpet which hath never been blown shall speak the roll call of the dead and the earth, dashing against a lost meteor, have its mountains scattered to the stars and oceans emptied in the air? Oh, then, what will become of you? What will become of me?

If those Midianites had only given up their swords the day before the disaster, all would have been well; and if you will now surrender the sins with which you have been fighting against God you will be safe. Oh, make peace with him now, through Jesus Christ the Lord. With the clutch of a drowning man seize the Cross. Oh, surrender! surrender; Christ, with his hand on his pierced side, asks you to.

Meditation Grows Obsolete.

The times are against the making of a man. We are too busy making everything else. In our ambition to not do what has been done, we no longer depend upon individual effort; we sink a hundred individuals to make a single colossus—muscular, brainy, but soulless. The man who ought to have become a great man has become the thumb, or forefinger, or right eye of a great corporation. In such positions we cultivate talent, not character. In fact, the development of the man is discouraged; business sets highest value on an impersonal head. The same tendency is noticeable in our religious life. In our ambition to do we are fast losing our ambition to be. "Meditation" grows obsolete, we talk of "activities" instead.

The church resounds with the shouts of laborers, and of overseers who are calling for more laborers. There is an incessant running to and fro, and a noisy counting of sheaves. The ideal Christian of the day is the man who is so busy looking after other people's souls as to forget that he has a soul of his own. We praise the man who prays with his hands. It is a natural reaction from the selfish piety of a past age when men sat in the cloister and kept their hearts inflamed by constant probing. Perhaps when we have learned that of two evils we are to choose neither, we may discover between these two extremes the happy means of feeding our souls enough to strengthen us for our work, and working enough to make us hunger for stronger meat.

An Unbeliever Abashed.

On one occasion, while Sir Isaac Newton was examining a new and particularly fine globe, a visitor entered his study. This caller, as Sir Isaac knew, had often expressed his disbelief in the existence of a God and his conviction that the world and its surroundings were the result of evolution or chance. He was greatly pleased with the handsome globe, and asked:

"Who made it?"

"Nobody," answered Sir Isaac; "it just happened here."

The man looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant. Who can say that this beautiful and wonderful world came by chance, when he knows that there is not a house, or ship, or picture, or anything in it but has had a maker. The logic of the great philosopher was conclusive and the infidel was completely silenced.

Christ, the Friend.

If you wear the livery of Christ you will find him so meek and lowly of heart that you will find rest unto your souls. He is the most magnanimous of captains. There never was his like among the choicest of princes. He is always to be found in the thickest part of the battle. When the wind blows cold, he always takes the bleak side of the hill. The heaviest end of the cross lies over his shoulders. If he bids us carry a burden, he carries it also. If there is any that is gracious, generous, kind and tender, yea, lavish and super-abundant in love, you always find it in him. His service is life, peace, joy. Oh, that you would enter on it at once! God help you to enlist under the banner of Jesus Christ.—Last Words of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know?
—Young.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

MUCH SUFFERING FOLLOWED BY HAPPINESS AND HEALTH.

She Tells an Industrial News Reporter Her Experience and Relates Her Husband's Marvelous Escape.

From the Industrial News, Jackson, Mich.

Mrs. C. H. Cline, who lives on the corner of Perrine and Pearl Streets, Jackson, Mich., has for two years been troubled with indigestion and nervous prostration. Her heart would apparently stop beating. She would suffer great pain, in fact she honestly thought she was going to die. Her troubles were brought on by a severe attack of la grippe. Sleep was nearly a stranger to her all this time, and life had become a burden to her when she was advised by friendly neighbors who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to give them a trial, which she did, and it would be hard to find a more grateful woman in America than Mrs. C. H. Cline, as prominent physicians had given her up, while to-day she is able to do her own work and is as buoyant of little body as one would like to visit. She used three Pink Pills a day only, the last one just before retiring, which always insured her a good night's rest.

Mrs. Cline is only 30 years old and could ill afford to let her life slowly ebb away. It is difficult for one to describe her ailments, but we can say to all afflicted that if they will call on or write to Mrs. Cline they will not only be thoroughly convinced of the merits of these little friends, for she persists in calling them such, but she will also tell you of her marvelous cure, and we can guarantee that she will convince you that she owes her life to-day to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which she would not be without for their weight in gold.

This evidence is only a repetition of what all people say who have tried this wonderful remedy. It's as faithful a friend as one could possibly introduce into the household, never failing, always reliable in times of great suffering and danger. Now to show how sincere she is, she mentioned this: she induced her husband, Mr. C. H. Cline, to try the remedy. Everybody around here knows the affable and efficient Charlie, who for the last ten years has been in the employ of the Michigan Central Railroad and who was sorely afflicted with excruciating pains in the chest and also with one of the severest attacks of sciatic rheumatism, the most dreaded destroyer of home comforts. In one hour from being stricken with one of his spells he would be as helpless as an infant. Today, to quote Mrs. Cline's words, "That there is not a more able or healthy man standing up in Jackson employed by the Michigan Central Railroad than her husband, who never had another attack of the dreaded and painful disease and one box of the Pink Pills cured him permanently."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

TRAMP IN MAYOR'S CHAIR.

Wanted Pants and Heard His Honor Was Dispensing Them.

A tramp, the most miserable-looking tramp that could be picked out in a day's travel, played Mayor of New York the other morning, says the New York Sun. His clothing was in tatters and was in danger of falling off. His face was old, and he was three years away from a bath. Janitor Larkin went into the mayor's office at 6 o'clock in the morning and just missed having a fit when he spied the specimen sitting in the mayor's big chair. As the janitor came in the tramp stood up and leaned against the desk.

"What!" exclaimed Larkin:

"Sir?" said the tramp.

"What the blazes are you doing here?" demanded Larkin.

"I only want a pair of pants," said the tramp with a tremulous voice.

"Think this is Baxter street?" demanded Larkin. "Think we run a pants factory? Think this is the headquarters of the Hebrew Pants Makers' Amalgamated Reform Union? Well, it ain't, and how in blazes did you get here?"

"I came in through the window," said the tramp softly. "The door was locked."

He looked at Larkin and Larkin looked at him. For a moment neither spoke. Then the tramp said: "I understand the mayor distributes pants every morning, and that a great crowd gathers to receive them. I merely wanted to be on hand in time, and so I climbed up and came through the window."

"Well you'll come out of the door," said Larkin.

"Certainly," said the tramp.

Larkin held him in the hall until a policeman came and took him to the Oak street station, where he said he was Andrew Bradley and had a home in Brooklyn. Later he was arraigned in the Tombs court and was sent to the workhouse. Nothing in the mayor's office had been disturbed.

IT MAKES SOME MEN TIRED.

But Jennie's Brand New Husband Denied That He Was at All Fatigued.

They were from some locality up north and on their wedding tour. In taking in the sights of Detroit they boarded a Woodward avenue car for a ride to the terminus and back. As they sat beside each other, her hand in his hand and his straw hat fanning them both, a grumpy old codger on the next seat sneeringly observed:

"'Nother case of love's young dream, I see!"

The newly wedded looked around at him, but made no reply, and pretty soon he said:

"There ought to be a law against this spooning business! It just makes me tired!"

"Oh, it does!" retorted the young man as his cheeks began to redden. "Mebbe you never spooned when you was a young man?"

"If I did it was not in such a public place!"

"What's the place to do with it? Can't everybody tell right off the handle that me'n Jennie are just married?"

"I should say they could."

"And that we are on our bridle tower?"

"Yes."

"And that we are just honey and peaches?"

"That's what tires me."

"It does, eh? Well, it don't tire us. She dotes on me and I'd die for her, and we are going to kiss and hug and squeeze hands and eat gum-drops as long as our $17 holds out, and you and all the rest of the old mossbacks in this town can lick your chops and go to grass!"

And he sat down and put one arm around his turtle dove and hugged her till the grumpy old man came to his corner and dropped off with a grunt of disgust.

The value of all property used for educational purposes in the United States is placed at $500,000,000; the public school property alone is valued at $100,000,000.

The total acreage of all the farms in the United States is 623,218,619, of which 357,616,755 are improved or under cultivation, and 265,601,864 acres remain uncultivated.

Poverty shared is poverty doubled.