Weak and Weary

Because of a depleted condition of the blood. The remedy is to be found in purified, enriched and vitalized blood, which will be given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It will tone the stomach, create an appetite and give renewed strength. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

THE RIPENING OF THE WINE.

The Swiss Method of Treating the Liquid Through Its Preparation for Sale.

The wine in Switzerland is left in the casks till the following spring, and it is here that fermentation takes place and the mout is converted into wine. The change begins almost immediately; the liquid becomes turbid, carbonic acid gas is evolved, a scum is thrown up on the surface and the temperature rises. A climax is reached; the intensity of the fermentation diminishes, subsides, the scum settles as a slimy deposit at the bottom of the cask and a clear yellow liquid is left above. The grape sugar has almost entirely disappeared, a corresponding amount of alcohol has taken its place and the sweet taste of the mout has given place to the characteristic vinous flavor of the wine. In the early stages of fermentation enormous quantities of carbonic acid gas are given off, and huge fires are made in the cellars to drive it away. But at the time I write of (October, 1893) when the vintage was the finest of the century, when barrels to hold the mout could not be purchased for love or money, when every cellar on the lake, from Geneva to Villeneuve, was packed with casks of mout, so great was the amount of carbonic acid gas in the air that in spite of every precaution, several deaths from suffocation took place among the workers. In the spring the wine is drawn off clear into other barrels, then bottled. Vin ordinaire is not bottled at all, but simply drawn from the wood. This is the wine sold at all the little winshops, with which Switzerland abounds. It is drawn off into quaint little glass decanters, containing half a liter each, and so served to the unhurrying Swiss, who drink it round little tables under the trees on the sunny pathways or over wooden benches inside the red-curtained wine-shops.

Why the Heathen Rage.

A little unnecessary excitement has been aroused lately by the discovery that some Birmingham metal manufacturers have been making idols to be worshiped by the heathen in India. They probably executed orders for which they were well paid, and it was hardly their business to stipulate that their wares should be used for ornament only. Besides, before we are too hard on the heathen, we should remember that if their idols of gold and silver were melted down and sent to the mint, they would reappear disguised as coin of the realm, and a good many Christians would worship them then.

Tonsorial Item.

First Barber—There is one man in this town whose hair I don't care to cut.

Second Barber—Who is he?

"Baron von Schmidt. His hair is always plastered down on his head with pomatum so that I can't get at it with the scissors."

"Turn him over to me the next time he comes, and I will tell him some of my experience with the Indians that will make his hair stand on end, then I can cut it without any trouble."—Ex.

WE WANT TO TELL YOU

Why Your Back is Lame—Why it Aches and Pains, and How to Cure it.

Do you know what it is to have a back that is never free from aches and constant pain, a lame back, a sore back, an aching back, in fact, a back that makes your life a burden? What have you done for it? And does it still keep you from the happiness that perfect health brings to all? We know full well if such is your condition a cure for it will be a blessing you no doubt desire. Plasters won't do it, but may assist in bringing strength. Liniment won't do it; for, while it may give temporary relief, it does not reach the cause. The cause, there's the point; there's where to make the attack. Most backaches come from disordered kidneys, therefore you must correct their action if you would be cured. Read the following from D. D. Cook, whose address is No. 18 Michigan Street, Grand Rapids. He says:—

"I have used Doan's Kidney Pills and wish to say it is a truly great medicine. Thirty years ago I had nervous prostration while in the army, where I served for over four years. I think it was during this service that the seeds were sown which have caused all my trouble. Severe bilious attacks bothered me, and at such times my kidneys were worse. It is almost impossible to describe the pain which so often lamed me. I have been so lame that to stand up after I had been sitting down required a great exertion. Walking was at times an impossibility even at night I did not rest, being forced to get up during the night. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and wondered if they could make an almost lame man well. I got some, and soon after taking them began to feel their good effects. I used them for some time, my lameness all left me and I have not felt it since. Doan's Kidney Pills have done me an inestimable amount of good."

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.

Medical Students, Undergraduates, or Unlicensed Practitioners—TIME IS MONEY! For particulars how ladies or gentlemen employed daytime can study at home for country can finish or acquire medical education qualifying to succeed fully practicing medicine, or how those with sufficient medical knowledge can become lawful practitioners. Address, ILLS. HEALTH UNIVERSITY, 483 Van Buren Street, Chicago.

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 no charge, 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., 307 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.

THE WHISTLING BUOY.

By CHARLES BARNARD.

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[CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.]

Young Mr. Royal Yardstickie attended the meeting, but took no part in the unseemly wrangle. He selfishly bided his time, hoping that some one would suggest that the wager be declared off. He would not make a motion to that effect himself, unless it seemed positively necessary. They wrangled thus over nothing for some time, and then he ventured to speak:

"Gentlemen, as we do not know the number of the boat, it seems to me the best way would be to declare all bets off."

A howl of indignation and derision greeted this speech, and instantly a dozen suggestions were made, which, as they were all made at once, were quite unheard. Finally a big fellow, evidently an American, settled matters in the usual manner by calling the unruly meeting to order and asking that a committee be elected to take the whole matter in charge and see if the number of the boat could not be ascertained from the pilot. This was received with enthusiasm, and in five minutes Mr. Royal Yardstickie found himself chairman of a committee of three appointed to interview the pilot.

In the chart-room overhead sat the two old seafaring friends. Capt. Breeze Johnson sat with his head resting upon his hands and his thin gray hair streaming over his bronzed and knotted fingers. His friend, Capt. Floyd stood beside him, with one hand on his pilot's shoulder, expressing more sympathy by the touch of his hand than by his words. The story had made a deep impression on him, though he confessed he could not understand it all.

At that moment there was a knock, and a sailor put his head in at the door to say that three passengers wished to see the pilot.

"They want to know if you have New York papers, I suppose. Shall I let them in?"

"In a minute. Wait till I get the bearin's o' things a bit. There! I feel better now. Let 'em come in."

The honorable committee from the smoking-room entered. The first, who seemed to be the leader, shrunk back abashed at sight of the pilot and had not a word to say. As for the pilot, he seemed to shake himself as a lion about to spring upon its prey. His blue eyes flashed and his big hands were doubled up as if to strike. Capt. Floyd, without in the least knowing what it meant, but quickly guessing the real errand of the honorable committee, stepped before them and said, quickly—

"Gentlemen, I suppose you have come to ask the number of the pilot-boat."

One of the committee admitted that was their errand.

"Well, gentlemen, Capt. Johnson is an officer on my ship, and as the Captain I forbid you to speak to him. You may settle your gambling debts as best you can, but you shall not use my officers in any such contemptible business. Jack, show those persons out."

The sailor, with a grin, held the door open, and then slunk away, one, at least, thankful to escape unharmed from the room. As the door closed upon them the pilot broke out in a terrible oath:

"That is the man! He tricked me out of my girl—a-beggin' his folks to invite her to travel with 'em, and then keep in' her away from me. Keep me on the bridge, Captain, keep me on the bridge day and night for I might danger my soul if I had a chance to lay my hands on his miserable carkis."

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN FLOYD recognized that if the pilot's story were true—and the abject fear of the young man on the gamblers' committee seemed to corroborate it—it was quite possible the girl herself was on board the ship. Calling a steward, he ordered lunch to be served to Capt. Johnson in the chart-room.

"I have ordered your lunch here, Captain, because I do not suppose you care to meet that young person in the saloon."

"No, Captain, I don't want to meet him again. I might do something I should regret as long as I live. Much obliged to you, I'm sure. I'll take a bite here, an' then go on the bridge awhile. Mebby the fog will lift by and by and we can get a notion where we be."

"Do you know where your boat was when the fog came on?"

"Exactly. 'Bout twenty miles south o' Nantucket."

"You are sure?"

"Sartin as if the light was in plain sight. If the fog lift to'rds dark we ought to make Montauk; and then the course is easy to the Highlands."

The Captain left his pilot contented over a generous lunch, and then went down to the saloon. The passengers were assembling for the mid-day lunch, and, taking his seat at the head of the long table in the center, he called the head steward and asked him to bring the passenger list. The man brought a printed slip of paper, and the Captain began to examine it with some interest.

"Smith, Smiley, Telford, O'Connor, Madame Potard—odd name—some Frenchwoman,—Gearing, Judge Gearing and wife, Miss Johnson——"

He read the name with a start. It was just as he expected, and yet the name gave him a sense of amazement mingled with exultation. If this should be his friend's daughter he would restore her to him and make them both happy. No doubt there was some misunderstanding, and with a little tact he would clear it up and do both a good turn. There were twenty hours left,—ample time for such an affair. Calling the steward again, he asked him quietly who this person might be, at the same time pointing silently at Miss Johnson's name on the printed list.

"That person? O, she's sitting yonder, sir. Third table, next the old gentleman. I believe he's a judge, though you'd never know it, seeing these American judges don't wear no wigs."

"Judge Gearing, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; that's the name. Perkins was telling me he's a liberal sort o' feller, and that girl ain't his daughter, but some potege a-traveling with him."

"Potege is good, Simpkins. That's all. Much obliged. Yes; give me a little soup first."

While waiting the steward's return, he glanced round the saloon to see if the young committeeman had appeared. He was not to be seen anywhere. Just as the soup arrived, a most singular scene took place at the third table. The girl and her elderly companion were quietly talking together in the pleasantest manner possible, when two ladies entered the saloon and came along the aisle as if to find seats. A steward offered two chairs directly opposite the old gentleman whom the Captain began mentally to call "the Judge." One of these ladies was evidently a young Frenchwoman, and was dressed with unusual splendor for shipboard.

"Madame Potard, I dare say," remarked the Captain to himself. "Ah!"

Well might he be surprised; for the instant the young girl caught sight of the Frenchwoman she rose and left the table, going out at the door where the two ladies had entered. The girl's movements, evidently created some excitement among the party, but it was instantly suppressed, and the two ladies sat down as if nothing had happened. The Judge rose, as if to go out, but seemed to think better of it, and resumed his seat.

"There is more in this business than appears on the surface. I must look into the matter before I take any steps."

"Steward." This aloud to the servant.

"Yes, sir."

"Go up-stairs and tell Capt. Johnson—he's the pilot—not to leave the room till I come up. Tell him I want to see him."

Just then he saw the committeeman enter by another door and calmly sit by the two ladies, speaking pleasantly to both of them as if on the best of terms. No further evidence was needed. By one of the strange meetings that are so common in travel, and that show how small the world really is, father and daughter were both on the same ship and quite unknown to each other. He would bring them together when he was sure of his ground. He would do it very soon, sending a servant for Miss Johnson and calling her to his own saloon on the hurricane deck and then putting her in the old man's arms. All would be forgiven, with blessings on himself for playing the kindly Providence in the affair. It gave his salted old heart a glow of fresh satisfaction to think of the meeting. Let him first find out who this other woman was, and then for a happy meeting, tears, blessings, and a little private supper in the chart-room.

The lunch was soon finished, and then Mrs. Gearing took her husband's arm and said,—

"My dear, come to my room for a little while. I want to talk to you."

"No. I wish to see Mai. I fear she is ill."

"It is of Miss Johnson I wish to speak. I have made a most alarming discovery. Come to my room. I must tell you all about it at once."

"All right, Maria. You can only speak good of her. There, I'll shut the door. Now, what is it?"

Though the door of the little room was closed, Mrs. Gearing seemed to be fearful lest some one hear her, and spoke in a tragic whisper.

"We have made a fearful mistake, my dear. We should have paid that girl a few dollars and let her go."

"She saved your life, Maria. It was you own suggestion that we take her with us, and a very good suggestion it was."

"You think so because you don't know what she is or where she came from."

"That is true, but I have great hopes that some day I shall find out. The only wonder is to me that her friends never took the trouble to find out the name of the ship on which she was found."

"Her friends, indeed! They were very glad to throw the girl off on us. They knew well enough what she was. I can easily understand why they never write to her. They are only too glad to be rid of her."

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"I mean she is the child of a former slave in Savannah—white father, perhaps, but negro mother."

"It is simple nonsense, my dear."

"Look at her black hair, her black eyes and dark skin."

"May she not be Cuban—or Spanish?"

His wife turned upon him quickly. There was a peculiar expression of mingled hope and anxiety in his face, and she said, after a pause—

"You can't think that?"

"No; I only begin to hope. That is all."

"It is wholly improbable, my dear. Besides, I have it from the best authority that the girl is of African descent, and therefore quite unfit to stay with us. She must be sent away the moment we land. I shall never consent to open the house to a single guest while she remains in it. I should die of mortification!"

"Any guest who entered my house unwilling to recognize my adopted daughter would be shown the door. What authority have you for these insinuations?"

"I make no insinuations. I only tell you the truth."

"Who is your authority?"

Mrs. Gearing, shallow and narrow-minded woman that she was, recognized that her husband was an upright and honorable man, judge among men, and one who would be master of his household. Being weak and shifty, she evaded the question.

"I had it from one who had it from the people who lived at the light."

"Who is it?"

"Why, how persistent you are, my dear? It was Mademoiselle Rochet who told me."

"Mademoiselle Rochet!"

"Yes. Didn't you see how the girl behaved when she met her? On deck this morning she was confused and frightened, and now at lunch she refused to sit with her at table."

"There's nothing surprising in that Mademoiselle is not the person whose society I should seek. Singular she should be crossing the ocean and her name not on the list of passengers!"

"She told me about that herself when I first met her this morning. She arrived on board just at the last moment, too late to be entered on the list."

The Judge made no reply, but rose and touched the electric bell.

"Mercy, Judge! Why do you call a servant?"

"I'll show you presently. What is the number of Mademoiselle's stateroom?"

"I think it is 69. Yes, it is 69. I asked her, so that I could call her by and by to look at one of my dresses."

"John, will you please find out from the head steward who occupies No. 69? I think we have an old acquaintance in that room, but we are not sure of the name."

The man withdrew, and for a moment or two neither said a word, each busy with their own thoughts. Presently the man returned, and said,—

"Simpkins says he thinks it is a Madame Potard. The lady's been quite ill all the way, the stewardess says. Only left her room for the first time to-day."

"Thank you, John. Sorry to hear the lady has been ill. We shall call on her."

Mrs. Gearing had nothing to say. The discovery of the duplicity of her petted dressmaker mortified her beyond expression. She had taken the woman to her home and almost to her heart, and now she was traveling under an assumed name. Might not Madame Potard be her real name? Might she not be some dreadful creature with a French husband and French babies?

"Your witness, my dear has no standing in court."

"I will never speak to the upstart again."

"Who?—Mai?"

"No; this Potard. A married woman, too, and dining with us, and Royal so attentive to her!"

"Glad to hear it, my love. The Potard's prices have always been a source of wonder to me."

"And the creature was so polite and pleasant to Royal as if she had known him for years."

"Dare say she has."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing; only a little circumstance I recall that took place last summer at the Holl. Remember that night Royal came home? You sent him to escort this Mademoiselle Rochet-Potard to her hotel. I happened to take a little turn that night on the beach about nine o'clock, and I chanced upon them both arm in arm, and I heard him call her by still another name."

"What was it?"

"O, only 'Julie.' Struck me as rather familiar; but I passed on in the darkness, thinking perhaps I had been mistaken. Still, taken in connection with the evident fact that they had made wonderful progress in getting acquainted, it seemed, to say the least, just a little odd. The world is very small, my love. This Madame Potard may have been Royal's landlady when he was boarding in Paris,—or his washlady; who knows? It's a queer world; and the longer I live the less I am surprised at anything."

(To be Continued.)

Snake Adventures.

A writer in Chamber's Journal says that Mr. Richard Palmer, a blind man, was walking in the garden of his country place in New South Wales, led by his little child about 8 years old. In one hand Mr. Palmer carried a glass of water.

Suddenly the little boy cried in alarm, "A snake! a snake!" and dropping his father's hand, fled to the veranda.

Mr. Palmer stopped. If he moved he might step on the snake, and he knew too well that most of the snakes in that vicinity were venomous.

All at once he felt the serpent winding about his leg! The next moment he heard an angry hiss, and a sharp blow was struck on the glass in his hand! Involuntarily he dropped the glass and leaped back. By this movement he released the snake, on whose tail he had been standing, and it glided away into the grass.

The glass had probably saved his life. Its glitter attracted the angry snake, and it struck at that instead of at his hand.

At another time Mr. Palmer was sitting alone at a table on which was a glass of milk. He was leaning on the table, his head in his hands, wrapped in thought, when his attention was arrested by the sound of some animal lapping milk from the glass. Thinking it was the cat, Mr. Palmer put out his hand to stroke her, but instead felt the cold, clammy body of a snake!

Startled, he sprang to his feet and called for help. The native servants rushed in and killed the snake, which measured seven feet in length.

"Divvy."

At a Christmas entertainment last year the superintendent, a Western man newly elected to the office, made a little speech before the gifts upon the tree were distributed to the children. During his remarks he said: "Suppose when we come to give out these bags of candy, some boy or girl doesn't get any. Suppose there are more boys and girls than there are bags of candy, I hope that any child who gets a bag will do, as we say out West, will 'divvy.'"

There was a great silence over the room, and one of the older church members sitting on the platform thought the children didn't understand the superintendent's remarks. He twitched his coat and whispered: "Brother, they don't know what you mean by 'divvy.'"

"What!" exclaimed the superintendent, in astonishment. "Oh, yes, they do." And he turned to the school, "How many boys here know what it means to 'divvy?'"

A forest of hands went up.

"You tell," said the superintendent, pointing at the smallest boy on the front seat.

"Means to make two equal halves, and keep the smallest yourself!"

Blessed spirit of Christmas! A definition of "divvy" like that applied to all man's needed sharing with his brother would bring the Christchild nearer to us all.

One Drawback.

"Give me one year of Augusts," a White Mountain hotel proprietor was once heard to say, "and I should be ready to retire."

Like this was the feeling of a boy mentioned by an exchange. He was selling bits of smoked glass during the late solar eclipse.

"How much apiece?" inquired a passer-by.

"Five cents," said the boy.

The man bought one, but thought the price a little high.

"You ought to make money at that rate," he said.

"Yes," answered the thrifty youngster, "it would be a pretty good business if the dull season wasn't so long."

THE KINDLY LIGHT.

RELIGION AND REFORM THE WORLD OVER.

Original and Selected Reading of Interest to Workers in the Good Cause—Timely Hints for Our Friends, the Non-believers.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on.
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life my weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led
And to heaven acclimated
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

—Whittier.

The Future Life.

The final entry in Sir Walter Scott's journal is, "I spent a comfortable night, but after that"—then all is a blank. Many scientists come to the question of the after life thus—"atrophied to it," as Darwin put it. But not thus was it with our great geologist. As to the "whither," he speaks in harmony with his great contemporaries and co-workers, Joseph Henry, Agassiz, Gray, and all the rest that have left such a mighty impress upon science, and have gone on before, here are his words: "There is in man therefore a spiritual element, in which the brute has no share. His power of infinite progress, his thoughts and desires look beyond time, and there is a recognition of the spiritual existence and the Divinity above. Man is linked to the past by a system of life, of which he is the last, the completing creation. But unlike other species of that closing system of a past; he through the spiritual nature is connected with the future that opens before him." To these words we may well add those to his students two years ago: "Nature has her words of hope. For it myriads of ages were used in perfecting a single sphere in space, and fitting it for the final purpose, and countless tribes of animals lived and died before the series reached a living soul. Man has reason to believe that this noblest form of life, whose likeness is to the Eternal One, will not after a few short hours be blotted out forever. But the sure prophecy is given him in the Sacred Book which came as a sequel to the volume of nature, to be man's special guide to life and immortality."

With such a belief as the end and aim of all for which Professor Dana so nobly thought and wrought, it is not surprising that he was buried beneath the cross, the symbol of the world's brightest and most blessed hope. When Correggio was dying he asked for his pallet and his brush. Then at that moment when he was at the place where two worlds meet he painted his "Angels," which was his masterpiece. So did this great master, when his course was almost run, rewrite his mighty work in such a way that its closing pages were like the song of the angels, for out of the rocks he learned the meaning of the "Rock of Ages," and back of all and above all he heard the heavenly song of the "Great Amen."

Religious Convictions.

John is in a state of great anxiety and perplexity of mind on account of his religious opinions. He wishes to be a consistent Christian, and yet he is impressed with the fact that science and the Bible seems to be at variance. He would like an exhaustive treatise on the subject in the columns of the Ledger. Answer: It would take a great many copies of the Ledger to discuss this subject in its entirety. After going all over the ground and bringing to bear every argument known to theologians and scientists, the subject would stand precisely as it stands now. There is in reality no conflict between the Bible and natural law as understood by scientists. It seems in the light of the best minds on this subject that it is not a matter of vital importance whether one believes every sectarian dogma, provided the main points and precepts of Christianity are believed and followed. As to the question of when and how things were created, it would seem that the human mind might engage in something more profitable than endless speculation on this subject. The world certainly was created, and it would seem to any intelligent mind that a divine power must have planned and put it together. Just what this power is no one is able to tell, but we recognize its existence everywhere. Why not, then, take something for granted, keep straight on fulfilling as nearly as possible the requirements of loyal and obedient subjects, and keeping our minds ever impressed with the necessity for conforming to Divine law, and ascribing to Divine power all the praise, majesty and glory that to it and its great Head properly belong?—New York Ledger.

A Christian's Highest Duty.

The opportunity for activity in the kingdom of God is not more restricted than that of service to the state, and the man or woman who despairs of doing anything to advance the cause of Christianity must either be extremely lacking in powers of observation or in willingness to do whatever comes to hand. Not a day passes in which the alert Christian cannot say something or do something to lighten the load of sin and misery which fellow-Christians are bearing, to encourage despairing believers, or to strengthen the hands of pastor, or missionary, or bishop, or of those who have the care of the churches upon them. The highest Christian duty of a mother may be to train her own child so carefully and wisely that its whole life will be sanctified to the religion of Christ. A Christian father's highest duty may be to so shape the life of his young son so that he may grow up to a noble manhood. Christians are not isolated individuals. Very few of them are living the life of hermits. They are brought almost hourly into contact with other lives, and it only needs a little observation and the application of wisdom which is within the grasp of all to do some very effective work for the Master.

Sentiment in Religion.

Religion must not be confused or mixed with superstition, but should consist of sensible and positive convictions, which give a satisfactory explanation of our life, destiny and duty, and which furnish a safe and worthy guide to conduct. But this is not sufficient. There is something else needed that is equally important, if not more so. On the altar of the heart should glow the perpetual fire of true devotion and earnest piety. Mere belief is not of much value. Thought is cold, and incapable of inspiring, therefore cannot exert much active influence. The mainspring of action is feeling and sentiment! Of course it is, first of all, essential to know what we ought to know, what we ought to do, and to understand our duties fully and exactly. But merely knowing will not lead to doing. For what is needed is the prompting of the heart, a sincere desire to fulfill our part, a sense of dissatisfaction with wrong and neglect, and a feeling that only doing well will make us satisfied with ourselves and give us peace of mind."—Rev. Oscar J. Cohen.

Going Around the Walls.

The way of righteousness is the way of being right with God.

The whole life of the Christian will depend upon what kind of a stand he takes when a young convert.

Moses wanted the people he led to know, that even in their afflictions God was trying to tell them that he loved them.

When the Christian is afflicted, it is because God sees a good reason for it.

As surely and truly as Naaman knew God by the cleansing of his leprosy, may a man know God today by what takes place in himself.

The elder brother, in the parable of the prodigal, is in every particular the opposite of Christ.

The man who thinks it right to steal, is a thief, no matter whether he robs anybody or not.

The man who believes in a holy God cannot have any rest while he knows that there is any sin in himself.

Is there any less sin in making plans on Sunday for selling goods, than there is in opening the store and selling them?

Is there any use in the merchant going to church to try to please God, while the curtains are up in his show windows, trying to catch the crowd?

The Blessed Side of It.

The hopeful, blessed side of it is that the feeblest beginnings of trust in Jesus Christ and the first tottering steps that try to tread in His bring us into light. It does not need that we have reached our goal, it is enough that our faces are turned toward it and our hearts desire to attain it; then we may be sure that the dominion of the darkness over us is broken. To follow, though it be afar off, and with unequal steps, fills our path with increasing brightness, and even though evil and ignorance and sorrow may thrust their blackness upon our day, they are melting in the growing glory; and already we may give thanks "unto our Father, Who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints, in light, Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son."—Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D. D.

Points for Christians.

The full power of the Christian's influence should always be on the side of Christ.

The wife and children ought to find out that they have gained something very soon after the husband and father has found Christ.

Let your lights shine in the home. Don't be turning it down all the time, as you do the gas.

Be something that will warm aching hearts. Something that will cheer hopeless lives.

The life of the true Christian is as much a proof that God lives in him, as the trolley car is that the engines are running at the power house.

Don't try to see how much you can get, and how little you can do, but consider the day lost on which you have not done something to make somebody glad that you have lived.

Be an attraction to people who are cold and hungry and weary for the love of God.

The Aim of Religion.

We have all known what it is to be true and faithful; we have all at times resisted temptation; we have acted unselfishly; we have known from these the healthy joy of a good conscience. But, with the irreligious man this is not true, but the exception. The general drift of his life is selfish and unfaithful. Now, the aim of religion is not to introduce some extraordinary experience into his life, but to make righteousness and love the rule of life instead of the exception. The aim is to spread the rule of conscience over the length and breadth of life, thus making fixed and abiding what before was only transient and fleeting. God bids us to do justly, to love mercy and walk humbly with our God. Faith, trust, sorrow for sin, religious exercises of any sort are valuable only as they issue in regenerated character.

Guarding the Thoughts.

A most helpful habit to lead on to rich and deep soul experience is that of carefully guarding the thoughts when one's head is laid on the pillow for the night. If these thoughts are kept steadfastly to uplifting themes there seems to be a holy atmosphere about the soul during sleep, for the first thoughts on awakening are usually the continuation of the last soul effort before passing into slumber. Think over these beautiful words in Jeremiah: "For I have satiated the weary soul and I have replenished every sorrowful soul. Upon this I awaked and beheld; and my sleep was sweet unto me." To awake to find the good night thoughts hovering like angels who have been keeping guard while we slept is a bright outlook for the new day.

Faith in God.

The divine wisdom, power and goodness are infinite. Therefore, there is no reason why faith should not be unlimited in God's willingness and trustworthiness to do for His children whatever He sees to be for their best good. From this point of view certainly there is no limit to faith. From another point of view there are limits. Sin in us operates as a limit: So far as we consciously continue to do wrong, to that degree we hinder ourselves from the exercise of a perfect and triumphant faith, and so to speak, put it out of the Divine power to reward our faith. We make it impossible for God to honor our faith consistently with His own nature and His knowledge of what is best for us.

Self-Sacrifice.

The soul that trifles and toils with self-sacrifice never can get its true joy and power. Only the soul that, with an overwhelming impulse and a perfect trust, gives itself up forever to the life of other men, finds the delight and peace which such complete self-surrender has to give.—Phillips Brooks.

ONE DOCTOR SAID JAUNDICE

ANOTHER SAID NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

But it Was His Back and the Patient Diagnosed His Own Case Correctly and Prescribed for Himself.

WHAT HE USED—FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE CASE.

(From the Moon, Battle Creek, Mich.)

The people of Battle Creek, Mich., are talking of the wonderful cure of Henry Weston of 68 South Avenue, who doctored so long with some of the best physicians in the country, and, failing to find relief, took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and was permanently cured. John R. Linihan, of the drug firm of Morehouse & Linihan, proprietors of the White Drug Store, was seen by a reporter in regard to the cure and many others that had been reported. Mr. Linihan stated that the case of Mr. Weston was only one of a hundred or more in this city. "Every day," said the drug man, "we hear of someone that has been cured by these pills. We sell a large amount of them and have yet to find a person that has not got his money's worth. No one ever comes back and says they were not helped, but, on the other hand, dozens of persons have called who have been really benefited by their use. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are as staple as flour and no first-class druggist is ever without them. They are so cheap, only 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. They are within the reach of all and we never have any hesitancy in recommending them."

Mr. Weston was seen at his home on South Avenue by the reporter and asked if there was any truth in the rumor that he had doctored for years with the best physicians in the state, found no relief, and after spending hundreds of dollars in medicine that had not cured him, had, as a last resort, taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and was cured. "Yes," said he, "the rumor is true, and I am the very man that was cured." He was asked several questions by the reporter and then volunteered the following story:

"Four years ago I was troubled with my back. I went to my local physician and he gave me some medicine. It helped me for a time, but after a while I grew worse and was obliged to go to another source for relief. I went to a Detroit specialist, who has a state reputation. I had the utmost confidence in this doctor and believed that I would be speedily cured. He pronounced my case as jaundice. I was under his care for eight months. His medicine did not go to the spot, and, after spending no small amount with him, I gave it up and tried another local physician. He pronounced my case nervous prostration and gave me a stimulant. Of course I was better for a time, but as soon as the effects of the drug wore off I was left in a worse condition than before. I doctored along this way for about four months. I did not get any permanent relief. My back pained me and for the past four years I have not been able to do any work. One day I saw the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and, after reading it over, I decided, I know not why, that these pills would help me. I knew that the pills would come as near my case as any of the doctors had and so took them. In four or five days my back became better. The pains stopped. I felt as I had not for four years. I kept right on taking the medicine and every day I felt better. My whole system seemed to be purged of all the diseases and poisons there were in it and I felt like a new man. I do not know how many boxes I took. I think it was eight when I pronounced myself well. It was only a short time between the day I took the first pill and found myself well. Think of the few dollars I spent on this medicine and was cured and then think of the many dollars that I spent in Detroit with the specialist and with the local physicians. Think of the many months I suffered while under the care of the doctors and found no relief, and then just think how soon it was that I found relief after taking the Pink Pills. I consider the pills a household remedy and we are never without them. I did not take any of the pills for several months and found that I felt all right. This proved to me that I was cured and not braced up for a short time, as is the case with so many patent remedies and the prescriptions that doctors put up. For four years I suffered and could not work. Today I am well and ready to work. I have recommended the pills to dozens of persons and in every case they have done just as they were guaranteed to do. No one who has ever taken any of this wonderful remedy will hesitate to speak a good word for it. I find that when I tell a person that Pink Pills will help them and they take them they have nothing but praise for the medicine and are grateful to me for telling them of this remedy which cures when doctors fail. My wife takes the pills—in fact, every one I know who is sick takes the pills—that is, if I can get them to. People who know how I suffered need no other recommendation for the remedy than to see me walking around again. They know the condition that I was in and are aware what it was that produced the change. My case alone has caused the sale of hundreds of boxes of the pills and there are many more who have been cured and who would be willing to tell their story if they were interviewed. A remedy like this should be known. People should be made aware of the wonderful cures that have been effected by it. Everyone who has been cured should be only too willing to tell of it so his neighbor might find relief. We swear by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at my house."

Mr. Weston certainly looked well. He is fifty-two years old and looks hearty and healthy. He is very enthusiastic over his cure and cannot say enough in favor of the Pink Pills. The reporter might add, that the name of the Detroit physician is withheld, but that he is well known in this city and has a large practice here now. He has made a fortune out of his practice. These little pills accomplished a cure that he was powerless to cope with.

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 effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent, postpaid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Women at Billiards.

A quarter of a century ago few ladies indulged in billiard playing. The billiard room was reserved for the men of the house and for the male guests for whom hunting was wearisome and the drawing-room unattractive. But to-day there are many country houses, both in this country and abroad, where the ladies themselves have asserted their rights to billiards and a billiard-room for themselves. In France, where billiards is almost universally played, the game has become extremely popular in higher feminine circles. The princesses of the English royal family have contributed much to popularizing the game throughout related courts in Germany. Among the crowned heads who play billiards may be mentioned the Dowager Czarevna, who is very skillful at the game. Queen Margherita of Italy is very fond of retiring with her court ladies to her billiard-room, believing the exercise of the game has a beneficial effect in retarding her tendency to stoutness. Princess Leopold of Bavaria, the daughter of the Austrian imperial pair, is reported to be a very graceful player, and in her Munich palace she and her children have many interesting tourneys in the afternoon hours. The queen Regent of Spain was, in her girlish days, a splendid handler of the cue.

Spinach is a Persian plant.

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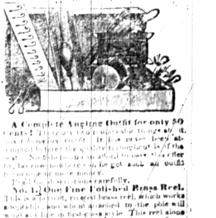
THE FISHERMAN'S OUTFIT.



A Complete Angling Outfit for only 50 cents! There are two remarkable things about it. Its *Cheapness* and *Quality*. It has never been attempted to offer the quality throughout as if of the best. No fisherman can afford to pass this offer by, because nowhere else can be got such an outfit for so little money.

Read the descriptions carefully.

No. 1. One Fine Polished Brass Reel. This is a perfect, riveted brass reel, which works admirably, and when attached to the pole will wind any line in first-class style. This reel alone is worth the price we ask for the entire outfit.

No. 2. One Linen Trout Line, strictly first-class, made in the most perfect manner, and the strongest trout line made, guaranteed to safely land the heaviest trout or fish of equal size.

No. 3. One Linen Bass or Salmon Line, of the same, high standard, but larger, adapted for big fish like salmon, or gamey fish like black bass. This line will land the biggest fish caught with bait and sinker, or trolling from boat.

No. 4. One Long Cotton Line, dark colored, neatly cross-wound on a block, and good for every-day fishing after perch, catfish, sunfish, rock bass, etc.

No. 5. One Line Furnished Complete with Hook, Bob and Sinker. This is a whole outfit in itself, comprising a long and strong line, with medium size hook attached, and neat, movable bob and sinker. With this at hand and this line in his pocket, the fisherman can start right in and try his luck.

No. 6. One Dozen Best Steel Ringed Fish Hooks (assorted sizes). These are best grade of hooks, warranted strong, sharp in points and barbs, and handy to use, anybody being able to tie them line into the ring of the hook. With this set of hooks the fisherman can try his luck for any size fish, from minnows to weak fish.

No. 7. Two Improved Trout Flies. These are the improved style of fly. They will *draw trout* from deep pools when other flies fail. They are natural, brilliant in colors, strongly fastened around the hooks, and will give excellent satisfaction.

No. 8. One Improved Bass Fly. This is the best approved fly for black bass fishing, and is the equal of the trout flies in excellence of material and artistic position.

No. 9. One Improved Salmon Fly also accompanies the outfit, and is of the best pattern and perfect shape and color, sure to *raise* and *catch* the fish.

No. 10. Two Snell Hooks and Gut. These hooks are set on long guts, and where fish run the lines, one of these snell hooks can be safely used; the gut cannot be severed, and lands the fish every time.

Here, then, is a complete fisherman's outfit at the nominal price of half a dollar. No excuse now—the poor boy or man can afford this complete assortment, and ought to keep his family in fish the year round, or catch enough to sell. As much sport can be had with this outfit as with a ten-dollar one, and the quality of everything is as represented.

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