Flitting of the Barber.

BY CHARLES HENSLEY.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Yas'm, das what I wants ter do, I wants ter stick my knife down the th'oat er dat vilyun, er dat scound'el—

"'My, sez Mandy, 'you suttinly is savage.'

"'Dar,' sez I, 'dar, you done said hit. When you see savage you des spells my name. I des so savage dat I eat dat vilyun's heart en drink his blood en des not bat my eyes.

"'What make you so savage agin dat barber,' sez Mandy, 'what he bin doin' ter you?'

"What he bin doin' ter me? He bin doin' des a plenty. Ain't he been trapesin' roun' wid de 'oman dat use good es belong ter me; dat bin promisin' dese days en days fer ter ma'y me? En now he got ter shove his ugly se'f 'twix me en her, en try en keep cump'ny wid her?

"'En what de name er dat lady dat you speakin' er?' sez Mandy.

"Hit des a fool 'oman er de name er Mandy en kase she des a fool 'oman, en ain't got no ve'y good senses, dey ain't nuthin' dat I kin do ter her, 'cep' en savin' des ter drap her, en dat I reckon I got ter do; fer by dese ways er gwine on she show dat she little better'n a hussy. But fer dat barber I des suttinly takes hit outer him. I des bruck his back en knock de ugly head clean offer him, das all.

"'En dat lady you speakin' about?' sez Mandy, 'I des kin tell you dat she got senses enuf ter do a heap er t'ings hit befo' she ever ma'y wid a tridin' vilyun like you is; wid yo' big mouf en yo' big tales, en yo' knives, en yo' weepuns, en yo' hussies—hussy yo'se'f, suh.'

"'Das all ri', das all ri'. Yo' des do wid yo'se'f what you t'ink de bes' ter do, en ef you like ter keep somebody else cump'ny better'n my cump'ny, you des keep hit. Hit don't matter ter me ef de yeth des gyape open en swaller you up. But aller dat ain't gwine save dat barber. Dey ain't no use er yo' cryin' en whimperin' roun' me; dat barber des got ter die.

"'I ain't wo'yin' about dat barber,' sez Mandy. 'I ain't sceart a bit fer him. Dat barber des twicet de man dat you is. Ef I do enny cryin' hit be fer you, you misabible scoun'el. Dat barber des ca'y pocketsful er knives en razors roun' wid him aller de time. You go foolin' roun' wid dat barber en he cuts de lights er life outer you. Ef you tackle wid dat barber you better git you a dray pin fer ter hit him wid, fer ef he gits clost ter you, you des as good es dead en gone en mos' forgot.'

"What Mandy sez about dat barber diden suit, me so ve'y better. I know myse'f fom what I yere fom dis one en fom dat one, dat he a bad man, des a' teh'ble bad man; a fightin' man fom yere come yonder. He des boas'es dat eendin' er his time he kill mo'n ten nfen; en wid one er 'em dat he cuts out a piece er his heart en toas'es hit over de fire en eats hit wid pepper on hit; en wid anudder dat he plarnt vines on topper his grave en eats de berries offer dem vine, des ter strenken his heart. I des sholy got ter watch my cornders wid a man like dat. I tink en I tink. Fus' I tink er one way en den I tink er anudder. One time hit look like a good way des ter stan' behinder a corner, I'well he come by en den ter swat him wid a dray pin or a crow bar. Das all ri', ef I don' miss my lick; but sposen dat I does miss my lick, dar I is wid my lick done gone en he on topper me wid his razor. En den agin I tink dat he got ter cross de bayou on one er dem bridge, en I might des sot up dar on one er de beams twell he come under en fall onter his head ri' hard. But sposen dat he jump f'om under, dar I is on de groun', all shuck up wid de fall en widout de chanst ter lif' my han'. Dat tinkin' mos' kep me awake in de night.'

"'In de mo'nin' I got up en still I diden know what de bes' fer me ter do. At de las' I tuck a nickel outer my pocket en th'ow hit up in de air, ter see which way I got ter go dat day. Well, suh, ef dat nickel diden plum' straight ter de shop er dat barber. I pick hit up en th'ow hit again en hit come de ve'y same way. Den I see, 'pome good luck, come bad luck, I des got ter go ter dat barber shop. En

"My," sez Mandy, "you suttinly is savage."

widout taken enny mo' time ter tink I des goes. When I come ter de shop I des walks in en hangs up my coat en my hat, des like hit belong ter me, en den I sits down in de barber cheer en I sez: 'Barber,' sez I, 'gi' me a shave.' En de barber, he des lafs, en when he done wuck up de lather en spread hit over my face, he sez ter me, 'My,' sez he, 'I bin tinkin f'om what I yeres dat I 'lowin ter use my razor on you fer sumdin else besides ter scrape yo' chin. Not,' sez he, 'dat I got sutthin agin you, kase I ain't, but fer aller dat fire en fury dat I yeres about you, hit look like I bleedzed ter do hit des ter take keer er my own hide.' 'Barber,' sez I, 'people yeres a heap er ting dat dey ain't no call fer 'em ter yere, en a heap er ting dat don' 'muse wuss spoke.'

"'I got nuthin' agin you,' sez de barber, 'ter be sho', ef I wanted dat 'oman ri' bad, dat Mandy, I des would have her ef I had ter skin you alive ter git her. But I don' wan' her, I des don'. I got mo' wives ri' now den I got enny use fer. I got two er 'em in dis yere town, en dey fixin' ter gi' me trubble dis ve'y minute, kase dey done foun' out dat I got mo'n one. I don' wan' no mo' er de 'oman ri' now. But I is got dis much agin you,' sez he, 'dat you bin talkin' mighty big, en bin tellin yo' tales er what you gwine do wid me.'

"'Barber,' sez I, 'don' you let dat razor slip, fer f'om what you tell me you is got all de trubble you needs ri' now.' Fer atter he tell me dat he got mo' wives on his hands den he got enny use fer, I wuz feelin' all ri', en I wuzen sceared er him no mo'.'

"'Das so,' sez he, 'das so, ef I had de time en wuzen a'ready in trubble, dey ain't nuthin I like better,' sez he, 'den des ter take you in han's en cook yo' goose. But at de time presen',' sez he, 'dey is two lady a'ready quarlin' over me, en my time is all tuck up. All I got ter do,' sez he, 'is ter pull my foot

"Barber," sez I, "when do you leave?" outer dis yere town, en I got ter do dat quick.'

"'Barber,' sez I, 'whar you gwine f'om yere?'

"'I is gwine a long way,' sez he, 'I is gwine up North.'

"'Barber,' sez I, 'when you gwine?'

"'I wuz studyin',' sez he, 'ter start termorrer evenin'.'

"'Barber,' sez I, 'you start dis evenin'. I gi' you fi' dollah,' sez I, 'fi' good dollah en one cent.'

"'All ri',' sez he, 'I do hit; I go dis ve'y evenin'.

"'But how does I know, sez I, 'ef I pays you my good money, dat you keep yo' wo'd en go?'

"'You kin come down ter de railroad,' sez he, 'en put dat fi' dollah inter part er my ticket, en den, ef you likes, you kin see me off on de train.'

"'Dat sholy evenin' atter de ticket wuz bought I see him enter de cyars, en des es de cyars wuz pullin' out he holler outer de winder, 'you gi' my love ter de lady.' En I sez twix' my teef, 'You misubble scound'el, I des suttinly will.'

"Dat same evenin' I knock at Mandy's do', I got free, fo' piece er dis yere pink stickin' plarster stickin' ter my chin en acrosst my cheek.

"'My,' sez Mandy when she open de do' ter let me in, 'what you bin doin' wid yo' face; who bin meddlin' wid you?'

"'Dat some er yo' barber's doins,' sez I.

"'En what you done wid dat barber?' sez she.

"'I sez nuthin, but des looks at her ri' stiddy. "What you done wid dat barber?" sez she again.

"'Oman,' sez I, 'dey ain't no barber no mo', an' wid dat she 'gun ter whimper an' ter cry.

"'Dey ain't no use er cryin' fer dat barber,' sez I, 'you seen de las' e dat barber on topper er dis yeth.'

"'I dou' keer fer de barber,' sez she, 'en nebber did a bit fer him. I des wuz tinkin' er you; I don' wan' you ter have de blood er no man on yo' han's.' 'Dar, dat des hit, honey,' sez I, 'en dat des what save dat barber's life. De fus' time he git down on his knee en beg for his life, I shuck my head. De second time he des beg an' he pray, but I shuck my head. But de las' time I sez ter him, 'Barber,' sez I, 'ef I don' po' out yo' blood dis time, hit des kase er a lady dat don' like dis yere killin' en spillins er blood. Take yo' misubble life,' sez I, 'en tank de lady fer hit.'

"'My,' sez Mandy, 'I diden tink you could a done de barber dat a way; you suttinly is a man.'

"'En now, 'oman,' sez I, mighty solemn, 'let dis be a warnin' ter you; you des take yo' cautions f'om dis, en ef enny er dese yere tridin' scoundi'els, ef dey wuz barbers or des what dey wuz, come foolin' roun' wid you, you des tu'n 'em loose en tell 'em ter go dey ways. Ef dey don', I des po' out dey blood all over de yeth. Fer f'om dis time on, f'om dis ve'y day, dey ain't no mo' pitty or mussy in dis bus'm.'"

Lighthouse and Fort.

One of the most interesting and curious lighthouses in the world has just been completed on the cape which forms the southern end of the island of Formosa, standing in a region inhabited only by hostile savages, this structure is not only a lighthouse, but also a fort. The lantern is protected by revolving steel screens, and in the gallery around the top of the tower is mounted a machine gun. The tower is of steel, and around its base is built a wrought iron refuge, or fort, which communicates by bullet-proof covered passages with the keeper's house. The station is still further protected by a loopholed wall and a dry ditch, flanked by two towers in which are mounted 8-pound cannon. There is a large staff attached to the lighthouse and the station is well supplied with material for standing a siege. There are kept on hand constantly stores of food and ammunition and large water tanks in the basement of the tower always are kept full of drinking water.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE BLESSINGS OF HUMILITY SHOWN IN THIS DISCOURSE.

Is Eloquent Words Is Told How Throughout the Ages Arrogance Has Been Abashed—The Evening of Life Brightened by the Love of God.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)

Washington, Dec. 29.—While this discourse of Dr. Talmage rebukes arrogance, it encourages humanity and shows how the evening of life may be brightened. The text is I Kings xx, 11, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

The text makes a comparison between a man enlisting for some war and a veteran returning, the one putting on the armor and the other putting it off.

Benhadad, the king of Syria, thought he could easily overcome the king of Israel. Indeed, the Syrian was so sure of the victory that he spread an antebellum banquet. There were in all thirty-three kings besides the carousal; and their condition is described in the Bible not as convivial or stimulated exaltation, but drunk. Benhadad sends officers over to the king of Israel demanding the surrender of the city, saying, "Thou shalt deliver me thy silver and thy gold and thy wives and thy children, and afterward" sends other officers, saying that the palace of the king will be searched and everything Benhadad wants he will take without asking. Then the king of Israel called a council of war, and word is sent back to Benhadad that his unreasonable demand will be resisted. Then Benhadad sends another message to the king of Israel, a message full of arrogance and bravado. Then the king of Israel replied to Benhadad, practically saying: "Let me see you do what you say. You huzza too soon. 'Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.'"

An avalanche of courage and righteousness, the Israelitish army came down on Benhadad and his host. It was a hand to hand fight, each Israelite hewing down a Syrian. Benhadad, on horseback, gets away with some of the cavalry, but is only saved for a worse defeat, in which 100,000 Syrian infantry were slaughtered in one day. Now we see the sarcasm and the epigrammatic power of the message of my text sent by the king of Israel to Benhadad, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

All up and down history we see such too early boasting. It will be my object, among other lessons, to show that he who puts off the armor, having finished the battle, is more to be congratulated than he who begins.

First, I find encouragement in this subject for the aged who have got through the work and struggle of earthly life. With more or less fortitude you passed through the crises of pain and sadness and disappointment and fatigue and still live to recount the divine help that sustained you. At twenty or thirty years of your age at the tap of the drum you put on the harness. Now, at sixty or seventy or eighty, you are peacefully putting it off. You would not want to try the battle of life over again. So let all of the aged in peace with God, through the blessed Christ, cultivate contentment and thank the Lord their Sedan has been fought and the war is over. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

There are old farmers who cannot do one more day's work. What harvests they raised in 1870! What droughts, what freshets, what insectile invasion they remember! Clothe and feed and educate the household they reared through tolls and self sacrifices that the world knew but little about. Rest, aged man! Let the boys do the shoveling and thrashing and putting and sweating. You have put the harness off, and do not try to put it on again.

There are old mechanics that can no more shove the plane or pound with the hammer or bore with the bit or run up the ladder to the scaffolding. You have a right to quit. You have finished your task. Be thankful that your work is done.

Then there are aged physicians. What tragedies of pain and accident they have witnessed! How much suffering they have assuaged! How many brave battles they have fought with fever and cataclysm! How many fevers they cooled! How many broken bones they set. God comfort and bless the old doctors, allopathic, homeopathic, hydropathic and eclectic, and make them willing to be out of practice! Before long they will hear the benediction of him who said, "I was sick, and ye visited me."

And there are the old ministers. Once they were foremost in gene al assemblies and conferences and associations. Now they have stopped preaching, for their breath is short, or their nerves are a-jangle, or they lose their thread of discourse or suffer from confusion of ideas. Cheer up, aged domines and doctors! The Bible says God forgets our sins when we repent of them, but he never forgets faithful services rendered. Be content to stop. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

Again, I learn from Benhadad's behavior the unwisdom of boasting of what one is going to do. Better not tell accordingly what you are going to do. Wait until it is done. You do well to lay out your plans, but there are so many mistakes and disappointments in life that you may not be able to carry out your plans, and there is no need of invoking the world's derision and caricature. Napoleon was so sure of conquering England, Scotland and Ireland that he had a medal struck celebrating the conquest, which he never made. On that medal was represented his own crowned head.

Wilberforce did not tell what he was going to do with the slave trade, but how much he accomplished is suggested by Lord Brougham's remark concerning Wilberforce after his decease, "He went to heaven with 800,000 broken fetters in his hand." The only kind of boasting that prospers was that of Paul, who cried out, "I glory in the cross of Christ," and that of John Newton, who declared, "I am not what I ought to be; I am not what I wish to be; I am not what I hope to be, but, by the grace of God, I am not what I was."

Do not boast of your moral strength. Better underrate than overrate ourselves.

My subject is also a refutation of the famous sentiment that God is on the side of the heaviest artillery. God is not on the side of the most swords or the most war chariots or the most cannon if the cause is wrong, but on the side of the right. How such a preposterous sentiment as I have mentioned should have gained sway I know not when all history proclaims the opposite. How insignificant were the unarmed Israelites, half starved and unorganized, compared with Pharaoh's host on foot, on horseback and charioted! But the waves of the Red sea took part in the conflict, parting to let the pursued pass, but coming together to destroy the pursuers. The Midianites and Amalekites were like grasshoppers for multitudes, but 300 men under Gideon came down, their owny weapons pitchers and lamps and trumpets, and as they held up the lamps and threw down the pitchers and blew the trumpets the flash of the lights and the blare of the instruments and the crash of the crockery made their enemy fall back in wild terror.

Notice also that my text takes it for granted that you must put on the harness, else how can you take it off? Life is a battle—at thirty years, a forty years' or a sixty years' war. Every possible effort will be made to make you think wrong. The young man who gets his head filled with wrong notions about God, about Christ, about the soul, about the great beyond, is already captured. Think right, and you will act right. Keep the heart pure, and the life will be pure. Have the heart corrupt, and your actions will be corrupt.

Young man, see that you have on a complete armor. All looks bright now, and it seems as if you could march right on without opposition or attack, but be not deceived. There are hidden foes ready to halt you on your way. The same cup that Benhadad drank out of just before his defeat will be offered to effect your defeat. What work Benhadad's cup made for Benhadad's army! What shipwrecks on the sea, what disasters on the land, caused by inflaming liquids put upon the tongue to set seething the brain! How many kings of thought and influence, with crowns brighter than the sun have been put into fight as base as that in which Benhadad rode! "Give them to me," says the demon of inebriacy. "Give them to me; hand them down—the brightest legislators of the land. I will thicken their tongue; I will bloat their cheeks; I will hamper their step; I will damn their soul. Hand them down to me."

We hold our breath in horror as once in awhile we hear of someone, either by accident or suicide, going over Niagara Falls, but the tides, the depths, the awful surges of intemperance, are every hour of every day rushing scores of immortals down into unfathomed abysm. Suicides by the hundreds of thousands! Suicides by the million! Beware of the cup out of which Benhadad drank personal and national ruin!

Yes, you must have full armor. There are temptations to an impure life all the time multiplying and intensifying. Read in private and discussed afterward by the refined and elegant in parlors are books poisoned from lid to lid with impurities. Loose characters in the stage applauded by rhetorical pens and proprietes of life caricatured as prudery and infidelity of behavior put in a way to excite sympathy and half approval. My wonder is not that so many go astray, but my wonder is that so few are as many are the debauched. There are influences at work which, if unarrested, will turn our cities into Sodoms and Gomorrahs ready for the hail and fire and brimstone of God's indignation.

Yes, you must have full armor, for there are all the temptations to gaming practices in the gambling halls or in the money markets, buying what they never paid for and selling what they can never deliver, first borrowing what they cannot return and stealing what they cannot borrow. All hours of the day and all hours of the night are vast sums of money passing fraudulently, for gambling in all cases is fraud, whether it be a twenty-five cent prize package or a crash in Northern Pacific, which made Lombard street and the bourse aghast and shook the nations with financial earthquake.

Oh, yes, you need the harness on until God tells you to take it off. In olden times pugilists wore leathern armor or chain armor or ribbed armor, fashioned in ancient foundry, but no one can give you the outfit you need except God, who is master of this world and the infernal world, from which ascend the mightiest hostilities. Lay hold of God. Nothing but the arm of Omnipotence is strong enough for the tempted.

Young man, put on the entire gospel outfit. If you have come from the country to live in the city, imitate the example of a young man who arrived in New York on Saturday night, intending the following Monday to enter his place of employment. On Sunday morning, carrying out the good advice before leaving his country home, he went to church. Standing at the door, he was abashed as the beauty and fashion and wealth swept through the aisles of the sanctuary, and he dared not go in. As he was about turning to go away a gentleman said, "Have you a seat, young man?" "No, sir." "Do you belong to the city?" "No, sir." "Where is your home?" "In the country." "How long have you been in the city?" "I came in last night." "What are you going to do here?" "I hope to go into business to-morrow." "That is right. You have begun well, young man. Never forsake the God of your fathers. Come, I will give you a seat in my pew." The next morning the gentleman received this letter in business circles. "What do you want, young man?" said the Scotch merchant. "I want to get credit on some leather, upper and sole." "Have you references?" "I think I can get references. My father has friends here." "Young man, you do not see you yesterday in Mr. Lenox's pew?" "I do not know, sir. I was at church, and a kind gentleman asked me to sit in his pew." "Yes, young man, that was Robert Lenox. I will trust anyone that Mr. Lenox invites into his pew. You need not trouble yourself about references. When these goods are gone, come and get more." That young man became an eminent merchant and knew that, a Christian merchant, and he attributed all his success to that first Sabbath in the city. Young man just arrived, put yourself under good influences your first day in town. There hangs your helmet. Take it down. There is your breastplate. Adjust it. There is all the harness for safety and triumph. Put it on.

Also see in my subject the folly of underestimating the enemy. That was Benhadad's fatal mistake. He wanted less than half a day to capture Samaria and make the king of Israel capitulate. But what he thought was so easy turned out to be the impossible. Better overestimate than underestimate the otherside. We who are trying to conquer the world what it ought to be contend not with stripling foes. We wrestle not with stripling foes. We have a whole army of antagonists trying to halt the King of God and overthrow the cause of righteousness. If we secure the victory, it will be a struggle as fierce as when the Greeks and Persians met at Marathon, as when Darius and Alexander grappled each other at Arbela, as when Joan of Arc rode triumphant at Orleans, as when the Russians met the Swedes at Poltava, as when Marlborough commanded the allied armies at Blenheim. Those were fights for earthly crowns and dominions, but the fight that now goes on between all the allied armies of hell la to settle whether God or Satan is to have possession of this planet.

I congratulate all those who are now in the thickest of life's battle that the time is coming when the struggle will end and you will put the harness off, helmet and greaves and breastplate having fulfilled their mission. You cannot in one visit to London Tower see all. You must go again and again. You will see the crowns of kings and queens, the robe worn by the Black Prince, and silver baptismal fonts from which royal infants were christened, and the block on which Lord Lovat was beheaded. But no part of London Tower will more interest you than the armory, in which is skillfully and impressively arranged a collection of all styles of armor worn between the thirteenth and eighteenth centuries, suggesting 500 years of conflict—cuirass and neck guard and chin piece and lance rest and gauntlet and girdle and mailed apron. You see just how from head to foot those old time warriors were defended against the weapons that would cu or thrust or bruise and allowing them to come out of battle unhurt when otherwise they would have been slain.

O ye soldiers of Jesus Christ, when the war for life is over and the victors rest in the soldiers' home on the heavenly heights, perhaps there may be in the city of the sun a tower of spiritual armor such as incased the warriors for Christ in earthly combat. Some day we may be in that armory and hear the story of how they fought the good fight of faith and how they got all the scars of wounds forever healed and look at the weapons of offense and defense with which they became more than conquerors. In that tower of heaven, as the weapons of the spiritual conflict are examined, St. Paul may point out to us the armor with which he advised the Ephesians to equip themselves and say: "That is the shield of faith. That is the helmet of salvation. That is the girdle of truth. That is the breastplate of righteousness. Those are the mailed shoes in which they were shod with the preparation of the gospel." There and there you may recount the contrast between the day when you enlisted in Christian conflict and the day when you closed it in earthly farewell and heavenly salutation, and the text, which had so much meaning for us, will have more meaning for us then. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

DOGS LEAD THE BLIND.

Curious Results in England Where Puppies Go to School.

Among the many careers that a dog who has to work for his living may follow, is that of leading the blind. Of course, the work is one that requires some training, and there are, in fact, a number of what may be called preparatory schools for this sort of business. The most reliable guides are the product of the instruction of a man whose kennels are in a little village in England. As the dog which is destined to act in the place of a pair of eyes has no easy task before it, only the most intelligent pups are chosen to be trained for the purpose. Having selected the little animal whose lifework it will be to lead the blind, the breeder leaves it with its mother until it is at least some 4 months old. Its playful babyhood at an end, the puppy begins to go to school, taking, as a first step, lessons in the art of walking in a straight line and at a steady pace. The schoolroom to begin with is the kennel yard, later it is a country lane and by-and-by the village street. It takes time for a lively young animal to learn that sudden dashes here and there must not be indulged in while some one has hold of a leash attached to its collar. But after about two months' constant daily practice the lesson is driven home. By making excursions in all directions leaving the dog to do all the piloting home, the blind expert tests and develops its sense of locality. He furthermore gets customs it to traffic, and by kindly insistence impresses on it the necessity for not only withdrawing itself from danger, but its charge as well. After from four or five months' training the dog is ready to lead the blind. It is then put through some final months and is kept in constant practice until a purchaser is found. The breeder who has had the dog trained does not advertise, but he is known to the officials of the various charitable organizations which assist the blind. When a blind man is about to get out and has no child who can lead him, a dog is ordered from the breeder, who receives between $10 and $15 for each animal supplied. Then a clever little doggie makes a long journey by rail, and after it has got to know its new master, settles down without complaint to a life of quiet, faithful self-sacrifice.

PROSTRATE WITH RHEUMATIC FEVER SIX TIMES WITHIN TWENTY YEARS.

This was the case of Mr. Eli Wiltshire of Landadown Terrace, Caine, Wis., who during this time suffered the most intense agony. He writes:

"I heartily indorse the testimonials which you publish of St. Jacob's Oil as a pain killer, for I have been a sufferer from rheumatism and kindred complaints at different times during the last twenty years. I have been laid prostrate with rheumatic fever six times during that period, therefore I consider I know something about rheumatism. During all of these twenty years I have tried various advertised rheumatic remedies, oils, ointments and embrocations. None of them gave me much relief, but when I tried St. Jacob's Oil I found quite different results. It passed the pain almost immediately and has done for me what all other remedies put together never began to do.

"I could give you several cases that have been cured, which have come under my notice, and through my recommendation have also used it touching, one of faceache, and one of sore throat.

"I have recommended St. Jacob's Oil and shall continue to do so by every means in my power, as I consider you deserving of every support."

The Sultan's Astrologer.

The sultan of Turkey's imperial astrologer, a Greek named Kumbaris, is a worthy representative of the prevalent blend of superstition and abysmal ignorance which characterizes Abdul Hamid's court. This worthy had on one occasion the brilliant idea of erecting a modern astronomical observatory in Yildiz Kiosk. When the work was finished and the instruments in place he found he could neither read them himself nor find them, and consequently a professional astronomer had to be summoned from Naples.

This, however, did not diminish the influence of Kumbaris, who succeeded in preventing the distribution of Mauser rifles among the imperial troops in Constantinople in 1896 at the first news of Armenian disturbances by the sage reminder that the previous change in the succession took place immediately after a distribution of new guns. The sincerity of this wonderful piece of advice cannot be doubted, as the self-sacrificing genius who offered it to his worthy master rose from his sick bed to do so.

A Wonderful Cure.

Wright City, Mo., Dec. 30.—Medical men are still marveling over the Symes case, which has aroused such a widespread interest in this neighborhood.

Mr. Joseph G. Symes had suffered very severely from inflammatory Rheumatism, enduring pains which were something terrible and which made it altogether impossible for him to work by day or rest or sleep at night. In spite of all treatments he grew worse and his case seemed to defy all the usual remedies.

He began a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills and very soon noticed a marked improvement, which increased as he kept on till six boxes were used when he found himself without a trace of pain or ache. He is now able to work all day and sleep all night, and his rapid and complete recovery is regarded by the doctors as little short of a miracle.

Coal famine and extreme cold are causing much suffering to people and inconvenience to business in St. Louis and Chicago.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

Is Winter Use Allen's Foot Ease,

a powder. Your feet feel uncomfortable, hot, swollen, tired and damp. If you have Chilblains, sweating, sore feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Sin is its own detective. No man can escape himself any more than he can escape God.

To Cure a Cold in One day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup,

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The first book printed in America is said to have been an almanac at Boston in 1639.

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cannot agree. The former kills the latter every time. Try it. All druggists.

About two-thirds of a doctor's bill is for his trouble in guessing at your complaint.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 15, 1896.

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Gentlemen:—I used two bottles of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters and it had a decidedly good effect along the line of general health. I took it for digestive troubles and was much pleased with the result. G. A. Botsford, Onaway, Mich.

PISO'S CURE FOR
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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LARGER SCHOOL BUILDINGS REQUIRED.

Owing to the rapid large influx of population into Western Canada, it has become absolutely necessary in many parts of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta to increase the school accommodation. In may places buildings have been erected that are only half-occupied. This is perhaps good evidence as will be found not only of their satisfaction with their present school system and their confidence that it will remain as it is, but also of their firm belief in the future expansion of the country, in which immigration, and it further indicates that they have little fear that the well established rate of births in civilized communities will not be maintained there.

The free homestead laws and the cheap railway lands offer great inducements, which are opening up the new settlements. Agents of the Government of Canada are actively at work in different portions of the States for the purpose of giving information to possible settlers, and also concentrate are now appearing in a large number of papers, giving the names and locations of these agents.

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Women are not having a real good time unless four or five of them are talking at once.

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A PERFECT LIQUID DENTIFRICE FOR THE
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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY, gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, ATLANTA, GA.

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Wonderful wheat crop for 1901 now the talk of the Continent. Prices for land remain unchanged. The Province of Manitoba, the heart of the Canadian West, is the most wonderful grain producing country in the world. In stock raising they also lead the van. The highest position. Thousands of Americans are annually making their homes there and they are pleased with it. Never did before. Move Westward with the tide and secure a farm and home in Western Canada. Low rates and special privileges to settlers and settlers. The handsome forty-page Atlas of Western Canada sent free to all applicants. Apply for rates, &c., to F. Pedley, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to J. Grieve, Sault Ste Marie, Mich., M. V. McInnes, No. 3 Avenue Block, Port Huron, Mich., C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Mich., H. M. Williams, 227 Spitzer Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, or Joseph Young, 34 State St., Detroit, Columbus, Ohio, Canadian Government Agents.

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$3.00 W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE

Notice Increase of sales in table below:
1899 on hand 148,566 Pairs.
1900 " 208,183 Pairs.
Increase 59,617 Pairs.
1900 " 1,206,784 Pairs.
1901 " 1,566,720 Pairs.
Increase 359,936 Pairs.

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More Than Doubled in Four Years.
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.
W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes placed side by side with $5.00 and $6.00 shoes of other makes, cannot be told apart in style or workmanship.
They will outwear two pairs of ordinary $2.00 or $2.50 shoes.
Made of the best leathers, including Patent Colt, Corona Colt, and National Kangaroo, by Skilled Workmen in the Largest Shoe Factory in the World.
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