YOUNG MAN BEWARE! ing under the weeping willows. The

THE PITFALLS POINTED OUT BY DR. TALMAGE.

Make the Home Pleasant for the Boys -Keep Holy the Sabbath Day-Teach Industry and Integrity Always -Glories of Virtues.



ASHINGTON, D C., Nov. 24, 1895 .his sermon today, Rev. Dr. Talmage, preaching to the usual crowded audience, took up a subject of universal interest to young men. His text was selected from 2. Samuel 18: 29: "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

The heart of David, the father, was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But, notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshalled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun, David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion. Two great questions were to be decided; the safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile, a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off, and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance, the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh! no. There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battlefieldthe question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David. the King, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation, and went up the stairs to his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes, and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "Oh! Absalom! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee, Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!"

My friends, the question which David, the King, asked in regard to his son, is the question that resounds to-day in the hearts of hundreds of parents. Yea, there are a great multitude of young men who know that the question of the text is appropriate when asked in regard to them. They know the temptations by which they are surrounded; they see so many who started life with as good resolutions as they have who have fallen in the path, and they are ready to hear me ask the question of my text: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The fact is that this life is full of peril. He who undertakes it without the grace of God and a proper understanding of the conflict into which he is going, must certainly be defeated. Just look off upon society to-day. Look at the shipwreck of men for whom fair things were promised, and who started life with every advantage. Look at those who have dropped from high social position, and from great fortune, disgraced for time, disgraced for eternity. All who sacrifice their integrity come to overthrow. Take a dishonest dollar and bury it in the center of the earth, and keep all the rocks of the mountain on top of it; then cover these rocks with all the diamonds of Golconda, and all the silver of Nevada, and all the gold of California and Australia, and put on the top of these all banking and moneyed institutions, and they cannot keep down that one dishonest dollar. That one dishonest dollar in the center of the earth will begin to heave and rock and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Now, what are the safeguards of young men? The first safeguard of which I want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around that word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with vice or poverty. Harsh words, and petulance, and scowling may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness, and self-sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity you, young man; you never had a home. But a multitude in this audience can look back to a spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it now without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that so stirred your soul. A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it; but oh! how much it means to you. Fresco on palace wall does not mean so much to you as those rough-hewn rafters. Parks and bowers and trees on fashionable wateringplace or country-seat do not mean so more emphatic. The great safeguard superior. much to you as that brook that ran in for every young man is the Christian front of the plain farm house, and sing- religion. Nothing can take the place pray, he taught them how to give. - lings. - Labouchere.

barred gateway swung open by poron one side of it, and you on the other; she gone fifteen years ago into glory. That scene coming back to you to-day, as you swept backward and forward on the gate, singing the songs of your childhood. But there are those here who have their second dwelling place. It is your adopted home. That also is the first family altar. There your children were born. In that room flapped the wing of the death angel. Under that roof, when your work is done, you expect to lie down and die. There is only one word in all the language that that word is "home." Now, let me say that I never knew a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the club room, in the literary society, in the art salon, than you do in these unpretending home pleasures, you are on the road to ruin. Though you may be cut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred, young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third class boarding house, into that room gather books, pictures and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Bid unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love, and sister's confidence, call it home.

Another safeguard for these young men is industrious habit. There are a great many people trying to make their way through the world with their wits instead of by honest toil. There is a young man who comes from the country to the city. He fails twice before in the chapel after you came from Philhe is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great city. He is seated in his room at a rent of two thousand dollars a year, waiting for the banks to declare their dividends and the stocks to run up. After awhile he gets impatient. He tries to improve his penmanship by making copyplates of other merchants' signatures! Never mind-all is right in business. After awhile he has his estate. Now is the time for him to retire to the country, amid the flocks and the herds, to culture the doemstic virtues.

Now the young men who were his schoolmates in boyhood will come, and with their ox teams draw him logs, and with their hard hands will help to heave up the castle. That is no fancy sketch; it is every-day life. I should not wonder if there were a rotten beam in that palace, I should not wonder if God should smite him with dire sicknesses, and pour into his cup a bitter draught that will thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if that man's children grew up to be to him a disgrace, and to make his life a shame. I should not wonder if that man died a dishonorable death, and were tumbled into a dishonorable grave, and then went into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

Another safeguard that I want to present to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to aim too low, and it is very often that the captain, going into conflict with his men, will cry out, "Now, men, aim high!" The fact is that in life a great many men take no aim at all. The artist plans out his entire thought before he puts it upon canvas, before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. An architect thinks out the entire building before the workmen begin. Although everything may seem to be unorganized, that architect has in his mind every Corinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. A poet thinks out the entire plot of his poem before he begins to chime the cantos of tinkling rhymes. And yet there are a great many men who start the important structure of life without knowing whether it is going to be a rude Tartar's hut, or a St. Mark's Cathedral, and begin to write tion. out the intricate poem of their life without knowing whether it is to be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymester's botch. Out of one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine have no life-plot. Booted and spurred and caparisoned, they hasten along, and I run out and say: "Hallo, man! Whither away?" "Nowhere!" they say. Oh! young man, make every day's duty a filling up of ple and know ourselves. the great life-plot. Alas! that there should be on this sea of life so many thing, cheats himself. ships that seem bound for no port. They are swept every whither by wind and never knows what he wants. wave, up by the mountains and down by the valleys. They sail with no fruit the devil had an army. chart. They gaze on no star. They long for no harbor. Oh! young man, runs his boots down at the heel. have a high ideal and press to it, and it will be a mighty safeguard. There not be the one that most helps. never were grander opportunities opening before young men than are opening information from a gravestone. and of the stout heart, and of the the less he thinks of himself. bounding step, I marshall you to-day

for a great achievement. Another safeguard is a respect for the Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath, and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust law needed for the good of men. into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. Is it exorbitant, after giving six days to the feeding and clothing of these perisha- place, we haven't given him any. ble bodies, that God should demand one day for the feeding and clothing of the one who gets rich by selling whisky. immortal soul?

There is another safeguard that I what the wise can see at a glance. want to present. I have saved it until the last because I want it to be the with his enemy; in passing it, he is

of it. You may have gracefulness enough to put to the blush Lord Chester in full dress, does not mean as much | terfield, you may have foreign lanto you as that swing gate, your sister | guages dropping from your tongue, you may discuss laws and literature, you may have a pen of unequaled polish and power, you may have so much business tact that you can get the largest salary in a banking house, you may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson, and with as long locks as those which hung Absalom, and yet sacred forever. There you established | you have no safety against temptation. Some of you look forward to life with great despondency. I know it. I see it in your faces from tme to time. You say: "All the occupations and professions are full, and there's no chance for me." Oh! young man, cheer up, I will can convey your idea of that place, and | tell you how you can make your fortune. Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things will be added. I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. You will not drink the brimming cup of life, and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a generous Saviour you will not act like that; you have not the heart to act like that. That is not manly. That is not honorable. That is not brave. Your great want is a new heart, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I tell you so to-day, and the blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities of this hour to put the cup of life to your thirsty lips. Oh! thrust it not back. Mercy presents it-bleeding mercy, long-suffering mercy. Despise all other friendships, prove recreant to all other bargains, but despise God's love for your dying soul-do not do that. There comes a crisis in a man's life, and the trouble is he does not know it is the crisis. I got a letter in which a man says to me:

"I start out now to preach the Gospel of righteousness and temperance to the people. Do you remember me? I am the man who appeared at the close of the service when you were worshiping adelphia. Do you remember at the close of the sermon a man coming up to you all a-tremble with conviction, and crying out for mercy, and telling or of the Norman Taille-fer at Senlac." you he had a very bad business, and he thought he would change it? That was the turning point in my history. I gave up my bad business. I gave my heart to God, and the desire to serve him has grown upon me all these years, until now woe is unto me if 1 preach not the Gospel."

That Sunday night was the turning point in the history of a hundred young men in this house. God help us. I once stood on an anniversary platform with a clergyman who told this marvelous story. He said:

"Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend Park Theater, New York, to see a play which made religion ridiculous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theater to see that vile play, and their early convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door of the theater. One of the young men stopped and started for home, but returned and came up to the door, but had not the courage to go in. He again started for home, and went home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position. He lost his morals. He lost his soul. He died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on it. I stand before you to-day," said that minister, to thank God that for twenty years I have been permitted to preach the Gospel. I am the other young man."

Electricity in Art. Electric lighting is to be applied to art in Brussels. On the Anspach memorial St. Michael is represented on horseback slaying the dragon. The sword will be made to blaze like a sword of fire, lights will be put in the saint's eyes and in the insides of the

RAM'S HORNS.

The worst deception is self-decep-A good thought planted in good soil will grow.

The real coward is the one who is afraid to do right.

It is impossible to love God until his word is believed. When bad men are elected to office

the devil rules the city. We can't keep away from other peo-The man who never gives away any-

It is hard to please the man who As soon as Eve took the forbidden

Don't go security for the man who The sermon that most pleases may

The recording angel never gets any now. Young men of the strong arm, The more a Christian grows in grace

> He is not very good who is not better than his friends imagine him to be. God can say much to the poor that he cannot make known to the rich.

A lie trembles all over whenever it discovers that truth is on its track. Love to God and neighbor is the only Try to count your mercies, and many

of your troubles will be rubbed out. If we have only given Christ a second The poorest man in the world is the

A fool will be all his life in learning In taking revenge a man is but even

Before Jesus taught his disciples to

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8-DAVID AND GOLIATH.

Golden Text! The Battle Is the Lord's -1 Samuel, 17:41 - Goliath, the Champion of the Philistines, Goes Down Before David.



NTROD UCTORY : The events here recorded transpired about 1063 B. C. Saul was still King of Israel. David was about 20 years old. I. In the fertile plains along the coast, southwest of the Israelites, lived the flerce and warlike race of the Philistines (from whom the name Palestine is derived) wereoften made God's in-

strument for the punishment of the sins of After Saul's disobedience it said that "there was sore war against the Philistines all the days of Saul" "The mode of warfare pursued by them was of the guerilla description. They made a series of sudden raids on unprotected places for purposes of plunder. At the time of this lesson their central camp was in the valley of Elah, near Shochoh. The hills on either side are seven hundred to eight hundred feet high, running nearly east and west. Through the middle of the valley wound a ravine with steep sides, the bed of the winter torrents, "forming a natural defence to any force drawn up on either side of it. The Philistines were encamped on the southern slopes; and Saul had assembled an army of defence on the northern, with the valley between, and neither army dared to leave its position, and make an attack across the ravine, whose steeps sides would give the enemy a great advantage. II. Goliath, the Champion of the Philistines.-While the armies were in this position, within sight and speaking distance of each other across the ravine, there came out from the Philistine ranks a giant cham-pion, who proposed that the Israelites should send forth a warrior to meet him, and have

III. The Challenge.-Thus armed and plumed, the giant stalked down into the valley in sight of Saul's camp, and in a voice answering to his huge form defied the armies of Israel morning and evening for forty days. It "reminds us of De Bohun at Bannockburn,

the whole battle decided by a single com-

IV. David Visits the Army .- The three oldest of David's brothers were in the army of Saul, only about ten miles from home, and Jesse, feeling anxious for news about them, sent David to the camp with some fresh provisions. It was the fortieth day of Goliath's challenge when David reached the camp, and heard his haughty words. He soon took in the state of affairs. His inquiries and comments brought upon him the rebuke of his oldest brother. But he kept on till his words came to the ears of Saul. point of that young man's history. This | All this, and his practice with the sling, and very Sabbath hour will be the turning | his conflict with the lion and the bear in previous days were necessary steps to his

> V. The Israelites' Champion, David .- Vs. 38-40. It is well to mark the moral qualities which David manifests, and which make him a worthy champion, and without which he would either have failed altogether, or diminished the value of the victory. 38. And Saul armed David with his armor, and he put a helmet of brass upon his head;

also he armed him with a coat of mail. 39. And David girded his sword upon his armor, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him. 40. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the

41. And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him. 42. And when the Philistine looked about,

and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. 43. And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

44. And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the 45. Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee

in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast de-46. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee; and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to

the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Is-47. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands.

tine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. 49. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the

48. And it came to pass, when the Phills-

answered sweetly: stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. 50. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and a stone, and smote the

Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. 51. Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew

it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him. and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

Agony Easy to Bear, Husband-Now, my darling, be sure

to write to me the moment you arrive at your sister's, telling me all about your journey, and exactly how you felt after the wearing ride. I shall be in an agony of suspense until I hear that you have arrived safely and in good Wife-Oh, I won't wait to write. I'll

send you a nice, long telegram. Husband-Um-that is very thought-

ful, my angel; but-er-these telegraph' companies are very unreliable. Put your telegram in an envelope and mail it to me, and then I'll be sure to get it. Here's a two-cent stamp.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Vanity is a poison of agreeableness .-Greville.

What makes life dreary is want of motive.-George Eliot. Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them, for your friend

is so much like your second self that he will judge too much like you .- Pope. Humanity is divided into pounds, shillings and pence. The pound rule, the shilling trade and the pence labor. The unconsidered trifles are the farth-

The Modern Ideal Kitchen.

will convince her.

"The Ideal Kitchen" is treated at length, described in detail by James Thompson, and illustrated in the La- Of your physical health. dies' Home Journal. Mr. Thompson your system tone your stomach, increase says that in the model kitchen of the your appetre, enrich your blood, and present the walls should be of glazed prevent sickness by taking tyles or enameled brick to the height of six or seven feet. In place of these, painted brick or plaster may be used. Soapstone is also excellent. The tiles or brick should be carried clear to the floor; no wooden baseboards must be used. The floor should be of tiles, plain mosaic, stone or cement, all hard and dirt-resisting and easily kept clean. Have as little woodwork as possible, and what you are obliged to have let it | Hood's Pills are mild and effective. 25c. be plain, with as few joints and crevices as possible. Your cook will at first object to this style of flooring, but a few days' care of this cleanly surface

Quiet Reception Dress. Any pretty silk with a fancy neck dressing is in good taste for an elderly lady who does not go out a great deal, writes Isabel Mallon in December Ladies' Home Journal. If she fancies it, a dainty bonnet may be worn, though I think it in better taste at an evening affair at a private house for the head to be uncovered. Black satin, brilliant with black jets, softened with frills of black lace, makes a rich and fashionable gown for the matron, while for the younger woman all the pretty figured, striped and chine silks are in good form Silks showing changeable backgrounds with brocade figures upon them are advocated by the dealers, but I confess myself to not caring for them, inasmuch as they look better suited to covering a chair than making a lady's

WHERE CRAIN CROWS. Manitoba's magnificent crop of 1895 demonstrates the wonderful fertility and productiveness of the soil of that western Canadian province. The yield of wheat on 1,145,276 acres was about 35,000,000 bushels; of oats, nearly 30,-000,000 bushels on 482,578 acres; of barley, 6,000,000 on 153,839 acres, and there were besides 1,250,000 bushels of flax, 65,000 bushels of rye and 25,000 bushels of peas. This is an average of over 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, of 60 bushels of oats, and of 39 bushels of barley; and this immense crop was safely harvested by 25,000 farmers, many of whom settled in Manitoba within the past ten years with very little capital except industry and energy, and some with little or no experience whatever in farming. In the aggregate these 25,000 farmers have averaged 2,880 bushels of grain of all kinds; and besides this have produced magnificent crops of roots, potatoes, cabbages, onions and garden vegetables of all kinds. They have shipped to eastern markets, in addition, thousands of head of sleek cattle and large numbers of sheep. And all this has been accomplished without the expenditure of one dollar for artificial fertilizers and with a very small outlay for

Beyond this province are fertile lands and a ranching country stretching miles to the foothills of the Rocky Mountans. These are divided into the districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The eastern part of the former is also admirably adapted for wheat raising and mixed far ning, and the western part of the district and the southern half of Alberta combine to furnish the great cattle ranches of the northwest, there being countless acres of prairie land on which grow the most nutritious grasses on the continent. Northern Alberta, to which have flocked in recent years thousands of settlers from Nebraska, Kansas, Washington and other states, is the poor man's paradise, and although it has only had the advantages of railway communication since 1891, is rapidly filling up. There is practically no taxation in these districts, except for educational purposes, and each one possesses every requisite-in climate, soil, fuel, water, etc.—that the most favored old settled countries enjoy. No country is more prosperous than this Canadian northwest, and to none will there be a larger immigration, as its wonderful productiveness becomes known.

Twins.

"Gander, where do you s'pose twins come from?" asked Majorie during her

visit in the country. "From under caubages, I guess," answered grandpa carelessly, as he busily set out a long row of young cabinges beside the garden path.

Some time after at 5 in the morning, Majorie was found kneeling in her night-dress in the path industriously pulling out the very last of grandpa's young cabbages; Honnee at her side. regarding uneasily his tiny mistress and the row of uprooted greens. At a ery of protest from grandpa. Majorie

"Pon't upset yourself, grandpa; I'll plant 'em again. Me and Bounce are hanting for twins, and we want 'em all girls "-Judge.

A high roller rolls mighty low toward

the latter end of his career

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W. N. U., OMAHA, 49, 1895.

Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparillas." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only one best in anything-one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is---?... There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could, if you were chemists. But then, do you need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it -and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Aver's.