

Not in Stock.

Customer—"I live in the suburbs and I want a watch-dog."
"Yes, mum."
"I don't want one that will bark all night barking at the moon."
"It must be big, and fierce, you know."
"It must be gentle as a lamb with us."
"It must pounce on every burglar that comes along and eat him."
"It mustn't interfere with any honest man looking for work."
"It must come prowling at night, the dog should make a meal of him in an instant."
"It must attack a neighbor in for an evening call."
"Of course he mustn't molest me when I'm coming in at all the night to call my husband, for you know."
"I see what you want, a mind-reader dog."
"I suppose so. Can you send me one?"
"Sorry, mum, but I'm just out of stock."
—New York Weekly.

How's This!

For One Hundred Dollars Remedy for Catarrh that can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. CHENEY & CO. Props.
Undersigned, have known F. for the last 15 years, and he is perfectly honorable in all transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
Truax, Wholesale Druggists, 100 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.
Catarrh Cure is taken internally, directly upon the blood and surfaces of the system. Price bottle, Sold by all Druggists. Free.

of Indian Women Convicts.

Act of woman's heroism in connection with the loss of an government marine steamer during the terrible cyclone recently swept over the Indian neighborhood of the Adaman Islands. There is a penal settlement on these islands, and a band of convicts opposite whose wreck occurred, rushed to an accord into the storm tossed vessel to assist the shipwrecked crew. Eighty-three persons were thus saved by these heroic women, but the other seventy members of the crew were lost.—London Tit-Bits.

One Ever Patted. Can You Find the Word?

A three-inch display advertisement in this week, which has no two words of the same word. The same is true of one appearing each week, from the Medicine Co. This house places on everything they make and publish, and send them the name of the key will return you BOOK, BEAUTY GRAPHS or SAMPLES FREE.

Questions Cheerfully Answered.

Preper—"Have you any Mocha?"
"Yes, mum."
"Mocha?"
"Sorted, mum."
"Yes, mum. I send my orders to the Sultan, mum."
"How much have you on?"
"Sixty pounds, mum."
"Have, eh? Sixty pounds? I see in the papers this very morning over fifty pounds of genuine Mocha this country annually."
"Mum, that's true. I had 'bout a left over from last year."
—Weekly.

Throat Diseases and

"Broun's Bronchial Troches, the really good thing, are and purchasers should be careful of the genuine article prepared by JOHN L. BROWN & SONS.

are in Watching Birds.

He fixed the determination to make, a lizard or a fish, let a near and how quickly we get it. If it is a thrush, in early Carolina wren at any season breaks forth in song, what we to turn a deaf ear? The problem at our feet may be solved, the rhythmic rush of wings overhead will draw us and its creeping creatures on our minds that moment are darkened by a flock of C. C. Abbott in Montreal

Natural History.

A salmon weighing 59½ pounds was caught in the Solway, Scotland, lately.
There is reported to be a dwarf willow growing on the summit of Ben Lomond in Scotland the full height of which is two inches.
A french beekeeper has experimented with his bees as carriers of dispatches. One difficulty of the bee service is that insects will not return over a distance of more than two or three miles.
According to the Orville, Cal., Register there is a gigantic fig tree in the yard of E. Tucker, of that place, the roots of which have filled the bottom of his well which is thirty-two feet deep.
G. W. Dunn, the California naturalist, has collected over 70,000 insects belonging to the horn-winged family, 500 of the cricket tribe and about 4,000 butterflies, and numberless rare plants and animals.
Twelve thousand silk worms newly hatched scarcely weigh one-quarter of an ounce, yet in the course of their life, which lasts only about thirty-five days they will consume between 300 and 400 pounds of leaves.
The longest continuous fiber known at the present time is that of silk. A cocoon of a well fed silk worm will often yield 1,000 yards long and in one instance has been produced which contained 1,295 yards without a break.
Corea has its seven wonders, among which is a hot mineral spring believed to cure all diseases; two springs of which one is full and the other empty, and vice versa; a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows; a forest that cannot be destroyed and a drop of the sweat of Buddha. No plants grow within thirty paces of this drop.
There is now said to be no animal or bird in the New Year Central Park menagerie that does not eat peanuts. Many species in the cages were much averse to peanuts but the persistence of the children in forcing them upon every creature there has had such an effect that even the lions and pelicans, and everything except the snakes have felt obliged to acquire the peanut habit.

A National Flower.

There have been many articles in the papers during the past few months advocating the adoption of the clover blossom as the national flower, but the most unique is the following, by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll:
"A wonderful thing is clover. It means honey and cream; that is to say, industry and contentment; that is to say, the happy bees in perfumed fields, and at the cottage gate old boss, the bountiful, chewing satisfaction's end in that blessed twilight pause that, like a benediction falls between all toil and sleep. This clover makes me dream of happy hour, of childhood's rosy cheeks, of dimpled babes, of wholesome loving wives, of springs and brooks and violets, and all there is of painless joy and peaceful human life. A wonderful word is clover. Drop the 'c' and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the 'c' and 'r' and you have the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Cut off the 'l' alone and there remains a warm, delectable but that sweetens breath and keeps the peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs."

The Eagle Screams.

American Official (in China)—"This mobbing of missionaries must stop."
Chinese Official—Huh! White Melican glovement do "bout it?"
"Hark! Do you hear that terrible rumble?"
"That's earthquake. We have many."
"Do you know, sir, what causes earthquakes?"
"Me no sabe."
"It's the American government testing its big guns at Sandy Hook."

The Suresst Way.

First Outer—"I didn't see you in bathing this season."
Second Outer—"No. When I want a bath I go canoeing."
A Welcome Relief.
Sea Captain—"There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we will all be dead!"
Seasick Passengers—"Thank Heaven!"

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Talmage's text was II Kings xx, 11. "And Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord: and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz."

Here is the first clock or watch or chronometer, or timepiece of which the world has any knowledge. But it was a watch that did not tick and a clock that did not strike. It was a sundial. Ahaz, the king, invented it. Between the hours given to statecraft and the cares of office he invented something by which he could tell the time of day. This sun dial may have been a great column, and when the shadow of that column reached one point it was 9 o'clock a. m., and when it reached another point it was 3 o'clock p. m., and all the hours and half hours were so measured.
The clepsydra or water clock followed the sun-dial, and the sand glass followed the clepsydra. Then came the candle clock of Alfred the Great, and the candle was marked into three parts, and while the first part was burning he gave himself to religion, and while the second part was burning he gave himself to politics, and while the third part was burning he gave himself to rest. Afterward came the wheel and weight clock, and Pope Sylvester II. was its most important inventor. And the skill of centuries of exquisite mechanism toiled at the timepieces until the world had the Vicks clock of the fourteenth century, and Huyghens, the inventor swung the first pendulum, and Dr. Hooke contrived the recoil escapement. And the 'endless chain' followed, and the 'ratchet and pinion lever' took its place; and the compensation balance and the stem winder followed, and now we have the buzz and clang of the great clock and watch factories of Switzerland and Germany and England and America turning out what seems to be the perfection of timepieces. It took the world 6,000 years to make the present chronometer. So, with the measurement of longer spaces than minutes and hours. Time was calculated from new moon to new moon, then from harvest to harvest. Then the year was pronounced to be 365 days, and then 366 days, and not until a long while after, 365 days. Then events were calculated from the foundation of Rome afterward from the Olympic games. Then the Babylonians and their measurement of the year, and the Romans theirs, and the Armenians theirs, and the Hindoos theirs. Chronology was busy for centuries studying monuments, inscriptions, coins, mummies and astronomy, trying to lay a plan by which all question of dates might be settled and events put in their right place in the procession of the ages. But the chronologists only escaped up a mountain of confusion and bewilderment until in the sixth century Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman abbot, said: "Let everything date from the birth at Bethlehem of the Lord Jesus Christ, the savior of the world." The abbot proposed to have things dated backward and forward from that great event. What a splendid thought for the world! What a mighty thing for humanity! It would have been most natural to date everything from the creation of the world. But I am glad the chronologists could not too easily guess how old the world was in order to get the nations in the habit of dating from that occurrence in its documents and histories. Forever fixed is to be dated with reference to the birth of Christ.

But I promised to show you how the shadows might be turned back. First by going much among the young people. In most family circles there are grandchildren. By this divine arrangement most of the people who passed the meridian of life can compass themselves by juvenility. It is a bad thing for an old man or old woman to sit looking at the vivacity of their grandchildren shouting, "Stop that racket!" Better join in the fun. Let the 80-year-old grandfather join the 8-year-old grandson or granddaughter. My father and mother lived to see over eighty children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and a more boisterous crew were never turned out on this sublunary sphere and they all seemed to cry to the old folks: "Keep young," and they did keep young. Don't walk with a cane unless you have to, or only as a defense in a city afflicted with too many canines. Don't wear glasses stronger than necessary, putting on No. 10s when 18s will do as well. Don't go into the company of those who are always talking about rheumatism and lumbago and shortness of breath and the brevity of human life. It is too much for my gravity to hear an octogenarian talking about the shortness of human life. From all I can find out, he has always been here, and, from present prospects, he is always going to stay. Remain young. Hang up your stockings in Christmas time. Help the boys fly the kite. Teach the girls how to dress their dolls. Better than arnica for your stiff joints and catnip for your sleepless nights will be a large dose of youthful companionship.

Set back your clocks also by entering on new and absorbing Christian works. In our desire to inspire the young we have in our essays had much to say about what has been accomplished by the young; of Romulus, who founded Rome when he was 20 years of age; of Cæsar, who had conquered Mexico

at 30 years; of Pitt, who was prime minister of England at 21 years; of Calvin, who wrote his "Institutes" at 26; of Melancthon, who took a learned professor's chair at 21 years; of Luther, who had conquered Germany for the reformation by the time he was 35 years. And it is all very well for us to show how early in life one can do very great things for God and the welfare of the world, but some of the mightiest work for God has been done by septuagenarians, and octogenarians and nonagenarians. Indeed, there is work which none but such can do.

They preserve the equipoise of senates, of religious denominations, of reformatory movements. Young men for action, old men for counsel. Instead of any of you beginning to fold up your energies arse anew your energies. With the experience you have obtained and the opportunities of observation you have had during a long life, you ought to be able to do in one year now more than you did in ten years right after you had passed out of your teens. Physical power less, your spiritual power ought to be more. Up to the last hour of their lives what power for good did Dr. Archibald Alexander, old Dr. Woods, old Dr. Hawes, old Dr. Milnor, old Dr. McIlvaine, old Dr. Tyng, old Dr. Candish, old Dr. Chalmers! What have been Bismarck to Germany, and Gladstone to England, and Oliver Wendell Holmes to America in the time of an advanced age! Let me say to those in the afternoon of life: Don't be putting off the harness; when God wants it off he will take it off. Don't be frightened out of life by the grip as many are. At the first sneeze of an influenza many give up all as lost. No new terror has come on the earth. The microbes as the cause of disease were described in the Talmud 1,700 years ago as "invisible legions of dangerous ones." Don't be scared out of life by all this talk about heart failure. That trouble has always been in the world. That is what all the people that ever passed out of this life have died of—heart failure. Adam had it and all of his descendants have had it, or will have it. Do not be watching for symptoms, or you will have symptoms of everything. Some of you will yet die of symptoms. Symptoms are often only what we sometimes see in the country, a dead owl nailed on a barn door to scare living owls. Put your trust in God, go to bed at 10 o'clock, have the window open six inches to let in the fresh air, sleep on your right side and fear nothing. The old maxim was right: "Get thy spindle and distaff ready, and God will send thee flax!"

But while looking at this sun dial of Ahaz, and I see the shadow of it move, I notice that it went back toward the sunrise instead of forward toward the sunset—toward the morning instead of toward the night. That thing the world is willing now to do and in many cases has done. There have a great many things been written and spoken about the sunset of life. I have said some of them myself. But my text suggests a better idea. The Lord who turned back that day from going toward the sundown and started it toward sunrise is willing to do the same thing for all of us. The theologians who stick to old religious technicalities until they have become superfluous would not call it anything but conversion. I call it a change from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise. That man who never tries to unbuckle the clasp of evil habit and who keeps all the sins of the past and the present freighting him, and who ignores the one redemption made by the only one who could redeem; if that man will examine the sun dial he will find that his shadow is going forward and he is on the way to sundown.

His day is on the road tonight. All the watches that tick, all the clocks that strike all the sand glasses that empty themselves, all the shadows that move on all the sun dials indicate the approach of darkness. But now, in answer to prayer, as in my text the change was in answer to prayer, the pardoning Lord reserves things and the man starts toward sunrise instead of sunset. He turns the other way. The captain of salvation gives him the military command: "Attention! Fight about face!" He was marching toward indifference marching toward hardness of heart, marching toward prayerlessness, marching toward sin marching toward gloom, marching toward death.

Now he turns and marches toward peace marches toward comfort and marches toward a triumph stupendous and everlasting, toward hosannas that ever roll. Now if that is not the turning of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise, what is it?
As I look at that retrograde movement of the shadow on Ahaz' dial I remember that it was a sign that Hezekiah was going to get well and he got well. So I have to tell all you who are by the grace of God having your day turned from decline toward night to ascend toward morning that you are going to get well, well of all your sorrows, well of all your earthly distress. Sunrise!

But, says someone, all that you say may be true, but that does not hinder the horrors of dissolution. Why you who are the Lord's are not going to die.

All that the grave gets of you as compared with your chief, your immortal nature, is as the clippings of your finger nails as compared with your whole body. As you run the scissors along the edge of your thumb nail and you cut off that which is of no use but rather a hindrance, you do not mourn over the departure of that fragment which flies away. Death will only be scissoring off that which could be of no use and the soul has no funeral over that which would be an awful nuisance if we could not get rid of it. This body as it now is what a failure it would make of heaven if our departing soul had to be burdened with it in the next world. No; no; one of the best possible things that will happen to us will be the sloughing off of this body when we have no more use for it in its present state. When it shall come up in its resurrected form we will be very glad to get it back again, but not as it is now with its limitations and bedwarfments innumerable. Sunrise!

There shall I bathe my weary feet. In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.
Sunrise! But not like one of those mornings after you had gone to bed late or did not sleep well and you get up chilled and yawning, and the morning bath is a repulse on and you feel like saying to the morning sun shining into your window: "I do not see what you find to smile about, your brightness is to me a mockery." But the morn of the next world will be a morning after a sound sleep, a sleep that nothing can disturb, and you will rise, the sunshine in your faces, and in your first morning in heaven you will wade down into the sea of glass mingled with fire, the foam on fire with a sapphire you never saw on earth and the rolling waves are doxologies and the pebbles of that beach are pearl and the skies that arch the scene are a commingling of all the colors that St. John saw on the wall of heaven, the crimson and the blue and the saffron and the orange and the purple and the gold and the green wrought on those skies in shape of garlands of banners, of ladders of chariots of crowns, of thrones. What a sunrise! Do you not feel its warmth on your face? Scoville McCullom, the dying boy of our Sunday school, uttered what shall be the peroration of this sermon, "Throw back the shutters and let the sun in!" And so the shadow of Ahaz' sun-dial turns from sunset to sunrise.

Three thousand women of Greece have signed a petition to the government asking that public schools of art and industry be established for women and claiming that the failure of Greece to meet the expectations of its well wishers is due to the backward condition of its women and their nonparticipation in the public affairs.

This is the way the ex-Empress Eugenie recently gave her personality to a census agent: "Marie Eugenie Countess of Pierreford, sixty-four years of age, born in Granda, Spain; naturalized in France; a widow; a traveler."

The German empress is in favor of small houses instead of flats for the poor, and is having a small model house for an artisan built which is to cost about \$500, in the hope that her example will be followed by others.

Huge floral links are frequently used at weddings now instead of the wedding bell arway. They are supposed to typify the welded life but a cynic asks why they will not image as well "matrimonial chains."

The recent marriage in London of Marion Lea, the American actress, to Elwyn Mitchell, son of Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, will make no difference at present in Mrs. Mitchell's dramatic career.

Silk Manufacture.
France exports silk goods to the value of \$10,000,000, two-thirds of which are taken by England and the United States. Swiss and German houses are serious rivals in point of quantity of manufactured goods, but in quality of taste and skill of the French maintain supremacy. The United States are rapidly increasing their silk factories.—Leisure Hour.

Corn from Ancient Seed.
An Oxford editor has a number of grains of corn grown from seed taken from an earthen pot found in an Indian mound in Missouri. A Kansas man secured eight of the precious grains and planted them. Three sprouted and produced a crop. The Oxford editor is willing to make an affidavit that he believes that the pot was buried by Indians a thousand years ago.—Kansas City Star.

The Emperor Francis Joseph sent a truly imperial silver wedding present to the czar. It consists of a dinner service for twenty-four persons, constructed of solid silver, superbly wrought and chased. There are nearly 800 pieces.
Steam pipes are now being made from the ramie fiber. The material is so closely pressed together by hydraulic machinery that it has a tensile strength two and a half times that of steel.

"German Syrup"

For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children's troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Bo-schee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

It is for the cure of dyspepsia and its attendant, acid indigestion, constipation and piles, etc.
Tutt's Tiny Pills
have become so famous. They act gently, without griping or nausea.



RELIEVES all Stomach Distress. REMOVES Nausea, Sense of Fullness, CONSTIPATION, PAIN. REVIVES FADING ENERGY. RESTORES Normal Circulation, and WARMS TO THE TIPS.



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HAY FEVER CURED TO STAY CURED.
& **ASTHMA**
We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address Dr. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.

The New Kansas Senator
Hon. Bishop W. Perkins is the successor of the late Senator Plumb, of Kansas, by the grace of Governor Humphreys and a sort of competitive examination of the friends and supporters of various candidates. As soon as Senator Plumb's death was announced their respective friends began to urge the appointment of ex-Senator Ingalls, Ben F. Simpson, George R. Peck, Major J. K. Hudson, J. W. Ady and others.

Governor Humphreys numbered the candidates in the order that applications were filed for them and gave full hearing to their supporters in the same order. At the end he named Mr. Perkins. The new senator was born in Rochester, Lorain county, O., 1841, attended Knox academy at Galesburg, Ill., for some time, studied law, was admitted to practice and located at Ottawa, Ill., in 1867. He had in the meantime passed four years in the Union army, going out as a sergeant in the Eight-third Illinois infantry and serving about two years as captain in the sixteenth United States colored infantry.

He was elected probate judge of LaBette county, Kansas, in 1870 and 1872; became a strict judge in 1873 and held that office nine years. He was elected to the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth and Fifty-first congress as a Republican, but went under the "Alliance" label of 1890. He is now prominent in the senate, and will hold the seat till the legislature meets in 1893.

Fraud in Coffee Grinding.
It is in the grinding of coffee that the greatest opportunities for fraud occur, for here there is a chance to mix in any quantity of cheap substances, that are ground in so that the grains of the product are all of the same shape and color. The purchaser therefore has absolutely no protection short of chemical or microscopical analysis. The compound takes on the aroma of whatever coffee is in it, and very few persons will take the trouble to protect themselves from such imposition.—New York Sun.

Price's Baking Cream Powder
in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.