

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists; price, 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

No Equivocation.

Lord Tenderden one day at his own table, asked a country magistrate if he would take venison. "Thank you, my lord," replied the magistrate. "I have my lordship had contracted an inveterate habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand. 'That, sir,' said the judge, 'is no answer to my question. I now ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say yes or no without further preparation.'

I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

Russia had net profits last year of \$51,050,000 from her railroads.

The untimely death of Professor Tuttle, of Cornell University, prevented his completing "The History of Prussia" which was his magnum opus. However, he left nearly finished the fourth volume, covering the first part of the great Seven Years War. The volume is complete as far as it goes, and is an important addition to a work which has gained the hearty favor of the foremost German, English, and American historical authorities. It will soon be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Pilgrim—Easter Number.

Will be ready in the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A., ex-Gov. Geo. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to Geo. H. Heaford, publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

There is too much say it, and too little prove it in this world.

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JULY 3d.

National Educational Association at Buffalo.

JULY 9th.

Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington.

JULY 22nd.

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A man "knows" a great many men, but he cannot call half their names.



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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

GOOD AND BAD RECREATIONS," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"And It Came to Pass, When Their Hearts Were Merry, that They Said, Call for Samson, that He May Make Us Sport"—Judges xvi, 25.

There were three thousand people assembled in the temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried 'Fetch him out, fetch him out!' Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired, and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house; so he says to the lad who leads him, 'Show me where the main pillars are!' The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his right hand on one pillar and his left hand on another pillar, and, with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine-press. 'And so it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house; and he made them sport.'

In other words, there are amusements that are destructive, and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The three thousand who perished that day in Gaza, are as nothing compared with the tens of thousands who have been destroyed by sinful amusements.

But my first text implies that there is a lawful use of the world, as well as an unlawful abuse of it, and the difference between the man Christian and the man un-Christian is, that in the former case the man masters the world, while in the latter case the world masters him. For whom did God make this grand and beautiful world? For whom this wonderful expenditure of color, this gracefulness of line, this mosaic of the ground, this fresco of the sky, this glowing fruitage of orchard and vineyard, this full orchestra of the tempest, in which the tree branches flute, and the winds trumpet, and the thunders drum, and all the splendors of earth and sky come clashing their cymbals. For whom did God spring the arched bridge of colors resting upon buttresses of broken storm-cloud? For whom did he gather the upholstery of fire around the window of the setting sun? For all men; but more especially for his own dear children.

If you build a large mansion, and spread a great feast after it, to celebrate the completion of the structure, do you allow strangers to come in and occupy the place, while you thrust your own children in the kitchen, or the barn, or the fields? Oh, no! You say, 'I am very glad to see strangers in my mansion, but my own sons and daughters shall have the first right there.' Now, God has built this grand mansion of a world, and he has spread a glorious feast in it, and while those who are strangers to his grace may come in, I think that God especially intends to give the advantage to his own children—those who are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, those who through grace can look up and say, 'Abba, Father.' You cannot make me believe that God gives more advantages to the world than he gives to the church bought by his own blood. If, therefore, people of the world have looked with dolorous sympathy upon those who make profession of religion, and have said, 'Those new converts are going down into privation and into hardship. Why did they not tarry a little longer in the world, and have some of its enjoyments and amusements and recreations?'—I say to such men of the world, 'You are greatly mistaken; and before I get through I will show that those people who stay out of the kingdom of God have the hardships and self-denials, while those who come in have the joys and satisfactions.'

In the name of the king of heaven and earth, I serve a writ of ejectment upon all the sinful and polluted who have squatted on the domain of earthly pleasure as though it belonged to them, while I claim, in behalf of the good and the pure and the true, the eternal inheritance which God has given them. Hitherto, Christian philanthropists, clerical and lay, have busied themselves chiefly in denouncing sinful recreations; but I feel we have no right to stand before men and women in whose hearts there is a desire for recreation amounting to positive necessity, denouncing this and that and the other thing, when we do not propose to give them something better. God helping me and with reference to my last account, I shall enter upon a sphere not usual in sermonizing, but a subject which I think ought to be presented at this time. I propose now to lay before you some of the recreations which are not only innocent, but positively helpful and advantageous.

In the first place, I commend, among indoor recreations, music—vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which began with so sweet a serenade, is finally to be demolished amidst the ringing blasts of the archangel's trumpet, so that as there was music at the start, there shall be music at the close. While this heavenly art has often been dragged into the uses of superstition and dissipation, we all know it may be the means of high moral culture. Oh, it is a grand thing

to have our children brought up amidst the sound of cultured voices, and amidst the melody of musical instruments.

There is in this art an indescribable fascination for the household. Let all those families who have the means to afford it, have flutes, or harp, or piano, or organ. As soon as the hand is large enough to compass the keys, teach it how to pick out the melody. Let all our young men try this heavenly art upon their nature. Those who have gone into it fully have found in it illimitable recreation and amusement. Dark days, stormy nights, seasons of sickness, business disasters, will do little toward depressing the soul which can gallop off over the musical keys, or soar in jubilant lay. It will cure pain. It will rest fatigue. It will quell passion. It will revive health. It will reclaim dissipation. It will strengthen the immortal soul. In the battle of Waterloo, Wellington saw that the Highlanders were falling back. He said, 'What is the matter there?' He was told that the band of music had ceased playing, and he called up the pipers and ordered them to strike up an inspiring air; and no sooner did they strike the air than the Highlanders were rallied, and helped to win the day. Oh, ye who have been routed in the conflicts of life, try by the force of music to rally your scattered battalions.

I am glad to know that in our great cities there is hardly a night in which there are not concerts, where, with the best musical instruments and the sweetest voices, people may find entertainment. Patronize such entertainments when they are afforded you. Buy season tickets, if you can, for the 'Philharmonic' and the 'Handel and Haydn' societies. Feel that the dollar and a half or two dollars that you spend for the purpose of hearing an artist play or sing is a profitable investment. Let your academies of music roar with the acclamation of appreciative audiences assembled at the concert or the oratorio.

Still further, I commend, as worthy of their support, the gymnasium. This institution is gaining in favor every year, and I know of nothing more free from dissipation, or more calculated to recuperate the physical and mental energies. While there are a good many people who have employed this institution, there is a vast number who are ignorant of its excellences. There are men with cramped chests and weak sides and despondent spirits who through the gymnasium might be roused up to exuberance and exhilaration of life. There are many Christian people dependent from year to year, who might, through such an institution, be benefited in their spiritual relations. There are Christian people who seem to think that it is a good sign to be poorly; and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids, they think that by the same sickness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell the Christian people of my congregation that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your fault, and when, through right exercise and prudence, you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion, or the tiger, or the bear, while his disposition will change, and become fierce and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul.

We shall have the smooth and grassy lawn, and we will call out people of all occupations and professions and ask them to join in the ball-player's sport. You will come back from these outdoor exercises and recreations with strength in your arm and color in your cheek and a flash in your eye and courage in your heart. In this great battle that is opening against the kingdom of darkness, we want not only a consecrated soul, but a strong arm and stout lungs and mighty muscle. I bless God that there are so many recreations that have not on them any taint of iniquity; recreations in which we may engage for the strengthening of the body, for the clearing of the intellect, for the illumination of the soul.

There is still another form of recreation which I recommend to you, and that is the pleasure of doing good. I have seen young men, weak and cross and sour and repelling in their disposition, who by one heavenly touch have awakened up and become blessed and buoyant, the ground under their feet and the sky over their heads breaking forth into music. 'Oh,' says some young man in the house to-day, 'I should like that recreation above all others, but I have not the means.' My dear brother, let us take an account of stock. You have a large estate, if you only realize it. Two hands. Two feet. You will have perhaps during the next year at least ten dollars for charitable contribution. You will have twenty-five hundred cheerful looks, if you want to employ them. You will have five thousand pleasant words if you want to speak them. Now what an amount that is to start with!

You go out to-morrow morning and you see a case of real destitution by the wayside. You give him two cents. The blind man hears the pennies rattle in his hat, and he says, 'Thank you, sir; God bless you!' You pass down the street, trying to look indifferent; but you feel from the very depth of your soul a profound satisfaction that you made that man happy. You go on still farther, and find a poor boy with a wheelbarrow, trying to get it up on the curbstone. He falls in the attempt. You say, 'Stand back, my lad; let me try.' You push it up on the curbstone for him and pass on. He wonders who that well-dressed man was that helped

him. You did a kindness to the boy, but you did a great joy to your own soul. You will not get over it all the week.

On the street to-morrow morning, you will see a sick man passing along. 'Ah,' you say, 'what can I do to make this man happy? He certainly does not want money; he is not poor, but he is sick.' Give him one of those twenty-five hundred cheerful looks that you have garnered up for the whole year. Look joy and hopefulness into his soul. It will thrill him through and there will be a reaction upon your own soul. Going a little farther on, you will come to the store of a friend who is embarrassed in business matters. You will go in and say, 'What a fine store you have! I think business will brighten up, and you will have more custom after a while. I think there is coming a great prosperity to all the country. Good morning.' You pass out. You have helped that young man, and you have helped yourself.

Colonel Gardiner, who sat with his elbow on a table, spread with all extravagant viands, looking off at a dog on the rug, saying, 'How I would like to change places with him; I be the dog and he be Col. Gardiner'; or, those two Moravian missionaries who wanted to go into the lazaretto for the sake of attending the sick, and they were told, 'If you go in there, you will never come out. We never allow anyone to come out, for he would bring the contagion.' Then they made their wills and went in, first to help the sick, and then to die. Which was the happier—Col. Gardiner, or the Moravian missionaries dying for others? Was it all sacrifice when the missionaries wanted to preach the Gospel to the negroes at the Barbadoes, and, being denied the privilege, sold themselves into slavery, standing side by side, and lying side by side, down in the very ditch of suffering, in order that they might bring those men up to life and God and heaven? Oh, there is a thrill in the joy of doing good. It is the most magnificent recreation to which a man ever put his hand, or his head, or his heart.

But, before closing, I want to impress upon you that mere secular entertainments are not a fit foundation for your soul to build on. I was reading of a woman who had gone all the rounds of sinful amusement, and she came to die. She said, 'I will die to-night at six o'clock.' 'Oh,' they said, 'I guess not; you don't seem to be sick.' 'I shall die at six o'clock, and my soul will be lost. I know it will be lost. I have sinned away my day of grace.' The noon came. They desired her to seek religious counsel. 'Oh,' she said, 'it is of no use. My day is gone. I have been all the rounds of worldly pleasure, and it is too late. I will die to-night at six o'clock, and she cried out at five o'clock, 'Destroying spirits, ye shall not have me yet; it is not six, it is not six!' The moments went by, and the shadows began to gather, and the clock struck six; and while it was striking her soul went.

The last hour of our life will soon be here, and from that hour we will review this day's proceedings. It will be a solemn hour. If from our death-pillow we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement, there will be a dart that will strike through our soul, sharper than the dagger with which Virginus slew his child. The memory of the past will make us quake like Machab. The iniquities and rioting through which we have passed will come upon us, weird and skeleton as Meg Merrilies. Death, the old Shylock, will demand and take the remaining pound of flesh and the remaining drop of blood; and upon our last opportunity for repentance and our last chance for heaven the curtain will forever drop.

STRAY CHIPS OF THOUGHT.

Not a few men are like the amoeba—they live on what sticks to them. The face of every babe is an interrogation point. Its future depends on how older folk answer the question.

It is often difficult to distinguish between absolute laziness and serene resignation.

If an idler only occupied the space geometrically ascribed to a point he should not find in the universe a spot whereon to set his foot.

Meddlers are like mosquitoes; they torment, but seldom hurt.

Hypocrites often use a scriptural quotation as a funnel through which to drop poison into some human heart.

The most insecure perch in the world is that occupied by the man who has reared a petty castle out of bricks stolen from the honestly built towers of others.

It is a terrible thing to see one working who never smiles.

Many a would-be statesman was intended by the Creator for a splendid laborer.

Chimeras are the food of indolent theorists. They chase fantasies all their days and the recording angel marks the result with a cipher.

Certain young folk are puzzled to distinguish between an accelerated pulse and a love throeb.

Marriage based on flirtation logically ends in separation, divorce or tragedy. One of the easiest things in this world is to get money. The task of life lies in earning it.

There is morally no difference between the thief who loots a bank and the man who charges a dollar for fifty cents' worth of goods.

No man's creed is complete which does not declare a belief in himself.

Among the Turks bath-money forms an important item in every marriage contract. If a husband refuses to give his wife sufficient money for bathing purposes she may go before the cadai, take off her slipper and turn it upside down. If the grievance is not redressed she has grounds for divorce.

Early French Flying Machines.

A French locksmith thought that practice was the great thing; and, fitted with wings, he jumped first from a chair, and afterward from a window, and then from the roof of a small house. In the last experiment he sailed over a cottage roof, but soon after sold his wings to a peddler—and probably saved his own life. Another Frenchman, a marquis, tried to go by the air route across the River Seine; but he was not drowned, since a washerwoman's boat happened to be where he came down.—'About Flying Machines,' by Tudor Jenks, in April St. Nicholas.

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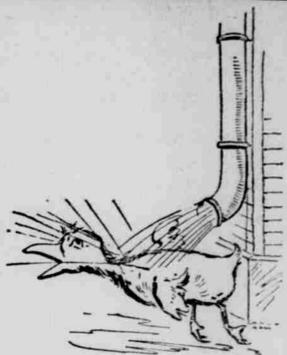
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