TIME FOR ACTION.

Dr. Talmage Urges a Grand American Revival.

The Enemy's Forces Being Massed and the Christian Army Must Prepare For the Great Conflict—An Appeal to Ministers.

In his first sermon of the New Year at Brooklyn Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage took his text from Luke xxiv. 49: "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." He said:

For a few months, in the providence of God, I have two pulpits, one in Brooklyn and the other in New York, and through the kindness of the printing press an ever widening opportunity. To all such hearers and readers I come with an especial message. The time has arrived for a forward movement such as the church and world have never seen. That there is a need for such a religious movement is evident from the fact that never, since our world has swung out among the planets, has there been such an organized and determined effort to overthrow righteousness and make the Ten Commandments obsolete and the whole Bible a derision. Meanwhile alcoholism is taking down its victims by the hundreds of thousands and the political parties get down on their knees, practically saying: "O, thou almighty Rum Jug, we bow down before thee. Give us the offices, city, State and National. O, give us the offices and we will worship thee forever and ever. Amen." The Christian Sabbath meanwhile, appointed for physical, mental and spiritual rest, is being secularized and abolished. As if the bad publishing houses of our own country had exhausted their literary filth, the French and Russian sewers have been invited to pour their scurrility and moral slush into the trough where our American swine are now wallowing. Meanwhile there are enough houses of infamy in all our cities, open and unmolested of the law, to invoke the omnipotent wrath which buried Sodom under a deluge of brimstone.

The pandemoniac world, I think, has massed its troops and they are this moment plying their batteries upon family circles, church circles, political circles and national circles. Apollyon is in the saddle and riding at the head of his squadrons would capture this world for darkness and woe. That is one side of the conflict now raging. On the other side we have the most magnificent gospel machinery that the world ever saw or Heaven ever invented. In the first place, in this country are more than eighty thousand ministers of religion, and, take them as a class, more consecrated, holier, more consistent, more self-denying, more faithful men never lived. I know them by the thousands. I have met them in every city. I am told, not by them, but by people outside our profession, people engaged in Christian and reformatory work, that the clergy of America are at the head of all good enterprises, and, whoever else fail, they may be depended on. The truth of this is demonstrated by the fact that when a minister of religion falls, it is so exceptional that the newspapers report it as something startling, while a hundred men in other callings may go down without the matter being considered as especially worth mentioning. In the next place on our side of the conflict we have the grandest churches of all time and higher style of membership, and more of them, and a host without number of splendid men and women who are doing their best to have this world purified, elevated, gospelized. But we all feel that something is wanting.

But look at some of the startling facts. It is nearly 1,900 years since Jesus Christ came by the way of Bethlehem caravansary to save this world, yet the most of the world has been no more touched by this most stupendous fact of all eternity than if on the first Christmas night the beasts of the stall amid the bleatings of their own young had not heard the bleating of the Lamb that was to be slain. Out of the 1,800,000,000 of the human race, 1,400,000,000 are without God and without hope in the world, the camel driver of Arabia, Mahomet, with his nine wives, having half as many disciples as our blessed Christ, and more people are worshiping chunks of painted wood and carved stone than are worshiping the living and eternal God.

What is the matter? My text lets out the secret. We all need more of the power from on high. Not muscular power, not logical power, not scientifical power, not social power, not financial power, not brain power, but power from on high. With it we could accomplish more in one week than without it in 100 years. And I am going to get it, if in answer to prayer, earnest and long continued, God will grant it to me, His unworthy servant. Men and women who know how to pray, when you pray for yourself, pray for me that I may be endued with power from on high. I would rather have it than all the diamond fields of Golconda, and all the pearls of the sea, and all the gold of the mountains. Many of the mightiest never had a touch of it, and many of the less than ordinary intellects have been surcharged with it.

But power from on the level is not sufficient. Power from on high is what we need to take possession of us. Power straight from God. Supernatural power, omnipotent power, all conquering power. No more than one out of a thousand of the ministers have it continuously. Not more than one out of ten thousand Christians have it all the time. Given in abundance these last ten years of the nineteenth century would accomplish more for God and the church and the world than the previous ninety years of this century. A few men and women in each age of the world have possessed it. Caroline Fry, the immortal Quakeress, had it, and 300 of the depraved and suffering of Newgate prison under her exhortation repented and believed. Jonathan Edwards had it, Samuel Budgett, the Christian merchant, had it and his benefactions showered the world. John Newton had it. Bishop Latimer had it: Isabella Graham had it. Andrew Fuller had it. The great evangelists, Daniel Baker and Doctor Nettleton and Truman Osborn and Charles G. Finney had it. In my boyhood I saw Truman Osborn rise to preach in the villiage church at Somerville, N. J., and before he had given out his text or uttered a word, people in the audience sobbed aloud with religious emotion. It was the power from on high. Once get it and nothing can stand before you. Satan goes down. Caricature goes down. Infidelity goes down. Worldliness goes down. All opposition goes down.

Several times in the history of the church and the world has this power from on high been demonstrated. In the seventeenth century, after a great season of moral depression, this power from on high came down upon Tillotson and Owen and Flavel and Baxter and Bunyan, and there was a deluge of mercy higher than the top of the highest mountains of sin. In the eighteenth century, in England and America, religion was at low water mark. William Cowper, writing of the clergy of those days, said:

> Except a few with Eli's spirit blest
> Hophni and Phineas may describe the rest.

The infidel writings of Shaftesbury and Hobbes and Chubb had done their work. But power from on high came upon both the Wesleys and Lady Huntington, on the other side of the Atlantic, and upon William Tennant and Gilbert Tennant and David Brainerd on this side of the Atlantic, and both hemisphere felt the trend of a pardoning God. Coming to a later date there may be here and there in this audience an aged man or woman who can remember New York in 1831, when this power from on high descended most wondrously. It came upon pastors and congregations and theaters and commercial establishments. Chatham Street Theater was the scene of a most tremendous religious awakening.

The bar room of the theater was turned into a prayer room, and 800 persons were present at the first meeting. For seventy successive nights religious services were held in that theater, and such scenes of mercy and salvation as will be subjects of conversation and congratulation among the ransomed in glory as long as Heaven lasts. But I come to a later time—1857—remembered by many who are here. I remember it especially as I had just entered the office of the ministry. It was a year of hard times. A great panic had flung hundreds of thousands of people penniless. Starvation entered habitations that had never before known a want.

This nation in its extremity fell helpless before the Lord and cried for pardon and peace, and upon ministers and laymen the power from on high descended. Engine houses, warerooms, hotel parlors, museums, factories from 12 to 1 o'clock while the operatives were resting, were opened for prayers and sermons, and inquiry rooms and Burton's old theater on Chambers street, where our ancestors used to assemble to laugh at the comedies, and all up and down the streets, and out on the docks and on the decks of ships lying at the wharf, people sang "All hail the power of Jesus' name," while others cried for mercy. A great mass meeting of Christians on a week day, in Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, telegraphed to Fulton street prayer meeting, in New York, saying: "What hath God wrought?" and a telegram went back saying: "Two hundred souls saved at our meeting today." A ship came through the Narrows into our harbour, the captain reporting that himself and all the crew had been converted to God betwen New Orleans and New York. In the busiest marts of our largest American cities, where the worshipers of mammon had been counting their golden beads, men began to calculate, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

In those days, what songs, what sermons, what turnings to God, what recitals of thrilling experiences, what prodigals brought home, what burning tidings of souls saved, what serfdom of sin emancipated, what wild rout of the forces of darkness, what victories for the truth! What millions on earth and in Heaven are now thanking God for 1857, which, though the year of worse financial calamity, was the year of America's most glorious blessing. How do you account for 1857, its spiritual triumphs on the heels of its worldly misfortune? It was what my text calls the power from on high.

That was thirty-three years ago, and though there have been in various parts of the land many stirrings of the Holy Ghost, there has been no general awakening. Does it not seem to you that we ought to have and may have the scenes of power in 1857 eclipsed by the scenes of power in 1891? The circumstances are somewhat similar. While we have not had National panic and universal prostration, as in 1857, there has been a stringency in the money market that has put many families of the earth to their wit's end. Large commercial interests collapsing have left multitudes of employes without means of support. The racked brains of business men have almost or entirely given way. New illustrations all over the land of the fact that riches have not only feet, on which they walk slowly as they come, but wings on which they speed when they go.

Brethren in the gospel ministry! if we spent half as much time in prayer as we do in the preparation of our sermons nothing could stand before us. We would have the power from on high as we never have had it. Private membership of all Christendom! if we spent half as much time in positive prayer for this influence as we do in thinking about it and talking about it, there would not be secretaries enough to take down the names of those who would want to give in their names for enlistment.

Come! Come! All through the United States and all through Christendom and all around the world let us join hands in holy pledge that we will call upon God for the power. O, for the power from on high, the power that came on Pentecost; yea, on 10,000 Pentecosts. Such times will come in our day if we have the faith and the prayer and the consecration.

As the power from on high in 1857 was more remarkable in academies of music and lyceum halls and theaters than in churches, why not this winter of 1891, in these two academies of music, places of secular entertainment. Why not expect and why not have the power from on high, comforting power, arousing power, convicting power, converting power, saving power, omnipotent power? My opinion is that in this cluster of cities by the Atlantic coast, there are now 500,000 people ready to accept the Gospel call, if, freed from all the conventionalities of the church, it were earnestly and with strong faith presented to them. In these brilliant assemblies there are hundreds who are not frequenters of churches, and who do not believe much, if at all, in the ministers of religion or ecclesiastical organizations. But God knows you have struggles in which you need help and bereavements in which you want solace and persecutions in which you ought to have defense, and perplexities in which you need guidance, and with a profound thoughtfulness, you stand by the grave of the old year, and the cradle of the young year, wondering where you will be and what you will be when "rolling years shall cease to move." Power from on high descends upon them! Men of New York and Brooklyn, I offer you God and Heaven! From the day you came to these cities what a struggle you have had! I can tell from your careworn countenances and the tears in your eyes and the deep sigh you have just breathed that you want reinforcement, and here it is, greater than Blucher when he reinforced Wellington, greater than the Bank of England, when last month it reinforced the Barings; namely, the God who through Jesus Christ is ready to pardon all your sins, comfort all your sorrows, scatter all your doubts and swing all the shining gates of heaven wide open before your redeemed spirit.

Many of my hearers to-day are what the world calls, and what I would call, splendid fellows, and they seem happy enough, and are jolly and obliging, and if I were in trouble I would go to them with as much confidence as I would go to my father, if he were yet alive. But when they go to their rooms at night or when the excitements of social and business life are off, they are not content, and they want something better than this world can offer.

Years ago, at the close of a religious service in Brooklyn Tabernacle, a gentleman most distinguished in appearance, and with remarkable cerebral development came forward with his wife and daughter, and paid to me in a most courteous and elegant way: "Let me introduce you to my wife and daughter who wish some counsel in regard to religious matters," and the three sat down. After I had conversed with the wife and daughter, I turned to the gentleman, and said: "Perhaps you have some interest yourself in these matters?" "None whatever," was the reply, polite yet firm. But before the meeting had closed I saw his hand lifted to his forehead, and his eyes closed, and I said: "Sir, have you not changed your mind and are you not thoughtful on this subject?" He said: "I am; since coming to this seat, I have sought and found Christ as my Saviour and I have but one desire more and that is, before I leave this house to join my wife and daughter in making profession of the Christian religion. I have been known as on the wrong side long enough." What was it that had come upon him? It was power from high.

At the first communion after the dedication of our former church 328 souls stood up in the aisles and publicly espoused the cause of Christ. At another time 460 souls; at another time 500, and our 4,500 membership were but a small part of those who within those sacred walls took upon themselves the vows of the Christian. What turned them? What saved them? Power from the level? No! Power from on high.

But greater things are to be seen if ever these cities and ever this world is to be taken for God. There is one class of men and women in all these assemblages in whom I have especial interest, and that is those who had good fathers and mothers once, but they are dead. What multitudes of us are orphans! We may be 40, 50, 60 years old, but we never get used to having father and mother gone. O! how often we have had troubles that we would liked to have told them, and we always felt, as long as father and mother were alive we had some one to whom we could go. Now I would like to ask you if you think that all their prayers in your behalf have been answered. "No," you say, "but it is too late, the old folks are gone now." I must courteously contradict you. It is not too late.

I have a friend in the ministry, who was attending the last hours of an aged Christian, and my friend said to the old Christian: "Is there no trouble on your mind?" The old man turned his face to the wall for a few moments and then said: "Only one thing; I hope for the salvation of my ten children, but not one of them is yet saved, yet I am sure they will be. God means to wait until I am gone. So he died. When my friend told of the circumstances eight of the ten had found the Lord, and I have no doubt the other two before this have found Him. O, that the long postponed answers to prayer for you, my brother, for you my sister, might this hour descend in power from on high.

The history of these unanswered prayers for you God only knows. They may have been offered in the solemn birth hour. They may have been offered when you were down with scarlet fever or diphtheria, or membranous croup. They may have been offered some night when you were sound asleep in the trundle bed, and your mother came in to see if you were rightly covered in the cold winter night. They may have been offered at that time which comes at least once in almost every one's life when your father and mother had hard work to make a living, and they feared that want would come to them and you. They may have been offered when the lips could no longer move and the eyes were closed for the long sleep.

O, unanswered prayers, rise in a mist of many tears into a cloud, and then break in a shower which shall soften the heart of that man who is so hard he can not cry, or that woman who is ashamed to pray! O, arm chair of the aged, now empty and in the garret among the rubbish, speak out! O staff of the pilgrim who has ended his weary journey, tell of the parental anxieties that bent over thee. O family Bible with story of births and deaths, rustle some of the time worn leaves, and let us know of the wrinkled hands that once turned thy pages, and explain that spot where a tear fell upon the passage: "O, Absalom, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

Good and gracious God! What will become of us, if after having had such a devout and praying parentage, we never pray for ourselves! We will pray. We will begin now. O, for the power from on high, power to move this assemblage, power to save Brooklyn and New York, power of evangelism that shall sweep across this continent like an ocean surge, power to girdle the round earth with a red girdle dipped in the blood of the cross. If this forward movement is to begin at all, there must be some place for it to begin, and why not this place? And there must be some time for it to begin, and why not this time? And so I sound for your ears a rythmic invitation, which, until a few days ago, never came under my eye, but it is so sweet, so sobbing with pathos, so triumphant with joy, that whoever chimed it, instead of being anonymous, ought to be immortal:

> Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
> The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
> That peace and pardon might be free—
> O, wretched sinner come!
>
> Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
> Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
> I bring relief to hearts oppress—
> O, weary sinner, come!
>
> Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
> Count all thy gains but empty dross,
> My grace repays all earthly loss—
> O, needy sinner, come!
>
> Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
> Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears,
> 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
> O, trembling sinner, come!

New Use For a Phonograph.

A daily paper of St. Petersburg regrets that there are no phonographs for sale in Russia. "One of our correspondents," the editor says, "has found a use for the instrument of which its inventor has perhaps never thought. He writes us a touching letter, begging that we should tell him where to procure a phonograph, for which he is willing to pay any price that may be demanded. He has a scolding wife who uses the harshest words and the most cruel expressions. When she is in a calm mood and he reproaches her for the language she has used, she either denies her words point blank, or so perverts his words as to impute to him the improprieties which she has committed. He therefore wishes to have a phonograph in the house that the instrument may repeat to his wife her own scolding.—Cleveland Leader.

Just the Same.

Lincoln's old friends say that only about one story in ten told of him has the least grain of truth, and that at least two hundred new ones are being invented every year. As they are all pretty good, it's just as good as if all were true. It would be well to compile a work and call it: "The Yarns and Stories Which Lincoln Never Heard Of."—Detroit Free Press.

A Chocolo Kisher.

Mrs. Remsen—I am sure you can't find any fault with the dinner to-night, Robert. Every thing is just as nice as it can be.

Mr. Remsen (reluctantly)—Oh, yes, I suppose so. It quite makes me wonder whether I am at home.—Munsey's Weekly.

WAR-PATH GOSSIP.

Women and Children Returning to the Agency—Forsythe to Be Reinstated—Many Squaws and Children Killed at the Wounded Knee Encounter—Opinion at Washington.

RUSHVILLE, Neb., Jan. 7.—Sixty-five squaws, with about the same number of papooses, came in to Pine Ridge agency from the hostile camp about six miles away and are being taken care of.

There is great suffering among the hostiles on account of scarcity of food and shelter. No movement of troops is projected.

It is stated that General Forsythe is to be reinstated till the close of the campaign.

Every thing now points to a battle between the hostiles and the friendly Indians who desire to leave the hostile camp and come to the agency. Red Cloud has signified his desire to return to the agency, but he is nearly blind and no one will volunteer to lead him in, for the Brules threaten the death of the first person that attempts to desert the hostile band. The older Indians want to come in but the young bucks insist on fighting.

The cordon of troops is drawing tighter around the hostiles, who are kept on guard night and day. Fires are being burned at night to prevent any one from escaping from their camps. General Miles has sent a peace commission to the hostiles and if they still refuse to come in their camp will be bombarded. Machine and shell guns are being placed on all sides of the camp for this purpose. General Miles is fast becoming impatient and if the Indians do not obey the order to come in he will attack them.

The party sent to Wounded Knee to bury the dead Indians returned late last night. They found and buried eighty-four bucks and sixty-three squaws and children. It was also found that five had been buried by the Indians. In addition to this total of 152 others have been carried away by hostile scouts, etc., sufficient to swell the number of dead Indians as a result of the battle of Wounded Knee to fully 200, with several others yet to die in the improvised hospital here.

A little Indian baby girl about three months old, one of the youngest survivors of the battle of Wounded Knee, who lay for three days beside the dead body of its mother, has been adopted by Mrs. Allison Mailor, a wealthy lady of New York City.

OPINION AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—Secretary Nobie, being asked what action had been taken on the recommendation of General Miles that the Indian agents of the South Dakota agencies be relieved from further duty and that their places be filled by military officers, said that he did not care to discuss the matter further than to say that the subject had not been mentioned to him by any one with authority to act in the matter. It is believed, however, that should General Miles' recommendation be submitted to him by the President for his views, he would strongly oppose the transfer. The agents sought to be relieved are regarded as competent officers and any attempt to substitute a military for a civil supervision of the Sioux would undoubtedly be met with vigorous opposition by the Interior Department officials.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs says that to the best of his knowledge and belief the Sioux Indians of South Dakota are not starving, and that he has reasons to think that the statements regarding their destitution are grossly exaggerated. It is true that Congress has greatly reduced the appropriations for the Sioux and other tribes, and that the agreements made with them have been only partially kept. Whose fault this is he could not say. The recent outbreak was, he thinks, partly due to the reasons above stated, the failure of their crops and the religious craze. He is opposed to the transfer of the control of the Indians to the War Department.

SERIOUS COLLISION.

Meager Particulars of a Bad Railroad Accident Near Sabetha, Kan.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Jan. 7.—Meager particulars are learned of a serious collision on the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska road, four miles west of Sabetha, Kan., at 2:25 o'clock this morning.

The through Denver freight which left this city last night and a light train came together on a fill. The light train consisted of an engine, tender and caboose, and contained besides its own crew three crews deadheading back this way, making in all twelve men besides the engineer and firemen.

When the collision occurred the caboose of the light train was telescoped, rolled down the embankment, caught fire and burned with astonishing rapidity, consuming the clothes, watches and some cash of the men.

Engineer Neil Smith, of the light train, jumped from his engine before the crash came and went head first down the embankment, crushing his skull beyond recognition. He belongs in Bonham, Tex., and is unmarried.

Conductor Wilkins, of the same train, is badly hurt internally and will die.

Engineer Halsey, of the Denver freight, is badly injured internally.

Dad Mason, an old engineer, who was asleep in the caboose of the light train, had both shoulders and arms fractured.

The fireman of the light train, whose name could not be learned, is badly hurt.

Every one of the twelve men in the caboose was more or less injured. The exact particulars can not be learned. Travel was delayed for fully fifteen hours. The injured men were taken to Horton, where most of them belong.

Motor Man Dead.

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 7.—The death of John L. Gooley, of this city, removes a dangerous rival to Keely and his motor. For the past twenty-five years Gooley had been at work upon his invention, which, he claimed, would propel a vessel across the ocean by perpetual motion. He has spent thousands of dollars upon the machine, and fully expected to announce the discovery of perpetual motion to the world within the next three years. He was 68 years old. Gooley's work upon his machine was done in a garret in this city, and until last night was visible to no one except a sister and a close friend.

Cuban Reciprocity.

MADRID, Jan. 7.—The statement is made that in the report presented to the Government by the Cuban delegates a request is made for the suppression of Cuban export duties, a reduction of navigation dues and a modification of various other duties. It is also stated that the delegates desire that when the question of a reciprocity treaty between Spain and America relative to Cuba is discussed the duty on sugar imported from Cuba may not be raised and that in return for this the duties on petroleum and other American products be reduced. They also seek a free sale of Cuban tobacco in Spain.

Italian Crops Good.

ROME, Jan. 7.—The report of the Italian Department of Agriculture shows that the crops in Italy during the past year were the largest harvested for many years. For the previous five years Italian crops have been to a great degree failures, so that a great impetus to Italian commerce is now predicted, although the tightness of the money market has as yet prevented the full benefit of the abundant harvest. The financial difficulties which have troubled alike both continents, have extended to Italy, and stocks and bonds of nearly all kinds have greatly declined.

INFORMATION ABOUT WESTERN CANADA.

Owing to the world-wide interest now taken in the fertile provinces of Western Canada, many of our readers are anxious to know more about the lands, climate, resources and chances open to intending settlers in the Canadian Country. The reputation of these prairie lands has been fairly earned by their enormous yields and natural adaptability to mixed and dairy farming, for they are unrivaled in productiveness.

At the close of 1890 a handsomely illustrated and neatly printed set of pamphlets was issued, fully describing the country from the Eastern portion of Manitoba to the Pacific Ocean. These have been carefully compiled by competent men, from the most reliable sources, and besides containing a vast amount of useful information put in most readable shape, they contain a great number of letters from actual residents in the country, telling plainly what has been done. Furnished with maps and nicely illustrated they are well worth securing as books of reference.

Copies of one, or all of them, will be mailed free of charge to any address, if application is made to L. A. Hamilton, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to J. F. Lee, 233 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; or to C. S. Sheehy, 11 Fort St. West, Detroit, Michigan.

HOLDING HIS BREATH.

How to Avoid Pneumonia—A New York Lawyer's Novel Idea.

A slim young man walked briskly up Broadway, says the New York Sun. There was nothing striking about his personal appearance except his chest, which swelled out as if it would rip the buttons of his coat. At Canal street the crowd blocked his way. He scowled, looked angry, and then a great white cloud issued from his lips. "Twenty," he muttered. His chest slowly fell to normal size, but only for a moment, for disengaging himself from the hurrying throng, he caught his former swinging gait, his shoulders went back and his chest rose again to its full prominence.

A young man recognized him as a lawyer in the Equitable building with whom he had an acquaintance. He tapped him on the arm and said: "Taking your constitutional?" "No, I am out on my daily drunk. I see you look surprised. Yes, you're right; I don't drink, but I have a way to get exhilarated on oxygen and so I take an air spree every day. I learned the trick by accident a year ago. I live in Clinton place. As I had been confined in the office every day, last Thanksgiving a year ago I found myself suffering from symptoms of pneumonia. I believed breathing would cure me, and one evening in walking from Park place home I tried on how many exhalations I could walk to Clinton place, twenty-five blocks of varying size, making a distance of nearly a mile and a half.

"At first I found it difficult to hold my breath for more than a few paces, but by the time I reached Prince street my lungs were working better. I was in a profuse perspiration from head to foot. It seemed that I had discovered depths in my lungs I never thought existed. Every inhalation seemed to go down to my very shoes. My feet felt light and I seemed to eat up the distance. As I neared Clinton place I began to feel distressed. I know now that I did too much at first. Various colors flashed before my eyes. When my breath went out I felt empty. On arriving at Clinton place I had a sharp shooting pain across my temples. When I stood still it seemed as if my head would break. But this feeling gradually passed away and in half an hour I was feeling splendid. I noted down the count of breaths that first night—98.

"I kept up the practice from that day, and my lung capacity has so increased that last Thursday I walked the same distance on 58 breaths, having nearly double my breathing force. My chest measurement a year ago was 37 inches; now it is 40. I have not had a touch of pulmonic trouble since that day."

"Has your increased lung capacity been of any other practical benefit to you?"

"Yes. A few months ago I was in a hotel fire in the West. I was one of the last awakened. My room was full of smoke. I put a wet towel over my mouth and through it drew one of my long breaths. On that single inhalation I made my way through the smoke-filled halls. Had I taken one breath of the smoke I would have become confused, and would never have got out alive. I am firmly convinced that if people knew how to hold their breath there would be fewer deaths at fires.

"I can now hold my breath over a minute and a half, where a year ago forty-five seconds was my usual limit. My tendency to become round shouldered has entirely disappeared. My step has become elastic, and my appetite ravenous. I have all of my clothes very loose to give room for expansion in my walks."—N. Y. Sun.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 12.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$3 35	@	4 50
Butchers' steers	2 30	@	3 65
Native cows	2 00	@	3 65
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	5 30	@	5 65
WHEAT—No. 2 red	89	@	91
No. 2 hard	82	@	83½
CORN—No. 2	63½	@	64½
OATS—No. 2	64½	@	65
RYE—No. 2	60	@	61
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 20	@	2 40
Fancy	3 10	@	3 15
HAY—Baled	7 50	@	8 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	23	@	26
CHEESE—Full cream	9	@	9½
EGGS—Choice	17	@	17½
BACON—Sides	10	@	11
Shoulders	8	@	6½
Hams	7	@	8
LARD	6½	@	6½
POTATOES	75	@	90
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	4 65
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	3 75
HOGS—Packing	5 00	@	5 25
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	4 80
FLOUR—Choice	3 50	@	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	90½	@	91½
CORN—No. 2	60½	@	60
OATS—No. 2	60½	@	61
RYE—No. 2	60	@	60½
BUTTER—Creamery	23	@	27
PORK	10 00	@	10 75
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	4 65
HOGS—Packing and shipping	5 00	@	5 60
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	4 60
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 00	@	5 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red	88½	@	89
CORN—No. 2	60	@	60½
OATS—No. 2	48½	@	49½
RYE—No. 2	69	@	70
BUTTER—Creamery	23	@	27½
PORK	10 65	@	10 75
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	3 30	@	4 85
HOGS—Good to choice	5 35	@	5 55
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 00	@	5 20
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 00½	@	1 01½
CORN—No. 2	69	@	69½
OATS—Western mixed	50	@	53
BUTTER—Creamery	23	@	29
PORK	9 00	@	10 00

To the Well Off.

"Won't you try it again?" said the owner of the trick mule. "You'll stick on better next time."

"No," replied the other, brushing the dust from his clothes and feeling of himself to see if there were any bones broken. "I know when I'm well off."—Chicago Tribune.

Disregarding the Omen.

Landlady (meeting Mr. Growler on the stairs)—Singing in the morning. Don't you know it's unlucky to sing before breakfast.

Mr. Growler—It may be, but somehow I never feel like singing *after* breakfast.—Jury.

Heart Failure, Sudden Death.

The prayer of the christian pleads for guardianship against sudden death, and yet alas, how many leave the world for better or for worse without a single moment's warning. He died of heart failure. The tired and weary heart failed while engaged in its momentous task of pumping the blood from the arteries and forcing it into every big and little vein that the wasting tissues of the flesh might be replenished. How important then that the great stream of life be kept pure and its corpuscles red and active, lest the fluid grows clogged and sluggish, and the heart in an extraordinary effort snaps without a signal the thread of its muscular strength. It is your duty as one who loves the life that God has given him, to assist nature in maintaining free action of the circulatory system by keeping the blood in a state of purity and health. Nature has supplied healing and strengthening herbs for this purpose. Science has discovered what they are and the eminent Dr John Bull, of Louisville, Ky., has blended them in his superior preparation known as Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla. Demand it of your druggist. Take no other.

PLAIN goods become figured when they are marked down.

Office of Hahn, Hoopes & Co.,
MUSCATINE, IOWA, Aug. 8th, 1889.
Dr. A. T. SHALLENBERGER,
Rochester, Pa. *Dear Sir*—Thirty years ago I was a great sufferer from Malaria, until I found your Antidote and was immediately cured. I went south to live, and recommended the medicine to every sufferer I met, always guaranteeing a cure, and without a failure. Sometime ago I returned to Muscatine and have been chock full of Malaria ever since. The doctors fed me on quinine until I was nearly deaf and blind. I took one Antidote and sixty grains without breaking the chills, when, remembering the Antidote, I sent to the drug store and got a bottle. One dose did the business, and I will never be without the medicine.—No more quinine for me.
Respectfully yours, J. C. SHIPLEY.

WHY is a mouse like a load of hay?—Because the cat'll eat it.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Who hath redness of lips? The bookkeeper who writes with red ink.

THOSE of you who are weary and heavy adened with sickness and care, weighed down with the infirmities that beset the human system, can find the one thing necessary to restore you to bright buoyant health, in Sherman's Prickly Ash Bitters. It invigorates and strengthens the debilitated organs, aids digestion, and dispels the clouds arising from a diseased liver.

THE amputator frequently has a peculiar off-hand way about him.

FOR COUGHS AND THROAT DISORDERS use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—"Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began thinking well of."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* Sold only in boxes.

A PILLOW thief held on to the pillow, though he gave the police the slip.

THE only true and safe intestinal worm killer is Dr. Bull's Vegetable Worm Destroyers. It has brightened the lives of many children and gladdened many a parent's heart.

WHEN the balloon collapses in mid air the best of friends may fall out together.

DO NOT suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

THE man who lives beyond his means does not mean well.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

In reading over the literary items of the week, I found not much to interest me, until my eye caught sight of an article headed "*Jenks' Dream.*" Imagine my surprise to find it ended up with a recommendation to use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Nevertheless, being a great sufferer from sick headache, I determined to try them, and, to my great joy, I found prompt relief, and by their protracted use, a complete immunity from such attacks. Pierce's Pellets often cure sick headache in an hour. They are gently laxative or actively cathartic, according to size of dose. As a pleasant laxative, take one each night on retiring. For adults, four act as an active, yet painless, cathartic. Cause no griping or sickness. Best Liver Pill ever made. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. For Constipation, Indigestion and Bilious Attacks, they have no equal.

Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

GOFF'S BRAID IS THE BEST MADE
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The Braid that is known the world around.

MOTHERS' FRIEND
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
IS USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.
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BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

YOU CAN MAKE $5 PER DAY
[illegible]

GANGER
[illegible]

YOUNG MEN
[illegible]

A Silent Appeal for Help.

When your kidneys and bladder are inactive, they are making a silent appeal for help. Don't disregard it, but with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters safely impel them to activity. They are a treasured danger, and it is foolhardiness to shut our's eyes to the fact. Be wise in time, too, if you experience manifestations of dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, constipation or nerve trouble. The Bitters before a meal adds zest to it.

WHEN a man finds a button in his salad he will hardly take the excuse that it is part of the dressing.

An Extraordinary Opportunity.

Send your address on a postal card and receive, free of charge, sample copies of the NEW YORK MEDICAL, in its fifty-third year, together with an unprecedented premium list, comprising a thousand articles which are given to new subscribers. Address, NEW YORK MEDICAL, 5 Park row New York city.

THERE is no rose without a thorn, but there are many thorns without roses.—Indianapolis Journal.

I HAD a slight stroke of paralysis which frightened me very much. My health was poor and the doctors gave me medicine for heart disease, but I grew weaker. My cousin recommended Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla, which certainly has benefited me greatly, for I feel in splendid health.—Samuel T. Phelan, Dayton, O.

NO WOMAN ever made a hit by striking her husband for money before breakfast.—Atchison Globe.

IF YOU have ever used Dobbins' Electric during the 24 years it has been sold, you know that it is the best and purest family soap made. If you have not tried it, ask your grocer for it now. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

"ALL persons leaving horses in my charge will be well cared for," advertises a livery stableman.

PEOPLE Are Killed by Coughs that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar would cure. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A MAN may look as cheerful as a summer sky and yet feel quite as blue.

ARE as small as homeopathic pellets, and as easy to take as sugar. Everybody likes them. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

GROSS injustice—counting 140 for twelve dozen.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A FARMER can often give his wife potato on patchwork.—Boston Courier.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have "used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my "own use, and found it does me "more good than any other remedy. "I have been troubled with what I "call Sick Headache. A pain comes "in the back part of my head first, "and then soon a general headache "until I become sick and vomit. "At times, too, I have a fullness "after eating, a pressure after eating "at the pit of the stomach, and "sourness, when food seemed to rise "up in my throat and mouth. When "I feel this coming on if I take a "little August Flower it relieves "me, and is the best remedy I have "ever taken for it. For this reason "I take it and recommend it to "others as a great remedy for Dys-"pepsia, &c."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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