The Value of Longevity. Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in writing of

the value of longevity, says:
"Can there be a doubt that Burns and Keats foresaw the issue of their struggle against bigotry, or that Cervantes, in the gloom of his misery could read the signs of the dawn presaging a sunburst of posthumous fame?

"Spinoza and Schiller died at the threshand of their goal; Pascal, Harvey, Mac-aulay, Buckle and Bichat left their in-imitable works half finished; Raphael, Mozart and Byron died at the verge of a summit which perhaps no other foot

shall ever approach. "Who knows how often, since the dawn of modern science, the chill of death has palsied a hand that had all but lifted the veil of Isis' temple? Or in how many thousand lives time alone would have solved all discords into harmonies? An increase of longevity would indeed, solve the vexing riddles of existence; it would furnish the peculiar endorsement of Mr. Mallock's conclusion. It would give the vicissitudes of fortune a chance to assert their equalizing tendencies, it would supply a missing link in the arguments of that natural religion that trusts the equipoise of justice in the apparent caprices of human fate.

"The price of longevity would redeem the mortgage of our earthly para-dise"—and it can be prolonged and should be, with care and the use of proper medicine at the right time.

Owing to the stress, the worry, and the annoyance of every day life, there is no doubt but that tens of thousands of men and women yearly fill premature graves.

Especially after middle life should a careful watch be kept over one's physical condition. The symptoms of kidney disease, such as becoming easily tired, headache, neuralgia, feeble heart action, fickle appetite, a splendid feeling one day and an all-gone one the next, persistent cough, trouble in urinating, etc., should be diligently looked into and at once stopped through a faithful use of Warner's Safe Cure, which has cured tens of thousands of such troubles and will cure yours.

Experiencing no pain in the region of the kidneys is no evidence that they are not diseased, as those great purifying organs have very few nerves of sensation, and oftentimes the kidneys are positively rotting and being passed away through the urine before the victim is aware he is suffering from advanced kidney disease, which is only another name for Bright's Disease.

To preserve life and to be well while von live are two cardinal virtues, and it is time well spent to give this vital subject earnest and careful attention, and to use the knowledge acquired in a judicious and intelligent manner.

A Lucky Hit. St. Louis (Mo.) Star Sayings, March 25.

Last Monday morning, Paymaster Randolph of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, called at the Continental Bank and collected \$15,000, one-twentieth of the capital prize in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. The number of the ticket was 2,887. A couple of weeks before the drawing came off, the employees of the 'Frisco road chipped in 10 cents each and purchased the one-twentieth ticket which drew the capital prize, \$300,000. The lucky ones were A. D. Masters, chief dispatcher; J. L. Toomey, Mark Waters, George Wherry, and Robert Gregg, freight conductors; W. D. Keyes, a dispatcher; Dan Mahoney and J. B. Shelden, brakemen; J. P. Eddy, foreman of the roundhouse, and A. Veech, division superintendent. Mr. Randolph says the boys were very glad last Monday when he gave them each \$1,500. Most of the boys are married and the money came in handy. There are a few of them talking of joining a building association of some kind too. They may try the same scheme this next drawing, for there is some talk to that

The "Bs" that buzz in the spring are with us again-bock beer and base ball. Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:-Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl

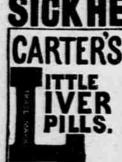
The man who commits the crime never

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BE GENERAL DIRECTIONS,-Mizapill of bread or dough saturated with St. Jacobs Oil. If the fowl cannot swallow force it down the throat-Mix some corn-meal dough with the Oil. Give nothing else. They will finally eat and be cured. Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

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FRS Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve to tress from Dyspepsia, Ir digestion and TooHeart Eating. A perfect ren edy for Dizziness, Nausc the Mouth, Cos Tongue, Pain in the Sid-TORPID LIVER. The regulate the Bowels Purely Vcgetable. Price 25 Cents:

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

**CURE FITS!** life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and P. O. H. G. ROOT, M. C. 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

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f for ASTHMA (IDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Man

\$25 WEEKLY! Representat cs wanted. Goods new and sell on sight. Household necessity. No canvassing Elite Mfg. Co., Pullman Bldg. Chicago. HOME STUDY, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., theroughly taught by mail. Low rates. Circulars free. BitYANT'S COLLEGE, 431 Main St., Buffale, N. Y. W. N. U., Omaha, - 465-20.

## "OTHER DAYS LIVED OVER.

The Great Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Discourse.

"Thou Shalt Remember All the Way Which the Lord Thy God Led Thee.

BROOKLYN, May 5 .-- At the Tabernacle to-day, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached a sermon on the subject, 'Other Days Lived Over," and made reference to the falsehood that he had advocated miscegenation of the white and black races. The vast congregation sang the hymn beginning:

Dr. Talmage's text was Deuteronomy viii, : "Thou shalt remember all the way which

the Lord thy God led thee." He said: Before entering on my subject I wish to say that some newspaper correspondents, referring to a recent sermon in which l welcomed foreign nationalities to this country, have said that I advocated as a

desirable thing the intermarriage of the white and black races. I never said so, I never thought so, and any one who so misrepresents that sermon is either a villain or fool, perhaps both. But to open this morning's subject I have

to say God in the text advises the people to look back upon their past history. It will do us all good to rehearse the scenes between this May morning and our cradle, whether it was rocked in country or town. A few days ago, with my sister and brother, I visited the place of my boyhood. It was one of the most emotional and absorbing days of my life. There stands the old house, and as I went through the rooms I said, "I could find my way here with my eyes shut, although I have not been here in forty There was the sitting room where a large family group every evening gathered, the most of them now in a better world. There was the old barn where we hunted for Easter eggs, and the place where the horses stood. There is where the orchard was, only three or four trees now left of all the grove that once bore apples, and such apples too. There is the brook down which we rode to the watering of the horses bare back and with a rope halter. We also visited the cemetery where many of our kindred are waiting for the resurrection, the old people side by side, after a journey together of sixty years, only about three years between the time of their going. There also sleep the dear old neighbors who used to tie their horses under the shed of the country meeting house and sit at the end of the pew, inging "Duke Street," and "Balerma," and 'Antioch." Oh they were a glorious race of men and women who did their work well, raised a splendid lot of boys and girls, and are now as to their bodies in silent neighborhood on earth, but as to their souls n jubilant neighborhood before the throne of God. I feel that my journey and visit last week did me good, if not in person then in thought, to revisit the scenes of boyhood "Thou shalt remember all the

way which the Lord they God led thee." Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in mid-life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward, as the vast majority of this audi nce live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to started life your very life was a musical But see no harm in this if it does not make you discontented with the present or

disqualify you for existing duties. It is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our en-joyments. I mean this morning, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged, and humbied, and urged to

pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artist went there, and after long toil removed the covering and re-traced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with ten thousand obliterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out

sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest and I must be cautious how I

Among the greatest advantages of your past life was the early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin, when we hear his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity, and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity, and at last reach the home of the good in

Perhaps your early home was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal street, New York, was far up town and the site of this present church was an excursion into the country. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more mean-ing in that plain house, in that small house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back this morning you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamplight, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor under the table, your father with a firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a your own sickness. The child's tread on soothing salve to heal it. If you were the stair, or the tick of the watch on the wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was like an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had sick-ness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your child-

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn, and take just one egg, and silence your conscience by saying they won't miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night, and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Oft-times in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden wall, and the forget-me-nots playing hide-and-seek mid the long grass. The father, who used to come in sunburnt from the fields and sit down on the door sill and wipe the sweat from his brow, may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and glorions and triumphant religion for your langs, and bright for your eye, and a glad and at the door a little bent over, cap and glorions and triumphant religion for your at the door a little bent over, cap and glorious and triumphant religion for your spectacles on, her face mellowing with the | soul! vicissitudes of many years, may have put | Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavedown her gray head on the pillow in the ment. That heart which in childhood was valley, but forget that home you never will. your refuge, the parental heart, and which Have you thanked God for it? Have you has been a source of the quickest sympathy rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father: thank Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel; thank God for an early thought flashes on you, "I have no mother,"

you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life | his memory embalmed in grateful hearts, is became the subject of mutual consultation | taken away forever.

flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternsl ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created

You rejoiced and you trembled at the bility that in your possession an responsibility that in your possession immortal treasure was placed. You prayed immortal treasure was placed, and and rejoiced, and wept and wondered, and prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double in-terest about that home. There was an ad-ditional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter, you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be! Have those anticipations been gratified! God help you to-day in your solemn reminiscence. and let his mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who. in addition to her other pangs, has the pangs of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart. Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful! Are there those who wandered off from that early home, and left the mother to die with a broken heart! Oh, I stir that reminiscence to-day.

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you couldn't sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house, or through your office, or through your shop, or your bed room, and that word was "Eternity." You said, "I am not ready for it. O God, have The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with giadness; you came into the house

You remember how your hand trembled as you took the Communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal;" and though those hands are all withered away, that Communion Sabbath is resurrected this morn ing; it is resurrected with all its prayers, and songs, and sermons, and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backstider! God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start to-day as you started then. I rouse your soul by that

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them all in one great sheaf, and I wrep them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought mortals of earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago, you are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life; but how shall I do it? You say it is impossible, as you had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two, the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street, and there has been music in the distance, you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so when you you halted; you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it can't be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the craddle. You did not hear the tread; but after a while the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand have wrenched that child from the eestrover. You went to your room and you said, "God, save my child: God, save my child." The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you I want to bind in one sheaf all your past could let your property go, your houses go, advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a presented by the sheaf all your past adversities. It is a presented by the sheaf all your past adversities. part if you only could have kept that one

But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, and instantly all the light went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God didn't leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the cup, and was about to put it to your lips, God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands; it was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier, and poured wine into his lips, so God put his left arm under your head, and with his right hand he poured into your lips the wine of his comfort and consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been purer of nd ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said, "Good night, papa; good night, mamma. Meet me in heaven." But I must come on down to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was your own sickness. The child's tread on stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. the weariness, the exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, were your frequent cry. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked that God to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in this place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and implore God's help, and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases, and redeemeth our lives from destruction. Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands to seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed, where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire, or storm or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities, now you have hard work to make the two ends meet.

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made invest-ments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a

ever since, has suddenly become silent for Christian home.

I bring to mind another passage in the stanch and earnest and loving as ever, history of your life. The day came when watchful of all your ways, exaltant over

before you was an open grave. People looked down and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern down which went all your hopes and all your expectations.

But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms! Why, he is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe, and with palm branch it will be all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed

the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear. I was sailing down the St. John river, Canada, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval and?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reap And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the church and it is not the heights of this world that is the scene of the greates prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulation save torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is

But these reminiscences reach only to this morning. There will yet be one more point of tremendous reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoteon's dying reminis-cence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's lying remininiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of "Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says she fell into a sound sleep for an hour, and woke amid the songs of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; nenceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love appearing," Augustus Cæsar died mid pomp and great surroundings. Paul attered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our last hour may be the closing of a useful life, and the opening of a glorious

Practical Definition of Heroism. Capt. Murrell, of the rescue steamer Missouri, proves himself to be much was full of joy and | Philadelphia, Tuesday, and the sum of | hilarity; with the bright, clear oar you made the boat skip; you went on, and life grew brighter until after a while suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine want to give my officers and men was, "I don't know what it is all for. I

done the same thing." Capt. Murrell has shown himself to be different from many other men in like situation in that he not only fully and well. Few men are able, however willing they may be, to discharge without mistake and without disaster such grave responsibility as was thrust upon this man by the wrecking of the Danmark.

Capt. Murrell is one of the world's heroes not only, but is possessed of a hero's ability to judge wisely and act quickly and skillfully; and for his practical success even more than for his good intention, he is entitled to all the honor men can pay him.

The world is full of men of good intentions who, when a crisis comes, are incompetent to meet it and fail ignominously. Such men are never heroes. -Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Poison in Cigarette Wrappers.

Dr. Probst, of the state board of health, received word this morning that will not be hailed with much satisfaction by the smokers of cigarettes in this and other cities. According to what Dr. Ashman, the chief of the Cleveland board of health, says, cigarette-smoking in the Forest City has received a set-back that will take some time for its recovery. The case, as reported by him, is that of a young man who was suddenly stricken with a peculiar disease. He lost his appetite, became pallid and emaciated, and seemed to be fast approaching the last stages of consumption. His friends became alarmed, and, knowing consumption was not hereditary in the family,

set on foot an investigation that revealed a startling state of affairs. It was found that the young man was a cigarette fiend well nigh incurable. But so rapid was his decline his friends were not satisfied that this was all, and they demanded an analysis of the wrapper of the cigarette which he was in the habit of smoking. An analysis was made, revealing the truth of the young man's unfortunate condition. The wrapper contained arsenic in large quantities, and the victim was suffering from arsenical poisoning.-Columbus (Ohio) Post.

The Burglar's Mistake.

Masked Burglar (surprising railway official alone in office)-1'll trouble you, my friend, to open that 'ere safe and hand me out the stuff that's inside. Official (trembling)-Don't point that revolver at me, please don't! I'll do it.

Burglar (pocketing the spoils)trouble you to give me a pass to Omaha, After she had said her prayers a few the name left blank.

Official (coldly)-I can't give you a pass, sir. Barglar-I must have it, my friend Official (impatiently)-You are not entitled to a pass, I tell you.

Burglar (cocking revolver)-Come, be quick! Official (in a violent rage)-You infernal scoundrel, take that! (Knocks burglar down, ties his hands and feet, and telephones for police.)-Chicago

Tribune. A Vital Objection.

The owner of a live gorilla in France offers to back the animal in a prize- caused by catarrh, which is nothing but became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them—a gent to lead the lead to lead them—a gent to lead the lead to like the gent to lead them to like the gent to lead them to like the gent to lead them to lead them to lead them to lead the lead to like the gent to lead them to lead the lead to like the gent to lead them to lead the lead to lead them to lead them to lead the lead to lead them to lead the lead to lead them fight with any living pugulist. The an inflamed condition of the mucus surobjection that will naturally suggest

Protect the Boos

The question of legislating against the indiscriminate slaughter of game animals, irrespective of sex or age, which was raised last week in reference to the game of the National park and surrounding region, is one deserving the most thoughtful consideration of all sportsmen. Among all the horned ruminants one male suffices for a considerable number of females, and, as the births of males and females are approximately equal, it follows that quite a considerable number of males may be proper time, the fatality from that diskilled off annually without lowering the productive powers of the herd, while every female shot in a diminishing carried of in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malherd will result in a considerable decrease in the number of the herd ten ady except consumption. years later. From the standpoint of economy the practice of killing females is a suicidal policy, which should be opposed by every one feeling an interest in the perpetuation of our big game. The slaughter of a buck represents just his own weight of venison withdrawn from the national supply, while the slanghter of a doe represents the annual reduction of the national supply When Baby was sick, we mave her Castoria by at least her own weight in perpetu-

ity .- Forest and Stream. When old Judge Jowler was tucked in his little bed by Mrs. Mouser he couldn't sleep a wink until the excellent woman had brought a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Then he crossed his little hands and sunk in sweet repose.

General Wayne Stables, Balto, & Paca Sts. Balto. Md. I can safely recommend your Salvation Oil to all suffering with rheumatism, as I was a sufferer, and before I had finished using the first bottle was entirely cured.

JOS. S. FOX, Cattle Dealer, 117 North Broadway, Baltimore, Md. A Question of Interest.

"Will the Educated Woman Marry?" is a question under discussion in some of the magazines. That depends. If her education makes her bright, pleasant, entertaining, and sensible she will marry, providing a man worth having is within reach. But if her education makes her critical, dogmatic and pedantic she will not marry for the simple reason that no man will ask her. All women ought to be well educated. Nothing more requires a wise and well trained mind than to administer well the affairs of a household. An education which unfits a woman for this is not worth the name. - Western Recorder.

A Characteristic Story.

An actor near me told me a characteristic anecdote of an actress whose back was toward us. She is Miss A., and when she played leading Shakespearean parts in the provinces her rival was Miss B., who was taking the same character in another company. My unknown friend had supported both, and what Miss A. said to him about her rival was that "she had once met B. at Tate, the agent's and B. spoke so much about herself that she" (the unhappy Miss A.) "could not get a word in edgeways." better at doing than at talking. He Subsequently, Miss B. informed him was the honored guest and hero at a that "she once had a talk with A., at succession of enthusiastic receptions in Tate's, if that could be called a talk in about her own affairs from beginning to end of the interview."-Time.

The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking want to give my officers and men of Warner's Safe Cure, said, over his credit for the act which was only a own signature: If I found myself the duty. A ship was sinking and the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I passengers were in distress and we would use Warner's Safe Cure." He took them aboard. If any other English captain were there he would have dazed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady."

Encouraging Her. A Springfield woman, with an invalid husband who was not expected to live, recognized his duty, but did it. Not thought she would take time by the all of us do duty when we see it. And forelock and engaged a dressmaker sevhe was different from many other men eral weeks ago to make a full suit of also when, recognizing his duty and mourning for her. This week the dressresolving to perform it, he proved maker received a letter stating that the himself competent to perform it skill- looked for event had not yet taken place and the wife had decided to wait until the death of her husband, as she wished her suit made in the latest style. This cheerful postscript was added to the letter: "Please do not get discouraged about it. You will be sure of the job sooner or later."-Springfield

The Last Act. Adding to a long series of continued success, the Union Pacific again takes the lead in running supurb dining cars on its solid vestibuled train from Omaha

to Denver. Meals, 75 cents. The more a man thirsts for notoriety, the less he gets of it to drink. There is no distrust like the distrust of

one woman for another woman. If fools were never published for their folly, there would be no wise men.

100,000 Sweet Potato Plants. Yellow Nansemond, Yellow Jersey, Red Bermuda, 35 cts. per 100, \$2.50 per 1,000. Tomato plants, from seed bed, 40 cts. per 100, \$2.75 per 1,000; transplanted, \$1 per 100, \$7 per 1,000. Early cabbage plants, 75 cts. per 100, \$5 per 1,000. Late cabbage plants, 35 cts. per 100, \$2.50 per 1,000. A general assortment of green-house and bedding plants, roses, coleus, geraniums, pansies, alternanthera, canna, &c. &c. at low down prices. A liberal discount to the trade. Pure bred poultry and eggs for hatching; Black Cochin, Plymouth Rock, S. C. Brown Leghorn, \$1 for 13 eggs. A few good fowls for sale cheap. W. J. HESSER,

Plattsmouth, Neb. A man that has horse souse may be the

father of a donkey. Sheriff's Sale Smoke the Sheriff Sale Segar. A straight

10 cents Havana Cigar for 5 cents. Where ignorance is bliss, 'its folly to be otherwise.

The Swaying of Chimneys. Observations upon the swaying of

tall chimneys during high winds show that one 115 feet in height and four feet in total diameter at the top waved twenty inches during a heavy gale, and another 164 feet high, but with six and one-half feet diameter of flue, moved through an arc of only six and one-half

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

Getting it Down Fine. Marguerite, a blue eyed cherub of 5 years, knows how she wants the gas Thank you; my friend. Now I'll turned when she is ready for sleep. properly signed, and with the place for | nights ago, and as her mother was preparing to lower the gas jet, she said: 'Mamma, turn it to just a pimple," and then closed her eyes to sleep and dream of "Pigs in Clover."-Buffalo Courier.

> Deafness Can't Be Cured By local application, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are

We will give One Handred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Core. Send for circulars, free. F. G. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M. D., Physician to and Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, Eng., says: "Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own, and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, as no pain will be felt in the kidneys or that vicinity." This accounts for many people dying with Bright's Disease, or advanced kidney malady. The disease is not suspected until it reaches a fatal period. If Warner's Safe Cure is used at the ease would be greatly decreased. Dr. Thompson also says: "More adults are

Perseverance succeed sometimes almost equal to success.

It is easier to get ten ideas into a man's head than it is to get one out.

When she was a Child, she cried for Custoria, When she became Miss she binne to Custoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

There is at least one comfort in life; prospects are always good.

The man or woman who is profitably employed is generally happy. If you are not happy it may be because you have not found your proper work. We earnestly urge all such persons to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and they can show you a work in which you can be happily and profitably employed.

Which worries man most, too much busness, or a lack of business?

For two two-cent stamps we will send you one of the handsomest almanacs in the country. "Homestead," Omaha, Neb. A man who has a present need not worry so much about his future.

The Difficulty Experienced In taking Cod Liver Oil is entirely over-come in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and the most valuable remedy that has ever been produced for the cure of Consumption, Scrofula, and Wasting Diseases. Do not fail to try it.

No man knows enough to entitle him to

Garfield Beach.

The Union Pacific Railway beg to announce that they will open their Bathing and Pleasure Resort, Garfield Beach, on Great Salt Lake, Utah, on May 15th. Garfield Beach is within a few minntes' ride of Salt Lake City, and is the only beach on Great Salt Lake having a clean, sandy bottom, free from mud and

Bathing suits to rent for ladies and gentlemen, grand concert every afternoon, restaurant and a magnificent dancure resort in the west, and is best reached via the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route. For genuine pleasure, go to Garfield

Beach. For excursion rates or descriptive pamphlets apply to your nearest E. L. LOMAX, General Passenger Agent,

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and give it a trial. Persons Traveling

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An Sable, Mich., Dec. 29, Send for books on Blood Diseases and Cancers, THE SWIFT SPECIFIC Co. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga

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ASLEEP ON THE RAILROAD TRACK. A little child, tired of play, had pillowed his head on a rail and fallen asleep. The train was almost upon him when a passing stranger rushed forward and saved him from a horrible death. Perhaps you are asleep on the track, too. You are, if you are neglecting the hacking cough, the hectic flush, the loss of appetite and growing weakness and lassitude, which have unconsciously crept upon you. Wake up, or the train will be upon you! Consumption, which thus insiduously fastens its hold upon its victims while they are unconscious of its approach, must be taken in time, if it is to be overcome. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure, or all money paid for

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