

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.
by local applications as they cannot 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 mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running 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 caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

In an article on "Why the Confederacy Failed," contributed to the November Century, by the son of a Confederate officer, the first cause is laid to the excessive issue of paper money. He says: "The government acted on the theory that all it had to do to raise money was to print it. They did not seem to realize that, being the largest purchaser in the market, it was necessary for the government to keep down prices as much as possible; that every issue of bills must inevitably raise prices and render a new issue necessary; that every rise in prices must be followed by a new issue, until the bubble must collapse of its own expansion and redundancy."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample of free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

New Idea of Telegraphy.
From San Francisco Examiner.
Col. Bellon of the French artillery observed not long ago that if a telephone was in sufficient proximity to, although not in actual contact with, a telegraph line, it would be influenced by the current of the latter. Certain sounds were produced in the telephone whenever a message passed along the telegraph line.

He has now succeeded by long continued experiments in perfecting a system showing the phonetic impression produced by each letter of the Morse alphabet, by sending anyone with some practice to read by the sound of the telephone any message circulating in a neighboring line. It will be readily understood that this discovery may be of great importance in war time, as in this way a telegraph line might be tapped without in any way interfering with the current circulating in it, and hence without the slightest indication to the stations connected by the line.

The Butter and Calico Ratio.
Cost determines price. When the two metals were at a parity before at 15 to 1, Germany and Austria were on a silver basis, and the mints of India were open and the Latin Union and the United States were bimetallic. By and by the silver began to be mined at less cost, better processes, struck richer veins of ore and the price of silver fell.

We cannot keep butter in the relation to calico which it bore fifty years ago. We remember when butter was at 5 to 1 as compared to calico; but today calico is at 5 to 1 as compared to butter. The changed ratio of butter to calico is due to the fact that the labor of man now has more to do with producing a pound of butter than with producing a yard of calico. Steam and water power now weave cloth, but they can't weave cows.—Lewiston Journal.

When bilious or costive, eat a casacat candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

In Choosing Green.
Though pale olive and other shades of green are much used for wall coverings of paper and in woven stuffs, as well as for draperies, they should never be decided upon until they are seen by artificial light, as some of the shades of olive that are rich and beautiful by light of day, have a gloomy brown shade that no amount of artificial light will change.

Helpful to the Eyes.
A simple and excellent plan to strengthen and preserve the eyes is to follow this rule: Every morning pour some cold water into a bowl, at the bottom of the bowl place a silver coin or some other bright object, and then put your face in the water with the eyes open and move your head gently from side to side. This will make the eyes brighter and stronger.



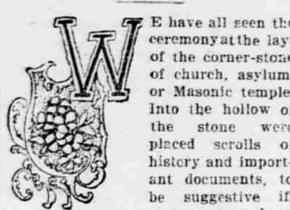
Gladness Comes
With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to an actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore an important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one should be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CHANT TO THE STARS," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "Who Laid the Corner Stone Thereof, When the Morning Stars Sang Together"—Book of Job, Chap. 38, Verses 6 and 7.



WE have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the corner-stone of church, asylum, or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents, to be suggestive if, one or two hundred years after, the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the note-books fluttered in the wind, and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto, and soprano voices commingled. They had for many days been rehearsing the special programme, that it might be worthy of the corner-stone laying.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of a world. The corner-stone was a block of light and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of clouds stood the angelic choristers unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds clapped shining cymbals while the ceremony went on, and God the architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated this great cathedral of a world, with mountains for pillars, and sky for frescoed ceiling, and flowering fields for a floor, and sunrise and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages, the whole heavens a gamut with all sounds, intonations, modulations, the space between the worlds a musical interval, trembling of stellar light a quaver, the thunder a bass clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things a perfect harmony.

The human intellect out of tune; the judgment wrongly swerved or the memory leaky or the will weak or the temper inflammable, the well-balanced mind exceptional.

Domestic life out of tune; only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife-beating or husband-poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within.

Society out of tune; labor and capital, their hands on each other's throat, Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale who are struggling to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the old pianoforte of society is all out of tune, when hypocrisy and lying, and subterfuge, and double-dealing, and sycophancy, and charlatanism and revenge, have for six thousand years been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord without realizing it; so wrong is the feeling of nation for nation that symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves and morning larks, we have our national symbol the fierce and filthy eagle, as cruel a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north and blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they chose the growling bear; and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, the fabled winged serpent, ferocious and dreadful. And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle and call it Mars, after the god of war, and we give to the eighth sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature which is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation. Discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas.

Tartini, the great musical composer dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. But one night he hauded to Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion, and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, "The Devil's Sonata," a dream ingenious, but faintly, for all melody descends from heaven, and only discords ascend from hell. All hatreds, feuds, controversies, backbitings, and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fugue, are demonic phantasy, are grand march of doom, are allegro of perdition.

But the worst of all discord is moral

discord. If society and the world are painfully discordant to imperfect man what must they be to a perfect God! People try to define what sin is. It seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a disagreement with his holiness, with his purity, with his love, with his commands, our will clashing with his will, the finite dashing against the infinite, the frail against the puissant, the created against the Creator. If a thousand musicians, with flute and cornet-piston, and trumpet, and violoncello, the hautboy, and trombone, and all the wind and stringed instruments that ever gathered in a Dusseldorf jubilee should resolve that they would play out of tune, and put concord to the rack, and make the piece wild with shrieking and grating and rasping sounds, they could not make such a pandemonium as that which rages in a sinful soul when God listens to the play of its thoughts, passions, and emotion—discord, lifelong discord, maddening discord.

In olden the choristers had a tuning fork with two prongs, and they would strike it on the back of pew or music rack, and put it to the ear, and then start the tune, and all the other voices would join. In modern orchestra the leader has a complete instrument rightly attuned, and he sounds that, and all the other performers tune the keys of their instruments to make them correspond, and draw the bow over the string and listen, and sound it over again, until all the keys are screwed to concert pitch, and the discords melt into one great symphony, and the curtain hoists, and the baton taps, and audiences are raptured with Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," or Rossini's "Stabat Mater," or Bach's "Magnificat" in D.

Now, our world can never be attuned by an imperfect instrument. Even a Cremona would not do. Heaven has ordained the only instrument, and it is made out of the wood of the cross, and the voices that accompany it are imported voices, cantatrices of the first Christmas night, when heaven serenaded the earth with "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Lest we start too far off and get lost in generalities, we had better begin with ourselves, get our own hearts and lives in harmony with the eternal Christ. Oh, for his Almighty Spirit to attune us, to chord our will with his will, to modulate our life with his life, and bring us into unison with all that is pure, and self-sacrificing, and heavenly! The strings our nature are all broken and twisted, and the bow is so slack it cannot evoke anything melodious. The instrument made for heaven to play on has been roughly twanged and struck by influences worldly and demonic. O master hand of Christ, restore this split, and fractured, and despoiled, and unstrung nature, until first it shall wait out for our sin and then thrill with Divine pardon!

The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. I was in the Fairbanks Weighing Scale Manufacturing, of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they have never had a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise: So, all the world over, labor and capital will be brought into euphony. You may have heard what is called the "Anvil Chorus" composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, now with mighty stroke, and now with heavy stroke, beating a great iron anvil. That is what the world has got to come to—anvil chorus, yardstick chorus, shuttle chorus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, pickaxe chorus, gold-mine chorus, rail-track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done, and it will be done. So all social life will be attuned by Gospel harp.

There will be as many classes in society as now, but the classes will not be regulated by birth, nor wealth, nor accident, but by the sense of virtue and benevolence, and people will be assigned to their places as good, or very good, or most excellent. So, also, commercial life will be attuned, and there will be twelve in every dozen, and sixteen ounces in every pound, and apples at the bottom of the barrel will be as sound as those on the top, and silk goods will not be cotton, and sellers will not have to charge honest people more than the right price because others will not pay, and goods will come to you corresponding with the sample by which you purchase them, and a cone will not be chiseled, and sugar will not be sand, and milk will not be chalked, and adulteration of food will be a State prison offense. Aye, all things shall be attuned. Elections in England and the United States will no more be a grand carnival of defamation and scurrility, but the elevation of righteous men in a righteous way.

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song, but I would not wonder if, as sometimes on earth a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, and it is one tune with the variations, so some of the songs of the redeemed may have playing through them the songs of earth; and how thrilling, as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harpers with their harps, and trumpeters with their trumpets, if we should hear some of the strains of Antioch, and Mount Pisgah, and Coronation, and Lenox, and St. Martin's, and Fountain, and Ariel, and Old Hundred! How they would bring to mind the praying circles, and communion days and the Christmas festivals, and the church worship in which on earth we mingled! I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we are to bid farewell to all these grand old Gospel hymns, which melted and raptured our souls for so

many years. Now, if sin is discord, and righteousness is harmony, let us get out of the one and enter the other. After our dreadful civil war was over, in the summer of 1869, a great national peace jubilee was held in Boston, and as an elder of my church had been honored by the selection of some of his music, to be rendered on that occasion, I accompanied him to the jubilee. Forty thousand people sat and stood in the great Coliseum erected for that purpose. Thousands of wind and stringed instruments. Twelve thousand trained voices. The masterpieces of all ages rendered, hour after hour, and day after day—Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," rolling on and up in surges that billowed against the heavens. The mighty cadences within were accompanied on the outside by the ringing of bells of the city and cannon on the commons, discharged by electricity, in exact time with the music, thundering their awful bars of a harmony that astounded all nations. Sometimes I bowed my head and wept. Sometimes I stood up in the enchantment, and sometimes the effect was so overpowering I felt I could not endure it, especially when all the voices were in full chorus, and all the batons were in full wave, and all the orchestra in full triumph, and a hundred anvils under mighty hammers were in full clang, and all the towers of the city rolled in their majestic sweetness, and the whole building quaked with the boom of thirty cannon. Parepa Rosa, with a voice that will never again be equalled on earth until the archangelic voice so proclaims that time shall be no longer, rose above all other sounds in her rendering of our national air, "The Star Spangled Banner." It was too much for a mortal, quite enough for an immortal, to hear, and, while some faintly, one woman's spirit, released under its power, sped away to be with God.

O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubilee, and all islands of the sea join the five continents, and all the voices and all the musical instruments of all nations combine, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound only a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the cannon that ever hurled death across the nations sound forth eternal victory, and over all the acclaim of earth and minstrelsy of heaven there will be heard one voice sweeter and milder than any human or angelic voice, a voice once full of tears, but now full triumph, the voice of Christ, saying, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and last." Then, at the laying of the top-stone of the world's history, the same voices shall be heard as when, at the laying of the world's corner-stone, "the morning stars sang to gether."

WISDOM.
It is temper which makes the bliss of home or destroys comfort.
One great trouble in doing a mean action is that you are compelled to associate with yourself afterward.
Whoever fails to turn aside the ills of life by prudent forethought must submit to fulfill the cause of destiny.
Purity of heart and life gives a clearness to the mental horizon which nothing else can; it clears away a vast number of clouds and shadows.
A wise and kindly silence would often prevent incalculable injury. Especially should we avoid repeating what has been said in the heat of anger.
The memory of a beloved mother will often arm the heart and sway the life of a strong man, as her presence never did when, as a boy, she yearned over him.
We must ourselves ascend if we would lift others, and in this very upward climbing we are making the first and most essential step in social improvement.
When the whites of eggs are used, and the yolks are not required at the same time, drop the yolks into a small cup or glass, cover the surface with a little cold water and keep in a cool place.
If corned beef, tongue or ham is left to cool in the water in which it is boiled, the meat will be much better and more moist. All boiled meats should be cooked slowly, and never be allowed to boil rapidly.
Flatirons that become rough from rust or starch should be rubbed with yellow beeswax. Have a cake of the wax tied in a piece of cheesecloth. Heat the iron until it is very warm, but not hot, rub the iron briskly with the beeswax, then quickly rub with a clean, coarse cloth until the surface is smooth.

WORTH KNOWING.
The big crop of apples in Maine is making business lively for the railroads.
Commenting on the recent gift to Chicago university, the Boston Globe jealously remarks: "Them as has gets."
The business of shipping moss for packing nursery stock and plants is developing quite an industry at Vicksburg, Miss.
George Washington's monument, on South mountain, Maryland, was struck by lightning on Saturday night last and badly shattered.
A panorama of hell has just been painted by a number of Italian and Hungarian artists. They have asked King Humbert to inspect it.
Queen Victoria purchases almost every new book of note published, and her expenditure on literature of all sorts is over \$6,000 per annum.

The Fall Millinery.
The early fall hats have a rather severe aspect when compared with the fluffy, bellflowered hats of summer, but there is a stylish air about them and they give the wearer a distinguished appearance. Bonnets for elaborate occasions are airy, indeed, being made almost entirely of gathered tulle or lace and jet and trimmed with dark velvet, sprays of flowers and feathers. Some of these tiny affairs have a full crown perched upright at the back. Sprays of green oats and bunches of green wheat are showing themselves among the trimmings of the fall millinery, in opposition to the bright red cherries and currants that have been introduced for the decoration of fall hats.—New York Sun.

Mind Reading.
You can read a happy mind in a happy countenance without much penetration. This is the sort of countenance that the nondum bilious sufferer or dyspeptic relieves by Hostetter's stomach Bitters wears. You will meet many such. The great stomachic and alterative as so provides happiness for the malicious, the rheumatic, the weak and those troubled with inaction of the kidneys and bladder.

The following stories will be published in Harper's Round Table on Oct. 27th. "Mr. Parks' Obstreperous Sign," by Hayden Carruth (this is a Halloween story and is full of humor); "Texas," a tale of the early war troubles with Mexico, by A. G. Canfield; "My Adventure with Dacoits," by David Gilmore; "The Boy in War," by C. E. Sears; instalments of Mollie Elliot Seawell's serial story entitled "A Virginia Cavalier," and of Hayden Carruth's serial story entitled "The Voyage of the Kaituma." There will be the usual department of Interscholastic sport, photography, bicycling, stamps, etc.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Millinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

A Hint of the Millennium.
If ever the happy time should arrive when we are more interested to discover the excellencies of our neighbors and friends than their defects, and more anxious to study their ideals than to insist upon our own, a great impetus will be given to moral progress and to the true and cordial brotherhood of man.—New York Ledger.

Beeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.
The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark & Co., N. Haven, Ct.

The Carpenter Bee.
There is an English insect something like our bee, except that it is a rich violet in color, which deserves its name of carpenter bee. By the aid of a chisel provided by nature, this bee excavates a home in any piece of timber that suits its purpose. This house consists of ten or twelve rooms, and in them are reared the bee's young.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

The women who carries a man to reform him has no time to take proper care of her complexion.
Just try a box of Casarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.
It is the medicine prescribed by circumstances that hurts.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm
The pleasantest, safest and most efficient remedy known for every kind of cough, laryngitis, influenza, etc. Safe for all ages. Does not sicken or disagree with the stomach. Has been used very extensively by the most noted physicians in the hospital, of London, Paris and New York with the very best success.

Mrs. Hannah Shepard, 304 N. 16th Street, Omaha, Neb., writes: "Four years ago I had a large and coughed almost continuously for six years. I tried several doctors and various cough medicines but could get no relief. One package of Dr. Kay's Lung Balm cured me entirely." It is sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25c. Send address for very valuable free booklet.—Western Office: Dr. J. H. KAY MEDICAL CO., Omaha, Neb.



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It is equipped, upholstered in pattern, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed Pullman porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.
While neither as expensively furnished nor as large as look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in second class tickets are honored and the price of a berth is wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$5.
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