SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The Homesick Soul."

TEXT: "*I will arise and go to my father.*" Luke 15. 18.

There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen, nor hand, nor foot. There has been many an army defeated, not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread. A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carab.

Once in a while the people reduced to destitution would eat these carabs, but generally the carabs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine, and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not even get them without stealing them. So one day amid the swine troughs he begins to soliloquize. He says. "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in—feeding swine. I'll go home, I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father."

I know there are a great-many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin; but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of antiquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is a very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is whether we will follow him.

Satan promises large wages if we will serve him, but he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of perdition. Satan comes to us to-day and he promises all luxuries, all emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." Oh, the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution, "I will arise and go to my father."

In the time of Mary the Persecutor, a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said, "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said, "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said, "There is no heretic here." The woman said, "Look into the glass and you will see the heretic." As I take up the mirror of God's word to-day would that instead of seeing the prodigal son of the text we might see ourselves—our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition—so that we might be as wise as this young man was, and say, "I will arise and go to my father."

The resolution of this text was formed in disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers or training vines over an arbor or keeping account of the pork market or overseeing other laborers he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say, "I have a thousand dollars now of my own, what's the use of my going back to my father's house? do you think I am going back to apologize to the old man? why he would put me on the limits; he would not have going on around the old place such conduct as I have engaged in; I won't go home; there is no reason why I should go home; I have plenty of money, I am in pleasant surroundings, why should I go home?" Ah! it was his pauperism, it was his beggary. He had to go home.

Some man comes and says to me: "Why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the Nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason: A man never wants the Gospel until he realizes he is in a famine-struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home and you are in good, sound, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After a while you get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor."

But suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure, and I know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. You say: "Bring on that medicine; bring on that physician. I am terribly sick, and I want help." If I came to you and you feel you are all right in body, and all right in mind, and all right in soul you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness; oh, then you say: "Bring me that balm of the Gospel; bring me that divine medicament; bring me Jesus Christ."

But says some one in the audience, "How do you prove that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it by the statements of men or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say, "Let us have the statement of God." Well, He says in one place, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place, "What is man that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." He says in another place, "As by one man sin entereth into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is the reason, "There is one name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say, "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said, "I will arise and go to my father."

"Oh!" says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? How do I know, if I go back, I would be received?" "Oh!" says some man, "you don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered, you wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have committed!" What is that flutter among the angels of God? It is news, it is news! Christ has found the lost.

Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
The sinner lost, is found, they sing,
And make the welkin ring.

When Nansoon talked of going into Italy, they said: "You can't get there. If you know what the Alps was you wouldn't talk about it or think of it. You can't get you animunition wagons over the Alps." They had never seen the mountains. He put his hand toward the mountains he said, "There shall be no Alps." That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the travelers and the admiration of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God, there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving His hand over all the mountains of your sin and the hills of thy iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees; there shall be no Alps.

Again, I notice that this resolution of the young man of the text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is to be sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that child be ungrateful.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is,
To have a thankless child.

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father! So low-ing, so kind. If He had been a stranger, if He had forsaken us, if He had flagellated us, if He had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful—our treatment of Him, but He is a Father so loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for years wandering have never apologized. We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed one, two, a thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still farther that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I don't know how long this young man, how many months, how many years he had been away from his father's house; but there is something in the reading of our text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is, Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty of friends—you have said, "I would give the world to be home, to-night." Well, this young man was homesick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said, "Now, perhaps, father may not be living."

We read nothing in this story—this parable founded on everyday life—we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her here. But he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be. Many a man after having been off a long while has gone home and knocked at the door, and a stranger has come. It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out father is gone and mother is gone, and brothers and sisters all gone, and the young man of the text said to himself, "Perhaps father may be dead." Still he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here to-day homesick for God, homesick for heaven?

A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said: "Now you had better stay at home. Don't go away; we don't want you to go. You will have to serve in a great deal better place than this if you serve in heaven here." But it made him angry. The night before he went again to sea he heard his mother praying in the next room, and that made him more angry. He went far out on the sea, and a storm came up, and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the ratlines, and amid the shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room. He tried to whistle it off, he tried to rally his companions, but he could not silence that voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storm and the darkness he said: "O Lord! what a wretch I have been! what a wretch I am. Help me just now, Lord God." And I thought in this assemblage to-day there may be some who may have the memory of a father's petition or a mother's prayer pressing mightily upon the soul, and that this hour they may make the same resolution I had in my text, saying, "I will arise and go to my father."

A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe, went out into the sea, went out too far, got beyond his depth and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generally very generous fellows, and one gave him a coat and another gave him a jacket, and another gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's clothes and took them home, and the father was heartbroken, the mother was heartbroken at the loss of their child.

They had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event. But the lad took ship from Dublin and arrived in Liverpool the very day the garments arrived. He knocked at the door, and the father was overjoyed, and the mother was overjoyed at the return of their lost son. Oh, my friends, have you wanded one too deep? Have you waded down into sin? Have you wandered from the place? Will you come back? When you come back, will you come in the rags of your sin, or will you come robed in the Saviour's righteousness? I believe the latter. Go home to your God to-day. He is waiting for you. Go home!

But I remark concerning this resolution, it was immediately put into execution. The context says, "He arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian to-morrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve at the close to-night to become a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution.

There is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress! If this fever should depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to New York and attend to business. He is well physically—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow? There is a man who said long ago, "If I could live to the year 1891, by that time I will have my business matters arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian."

The year 1891 has come. January, February, March, April, May, June—over half of the year gone. Where is your broken vows. "Oh," says some man, "I'll attend to that when I can get my character fixed up. When I can get over my evil habits I can now given to strong drink," or, says the man, "I am given to uncleanness," or, says the man, "I am given to dishonesty. When I get over my present habits, then I'll be a thoroughly Christian." My brother, you will get worse and worse, until Christ takes you in hand, and makes you the righteous, saintly Jesus came to call."

CHECKS CONSERVATISM.

They Cling with Tenacity to the Belongings of Ancestors.

Creole women cling with tenacity to the belongings of their ancestors. The antiques that bring marvelous sums away from New Orleans are yielded up only upon the decay of urgent necessities and after many a grievous heart-throbs. The dealers can tell you: "Yes, there is some wonderfully wrought furniture; there are great vases and wares of great value, and we know where to place our hands upon them, but no money will buy them now. Them Creole women, they are not poor enough yet. They all say: 'You want my bed? No! Not for $1,000.' They bed! Why, my grandfather died on it!"

There is one old dealer on the Rue Chartres who shakes his head, shrugs his shoulders and smiles knowingly while he says: "When they needs bread bad then I get what I want for $25, and maybe not so much. Them old French women, they used to be glad for $1. Somebody told them better, and now they get greedy, too."

There died recently in the free wards of the Charity Hospital a woman who while in her prime, held in her possession furniture such as a queen might envy, says the Illustrated American. A few days previous to her demise she consented, after many solicitations, to be taken away from the solitude and destitution of a three-roomed shanty in the third district. The little, antiquated but was in a most dilapidated state, making it a positive danger to one's limbs to cross the floor. The foundation had given way, and to enter one had to step down from the banquette. Imagine in such a place furnishings that might deck a palace. Buffet, escritoire and fauteuils of ebony mounted in brass bed, armoir and dresser such as a millionaire would exhibit with pride; and beyond, in merely a little shed of a room, upon a rickety kitchen table, Sevres dishes such as the rich put in cabinets upon the wall; priceless porcelains holding stale morsels of bread, which a forlorn-looking rooster tossed contemptuously with his beak. Even then it may be difficult to understand how, with death so near at hand and poverty pressing hard—the love of association is so great—an offer of $125 for a small writing desk should meet with a prompt refusal. It was one of the King's Daughters who had proffered the money, and to whom was promised the coveted piece on condition of assuming the burial expenses. Perhaps, after all, these evidences of gentility were all that made the present worth the living: to lie down in the couch of ease and beauty, to see daily a little something of the elegances of the past, was more imperative than what, to less culture, would be deemed the necessaries of life.

Watercress and Onions.

The watercress is a plant containing very sanitary qualities. A curious characteristic of it is that if grown in a rapid rugious stream it absorbs into itself five times the amount of iron that any other plant does. For all anemic constitutions it is, therefore, specially of value. But it also contains proportions of gallic and sulphur of iodine and phosphate and is a blood purifier, while abroad it is thought a most wholesome condiment with meat, roast or grilled. The cultivated plant is rather more easy of digestion than the wild one. Botanically the onion belongs to the lily family.

The odor of the vegetable, which is what makes it so unpleasant, is due to a volatile oil, which is the same as that in garlic, though in the onion it is milder and naturally does not last so long. There are, besides, easy ways of removing at once all unpleasantness from the breath. A little parsley or a few grains of coffee, or even a swallow or two of milk, if taken after eating, proves an effective remedy. Boiled onions are the least objectionable in regard to odor, and are as easily digested as any.

The oil in the onion passes off in the water in which the vegetables are boiled, and if the kettle be kept closely covered and the water changed after they have boiled five minutes, and then again ten minutes later, there will be no odor throughout the house, and the onions will be white instead of gray, as they so often are. Besides being rich in flesh-forming elements, raw onions are especially good in breaking up a heavy cold; they are also stimulating to fatigued persons and are otherwise beneficial.—[Chicago Herald.

Georgia Folk-lore.

Here is a contribution in the shape of folk-lore gossip as heard among the Georgia crackers. It is a survival of the old English superstitions.

"When it is ebb tide the slits in a cat's eyes are horizontal. When it is flood tide they are vertical. Kill a frog and it will rain hard for three days. If a cock walks in at the door, turns around and crows, he announces a death in the family. Potatoes will not thrive unless they are planted in the dark of the moon, and a child born at the full of the moon will be a boy. If you open an umbrella in a house the only person present will die, and the same thing will happen if a fiddle-string breaks. If a man has a yellow dog at the door of his house, and a door bell. If you stumble and fall, a friend is coming to see you. When there is a knock on the door, the door knob or the door bell. It is not wise to set a hen during a certain part of August, because the life of the world is at its lowest ebb then. If you drop a pair of scissors and one point sticks in the floor a visitor will come from the direction toward which the other leg is extended. A child that has never seen its father can cure whooping cough by blowing down the patient's nostrils."—[Atlanta Constitution.

DISPUTE WITH CAMELS.

A Place Where Neither Man Nor Beast Stands on Ceremony.

Tunis, one of the Barbary States, North Africa, has greatly fallen since the time when with Sicily it formed the granary of Rome. With the dissolution of the Roman Empire it became a province of the Greek Empire, from which it was wrested by the ~~Caliphs of Bagdad. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century it was~~ independent, and became a terror on account of its piracy, which did not cease until near the middle of the present century. In 1574 the country became dependent on Turkey, but again became independent in 1871. The Berlin Congress turned it over to the tender mercies of the French, who reduced the country to subjection in 1881, making the Beyor ruler of Tunis a mere vassal. Since then French rule is exercised over its 2,100,000 people, most of whom are wandering and intractable Bedouins. The capital of the State, Tunis, which stands on the shore of a narrow lagoon which communicates with the Bay of Tunis through a narrow channel called Goletta, is Mediæval in its aspects.

European customs have gained little recognition beyond the adoption of the European military system, until the French occupancy, and those then introduced are confined to the foreign section of the city. The streets are narrow, unpaved and filthy, no sewerage being known; the houses are generally low; the walls are without windows and the doors are kept barred. Occasionally people shuffle their way through the streets, crowded with camels, Bedouins and itinerant musicians and dancers of both sexes, to the Mosques, of which there are 500 in Tunis. The women are all heavily veiled when they appear in public, showing rather an old fashion rather than a religious duty. How the custom was first adopted is thus related by a Tunisian official: The Pasha's wife was taken sick with small-pox. A European physician was called; guarded by two eunuchs, he was permitted to enter the chamber of the lady. Curtains concealed the bed. The physician insisted upon seeing the face of the suffering woman, but the eunuch refused, giving to the doctor a description of her face. When the doctor asked to see her tongue, her face was covered with a cloth in which a small hole had been cut; through this opening the sick woman shoved her tongue. When the physician felt her pulse, her hands and arms were covered, and the doctor was asked to close his eyes while counting the pulse. Subsequently the custom of veiling became general. Although the homes of the common people are poor in the extreme, the residences of the officials are marvels of luxury and everywhere through the city are royal palaces, deserted—monuments of architectural beauty and superstition. Tunisian etiquette requires that no Bey should reside in a palace where a predecessor had died, and thus in the past the demise of the high sovereign of Tunis was the occasion of the erection of a new palace. Some of the old palaces are now occupied by English, American, German and French representatives.

He is a mighty mean man who gets himself to look the other way while he puts a plugged dime into his own pocket savings bank and then chuckles over it.

If Marion Manola keeps on getting married and unmarried at the rate she has recently established, she will soon have to hire a private secretary and stenographer to keep track of what her name is.

What's in a name? Thomas Lawless is in a St. Louis hospital on account of a battering he got while trying to save a young girl from insult by a couple of rowdies, and James Thoroughgood has been sentenced to death in Delaware for felony.

A few days ago a Minnesota man stole a saw-mill, and now comes the story of a North Dakota man stealing a barn. It is lucky there are no very high peaks in these States. Somebody might climb up and steal the firmament right out from under the angel's feet.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has decided to turn the Lathrop memorial in Albany over to the trustees of the local orphan asylum and endow it with $5,000 a year, so as to secure relief from personal attention to this charity which she founded in memory of her parents several years ago. New cares in connection with the Leland Stanford University will prevent her visiting Albany as frequently as hitherto.

In the cold, unsympathetic days of winter it may be all right to talk about "emancipated women," but when the soft, velvety zephyrs of spring begin to woo the nodding daisies and the sunkissed heather blushes red with blooming, roses it seems to be time for woman to look arms, not arms, with man and shoulder to shoulder with him, set out in search of an ice-cream parlor.

SALTING THE GRAVEL.

Selling a Mine to Chinamen in the Old California Days.

In 1851 a party of American miners had been working a claim near Columbia, Tuolumne county, California, and not having even found the "color," they became discouraged, the more so as a company of Chinamen a short distance above them were doing very well. The Americans having expressed a willingness to sell, one day three Chinamen went to look at the claim. They talked over among themselves, and finally asked the owners at what price they would sell. Of course the Americans made it out rich and put a high figure on it, though, in fact, they were relieved to sell out at any price, being sure that the ground was worthless. It was decided that the Chinamen should bring their picks and pans next day to prospect, and if they were satisfied they would buy at the figure agreed upon.

The miners, thinking it would probably be their last chance to sell, determided to salt the claim. It was a large piece of ground, and the trouble was where to put the "salt." One of the men got hit upon a very ingenious plan. He took a gun and went, as he said, to get a quail or two, but in reality to kill a snake. As there were a great many about the place, he soon killed a large gopher snake, which resembles the rattlesnake in appearance, but is perfectly harmless to man. Putting his game into a bag, he returned to camp.

On being asked by his companions what he had brought back for supper, he shook out the snake and explained his idea thus:

"Now, boys, when the Chinamen come to-morrow, they won't allow any of us to be too near, because they're afraid of 'salt.' Well, Jim, you walk along on top of the bank and have that dead snake in your pocket. Bill and me will stay talking to the Johns, I'll have my gun over my shoulder as if I was going for a rabbit, only you see I'll put salt into the gun instead of shot. We'll find out where they are going to pan out next, and you be looking on, innocent-like with the snake ready to drop where I tell you. When them fellers start to talk there, just slide down the bank, and when we all get there, I'll holler, 'Scatter, boys!' and before they know what's up, I'll fire the 'salt' all around here and make believe I killed the snake. How'll that do?"

Next morning four Chinamen came prepared for work. They tried a few places, but of course did not get the "color." The Americans kept at a distance so that there could be no complaint.

"Well, John," said the schemer, "where you try next, over in that corner?"

The Chinamen were suspicious in a moment. They were familiar with salted mines, and they were well on their guard. "No likee dis corn'. Tlie him lider corn'," pointing to the opposite side.

"Why, what's the matter with that corner? I thought it was pretty sure that they would buy at the figure agreed upon. Why, I felt pretty sure they had struck some of the "salt," but the Chinamen said nothing except "Claim no good. Mucha man talkee too muchee." The Americans, knowing the game, refused to take less than the specified price, which the Chinamen finally paid, and in two days the sellers were off to new diggings.

The strangest part of the story is that the claim turned out to be one of the best in the district. The Chinamen made a great deal of money, sold out and went home.—[The Century.

Cannibalism in Australia.

You don't hear much about them, but there are cannibals in Australia to-day. Sure? Well, not so very when you take into consideration the character of the country. The Australian black is about the same relation to that country that the American savage does to this. When you get away from the towns into the brush you will find plenty of them who would kill you, and there is nothing they would relish better than to make a barbecue out of you, provided that there was no danger of being caught. Collectively they have the greatest fear of the white man, for they know that he punishes severely. They prefer to roast their victims. A stew they consider very good, but as a rule they lack the facilities and means of making broth. When a plump white stranger is captured and killed, the body is carefully cured. It is then bound to a stout, long pole, which in turn is supported by other end about two and a half feet from the earth by forked sticks. Beneath the sticks a fire is built, and when a proper number of coals are made the long pole with its choice morsel is put up and it is there permitted to simmer and roast until it is done to a turn, the roasters occasionally sticking their fingers into the body to test the degree of tenderness.—[Kansas City Times.

A Mammoth Tank.

The largest reservoir or artificial lake in the world is the great tank of Dhebar, 12 miles southeast of Udaipur, Rajputana, which covers an area of 21 square miles. Its greatest depth is 1,000 feet, its long by 98 feet broad, 50 feet wide at the base and 15 feet at the top.

A Dog that is a Mind Reader.

Speaking of cats and dogs reminds me of Rags, the favorite companion of a well-known in artistic and literary circles in New York city. Whether Rags believes in godliness is not known, but he certainly does not value cleanliness, for whenever his mistress makes preparations for his bath Rags condenses himself into the smallest ball of flesh and hair, and hides away in a dark corner. He has learned to associate with the dreaded operation a certain blue-checked gingham apron which his mistress always dons, and whenever that is taken from the drawer Rags bolts.

A few days ago Rags and his mistress were walking on Broadway, and the latter, having noticed several well groomed pugs and poodles, thought: "Rags must have a bath when I go home." "Ah, indeed! Will we?" quoth Rags to himself. "We'll see about that." And when they returned, without waiting to have his harness unbuckled—usually his first request after a walk—he fled away from his mistress, condensed himself rapidly and effectually and was soon ensconced behind a lounge, from which he could peep from time to time.

"Now I am safe," thought Rags. "What fun it will be to watch her put on the apron, draw the water and fetch the soap and towels! Oh, dear! and then she'll call: 'Rags! Rags! Come here, Rags! Come to your mistress?' Not much, ma'am, no horrid bath for me. Then she'll snoop about looking for Rags. There! she's taking off her bonnet; now she's gone into the other room, I'll peep my head out and watch her tie on that apron. Well! I declare, she isn't going to get it this time. How long she sits by the fire! I must have made a mistake about that bath, but I certainly thought she would give me one. There's no use in staying here in this uncomfortable place. I guess I'll go have these straps unfastened." But here is where human intellect triumphed over canine intelligence, for his mistress was waiting for him apronless, and he had his bath after all. When Rags was warming his silken hair in front of the fire his mistress was telling this story to a friend in the same apartment house.—[Chicago News.

Mormonism in Tahiti.

"Mormonism," said Judge Charles Leconte, of Tahiti, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, is thriving in our little island. The head of the sect is Bishop Smith, one of the disciples of Brigham Young. He is the only white mormon on the island. The rest are natives and number about ten thousand. The head of the sect, a native, is one of the richest men on the island. He is a pearl diver by profession.

He has a great many working for him and last year his profits amounted to $50,000."

"Is polygamy practiced?"

"Not openly," said the judge with a smile. "And the French laws are as rigidly drawn as are the laws of the United States. But they are not rigidly carried out and the result is that a man in Tahiti can have as many wives as he wants.

"Our climate is beautiful and living is not very expensive. Three months of the year—October, November and December—are by the inhabitants devoted to pearl fishing and the other months to trading with the inhabitants of the other islands. Yes, a good place for a young man to go if he has money, otherwise unless he wants to commit suicide by starving he had better remain away."—[Chicago Post.

IN BAD HUMOR.

Editor's Child—What's the matter with papa to-day? He's in an awful bad humor.

Editor's Wife—Yes, my dear. The regular funny man of the paper is sick and your father is trying to keep the department going.—[Good News.

A Good Appetite

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Three years ago I was compelled to throw up my place because of blood poison. Hot Springs' physicians and mercury did me no good. Through the advice of another I began taking S. S. S., and to-day I am well and at work again. What more can I say for the medicine, except "go and do likewise."

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It has not been many years ago when cottonseed was considered as an encumbrance by farmers and planters, who dumped them on any waste piece of ground convenient. "That which was a waste product a few years ago now furnishes employment for over $20,000,000 capital," says the Manufacturers' Record, "forms a basis for nearly 200 mills, over forty fertilizer factories, and also supplies excellent food for fattening live stock. Even as late as 1880 there were only forty oil mills in existence, most of them small and poorly equipped, the aggregate capital invested being $3,500,000. Now there are 194 mills, and over $20,000,000 has been invested in the business. The increase in the mills has been greater in the size and quality than in the number. Many of the oil mills that were badly constructed and fitted with antiquated machinery have been abandoned, and the business concentrated in the newer and more thoroughly equipped mills. The Cotton Oil Trust has pursued this policy and has ceased to operate a number of mills that it purchased. In the crop year 1889-90 about 1,000,000 tons of seed were crushed, yielding about 37,000,000 gallons of oil, but for the year 1890-91 it is estimated that only 800,000 tons will be crushed."

Minted Gold That is Lost.

How much gold has been lost to circulation? The Treasury Department declines to do any official guessing. That the amount now out is considerably less than $244,050,005 is admitted. The "loss" is variously estimated. It is put at $25,000,000 by some and at $100,000,000 by others. There is no way of verifying or contradicting these estimates.—[Washington Letter.

$100 Reward. $100.

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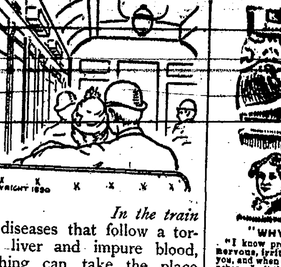

In the train

of diseases that follow a torpid liver and impure blood, nothing can take the place of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Nothing will, after you have seen what it does. It prevents and cures by removing the cause. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, and builds up both strength and flesh, when reduced below the standard of health. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Scrofula, or any blood-taint it's a positive remedy. It acts as no other medicine does. For that reason, it's sold as no other medicine is. It's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

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