SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The Excited Governor."

TEXT: "Felix trembled and answered, Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season I will call for thee."—Acts xxiv., 25.

A city of marble was Cæsarea—wharves of marble, house of marble, temples of marble. This being the ordinary architecture of the place, you may imagine something of the splendor of Governor Felix's residence. In a room of that palace, floor tessellated, windows curtained, ceiling fretted, the whole scene affluent with Tyrian purple and statues and pictures and carvings, sat a very dark complexioned man of the name of Felix, and beside him a woman of extraordinary beauty, whom he had stolen by breaking up another domestic circle. She was only eighteen years of age, a princess by birth, and unwittingly waiting for her doom—that of being buried alive in the ashes and scoriæ of Mount Vesuvius, which in sudden eruption one day put an end to her abominations.

Well, one afternoon Drusilla, seated in the palace, weary with the magnificent stupidities of the place, says to Felix: "You have a very distinguished prisoner, I believe, of the name of Paul. Do you know he is one of my countrymen? I should very much like to see him, and I should very much like to hear him speak, for I have heard so much about his eloquence. Besides that the other day, when he was being tried in another room of this palace and the windows were open, I heard the applause that greeted the speech of Lawyer Tertullus as he denounced Paul. Now, I very much wish I could hear Paul speak. Won't you let me hear him speak?" "Yes," said Felix, "I will. I will order him up now from the guardroom."

Clank, clank, comes a chain up the marble stairway, and there is a shuffle at the door, and in comes Paul, a little old man, prematurely old through exposure, only sixty years of age, but looking as though he were eighty. He bows very courteously before the governor and the beautiful woman by his side. They say: "Paul, we have heard a great deal about your speaking. Give us now a specimen of your eloquence." Oh, if there ever was a chance for a man to show off, Paul had a chance there! He might have harangued them about Grecian art, about the wonderful waterworks he had seen at Corinth, about the Acropolis by moonlight, about prison life in Philippi, about "what I saw in Thessalonica," about the old mythologies, but "No!" Paul said to himself, "I am now on the way to martyrdom, and this man and woman will soon be dead, and this is my only opportunity to talk to them about the things of eternity."

And just there and then there broke in upon the scene a peal of thunder. It was the voice of a judgment day speaking through the words of the decrepit apostle. As that grand old missionary proceeded with his remarks the stoop begins to go out of his shoulders, and he rises up, and his countenance is illumined with the glories of a future life, and his shackles rattle and grind as he lifts his fettered arm and with it hurls upon his abashed auditors the bolts of God's indignation. Felix grew very white about the lips. His heart beat unevenly. He put his hand to his brow as though to stop the quickness and violence of his thoughts. He drew his robe tighter about him, as under a sudden chill. His eyes glare, and his knees shake, and as he clutches the side of his chair in a very paroxysm of terror he orders the sheriff to take Paul back to the guardroom. "Felix trembled and said: Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

A young man came one night to our services, with pencil in hand, to caricature the whole scene and make mirth of those who should express any anxiety about their souls, but I met him at the door, his face very white, tears running down his cheek, as he said, "Do you think there is any chance for me?" Felix trembled, and so may God grant it may be so with others.

I propose to give you two or three reasons why I think Felix sent Paul back to the guardroom and adjourned the whole subject of religion: The first reason was, he did not want to give up his sins. He looked around. There was Drusilla. He knew that when he became a Christian he must send her back to Azzius, her lawful husband, and he said to himself, "I will risk the destruction of my immortal soul sooner than I will do that." How many there are now who cannot get to be Christians because they will not abandon their sins! In vain all their prayers and all their churchgoing. You cannot keep these darling sins and win heaven, and now some of you will have to decide between the wine cup and unlawful amusements and lascivious gratifications on the one hand and eternal salvation on the other

Delilah sheared the locks of Samson; Salome danced Herod into the pit, Drusilla blocked up the way to heaven for Felix. Yet when I present the subject how I fear that some of you will say: "Not quite yet. Don't be so precipitate in your demands. I have a few tickets yet that I have to use. I have a few engagements that I must keep. I want to stay a little longer in the whirl of conviviality—a few more guffaws of unclean laughter, a few more steps on the road to death, and then, sir, I will listen to what you say. 'Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.'"

Another reason why Felix sent Paul to the guardroom and adjourned this subject was he was so very busy. In ordinary times he found the affairs of state absorbing, but those were extraordinary times. The whole land was ripe for insurrection. The Sicarii, a band of assassins, were already prowling around the palace, and I suppose he thought, "I can't attend to religion while I am so pressed by affairs of state." It was business among other things that ruined his soul, and I suppose there are thousands of people who are not children of God because they have so much business. It is business in the store—losses, gains, unfaithful employes.

It is business in your law office—subpœnas, writs you have to write out, papers you have to file, arguments you have to make. It is your medical profession, with its broken nights and the exhausted anxieties of life hanging upon your treatment. It is your real estate office, your business with landlords and tenants and the failure of men to meet their obligations with you. Aye, with some of those who are here it is the annoyance of the kitchen, and the sitting room, and the parlor—the wearing economy of trying to meet large expenses with a small income. Ten thousand voices of "business, business, business" drown the voice of the eternal Spirit, silencing the voice of the advancing judgment day, overcoming the voice of eternity, and they cannot hear; they cannot listen. They say, "Go thy way for this time." Some of you look upon your goods, look upon your profession, you look upon your memorandum books, and you see the demands that are made this very week upon your time and your patience and your money, and while I am entreating you about your soul and the danger of procrastination you say: "Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

Oh, Felix, why be bothered about the affairs of this world to make more than about the affairs of eternity? Do you not know that when death comes you will have to stop business, though it be in the most exciting period of it—between the payment of the money and the taking of the receipt? The moment he comes you will have to go. Death waits for no man, however high, however low. Will you put your office, will you put your shop in comparison with the affairs of an eternal world, affairs that involve thrones, palaces, dominions eternal? Will you put 200 acres of ground against immensity? Will you put forty or fifty years of your life against millions of ages? Oh, Felix, you might better postpone everything else, for do you not know that the upholstering of Tyrian purple in your palace will fade, and the marble blocks of Cæsarea will crumble, and the breakwater at the beach, made of great blocks of stone sixty feet long, must give way before the perpetual wash of the sea, but the redemption that Paul offers you will be forever? And yet and yet and yet you wave him back to the guardroom, saying "Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

Again, Felix adjourned this subject of religion and put off Paul's argument because he could not give up the honors of the world. He was afraid somehow he would be compromised himself in this matter. Remarks he made afterward showed him to be intensely ambitious. Oh, how he hugged the favor of men!

I never saw the honors of this world in their hollowness and hypocrisy so much as in the life and death of that wonderful man, Charles Sumner. As he went toward the place of burial, even Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, asked that his remains stop there on their way to Boston. The flags were at half mast, and the minute guns on Boston Common throbbed after his heart had ceased to beat. Was it always so? While he lived how censured of legislative resolutions how caricatured of the pictorials; how charged with every motive mean and ridiculous, how all the urns of scorn and hatred and billingsgate emptied upon his head: how, when struck down in Senate chamber, there were hundreds of thousands of people who said, "Good for him; serves him right;" how he had to put the ocean between him and his maligners that he might have a little peace, and how, when he went off sick, they said he was broken hearted because he could not get to be President or Secretary of State!

O, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who is that man that sleeps in your public hall covered with garlands and wrapped in the stars and stripes? Is that the man who, only a few months before, you denounced as the foe of republican and democratic institutions? Is that the same man? Ye American people, ye could not by one week of funeral eulogium and newspaper leaders, which the dead senator could neither read nor hear, atone for twenty-five years of maltreatment and caricature.

When I see a man like that, pursued by all the hounds of the political kennel so long as he lives and then buried under a great pile of garlands and amid the lamentations of a whole nation, I say to myself: What an unutterably hypocritical thing is all human applause and all human favor. You took twenty-five years in trying to pull down his fame and then take twenty-five years in trying to build his monument. My friends, was there ever a better commentary on the hollowness of all earthly favor? If there are young men who read this who are postponing religion in order that they may have the favors of this world, let me persuade them of their complete folly. If you are looking forward to gubernatorial, senatorial or presidential chair, let me show you your great mistake.

Can it be that there is now any young man saying: "Let me have political office, let me have some of the high positions of trust and power, and then I will attend to religion, but not now. 'Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee!'"

And now my subject takes a deeper tone, and it shows what a dangerous thing is this deferring of religion. When Paul's chain rattled down the marble stairs of Felix, that was Felix's last chance for heaven. Judging from his character afterward, he was reprobate and abandoned. And so was Drusilla.

One day in the southern Italy there was a trembling of the earth, and the air got black with smoke intershot with liquid rocks, and Vesuvius rained upon Drusilla and upon her son a horrible tempest of ashes and fire. They did not reject religion. They only put it off. They did not understand that that day, that that hour when Paul stood before them, was the pivotal hour upon which everything was poised, and that it tipped the wrong way. Their convenient season came when Paul and his guardsman entered the palace. It went away when Paul and his guardsman left. Have you never seen men waiting for a convenient season? There is such a great fascination about it that, though you may have great respect to the truth of Christ, yet somehow there is in your soul the thought "Not quite yet. It is not time for me to become a Christian." I say to a boy, "Seek Christ." He says, "No. Wait until I get to be a young man." I say to the young man, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I come to midlife." I meet the same person in midlife, and I say, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I get old." I meet the same person in old age and say to him, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I am on my dying bed." I am called to his dying couch. His last moments have come. I bend over the couch and listen for his last words. I have partially to guess what they are by the motion of his lips, he is so feeble, but rallying himself he whispers until I can hear him say, "I—am—waiting—for—a—more—convenient—season," and he is gone!

I can tell you when your convenient season will come. I can tell you the year. It will be 1894. I can tell you what kind of a day it will be. It will be the Sabbath day. I can tell you what hour it will be. It will be between 8 and 10 o'clock. In other words, it is now. Do you ask me how I know this is your convenient season? I know it because you are here, and because the elect sons and daughters of God are praying for your redemption. Ah, I know it is your convenient season because some of you, like Felix, tremble as all your past life comes upon you with its sin, and all the future life comes upon you with its terror. This night air is aglare with torches to show you up or to show you down. It is rustling with wings to lift you into light or smite you into despair, and there is a rushing to and fro, and a beating against the door of your souls with a great thunder of emphasis, telling you, "Now, now is the best time, as it may be the only time."

May God Almighty forbid that any of you, my brethren or sisters, act the part of Felix and Drusilla and put away this great subject. If you are going to be saved ever, why not begin to-night? Throw down your sins and take the Lord's pardon. Christ has been tramping after you many a day. An Indian and a white man became Christians. The Indian, almost as soon as he heard the gospel, believed and was saved, but the white man struggled on in darkness for a long while before he found light.

After their peace in Christ the white man said to the Indian, "Why was it that I was kept so long in the darkness and you immediately found peace?" The Indian replied: "I will tell you. A prince comes along, and he offers you a coat. You look at your coat, and you say, 'My coat is good enough,' and you refuse his offer, but the prince comes along, and he offers me the coat, and I look at my old blanket, and I throw that away and take his offer. You, sir," continued the Indian, "are clinging to your own righteousness; you think you are good enough, and you keep your own righteousness, but I have nothing, nothing, and so when Jesus offers me pardon and peace I simply take it."

My reader, why not now throw away the wornout blanket of your sin and take the robe of a Saviour's righteousness—a robe so white, so fair, so lustrous, that no fuller on earth can whiten it? O Shepherd, to-night bring home the lost sheep! O Father, to-night give a welcoming kiss to the wan prodigal! O friend of Lazarus, to-night break down the door of the sepulcher and say to all these dead souls as by irresistible fiat: "Live! Live!"

THE first good argument for the use of the high-heeled shoe has just been brought out by a Chicago police report. A policeman saved Jennie Keeley from death by catching the heel of her shoe as she tried to jump from the railing of the Randolph street bridge. Naturally her attitude was not graceful while he hung on to the heel and called for help, and her appearance was not improved when she was finally pulled back to the bridge, but those are minor considerations. A high-heeled shoe saved her life, or rather a policeman saved her life by means of a high-heeled shoe. A slipper would have meant death; a shoe with an ordinary heel would have afforded the policeman no facilities for distinguishing himself in such a remarkable way. Nothing but a high-heeled shoe would have been of any service to him at that critical moment. The moral of this is plain. Every woman contemplating suicide should wear a high-heeled shoe, and the higher the heel the better, so long as it is strong. Possibly it might be well to pass a law requiring intending suicides to wear such a shoe, the strength of the heel to be tested by some official appointed for that purpose. However, we leave that to the police officials, merely insisting that the utility of the high-heeled shoe has been demonstrated, and that hereafter male scoffers should keep quiet on the subject.

JUSTICE CHARLES F. BROWN, of the Supreme Court of New York, will, we trust, accept the compliments of the season and permit his name and example to be held up for the emulation of all other justices and judges soever. Justice Brown alighted from his carriage in Newburg where two citizens were fighting with their fists. He forthwith filed an interpleader with his strong right arm, and, having thus become a party in interest, hurled the contestants in opposite directions to the curbs of the street. Thereupon the judge withdrew from the case and drove away. The ordinary practice would have been for the judge to have avoided the issue until one of the fighters had killed the other, sat in judgment on the survivor while he was found guilty by a jury, then granted an appeal or supersedeas or stay until the case grew heavy with age. Justice Brown's plan is better and shorter, but it requires too much nerve and muscle to come into general favor with judges.

EMINENT engineers have on foot a movement to investigate the sinking of the delta country in Louisiana, which it is known is steadily falling. From a number of beach marks made by surveyors years ago on trees and elsewhere, and a comparison of the mean level of the Gulf now with that of twenty years ago, in connection with the existing marks, the fact has developed that the delta coast has sunk more than a foot. New Orleans is now six inches lower than it was forty years ago. The engineers will investigate the causes of the depression.

THERE are innumerable ways of being useful in the world, and each man has his peculiar gifts and qualifications. Each man will walk in the path best adapted to him; but there is no reason why every path should not lead toward the benefiting of men in general. Good principles are just as good for the artist as for the poet as for the artisan, for the poet as for the plowman, for the man of business as for the clergyman. It makes no difference what you do, as long as it is just, and you are honest and diligent in the doing of it.

A CARPING spirit rarely goes with a working spirit. It is easier to find fault with what some one else does than it is to do something one's self, hence a man who enjoys doing the easier thing is disinclined to do the harder one. As a rule, men are divided into the two classes of those who growl and those who work; and each class is alike devoted to its own mission. But when it comes to the relative worth in the community of the two classes, everybody can see the difference.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

In the Anarchist Club—Not for Publication—When Skillfully Done—The Right Man, Etc., Etc.

IN THE ANARCHIST CLUB.

Inner Guard (to Head Center)—You ordered beers for every man in the room?

Head Center—Yes.

Inner Guard—Well, there's a little red-headed man who says he never drinks beer.

Head Center—Confusion, we are discovered!—[Pearson's Weekly.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION.

Suspicious Mamma—Ethel, what detained you so long at the door just now when Mr. Spoonamore went away?

Ethel (smoothing her rumpled hair) Nothing to speak of, mamma.—[Chicago Tribune.

WHEN SKILLFULLY DONE.

Sympathizing Friend—It must give one a queer feeling to have one's pocket picked.

Victim—You don't feel it at all. That's the misery of it.—[Chicago Tribune.

THE RIGHT MAN.

Clara—I wish I knew of a good dentist.

Maude—I can recommend you to one, dear. They say he makes splendid false teeth.

PROFESSIONAL INSTINCT.

She was engaged in conducting a department for a magazine, and her mind was very much with her work.

"Did you receive my letter?" he asked.

"Yes."

"The one asking you to be mine?"

"Yes."

"Then," he said almost fiercely, "why did you not answer it?"

"Why, William," and there was both surprise and reproach in her voice, "you know you forgot to send stamps for reply."—[Washington Star.

SCARCITY OF SILVER.

Guest (facetiously)—There are two spoons in my teacup. What is that a sign of?

Hostess's Little Son—That's a sign that somebody else hasn't got any spoon. [Good News.

A GRIEVANCE.

"I'd like to know what ails these spectacles!" grumbled Mr. Skinnphlint. "I've always taken the very best care of them, but they've begun to fail me. I can't see through them well any more."

"Why don't you take them back to the man you bought them of?" asked Mrs. Skinnphlint.

"I would if I could," he rejoined savagely, "but he died fourteen years ago."—[Chicago Tribune.

AN OLD ONE.

"Talk of killing that elephant in Central Park reminds me of a baby that was fed on elephant's milk and gained twenty pounds in a week."

"Goodness gracious! Whose baby was it?"

"The elephant's."—[Hallo.

APPARENTLY ALL HUMP.

The cyclist with an ambition to be mistaken for a racing man rode up to a wayside watering trough, steadied himself by putting one foot on it and called out to the farmer on the other side of the fence:

"Can you tell me how far it is to the next town?"

"I can't tell which way you're travelin'," replied the farmer, "unless you raise your head so's I can see where it's fastened on. I'm a leetle near sighted."—[Chicago Tribune.

PRICELESS.

Her eyes, like purest diamonds,
sparkle full of light;
Like rubies were her lips, her
teeth like pearl.
I think you'll all admit that I am in
the right
When I contend she was a jewel
of a girl.—[New York World.

ONE OF THE EXCEPTIONS.

Hungry Higgins—See this here sign in the winder?

Weary Watkins—Of course, "Bathing suits."

Hungry Higgins—I jist wish to remark, comrade, that it don't suit me.—[Indianapolis Journal.

STRICTLY FORBIDDEN.

Cholly—Have a stick of chewing gum, ole chappie?

Fweddie—Naw, thanks. My physician says I have got to quit my blawsted dissipating.—[Chicago Tribune.

HE LOOKED SO.

"Dobson claims to be a self-made man."

"He looks like an amateur job."

THE SUBSTANCE OF IT.

Judge Guffey—What passed between yourself and the complainant?"

O'Brien—I think, sor, a half-dozen bricks and a piece of pavin' stone.—[Raymond's Monthly.

THE WAY GIRLS DO.

Harry—Has Mabel's engagement been announced yet?

Ethel—No; but she blushes frightfully every time his name is mentioned and says she just hates him.—[New York World.

EVEN WITH HER.

"Is this the smoking car?" she asked in choice Bostonese, as she peered through her girlish spectacles into the uncultured conductor's face.

"No, miss," he answered, with a glad, joyous feeling that for once he was getting even with a woman; "it is not."

She disappeared into the interior of the car, but in a few moments came out livid with rage.

"You—told—me," she said in icy tones, "that it was not a smoking car."

"It is not, miss. None of our cars smoke. It is the smoker's car."—[Detroit Free Press.

KNOW THYSELF.

Teacher—You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, is filthy, likes dirt, and is fond of mud. Well, Tom?

Tom (shamefacedly)—That's me!

HE TALKED TOO MUCH.

Mrs. Meekers (during the spat)—And why don't you explain why you kept you so late last night?

Mr. Meekers—I will, but—

Mrs. Meekers (sobbing)—You won't, oh, you know you won't. You're cruel.

Mr. Meekers—Now, Emily—

Mrs. Meekers—And [sob] you treat me terribly, and I wish we'd never been married—

Mr. Meekers—Emily, I want—

Mrs. Meekers—There you go again, evading my question, as though I had no rights at—

Mr. Meekers—I want to say—

Mrs. Meekers—And talking so I can never got a word [sob] in edgewise.

[Dissolves into a flood of tears.]—[Chicago Record.

SHORT METRE.

Say, Sweller—Why is one o' your arms so much shorter than the other—Hu?

Sweller—I uster be a short hand writer.—[Puck.

A MODERN ITE.

Now doth the would-be fisherman
Begin his yearly wishing;
While night and day we hear him
say
He'd like to go a-fishing.

At night he looks his tackle o'er,
Caresses reel and rod,
Then lays them by, and with a sigh
Goes out and buys a cod.
—[Boston Courier.

'T IS SAD, BUT TRUE.

Johnny—I tell you, my mother is just lightning when she gets after you with a slipper.

Tommy—Naw; you're off! Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.—[Puck.

ALREADY THAT WAY.

Tom—I believe I'm becoming dull.

Fred (who means to be comforting)—Nonsense. It's positively absurd to speak of your becoming so.—[Chicago Record.

SMALL CHANGE.

Conductor (to lady passenger)—Haven't you anything smaller than this dollar?

The Lady—Why, of course. How stupid of me! Here is a five-dollar gold piece.—[Truth.

FROM EXPERIENCE.

Bingham—There goes a man who has a strong pull?

Wilber—What is he? A politician?

Bingham—No. A barber.—[Inter-Ocean.

A MODERN MATCH.

Employer—Want to marry my daughter, eh? And next, I suppose, you'll want your salary raised so that you can support her.

Employee—Oh, no, sir! I shall expect you to support us both.—[Kate Field's Washington.

AN ANALOGY.

"Doesn't it seem a pity to cut these roses from their stems just to decorate a room? They only wither and die."

"Well, they'll wither and die anyhow; and for my part, I hope that when I wither and die it will be after having been plucked from the parent to decorate a household."—[Harper's Magazine.

VERY TIGHT.

"Money's awfully tight, isn't it?"

"Yes; I haven't even any loose change."

MAKING SURE.

Waiter—I expect you to pay in advance.

Guest—What do you mean, sir?

Waiter—No offense, sir, whatever; but the last gentleman who ate mackerel here got a bone in his throat and died without paying, and the gov'nor took it out of my wages.—[Spare Moments.

A PRESENT FROM PAPA.

"What did your pa give you for your birthday, Johnny?"

"He had me hair cut."—[Hallo.

Indisputable.

You spend $1 for a bottle of medicine for a complaint when one box of Beecham's Pills, costing only 25cts, will cure it. All known diseases? This is because constipation is the cause of nearly all diseases, and Beecham's Pills cure constipation. A valuable book of knowledge mailed free, on request, by B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal street, New York.

During the Moscow campaign of 1812 Napoleon lost 51,000 soldiers by fever.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, use the true and permanently cure habitual constipation, awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, cold or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Josiah, the name of a great Hebrew king, meant the Fire of the Lord.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Over 3,000,000 cases of influenza occurred in Europe during the epidemic of 1889.

Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure

Saves the expense of a physician in several cases of croup, bronchitis and congestive colds. A. P. Hosie, Buffalo, N. Y., Prop'r.

Zenobia is Greek, and means the Life of Jove.

Shiloh's Cure.

Sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption; it is the Best Cough Cure; 25c., 50c., $1

There is a thirty-two pound cat in Los Angeles, Cal.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

During the last Turco-Russian war the Russian army lost 40,000 men by measles.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

Chronic Indigestion

Kept me in very poor health for five years, I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and my digestion was helped by the first three doses.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I have now taken over four bottles and I firmly believe it has cured me, and also saved my life. MRS. R. E. PRINCE, Bushville, N. Y.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

"Hot Enough to Roast Eggs."

We often hear persons make use of the metaphorical expression quoted in the headline when referring to an exceptionally hot day. Such an experiment may seem a little "far fetched" and "out of the ordinary," but there are many cases on record where scientists have actually cooked eggs by exposure to the heat of the sun "until they were powdery to the center." Sir J. C. Ross made a similar experiment in New Zealand.—St. Louis Republic.

THROW IT AWAY.

There's no longer any need of wearing clumsy, chafing Trusses which give only partial relief at best, never cure, but often inflict great injury, inducing inflammation, strangulation and death.

HERNIA (Breach), Rupture, no matter of how long standing or of what size, is promptly and permanently cured without the knife and without pain. Another Triumph in Conservative Surgery is the cure, of

TUMORS, Ovarian, Fibroid and other varieties, without the pain of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula, and other diseases of the lower bowel, promptly cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized and washed out, thus avoiding cutting.

STRICTURE of urinary passage is also treated with unfailing success. Abundant References, and Pamphlets, on above diseases, sent sealed, in plain wrapper, 10 cts. (stamps). WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Warren's Natural ASPHALT Ready-to-Roofing. Durable—Easily Applied. This roofing contains no tar and will not dry up, become brittle under extremes of heat and cold. Send for free samples and Circulars. Warren Chemical & Mfg. Co., 80 Fulton Street, New York. U. S. A.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25cts.