SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "Worth Living."

TEXT "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"—Lamentations iii., 39.

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from, and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises, and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moments says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says in my text life is worth living.

In a book supposed to be doleful and lugubrious and sepulchral and entitled "Lamentations" he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The author of my text cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion and generous salary and happily affianced and in the way to become the partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tiptop of the bill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the bill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest, and you ask him, he will say, "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast, and you ask him, he will say "No." How are we, then, to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the "noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, it all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the richest, and the next to them those who are half as rich. There is not a scissors grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks.

You ought to see them jump when they hear the firebell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when some bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths, he would find he is made up of copper and gold and silver and zinc and lead and coal and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come.

They send footmanned and postillioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort, she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches, she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate, she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony, she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money getting fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life, he is miserable. The two most unfortunate men in this country for the six months of next presidential campaign will be the two men nominated for the presidency. The reservoirs of abuse and diatribe and malediction will gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hogshead above hogshead, and about autumn these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and submerged and strangulated, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be bathed at by all the fountains of political parties from Maine to Texas.

And you know there is a foolish way to say struggling for the privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can be murdered and abused cheaper than that! Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you. But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position.

Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or the show of wealth is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out and out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known human vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times a day and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable, and yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or a show of wealth is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth if you only get it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over and then come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position! What is the use of forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah, my friends, when you really lose your money how quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year and every month and every hour which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium and a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you sent to that cradle, or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription, "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry. Others decided that I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave me that. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome or resist or lift or smite or wave or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

"Here is a world which, after 6000 years of battling with tempest and accident, is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics, a book with leathern cover almost worn out and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived—that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.

"If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of His Son, one Jesus, He will give help to a man. To Him I appeal. God help me! Here I have yet sixty years to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept and garnished and illumined and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxemburg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years. I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years? I will try. God help me!"

That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried; he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side, and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him; "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy or eighty years of age. You can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words: "His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire in olden times there was a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. [illegible] work to earn a living for them. [illegible] to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the good presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the maker-maker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife: "Her children arise up and call her blessed. Her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two eldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economics are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential and preaches righteousness, judgment and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after a while he commands listening senates as he makes a plea for the downtrodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder, but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out one went through the hospital of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and homesick, and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every time Christ thought of her He said, as of old, "The same is My sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon of the forenoon when she has been devoted to her household she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start the telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying, "Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram, saying, "Come; mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother, taking the last look or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question, "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life, is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in 10,000 philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches with her weak arm, standing one night in the hospital, pushing back a German soldier to his couch as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed toward the door and said: "Let me go! Let me go to my liebe mutter." Major-Generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the heroine of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her, and that people of all lands asked for her lighthouse, and that the proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre, in London, offered her $100 a night just to sit in the lifeboat while some shipwrecked scene was being enacted.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds who read this. You say, "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah, my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace, but who despises the door of the Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life if rightly lived is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity!"

As was expected, it turns out that Santo, the assassin of President Carnot, but executed the decree of a band of anarchistic conspirators, of which he was a member. One of his associates committed suicide to escape arrest. This increases the horror of the situation in France, for there is no knowing when or how the next blow of these blood-mad fanatics may fall. They do not fear death, but rather glory in it; consequently executing them carries no exemplary force, and extermination of such a shrewd, cunning, and secretive lot of wolves as hold to the propaganda of violence is well-nigh impossible.

THE Czar does not seem inclined to heed a petition from America concerning an American citizen whom he has sent to Siberia. It is not surprising. The Czar's own people have vainly been trying to reach him with petitions, poison and bombs, ever since his worthy sire was subjected to disintegration.

RATHER curious to reflect that we are sending only a prize fighter to represent America in the dramatic world during the present London

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

SEASONABLE HINTS AND MATTERS OF MOMENT.

Enterprising Femininity--The Small Girl's Coat--Danger in the Balloon Sleeve--A Claim to Fame--For Engaged Girls Only--Etc., Etc.

ENTERPRISING FEMININITY.

The young women of Tenant's Harbor have raised $50 with which they have bought lumber for a new sidewalk, and now they say that if the boys don't turn out and build the walk they will do it themselves. —[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

THE SMALL GIRL'S COAT.

A coat of pale blue pique is considered the latest fashion for the small girl. It is trimmed with bands of white insertion, and a collar of white embroidery falls well over the shoulders. Wide blue satin ribbons tie at the neck, the long ends reaching to the bottom of the little frock.

DANGER IN THE BALLOON SLEEVE.

The big sleeves are becoming as great a menace to woman's safety as hoops were in their day. The spectacle of a blazing sleeve startled a crowd coming out of a theatre the other night, and though the fire was extinguished the wearer was much frightened and very mad at the ruin of her gown. It seems a boy struck a match for his cigarette and carelessly threw away the light. He wasn't a bad shot, but the enormous sleeve was wholly to blame. —[Boston Herald.

A CLAIM TO FAME.

The Mother Hubbard wrapper was designed by a woman in a little country village in New York State. She made three or four of these garments and sold them to the people in the village. A buyer for a clothing shop was passing through the village and saw the garments. He gave an order for some to be shipped to his firm. The woman who invented them now employs 200 or 300 women. For the name Mother Hubbard she receives a certain sum, and has literally laid by enough money to keep her from want, even though the demand for these articles of feminine attire may cease any day.

FOR ENGAGED GIRLS ONLY.

If you are an engaged girl of course you have started a "medley trunk." Don't you know what a "medley trunk" is? It is the latest fad, and a very sensible one, too. As soon as the engagement is announced the bride to be buys a trunk, the larger the better, and then her friends and acquaintances at once proceed to fill it for her. One donates a fine table cloth and napkins, another a few towels or a bit of lace, another a bureau cover or a couple of pair of gloves, and so it goes on, gradually filling up with odds and ends, the gifts of generous friends, until at last, when the wedding day has actually arrived there is a varied but valuable assortment in the medley trunk that puts some of the utterly useless offerings that will be stored away in safe deposit vaults completely to shame.—[New York Journal.

WHAT IS THE SECRET?

The finest head of hair in San Francisco is said to be the possession of Mrs. Switzer. It is dark, glossy and fine, and reaches almost to the bottom of her dress, while a few years ago it trailed a yard on the floor. She wears it high on her head, and no one suspects her of such an overabundance until she lets it fall around her. She is obliged to have it thinned very often, and there is enough cut away to make a plentiful amount for another woman, but she never misses it.

A young lady student in Palo Alto has most remarkable hair. Light in color, fine in texture and naturally curly, like the hair of poetical fancy, it falls in great undulating waves below the waist like a veritable mantle of golden silk.

One woman of German extraction has quantities of yellow-brown hair, which reaches below her knees, and yet she can coil it high on her head and fasten it with one pin.

Soap and water are the only tonics used. The color of the hair seems to make no difference in the quantity, the dark hair being quite as abundant as the fluffy blond locks.

San Francisco boasts of seven maidens called the "Beritoni Sisters" whose hair is the envy of all the ladies on the block.

FASHION NOTES.

A rose, a buckle, and a twist of ribbon around a wire is now called an evening bonnet.

Blouse waists, tightly belted at the waist with broad belts, and loose just above the belt, are worn this summer.

Make wash dresses up plainly, without "frills," if you would have them look dainty after they have gone through the wash.

The Eton jacket has lengthened and taken the form of a cutaway, which looks very masculine, and has

[illegible] ing. A[illegible]
[illegible] ford it [illegible]
[illegible] belt.

If the children wear tan [illegible] stockings, be sure to have [illegible] match in color. It is better [illegible] to wear plain black than [illegible] their little limbs decorated wi[illegible] combinations of red-brown [illegible] yellow-brown.

A very summery affair in [illegible] made of black chiffon, finely [illegible] over a second cape of the same [illegible] terial in white. It is caught up [illegible] satin bows on the shoulders, and [illegible] a yoke of spangled net, finished [illegible] a shirred flounce of chiffon.

Stiff bunches of tiny rosebu[illegible] used on hats. They are inva[illegible] used in twin fashion, and not [illegible] quently make a pretty nest [illegible] which aigrettes, single quill[illegible] single narrow loops of ribbon [illegible] defiantly erect.

Green, in its light, cool sh[illegible] and the rosy blues known as [illegible] are being used for class day gow[illegible] one in the green being of crepon[illegible] the delicate golden green shade, [illegible] bined with white moire and lavi[illegible] trimmed with white Venetian all[illegible]

For some women, linen cuffs ha[illegible] go out of fashion, and these whi[illegible] glad to notice the return of thes[illegible] use. It is a fact that nothing [illegible] add an air of prim neatness to [illegible] plainest gown more completely t[illegible] a small pair of starched white cu[illegible]

Sleeves are worn larger than [illegible] They are generally made in one pi[illegible] very balloon-like at the top and [illegible] ing rather snugly up to the elb[illegible] They are made the same way [illegible] shirt waists, except that a ci[illegible] added, which may be either strai[illegible] or turned back.

Bodices have become even m[illegible] decorative, if possible. What w[illegible] adjustable sleeves, yokes, reefers [illegible] other similar inventions, the w[illegible] is often a mystery. Round wa[illegible] predominate, finished with a [illegible] band of silk fastened with a buc[illegible] or bow. Buckles are indispensa[illegible] with shirt waist belts.

Big bows of ecru lace fastened [illegible] front to the middle of the crown [illegible] coarse yellow straw hats are v[illegible] stylish. These bows are genera[illegible] secured with rhinestone ornamen[illegible] and the additional trimming consi[illegible] of black velvet ribbon rosettes w[illegible] pink or satin ribbon with viole[illegible] chiffon drapery and lilacs, &c.

Very pretty silk waists are m[illegible] with blouse fronts and trimmed w[illegible] diagonal rows of wide white guipe[illegible] inserting. The belt of such a wa[illegible] is of ribbon or of narrowly fold[illegible] silk, and the collar is of inserti[illegible] and silk turned down, or, if a st[illegible] be preferred, is made of the silk i[illegible] plain or in plaits.

Handsome white linen dresses [illegible] embroidered with sprays and b[illegible] quets of flowers in natural colo[illegible] The waists of these gowns h[illegible] sleeveless Eton jackets with tu[illegible] back revers of the prevailing co[illegible] of the embroidery. Grayish bl[illegible] linen, embroidered with yellow, [illegible] the material employed for one [illegible] these dresses, made abroad.

The silk ginghams, muslins and [illegible] such soft wash fabrics need a gr[illegible] deal of ribbon, and it adds immen[illegible] ly to such gowns to have two sets [illegible] color, viz., with a yellow gingham [illegible] have yellow ribbon for sash a[illegible] collar, and bow on the yoke, if bo[illegible] be used, and the same quantity [illegible] heliotrope to be used when one d[illegible] not care to be all in one color.

It makes a woman appear ordi[illegible] indeed to wear large quantities [illegible] coarse or cheap lace. This has b[illegible] a very common failing [illegible] "berthas" and stocks with the[illegible] bib came in vogue, and it sho[illegible] avoided. If one must trim su[illegible] gowns with lace it should be [illegible] even though there is little of it, [illegible] if that is impossible do not hav[illegible] lace.

The Feet of a Fly.

If the foot of a fly is put under [illegible] glass of a good microscope it may [illegible] seen how simple is the contriv[illegible] that seems able to defy the law[illegible] gravitation. The foot is made up [illegible] two pads, covered with fine, "s[illegible] hairs, with a pair of curved he[illegible] above them. Behind each pad [illegible] tiny bag filled with clear liquid g[illegible] the hairs also being hollow and fi[illegible] with the same sticky fluid. Aw[illegible] fly glides rapidly over a smooth s[illegible] face every step presses out a sup[illegible] of gum strong enough to give hi[illegible] sure footing and to sustain hi[illegible] safety if he halts. So strong is [illegible] cement that upon one of his six [illegible] is quite sufficient to sustain [illegible] weight of his whole body. If [illegible] stands still any length of time, [illegible] gum is apt to dry up and har[illegible] and so securely fasten the fly's [illegible] as to make a sudden step snap [illegible] leg itself.—[Chicago Herald.

A Needle in His Nose.

Rory Rayne, of Guthries Co[illegible] Roads, Pike County, Penn., ex[illegible] enced a severe pain in the end of [illegible] nose one day recently. A thr[illegible] needle gradually worked itself [illegible] and [illegible] great relief [illegible] nose, whi[illegible] [illegible] rousse, [illegible] his exp[illegible]

A NO-TO-BAC

MEDICAL REVELATION BY THE USE OF [illegible]

[illegible] Time of Twenty-three Years' Standing Cured by Chewing and Smoking Tobacco and Taking Twenty Pounds in Thirty Days.

LAKE GENEVA, Wis., July 21.—Special.—The ladies of one of our beautiful little town are talking of an interesting and exciting case for the tobacco-using husbands, since the injurious effects of tobacco and the ease with which it can be cured by a preparation called No-To-Bac, have been so plainly demonstrated in the case of Mr. F. C. Waite. In a written statement he says: "I smoked and chewed tobacco for twenty-three years, and I am glad that my case was one of the worst in that part of the country. Even after I went to bed at night, if I woke up I would want a chew or smoke. It was not only killing me, but my wife was also ailing from the injurious effects. Two boxes of No-To-Bac cured me, and I have no more desire for tobacco than I have to jump out of the window. I have gained twenty pounds in thirty days, my wife is well, and we are indeed very happy to say that No-To-Bac is truly a boon with its weight in gold to us."

The cure and improvement in Mr. Waite's case is looked upon as a miracle—in fact, it is the talk of the town and county, and it is estimated that over a thousand tobacco users will be using No-To-Bac within a few days. The peculiarity about No-To-Bac as a guest medicine is that the makers, the Sterling Remedy Company, No. 45 Randolph street, Chicago, absolutely guarantee the cure of three boxes to cure or refund the money, and the cost, $2.50, is so trifling as compared with the expensive and unnecessary use of tobacco that tobacco-using husbands have no good excuse to offer when their wives insist upon taking No-To-Bac for getting results in the way of pure, sweet breath, wonderful improvement in their mental and physical condition, with a practical revitalization of their nicotized nerves.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

Germany's proportion of suicides is larger than that of any other European country.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

Hall's Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves whooping cough.

Piso's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

At Cape Town (South Africa) houses let at the rate of $5 per room per month.

Hall's Clover Root, the great blood purifier. Gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

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

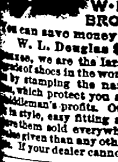
Australian Members of Parliament get $5 a day.

In Hot Weather

Nothing is needed to keep up the appetite, aid digestion and give good, healthful sleep. For these purposes Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted. As a blood purifier it has no equal, and it is chiefly by its power to make pure blood that it has won its fame as a cure for scrofula, salt rheum and all other similar diseases. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure headache and indigestion.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.



$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3. $2.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. $2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES $3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.

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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.