## pring

being removed. Winter broken and on all sides are of nature's returning life.

the time for purifying the system and renewing the system and renewing the loss connt, diminished perspiration and causes in the winter, impurities not passed out of the system as they , but have accumulated in the blood,

# boring

od purifier and g medicine is proved by its wonderof Hood's Sarsaparille

#### lood's **Sarsaparilla**

's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take. easy to operate. 250

T WILL NOT RUB OFF"

ABASTINE

URABLE AND BEAUTIFUL

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#### RIPANS TABULES

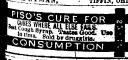
er (of Paris, Ky.), County homey of Bourbon Co., Ky., "I with advertisements of Ripans bales in the Louisville Courses and believing it was the me attached to the advertise-Spruce st., New York, from whom tained a box for 50 cents. I had e, but since I secured Ripans es, whenever I begin to feel ptoms of sick headache or some cape all the terrors of a ting headache. One taken atter d I now can get the Tabules ma local druggist. (Signed).

is Tabules are sold by druggists, all, if the price (50 cents a box) of the Ripans Chemical Company, Spruce st., New York. Sample tents.



and WHISKY habits cured. Booksezt where, Dr. B. M. HODLLEY, ATLANTA, GL. BODY A SINGER Prof. Keebler's Hom receipt of 25 cents in stemps: m-PROF, KOCHLER, Room 50, Station D, 25-27 3d Av., N Y

Profits Doubled



ago. I become nervous, sleepless, and lost flesh. I took a variety of medicines without benefit. At last I began a course of Ayer's Barsaparilla, I became stronger, gained flesh, and

## I am sixty years of age and from thood have been familiar with with a ware of Ayer.... Five years of the nervous, sleepless, and the state of the st

The season is Spring,-Spring when you call on your body for all its energy, and tax it to the limit

of effort. Does it answer you when you call? Does it creep unwillingly to work? It's the natural effect of the waste of winter. So much for the season. Now for the word. If you would eat heartily, sleep soundly, work easily, and feel like a new being, take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

HE LIFTED THE WHEEL

At one of the Allegheny foundries, where large east iron car wheels are made, a long-standing joke practiced on green hands by some of the older employes was to send two men after a pair of wheels. The old employe, who, in accordance with the plans, picked up a wheel which was an exact counterpart of the cast-from whicels weighing 500 pounds each, and litting his light burden, tradged away to another part of the establishment, while the other workmen, concealed in various places, laughed themselves hoarse at the frantic efforts made by the new man to carry the heavy iron wheel. Last week a big, strapping young Irishman, just landed from Limerick, secured employment at the place as a laborer. He was put to work with a little Englishman, not more than five feet three inches in height, and who weighed only 113 pounds.

ment at the piace as a laborer. He was put to work with a little Englishman, not more than five feet three inches in height, and who weighed only 112 pounds.

The two were often sent to carry moulds and other heavy articles, and the big Irishman complained that his partner was only a balf-man, and not fit to carry wheels for a clock tinker, not to talk about working in an iron foundry. The other men, seeing how affairs stood between the two who were so ungegent matched in strength, perceived an excellent opportunity to work the car-wheel joke for the hundredth 'time. They posted the little Englishman, and, after getting the foreman's consent, had the wooden wheel with its counterpart, a castiron one weighing 550 pounds, placed at the lower end of the foundry, and then they ordered the Irish giant and the British dwarf to go quickly and bring the couple of wheels.

The two started off together, and the men hid behind boxes and barrefs, and in anticipation of the fun, unbuttoned their vests so as to give their lungs full play for laughter. Little Billy, the Britisher, reached the place first, and, picking up the wooden wheel, hoisted it to the top of his head and started off with an easy motion that surprised the son of Erin, who was in doubt about the ability of the little fellow to carry one side of a wheel not to talk about lunging a whole one.

Pat then bent down, and after giving the iron wheel a mighty tug, straightened himself up, and with a look of the utmost amazement depicted on his face, watched the Englishman hurrying away with his load. Then it was that those who were near enough to the scene heard Pat make use of an awful oath- and stooping down, he seized the heavy wheel and hy an al-

load. Then it was that those who were near enough to the scene heard Pat make use of an awful oath, and stooping down, he seized the heavy wheel, and by an almost superhuman effort raised it up to a level with his head, and with the tremendous load in the air staggered into the other room and-threw it to the floor with a crash that shook the whole building. a crash that shook the whole building. The floor gave way mider the shock, and the wheel went clear through to the cellar, while the men who shook by in amazement watching the prodigious feat of strength finally broke forth in a shout of laughter and applause. Many a time had the joke been perpetrated, but never be-fore was the iron wheel lifted and carried till Pat performed the formidable task.

#### A Wise Judge.

A curious judgment was pronounced the other day by a judge in a court of law at Volisso, in the Island of Scio. An action for damages was brought by two persons against the local railway company for losses sustained by a collision. It appeared that a man had lost an arm, and a young woman had lost her husband. The judge, a Greek, assessed the damage thus: He gave 6,000 piastres to the man for the loss of his arm and 2,000 to the woman for the loss of her husband. At this there were loud murmurings, whereupon the judge gave his reasons in these terms: "My dear people, my verdict must remain, for you will see it is a just one. Poor Nikola has lost his arm and nothing on earth can restore that priceless limb. But you (turning to the woman) you are still young and pretty. You have now some money. you will easily find another husband, who possibly may be as good as-perhaps better than—your dead lord. That is my verdict, my people, and so it must go forth." So saying the judge left the hall. The people cheered him and congratulated themselves on having such a judge.

### Honest Cabbies.

Whatever may be the faults of the London cabmen, they are, as a rule, honest men. The property that has been left in cabs and restored to the owners within the past five years is shown by police statistics to represent in value not less than \$500,000.

# The Almana, says that whiter is ended and spring has come, but the winds, and the frosts, and the thermometer, in some places down to zero deny it. The psalmist lived in a more genial olimate than this, and yet he must sometimes have been cut by the sharp winter. In this chapter he speaks of the place like wool, the frost like ashes, the hall-above like wool, the frost like ashes, the hall-above like wool, the frost like ashes, the hall-above like marbles, and describes the congesiment of lowest temperature. We have all studied the power of the heat. How few of us have studied the power of the heat. How few who can stand before His cold?" This challenge of the text has many times been accepted. October 19, 1812, Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moscow. One hun-

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

TEXT: "Who can stand before His cold?" = Praim crivit., 17.

Subject: "Warming the

October 19, 1812. Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moscow. One hundred and fifty thousand men, 50,000 horses, 600 pieces of cannon, 40,000 stragglers. It was bright weather when, they started from Moscow, but 5000 something wrather than the hundred and hells ones for shot, and commanded that the object of tempest, marched after them, the lyring artillery for the heavens in pursuit. The troops at nightfall would gather into circles and haddle themselves together for warmth, but when the day broke they rose not, for they were dead, and the press. Came for their morning meal of corposes. The way was strewn with the rich staffs of the east, brought as booty from the flugsian capital. An invisible power seized 100,000 men and hurled them dead into the sonowdrifts, and on the hard surfaces of the othil rivers, gad into the mark of the dogs that had followed them from Moscow. The freezing horror which has appalled history was proof to all ages that it is a vain thing for any earthly power to accept the challenge of my text, "Who could staad before His cold?" In the middle of December, 1777, at Valley Forge, 11,100 troop were, with frosted ears and frosted bands and frosted feet, without shouse, without blankers, lying on the white pillow of the snow bank. As during our Oivil War the cry was, "On to Riebmond!" when the troops were not ready to march, so in the Revolutionary War there was a demand for wintry campaign until Washington lost his equilibrium and wrote emphatically, "I assure those gentlemen it is easy enough seated by a good fireside and in comfortable homes to draw out campaigns for the American Army, but I tell them it is not so easy to ile on a bleak hillside, without blankets and without shoes." Oh, the frigid horrors that gathered around the American Army in the winter of 1771. Valley Forge was one of the tragedles of the century. Benumbed, sense-less, dead! "Who can stand before His cold," "Not we," says the foren lips of Sir John Franklin and his men, dying in Arctic exploration. "Not we,

perate and the arctic zones who are compelled to confess, "none of us can stand before His cold."

One-half of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the North, the cotton of the South, the flax of our own fields, the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own finess, the wood from our own forests, all employed in battling these inclemencies, and still every winter, with blue lips and chattering teeth, answers, "None of us can stand before this cold." Now, this being such a cold world, God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the flost is the God of the heat; that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossoms; that the God of January is the God of June. The question as to how we warm this world up is a question of imbediate and all encompassing practicality. In this zone and weather they rufe so many fireless hearths, so many defective roofs that sin the snow. Coal and wood and flamnels and thick coal are botter for warming up such a place; than tracts and Bibles and creeks. Kindle that fire where it has gone out. Wrap something around those shivering limbs. Shoe those bare feet, Hat that bare head. Ocat that here back, to sew the patched garments, the hut sixteen feet long by fourteen feet wide—she comes forth from that but to nurse the stok, to sew the patched garments, to console the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better ploture of Martha Washington. But comes forth from that but to nurse the stok, to sew the patched garments, to console the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better ploture of Martha Washington. Bundreds of garbents, to work soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better ploture of Martha Washington the manner of the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better ploture of Martha Washington the manner of the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better ploture of Martha Washington and the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know we not, my friends, there are hundreds of thousands of people who ca

world, for R W 2 sold world in more respects than can and I am here to cooself. He would, I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches and all your homes throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent. It has many pipes with which to conduct heat, and it has a door in which to throw the fuel. Once get this heater introduced and it will turn the arctic zone into the temperate, and the temperate into the troples. It is the powerful heater, it is the plortous furnation of the control of the control of the country of the powerful heater, it is the plortous furnation of Christian sympathy. The question ought to be, instead of how much heat can we absorb, how finch heat can we throw absorb, how finch heat can we throw the world floating icebergs. They freeze everything with their forbidding look. The hand with which they shake yours is as cold as the paw of a polar bear. If they float into a religious meeting, the temperature drops from eightly above to ten degrees below zero. There are icicles hanging from their eyebrows. They float into a religious meeting and they chill everything with their joromieds. Cold prayers, cold songs, cold greetings, cold sermons. Christianity on ice! The Church a great refrigerator. Christians gone into winter quarters. Hibernation! On the other hand, there are people who go through the world like the breath of a spring morning. Warm greetings, warm prayers, warm smiles, warm Christian influence. There are such persons. We bless God for them. We rejoice in their companionship. A General in the English army, the army having balted for the night, having lost his beggage, lay down tired and sick-without, any blanket, An officer came up and said: "Why, you have no blanket. Pil go and get you a blanket." He departed for a few moments and there came back and covered the General up with a very warm planket. The General up with a very warm blanket. The General up with a very warm blanket. The General up with a very warm blanket. The General up with a very brink to the

rocky defile between Jerusalem and Jerioho in Scirpfure times. Here is a man who has been set upon by the bandits, and in the struggleto keep his property he has got wounded and mauled and stabbed, and he lies there hall dead. A priest rides along. He sees him and says: "Why, what's the matter with that man? Why, he must be hart, lying on the fast of his beak. Isn't it strange that he should lie there! But I can't stop. I am on my way to temple services. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties." After awhile a Levite comes up. He looks over and says: "Why, that man must be very much hurt. Gashed on the forehead. What it, it. What a pity! Why, they have taken his clothes nearly away from him. But'l haven't time to stop. I lead the choir up in the temple service. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties."

After awhile a Samaritan comes along—one who you might suppose through a National grudge might have rejected this poor wounded Israelite. Coming along he sees this man and says: "Why, that man must be terribly hurt. I see by his features he is an Israelite but he is a man and he is a brother. "Whoa!" "says the Satharitan, and he gets down off the beast and comes up to this wounded man, gets down on one knee, listens to see whether the heart of the unfortunate man is still beating, makes up his mind there is a chance for resuscitation, goes to work at him, takes out of his sack a bottle of oil and a bottle of winh, cleanses the wound with some wine, the nours some of the restorative in the wounded man, sign, then takes some oil and with it sooths the wound. After awhile he takes off a part of his garment for a bandage. Now the slok and wounded man sys, "You must get on my saddle, and I will waik." The Saharitan helps and tenderly steadies this wounded man helding on with the little strength he

man sits up, pale and exhausted, but very thankful. Now the good Samaritan says, "You must get on my saddle, and I will wab." The Samaritan helps and tenderly steadies this wounded man until he gets him on toward the taven, the wounded man notding on with the little strength he has left, ever and anon looking down at the good Samaritan up and saylog: "You are very kind. Thad no right to expect this thing of a Samaritan when I am an israelite. You are very kind to walk and let up ride."

Now they have come up to the tavern. The Samaritan, with the help of the landlord, assists the sick and wounded ann to dismount and puts him to bed: The Bibbs says the Samaritan staid all night. In the morning, I suppose, the Samaritan women and ask him how he passed the night. Then he comes out—the Samaritan comes out and says to the landlord: "Here is money to pay thatman's board, and if his convalescence is not as rapid as I hope for, charge the whole thing to me. Good-morning, all." He gets on the beast and says: "Go along, you beast, but go slowly, for those bandits weeping through the land may have left some-body else wounded and half dead." Sympathy! Christian sympathy! How many such men as that would it take to warm the cold world up? Eshnice in Zavepthath. Everything dried up. Thisr's is a fidlow with a son and no food except a handful of meal. She is gathering sticks to kindle a fire to cook the handful of meal. Then she is gooding to wran her arms around her boy and die. Here comes Eligiah. His two black servants, the ravens, have got tirod waiting on him. He asks that woman for food. Now, that handful of meal is to be divided into three parts. Before, it was to be divided into three parts. Before, it was to be divided into three parts. Before, it was to be divided into three parts. Before, it was to be divided into three parts. Before, it was to be divided into three parts. Before, it was to be divided into three parts. Before, it was to be divided into three parts. Before, it was to be divided into the odd world up?

condition of those not so fortunate as we's know ye not, my friends, there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot stand before this cold? It is useless to preach to have feet, and to smpty stomach, and to gaunt visages. Christ gave the world a leeses in common sense when, before preaching the gospel to the multitude in the mildernees. He gave them a good dinner.

When I was a lad I remember seeing two rough wondense, but they made more inpression upon me than any pictures I have sever seen. They were on opposite pages. The one woodcut represented the coming of the snow in winter and a isdocking out at the close of a great manion, and he was all the same boat and the boat was laking. Some one said, "Are you not willing to make the same was a miserable tenement, and the door was more than a continue of the same boat and the boat was the fine was a miserable tenement, and the door was my ped in turn, and has checks were riday, and with glowing countenance he shouted: "It snows, it anows!" On the next page there was a miserable tenement, and the door was open and a child, was not king uit, and a said. "A, my dod, it snows!" The some was a miserable tenement, and the door was open and a child, was and sick and a said. "A, my dod, it snows!" The some some said was a continue of the provention and the obscenity ranged and wretched, was looking uit, and a said. "A, my dod, it snows!" The some some said was a description of the same some and the obscenity and the first him preceding and the obscenity and the misma control and the single state.

with the sides pinned back and the white bandare on the how may not have accounted all the defounds of elegant taste, but you could not permane that seldies of pine 1000 miles Irom home that it was anything but an angel that looked him in the face. On, with cheery look, with helpful word, with kind-action, try to make the world warm!

Count that day lost whose low descending Views from thy hand no generous action done.

Views from thy hand no generous action done.

It was this strong sympathy that brought Ohrist from a warm heavent to a cold world. The sam where he dwift had a series sky, balsamic atmosphere, tropical luxuriance. No storm blasta in heaven. No shill fountains. On a cold December night Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the world's. frigidity. The thermometer in Palestine never drops below zero, but December is a cheerless month, and the pasturage is very poor on the billitops. Ghrist stepped out of a warm heaven into the cold world that cold. December night. The world's reception was cold. The surf of bestormed Galilee was cold. Joseph's sepulcher was cold. Christ came, the great warmer, to warm the earth, and all Ghristendom to-day feels the glow. He will keep on warming the earth until the tropic will drive away the arctic and the antarctic. He gave an intimation of what He was going to downen He broke up the funeral at the gate of Nain and turned, it into a reunion (estival, and when with His warm lips He melted the Galilean hurricane and stood on the deck and stamped His foot, crying "Silence!" and the waves crouched and the tempests folded their wings.

Oh, it was this Christ who warmed the

and stamped His foot, crying "Silences" and the waves crouched and the tempests folded their wings.

Oh, it was this Christ who warmed the oblited disciples when they had no food by giving Ahem plenty to eat, and who in the tomb of Lazams shattered the shackies until the broken link of the chain of death rattled into the darkest crypt of the mausoleum. In His genial presence the girl who had fallen into the fire and the water is healed of the catalepsy, and the withered arm takes muscular, healthy action, and the ear that could not hear an avalanche catches a leaf's rustle, and the tongue this could not arioulate trills a quatrain, and the blind eye was relumed, and Christ, instead of staying three days and three nights in the sepulcher, as was supposed, as soon as the worldly curtain of observation was dropped began the exploration of all the underground passages of earth and sea, wherever a Christian's grace may after awhile be, and started a light of Christian hope, resurrection hope, which shall not go out until the last cerement is taken off and the last mausoleum breaks open.

Ab! I am so glad that the Sun of Bight-

cerement is taken on and the last mausoleum breaks open.

Ab! I am so glad that the Sun of Right-cousness dawned on the polar night of the Nations. And if Christ is the great warmer, then the church is the great hothouse, with its plants and trees and fruits of right-cousness. Do you know, my friends, that the church is the institution that proposes warmth? I have been for twenty-seven years studying how to make the church warmer. Warmer architecture, warmer hymnology, warmer Christian salutation. All outside Siberian winter, we must have it a prince's hothouse. The only institution on earth to-day that proposes to make the world warmer. Universities and observatories, they all have their work. They propose to make the world light, but they do not propose to make the world warm. Geology, informs us, but it is ascold as the rock it hammers. The telescopeshows where the other worlds are, but an astronomer is chilled while looking through it. Chemistry tells us of strange combinations and how inferior affulty may be overcome by superior affinity; but it cannot tell how all things work together for good. Worldly, philosophy has a great splendor, but it is the splendor of moonlight on an iceberg. The church of God proposes warmth and hope—warmth for the expectations, warmth for the sympathies. Oh! I am so glad that these great altar fires have been, kindled. Come in out of the cold. Come, and have your vounds salved. Come, and have your slus pardoned. Come in by the great gospel fireplace.

Notwithstanding all the modern inventions for heating, I tell you there is nothing so full of geniality and sobiality as the old fashloned country fire-place. The neighbors were to come in for a winter evening of sociality. In the middle of the afternoon, in the best room of the house, some one brought it down on the back of the hearth. Then the lighter wood was put on, armfel after afful. Then a shovel of doah was taken from another room and put under the dry pile, and the kindling began, and the great have to the proposed of th

O frienos: urins, yes, and beloved."

My friends, that is the way the cold world is going to be warmed up, by the great gospel fireplace. All Nations will come in and sit down at that banquet. While I was musing the fire burned. "Come in out of the cold, come in out of the cold, come in out of the cold."

Emerson says, "A man is reliev gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best." If we need confirmation of this, we have but to look at the dreary and melancholy condition of the man who, on this fair earth and with all its opportunities, finds nothing to do.

In the opinion of some of the Londo ditors every movement in this country is a political dodge. It is true that the revolutionary war made one President and the battle of New Orleans another.

and the battle of New Orleans anomer, but patriotic trigger-pulling had more to do with it than wire-pulling.

Meanwhile the old ship of State

Meanwhile the old ship of State

the state of the hanks. It can water a least

and the state of t