FLOWERS OF EASTER.

Dr. Talmage Draws an Inspiration from Them.

The Eloquent Orator's Easter Discourse—Lessons Which the Flowers Bring to the Dispirited and the Bereaved.

(Washington, April 2. Copyright, 1899.)

In this Easter sermon Dr. Talmage interprets the message which the flowers bring to the anxious, the dispirited and the bereaved; text, Luke 12:28, "If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

The lily is the queen of Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times and won it, but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible train, cassia and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphor and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ. Caesar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the house of the interpreter and was shown a cluster of flowers and was told to "consider the lilies."

We may study or reject other sciences at our option—it is so with astronomy, it is so with chemistry, it is so with jurisprudence, it is so with physiology, it is so with geology—but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when He says: "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inhale their breath. Notice the gracefulness of their poise. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the eastern and the red lips of the American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilies are the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the Lady Washington of the Sierras, the Golden band lily, the Giant lily of Nepaul, the Turk's cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have the royal blood in their veins. But I take the lilies of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and their voice of floral beauty seems to address us, saying: "Consider the lilies, consider the azaleas, consider the fuchsias, consider the geraniums, consider the ivies, consider the hyacinths, consider the heliotropes, consider the oleanders." With deferential and grateful and intelligent and worshipful souls, consider them. Not with insipid sentimentalism or with sophomoric vaporing, but for grand and practical and everyday, and, if need be, homely uses, consider them.

The flowers are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak they thunder, when the whirlwinds speak they scream, when the cataracts speak they always whisper. I stand here to intrepet their message. What have you to say to us, O ye angels of the grass? This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject: What are flowers good for?

I remark, in the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential care. That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us today, saying: "God will give you appareland food." We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well sweep with which to draw water, but God feeds us with the bread of the sunshine, and God has appareled us with more than Solomonic regality. We are prophetesses of adequate wardrobe. "If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Men and women of worldly anxieties, take this message home with you! How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life? Half the journey of life? Three-quarters the journey of life? Can you not trust Him the rest of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman emperor had on his table at vast expense—500 nightingales' tongues—but He has promised to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities, not the luxuries—bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will He not provide for you, His living and immortal children? He will.

No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing desk for inspiration! Through the cracks of the prison door a flower grew up to cheer Picciola. Mungo Park, the great traveler and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die, but, seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and traveled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are the evangels of the sky.

If you ask me the question: "What are flowers for?" I respond, they are good for the bridal day. The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage altar must be covered with them. A wedding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulation and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is covered up with thorns, we ought to cover the beginning with orange blossoms.

Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases it is the very best thing that could have happened. The world may criticise and pronounce it an inaptitude and may lift its eyebrows in surprise and think it might suggest something better, but the God who sees the 20, 40, 50 years of wedded life before they have begun arranges for the best. So that flowers in almost all cases are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondences, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

There has been many an aged widowed soul who had a carefully-locked bureau, and in the bureau a box, and in the box a folded paper, and in the folded paper a half-blown rose, slightly fragrant, discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there 40 or 50 years ago. On the anniversary day of her wedding she will go to the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper, and to her eyes will be exposed the half-blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower, and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the anther, and it rounds out, and it is full of life, and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air, and vanished faces reappear, and right hands are joined, and a manly voice promises: "I will, for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing crowd, but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep-fetched breath the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper and then into the box, and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and with a sharp, sudden click of the lock the scene is over.

Ah, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers on your wedding day be false prophecies. Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellencies. Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the calla lilies.

If you ask me the question: "What are flowers good for?" I answer, they are good to honor and comfort the obsequies. The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable, that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery. What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard, with the fence broken down and the tombstone aslant and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullein stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the wave of roseate bloom rolling to the top of the mounds and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and under an embroidered blanket. We want old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards in Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand we want old Mortality to have some flower seed in the palm of the other hand.

"Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and trains coming to any living city as there are convoys coming from Heaven to earth, and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why has God planted golden-rod and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie, where no human eye ever sees them? He planted them there for invisible intelligences to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at the wild flowers of the woods and the table lands, will they not make excursion and see the flowers which you have planted in affection and remembrance of them?

When I am dead I would like to have a handful of violets—anyone could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water lily—nothing rarely expensive, no insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites, where the display takes the bread from the children's mouths and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperial catafalque of Russian czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by a Gospel sermon or Christian deed to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of China asters.

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we must have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain. If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden-handled casket or pine box, whether a king's mausoleum or potter's field, with radiant or aromatic arborescence. The Bible says: "In the midst of the garden there was a sepulcher." I wish that every sepulcher might be in the midst of a garden.

If you asked me the question: "What are flowers good for?" I answer: "For religious symbolism." Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arboretum, it is a Divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the brightest human life you will quote from Job: "Man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the psalmist: "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and the godliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the apostle: "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible symbolism!

All the cut flowers will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them. Though morning and night you baptize them in the name of the shower, the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cut them. They are bleeding their life away; they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits. Oh, yes! Flowers are almost human. Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink. They are sensitive. They have their likes and dislikes. They sleep, they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and their descendants, their birth, their burial, their cradle, their grave. The zephyr rocks the one and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslip must leave its gold, the lily must leave its silver, the rose must leave its diamond necklace of morning dew. Dust to dust. So we come up, so we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower—as the flower!

Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Flowers also afford mighty symbolism of Christ, who compared Himself to the ancient queen, the lily, and the modern queen, the rose, when He said: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." Redolent like the one, humble like the other. Like both, appropriate for the sad who want sympathizers and for the rejoicing who want banqueters. Hovering over the marriage ceremony like a wedding bell or folded like a chalet on the pulseless heart of the dead. O Christ, let the perfume of Thy name be wafted all around the earth—lily and rose, lily and rose—until the wilderness crimson into a garden and the round earth turn into one great bud of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God. Snatch down from the world's banners eagle and lion and put on lily and rose, lily and rose.

But, my friends, flowers have no grander use than when on Easter morning we celebrate the reanimation of Christ from the catacombs. The flowers spell resurrection. There is not a nook or corner in all the building but is touched with the incense. The women carried spices to the tomb of Christ, and they dropped spices all around about the tomb, and from these spices have grown all the flowers of Easter morn. The two white-robed angels that hurled the stone away from the door of the tomb hurled it with such violence down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulcher, and millions of dead shall come forth.

However labyrinthine the mausoleum, however costly the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolis, however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother, they must come out. Husband and wife, they must come out. Brothers and sisters, they must come out. Our darling children, they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers we closed must open in the luster of resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must joins ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be retuned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues. It must come up. Oh, how long it seems to some of you! Waiting, waiting for the resurrection. How long, how long! I make for your broken hearts to-day a cool, soft bandage of lilies. I comfort you this day with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's cathedral in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were 30 trumpeters stationed at the door of the cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and, when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's cathedral, these 30 trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on. But I have to tell you, what 30 trumpeters could not do for one man, one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, and the clock of the world's destiny strikes 9, 10, 11, 12, and time shall be no longer!

Behold the archangel hovering! He takes the trumpet, points it this way, puts its lips to his lips and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast! Look, look! They rise! The dead—the dead! some coming forth from the family vault, some from the city cemetery, some from the country graveyard. Here a spirit is joined to its body, and there another spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are assorting the bodies, and then reclothing themselves in forms radiant for ascension.

The earth begins to burn—the bonfire of a great victory. All ready now for the procession of reconstructed humanity! Upward and away! Christ leads, and all the Christian dead follow, battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up! On, on! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection!

And so I twist all the festal flowers of the chapels and cathedrals of all Christendom into one great chain, and with that chain I bind the Easter morning of 1899 with the closing Easter of the world's history—resurrection! May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will.

SATELLITE IN PHOTOGRAPH.

Pickering Tells of Discovery of the New Attendant on Saturn.

Prof. William H. Pickering, of Cambridge, Mass., speaking of the new satellite of Saturn, which he has just discovered and identified, says the sphere is 3½ times as distant from Saturn as is the satellite Iapetus, the outermost satellite of the planet hitherto known. Its period is about 17 months, and its magnitude 15½.

The discovery was made by Prof. Pickering in his examination of four photographic plates recently received from the Howard astronomical observatory at Arequipa, Peru, which were made with the famous Bruce photographic telescope. The satellite appears on each of the four plates and is positively identified as a new one.

The last previous discovery among the satellites of Saturn was made half a century ago in September, 1848, by Prof. George P. Bond, at that time director of the Howard college observatory.

Undocked Yearlings.

The Hunters' Improvement Society of Great Britain announces that at this year's horse show all yearlings must be undocked. Next year the rule will be applied to yearlings and two-year-olds, the next year it will be extended to three-year-olds, and so on, until all horses exhibited are provided with their natural caudal appendages.

Not Approved.

Uncle Amos—What does this mean about woman bein' a "ministerin' angel?"

Uncle Hiram—Oh, I s'pose it's one of them silly, new-fangled notions about women goin' in the pulpit.—Brooklyn Life.

We Are Building Many Warships.

It is said that while $42,395,192 worth of warships are now being built in American shipyards for our navy, the value of the ships now in course of construction in American shipyards for our merchant marine is but $19,716,900.

SMITHERS' RETORT.

He Makes a Tart Reply to the Landlady at the Private Family Boarding House.

Mr. Smithers is a somewhat fastidious young man who is looking for a new boarding place. Smithers can't abide the regulation boarding house, and always tries to live with a private family. He is now convinced that an "ad." which solicits boarders for a "nice private family" is often a snare for a stuffy double flat, inhabited by one small family and 24 boarders.

Smithers called one day last week at a place with a glowing description just on the flank of Michigan avenue's aristocracy.

"Hum, suspiciously like a boarding house," thought Smithers, as he took in the dimensions. A collarless negro servant who opened the door confirmed his suspicions, but he had gone too far then to back out. A sharp-nosed, snippy landlady came in with a top-lofty air.

"Er-ah, I believe I am mistaken," he began. "I supposed I should find a private family. By the advertisement—hu-m—"

The laughter and the familiar boarding house hum of 14 clerks and ten lady stenographers came up from the dining-room in the basement. The mistress of the conglomerate "private family" drew herself up proudly. "You are entirely mistaken, sir," she asserted, in a rasping, seven-dollar-a-week voice, "this is not a boarding house, although we have a few friends living with us."

Smithers sniffed the air. There was a distinct odor of prunes and corned beef.

"Well, I must say," he remarked, as he turned up his coat collar and fled down the steps, "that it smells like a boarding house, madam."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Kipling's Good Luck.

The first story that Kipling writes after his illness will bring a fabulous price. It will be sought as eagerly by progressive publishers as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is by all who suffer from stomach ills of any nature. No matter whether it be indigestion, constipation, biliousness, nervousness, stubborn liver or overworked kidneys, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will cure it. It is an unequaled spring medicine, curing and preventing malaria, fever and ague, and all ills resulting from a run-down system.

He Had Reason to Run.

The man came out of an office building on the run and started down the street.

"Here! Here!" cried the policeman on the corner. "What's your hurry?"

"There's a man back there tryin' to sell me a book on 28 weekly installments of $2.33 each!" cried the victim.

The policeman instantly released his hold.

"Run!" he cried. "Run like a white-head! Maybe you can get away from him yet."—Indianapolis Journal.

He Took It Gently.

"If they'd all do business that way," said the man in charge of the long-distance telephone as a young man laid down the fee and went out, "this wouldn't be a bad job to hang on to, but he is an exception."

"In what respect?"

"Why, he called up Chicago, asked a girl to marry him, got the marble heart and went out without a kick. Some fellows would have laid around here for an hour after to shake themselves together, and then make a big row at having to pay regular rates."—Philadelphia Press.

The White Man's Burden

Is paying rent for a poor farm. Now is the time to secure a good farm on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Marinette County, Wisconsin, where the crops are of the best, work plenty, fine markets, excellent climate, pure soft water, land sold cheap and on long time. Why rent a farm when you can buy one for less than you pay for rent? Address C. E. Rollins, Land Agent, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

From Baby in the High Chair

to grandma in the rocker Grain-O is good for the whole family. It is the long-desired substitute for coffee. Never upsets the nerves or injures the digestion. Made from pure grains it is a food in itself. Has the taste and appearance of the best coffee at ¼ the price. It is a genuine and scientific article and is come to stay. It makes for health and strength. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

A Test.

The woman did not believe in the occult.

"Now, I propose to test this clairvoyant," she was saying. "I shall send her a lock of my hair, as she directs, with some question which nobody but myself can possibly answer. Let me see, what can I ask her?"

The man laughed hoarsely.

"Ask her what is the real color of the hair!" he urged.—Detroit Journal.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonial free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Judicious Flattery.

The Chinese call their dowager empress the most beautiful woman in the world. They know better than not to.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

In the morning well. St. Jacobs Oil cures soreness and stiffness.

It is a pity amateur actors can't see themselves as others see them.—Atchison Globe.

Told you so. In one night cured. St. Jacobs Oil masters Lumbago.

It seems queer that an intelligence office should supply stupid servants.—Chicago Daily News.

Lawsakes. It cured my aches. St. Jacobs Oil makes no mistakes.

Some poets are always a-musing, but not necessarily funny.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MARKETS.

New York, April 3.			
FLOUR	$2 50	@	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 red	82⅜	@	82¾
CORN—No. 2	42¾	@	43¾
OATS—No. 2	33⅞	@	30⅛
RYE—No. 2 western	64⅞	@	65
BEEF—Extra mess	8 75	@	9 00
PORK—Family	10 25	@	10 75
LARD—Western	5 55	@	5 60
BUTTER—Western creamery	17	@	22
CHEESE—Large white	12	@	12¼
EGGS—Western	11½	@	12
WOOL—Domestic fleece	16	@	21
Texas	12	@	14
CATTLE—Steers	4 70	@	5 30
SHEEP—Common to choice	3 50	@	4 75
HOGS	4 00	@	4 20
CLEVELAND.			
FLOUR—Winter wheat pat's	4 10	@	4 25
Minnesota patents	3 85	@	4 05
Minnesota bakers	3 10	@	3 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red	73½	@	74
CORN—No. 3 yellow on track	37½	@	38
OATS—No. 2 white	33½	@	34
BUTTER—Creamery, firsts	20	@	21
CHEESE—York state, cream	13	@	13¼
Ohio state	11½	@	12
EGGS—Fresh laid	13	@	13¼
POTATOES—Per bushel	55	@	70
SEEDS—Prime timothy	1 15	@	1 35
Clover	3 60	@	3 90
HAY—Timothy	8 50	@	12 00
Bulk on market	10 00	@	13 00
CATTLE—Steers, choice	4 40	@	4 85
SHEEP—Fair to good	4 00	@	4 50
HOGS—Yorkers	3 85	@	3 90
CINCINNATI.			
FLOUR—Family	2 45	@	2 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red	74	@	74½
CORN—No. 2 mixed	36½	@	37
OATS—No. 2 mixed	28½	@	29
RYE—No. 2	49½	@	50
HOGS	3 25	@	3 90
TOLEDO.			
WHEAT—No. 2 cash	73½	@	73¾
CORN—No. 2 mixed	35½	@	36
OATS—No. 2 mixed	27½	@	28
BUFFALO.			
BEEVES—Good Butcher	4 80	@	5 55
Common	3 00	@	3 50
SHEEP—Prime wethers	5 25	@	5 35
Lambs	6 15	@	6 20
HOGS—Yorkers	3 95	@	4 00
Pigs	2 85	@	3 90
PITTSBURG.			
BEEVES—Prime	5 20	@	5 40
Fair	4 00	@	4 60
SHEEP—Prime wethers	4 45	@	5 00
Choice lambs	6 00	@	6 15
HOGS—Prime mediums	4 05	@	4 10
Pigs	3 80	@	3 85

Her Inconsistency.

"No," said the Boston dame, as she glared wildly, through her double refracting spectacles, "I will never lend my aid, nor encourage by my silence, the wanton slaughter of harmless birds. I am bitterly opposed to the killing of these sprightly sparrows! Yes, indeed. And I have only the most studied contempt for the selfish wretches—I mention no names—who lend themselves to, or profit by, the cruel killing of birds in any form."

A stifled laugh ran around the hall. The speaker paused and looked about her. Then she turned to the woman chairman.

"What arouses the laughter?" she softly inquired.

"I guess it's your hat," replied the chairman.

"My hat!" gasped the orator, and sat down with a dull blush on her faded cheek.

For her hat was adorned with three plumes, five feathers and a large blue wing! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes tight shoes easy. Cures Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25 cents.

The merchant, who sent up toy balloons with his "ad." painted on them, knew how to get his name up.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Fortify Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Oh That Delicious Coffee!

Costs but 1c per lb. to grow. Salzer has the seed. German Coffee Berry, pkg. 15c; Java Coffee pkg. 15c. Salzer's New American Chicory 15c. Cut this out and send 15c for any of above packages or send 30c and get all 3 pkgs. and great Catalogue free to JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis. [z.]

Music Hall Horror.

P. Arno—That baritone sings as if his windpipe needed a job of plumbing. Is it bronchitis?

Pye Porgan—I think he's using his medicine-chest tones.—Chicago Tribune.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

She—"You know it is a woman's privilege to change her mind." He—"I know it is; but when a man changes his he has to pay damages."—Spare Moments.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

A book is never quite satisfactory to a woman unless its conclusion leaves the heroine in the hero's arms. — Atchison Globe.

See there. A bad sprain cured; and St. Jacobs Oil cured it.

The only thing some people do is to grow older.—Atchison Globe.

He struck it. St. Jacobs Oil struck his Rheumatism. It was stricken out.

Nickname Saved Him.

"His name is Percy Algernon," said the girl in the Seventh street car to her chum. "Pretty, ain't it? But, then, it's kind o' soft-like, too, don't you think?"

"Kind o'," said the other girl. "I like Bill, or Jim, or something like that, myself. Never knew a Bill or Jim yet that wasn't reliable. I hope Percy Algernon'll prove to be nice, but I think his name's awf'ly against him, honest I do, Min."

Then the other girl looked thoughtful for a couple of blocks.

"Oh, but he told me," she said, suddenly, then, "that the men down at the store call him 'Spud.'"

"Then you needn't worry," was the consolatory reply. "He's all right," and thus it was settled that Percy Algernon would do.—Washington Post.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

A Good Sign.

When the queen regent completed the ratification of the treaty it was a good sign for Spain.—Cleveland Leader.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

It is funny how little it takes to make some men do mean things.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

AN EXCELLENT COMBINATION

THE pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well-known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company, illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative,

CLEANSING THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY, DISPELLING COLDS AND HEADACHES, PREVENTING FEVERS, OVERCOMING HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY.

Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, gently yet promptly, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but

THE MEDICINAL QUALITIES ARE OBTAINED FROM SENNA AND OTHER AROMATIC PLANTS,

by a method known to the California Fig Syrup Company only. In order to get its beneficial effects, and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

Consumers of the choicest products of modern commerce purchase at about the same price that others pay for cheap and worthless imitations. To come into universal demand and to be everywhere considered the best of its class, an article must be capable of satisfying the wants and tastes of the best informed purchasers. The California Fig Syrup Company having met with the highest success in the manufacture and sale of its excellent liquid laxative remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, it has become important to all to have a knowledge of the Company and its product. The California Fig Syrup Company was organized more than fifteen years ago, for the special purpose of manufacturing and selling a laxative remedy which would be more pleasant to the taste and more beneficial in effect than any other known. The great value of the remedy, as a medicinal agent and of the Company's efforts, is attested by the sale of millions of bottles annually, and by the high approval of most eminent physicians. As the true and genuine remedy named SYRUP OF FIGS is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, the knowledge of that fact will assist in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties.

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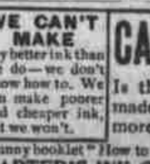

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