The wheat crop of France for this year promises to be short, and she will have to supply the shortage of 10,000,000 or more bushels from other countries.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away

Is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by druggists everywhere, under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

Are You Troubled? And do You Want Your Troubles to Fly Away?

You have suffered worlds of trouble, anxiety and pain. And you hardly know what ails you. Sometime your business goes wrong, and for a long time you have been feeling physically very badly. Don't know what is the matter? Of course you don't, else you would get some medicine. If the trouble is with your stomach and liver, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will do a vast deal of good in helping this trouble if you will try it. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

Many Influences Combine to Reduce Health to the danger limit. The reviving properties of Parker's Ginger Tonic overcome those ills.

From Audubssia, Ala.

I have fully tested the curative qualities of Tetterine upon several cases of Eczema of stubborn character, all being standing, with perfect success. I candidly believe that it will cure any case of Eczema. C. L. S. Cambon, M. D. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Out Of Sorts.

That is the way you feel as a result of the headache you had when you awoke this morning. Get in your usual frame of mind and body by using Ripans Tabules, the standard remedy for all stomach and liver complaints.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Everyone Knows How it Is to suffer with corns, and they are not conducive to walking; remove them with Hindercorns.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gum, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '91.

The Foundation

Of Good Health is

Pure, Rich Blood

And the surest, best way to purify your blood is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

★ ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR ★

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

★ THE BEST ★

FOOD

FOR

INVALIDS

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

HUDSON'S BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

$40 Pays for Complete Business Course. Actual Business from start to finish. The only Business College in the South that you can try before paying the tuition. Send for Catalogue.

J. E. HUDSON, Prin.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

WANTED

Bright Boys and Girls

—TO—

Sell the New York Ledger Every Week.

Big Pay for Little Work.

The New York *Ledger* has had so many applications from boys and girls throughout the country wanting to sell the *Ledger* by the week, as well as by subscription for the year, we have decided to establish bright awake young agents in every town in the country.

We Want an Active Worker in Every Place.

Hundreds of smart boys and girls in every locality have several hours' spare time each week.

Read Our Plan.

We want just such ones to work for us a little while every week selling *Ledgers* at 5 cents each—selling the old, reliable, original and best story paper published—the New York *Ledger*.

No Possible Risk.

Our young agents take no possible risk. We send a bundle of *Ledgers* every week, and they sell them like hot cakes at 5 cents each. Every one wants the New York *Ledger* as soon as given an opportunity to examine and read a copy of it. It will only be necessary for an agent to show a likely reader our offer of

$1,000 in Cash Prizes to Readers

$1,000 in Cash Prizes to Ledger Readers

And a regular reader will be secured on the spot. Each agent should read carefully the terms of the **$1,000 in Cash Prizes** given to readers who send the best explanation of the mystery of Miss Florence Warden's wonderfully interesting story beginning in this week's *Ledger*, dated Sept. 14, entitled "The Mystery of the Inn by the Shore." Each agent will be entitled to compete for the **$1,000 in Cash Prizes.**

The Ledger Free.

If the postmaster or any responsible party will send us the name of a smart boy or girl to sell the *Ledger* every week in his town, we will put an extra *Ledger* in the agent's bundle each week, to be delivered free to the party appointing the agent so long as the agent sells the *Ledger*.

Send us the name of a smart boy or girl at once. Have them fill out this coupon and send it at once:

.....189

I hereby agree to act from date as agent for the New York *Ledger*, and to sell the same to ladies, farmers and others at 5 cents a copy every week, and that I will report not later than the Monday after each package is received, on blank furnished me, and remit 5 cents for each copy I sell or deliver to subscribers, and will keep all unsold copies, to be returned as instructed.

Name .....

Address.....

State.....

Appointed by.....

Address **NEW YORK LEDGER,**
165 William Street, New York.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

BATS, BEES AND WOMEN PHYLOSOPHICALLY DISCUSSED.

William Wishes He Were a Naturalist Gen. Young's Crazy Quilt.

Last night while we were all quietly reading my wife looked up and remarked: "There is a bat in the room." A long time ago she used to jump up with alacrity and go into another room and wait till I get the little varmint out, but time doubtless takes the scare out of a woman as well as a man, and so now she keeps her seat. The girls said, "take the lamp into the hall and it will go out," but it wouldn't. My wife said, "you had better get the broom and knock it down, but don't you knock it this way." I noticed that she had put The Sunny South on her head awhile fashion, and the girls had covered up all but their eyes. Carefully I mounted a chair and began to sweep for the little creature as it skimmed around, but it takes a long time and I lost my perpendicular several times. "The bat is the missing link," said I as I gave another stroke. "Seems to be," said my wife. "You miss it every time." "It is not an amphibious animal," said I, "but very ambiguous," said she. "It is chiropterous and vespertilio," said I as I made another lunge and the chair careened and let me down easy. Pausing a while to get breath, I remarked that those big words of Linnæus meant having hands and fingers and coming out at twilight. "Well, do please get the thing out of here—and you can tell us about it afterwards," said my wife. The next effort was an accidental success. The bat was knocked down and swept out. Then I got the cyclopædia and discovered from it how the bat was a bird that laid no eggs, but gave birth to its young and suckled them—how it had hands and feet and fingers and toes and even finger nails and toe nails now it had teeth, canines and molars; how it was not blind but had little tiny eyes hid in the hairy eyes that cannot bear the light and are quickly closed when flying around a lighted room. Cuvier experimented with them and put their eyes out and they could still fly around and never touch a wall or a ceiling. He said it was owing to their exquisite sense of touch and of smell and hearing. The ancients said the bat had a sixth sense by which they could avoid collision with walls and so forth, but Cuvier did not think so. They are a very ancient little animal and I reckon had a place somewhere in Noah's ark, but we don't know whether he put them with the birds or the bugs. Moses declared them unclean and classed them with owls and vultures. It seems to us that it is a poor, miserable life they live, but I reckon they enjoy it, especially when they come in the house and alarm the women and children. They have a unique and lonely place in creation, there being but two or three kinds, and they never cross or mix and have no society. They have the miniature hands and feet of human beings, the teeth of a dog and wings to fly like a bird. Even Darwin could not tell whether they evoluted backward or forward.

I wish that I was a naturalist. It is an everlasting mystery to study these little creatures all around us. How a fly can so swiftly glide upon the window pane, what language the ants use as they pass and repass one another as they go and come from their hidden nests. I watch them on the poles in the trails and they never fail to pause for an instant and say something and quickly pass on. Maybe it is "howdy," or "Are all well?" or "I am glad to see you," or give my love to the children. That they say something there is no doubt. Then there are the lightning bugs that—well I'm a great woods if they were not so common. Did you ever observe that they never lighten except to rise higher in the air? They make no descending light, and so it is evident that the light they make is not to see by, but to propel them upwards. It is an electric power, a force without heat—and our scientists might study it and analyze the wonderful little chemical machine that has hidden in its tail. It is a power as well as a light. My friend Bussey, the bee man of Marietta, says he tried diligently to cross lightning bugs with his bees so that the cross could see how to work in the dark, but he failed. I have great respect for Linnæus and Cuvier and Audobon and Agassiz, who have left us such a treasury of knowledge that they gathered from nature. It do seem that providence raises up such men with a kind purpose and gives them a key to unlock the storehouse. Every once in a great while a great man comes up to minister to our pleasure, our learning or our comfort. Thus knowledge becomes diffused and the world becomes wiser and better. If man is the best finder woman is the best diffuser of knowledge. I contemplated them yesterday as they worked on a crazy quilt at my house. A good lady, who in always ready for the church, or the poor, or the heathen, brought over the patchwork of a quilt to be made up. She got her many frien ls to make over a square and yesterday it was all stitched together and embroidered and the seams pressed down and a rich border put on, and it is about as lovely as a crazy quilt can be, for they are the most distracted things in the world and nobody but crazy people admire them. General Young liked to have taken a fit over this one before it was put together, and he has bought it for $25 and is going to take it to Guatemala when he go s back, and will make an official spread of it on his couch of state. Perhaps he may wear it on reception days like a Roman toga or a Spanish mantilla. At any rate, these good women have been as crazy as the quilt, and all for the sake of the heathen Chinese, who are killing up our missionaries. I hope it will be buried in powder. I never saw the like. The harder the times the harder do the women beg for money for some charitable or church work. Almost every mail brings an urgent, pleading letter from somebody wanting a little help for mercy's sake. What would the churches do without them? What would the prayer meetings do or the weddings or the funerals?—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

NEBRASKA DEMOCRATS MEET.

They Heartily Endorse the Administration and Declare for Sound Money.

Nebraska administration Democrats who are opposed to free silver and fusion with Populist, met at Lincoln to nominate a candidate for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court and two candidates for regents of the University.

The committee on platform reported partially as follows:

"The Democrats of Nebraska congratulate the country upon the return of returning prosperity. In spite of the usual predictions alike of protectionists and silver lunatics, the country steadily and surely gaining ground.

"We send greeting and congratulations to Grover Cleveland and his cabinet, not only for their wise and prudent course which has aided so much in bringing about the better financial condition, but also for their firm and fearless adherence throughout the long period of depression to sound principles of economic and for their just conception of the rights of the whole people.

"We endorse the National Democratic platform of 1892 and the interpretation placed thereon by the President and we insist upon this policy as especially necessary for the protection of the farmers, laborers and all petty saving holders.

"Free coinage of silver, 16 to 1, means silver monometallism. It means bankruptcy for all save the mine owner. We recognize in the issue and reissue of our Treasury notes a serious menace to the stability of the national finances, and we favor the retirement of all Treasury notes at the earliest possible moment, with proper and safe guarantees for maintaining the necessary volume of currency which shall be devised by a competent, non partisan currency commission."

For Justice of the Supreme Court, T. J. Mahoney, of Omaha, was nominated by acclamation. John H. Ames, of Lincoln, and W. S. Ashley, of Hildreth, were nominated for regents and the convention adjourned sine die.

Terrible Deed of a Stepmother.

The coroner of Birmingham, Ala., concluded an inquest over the death of Tommy Howe, a three-year-old white boy. The evidence tended to show that his stepmother had maltreated the little fellow to such an extent as to bring him to death's door, and completed her work by hurling the child from a balcony to the ground, where it struck its head against a stone and died.

Fell From a Street Car and Broke Her Neck

While returning from a picnic at Fort Wayne, Ind., Mrs. George Baldwin, thirty years old, fell from a moving street car and broke her neck. She died instantly.

"OPEN WINDOWS."

THE THEME OF DR. TALMAGE

On Sunday. Open Your Windows Toward God and Religion.

TEXT: "His windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem."—Daniel vi., 10.

The second deadly princess of Persia, urged on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be cast under the paws and teeth of the lions who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage, or putting their lower jaws on the ground, bellowing till the earth trembles. But the looming threat did not hinder the devotions of Daniel, the Coeur de Lion of the ages. His enemies might as well have a law that the sun should not draw water, or that the south wind should not sweep across a garden of magnolias, or that God should be abolished. They could not scare him with the red hot furnaces, and they cannot nonplus him with the lions. As soon as Daniel hears of this enactment he leaves his office of secretary of state, with its upholstery of crimson and gold, and comes down the white marble steps and goes to his own house. He opens his window and puts the shutters back and pulls the curtain aside so that he can look toward the sacred city of Jerusalem and then prays.

I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window and said: "Just see that man defying the law. He ought to be arrested." An the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide open window. "You are my prisoner," says the officer of the law, dropping a heavy hand on the shoulder of the kneeling Daniel. As the constables open the door of the cavern to thrust in their prisoner they see the glaring eyes of the monsters. But Daniel becomes the first lion tamer, and they lick his hand and fawn at his feet, and that night he sleeps with the shaggy mane of a wild beast for his pillow, while the king that night, sleepless in the palace, has on him the paw and teeth of a lion he cannot tame—the lion of a remorseful conscience.

What a picture it would be for some artist! Darius in the early dusk of morning not waiting for footmen or chariot, hastening to the den, all flushed and nervous and in dishabille, and looking through the crevices of the cage to see what had become of his prime minister. "What, no sound!" he says. "Daniel is surely devoured, and the lions are sleeping after their horrid meal, the bones of the poor man scattered across the floor of the cavern." With trembling voice Darius calls out: "Daniel?" No answer, for the prophet is yet in profound slumber. But a lion more easily awakened, advances, and with hot breath blown through the crevice seems angrily to demand the cause of this interruption, and then another wild beast lifts his mane from under Daniel's head, and the prophet, waking up, comes forth to report himself all unhurt and well.

But our text stands us at Daniel's window, opened toward Jerusalem. Why in that direction open? Jerusalem was his native land, and all the pomp of his Babylonish successes could not make him forget it. He came there from Jerusalem at eighteen years of age, and he never visited it, though he lived to be eighty-five years. Yet when he wanted to arouse the deepest emotions and grandest aspirations of his heart he had his window open toward his native Jerusalem. There are many of you to day who understand that without any exposition. This is getting to be a Nation of foreigners. They have come into all occupations and professions. They sit in all churches. It may be twenty years ago since you got your naturalization papers, and you may be thoroughly Americanized, but you can't forget the land of your birth, and your warmest sympathies go out toward it. Your windows are open toward Jerusalem. Your father and mother are buried there. It may have been a very humble home in which you were born, but your memory often plays around it, and you hope some day to go and see it—the hill, the tree, the brook, the house, the places sacred, the door from which you started off with parental blessing to make your own way in the world—and if God only knows how sometimes you have longed to see the familiar places of your childhood, and how in awful crises of life you would like to have caught a glimpse of the old wrinkled face that bent over you as you lay on the gentle lap twenty or forty or fifty years ago. You may have on this side of the sea risen in fortune, and like Daniel have become great and may have come into prosperities which you never could have reached if you had staid there, and you may have many windows to your house—bay windows and skylight windows and windows of conservatory and win lows on all sides—but you have at least one window open toward Jerusalem.

When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf, you see the long line of sailors, with shouldered mailbags, coming down the planks, carrying as many letters as you might suppose to be enough for a year's correspondence, and this repeated again and again during the week. Multitudes of them are letters from home, and at all the postoffices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them, hundreds of thousands of persons finding that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalem. Messages that say: "When are you coming home to see us? Brother has gone into the army. Sister is dead. Father and mother are getting very feeble. We are having a great struggle to get on here. Would you advise us to come to you, or will you come to us? All join in love and hope to meet you, if not in this world, then in a better. Goodby."

Yes, yes. In all those cities and amid the flowering Western plains and on the slopes of the Pacific and amid the Sierras and on the banks of the Missouri and on the ranches of Texas there is an uncounted multitude who this hour stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of these people played on the heather of the Scottish hills; some of them were driven out by Irish famine; some of them in early life drilled in the German army; some of them were accustomed at Lyons or Marseilles or Paris to see on the street Victor Hugo and Gambetta; some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices; some plucked the ripe clusters from Italian vineyard; some lifted their faces under the midnight sun of Norway. It is no dishonor to our land that they remember the place of their nativity. Miscreants would they be if, while they have some of their windows open to take in the free air and the sunlight of an atmosphere which no kingly despot has ever breathed, they forgot sometimes to open the window toward Jerusalem.

No wonder that the son of the Swiss, when far away from home, hearing the National air of his country sung, the malady of homesickness comes on him so powerfully as to cause his death. You have the example of heroic Daniel of my text for keeping early memories fresh. Forget not the old folks at home. Write often, and if you have a surplus of means and they are poor make practical contribution, and rejoice that America is bound to all the world by ties of sanguinity as in no other Nation. Who can doubt but it is appointed for the evangelization of other lands? What a stirring, melting, gospelizing theory that all the doors of other Nations are open toward us, while our windows are open toward them!

But Daniel in the text kept this port hole of his domestic fortress unclosed because Jerusalem was the capital of sacred influences. There had smoked the sacrifice. There was the holy of holies. There was the ark of the covenant. There stood the temple. We are all tempted to keep our windows open on the opposite side toward the world, that we may see and hear and appropriate its advantages. What does the world say? What does the world think? What does the world do? Worshipers of the world instead of worshipers of God. Windows open toward Babylon. Windows open toward Corinth. Windows open toward Athens. Windows open toward Sodom. Windows open toward the flats instead of windows open toward the hills. Sad mistake, for this world as a god is like something I saw in the museum of Strasburg, Germany—the figure of a virgin in wood and iron. The victim in olden time was brought there, and this figure would open its arms to receive him, and once enfolded the figure closed with a hundred knives and lances upon him, and then let him drop 180 feet sheer down. So the world first embraces the idolaters, then closes upon them with many tortures, and then lets them drop forever down. The highest honor the world could confer was to make a man Roman emperor, but out of sixty-three emperors it allowed only six to die peacefully in their beds.

The dominion of this world over multitudes is illustrated by the names of coins of many countries. They have their pieces of money which they call sovereigns, crowns and half crowns, Napoleons and half Napoleons, Fredericks and double Fredericks and ducats and Isabellinos, all of which names mean not so much usefulness as dominion. The most of our windows open toward the exchange, toward the salon of fashion, toward the god of this world. In olden times the length of the English yard was fixed by the length of the arm of King Henry I., and we are apt to measure things by a variable standard and by the human arm that in the great crises of life can give us no help. We need, like Daniel, to open our windows toward God and religion.

But, mark you, that good lion tamer is not standing at the window, but kneeling while he looks out. Most photographs are taken of those in standing or sitting posture. I now remember but one picture of a man kneeling, and that was David Livingstone, who in the cause of God and civilization sacrificed himself, and in the heart of Africa his servant, Majwara, found him in the tent by the light of a candle stuck on the top of a box, his head in his hands upon the pillow and dead on his knees. But here is a great lion tamer living under the dash of the light, and his hair disheveled by the breeze, praying. The fact is that a man can see farther on his knees than standing on tiptoe. Jerusalem was about 550 statute miles from Babylon, and the vast Arabian desert shifted its sands between them. Yet through that open window Daniel saw Jerusalem, saw all between it, saw beyond, saw time, saw eternity, saw earth and saw heaven.

Would you like to see the way through your sins to pardon, through your troubles to comfort, through temptation to rescue, through dire sickness to immortal health, through night to day, through things terrestrial to things celestial—you will not see them till you take Daniel's posture. No cap of bone to the joints of the fingers, no cap of bone to the joints of the elbow, but cap of bone to the knees, made so because the God of the body was the God of the soul, and especial provision for those who want to pray and physiological structure joins with spiritual necessity in bidding us pray and pray and pray.

In olden time the Earl of Westmoreland said he had no need to pray because he had enough pious tenants on his estate to pray for him, but all the prayers of the church universal amount to nothing unless, like Daniel, we pray for ourselves. O men and women, bounded on one side by Shadrach's redhot furnace and the other side by devouring lions, learn the secret of courage and deliverance by looking at that Babylonish window open toward the southwest. "Oh," you say, "that is the direction of the Arabian desert." Yes, but on the other side of the desert is God, is Christ, is Jerusalem, is heaven.

The Brussels lace is superior to all other lace, so beautiful, so multiform, so expensive—400 francs a pound. All the world seeks it. Do you know how it is made? The spinning is done in a dark room, the only light admitted through a small aperture, and that light falling directly on the pattern. And the finest specimens of Christian character I have ever seen or ever expect to see are those to be found in lives all of whose windows have been darkened by bereavement and misfortune save one, but under that one window of prayer the interlacing of divine workmanship went on until it was fit to deck a throne, a celestial embroidery which angels admired and God approved.

But it is another Jerusalem toward which we now need to open our windows. The exiled evangelist of Ephesus saw it one day as the surf of the Icarian Sea foamed and splashed over the boulders at his feet, and his vision reminded me of a wedding day when the bride by sister and maid was having garlands twisted for her hair and jewels strung for her neck just before she puts her betrothed hand into the hand of her affianced. "I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Toward that bridal Jerusalem are our windows opened?

We would do well to think more of heaven. It is not a mere annex of earth. It is not a desolate outpost. As Jerusalem was the capital of Judea, and Babylon the capital of the Babylonian monarchy, and London is the capital of Great Britain, and Washington is the capital of our own Republic, the New Jerusalem is the capital of the universe. The King lives there, and the royal family of the redeemed have their palaces there, and there is a congress of many Nations and parliament of all the world. Yea, as Daniel had kindred in Jerusalem of whom he often thought, though he left home when a very young man, perhaps father and mother and brothers and sisters still living, and was homesick to see them, and they belonged to the high circles of royalty, Daniel himself having royal blood in his veins, so we have in the New Jerusalem a great many kindred, and we are sometimes homesick to see them, and they are all princes and princesses, in them the blood imperial, and we do well to keep our windows open toward their eternal residence.

It is a joy for us to believe that while we are interested in them they are interested in us. Much thought of heaven makes one heavenly. The airs that blow through that open window are charged with life, and sweep up to us aromas from gardens that never wither, under skies that never cloud, in a spring-tide that never terminates. Compared with it all other heavens are dead failures.

Homer's heaven was an elysium which he describes as a plain at the end of the earth or beneath, with no snow nor rainfall, and the sun never goes down; and Rhadomanthus, the justest of men, rules. Hesiod's heaven is what he calls the islands of the blessed, in the midst of the ocean, three times a year blooming with most exquisite flowers, and the air is tinted with purple, while games and music and horse races occupy the time. The Scandinavian's heaven was the hall of Walhalla, where the god Odin gave unending wine suppers to earthly heros and heroines. The Mohammedan's heaven passes its disciples in over the bridge Al-Sirat, which is finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, and then they are let loose into a riot of everlasting sensuality.

The American aborigines look forward to a heaven of illimitable hunting ground, partridge and deer and wild duck more than plentiful, and the hounds never off the scent, and the guns never missing fire. But the geographer has followed the earth round and found no Homer's elysium. Voyagers have traversed the deep in all directions and found no Hesiod's islands of the blessed. The Mohammedan's celestial debauchery and the Indian's eternal hunting ground for vast multitudes have no charm. But heaven fills in the Bible heaven. No more sea—that is, no wide separation. No more night—that is, no insomnia. No more tears—that is, no more heartbreak. No more pain—that is, dismissal of lancet and bitter draft and miasma and banishment of neuralgias and catalepsies and consumptions. All colors in the wall except gloomy black. All the music in the major key because celebrative and jubilant.

River crystalline, gate crystalline and skies crystalline because everything is clear and without doubt. White robes, and that means sinlessness. Vials full of odors, and that means pure regalement of the senses. Rainbow, and that means the storm is over. Marriage supper, and that means gladdest festivity. Twelve manner of fruits, and that means luscious and unending variety. Harp, trumpet, grand march, anthem, amen and halleluiah in the same orchestra. Choral meeting solo, and overture meeting antiphon, and strophe joining dithyramb, as they roll into the ocean of doxologies. And you and I have all that, and have it forever through Christ. If we will let Him with the blood of one wounded hand rub out our sin, and with the other wounded hand swing open the shining portals.

Day and night keep your window open toward that Jerusalem. Sing about it. Pray about it. Think about it. Talk about it. Dream about it. Do not be inconsolable about your friends who have gone into it. Do not worry if something in your heart indicates that you are not far off from its ecstasies. Do not think that when a Christian dies he stops, for he goes on.

An ingenious man has taken the heavenly furlongs as mentioned in Revelation and has calculated that there will be in heaven 10½ rooms sixteen feet square for each ascending soul, though this world should lose 100,000,000 yearly. But all the rooms of heaven will be ours, for they are family rooms, and as no room in your house is too good for your children, so all the rooms of all the palaces of the heavenly Jerusalem will be free to God's children, and even the throne room will not be denied, and you may run up the steps of the throne, and put your hand on the side of the throne, and sit down beside the King according to the promise, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne."

But you cannot go in except as conquerors.

DEFENDER WINS THE FIRST RACE.

All hail, Defender!

The aluminum and bronze boat defeated Valkyrie III 8 minutes and 49 seconds in the first of the races for the America's cup in New York harbor on Saturday. Twenty thousand people, on the greatest flotilla that ever assembled off Sandy Hook, witnessed the race, and there was a scene of hilarious joy when the Defender crossed the line fully two miles ahead of Lord Dunraven's boat. The joy of the multitude was undoubtedly increased by the fact that the Valkyrie led the Yankee boat for the first hour. She walked away from the Defender in a way that led Englishmen to fondly hope that their day had come at last. Bright visions of the America's cup floated before their eyes, while the patriotic Americans, who were packed tier above tier on the many decked excursion steamers, were very dum.

A hush fell over the marine amphitheatre

JOHN E. HERRESHOFF.
(Of the Herreshoffs, Bristol (R. I.) shipbuilders, who designed the Defender).

when the boats started and all the joys of yachting seemed gone when the Valkyrie easily moved to the front and showed her heels to Defender. Cheers and enthusiasm were missing for a full hour when the British boat was leading. There was only a five knot breeze at the start and Valkyrie was going through the water faster than the Defender in the light air.

There was a lumpy sea on and quite a swell came in from the ocean but the buffeting of the waves against the Britisher's bow did not keep her back. She out-pointed and out-footed the Herreshoff boat to the amazement of the great crowd of spectators. But after establishing a lead of a good quarter of a mile, the wind having freshened, the cup challenger failed to hold her own and the Yankee yacht began to gain. When the crowd saw it there was a general brightening up, and as it became plain that the product of American brains was picking up her rival, a cheer went up, and tug boat whistles screeched. As both yachts were beating to windward it is impossible to say just when the Defender overhauled the British boat, but it was about 1:25 p. m. when the boat's head covered nearly half of the 15 miles of windward work. Once the Defender got her gait there was no catching her, and as the wind continued to freshen she opened up a very large gap between her stern and the bow of Lord Dunraven's boat. When the Defender reached the outer mark she had an advantage of 3 minutes and 27 seconds. There was a big demonstration as the Yankee boat made the turn. The wind having shifted, the run home became a broad reach, and it was a constant gain for the gallant American boat. Going home the gain was 4 minutes, 53 seconds.

With the time allowance of 29 seconds, the Defender's victory was 8 minutes and 49 seconds. The wind was ten knots at the finish.

The day's race showed that Valkyrie III moved liked a ghost in the wind. It also showed that she seemed speedier than the Defender in that wind. It also showed that with a wind of from eight to ten knots in both windward work and broad reaching, the English boat could not keep the pace set by the Defender. Both yachts were somewhat interfered with by the attendant fleet, but the patrol yachts kept a fairly clear course except at the start and finish when some confusion occurred.

THE DEFENDER CRIPPLED

In the Second Day's Race. Valkyrie Won Under Protest by Only 47 Seconds

Close jockeying between the British and American combatants for the America's cup in the second race off Sandy Hook on Tuesday resulted in an accident to the American boat which spoiled the race. Fifteen thousand persons on steamboats, tugs, steam

HANK HAFF.
(Captain of the Defender in all her races.)

yachts and ocean steamers, sent up a groan of disappointment when that beautiful aluminum and bronze creation was crippled before their eyes.

While no one suspects the owner of the visiting yacht of such unsportsmanlike conduct as intentionally fouling the Yankee yacht, yet the way he raked his great steel boom over the deck and tore down the other fellow's rigging, and then sailed away at his best pace over the course, was not pleasant to patriotic Americans to contemplate.

Valkyrie finished first at 2:55:22. Defender was 2 minutes, 18 seconds behind at 2:57:40. The elapsed times were: Valkyrie 3:55:09. Defender 3:56:25. Valkyrie allows Defender 29 1-10 seconds and Valkyrie started one minute two seconds Ahead. The corrected times are: Valkyrie 8:55:09. Defender 3:55:56. Valkyrie won by 47 seconds, corrected time. Defender made a most remarkable showing under the circumstances and her superiority was clearly marked on every point of sailing, even in her crippled condition.

It is greatly to her credit that she was defeated by such a small margin, and had the race been five miles longer she would have been the winner, at the rate at which she was overhauling Valkyrie.

The regatta committee will decide the protest of the Defender's Captain, and it is generally believed the decision will be in favor of Defender.

Many years ago the Turks and Christians were in battle, and the Christians were defeated, and with their commander Stephen fled toward a fortress where the mother of this commander was staying. When she saw her son and his army in disgraceful retreat, she had the gates of the fortress rolled shut, and then from the top of the battlement cried out to her son, "You cannot enter here except as conqueror." Then Stephen rallied his forces and resumed the battle and gained the day, 20,000 driving back 200,000. For those who are defeated in battle with sin and death and hell nothing but shame and contempt, but for those who gain the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ the gates of the New Jerusalem will hoist, and there shall be an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord, toward which you do well to keep your windows open.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot 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 obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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. Testimonials free.

It is proposed to name one of the new battleships of the American Navy Kearsarge, after the famous ship that sunk the Alabama and was lost two years ago on Roncador Reef, Central America.

Missouri has 56,121 acres planted in flax.

GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million *free*. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, *absolutely free*, 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little COUPON with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing *only*, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The *Free Edition* is precisely the same as those sold at $1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send NOW before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

COUPON No. 113

The very poor of Berlin are better housed than those of any other large city in the world. The German capital is absolutely without "slums."

The London Engineer announces that it will give 1000 guineas in prizes for the best forms of horseless vehicles.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

JOHNSON'S CHILL AND FEVER TONIC
Costs you 50 cents a bottle if it cures you, and not a cent unless it does.
What does it cure?
1st, Chills and Fever.
2nd, Bilious Fever.
3rd, Typho-Malarial Fever.
4th, Hemorrhagic Fever.
5th, Dengue Fever.
6th, Measles.
7th, Neuralgia.
8th, La Grippe.
Money back if one bottle fails. Ask your druggists about it. A. E. Gibbs, Savannah, Ga., Proprietor.

SAW MILLS CORN AND FEED MILLS.
Water Wheels and Hay Presses.
BEST IN THE MARKET.
DeLoach Mill Mfg. Co., 325, Atlanta, Ga.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

S. N. U.—37.

Which have you an eye to,

quantity or quality, when you buy something to make washing easy? If it's quality, you want **Pearline.** In effectiveness, in economy, and above all in its absolute **harmlessness,** no matter how or where you use it, there's nothing to compare with this, the first and only washing-compound.

What difference does the quantity make, after all? If you spend five cents or ten cents or a dollar for an aid to washing, don't you want the thing that will give you the most work, the best work, and the most certain safety for that amount of money? That thing is Pearline.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back*. 188 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Exhausted Soils

are made to produce larger and better crops by the use of Fertilizers **rich in Potash.**

Write for our "Farmers' Guide," a 142-page illustrated book. It is brim full of useful information for farmers. It will be sent free, and will make and save you money. Address,

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

Yes, it's ready!

An elegant book for your table and constant reference. Send for it NOW. It's New and Nice. . . . . .

OUR NEW CATALOGUE

brimming full of illustrations, and showing how the thousand-and-one things really look. You'll like that.

There are Guns, Rifles, Pistols—from all over the world, and some of our own make—Fishing Tackle, Dog Collars and Chains, Tennis Sets, etc., etc.

You can see our LOVELL DIAMOND BICYCLE—The Finest Wheel on Earth,—the Williams Typewriter—you ought to have one. There's lots of other things too.

☞Sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps or money.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., BOSTON, MASS.
Sole U. S. Agent for "STAR" AUTOMATIC PAPER FASTENER.