

# A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

Subject of the Distinguished New York Clergyman's Sermon, "What Think Ye of Christ?"—Why So Many People Get Tired of Being Christians.

NEW YORK CITY.—Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, preached Sunday morning on "What Think Ye of Christ?" from the words found in Mark viii:29: "Whom sayest thou that I am?" Dr. Parkhurst said among other things: "Christ means to you something; what is it?"

Christ Himself asks this of His disciples. It is the first Christian catechism. Brief, but nevertheless it is catechism, and is God's warrant for our asking doctrinal questions, and His warrant, too, for our being prepared to frame some sort of an answer to them.

Christ's inquiry here means that He expects His disciples to have convictions—convictions in regard to Himself at any rate—and definite enough for them to be able to state them. Such convictions may be more correct, may be less so, but an imperfect opinion is better than none, and no opinion ends in being perfect that did not begin by being imperfect, and sound conviction is blunder convicted and converted. Everything human begins in a mistake. Error is the loamy soil out of which truth vegetates and blossoms. The history of philosophy, science and theology illustrates this principle with a distinct cogency that is unanswerable. So that we need not be so much afraid of being in error provided only we cling to our error with a tenacity that is not simply tenacious, but that is also honest and intelligent.

What think ye of Christ? His appeal here is to man considered as an animal who thinks, who has ideas, ideas of his own, takes impressions from what is shown him, told to him, acted out before him, and impressions that so groove themselves into his substance as to take defined shape and shape that is fairly permanent. Just as objects make an impression on the eye, so facts, events, truths, make an impression on the mind—that is, they do it by the mind is an alert mind, sensitive, responsive. A man can, of course, look without seeing anything; so he can hear without learning anything; live in the presence of great realities and come away from them without carrying upon his soul any of their imprint. An ox can look toward the west at 6 o'clock in the afternoon without observing any sunset; there is a good deal of light about him still, but he that call ourselves human, and that is why we behold so little of what is really visible and why we garner so little of the fruit that falls into our laps. A duck can go through the water and still come out dry. A boy can go through college without any of the college going through him. Judas walked three years with Jesus and finished by being a devil.

What think ye of Christ? He wants to find out from His disciples, then, what impression of Him is upon their hearts, what stamp He has put upon their minds, what think of Him will be only another name for the record of Himself that His teachings and demeanor have left printed upon their intelligences. I am trying to have you realize that their opinion of Him that He was trying to get hold of was something definitely traceable to the working influence upon them of His own presence and activity. He is not interested to know the mere opinions of Him, or nor what they logically infer. He may, nor what some one has told them that He is. He has been for some time demonstrating Himself to them by word, act and spirit, and if they are not altogether like the duck in the water or the ox before the sunset, as presumably they are not, this demonstration of Himself to them has in some way told upon them, it has lodged something within them, and He wants them to give a name to it. Their opinion of Him was something that He had Himself been the means of growing upon them without their consciously having any part in the matter themselves. It was not something they had borrowed from somewhere nor something that they had personally striven to acquire.

Opinion, then, if it is anything more than mere quotation, copy of what some one else has thought, is one of the things that grows. The influence that starts the conviction will, if it continues to operate, go on adding to that conviction's strength and intensity. An illustration of this comes in the feebleness and timorousness of the convictions of the disciples when they began to believe in Jesus with what those convictions were when at the end of their course they laid down their lives in martyrdom. That is the natural course of things. It is natural for a flower to continue to grow if it stands in the same sunshine and rain as that which first made it begin to grow. If a flower comes up out of the ground, grows for a day and then suddenly stops growing, that is the matter. Whether there is a worm at the root or the soil too cold or the soil too dry. It is not natural for it not to go on improving upon itself, adding to itself.

It is a sorry condition, then, that a man is in, that a Christian believer is in, when he says that he has the same opinion of Christ that he had a year ago. It tells a sad story of the way the year has been passing with him. If the vine that is twining itself around your trellis clothes itself no more leaves and puts forth no more blossoms this summer than it did last summer, the season must have been an infelicitous one for plant life or there is something serious the matter with the vine.

I have in this been speaking broadly of conviction in general, but of course the reference specifically intended is to religious conviction, and more specifically still to the conviction contemplated when the question was asked, "What think ye of Christ?" We doubtless all of us have some conviction respecting Him; that is, we all of us possess among our other common attributes and belongings—either out on the table or tucked away in some drawer or closet or stored in the garner among other disused furniture or obsolete bric-a-brac—something which we called (and properly call) a belief in Christ, an opinion about Him, a conviction concerning Him. We are willing to assume, too, that it may be a very valid conviction, sound, yes, thoroughly in the terms of Scripture. Yes, but grant me that it is there any of to-day's say in it or is it antiquity?

It means a great deal to say of a man's Christian conviction that it is a living conviction, that it is going on to-day maintaining a continuous life, freshly ministered to and daily supplied by communications from the same divine source that first initiated it. A dead conviction that is alive takes us around—it means a continuous sense of the reality of that to which our conviction fastens. It brings everything down to date and acts it out in front of us. Memory does not have to be appealed to recall it, nor books, manuscripts, catechisms ransacked through in order to authenticate it. It is an unbedded impulse that keeps pushing and that goes on pushing with an ever accelerated pace and a widening energy while we stand near enough to Him whom we believe in to have His presence made ever more immediate His presence made more real to us. It is for that reason that some believers can believe very nicely and yet behave very badly. There is not the slightest incompatibility between being orthodox and being villainous, only in order that that may be possible the orthodoxy in question must be a dead orthodoxy, last year's leaf though still glued to this year's tree.

When Christ taught us to pray "Give us this day our daily bread" He probably meant us to understand that in the spiritual life as well as in the stomach continu-

# us health means consecutive supply. There is no incompatibility between your parlor being brilliantly luminous at noon and black with Egyptian darkness at midnight. Light is not laid on in fast colors; neither is the light of God, and the heavenly radiance that was upon us in 1902 is no guarantee against devilish blackness being upon us in 1903. Even Christ's power over us is valid only for the time that it is over us, so that the liveliest kind of orthodoxy, provided it is merely a unmodified repetition from an extinct experience, is no kind of an embarrassment to the very liveliest kind of depravity. It is all right to believe in the doctrine of perseverance of the saints that persevere, but that doctrine, applied in cold literalism, has done as much as any one thing perhaps to prevent their persevering. If the money a man has in his pocket to-day is thought by him to be sufficient to pay all his debts, defray all his expenses and secure all desired comforts and luxuries for an indefinite time to come he will feel no incentive to go out and earning a couple of dollars to-morrow, and so his confidence in the absolute and everlasting sufficiency of his present pocket containings may easily issue in his turning pauper. Those illustrations only serve to indicate what I mean by saying that a man may be as orthodox as Calvin and as wicked as he knows how.

The principle we have been discussing also explains why it is that so many people who show a good deal of Christian zeal at the start so soon get tired of being Christians. To have earnest views of Christ and to be intensely interested in them and controlled by them cannot, unfortunately, be taken as a certain sign of the continuance of that interest. The falling off of the cooling down of Christian enthusiasm is a common experience. Even the disciples, at Jesus' temporary withdrawal from them at crucifixion, threw up the whole matter, resumed their old life and went back to their fishing. Interest is not self-sustaining. Enthusiasm, like a burning candle, consumes itself in its own heat. The sun, so astronomers tell us, would burn itself out and our systems fall back into original darkness were not special provision made for keeping up the sun's temperature.

At the same time there are lines of effort and employment where interest, on the contrary, never does seem to flag, where heat is not only maintained, but with a mercury that is rather steadily on the rise. Setting aside the familiar and rather shop worn instance of the money getter, who, the more he gets, the intenser, as a rule, becomes his ambition to get, that is only one of the many pursuits where the like enhancement of interest, mounting up in many cases to the height of a steadily growing passion, is seen to occur. For example, the interest of a scholar devoted to the scientific investigation of nature and nature's beauties and marvels. But in the instances of such advancing and steadily intensifying interest the particular fact I would beg you to notice is that what keeps the investigator's heart glowing with a warmer and warmer fervor is not the array of facts that have been brought distinctly within the range of his knowledge, that he has been able definitely to tabulate, and of which in some time past he has issued a complete and finished catalogue, it is the constant stepping forward on the ground that keeps his thoughts alert and his heart aglow. Whatever it be, the old is always tiresome, only the new is interesting. To the naturalist the world retains its fascination, although an old world, because of the deeper entrance he day by day gains into that world and the ever fresh disclosures of newly discovered wonderfulness and beauty that she thereby makes over to him. In the same way there are certain books that we read and re-read, and which are old books, but it is not their oldness that fascinates us but a certain everlasting newness that lay beyond the reach of our previous perusals, as eyes that look quietly and intently into the night-sky see stars that are sunk too deep in the firmament to be caught by a first and easy glance. And that suggests the old holy book, the Bible, which is always new and which the church always loves, because there is that in it always which our last reading was only on the edge of discovering. If the church should ever come to the end of the Bible it would throw it away.

Some people have thrown it away ready; some who seem to themselves to be Christians have thrown it away; it seems to them they have come to the end of it. To them there is nothing new in it any more, so, of course, by the principle we are illustrating that can do nothing but throw it away. The ox knows enough to feel when it is dark, but never sees a sunset.

All of this leads us easily to an explanation of the fact stated a moment ago that so many who have begun to be Christians are tired of being Christians after a while it has ceased to offer them anything new to which interest can attach and by which therefore enjoyment can be kept alive. They reached a little conviction as to the real import of Christ, entered into a certain amount of relation with Him, had a degree of experience of Him, learned a little of what He could do to strengthen in weakness, brighten in darkness, comfort in sorrow and disappointment, and then everything stopped. Instead of going on to Him, and pressing toward into the deeper and deeper meanings involved in His Spirit, presence and companionship, they drew up all that part of the matter, ruminated only upon such little prospect as had opened to them, till they became weary of it, drank the old cup of consolation till its waters became stale, manched the drying crumbs of light, strength and comfort till they were mobby, strained themselves to keep warm, but to no avail, and, ended, of course, by concluding that whatever might be the theoretical value of personal religion it was nothing if not uninteresting, and people will not, if they can help it, permanently commit themselves to a course of drudgery, even if that drudgery be baptized by so honorable a name as Christianity.

Closing this morning with the prayer that we may all of us feel ourselves moved by a reverent and holy ambition to break free from the burden and entanglement of the old petty and now withered experiences garnered long ago, entering into ever new prospects, into larger discernments, into an ever wider world of knowledge, comfort and anticipation. To this end may we have with us in our closets and in our sanctuary gatherings the abounding Spirit of God the Father and of His Son Jesus Christ, to whom with the Blessed Spirit be given our obedience, adoration and love forever and ever. Amen.

## A Duty to Be Pleasant.

We are apt to think that our being happy or unhappy is something that affects only our course. On the contrary, neither condition is ever absolutely confined to the person who experiences it, and, unfortunately, the "black edge" of one's unhappy moods laps over on the lives of others. The girl who comes down to breakfast "feeling blue" is apt to impart a tinge of the same melancholy to every one else before the meal is over, and the man or woman who is absorbed in the contemplation of his or her own troubles, real or fancied, is doing something to add to the gloom of a world that is more lacking in sunshine than it is now.

No matter what one's private feeling may be, one can always make an effort to be pleasant for the sake of other people's happiness. While the opportunity of doing some great and noble thing may not often occur, the simple but beautiful opportunity of being pleasant is always present.

## Others First.

If, in addition to the desire to live day by day aright, we wish to add some pledge, can it not be that self shall sink into insignificance, and that the good, the happiness, the welfare of others, shall come first?

# A FURIOUS BATTLE

Thrilling Experience With a Band of Armed Bank Robbers

## THEY DESTROYED MUCH MONEY

Demolished Safety Vault of the Bank With Dynamite and Escaped—Men in Hot Pursuit.

Fort Worth, Texas, Special.—A special from South McAlester, I. T., to The Record, says:

"A bold bank robbery, attended by a desperate battle between a posse of citizens and robbers, occurred at Kiowa, a small town 16 miles south of this city Sunday, the robbers securing and destroying about \$28,000 which was in the bank.

"The men gained entrance to the bank building through a rear window. The first charge of nitro-glycerine made no impression on the safe but the noise aroused residents of the town and soon a posse, composed of 50 men, was congregated in the stockyards at the rear of the bank.

"A volley of shots was fired at the building and it was at once returned by the sentinels of the robbers seated on the outside of the structure. An almost incessant fire was kept up for half an hour, during which time the robbers continued their effort to open the safe.

"It required three discharges to force the door. The third explosion was terrific and almost completely demolished the safe as well as the inner part of the bank building. The paper money was blown to shreds, large quantities of mutilated bills being left by the bandits. After looting the safe the robbers left the bank by the front and backed off into the darkness, keeping up a fire on the posse.

"The men went in a southerly direction and were followed quite a distance. It is said that one of the robbers was injured.

"The bank officers place their monetary loss at \$28,000. It is believed that the bandits made away with only a small part of this sum, the paper money being almost altogether destroyed by explosion.

"A posse of United States marshals is in pursuit of the robbers."

## Ominous Sign of War.

London Cable.—The Daily Mail's Kobe correspondent asserts that the Japanese army authorities have requested the newspapers to refrain publishing news concerning the movement of troops or other war-like preparations. In an editorial, the Daily Mail says it regards this as a practical censorship and an ominous sign. Editorial articles in other morning papers express concern over the movement of foreign war-ships toward the far East and particularly over the statement that the United States marines have been ordered to Corea, fearing some unforeseen incident may precipitate events.

On the other hand, the speech delivered by M. Delcasse, the French Foreign Minister, in the Senate Saturday, (saying that nothing had occurred to make him place faith in the reports that were being published daily), is looked upon as reassuring and it is believed that efforts of the powers may still be successful in preserving peace.

## Exploit of Safe Blowers.

Philadelphia—Special.—Two white men with revolvers blew open a safe, held up several persons and otherwise caused considerable excitement last night in the suburban towns along the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Two men were held up at Haverford. Several hours later the men appeared at Strasford, covered an aged watchman with revolvers and blindfolded him. The men then blew open the safe in the railroad station, which also is used as a post office, and took about \$1,000 in money and stamps. The police have a good description of the burglars but up to today they have been unable to find any trace of them.

## Marines Go to Panama.

Colon By Cable.—The marines from the converted cruiser Prairie, who have been stationed at Yaviza, have gone to Panama and are now located at Ras Obispo, station on the Panama Railroad, occupying the houses of the canal company. The election of delegates to the constitutional convention took place Sunday. The United States gunboat Castine has arrived here.

## Church Choir on a Strike.

Montreal, Special.—Melville church, the leading Presbyterian place of worship in West Mount, the fashionable residential suburb of Montreal, was without the services of a choir Sunday. In his sermon on Christmas morning Rev. T. W. Winfield, pastor of the church, severely criticised the members of the choir for eating candy during the service. As a result of the criticism, a deputation from the choir waited upon the reverend gentleman on Saturday and requested a retraction. This he refused to make and as a result the choir, without an exception, went out on strike.

## For Constitutional Convention.

Panama, By Cable.—Elections for members of the constitutional convention took place in every part of the republic. The results are not yet known, but telegrams from the interior report the apparent triumph of the candidates proposed by the popular junta, composed of Liberals and Conservatives. For the first time in the history of the isthmus the elections in the isthmus of Panama have been conducted without any attempt at bribery or otherwise illegal action.

# HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

To Mend China.

A home made cement that will mend broken crockery is worth knowing about. Here are several formulas. Unslaked lime or plaster of paris mixed with the white of an egg till the consistency of cream is excellent. Plain white lead will do also, and moreover, this is one of the few cements that will resist water and heat. One other that is waterproof is made by dissolving ordinary white glue in warm milk.

## New in Spoons.

Despite the many styles of individual spoons now in use, inventors are continually on the alert to supply some particular need or convenience. A novel housewife's assistant is the measuring spoon, like the ordinary teaspoon in size, but marked in the bottom of the bowl with lines and figures to guide her in proportioning ingredients for cooking mixtures, says the New York Sun. The warning labels, one-half, one-quarter, one-eighth spoonful, are affixed just as on a measuring glass. The spoon is of sterling use in the making of gravies, of puddings, cakes, salads or any dishes of a nature requiring exactness in the seasoning.

The measuring spoon is to be had in grades to suit all purposes. This is the case, too, with the newly devised baby's spoon, which is a very practical improvement on the original. The bowl of the baby's spoon is shaped as usual, but the handle is curved backward and welded to the end of the bowl, forming a loop like the loop in the handle of a ring. The looped handle is just big enough for five small fingers to grasp, and a little fellow making first attempts to feed himself can get along much better with a spoon of this sort than one of ordinary pattern. Then there is a new model moustache spoon, a special ice cream spoon and an egg spoon for lifting poached or fried eggs from the dish. They fill the manifest need, showing the possibilities for additions to the spoon family, notwithstanding the enormous variety of styles and shapes already in use.

## The Broom Means Beauty.

If she only knew it, that little woman who grumbles so at having her own housework to do, has an opportunity for which her wealthy neighbor, who drives under the window in a victoria, is paying a fortune. Nothing but pure unadulterated mismanagement has brought her to the glum-apron and the tired back. Any woman who owns a sunny apartment and a broom can be as healthy, as lithe of figure and ruddy of cheek, as gay of heart and light of step as the woman who pays the health curist and the beauty doctor \$5 a treatment. There is no tonic like a dust cloth and no stimulant like a broom. There is no air better than the early morning air filled with sunshine that pours into a seventh floor apartment. In a word, if housework is rightly done, there is nothing more invigorating, nothing which will produce curves and a good complexion so rapidly.

Every housewife who wishes to be charming should begin her day with a good, cold sponge bath and a careful toilette. They are more necessary to her than to the ballroom beauty. A cold sponge bath is better than a cold plunge. It is the standby of the athlete and the constant subject of preaching on the part of the health teachers. Take it quickly and vigorously, rubbing afterward with a hard, coarse towel until every part of the face and body is glowing. You will rub away the cobwebs and the horrible dread of entering the kitchen that rests upon most women like the raven on the bust of Pallas. New vitality will seem to have entered into your limbs. You will have the energy to finish your toilette carefully.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:**—For two years my life was simply a burden. I suffered so with female troubles, and pains across my back and loins. The doctor told me that I had kidney troubles and prescribed for me. For three months I took his medicines, but grew steadily worse. My husband then advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and brought home a bottle. It is the greatest blessing ever brought to our home. Within three months I was a changed woman. My pain had disappeared, my complexion became clear, my eyes bright, and my entire system in good shape.—Mrs. PAULA WEISLITZ, 176 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:**—I feel very thankful to you for the good your medicine has done me. I had doctored for years and was steadily growing worse. I had trouble with my kidneys, and two doctors told me I had Bright's disease; also had falling of the womb, and could not walk a block at a time. My back and head ached all the time, and I was so nervous I could not sleep; had hysteria and fainting spells, was tired all the time, had such a pain in my left side that I could hardly stand at times without putting my foot on something. I doctored with several good doctors, but they did not help me any. I took, in all, twelve bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, five boxes of Liver Pills, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and feel like a new woman, can eat and sleep well, do all my own work, and can walk two miles without feeling over tired. The doctors tell me that my kidneys are all right now. I am so happy to be well, and I feel that I owe it all to your medicine.—Mrs. OPAL STRODS, Dalton, Mass.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address Lynn, Mass.

**\$5000 FORFEIT** if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

If a flower pot is laid on its side the stalk of the plant growing in it will gradually curve upward until it assumes a vertical position.

Rheumatism's Killing Fals. Left in quick order after taking 10 doses of Dr. Skirwin's Rheumatic Cure, in tablet form, 25¢ a dose, by postpaid. Dr. Skirwin Co., La. Crose, Wis. [A.C.L.]

A spanking machine is in successful operation in the State Training School at Redwing, Minn.

Mr. Winslow's Spanish Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25¢ a bottle.

No artist has ever seen a painting from his hand on the walls of the Louvre, Paris.

Perfectly simple and simply perfect is dyeing with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

The strongest man in the United States Senate is Senator Kearns, of Idaho.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

All piano playing in Fort Scott, Kansas, must cease at 9 o'clock p. m.

Better an honest Lazarus than a successful Dives. So. 1.

Spiced Gems—Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, then sift over gradually half a cup of granulated sugar; mix and sift over half a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon; fill small greased gem pans, bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes; when cold ice the top.

Bearnaise Sauce—Beat yolks of three eggs until thick; add three tablespoonfuls of oil, three tablespoonfuls of hot water, and a pinch of salt; put the bowl in a pan of boiling water and stir over the fire until the eggs thicken; remove; add one teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar and a dash of pepper; stand aside until cold, and serve with broiled meats and chops.



Mrs. Weisslitz, president of the German Womans' Club of Buffalo, N. Y., after doctoring for two years, was finally cured of her kidney trouble by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless prompt and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave careful study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made sure that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was certain to control that dreaded disease, woman's kidney troubles. The Vegetable Compound sets in harmony with the laws that govern the entire female system, and while there are many so called remedies for kidney troubles, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared for women.

## Read What Mrs. Weisslitz Says.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years my life was simply a burden. I suffered so with female troubles, and pains across my back and loins. The doctor told me that I had kidney troubles and prescribed for me. For three months I took his medicines, but grew steadily worse. My husband then advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and brought home a bottle. It is the greatest blessing ever brought to our home. Within three months I was a changed woman. My pain had disappeared, my complexion became clear, my eyes bright, and my entire system in good shape.—Mrs. PAULA WEISLITZ, 176 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Proof that Kidney Trouble can be Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel very thankful to you for the good your medicine has done me. I had doctored for years and was steadily growing worse. I had trouble with my kidneys, and two doctors told me I had Bright's disease; also had falling of the womb, and could not walk a block at a time. My back and head ached all the time, and I was so nervous I could not sleep; had hysteria and fainting spells, was tired all the time, had such a pain in my left side that I could hardly stand at times without putting my foot on something. I doctored with several good doctors, but they did not help me any. I took, in all, twelve bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, five boxes of Liver Pills, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and feel like a new woman, can eat and sleep well, do all my own work, and can walk two miles without feeling over tired. The doctors tell me that my kidneys are all right now. I am so happy to be well, and I feel that I owe it all to your medicine.—Mrs. OPAL STRODS, Dalton, Mass.

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Over 10,000,000 pieces of mail matter, covering \$48,043 in money and \$1,400,000 in checks and drafts, reached the dead-letter office during the year.

The United States imported during the fiscal year 5,217,077,065 pounds of sugar, about one-fourth of it being beet sugar, and produced 6,000,000 pounds.

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. CROWNE & Co., 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 him.

WEST & TAGGART, 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. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75¢ per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The peninsula of India, which in area is half the size of the United States, has a population of 300,000,000, of whom 200,000,000 are farmers.

## IT MAY TOUCH THE HEART

*Rheumatism Is Treacherous and Delay May Prove Fatal.*

**GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM NOW.**

# Rheumacide

Will do the work quickly, effectively and without any injury to the digestive organs. In fact, it will leave you in much better condition every way, for it cleanses the blood of poisonous lactic and uric acids that cause rheumatism, kidney troubles, indigestion, boils, chronic constipation and catarrh, and the germs that leave one an easy prey to malaria and contagious blood poison. It is not only the greatest blood purifier, but hundreds of relieved sufferers testify that it does one thing that no other remedy does—

**CURES RHEUMATISM.**

"GETS AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE." AT ALL DRUGGISTS.