

IN 15 MINUTES.

I suffered severely with face neuralgia, but in 15 minutes after application of ST. JACOBS OIL was asleep; have not been troubled with it since. No return since 1882. F. B. ADAMS, Perry, Mo.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

JUDICIAL OF AHAZ.

PREACHED BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

Light of Time—God Rules the Shadow—Daybreak on the Heights of the Mountain—Full Report of a Remarkable Discourse.

WEEKLY, JAN. 19.—Dr. Talmage's sermon on this morning was full of stress and good cheer. He might call it a receipt for happiness, buoyancy and elasticity of temperament which characterize him conspicuous throughout, and have been imparted to his hearers.

His text was II Kings xx, 11, and Isaiah the prophet cried out to Ahaz: "and he brought the shadow degrees backward, by which it went down in the dial of Ahaz." There is the first clock or watch or meter or timepiece of which the world has any knowledge. But as a watch that did not tick and a clock that did not strike. It was a dial. Ahaz, the king, invented it. Between the hours given to statesmen and the hours of office he invented something by which he could have been a great column, and on the shadow of that column he had one point it was nine o'clock, and when it reached another point it was three o'clock p. m., and the hours and half hours were so marked. Or it may have been a set of stairs such as may now be found in Hindostan and other old countries, and when the shadow reached one step it was ten o'clock a. m., and likewise other hours may have been indicated.

THE MEASURE.

The clepsydra or water clock followed the sundial, and the sandglass followed the clepsydra. Then came the candle clock of Alfred the Great, and the candle was marked to three parts, and while the first part was burning he gave himself to prayer, and while the second part was burning he gave himself to politics, and while the third part was burning he gave himself to rest. For awhile came the wheel and eight clock, and Pope Sylvester the second was its most important inventor. And the skill of centuries of exquisite mechanism tolled at the fleeciness until the world had the tick of the clock of the fourteenth century, and Huyghens, the inventor, swung the first pendulum, and Dr. Hooke contrived the recoil escape ment.

And the "endless chain" followed, and the "ratchet and pinion lever" took its place, and the compensation balance and the stemwinder followed, and now we have the buzz and clang of the great clock and watch factories of Switzerland and Germany and England and America turning out what seems to be the perfection of timepieces. It took the world six thousand years to make the present chronometer. So with the measurement of longer spaces than minutes and hours.

Time was calculated from new moon to new moon; then from harvest to harvest. Then the year was pronounced to be three hundred and fifty-four days and then three hundred and sixty days, and not until a long while after, three hundred and sixty-five days. Then events were calculated from the foundation of Rome, afterward from the Olympic games. Then the Babylonians had their measurement of the year, and the Romans theirs, and the Armenians theirs, and the Hindus theirs.

Chronology was busy for centuries studying monuments, inscriptions, coins, mummies and astronomy. Trying to lay a plan by which all questions of dates might be settled and events put in their right place in the procession of the ages. But the chronologists only heaped up a mountain of confusion and bewilderment until in the Sixth century Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman abbot, said, "Let everything date from the birth of Bethlehem of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world."

The abbot proposed to have things dated backward and forward from that great event. What a splendid thought for the world! What a mighty thing for Christianity! It would have been most natural to date everything from the creation of the world. But I am glad the chronologists could not too easily guess how old the world was in order to get the nations in the habit of dating from that occurrence in its documents and histories.

king, was crying to a God. It might have been one of the worst kind of carbuncles, a boil without any central core and sometimes deathful. A flag was put upon it as a poultice. Ezekiah did not want to die then. His son, who was to take the kingdom, had not yet been born, and Ezekiah's death would have been the death of the nation. So he prays for recovery and is told he will get well.

But he wants some miraculous sign to make him sure of it. He has the choice of having the shadow on the sundial of Ahaz advance or retreat. He replied it would not be so wonderful to have the sun go down, for it always does go down sooner or later. He asks that it go backward. In other words, let the day, instead of going on toward sundown, turn and go toward sunrise.

I see the invalid king bolstered up and wrapped in blankets looking out of the window upon the sundial in the courtyard. While he watches the shadow on the dial the shadow begins to retreat. Instead of going on toward six o'clock in the evening it goes back toward six o'clock in the morning. The fig on the wall had been traveling for some time, and sure enough, the boil broke and Ezekiah got well. Now I expect you will come on your higher criticism and try to explain this away and say it was an optical delusion of Ezekiah, and the shadow only seemed to go back or a cloud came over and it was uncertain which way the shadow did go, and as Ezekiah expected it to go back he took the action of his own mind for the retrograde movement. No; the shadow went back on all the dials of that land and other lands.

Turn to II Chronicles xxxii, 31, and find that away off in Babylon the mighty men of the palace noticed the same phenomenon. And if you do not like Bible authority turn over your copy of Herodotus and find that away off in Egypt the people noticed that there was something the matter with the sun. The fact is that the whole universe waits upon God, and the sun and moon and stars are not very big things to him, and he can with his little finger turn back an entire world as easily as you could set back the hour hand or minute hand of your clock or watch.

At the opening of a new year people are moralizing on the flight of time. You all feel that you are moving on toward sundown and many of you are under a consequent depression. I propose this morning to set the hands on your watches and clocks to going the other way. I propose to show you how you may make the shadow of your dial, like the shadow on the dial of Ahaz, to stop going forward and make it go backward. You think I have a big undertaking on hand, but it can be done, if the same Lord who reversed the shadow in Ezekiah's courtyard moves upon us.

While looking at the sundial of Ezekiah, and we find the shadow retreating, we ought to learn that God controls the shadows. We are all ready to acknowledge his management of the sun and moon. We stand in the glow of a bright morning, and we say in our feelings, if not with so many words, "This life is from God. This warmth is from God." Or we have a rush of prosperity, and we say, "These successes are from God. What a providential thing it was I bought that lot just before the rise of real estate! How grateful to God I am that I made that investment! Why, they have declared ten per cent dividend! What a mercy it was that I sold out my shares before that collapse!"

Oh, yes, we acknowledge God in the sunshine of a bright day or the sunshine of a great prosperity. But suppose the day is dark! You have to light the gas at noon. The sun does not show himself all day long. There is nothing but shadow. How slow we are to realize that the storm is from God and the darkness from God. Or we buy the day before the market's retreat, or we make an investment that never pays, or we purchase goods that we cannot dispose of, or a crop of grain we sowed is ruined by drought or frost, or when we took account of stock on the first of January we found ourselves thousands of dollars worse off than we expected. Who under such circumstances says, "This loss is from God. I must have been allowed to go into that unfortunate enterprise for some good reason; God controls the east wind as well as the west wind."

A LESSON TO LEARN. My friends, I cannot look for one moment on that retrograde shadow on Ahaz's dial without learning that God controls the shadows, and that lesson we need all to learn. That he controls the sunshine is not so necessary a lesson, for anybody can be happy when things go right. When you sleep eight hours a night and rise with an appetite that cannot easily wait for breakfast, and you go over to the store and open your mail to read more orders than you can fill, and in the next letter you find a dividend far larger than you have been promised, and your neighbor comes in to tell you some flattering thing he has just heard said about you, and you find that all the styles of goods in which you deal have advanced fifteen per cent in value, and on your way home you meet your children in full romp, and there are roses on the center of the tea table and roses of health in cheeks all round the table, what

more do you want of consolation? I don't pity you a bit. You feel as if you could boss the world. But for those in just opposite circumstances my text comes in with an omnipotence of meaning. The shadow! Oh, the shadow! Shadow of bereavement! Shadow of sickness! Shadow of bankruptcy! Shadow of mental depression! Shadow of persecution! Shadow of death! Speak out, O sundial of Ahaz, and tell all the people that God manages the shadow!

As Ezekiah sat in his palace window, wrapped in invalidism and surrounded by anodynes and cataplasms, and looked out upon the black hand of the only clock known at that time and saw it move back ten degrees, he learned a lesson that a majority of the human race need this hour to learn—that the best friend a man ever had controls the shadow. The setbacks are sometimes the best things that can happen.

The great German author Schiller could not work unless he had in his room the scent of rotten apples, and the decay of the fruits of earthly prosperity may become an inspiration instead of a depression. Robert Chambers' lame feet shut him up from other work, and he became the world renowned publisher and helped fashion the best literature of the ages. The painful disorder like that of Ezekiah called a carbuncle, is spelled exactly the same as the precious stone called the carbuncle, and the pang of suffering may become the jewel of immortal value. Your setback, like that of Ahaz's sundial, may be recovery and triumph.

I never had a setback but it turned out to be a set forward. You never would have become a Christian if you had not had a setback. The lightest throne in heaven are for the setbacks. In 1861 the shadow of the sundial of this nation was set back and all things seemed going to ruin, and it was set back farther in 1862, and farther in 1863, and still farther in 1865, but there is not an intelligent and well balanced man, north or south, east or west, but feels it was set back toward the sunrise.

TURN THE SHADOWS BACK. But I promised to show you how the shadows might be turned back. First, by going much among the young people. In most families circles there are grandchildren. By this divine arrangement most of the people who have passed the meridian of life can compass themselves by juvenility. It is a bad thing for an old man or old woman to sit looking at the vivacity of their grandchildren shouting, "Stop that racket!" Better join in the fun. Let the eighty-year-old grandfather join the eight-year-old grandson or granddaughter. My father and mother lived to see over eighty children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and a more boisterous crew were never turned out on this sublunary sphere, and they all seemed to cry to the old folks "Keep young," and they did keep young.

Don't walk with a cane unless you have to, or only as a defense in a city afflicted with too many canines. Don't wear glasses stronger than necessary, putting on number ten when eighteens will do as well. Don't go into the company of those who are always talking about rheumatism and lumbago and shortness of breath and the brevity of human life. It is too much for my gravity to hear an octogenarian talking about the shortness of human life. From all I can find out he has always been here, and from present prospects he is always going to stay. Remain young. Hang up your stockings in Christmas time. Help the boys fly the kite. Teach the girls how to dress their dolls. Better than amica for your stiff joints and crip up for your sleepless nights will be a large dose of youthful companionship.

THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER. Set back the clock of human life. Make the shadow of the sundial of Ahaz retreat ten degrees. People make themselves old by always talking about being old and wishing for the good old days which were never as good as these days. From all I can hear the grandchildren are not half as bad as the grandparents were. Matters have been hushed up. But if you have ever been in a room adjoining a room where some very old people a little deaf were talking over old times you will find that this age does not monopolize all the young rascals. It may now be hard to get young people up early enough in the morning, but their grandparents always had to be pulled out of bed.

It is wrong now to play mischievous tricks on the unsuspecting, but thirty years ago at school that now venerable man sat down on a crooked pin not accidentally placed there, and purposely drove the sleigh riding party too near the edge of the embankment that he might see how they would look when tumbled into the snow. And that man who has so little patience with childish exuberance was in olden times up to pranks one-half of which, if practiced by the eight-year-old of today, would set grandfather and grandmother crazy. Revive your remembrance of what you were between five and ten years of age, and with patience capable of everything join with the young. Put back the shadow of the dial not ten degrees, but fifty and sixty and seventy degrees.

Set back your clocks also by entering on new and absorbing Christian work. In our desire to inspire the

young we have in our essays had much to say about what has been accomplished by the young; of Romanus, who founded Rome when he was twenty years of age; of Cortes, who had conquered Mexico at thirty years; of Pitt, who was prime minister of England at twenty-four years; of Raphael, who died at thirty-seven years; of Galvix, who wrote his Institutes at twenty-six; of Melancthon, who took a learned professor's chair at twenty-one years; of Luther, who had conquered Germany for the Reformation by the time he was thirty-five years.

And it is all very well for us to show how early in life one can do very great things for God and the welfare of the world, but some of the mightiest work for God has been done by septuagenarians and octogenarians and nonagenarians. Indeed, there is work which none but such can do. They preserve the equipoise of senates, of religious denominations, of reformatory movements. Young men for action, old men for counsel. Instead of any of you beginning to fold up your energies, arouse anew your energies. With the experience you have obtained and the opportunities of observation you have had during a long life you ought to be able to do in one year now more than you did in one year right after you had passed out of your teens. Physical power less, your spiritual power ought to be more.

Up to the last hour of their lives what power for good old Dr. Archibald Alexander, old Dr. Woods, old Dr. Hawes, old Dr. Milnor, old Dr. McVaine, old Dr. Tyng, old Dr. Candlish, old Dr. Chalmers! What have been Bismarck to Germany, and Gladstone to England, and Oliver Wendell Holmes to America in the time of an advanced age! Let me say to those in the afternoon of life: Don't be putting off the harness, when God wants it off he will take it off. Don't be frightened out of life by the grip, as many are. At the first sneeze of an influenza many give up all as lost.

No new terror has come on the earth. The microbes as the cause of disease were described in the Talmud seventeen hundred years ago as "invisible legions of dangerous ones." Don't be scared out of life by all this talk about heart failure. That trouble has always been in the world. That is what all the people that ever passed out of this life have died of—heart failure. Adam had it, and all of his descendants have had it, and will have it.

Do not be watching for symptoms, or you will have symptoms of everything. Some of you will yet die of symptoms. Symptoms are often only what we sometimes see in the country—a dead owl nailed on a barn door to scare living owls. Put your trust in God, go to bed at ten o'clock, have the window open six inches to let in the fresh air, sleep on your right side and fear nothing. The old maxim was right, "Get thy spindle and distaff ready, and God will send thee flax."

TOWARD THE SUNRISE. But while looking at this sundial of Ahaz and I see the shadow of it move I notice that it went back toward the sunrise instead of forward toward the sunset—toward the morning instead of toward the night. That thing the world is willing now to do in many cases has done. There have a great many things been written and spoken about the sunset of life. I have said some of them myself. But my text suggests a better idea. The Lord who turned back that day from going toward sundown and started it toward sunrise is willing to do the same thing for all of us. The theologians who stick to old come adjurations until they become adjurations would not call it anything but conversion. I call it a change from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise. That man who never tries to unbuckle the clasp of evil habit, and who keeps all the sins of the past and the present freighting him, and who ignores the one redemption made by the only One who could redeem—if that man will examine the sundial he will find that the shadow is going forward and he is on the way to sundown. His day is on the road to night.

All the watches that tick, all the clocks that strike, all the sundials that empty themselves, all the shadows that move on all the sundials indicate the approach of darkness. But now, in answer to prayer, as in my text the change was in answer to prayer, the pardoning Lord reverses things and the man starts toward sunrise instead of sunset. He turns the other way. The captain of salvation gives him the military command: "Attention! Right about face!" He was marching toward indifference, marching toward hardness of heart, marching toward prayerlessness, marching toward sin, marching toward gloom, marching toward death.

Now he turns and marches toward peace, marches toward light and marches toward comfort and marches toward high hope and marches toward a triumph stupendous and everlasting, toward hosannas that ever hoist and hallelujahs that ever roll. Now that is not the turning of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise, what is it?

I have seen daybreak over Mount Blanc and the Matterhorn, over Mount

Washington, over the Sierra Nevada and mid-Atlantic, the morning after a departed storm when the billows were liquid Alps and liquid Sierra Nevada, but the sunrise of the soul is more efficient and more transporting. It bathes all the heights of the soul and illumines all the faculties, all the aspirations, all the ambitions, all the hopes with a light that sickness cannot eclipse or death extinguish or eternity do anything but augment and magnify. I preach the sunrise.

As I look at that retrograde movement of the shadow on Ahaz's dial, I remember that it was a sign that Hezekiah was going to get well, and he got well. So I have to tell all you who are by the grace of God having your day turned from declining toward night to ascent toward morning, that you are going to get well—well of all your sins, well of all your sorrows, well of all your earthly distresses. Sunrise!

But says some one, all that you say may be true, but that does not hinder the horrors of dissolution. Why, you who are the Lord's are not going to die. All that the grave gets of you as compared with your chief, your immortal nature, is as the clippings of your finger nails as compared with your whole body. As you run the scissors along the edge of your thumbnail and you cut off that which is of no use but rather a hindrance, you do not mourn over the departure of that fragment which flies away.

Death will be only the scissoring off of that which could be of no use, and the soul has no funeral because it would not get rid of it. This body we could not get rid of. This body would make of us a failure if it were taken away now. If our departing soul were to be burdened with it in the next world! While others there go ten thousand miles a minute we would take about an hour to walk four miles, and while our neighbor immortals could see a hundred miles we could see only ten miles, and the fleetest and the healthiest of our bodies if seen there would make it necessary to open in heaven an asylum for cripples.

No, no; one of the best possible things that will happen to us will be the sloughing off of this body when we have no more use for it in its present state. When it shall come up in its resurrected form we will be very glad to get it back again, but not as it is now with its limitations and bedevillments innumerable. Sunrise!

There shall I bask my weary soul In so soft heavenly rest Across my peaceful breast.

SUNSHINE IN YOUR FACES. Sunrise! But not like one of those mornings after you had gone to bed late or did not sleep well, and you get up chilled and yawning, and the morning bath is a repulsion, and you feel like saying to the morning sun shining into your window, "I do not see what you find to smile about; your brightness is to me a mockery." But the influx of the next world will be a morning after a sound sleep, and you will rise, the sunshine in your faces, and in your first morning in heaven you will wade down into the sea of glass mingled with fire, the foam on fire with a splendor you never saw on earth, and the rolling waves are dogologies, and the rocks of that shore are golden and the pebbles of that beach are pearl, and the skies that arch the scene are a commingling of all the colors that St. John saw on the wall of heaven, the crimson, and the blue, and the saffron, and the orange, and the purple, and the gold, and the green, wrought on those skies in shape of garlands, of banners, of ladders, of chariots, of crowns, of thrones. What a sunrise! Do you not feel its warmth on your faces? Scoville McCollum, the dying boy of our Sunday school, uttered what shall be the peroration of this sermon—"Throw back the shutters and let the sun in!" And so the shadow of Ahaz's sundial turns from sunset to sunrise.

"Puzzled The Doctors." MOST of the cases cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla have been given up by the regular practice. Physicians are recommending this medicine more than ever, and with satisfactory results.

E. M. Sargent, Lowell, Mass., says: "Several years ago, my daughter broke out with large sores on her hands, face, and other parts of her body. The case puzzled the doctors. My daughter used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it resulted in a complete cure. Her blood seems to have been thoroughly purified, as she has never had so much as a pimple since taking this medicine."

"This is to certify that after having been sick for twelve years with kidney disease and general debility, and having been treated by several physicians without relief, I am now better in every respect, and think I am nearly well, having taken seven bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Maria Ludvigson, Albert Lea, Minn.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$2 a bottle.

A Doll's Graveyard.

Living in Oakland is a five-year-old miss with a gruesome idea in regard to playthings. In the yard of her mother's house she has a grave which she looks after as carefully as a mother does her only son's last resting place. Several weeks ago she asked her mamma if baby dolls died and what became of them. Being answered in the negative she said she was sorry, as she would like to have a "dead dollie."

Several days later she sat one of her dolls on the sill and purposely allowed it to fall from the window to the ground. Poor dollie's head was cracked by the drop of ten feet, and the five-year-old immediately declared it was dead. She then got some kitchen utensils, and, unassisted by any member of the family, she dug a grave along the fence in the shade of an old apple tree. She made the grave about 12 inches deep, and the top of it about 4 inches, and the top of it about 12 inches above the surrounding ground. Twice every day since then she visits the small mound "to fix it up." Yesterday afternoon, about the time loving hands were placing flowers and watering the plants on graves of relatives in the different cemeteries in and around the city, the little girl was arranging flowers on the doll's grave.

Around the edge she placed "white lily slippers," and in the center laid a small cross of red enamels. From a washstand she secured an oblong piece of white marble, which she stuck in the ground at the head of the grave, after vainly trying to make marks on it giving the doll's name, age at death, etc. She says she is going to have a regular graveyard, and will invite other little girls to bury their dead dolls in it. —Pittsburg Post.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccupping or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Simple Fruit Cake. One pint of granulated sugar, one very scant cupful of butter, four eggs (leaving out the whites of two), one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of cloves, one generous tablespoonful of cinnamon, one cupful of dried raisins, one-half cupful of seeded raisins, one-half cupful of finely shredded citron, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and three and one-half cupfuls of flour. Mix butter and sugar to a cream, add beaten yolks and spice, then milk and part of the flour, then beaten whites. Stir the baking powder into the flour. Reserve one cupful to mix with fruit. Beat in the rest, then add the floured fruit. Bake in small tins of any desired shape and utilize the whites left over for frosting.—Good Housekeeping.

"Music Is Not for Everybody." Though music is certainly, from among all branches of art, one of the purest sources of unalloyed delight, we entirely agree with the definition of it which describes it as "the art of moving by combinations of sounds intelligent people, gifted with special and well practiced organs." If music is not made for everybody, one may also say that not everybody is made for music.—London Saturday Review.

Lord Lytton was a believer in ghosts. His seat, Knebworth, was haunted, he was convinced. The sum total of exports from this country this year will be larger than for any previous year in our history. There are so many varieties of Christian theology that there is room for all. A man may begin life as a Presbyterian, then travel to Congregationalism, thence into the Episcopal church and end at last a Roman Catholic, and still be from beginning to end a member of the Christian church.

"Puzzled The Doctors."

MOST of the cases cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla have been given up by the regular practice. Physicians are recommending this medicine more than ever, and with satisfactory results.

E. M. Sargent, Lowell, Mass., says: "Several years ago, my daughter broke out with large sores on her hands, face, and other parts of her body. The case puzzled the doctors. My daughter used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it resulted in a complete cure. Her blood seems to have been thoroughly purified, as she has never had so much as a pimple since taking this medicine."

"This is to certify that after having been sick for twelve years with kidney disease and general debility, and having been treated by several physicians without relief, I am now better in every respect, and think I am nearly well, having taken seven bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Maria Ludvigson, Albert Lea, Minn.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$2 a bottle.

A Doll's Graveyard.

Living in Oakland is a five-year-old miss with a gruesome idea in regard to playthings. In the yard of her mother's house she has a grave which she looks after as carefully as a mother does her only son's last resting place. Several weeks ago she asked her mamma if baby dolls died and what became of them. Being answered in the negative she said she was sorry, as she would like to have a "dead dollie."

Several days later she sat one of her dolls on the sill and purposely allowed it to fall from the window to the ground. Poor dollie's head was cracked by the drop of ten feet, and the five-year-old immediately declared it was dead. She then got some kitchen utensils, and, unassisted by any member of the family, she dug a grave along the fence in the shade of an old apple tree. She made the grave about 12 inches deep, and the top of it about 4 inches, and the top of it about 12 inches above the surrounding ground. Twice every day since then she visits the small mound "to fix it up." Yesterday afternoon, about the time loving hands were placing flowers and watering the plants on graves of relatives in the different cemeteries in and around the city, the little girl was arranging flowers on the doll's grave.

Around the edge she placed "white lily slippers," and in the center laid a small cross of red enamels. From a washstand she secured an oblong piece of white marble, which she stuck in the ground at the head of the grave, after vainly trying to make marks on it giving the doll's name, age at death, etc. She says she is going to have a regular graveyard, and will invite other little girls to bury their dead dolls in it. —Pittsburg Post.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccupping or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Simple Fruit Cake.

One pint of granulated sugar, one very scant cupful of butter, four eggs (leaving out the whites of two), one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of cloves, one generous tablespoonful of cinnamon, one cupful of dried raisins, one-half cupful of seeded raisins, one-half cupful of finely shredded citron, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and three and one-half cupfuls of flour. Mix butter and sugar to a cream, add beaten yolks and spice, then milk and part of the flour, then beaten whites. Stir the baking powder into the flour. Reserve one cupful to mix with fruit. Beat in the rest, then add the floured fruit. Bake in small tins of any desired shape and utilize the whites left over for frosting.—Good Housekeeping.

"Music Is Not for Everybody." Though music is certainly, from among all branches of art, one of the purest sources of unalloyed delight, we entirely agree with the definition of it which describes it as "the art of moving by combinations of sounds intelligent people, gifted with special and well practiced organs." If music is not made for everybody, one may also say that not everybody is made for music.—London Saturday Review.

Lord Lytton was a believer in ghosts. His seat, Knebworth, was haunted, he was convinced. The sum total of exports from this country this year will be larger than for any previous year in our history. There are so many varieties of Christian theology that there is room for all. A man may begin life as a Presbyterian, then travel to Congregationalism, thence into the Episcopal church and end at last a Roman Catholic, and still be from beginning to end a member of the Christian church.



See Brasfield's Boy's and Children's Suits and Overcoats

Willamette University,

SALEM, OREGON. Is just the place to go for a first-class education. Its Normal Course offers every advantage of any normal school with all the benefits of degree and state diploma and many specialties. Excellent courses for business college, Preparatory College, Art, Music, Theology, Law, Medicine and Pharmacy. Second term opens Nov. 10th. Third term opens Feb. 1, 1892. For circular address, REY. GEO. WHITAKER, D. D., President.

Capital City Restaurant

Jas. Batchelor, Prop'r. Warm Meals at All Hours of the Day. None but white labor employed in this establishment. A good substantial meal cooked in first-class style twenty-five cents per meal. RED FRONT. Court street, between Upper House and Mint's Livery.

M. L. CHAMBERLIN, O. M. SMITH, H. M. BRANSON, GEO. H. MERRITT, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer. UNION TITLE ABSTRACT CO., 275 Commercial Street. Makes the neatest and best Abstracts in the country.

E. C. CROSS, Butcher and Packer. State St. and Court St.—The best meats delivered to all parts of the city.

THE WILLAMETTE,

SALEM, OREGON. Rates, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per Day. The best hotel between Portland and San Francisco. First-class in all its appointments. Its tables are served with the Choicest Fruits Grown in the Willamette Valley. A. I. WAGNER, Prop.

PRINTING.

ONE OF THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENTS in the State. Lower rates than Portland. Largest stock of type in the State. A biggest discount. Send for price list of job printing, and catalogue of type fonts. Steam Printer, Salem, Oregon.

Strawberries and Grapes.

Twenty varieties of each for sale. Manual culture and description sent to students of plants of either of these, best of all table fruits, suitable for this climate, sent on application to E. H. Hill, Salem, Oregon.

To Strawberry Growers.

The undersigned has contracted for large quantities of the Josephine monthly fruit, the Wagoner at Salem (strawberry fruit) and the Golden Wonder (grape) and most profitable late fruit in the Willamette Valley. From H. W. Savage, Salem, and J. W. Gilbert, Astoria. Warranted pure stock and plants first-class. Catalogue free sent upon receipt of 10c. Also in other articles. Address: E. M. WATSON, Salem, Oregon.

Conservatory of Music.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY—Gives superior advantages to students of music. Five teachers. Latest methods. Vocal and instrumental music taught to the highest proficiency. No money going out to study music. Expenses moderate. Positions given on completion of course. Next term begins Feb. 1. Z. M. PARVIN, Musical Director.

DUGAN BROS'

Plumbing and Heating Co., Wholesale and retail dealers in STEAM and PLUMBING GOODS, 29 Commercial Street, Telephone No. 38.

PENSIONS

D. C. SHERMAN, U. S. Pension Agent and Claim Agent, 745 Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon. Deputy County Clerk—Write for blanks.

M. T. RINEMAN

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Wooden and Metal Ware. All kinds of mill feed. Also vegetables and fruit in season. Highest prices paid for country produce. Wholesale a share of your patronage. 35 State Street.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Marion County. M. H. Hiley, plaintiff, vs. R. M. Glover, defendant. To R. M. Glover the defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the day of February, 1892, the same being the first day of next regular term of the above publication of this summons, and if you fail to do so as directed, the plaintiff will be allowed to proceed against you for the sum of \$100 together with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from March 1st, 1892, until paid, and all costs and disbursements of this nature. You are hereby notified that this summons is served