#### THE RAGE FOR GOLD.

DR. TALMAGE FINDS MANY LESSONS IN AARON'S GOLDEN CALF.

The Israelites Suffered but for a Short Time, but Millions Have Suffered Since and Millions Are Suffering Now by Their Mad Worship of Gold.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 13.—The subject of dis course chosen by Rev. Dr. Talmage for his first sermon after the national election was one peculiarly appropriate to the money making spirit of the times. It was "The Golden Calf," the text selected being Exodus xxxii, 20, "And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel

drink of it." People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there were masculine as well'as feminine decorations. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they "borrowed" them from the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more carrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Pire is kindled, the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle or a war charger, but of a calf; the gold cools off, the mold is taken away, and the idol is set upon its four legs.

An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate and shrick and dance mightily and worship. Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets mad he is very apt to break all the Ten Commandments.

Moses rushes in, and he takes this calf god and throws it into a hot fire until it is melted all out of shape, and then pulverizes it-not by the modern appliance of nitromuriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of niter, or by the old fashioned file. He males for the people a most nauseating draft. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all. But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river, and then flows on down the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back the remains of this golden calf are carried up into the Hudson, and the East river, and the Thames, and the Clyde, and the Tiber, and men go out and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore, and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo! we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship. THE MODERN IDOLATRY.

I shall describe to you the god spoken of in the text, his temple, his altar of sacrifice, the music that is made in his temple, and then the final breaking up whole congregation of idolaters. Put aside this curtain, and you see the

golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not like other idols, made out of stocks or stones, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street and Third street and State street, and the footfalls in the bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the Bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat, and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard, and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger.

It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American civil war, and under God stopped it, and it decided the Turko-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted, "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. This golden calf of the text has its right front foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty god-the golden calf of the world's worship!

But every god must have its temple. and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's of the English, and St. Peter's of the Italians, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos, and all the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calt of gold. THE CRUELTY OF AVARICE.

Further, every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone, as other altars, but out of counting room desks and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrified on it are innumerable. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it! With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. Oh, heaven and earth, what an altar! What a sacrifice of body, mind and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants.

Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at one o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting, "A thousand chares of railroad stock—one hundred and ight and a half; take it!" until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" or a sudden "rise" in something else. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone-they die. The clergyman comes in and reads the funeral service, "Blessed are the dead who 'die in the Lord." Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord"-the golden calf kicked them! The trouble is when men sacrifice them-

Admitted the Facts. Newspaper editors have to be very careful in opening their columns for statements. But aware that the Dr. Miles Medical Company are responsible, we make room for the following testimonial from R. McDougall, Auburn, Ind., who for two years noticed a stoppage or skipping of the pulse, his left side got so tender he could not lie on it. his heart fluttered, he was alarmed, went to different doctors, found no relief, but one bottle of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure cured him. The elegant book, "New and Startling Facts," free at Daley's Drug Store. It tells all about Heart and Nervous Diseases and many wonderful

My wife was so badly afflicted with rheumatism as to be unable to move in bed without assistance. Our druggist, Mr. Laddamus, recommended Chamber lain's Pain Balm, which greatly relieved her. We have used six bottles at various times, and would not be without it at hand .- Jas. Coleman, Lowell, Neb. 50 cent bottles for sale by W. R. Rudey Mt. Airy and A. C. Taylor, Ellicott City

selves on this altar suggested in the text hey not only sacrifice themselves, but hey sacrifice their families. If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go; but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until Black Calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxurious occupants of the equipage, "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up again. There was the mark on them for life-the mark of a split hoof-the death dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice, on one occasion, twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep; but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock in India walked literally ankle deep in the blood of the "house of massacre," where two hundred women and children had been slain by the Sepoys; but the blood around about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy! The golden calf has none.

HEARTS BROKEN FOR GOLD. Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust, and count their golden beads, and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches; it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity have been doubly damned. Choras of voices rejoicing over what they have made. Chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost.

The temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with moldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus-"More! more!

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of folk on the Stock exchange. Indeed it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description, and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in. What snapping of finger and thumb and wild gesticulation, and raving like hyenas, and stamping like buffaloes, and swaying to and fro, and running one upon another, and deafening uproar until the president of the exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order! order!" And the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the Stock exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf. PLUTOCRACY MUST PERISH.

But my text suggests that this worship must be broken up, as the behavior of Moses in my text indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in my text was hollow, and merely plated with gold; otherwise, they say, Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that, but somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire, and it is melted, and then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance, or by an old fashioned file, it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a pun ishment the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff. So, my hearers, you may depend upon it

that God will burn and he will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry. and he will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the Battery or Central park, whether at Brooklyn bridge or at Bushwick, whether at Shore ditch, London or West End, but it will be a very hot blaze. All the government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast. All the money, safes and depositing vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and the shipping will be abandoned forever. The melted gold in the broker's window will burst through the melted window glass and into the street, but the flying population will not stop to scoop it up. The cry of "Fire!" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "Fire!" in

the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea, and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London with one cut of the red scythe of destruction will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in shroud of flame and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted or between the upper and the nether millstone of falling mountains ground to powder. Dagon down. Moloch down. Juggernaut down. Golden calf

GOD'S JUDGMENTS ARE NIGH. But, my friends, every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Merchants of Brooklyn and New York and London, what is the characteristic of this time in which we live? "Bad," you say. Professional men, what is the characteristic of the times in which we live? "Bad," you say. Though I should be in a minority of one, I venture the opinion that these are the best times we have had, for the reason that God is teaching the world as never before that old fashioned honesty is the only thing that will stand. We have learned as never before that forgeries will not pay; that the spending of fifty thousand dollars on country seats and a palatial city residence, when there are only thirty thousand dollars income, will not pay; that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not

We had a great national tumor in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement. Instead of calling it enlargement we might better have called it a swelling. It has been a tumor, and God is cutting it out-has cut it outand the nation will get well and will come back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers, when twice three made six instead of sixty, and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel, and a silk handerchief was not half cotton, and a man who wore a five dollar coat paid for was more honored than a man who wore a fifty dollar coat not paid for.

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The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers, not paying for the articles they get, borrow of the grocer, and the baker, and the butcher, and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow and borrow and borrow until the community is divided into two classes-those who borrow and those who are borrowed of-and after awhile the capitalist wants his money and he rushes upon the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money and herushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money and he rushes upon the consumer, and we all go down to-

gether. There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire, and the wheelwright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harness maker for the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage tongue clear back to e tip of the shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle everything is paid for by notes that have been three times re-

It is this temptation to borrow and borrow and borrow that keeps the people everlastingly praying to the golden calf for help, and just at the minute they expect the help the golden calf treads on them. The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship; and I say, let the work go on un-til every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feel themselves bound to keep them, and when a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his cannibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall by the law of the land be compelled to exchange his mansion for Sing Sing. Let the golden calf perish!

LAY UP TREASURE IN HEAVEN. But, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we will see our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two mockets-one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your coffin with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah, no! The ferryboat that crosses this Jordan takes no baggage-nothing heavier han a spirit. You may perhaps take five hundred dollars with you two or three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings, to Greenwood, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring; it would be a temptation to

Ah, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we die we will see our idol ground to pieces by our pillow, and we will have to drink it in bitter regrets for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be gone. Oh, this is a fleeting world; it is a dving world! A man who had worshiped it all his days, in his dying moment described himself when he said, "Fool! fool! fool!"

I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are securities that will never fail. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when ou are sick, and save you when you die When your parents have breathed their

last, and the old, wrinkled and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, he will be to you father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other; and when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them goodby forever. He only wants to hold them for you a little while. He will give them back to you again, and he will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal wel

Oh, what a God he is! He will allow you to come so close this morning that you can put your arms around his neck, while he in response will put his arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing fa ther and returned prodigal locked in glori ous embrace. Quit worshiping the golden calf, and bow this day before him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes and the scorched parchment of the sky shall be rolled together like an historic scroll.

Tuberculosis in Cows. The danger of milk from tuberculous cows increases with the hot weather, and there is no way of spreading this disease so generally in a city in summer time as through the consumption of milk from emaciated and diseased cows. No other mimal is capable of bearing the disease so long without exhibiting evidences of it as the domesticated bovine, and for this reason it is difficult to ascertain the source of tuberculosis in many cases. The normal temperature of the cow is over 102 degs., and this high temperature makes it possi ble for her to endure the processes without suffering to any great extent. It is rarely that the human temperature rises much above this during the stage of active tuber culization.

Dairymen therefore often see their cow performing their functions properly, and yet tuberculosis is present without their knowledge. The disease is only ascertained by them when the animal is sick and grows thin, and yields small quantities of milk. The fact is, when tuberculosis develops so far as to make the cowemaciated there is no danger from the milk, for it is entirely dried up and none is given. The danger is from the animals when they are in apparent good health.-Yankee Blade.

Laying the Blame. As the grocer saw him enter the store with a quick, angry step, he knew he had no ordinary customer to deal with. The man strode over to the counter, threw down a basket he had been carrying and delivered himself of a little speech he had evidently rehearsed on the way. "This is an infernal outrage on a citizen

and a-a-cash customer," he thundered, bringing his closed fist down with a thump, "Here you have not only swindied me out of my good money, but made me appear a poor, miserable fool in the eyes of my wife-my wife, sir! Just look at those-those-fossils, sir, and tell me what you mean by selling such things." The grocer silently opened the little basket, but slammed down the lid the next moment and moved nearer the door, where he could catch the fresh air. In a vellow bowl inside the basket were half a dozen cracked eggs. Nothing but a deep sense of wrong could have induced the man to bring them from home, for the most heartless person would have admitted that they were too far gone already.

"Those are nice things to put in your window and label fresh eggs, ain't they? interrogated the man in a sarcastic way. "I'd just like to know what excuse you "When did you buy them?" asked the grocer after chewing the ends of his mustache awhile.

"Last night. "I thought there was a mistake some where," replied the grocer, with a returnblame, sir. These eggs were as fresh as daisies when I labeled them a fortnight ago."-New York Evening Sun.

Lightning's Freaks. In 1853 a little girl was standing at a window near which stood a young maple tree; a flash of lightning struck either the girl or the tree or both, and an image of the tree was found printed on her body. In another instance a boy climbed a tree to steal a bird's nest; a lightning flash struck the tree, the boy fell to the ground, and on his breast the image of a tree, with the bird and nest on one of the branches, appeared most conspicuously.-Chambers' Journal.

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

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#### WOMEN AND TOBACCO.

SOME OF THE REASONS WHY SMOK-ING MAKES WOMEN ATTRACTIVE.

Some Very Famous Women Have Smoked in Times Gone By-Among Them George Sand, Marie Bashkirtseff, Sarah Bernhardt and Rosa Bonheur.

Was it not Thackeray who said that a woman hated a cigar because she recognized in it her chiefest rival? It is mere jealousy, that is all. She does not hate it in and for itself. Convert the rival into an ally and she will learn to love and bless it. in the better regulated households where men are allowed to smoke in the presence of their wives and sisters and sweethearts this conversion of an enemy into a friend has already been effected. It hath even happened to some favored ones among us to have our cigars lighted for us by a fair one imbibing the first puff and leaving a

And this opens out a wider query. When the rival has become an ally shall we allow it to become something nearer and dearer still-shall we sit clamly by and watch it turn gradually into a companion? In other words, shall we suffer women to smoke? Most men would answer unhesitatingly Most women would echo the no. Indeed it is because men are so certain of the echo that they are so bold and positive in their negative When we say most women, we mean of

course most women in this country. But in the continent which contains this country-in North America-there is another large country, Mexico, to wit, where the fairest and stateliest dames and damsels do not he situte to puff the dainty cigarette in the presence and with the full consent of their husbands, fathers and brothers. Still farther south there is a continent as large as this, and in all the countries which diversify the surface of that continent the Spanish blood asserts itself in a similar manner, for in Spain ladies have smoked since tobacco was first known to man. In Italy also, in Turkey, in Russia, in the east, women of all classes smoke as a matter of course. A female traveler in Italy tells of taking

a Venetian gondola at twilight and skimming under the walls overhung with sweet smelling vines, where the cypresses rise black and straight above the white arches of the water gates. "Mark," she cries enthusiastically, "how the tiny red lights glow among the silent leaves, moving quickly hither and thither, while white draperies shine through the dusk and the murmur of voices mingles with the swash of the water against the wall below." And what are these tiny red lights? Fireflies, glowworms? Neither. It is only the proud ladies of Venice, the descendants of doges and merchant princes-they who dwell in the hanging gardens above the canals, who are smoking their evening cigarettes or cigars, while the "Angelus" rings over the city and the air grows heavy with the night sweetness of flowers. In the album of the Marchesa Brignole, at Genoa, there is written this sentiment, The smoke of fame is not worth the smoke of a pipe," and the signature to the sentiment is "George Sand." The meaning is a trifle ambiguous. Does George Sand mean to say that fame is evanescent as smoke, worthless as some might deem the smoke of a pipe to be worthless? Or does she mean that, sweet as fame may be. there is a still more grateful sweetness lingering in the fumes that hover about the meerschaum and the brierwood? Probably the latter, for George Sand was she wished to emphasize her hatred of conventional restraints, she had smoked pipes and cigars. In her mellow maturity, when she smoked for pleasure and not for glory, she confined herself entirely to cigarettes. Mrs. Orr in her "Life of Robert Brown ing" tells how the poet, with that other poet, his wife, called upon George Sand in Paris and found her smoking a cigarette. Mrs. Browning was charmed with the grace and delicacy exhibited by this votaress of the weed in the pursuit of her favorite amusement. She enthusiastically declared that in the hands of a true devotee of the better sex a cigarette might be made as potent an instrument of coquetry

and fascination as the fan is in the hands of a Japanese beauty. At present in the more or less Bohemian circles of artists, writers and actors, smoking is very widely tolerated among Parisian women. Marie Bashkirtseff smoked, it will be remembered, and she was more of a Parisian than a Russian. Even the staid and highly respectable Rosa Bonheur knows what it is to enjoy a quiet whiff from a Turkish or a Spanish eigarette. As to Sarah Bernhardt-of course she smokes. It is her delight to dress herself up in men's clothes when at work in her studio, and to assume all other masculine habits with her pantaloons. In the days of the empire smoking was even more prevalent than now. Did not the empress herself-a Spaniard to the core-set the fashion? Is then the supposed indelicacy of feminine smoking a matter of latitude and longitude? By no means. It is a matter of epochs. Time was when no one held the habit to be unfeminine. Two centuries ago no geographical divisions marked where the lady must cease to smoke of cease to be a lady. Then the most highly born, the most gifted, the most charming ladies of England smoked openly. Later, with the same openness, they used tobacc in other forms.

Master Prynne, the well meaning Puri tanic imbecile, who in 1653 wrote an attacl upon the stage called "Histriomastrix," informs us that in his day ladies at the theater were offered the tobacco pipe in lieu of apples, which appear to have been the staple between the acts refreshments, and a French traveler, one M. Torevin de Rochefort, who published his journal in 1677, informs us that he found smoking was a general custom in England as well among women as among men, both sexes holding that life would be intolerable without tobacco, "because they say it dis ipates the evil humors of the brain. After the ladies stopped smoking they ook to snuff. Women of quality, a century or less ago, could not stir without their snuffboxes-splendid little jeweled, enameled receptacles of an eighth of an ounce or so of perfumed, mild rappee. Queen Anne snuffed inordinately. did her grace of Marlborough. Hence Lord Bolingbroke's famous sneer, "The nation is governed by a pair of snuffersno wonder the light of its glory is extin guished."--New York World.

Unconcerned. An old man and his wife were on teamer between Blackpool and the Isla As the sea was rather rough, and the old woman unaccustomed to sailing, she said to her husband: "Oh, John, this ship is going down!" "Well, never mind," said her husband: "it isn't ours." - Gripsack.

Blindness on the Decrease. Though we are told that blindness is on the decrease, it is sad to reflect that 300,000 | Purnishing Undertaker, Funeral Direcpeople in Europe suffer from this dreadful affliction. Spain appears to be the greatest sufferer in this respect. An oculist tells us that scarcely one in twenty of watchmakers suffer from weak eyes,-

Chambers' Journal. Gout in most cases first makes itself known by an acute pain in the joint of Ing smile on his face. "It was your own the great toe. This most exeruciating pain may be likened to that produced by the driving of a wedge under the nail. When thus affected rub well every two satisfaction. hours with Salvation Oil, the greatest pain cure on earth. Price 25 cents.

> A farmer near Albia, Iowa, by the style hearses, and appointments name of J. II. Wolfe, has found a sure cure for croup. He says: "For the last eight years I have recommended Chamberlan's Cough Remedy for croup. Half of a fifty cent bottle will cure the worst case, if taken in time. On the 20th of this month, my boy, four years old, had the croup very bad and three doses cured him. I would not be without it in my family." If the remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, it will investible.

#### A Skeleton Story.

Dr. W. S. Howell, brother of the editor of the Vienna Progress, had a skeleton in a box. One day he pulled out the ugly, ghastly, grinning skull and began to handle it. Finally he decided that he wanted that skull opened so that he could study the inside structure. There being several seams in tho skull he decided to fill the skull with peas and soak them in water, thinking that they would force the seams apart. He asked the editor to help him, and the latter poured peas and water into the hollow bone and corked up the eye and nose holes to keep them from running out. Some time after the editor was startled to see that peas had sprouted in the skull and the vines were of most wonderful growth. Out of the hole where the backbone is joined to the neck an army of little vines had grown, and by some unknown instinctive power they had twined in and through all the bones of that body.

The young tendrils had wrapped around the stovepipe and table legs and the whole skeleton had been reared upward in the middle of the room. From the nostrils and eves vines were streaming that had clustered around and upon the presses, stands and tables, and from each joint hung a pod in likeness of a small skull, the exact counterpart of the large one. It is rumored that when the editor beheld these things he left the office by the window route, and the skeleton is still in full editorial control. -Chicago News.

Mr. T. J. Sullivan, of the Cleveland, D., Catholic Universe, in speaking of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup says, that the editor of that paper Mr. Manly Tello, has used it for his children for seven years past and considers it a first class

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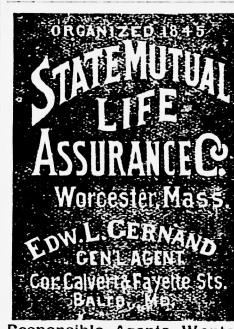
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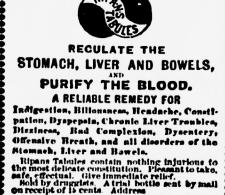
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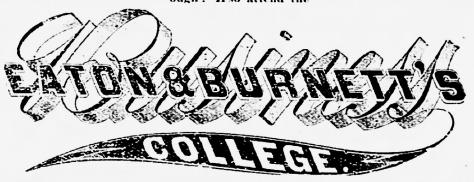
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