DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. THE ORCHARD ON THE HILL

Text: "And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left."—
Luke xxiii. 33.

Just outside of Jerusalem is a swell of ground, toward which a crowd are ascending; for it is the day of execution. What's mighty assemblage! Some for curiosity to hear what the malefactors will say, and to be executed are already there. Some of the spectators are vileof lip and bloated of cheek. Some look up with revenge, hardly able to keep their handsoff the sufferers. Some tean their own hair in a frenzy of grief. Some stand in stlent horrow. Some break out into uncontrollable weeping. Some clap their hands in delight that the offenders are to be punished at last. The soldiers, with drawn swords, drive back the mob, which press on so hard. There is fear that the proceedings may be interrupted. Let the German Legion, now stationed at Jerusalem, on horseback, dash along the line, and force back the surging multitude. "Back with you!" is the cry: "Have you never seen a man die before?"

Three crosses in a row. An upright piece and two transverse pieces—one on the top, on which the hands are nailed, and one at the middle, on which the victim sat. Three trees just planted, yet bearing fruit—the one at the left bitter aloes; the one in the middle, apples of flove. Norway pine, and tropical orange, and Lebanon cedar, would not make of starges a grove as this orchard on the hill. Stand, and give a look at the three crosses. Just look at the one on the right. Its victim dies scofling. More treshendous than his physical anguist his scorn and hatred of Him on the middle cross. This one on the right twists half eround on the spikes to hiss at the One on the middle. If the scoffer could get one hand looks and He were awithin reach, he wended.

is his scorn and hatred of Him on the middle cross. This one on the right twists half around on the spikes to hiss at the One on the middle. If the scoffer could get one hand loose, and He were within reach, he would smite the middle sufferer in the face. He hates Him with a perfect hatred. I think he wishes he were down on the ground, that he might spear Him. He envies the mechanics who, with their nails, have nailed Him fast. Amid the settling darkness, and louder than the crash of the rocks, I hear him jeer out these words: "Ah! ah! you poor wretch, I hnew you were an impostor! You pretended to be a God, and yet you let these armedlegions master you." It was in some such hate that Voltaire, in his death hour, because he thought he saw Christ in his bedroom, got upon his elbow and cried out: "Crush that wretch!"

ne thought he saw Christ in his dearcom, got up on his elbow and cried out: "Crush that wretch!"

What had the middle cross done to arouse up this right-band cross? Nothing. Oh, the annity of the natural heart against Christ. The world likes a sentimental Christ or a philanthropic Christ: but a Christ who comes to snatch men from their sins, away with Him! On this right-hand cross, to night, isce typified the unbelief of the world. Men say: "Back with Him from the heart! I will not let Him take my sins. If He will die, let Him die for Himself, not for me." There has always been a war between this right-hand cross and the middle cross, and wherever there is tan unbelieving heart, there the fight goes on. O, if, when that dying malefactor perished, the faithlessness of man had perished, the that tree which yields poison would have budded and blossomed with life for all the world. Look up into that disturbed countenance of the sufferer, and see what a ghastly thing it is to reject Christ. Behold in that awful face, in that pitiful look, in that unblessed death hour, the stings of the sinner's departure. What a plunge into darkness! Standing high unon the cross on the top of the hill, so that all the world may look at him, he says: "Here I go out of a miserable life into a wretched eternity! One! Two! Three! Listen to the crash of the fall, all ye ages! So Hobbes, dying after he had seventy years in which to prepare for eternity, said: "Were I master of all the world, I would

the crash of the fall, all ye ages! So Hobbes, dying after he had seventy years in which to prepare for eternity, said: "Were I master of all the world, I would give it all to live one day longer." Sir Francis Newport, hovering over the brink, cried out: "Wretch that I am, whither shall I fly from this breast? What will become of met O, that I were to lie upon the fire that never is quenched, a thousand years, to purchase the favor of God and be reconciled to Himagain! O, eternity! Who can discover the abyss of eternity! The control of heard the Christ. But after Christ has stood almost nineteen centuries, working the wonders of His grace, you reject Him. That right-hand cross, with its long beam, overshadows all the earth. It is planted in the heart of the race. When will the time come that the Spirit of God shall, with its axe, hew down that right-hand cross, until it shall fall at the foot of that middle cross, and unbelief, the railing malefactor of the world shall perish from all our hearts. Away from me! thou spirit of unbelief! I hate thee! being, the railing maiciactor of the world, shall perish from all our hearts. Away from me! thou spirit of unbelief! I hate thee With this sword of God I thrust thee back and thrust thee through. Down to hell down, most accursed monster of the earth and talk to the millions thou hast alread;

ed. Talk no longer to these sons of Goddamned. Talk no longer to these sons of cod-these beirs of heaven.

"If thou be the Son of God." Was there any "if" about it? Tell me, thou star that in robe of light did run to point out His birth-place. Tell me, thou sea that didst put thy hand over thy lip when He bid thee be still. Tell me, ye dead who got up to see Him die. Tell me, thou sun in mid-heaven, who for Him didst pull down over thy face the veil of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is He the Son of God! Aye, ayel responds the universe. The flow-ers breathe it; the stars chime it; the re-deemed celebrate it; the angels rise up on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's "if" how many deemed celebrate it; the angels rise up on their thrones to announce it. And yet on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's "if" how many shall be wrecked for all eternity. That little "if" is the insect which has enough venom in its sting to cause the death of the soul. No "if" about it. I know it. Ecce Deus! I feel it thoroughly—through every muscle of the body, and through every faculty of my mind; and through every energy of my soul. Living, I will preach it. dying, I will pillow my head upon its consolations. Jesus the God!

Away, then, from this right-hand cross. The red berries of the forest are apt to be poisonous, and around this tree of carnage grow the red, poisonous berries of which many have tasted and died. I can see nouse for this right-hand cross, except it be used as a lever with which to upturn the unbelief of the world. Here from the right-hand cross igo to the left. Pass clear to the other side. That victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the centre cross—yet not to scoff. It is to worship. He, too, would like to get his hand loose, not to smite, but to deliver the sufferer of the middle cross. He cries to the railer cursing on the other side: "Silence! between us is innocence in

liver the sufferer of the middle cross. He cries to the railer cursing on the other side: "Bilence! between us is innocence in agony. We suffer for our crimes. Silence!" Gather around this left-hand cross. O! ye people, be not afraid. Bitter herbs are sometimes a tonic for the body, and the bitter aloes that grow on this tree shall give strength and life to thy soul. This left-hand cross is a repenting cross. As men who have been nearly drowned tell us that in one moment, while they were under the water, their whole life passed before them, so I suppose that in one moment the dying malefactor thought over all his past life. Of that night when he went into an unguarded joor and took the silver, the gold, the jewels, and as the sleeper stirred, he put a knife through his heart. Of that day when, in the lonely pass, he met the wayfarer, and, regardless of the cries, and prayers, and tears, and struggles

of his victim, he flung the mangled corpse into the dust of the bighway, or heaped upon it the stones. He says: "th! I am a guilty wretch. I deserve this. There is no need of my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for my check of the has done me no wrong; and yet I cannot die so. The tortures of my body are outdone by the tortures of my soul. The past is a scene of misdoing. The present a crucifixion. The future an everlasting undoing, Come back, thou hiding mid-day sun! Kiss my cheek with one bright ray of comfort. What! no help from above—no help from beneath? Then I must turn to my companion in sorrow, the One on the middle cross. I have heard that He knows how to help a man when he is in trouble I have heard that He can cure the wounded. I have heard thow He can pardon the sinner. Surely, an all His wanderings up and down the earth He never saw one more in need of His forgueness.

Blessed one! I turn to Thee! Wilk Thou

He never saw one more in need of His forgueness.

Blessed one! I turn to Thee! Wilt Thou look for the moment away from Thine own pangs to pity me! Lord, it is not to have my hands relieved or my feet taken from the torture. I can stand all this; but Oh! my sins! my sins! my sins! they pierce me through and through. They tell me I must die for ever. They will push me out into the darkness unless Thou wilt help. I confess it all. Hear the cry of the dying thief. Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. I ask no great things. I seek for no throne in heaven—no chariot to take me to the skies; but just think of me when this day's horrors have passed. Think of me a little—of me, the one now hanging at Thy side; when the shout of heavenly welcome takes Thee back into glory. Thou wilt not forget me, wilt Thou! Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom—only just remember me.

Likewise must we repent. Yon say: "I have stolen nothing." I reply: We have all been guilty of the mightiest felony of the universe, for we have robbed God—robbed Him of our time, robbed Him of our aleuts, robbed Him of our services. Suppose you send a man West as an agent of your firm, and every month you pay him his salary, and at the end of ten years you find out that he has been serving another firm, but taking your salary; would you not at once condemn him as dishonest! God sent us into this world to serve Him. He has given us wages all the time. One half of us have been serving another master. When a man is convicted of treason, he is brought out; a regiment surround him, and the command is given: "Attention, company! Take alm! Fire!" And the man falls with a hundred bullets through his heart. There come times in a man's history when the Lord calls up the troop of his iniquities, and at God's command they pour into him a concentrated volley of torture. You say: "I don't feel myself to be a sinner." That may be. Walk along by the cliffs and you see sunlight and flowers at the mouth of the vave, and a chandelier of stalact

us to repent of our sins while repentance is possible.

The left hand cross was a believing cross. There was no guess-work in that prayer; no "if" in that supplication. The left-hand cross flung itself at the foot of the middle cross, expecting mercy. Faith is only just opening the hand to take what Christ offers us. The work is all done, the bridge is built strong enough for all of us to walk over. Tap not at the door of God's mercy with the tip of your fingers; but as a warrior, with gauntleted fists, beats at the castle gate, so, with all the aroused energies of our sonls, let us pound at the gate of heaven. That gate is locked. You go to it with a bunch of keys. You try philosophy; that will not open it. A large door generally has a ponderous key. I take the cross and place the foot of it in the socket of the lock, and by the two arms of the cross I turn the lock and the door opens.

This left hand cross was a pardoning cross. the door opens.

This left-hand cross was a pardoning cross

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

I have shown you the right-hand cross and the left-hand cross. Now come to the middle cross. We stood at the one and found it yielded poison. We stood at the other and

cross. We stood at the one and found it yielded poison. We stood at the other and found it yielded bitter aloes. Come now to the middle cross, and shake down apples of love. Uncover your head. You never saw so tender a scene as this. You may have seen father, or mother, or companion, or child die, but never so affecting a scene as this. The railing thiel looked from one way and saw only the right side of Christ's face. The penitent thief looked from the other way and saw the left side of Christ's face. But where you sit to-day, in full blaze of Gospel light, you see Christ's full face.

It was a suffering cros. If the weapons of torture had gone only through the fatty portions of the body, the torture would not have been so great; but they went through the hands, and feet, and temples; the most sensitive portions. It was not only the spear that went into His side, but the sins of all the race—a thousand spears—plunge after plunge, deeper and deeper, until the silence and composure that before characterized Him gave way in a groan, through which rumbled the sorrows of time and the woes of oternity. Human hate had done its worst, and hell had hurled its sharpest javelin, and devils had vented their hottest rage when, with every nerve in His body in torture, and every fibre of His heart in excruciation, if cried out: "Mr God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!"

Is was a vicarious cross—the right-hand cross suffered for itself; the left-hand cross

It was a vicarious cross—the right-hand cross suffered for itself; the left-hand cross for itself; but the middle cross for you. When a King was dying, a young man cried: "Pour my blood into his veins, that he die not." The veins of the young man were tapped, and the blood transferred; so that the King lived, but the young man died.

"Pour my blood into their veins, that they die not."

My hand is free now, because Christ's was crushed. My brow is painless now, because Christ's was torn. My soul escapes, because Christ's was torn. My soul escapes, because Christ's was bound. I gain heaven, because Christ's was bound. I gain heaven, because Christ for me endured the horrors of hell. When the Swiss were many years ago contending against their enemies they saw these enemies standing in solid phalanx, and knew not how to break their ranks; butone of their heroes rushed out in front of his regiment and shouted: "Make way for liberty!" The weapons of the enemy were plunged into his heart, but while they were slaying him of course their ranks were broken, and through that gap in the ranks the Swiss marched to victory. Christ saw all the powers of darkness assailing men. He örled out: "Make way for the redemption of the world." All the weapons of infernal wrath struck Him, but as they struck Him our race marched out free.

To this middle cross, my dving hearers.

out free.

To this middle cross, my dying hearers, look, that your souls may live. I showed you the right-hand cross in order that you might see what an awful thing it is to be unbelieving. I showed you the left-hand cross that you might see what it is to repent. Now I slow you the middle cross that you may see what Christ has done to save your soul. Poets have sung its praise, and sculptors have attempted to commenorate it in marble, and martyrs have clung to it in the fire, and Christians dying quietly in their beds have leaned their head; against if. This hour may all our souls embrace it with an ecstacy of affection. Lay hold of that cross, O sinner. Everything else will fail you. Without a strong grip of that you perish. Put your hand on that and you are safe, though a world swing from beneath your feet. Oh! that I might engrave on your souls ineffaceably the three crosses, and that if in your waking moments you will not beed, then that in your dream this coming night you might see on the hill back of Jerusalem the three spectacles—the right-hand cross, showing unbelief dying without Christ—the left-hand, showing what it is to be pardoned—while the central cross pours upon your soul the sunburst of heaven as it says: "By all these wounds I plead for thy heart. I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Rivers cannot quench it." The floods cannot drown it." And while you look the right-hand cross will fade out of sight, and then the left will be gone; nothing will remain but the middle cross, and even that in your dream will begin to change until it becomes a throne, and the worn face of Calvary will be among them. But no! we will und wait for such a dream. In this our most aroused mood we throw down at the foot of that middle cross sin, sorrow, life, death, everything.

We are slaves; Christ gives deliverance to the captive. We are thirsty; Christ is the river of salvation to slake our thirst, We are hungry; Jesus says. "I am the bread of life." We are condemned to the condemned to the condemned to the pr

the two arms of the cross I turn the lock and the door opens.

This left-hand cross was a pardoning cross. The crosses were only two or three yards apart. It did not take long for Christ to hear. Christ might have turned away, and said: How darest thou speak to Mef I am the Lord of Heaven and Earth. I have seen your violence. When you struck down that man in the darkness, I saw you. You are getting a just reward—die in darkness—die forever. But Jesus said not so; but rather: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise;" as much as to say: "I see you there; don't worry. I will not only bear my cross, but help you with yours."

Forthwith the left-hand cross becomes the abode of contentment. The pillow of the malefactor soaked in blood, becomes like the crimson upholstery of a King' couch. When the body bacame still, and the surgeons feeling the pulse said one to another: "He is dead," the last mark of pain had smoothed his forehead; Peace closed his gone from his face. Peace had smoothed his forehead; Peace closed his lips. Now you see why there are two trausverse pieces on the cross, for it has become a ladder into the sites. That dying head is easy which has under it the promise: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Ye whose lips have been filled with blasphemy, ye whose hands for many years have wrought uurighteouster the promise: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Ye whose lips have been filled with blasphemy, ye whose hands for many years have wrought uurighteouster. The dying their rejoiced to see

That fountain in his day:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see

That fountain in his day:

The Isle of Man.

In the midst of the Irish Sca, at about an equal distance from England, Scotland, and Irichand, is situated a small island, thirty-three miles long, the emiles long in equal distance from England, Scotland, and Irichand, is situated a small island, thirty-three miles long, the left and, and Irichand, is situated a small island, thirty-three miles long. In the midst of the Irish Sca, at abo probable that the same word was used by Casar to designate this remote island also, especially if the last derivation is accepted, as the Druids occupied both islands. The natives call it in their tongue Mannin (it being the Celtic for tongue Mannin (it being the Celtic for island), which some render into "the middle island," and others "the island of the wise men." They also speak of anninvegveen (the dear little Isle of Man) and Ellan Vaunin. Some regard the name as a corruption of Manne, the surname of St. Patrick; but both words may have been derived from the same root. The Danes and Northmen appear to have pronounced it Maun. to have pronounced it Maun.

France's Fighting Strength

The following are the latest figures of the strength of the French army. They are taken from the book, "Avant la Bataille!" which was published not long ago by the "Patriotic League," and has been a sort of aine days' wonder in Parts. There are eighteen corps d'armee, comprising 450 battailons of infantry, 153 squadrons of cavalry, and 324 batteries. The total effective force is said to be: Officers, 18,738; men, 671,292; horses, 200,092; guns, 1,944. carriages, 38,754.

Is one preparation, and produces a permanen color. Buckingham's dye for the whiskers. A safe and certain remedy for throat and lung diseases. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Seventy thousand head of cattle are block ed in the Andes. They cannot be driven into Chili until the snow clears from the

Daughters, Wives and Methers. Sen. for Pamphlet on Female Diseases, free, coursely scaled. Dr. J. B. Marchisi, Utica, N.Y.

The Soldiers' Monument Association of Binghamton have collected \$10,000 for their monument, and will go affead at once with

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is not extolled as a "cure-all" but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. Particulars in Dr. Pierce's large treatise on Diseases Peculiar to Women, 160 pages, sent for 10 cents in snamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffajo, N. Y.

Carl Rosa has bought Saint Saens' nev opera, turned it into English and will pro-duce it as soon as possible.

* * * Rupture, pile tumor, fistulæ and cil diseases of the lower bowel (except cancer), radically cured. Send 10 cents in stangs for book. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y

Rubinstein has been made an officer of the French Legion of Honor.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.
The eason why. I cannot tell."
It has often been wondered at, the bad odor this oft-quoted doctor was in. 'Twas probably because he, being one of the old-school doctors, made up pills as large as bullets, which nothing but an ostrich could bolt without nausea. Hence the dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Fellets" are sugar-coated and no larger than bird-shot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels and stomach they are specific.

Thirty men were instantly killed by an explosion in the Lemore Colliery in Durham, England.

Something About Catarrh.

England.

Something About Catarrh.

A great many people are afflicted with atarrh who do not krew what alls thems and a great many more continue sufferer; who might be cured.

Thickening of the membrane which lines the nasal passages, thus making breatking difficult; a discharge from the nostriks, more or less copious, watery or thick, according to the stage of the disease; a sense of fullness in the head; a constant inclination to spit; and, in advanced cases, a dropping of intensely disgusting matter into the threat, are a few of the prominent symptoms of Catarrh.

Deafness, inflamed eyes, neuralgic pains, sore throat and a loss of sense of smell, are very often caused by Catarrh.

All these troubles are cured by Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Relief is had immediately after beginning its use, but it is important that it be continued without internission until the catarrhal virus is expelled from the system and healthy secretions replace the diseased action of the mucous membrane. Manifestly it is unreasonable to expect a cure in a short time of a di ease that has been progressing for months or years.

This question of time is provided for in the putting up of Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. It is so concentrated that a very small dose is directed. The quantity in one package is sufficient for a long treatment, consequently the expense is a mere trifle, and there is no excuse for neglect nor reason for it but forgetfulness.

A cold in the head is relieved by an application of Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. The comfort to be got from it in this way is worth many times the cost.

The foliowing letters are specimens of those received every day, testifying to the worth of Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Septiments.

ALLEGHENY, Pa., Sept. 16, 1885.

Piso's remedy for Catarrh is doing wonders for me. I believe it will cure any case of Catarrh, if used according to directions.

Spring Hill, W. Va., Oct. 20, 1885.

Spring Hill, W. Va., Oct. 20, 1885. Enclosed find one dollar for two packages of Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. The sample package received in June, gave perfect satis-factior. GILL. MESSER.

Harrord Mlls, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1885.
I have used a little over half a package of Piro's Remedy for atarrh, and it has helped me more than any of the different medicines. I have used. 1 feel confident that it will

Cure me.

I can and do recommend it to others who are troubled with the disease.

REV. A. DAMON

Elections for license or no license are being held in the towns in South Carolina. Thus far the license party has been successful.

CATARRH CREAM BALM. PRICE SOCERTS TO USE

HAY-FEVER A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price

50 cts. by mall or at druggists. Send for circular ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y. SEND description of yourself, with 15 cts., for complete written predictions of your future life etc. N.M. GEER, PORT HOMER, Jeff. Co., Ohio.

LADIES send We. for our package of CRAZY PATCE WORK SILK. The Call, Dorchester, Mass SAW WORKS.





Nose, Throat, Bronshal Tubes, Air-cells and Lung Tissues, causing Cough.

What Discusses Havade the Lungs? Scrofula, Catarrh-poisons, Micro-organisms, Humors, and Blood Impurities.

What are the Primary Causes? Colds, Chronic Cough, Bronchitis, Congestion, Inflammation, Catarrh or Hay-Fever, Asthma, Preuuman, Maiaria, Measles, Whooping Cough and Croup.

Protty Blood-Stained Calarrial
Pus (Matter) Yellowist. Canker-like
Philopm Tuberbular Muco-purulent?
It prevents Decline, Night-Sweats, Hectic-Fever, and Beath from Consumption.
25c, 50c, \$1.00—6 bottles \$5.00.
Prepared at Dr. Klimer's Diepensary, Binghamton,
N. Y., "Invalide Guide to Health" (Sent Free).

Mr. Buchter, a well-known citizen of La. canter, Pa., has used St. Jacob's Oil, and considers it an excellent remedy in cases of swellings, bruises and burns,

Recupitits of some of the boxes at the German opera are said to have expended over \$25,000 in fitting them up.

The publisher of Baltimore, Md., Every Saturday, Mr. T. J. Wentworth, says his child aged six months, was suffering from a severe cold, and he gave it Red Star Cough Cure, which acted like a charm.

The Secretary of War has approved a request made by the Ohief Signal Officer that Lieutenant Greeley be retained on duty in the Signal Office as an assistant to General Hazen, who has been for sometime in

Man, Woman or child attacked with Bright's Disease Diffectes, Gravel or Urinary complaints should use the best weapon—Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP ROOT, Kidney, Livef and Bladder Cure It goes right to the spot Price 25c, 1.00.

The new building of the New York Life Insurance Company in Berlin has been partly destroyed by fire.

How to Make Money.

No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallet & Co., Pertland, Maine, and receive, free, information about work you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital is not needed. Hallett & Co. will start you. Either sex; all ages. Those who commence at once, will make sure of snug little fortunes. Write and see for yourselves.

CATARRH CURED BY THE No matter of how long satisfing) Bronchitis, Sore ORY pafness, Difficult Braud g, Purulent Discharges acking Cough, Roaring bises in the Head, Nasa wang, Offensive Breath estores the Voice and mase of Smell, Improve 50c. DRUGGISTO OR BY MAIL.

S N U-49

DON'T PAY A BIG PRICE!

65 Cents Pays for a Year's Rural Home, Rochester, N. V. with



WE WANT YOU! table employment to represent us ity. Salary \$75 per month and exper unission on sales if preferred. Goo

CONSUMPTION



Mr. R. H. Brown, Oakland Mr. R. H. Brown, Oakland Mr. R. H. Brown extreme Del cough that made life miserable ay Brown's Iron Eitters has groun's Iron Eitters has groun's Iron Eitters has groun's Iron Eitters has ground I cheerfully recommend it."

uins has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines a wrapper. Take no other. Made only by DWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, ME

UNRIVALED ORGANS

On the EASY PAYMENT system, from \$3.25 per month up. 100 styles, \$22 to \$500. Send for Calalogue with full particulars, mailed free. UPRICHT PIANOS.

Constructed on the new method of stringing, on similar terms. Send for descriptive Catalogue.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO. Boston, New York, Chicago.

SETH THOMAS

Best Watch in America for the Price.

Pensions to Soldiers & Heira Send stamp

ARTHUR'S HOWE MACAZINE.

Greatly enlarged for 1887.

BEST magazine of its class.

CLEAN! WIDE-AWAKE! CHEAP! Price, 200 a year. Large discounts to clubs. Sample copies of previous issues FREE. Sample copies of current numbers 10 cents each (half price). I. S. ARIHUR & SON. Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventor's Guide. L. Fix



Farm and Household, pages in the tunes observed as the process. It has been our custom san year to make they will never have us, the price of the pages, to secure new subscribers, knowing that if one subscribers they will never have us, 100,000 new subscribers during the next 6 months if money and enterprise will necomplete the next 6 months if money and enterprise will necomplete the next 6 months if money and enterprise will necomplete the next 6 months if money and enterprise will necomplete the next of the ne

registry. Address PUBLISH'S FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, WALLING FORD, CONN.

Striking Stories

The Youth's Companion,

Sketches of Tra

Lieut. Schwatka, Nugent Robinson, W. T. Hornaday, C. A. Stephens, T. W. Knox, W. H. Gilder, C. F. Holder, F. W. Calkins,

Hon. S. S. Cox, and Lieut. Shufeldt. The Companion is published weekly. Price \$1.75 a Year.

Specimen copies free. Mention this paper. Address PERRY MASON & CO., Publishers,

for Dallas, Texas. Dallas is site. the northern part of the