the led of the san years, have become and insolent, and Sarah, the misbe bousehold, puts her foot down it, and says that they will have to premises. They are packing up raham, knowing that the journey a servant and her son will be and across desolate places, they are about putme bread and a bottle with water it is a very plain lunch that It is a very plain lunch that a provides, but I warrant you there are been enough of it had they not rway. "God be with you!" said old mas he gave the lunch to Hagar, and many charges as to how she should t the journey. Ishmael, the boy, I a bounded away in the morning light, liways like a change. Poor Ishmael! no idea of the disasters that are ahead Hagar gives one long, lingering look amiliar place where she had spent so happy days, each scene associated with de and joy of her heart—young Ish-

scorehing noon comes on. The air is g and moves across the desert with in-able suffication. Ishmel, the boy, be-o complain, and lies down, but Hagar sufferable suffocation. Ishmael, the boy, begins to complain, and lies down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness or the sweltering heat; for mothers can wadure anything. Trudge, the desert. A star looks out, and every ing tear it kisses with a sparkle. A g of wind comes over the hot earth lifts the locks from the fevered arow of the boy. Hagar sleeps fitfully, and in her dreams travels over the weary lay, and half awakes her son by crying out "Ishmael! Ishmael so they go on, day after day and night after night, for they have lost their way. No path in the shifting sands, no sign in the g sky. The sack empty of the the water gone from the bottle, shall she do? As she puts fainting Ishmael under a stunted of the arid plain, she sees the hot eye, and feels the hot hand, ratches the blood bursting from the design and there is a shrick in the d tongue, and there is a shrick in the Now, no mother was ever made ong enough to hear her son cry in vain for irink. Heretofore she had cheered her boy promising a speedy end of the journey, en smiled upon him when he felt despersly enough. Now there is nothing to do t place him under a shrub and let him die. e had thought that she would sit there and thought that she would sit there and the place him under a shrub and let him die. watch until the spirit of her boy would go away forever, and then she would breathe er own life on his silent heart; but as the ooy began to claw his tongue in agony of thirst, and struggle in distortion, and beg nother to slay him, she cannot endure pectacle. She puts him under a shrub pes off a bow shot, and begins to weep all the desert seems sobbing, and her ikes clear through the heavens; and an el of God comes out on a cloud and looks

down upon the appalling grief and cries: "Hagar, what alleth thee?" She looks up and she sees the angel pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank God! Thank God! I learn from this Oriental scene, in the first ce, what a sad thing it is when people do not know their place, and get too proud for their business. Hagar was an assistant in that household, but she wanted to rule there. she ridiculed and jeered until her son, Ish mael, got the same tricks. She dashed out her own happiness and threw Sarah into a great frit; and if she had stayed much longer in that household she would have upset calm Abraham's equilibrium. My friends, one-half of the trouble in the world to-day comes from the fact that people do not kno place; or, finding their place, will not the When we come into the world were is Abraham. A place for urah A place for Hagar. A place for out and our sphere; becond is to keep it. becond is to keep it.

In in a sphere far

one for which God may ally intends w Sextus V was born on the md did was a swineherd, God called waive a scepter. Ferguson spent

ays in looking after the sheep; God up to look after stars, and be a atching the flocks of light on the eaven. Hogarth began by enter pots; God raised him to stand ted realm of a painter. The shoe-ch held Bloomfield for a little ch held Bloomfield for a little lod called him to sit in the chair. The to be one of the greatest astronoand. On the other hand, we God intends us. We may be and play in a costly conartificial ponds, and be s; yet God may have s shop, or dentist's huttle, or a blackthing is to find just

> re and occupy it for-od fashioned to make a man God fashioned to make a man God fashioned statement on Tab nau plow is just as hon-who makes the constituakes the plow as well as as the constitution. There made to fashion a robe nded to be a queen and o me that in the one case appoints the sphere; and respectable is His sight as know but that the world een saved if some of listry were in it, and e in it were out of it. wo-quarters—those who heir sphere, and those are not willing to stay nggling for a posi-hat for which God dewoman wants to which beautiful pathway, want d the scarrow, brook, because a circle under

we all want to

sloop says:

more canvas. mer, or a full mer." And so

of discontent

to do anything ack of a right

od intended us, and

preach on a Penteoost, or tell some wanderer of the street of the mercy of the Christ of Mary Magdalene; whether it be to weave a garland for a laughing child on a spring morning and call her a May queen, or to comb out the tangled locks of a waif of the street and cut up one of your old dresses to fit her out for the sanctuary—do it, and do it right away. Whether it be a crown or a yoke, do not fldgit. Everlasting honors upon those who do their work and do their whole work, and are contented in the sphere in which God has put them; while there is only wandering, and exile, and desolation, and wilderness for discontented Hagar and Ish-

Again, I find in this Oriental scene a lesson of sympathy with woman when she goes forth trudging in the desert. What a great change it was for this Hagar. There was the tent and all the surroundings of Abrahaw's house, beautiful and luxurious no doubt. house, beautiful and luxurious no uodo... Now she is going out into the hot sands of the desert. O, what a change it was! And in our day we often see the wheel of fortune turn. Here is some one who lived in the very bright home of her father. She had everything possible to administer to her happiness. Plenty at the table. Music in the drawing room. Welcome at the door. She is led forth into life by some one who cannot appreciate her.
A dissipated soul comes and takes her out in
the desert. Iniquities blot out all the desert. Iniquities blot out all the lights of that home circle. Harsh words wear out her spirits. The high hope that shone out over the marriage altar while the ring was being set and the vows

given and the benediction pronounced, have all faded with the orange blossoms, and there she is to-day, broken-bearted, thinking of past joy and present desolation and coming an-guish. Hagar in the wilderness!

Here is a beautiful home. You cannot think of anything that can be added to it. For years there has not been the suggestion of a single trouble. Bright and happy chilor a single trouble. Bright and happy chil-dren fill the house with laughter and song. Books to read. Pictures to look at. Lounges to rest on. Cup of domestic joy full and running over. Dark night drops. Pillow hot. Pulses flutter. Eyes close. And the foot whose well known steps on the door sill brought the whole steps on the door sill brought the whole household out at eventide, crying: "Father's coming," will never sound on the door sill again. A long, deep grief plowed through all that lightness of domestic life. Paradisa lost! Widowhood! Hagar in the wilderness! How often it is we see the weak arm of woman conscripted for this battle with the rough world. Who is she, going down the street in the early light of the morning, pale with exhausting work, not half slept out with the slumbers of last night, tragedies of suffering written all over her face, her lusterless eyes looking far ahead as though for the coming of some other trouble? Her parents called her Mary, or Bertha, or Agnes on the day when they held her up to the font, and the Christian minister sprinkled on the infant's face the washings of a holy baptism. Her name is changed now. Thear it in the shuffle of the worn out shoes. I see it in the figure of the faded calico. I find it in the lineaments of the woe begone countenance. Not Mary, nor Bertha, nor Agnes, but Hagar in the wilderness. May God have mercy upon woman in her toils, her struggles, her hardships, her desolation. and may the great heart of Divine sympathy

Again: I find in this Oriental scone the fact that every mother leads forth tremendous destinies. You say: "That isn't an unusual scene, a mother leading her child by the hand." Who is it that she is leading? Ishmael, you say. Who is Ishmael? A great nation is to be founded; a nation so strong that it is to stand for themsands of very that it is to stand for thousands of years against all the armies of the world. Egypt and Assyria thunder against it, but in vain. Gaulus brings up vis army, and his army is smitten. Alex-ander decides upon a campalgu, brings up his bosts and dies. For a long while that nation monopolizes the learning of the world. It is the nation of the Arabs. Who founded it? Ishmael, the lad that Hagar led into the wilder-She had no idea she was leading forth destinies. Neither does any mother. You pass along the street, and see pass boys and girls who will yet make the earth quake with their influence. Who is that be Plymouth, England, Pool, barefooted, wading down into the slush and slime, until his bare foot comes upon a piece of glass and he lifts it, bleeding and pain-struck? That wound in the foot decides that he be sedentary in his ite, decides that he be a sindent wound by the gless in the foot decides that he shall be John Kitto, who shall previde

the best religious encyclopedia the world has In s as well throwing a light upon the that little hand that wanders over your tace may yet be lifted to hurl thunderbolts of war, or drop benedictions. That little voice may blaspheme God in the grog shop, or cry: "Forward!" to the Lord's hosts, as or cry: "Forward!" to the Lord's hosts, as they go out for their last victory. My mind to-day leaps thirty years ahead, and I see a merchant prince of New York. One stroke of his pen brings a ship out of Canton. An-other stroke of his pen brings a ship into Madras. He is mighty in all the money mar-kets of the world. Who is he? He sits today beside you in the Tabernacle. My mind leaps thirty years forward from this time, and I find myself in a relief association. A great multitude of Chris-tian women have met together for a generous purpose. There is one woman in that crowd who seems to have the confidence of all the others, and they all look up to her for her counsel and for her prayers. Who is she? To-day you will find her in the Sabbath-school, while the teacher tells her of that Christ who clothed the naked and fed the hungry and healed the sick. My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself in an African jungle; and there is a missionary of the cross addressing the natives, and their dusky countenances are irradiated with the glad tidings of great joy and salvation. Who is he? Did you not hear his voice to-day in the first song of the service? My mind leave for he? Did you not hear his voice to-day in the first song of the service? My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself looking through the wickets of a prison. self looking through the wickers of a prison. I see a face scarred with every crime. His chin on his open palm, his elbow on his knee —a picture of despair. As I opened the wicket he starts, and I hear his chain clank. The jail keeper tells me that he has been in there now three times. First for theft, then for arson, now for murder. He steps upon the trap door, the rope is fastened

to his neck, the plant falls, his body swings into the air, his soul swings off into eternity.
Who is he, and where is he? To-day playing kite on the city commons. Mother, you are to-day hoisting a throne or forging a chainyou are kindling a star or digging a dungeon.

A good many years ago a Christian mother eat teaching les ons of religion to her child; and he drank in those lessons. She never knew that Lamphier would come forth and establish the Fulton street prayer meeting, and by one meeting revolutionize the de-votions of the whole earth, and thrill the eternities with his Christian influence, Lamphier said it was his mother who brought him to Jesus Christ. brought him to Jesus Christ. She never had an idea that she was leading forth such destinies. But 0, when I see a mother reckless of her influence, rattling on toward destruction, garlanded for the sacri-fice with unseemly mirth and godlessness, gayly tripping on down to ruin, taking her children in the same direction, I cannot help but say: "There they go, there they go— Hagar and Ishmael!" I tell you there are wilder deserts than Beersheba in many of the domestic circles of this day. Dissi-pated parents leading dissipated children. Avarictous parents leading avaricious children. dren. Prayerless parents leading prayerless children. They go through every street, up every dark alley, into every callar, along every highway. Hagar and Ishmeel and while I pronounce their names, it seems like the meaning of the death wind—Hagar and

I learn one more lesson

Oriental scene, and that is, wilderness has a well in it.

Ithmael gave up to die. Higher's heart sank within her as she heard her child drying: "Water! water!" "Ah." she sayd "my darling, there is no water. This is a detert." And then God's angel said from the cloud: "What alleth thea, Hagar?" And she looked up and shw him pointing to a well of water, where she filled the bottle for the lad. Blessed be God that there is in every wilderness a well, if you only know how to find it—fountains for all these thirsty souls to-day. "On that last day, on that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried: "If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink." All these other fountains you find are mere mirages of the desert. Paracelsus, you know, spent his time in trying to find out the elixir of life—a liquid which if taken, would keep one perpetually young in this world, and would change the aged back again to youth. Of course, he

young in this world, and would change the aged back again to youth. Of course, he was disappointed; he found not the elixir. But here I tell you to-day of the elixir of everlasting life bursting from the "Rock of Ages," and that drinking that water you shall never get old, and you will never be sick, and you will never die. "Ho, svery one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Ah there is a man who save. waters." Ah, there is a man who says:
"I have been looking for that fountnin a
great while, but can't find it." And here is
some one else who says: "I believe all you
say, but I have been trudging along in the
wilderness and can't find the fountain." Do you know the reason? I will tell you. You never looked in the right direction. "O," you 'I have looked everywhere. I have looked north, south, east and west, and I haven't found the fountain." Why, you are not looking in the right direction at all. Look up, where Hagar looked. She never would have found the fountain at all, but when sh

act of the voice of the angel she located up, and she saw the finger pointing to the supply. And O, soul, if to-day, with one earnest, intense prayer you would only look up to Christ, He would point you down to the supply in the wilderness. "Look unto Me all ye ply in the wilderness. "Look unto Me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God, and there is none else." Look! look! as Hagar looked.

Yes, there is a well for every desert of bereavement. Looking over the audience today, I notice signs of mourning. Have you
found consolation? O man bereft, O woman

found consolation? O man bereft, O woman bereft, have you found consolation? Hearse after hearse. We step from one grave hillock to another grave hillock. We follow corpses, ourselves soon be like them. The world is in mourning for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulcher of some buried joy. But sing ye to God, every wilderness has a well in it; and I come to that well to-day, and I begin to draw water from that well. If you have lived in the country, you have sometimes taken hold of the rope of the old well sweep, and you know how the bucket came up dripping with bright, coel water. And I lay hold of the rope of God's mercy to-day, and I begin to draw on that gospel well sweep, and I see the buckets coming up. Thirsty soul! here is one bucket of life! come and drink of it: "Whoseever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." I pull away again at the rope, and another bucket comes up. It is this promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I lay hold of the rope again, and I pull away with all my strength, and the bucket comes up bright, and beautiful and cool. Here is the promise:

"Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The old astrologers used to cheat the people with the idea that they could tell from the position of the stars would occur in the future, and if a cluster would occur in the future, and if a cluster of stars stood in one relation, that would be a prophecy of evil; if a cluster of stars stood in another relation, that would be a prophecy of good. What superstition! But here is e, new astrology in which I put all my faith. By looking up to the Star of Jacob, the morning star of the Belegarer I can make this results as in the star of Jacob, the morning star of the Belegarer I can make this results as in the star of Jacob, the morning star of the Belegarer I can make this results as in the star of Jacob, the morning star of the Belegarer I can make this results as the star of Jacob, the morning star of the Belegarer I can make this results as the star of Jacob and the star of Jacob and the star of Jacob as the the Redeemer, I can make this prophecy in regard to those who put their trust in God: "All things work together for good to those who love God." I read it out on the who love God." I read it out on the sky. I read it out in the Bible. I read it out in all things: "All things work together for good to those who love God." Do you love Him? Have you seen the Nyetanthes? It is a beautiful flower, but it gives very little fragrance until after sunset. Then it pours its richness on the air. And this grace of the Gospel that I commend to you this day. Gospel that I commend to you this day, while it may be very sweet during the day of prosperity, it pours forth its aroma after sun down, and it will down with you and me after a while. When you come to go out of this world, will it be a desert march or will it be a fountain for your

A Christian Kincoo was dying, and his heathen comrades came around him and tried o esta ort him by reading some of the page of their theology, but he waved his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to hear it." Then they called in a heathen priest, and he said: "If you will only recite the Numtra it will deliver y.u." He waved his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to hear that." Then they said: "Call on Juggernaut." He shook his head as much as to say: "I can't do that." Then they thought perhaps he was too weary to speak, and they said: "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,' think of that God." He shook his head again, as much as to say: say 'Juggernaut,' think of the say: shook his head again, as much as to say: "No, no, no." They then bent down to his "No, ho, no, no." They then bent down to his pillow, and they said: "In what will you trust?" His face lighted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere as he cried out, rallying all his dying energies: "Jesus." O come to-day to the fountain—the fountain

open for sin and uncleanness. I will tell you the whole story in two or three sentences. Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble, Light for all darkness. And every wilderness has a well in it.

WILLIAM YOUMANS, of Delhi, N. Y., thinks his cat can charm fish. One day he caught the cat eating a trout, but was at a loss to see how the feline had captured it. This set him to watching the cats. In a day or two he traced one of the cats to the pond and, hiding behind a tree, saw the cat approach the edge of the water and fix its gaze intently upon some object. After remaining in that position some little time, some strange noise near by frightened the cat away. Mr. Youmans rushed to the spot and found a good sized trout apparently disabled within a few inches of where the cat was crouched. He touched it with his cane, when the fish acted as though it had been mesmerized. It shortly came out of its dazed condition and swam slowly off to the centre of the pond. His theory is that the cat mesmerized the fish by looking it in the

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE-Flour-City Mills, extra,\$4.96 a\$5.05; Wheat—Southern Fultz, 85a87; Corn—Southern White, 39a40cts, Yellow 41a43 cts. Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania 30a33 kcts.: Rye—Maryland & Pennsylvania 5ta55cts.: Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania 15 00a\$16 00; Straw-Wheat, 3.00a\$3.50; Butter, Eastern Creamery, 18a20cts, near-by receipts 17a18cts; Cheese Eastern Fancy Cream, 9½ a10 cts. — Western, 9½ a9½ cts; Eggs—15 a16; Tobacco Leaf—Inferior, 1a\$3.00, Good Common, 3 00a\$4 00, Middling, 5a\$6.00 Good to fine red, 7a\$9; Fancy, 10a\$12.

NEW YORK-Flour-Southern Common to fair extra, 2,95a\$3,30; Wheat-No! White 90% a100; Rye-State, 54a56; Corn-Southern Yellow, 40% a11ots, Oats-White, State 33% a34 cts.; Butter-State, 141/a17cts.; Cheese-State, 7% a8% cts.; Eggs-14a14% cts.

PHILADELPHIA — Flour — Pennsylvania fancy, 4.25a4.75; Wheat—Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 89a90%; Rye—Pennsylvania fancy, 4.234.76; Wheat Tempy vania Southern Red, Sla90½; Rye—Pennsylvania 52a58 cts.; Corn—Southern Yellow, 41a42cts. Oats—34a36 cts.; Buttor—State, 16a18 cts.; Cheese—N. Y. Factory, 9a9½ cts. Eggs— State, 15a16 cts. CATTLE.

BALTIMORE-Beef, 4 25a4 50; Sheep-68 00

East LIBERTY-Beef-\$1 5005 00; Shoop-

a5 00, Hogs—\$6 00a6 25. New York-Beef-\$8 871/a4 85; Sheep-

a5 50; Hogs-\$4 70a5 10.

\$3 50a4 75; Hogy -\$4 00a4 70

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The love of money is the root of all

The man diligent in his business shall hold four kings. It is better to have a permanent income

than to be fascinating. If it is not right, do not do it; if it is

not true, do not say it. Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.

He that winketh with his eye should take heed lest he become slewed. Short is the little which remains to

thee of life. Live as on a mountain. If there is to be any fibre in our character, there must be a Spartan discipline

Good manners, as we call them, are neither more or less than good behavior, consisting of courtesy and kindness. Wealth governs in the interest of the

rich; intelligence takes advantage of the ignorant; righteousness does justice to all. Choose the course which you adopt with deliberation; but when you have adopted it, then persevere in it with firm-

He who does a good deed is constantly ennobled; he who does a mean act is by the action itself contracted and self-degraded.

The man who sits down and waits to be appreciated will find himself among uncalled for baggage after the limited express train has gone by. High minds are as little ted by un-

worthy returns for servi by those fogs which between herself an throws up We understand the we ought to do, but when we de iberate we play booty against ourselves; our consciences affect us one way, our corruptions hurry us an-

he sun is

A Circus Horse's Broken Heart

The emotional life of the horse is re markable. There are instances on record where the death of the horse has been traced directly to grief. One instance is called to mind which occurred more than twenty years ago. A circus had been performing in the little town of Union ville, Penn., when one of trained horses sprained one of his legs so that he could no travel. He was taken to the hotel and put in a box stall. The leg was bandaged and he was made as comfortable as possible. He ate his food and was apparently contented until about midnight, when the circus began moving out of town. Then he became restless and tramped and whined. As the caravan moved past the hotel he seemed to realize that he was being deserted, and his anxiety and distress became pitiful. He would stand with his ears pricked in an attitude of intense listening, and then as his ears caught the sounds of the retiring wagons he would rush as best he could with his injured leg, from one side of the stall to the other, pushing at the door with his nose and making every effort to escape. The stableman, who was a stranger to him, tried to soothe him, but to no purpose. He would not be comforted. Long after all sounds of the circus had ceased his agitation continued. The sweat poured from him in streams and he quivered in every part of his body. Finally the stable man went to the house, woke up the pro-

prietor and told him he believed the horse would die if some of the circus horses were not brought back to keep him company. At about daylight the proprietor mounted a horse and rode after the circus. He overtook it ten or twelve miles away, and the groom who had charge of the injured horse returned with him. When they reached the stable the horse was dead. The stableman said that he remained for nearly an hour perfectly still, and with every sense apparently strained to the utmost tension, and then, without making a sign, fell and died with scarcely a struggle. - Western Sportsman.

A Colored Man's Wonderful Memory.

Richard Warrick is a colored Philadelohian, who is one of the best known characters at Saratoga. For tweve years he has stood by the entrance to the dining room at the Grand Union Hotel where thousands eat. He is noted for his memory He can tell the name of every man, woman and child who enters the saloon, where each one comes from, and just who owns each hat. "Has my father come in yet?" "Has Miss so-and-so come out?" "Will the Smiths be here by 4:30 this afternoon!" "Have you seen my little boy?" are but a few specimens of the questions put to him daily by the thousands.

After the season at the seashore closes Warrick presides over the information. telegraph, postal and registered letter department at Wanamaker's. He is a man of means, and like his brother William, who is one of Philadelphia's leading col-ored men, occupies a high position. Few men are better known or more respected than the Warricks .- Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Man of Many Diamonds.

A tall, slenderly built young man, with stight mustache, is -, a well-known man about town, who is always to be found with a quarter of a million dollars' worth of diamonds in his clothes, says the Philadelphia Record. He is what is known as a confidential salesman for a big diamond house in this city, and his samples he carries stowed about his person. In his business capacity he visits wealthy people in all parts of the country, who are thought to be inclined toward large purchases, and frequently he makes

trips to Europe with the same object. I saw him the other night shortly after his retarn from San Francisco. He was at one of the swell hotels in answer to a summons from a California couple, whose drughter, about to be married, also accomp aied them.) They wanted a suite' de we king present for their child. The d amond man took package after package fin one pocket and another, and spread aecklaces, brooches and solitaries on the table until it was almost covered and seemed ablaze with various table.

Hard to Please.

Mistress—So you are going to go? Servant—Yes; I don't like it here. "You have had no cause to complain. You have had an easy time of it, for I have done most of your work for you."
"Yes; but you did not do it to my satisfaction."—Texas Siftings.

Are you troubled with a sluggish, inactive liver? Are you billous? Do you suffer from laundice? Has your complexion a sickly, yellow tinge? The blood in its passage absorph the liver does not furnish the healthy action which should result from it. The impurities are stopped, and clogging up the duct, cause a disordered condition, which will produce serious results to your health, unless you take Brown's Iron Bitters at once. It will cure your billiousness and jaundice, and incite to healthy action the sluggish liver.

Song of the drygoods clerk: "Swining in delaine."

Distanced in the Race.

Why should Dr. Pierce's medicines not distance all competitors in amount of sales, as they are doing, since they are the only medicines sold by druggists possessed of such wonderful curative properties as to warrant their manufacturers in guarantecing them to cure the diseases for which they are recommended. You get a cure or money hald for them returned. The Doctor's "G iden Medicul Discovery" cures all diseases caused by decangement of the liver, as biliousness, indigestion or dyspepsia; also all blood, skin and son p diseases, tetter, salt-rh-um, scrofulous sores as swellings and kindred allments.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Le cured.

Fall fashions can never be popular with an

Can the sale of an inferior article constantly increase for 24 years? Dobbins's Electric Sons has been on the market ever since 1865, and is to-day as ever, the best and pursat family soap made. Try it. Your grocer will get it.

A foul tip-Feeing the waiter with a lend

Torpid Livet.

It is hardly possible to prepare a medicine which is pleasant to the paiate as are hamburg Figs, or which is so efficacions in cases of constipation, piles, torpid liver or sick-headache. 25 cents. Dose one Fig. Mack Drug Co., N. Y.

Nature's serial story—The spinal column, onlinued in our necks.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.
Mild, equable climat-, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Im'igrat'n Board, Portland. Ore.

The frontiersman who shot an Indian corpse didn't know it was Le-dead.

If a fflicted with sore eyes use DrIsaac Thom son's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bott

Were the dead Janguages talked to death?

A Fair Trial

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medicinal merit We do not chaim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

but was told I had malaria and was dozed with quintue, etc., which was uncless. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling etrong and cheerful. I feel satisfied it will benefit any who give it a fair trial."-W. B. BRAMISH, 261 Spring St., New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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