POWER OF THE WORD.

The Mightiest Weapon is the Gospel.

Dr. Talmage's Sunday Sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacie.

Text: "There is none like that; give it me."—I Samuel xxi., 0.

David fied from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David, and to slay him. David goes into the house of a priest, and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he cannot supply him; but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been carefully wrapped up and laid away—the very sword that Goliath formerly used—and he takes down that sword, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorand he takes down that sword, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade, it flashes upon David's mind that this was the very sword that was used against himself when he was in the fight with Goliath, and David can hardly keep his hand off it until the priest has unwound it. David stretches out his hand toward that old sword, and says: "There is none like that; give it me." In other words "I want. that old sword, and says: "There is none like that; give it me." In other words, "I want in my own hand the sword that has been used against me, and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends, that is not the first or the last sword once used by giant and Fhilistine iniquity which is to come into the possession of Jesus Christ, and of His glorious church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side; and I only imitate David when I strotch out my hand toward the blade of the Philistine, and cry: "There is none like that; give it me!"

I remark, first, that this is true in regard I remark, first, that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity. Worldiy philosophy came out of its laboratory and out of its observatory, and said: "Now, we will prove by the very structure of the earth, and by the movement structure of the earth, and by the movement of the heavenly bodies, that the Bible is a lie and that Christianity, as we have it among men, is a positive imposition." Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day, Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth and cried out: been using against the truth and cried out: There is none like that; give it me!" Copernicus, and Galileo, and Kepler, and Issac Newton came forth and told the world that, in their ransacking of the earth cast leaven, they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship; and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran, and Shaster, and Zendavesta with that been govered up and lay on the Koran, and Shaster, and Zendavesta with which it had been covered up, and lay on the desk of the scholar, and in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lap of the Christian, unharmed and unanswered, while the towers of the midnight heavens struck a silvery

chime in its praise.

Wordly philosophy said: "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks, and finds that the world was gradually made, and if gradually made, there must have been some point at which the process started; then, who started it? and so that objection was overcome, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that es stated a magnificent truth when he

id: "In the beginning."
Worldly philosophy, said: "Your Bible is worstly panosophy, said: Your Bible is a most inaccurate book; all that story in the Old Testament again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks, locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession, locusts without order." "Wait!" said Christain philosophy; and in 1808, in the southwestern part s country, Curi out to examine the march of the locust. There are men right before me who must have no ticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locust like an army; and it was found that all the newspapers unwittingly spoke of them as an army. They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went with straighter flight than the locusts come -not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises, the locusts drop and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly phil-

osophy wrong.
Worldly philosophy said: "All that story about the light 'turned as clay to the seal' is simply an absurdity." Old time worldly philosophy said: "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy said: "Wait a little while," and it goes on and makes discoveries and finds that the atmosphere curves and and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the carth, literally, "as the clay to the seal." The Bible right again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that, illusion in Job about the foundations, of the earth is simply an absurdity. "Where wast thou," says God, when I set the foundations of the earth. The earth has no foundations." Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated "foundation" may be better translated "foundation" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right: "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand-a secket large enough

low of God's hand—a secket large enough for any world to turn in.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshuz making the sun and moon stand still. If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christain philosophy, "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis, and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when universians need not be scared at any scientific exploration. The fact is that religion and science have struck hand in eternal friendship. ce have struck hand in eternal friendship, the deeper down geology can dig and and the deeper down geology can dig and the higher up astronomy can soar, all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science, and from the highest towers have flung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity to-night, from the observatories of Albany and Washington, stretches out its hand to-ward the opposing scientific weapon, cryward the opposing scientific weapon, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!"

I was reading this afternoon of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes. And it has been just so that to evert his eyes. And it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight heavens, and the Lord God has, through some swinging world, flamed upon his vision, and the learned man cried out: "Who am I? Undone! Unclean! Have morey. Lord God!" Again, I remark, that the traveling disposition of the world, which was averse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amidst thieves was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a hean who many travelors. There is many a man who is very honest at home, who, when he is abroad, has his honor filched and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men

who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering-place has danned many a man. In the older times God forbade the

when they get into Spain, on the Lord's day always go out to see the bull fights. Plate said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles, lest t be tempted to commerce. But this traveling disposition of the world, which was adverse to that which is good, is to be brought on our side. These rail trains, why, they are to take our Bibles; these steamships, they are to transport our missionaries; shese sailors rushing from city to city all around the world, are to be converted into Christian beralds and go out and preach These among the beather partiess. The Green Christ among the heathen nations. The Gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson, and Thompson, and Burckhardt have come back and talked to Burckhardt have come back and talked to us about Siloam, and Capernaum, and Isausalem, pointing out to us the lilies about which Jesus preached the beach unon which l'aut was shipwrecked, the fords at which lordan was passed, the Red Sea bank on which were tossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel; I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

I am not shocked at the idea of building a railroad to the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Golgotha and Bethlehem. If we cannot afford to pay for muleteers now, perhaps when the rail train goes we can afford to buy a ticket from

muleteers now, perhaps when the rail train goes we can afford to buy a ticket from Constantinople to Joppa, and so we will get to see the Holy Land. Then let Christians travel! God speed the rail trains, and guide the steamships this night panting across the deep in the phosphorescent wake of the shining feet of him who from wave cliff to wave cliff trod the stormed Tiberias. The Japanese come across the water and see our civilization, and examme our Christianity, and go back and tell the story, and keep that Empire rocking until Jesus shall reign.

Where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run.

And the firearms, with which the infidel traveler brought down the Arab horseman and the jackals of the desert, have been surrendered to the church, and we reach forth our hands, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!"

So it has also been with the learning and the eloquence of the world. People say:
"Religion is very good for women, it is very
good for children, but not for men." But we
have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music; Canova and Angelo in sculpture; Raphael and Reynolds in painting; Harvey and Boerhaave in medicine; Cowper and Scott in poetry; Crotius and Burke in statesmanship; Boyle and Leibnitz in philosophy;

Thomas Chalmers and John Mason in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with scriptural allusions. Through senatorial speech and through essay-ist's discourse Sinai thunders and Calvary pleads and Siloam sparkles.

muel L. Southard was mighty in the court room and in the senate chamber, but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that day when he stood before the literary soday when he stood before the literary so-cieties at Princeton commencement and pleaded for the grandeur of our Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while he was consuming Hayne, nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the Ameri-can Revolution, but on that day when, in the famous Girard will case, he showed his affection for the Christian religion and eulogized the Bible. The eloquence and the learning that have been on the other side came over to our side. Where is Gib-bons's historical pan? Where is Robesnierre's sword? Captured for God. "There is none like that; give it me!"

like that; give it me!"
So, also, has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the printing press and the platform on the side of Christianity; but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquarian goes and looks at pictured ruins, or examines the chiseled pillars of Thebes, and Ninevah and Pompeii, and then comes back to tell us of the beastliness of ancient art; and it is a stliness of ancient art; and it is a fact now, that many of the finest speci-mens—merely artistically considered—of sculpture and painting that are to be found amidst those ruins are not fit to be looked at, and they are locked up. How Paul must have felt, when, standing amidst those impurities that stared on him from the walls and the pavements and the bazars of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world on the side of obscurity and crime and death.

In later days the palaces of Kings were adorned with pictures. But what to un-clean Henry VIII. was a beautiful picture of adorned with the Madonna? What to Lord Jeffries, the unjust Judge, the picture of the "Last Judgment?" What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world still on the side of super-stitition and death. But that is being changed now. The Christian artist goes across the water, looks at the pictures, and brings back to his American studio much of the power of those old mas ters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at the "Crucifixion of Christ," and comes back to his American pulpit to as never before of the sufferings of the Saviour. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of the "Last Judgment." The tears start, and he goes back to his room in the hotel, and prays God Judgment." for preparation for that day when,

Shriveling like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens together roll, Our Sunday-school newspapers and walls are adorned with pictures of Joseph in the court, Daniel in the den, Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the cross. Oh, that we might, in our families, think more of the power of Christian pic-tures! One little sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer will mean more to your children than twenty sermons on devotion. One pathan twenty sermons on devotion. One pa-tient face of Christ by the hand of the artist will be more to your child than fifty sermons on forbearance. The art of the world is to be taken for Christ. What has become of Thorwaldsen's chisel and Ghirlandajo's cray-on? Captured for the truth. "There is none

like that; give it me!" So, I remark, it is with business acumen and tact. When Christ was upon earth, the people that followed Him, for the most part, had no social position. There was but one man naturally brilliant in all the apostleship. Joseph, of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when heoffered a hole in the rock for the dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Asia Minor befriended Jesus? I think of only one, Lydia, How many of the castles on the beach of Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa, he stopped with one Simon, a tauner. What power had Christ's Simon, a tauner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange, or in the bazars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by pre-

tending to be one of His followers. Now that is all changed. Among the mightiest men in our great cities to-day are the Christian mer-chants and the Christian bankers; and if to-morrow, at the Board of Trade, any man should get up and malign the name of Jesus, he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank — all our Christian workers to-day are the Christian merchants; and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm willed on the right side. There was a farm willed away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing presses ever built was built for the express purpose of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe that the time will come when, in commercial circles, the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all voices, and the ships of cles, the voice of Christ will be the mightlest of all voices, and the ships of Tarshish will bring presents and the Queen of Sheba her gloty and the wise men of the East their myrrh a rankincense. I look off upon the business men of our cities and rejoice at the prospect that their tact, and ingenuity, and talent will, after a while, all be brought into the service of Christ. It will be one of the wickling. of Christ. It will be one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is none like that; give

traveling of men for the purposes of trade because of the corrupting influences attend-ing it. Now, if what I have said be true, away with all downheartedness! If science is to be on the right side, and the traveling disponent

learning of the world on the right side, and the picture making on the right side, and the picture making on the right side, and the business acumen and tact of the world on the right side—Thins, O Lord, is the kingdom? Oh, fall into line, all ye people! It is a grand thing to be in such an army, and led by such a commander, and on the way to such a victory. If what I have said is true, then Christ is going to gather up for Himself out of this world everything that is worth anything, and there will be nothing but the soum left. A proclamation of amnesty goes forth now from the throne of God, saying: "Whosoever will, let him come." However long you may have wandered, however great your sins may have been, "whosoever will, let him come." Oh, that I could marshall all this audience on the side of Christ. He is the best friend a man over had. He is so kind—He is so lovely, so sympathetic. I cannot see how you can stay away from Him. Come now and accept His morey. Behold Him as He stretches out the arms of His salvation, saying: "Look unto mercy. Behold Him as He stretches out the arms of His salvation, saying: "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God." Make final choice now. You will either be willows planted by the water courses or the chalf which the wind driveth away. driveth away.

WORK AND WORKERS:

Again the question of linen production in this land is being discussed, and some facts point to an early realization of such an in-

Brooklya gravediggers will not dig for any but the body of a union man, and the Hearse-drivers' Union will not handle a non-

At Tabor City, Fla., 400 cigarmakers are out because the firm would not allow them to explain their complaint to their brother workers in the mill.

Thomas Delworth, a former slave, is president of the St. Catharine's (Canada) Builders' Laborers' Union. Bricklayers and masons get \$3 for nine bours. At San Francisco the locked-out brewery

workmen reduced their weekly living ex-penses to \$1 in order to send \$50 to the Penn-givania flood sufferers. The cooks, waiters and bakers' unions of

San Francisco are opposed to the eight-hour movement because they believe the agitation is ahead of its time. Twenty factories, having an aggregate capital of \$1,500,000, have been opened in Florence, Ala., in the last seven months, giving employment to over 2,000 people.

One of the New York city branches of the Journeymen Bakers' National Union has secured an agreement with several employers by which the daily hours of labor are reduced from twelve to ten.

The first cigarmakers' union was formed in Baltimore May 5, 1851. Baltimore was at that time the centre of cigar manufacturing in the United States. Today the cigar makers have the finest trades-union in North America.

Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Loco motive Engineers, attended the meeting held in Boston, at which over 500 delegates were present. He denied the charge of having said that he would never sanction another strike, and declared himself ready to sanction any strike that was really necessary.

Master Workman John J. McGarry, of Local Assembly 3650 of Missouri Pacific Railroad employes, who was arrested during the great Southwestern Railroad strike for conspiracy and acquitted, and then sued the company for false imprisonment, has secured a verdict for \$1,500 from the Missouri Court of Appeals,

At Paragould, Ark., the mills and stove factories' wages range from \$1 25 to \$1 50 per day; farm hands, \$15 per month. Corn, 50 cents; flour, \$6 50; bacon 10 to 12 cents. Kents are high. Board, \$3 to \$4 per week. Section men get Gould prices—\$1 15 per day -and pay \$3.50 per week for boord.

It is reported that a number of Philadelphia capitalists have just purchased 400 acres of land in Tazewell county, on the Clinch Valley Division of the Norlolk and Western Railroad. The price paid was \$125 per acre, and the intention of the purchasers is to build a manufacturing city. About 100 men have struck at the Lochfel

rolling mill, Harrisburg, Pa., and only the puddle mill is now in operation. The cause of the strike was a request that the men work in the larger mill, which has been idle since the strikers there were discharged last week. The number of vessels which passed

through the Suez canal last year was 3,440 of a gross burden of 9,437,857 tons. Although the canal was made with French capital, Great Britain has secured the lion's share of the benefits resulting from it. The Hair Spinner's National Union has

nearly all the members of the craft in its organization, which is represented in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Indianap-olis. Philadelphia workers do more work and have longer hours for \$2 per day than the Indianapolis spinners, who get \$3 per

France claims the honor of utilizing the greatest head of water for industrial pur-poses at Brignoud, near Grenoble, with a turbine of 9 feet and 10 inches in diameter which has worked since 1875 under a head of 1,638 feet, g. ing a force of 1,500-horse power with a flow of 300 litres, or about 10.6 cubic feet per second.

The United Order of Railway Employes, which is composed of the Brotherhood of Railway Brakemen, the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association and the Brotherhood of Lo comotive Firemen, was organized in Chicago last week and officers elected. The govern ing body is a supreme council, composed of the officers and six others. The object of the new organization is to secure united action upon all matters pertaining to the in terests of the men engaged in the occupations named.

Yarns About Huge Sharks.

Some heavy shark stories were told by two captains who arrived in Boston port the other day. The sharks are declared to be of unusual size and seem to be nearer land. Captain Thurston, of the fishing schooner Sisters, reports that he was fishing about twenty miles off Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, when a huge shark was hooked by the nose with a cod hook. They got the monster to the surface alongside the vessel and tried to get a stout new rope over his head, but he bit the rope right through again and again, as though it were cut with a sharp axe. Then they drove a harpoon into the back of his neck and held him while they got into a beat and at acked him with axes, killing him after a desperate struggle. The shark proved to be too large to take on board, so they cut out his liver, which filled two and a half barrels, and took aboard the head and tail, letting the body go. This is one of the largest of the species ever seen in these waters, being twenty-five feet long and estimated to weigh over two tons. His head was as large as a hogshead and weighed between 600 and 700 pounds. A good sized boy could crawl inside its open mouth. The schooner Minnie C., Captain John Saunders, captured a large shark off Yar-month light house a few days later. The shark took the bait and was hauled to the surface and harpooned. After half an hour's hard struggle he was finally secured. He measured twenty-five feet in lenght and weighed about two tons. - Chicago Herald.

Stilts are no better in conversation

Old but Good Ones.

An old joke is as good as a new one to a person who has never heard it. Moreover, a good joke is worth repeating, even if it is old. Our readers may recognize some of the following as old

What is the difference between a fog and a fallen star? One's mist on earth and the other is missed in heaven.

Why is a man called honorable who is up stairs beating his wife? He is above, doing a mean act. What are the greatest astronomers?

The stars, because they have studded the heavens for ages. What is better than God, worse than

the devil, the dead eat it, and if the liv-ing eat it, they would die? Nothing. What is thieving in the outskirts? Picking ladies' pockets. In what place did the cock crow

when all the world heard him? In Noah's Ark. When does the rain become too familiar to a lady? When it begins to pat

her (patter) on the back.

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

Who are the best men sent to war? Lawyers, because their charges are so great no one can stand them.

Why is Satan always a gentleman? Because being the imp of darkness, he can never be imp o' light.

If a church be on fire, why has the organ the smallest chance of escape? Because the engine cannot play on it. Why are the makers of the Armstrong guns the greatest thieves in her Majesty's service? Because they rifle all the guns, forge the materials, and steel all the gun breeches.
Why was Goliath surprised when he

was struck by a stone? Because such thing never entered his head before. What color is a field of grass when povered with snow? Invisible green. If you had to swallow a man, what kind would you prefer? A little Lon-

don porter. Why is a solar eclipse like a mother beating her boy? Because it is a hid-

ing of the sun. What is the most difficult train to catch? The 12:50, because it is "ten to one" if you catch it.

"Ah," said the fly, as if crawled around the bottle, "I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, and now I am in the mucilage -then it stuck .- Yankee Blade

A West Virginia Diana.

Mrs. Jule Eastman, of West Virginia, is one of the mightiest hunters in all its mountains. She is a dead shot with the rifle, and has killed bear and deer by hundreds. She is big, black-haired, and ugly, but so industrious and warm-hearted as to more than make up for the lack of beauty. Her carrying capacity must be something enormous, as she has been known to carry more than one hundred pounds a distance of seven miles without resting, and is said to have lugged a sewing machine all the sixty mountainous miles between her home and Grafton. In addition, she has seven children and lots of well-bred kinfolk who delight to visit her and to talk of her exploits .- Pittsburgh Times.

Hard to Walk.

He had taken her to the theater and then to supper, and when they reached her father's door he said:

Well, I'll have to go.' "You needn't hurry, William," she said sweetly.

"I wouldn't but for one thing." "What is that?"

"I've got to walk. The evening's festivities ha e left me dead broke.

CARPER-I wish I had your voice, Fiddley. Fiddley (pleased)—You do? Carper—Yes, I'd tie a stone to it and drop it off the bridge.

MAIDEN ladies always betray their inmost thoughts by laughing. he-he."

A condition of weakness of body and mind which results from many disorders of the system finds its best and surest relief in Brown's Iron Bitters. As it enriches and strengthens the blood so the stomach, liver and kidneys receive powers to perform their duties, and the depressing influences from a diseased and disturbed condition of these organs are removed.

Song of the drygoods clerk: "Swining in

"For seven long years I struggled away farming, running a mill, &c., until I was fortunately introduced to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., by my brother, and I went to work at once, and in seven months I had made in the seven years before. They took me right by the hand from the start and seemed to be very glad of the chance to show me how to do it." This is about what a young man said a year or see ago of the above-mentioned firm. Since that time he has been steadily at work for them, and is now one of the happiest men in America. If you need employment, it would be a good thing for you to follow this young man's example.

A cat with its fur ruffled doesn't feel fur-

Delicate Women. Children and delicate women should not be forced to take the vile compounds which are usually given for constipation plies, indigestion, etc. Hamburg Figs are like preserved fruit, and are the best inxative known. 25 cents. Dose one Fig. Mack Drug Co., N. Y.

Fall fashions can never be popular with an

A Piece of Her Mind.

A Piece of Her Mind.

A lady correspondent has this to say:
"I want to give a piece of my mind to a certain class who object to advertising, when it costs them anything—this won't cost them a cent. I suff-red a living death for nearly two years with headaches, backache, in pain standing or walking, was being literally dragged out of existence, my miser y increased by drugging. At last, in despair, I committed the sin of trying an advertised medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it restored me to the blessedness of sound health. I honor the physician who, when he knows he can cure, has the modicine mentioned is guaranteed to cure those delica's diseases peculiar to females. Read printed guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

For all derangemen's of the liver, stomach and bowels, take Dr. Pierce s Pellets. One s Helr may be piafted and yet he golden,

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are 181.00. Sold by Druggist

A foul tip-Feeing the waiter with a lead

There are people using Dobbina's Election of the day who commenced its use in Would this be the case were it not the punt and most commical scap roads. Ask grocer for it. Look out for imitations, bina's.

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

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

The frontiersman who shot an Indian corpse didn't know it was Lo-dend,

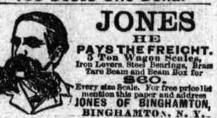
A Pocket Cigar Case and five of "Tansill's Punch," all for Zic. Were the dead languages talked to death?

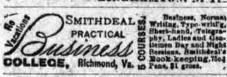
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e sure to get Hood's. their own instead of Hood's Sarsaparilla, 'But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was, I had taken it, was perfectly satisfied with it, and did not want any other."-Mrs. Elga A. Gopp. 61 Terrace Street,

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