TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Brooklyn Divine Preaches at Beyrout.

A Christmas Sermon in Which He Gives Utterances to Some Taoughts Inspired by the Song of the Angels at the Birth of Christ.

TEXT: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."-

At last I have what I longed for, a Christmas eve in the Holy Land. This is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which He descended. I look up through these Christmas skies, and I see no loosened star hastening southward to halt above Bethlehem. but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that any of them run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they kneel at the feet of Him who, though once an exile, is now enthroned forever. Fresh up from Bethlehim, I am full of the scenes suggested by a visit to that village. You know that

whole region of Bethlehem is famous in Bible story There were the waving harvests of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David the warrior was thirsty, and three men of unheard of self denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scripture means when it says they came "to be taxed," for people did not in those days rush after the assessors of tax any more

than they now do. The village inn was crowded with the

strangers who had come up by the command of Government to have their names in the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stables. You have seen some of those large stone buildings, in the center of which the camels were kept, while running out from this center in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jesus was born. Had his parents been more showily appareled I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable lentertainment. That night in the fields the shepherds, with crook and kindled fires, were watching their flocks, when bark! to the sound of voices strangely sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come out to serenade the weary shepherds? But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking

their snowy fleece and bleating to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony as, echoed back from cloud to cloud, it ring; over the midnight hills: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind Him was hung on the sky in sight of Bethlehem. Who knows but that that crown may have been mistaken by the wise men for the star running and

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that indigence is not always significant of degradation. When Princes are born, heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it, and flags wave it, and illuminations set cities on fire with the tidings. Some of us in England or America remember the time of rejoicing when the Prince of Wales was born. You can remember the gladness throughout Christendom at the nativity in the palace at Madrid. But when our glorious Prince was born, there was no rejoicing on earth. Poor and growing poorer, yet the beavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth of the proposition that indigence is not always significant of degrada-

In all ages there have been great hearts

throbbing under rags, tender sympathies under rough exterior, gold in the quartz, Parian marble in the quarry, and in every stable of privation wenders of excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host. All the great deliverers of literature and of nations were born in homes without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his pine knot light from the wilderness until all nations and generations have seen it, and off of his hard crust of penury has broken the bread of knowledge and religion for the starving millions of the race. Poetry, and science, and literature, and commerce, and laws, and constitutions, and liberty, like Christ, were born in a manger. All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods who wanted to slay them, and Iscariots who betrayed them, and rabbles that crucified them, and sepulchres that confined them until they burst forth in glorious resurrection. Strong character, like the rhododendron, is an Alpine plant, that grows fastest in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for being flailed. Some of the most useful people would never have come to positions of usefulness had they not been ground and pounded and hammered in the foundry of disaster. When I see Moses coming up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest lawgiver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremble with his prophecies, and David from the sheepcote to sway the poet's pen and the King's scepter, and Peter from the fishing net to be the great preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the truth of my proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

My subject also impresses me with the thought that it is while at our useful occupations that we have the divine manifestations. Had those shepherds gene that night into Bethlehem and risked their flecks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, that man sees most of God and heaven who minds his own business. We all have our posts of duty, and standing there God appears to us. We are all shepherds or sheperdesses, and we have our flocks of cares and annoyances and anxieties, and we must tend them

We sometimes hear very good people say "If I had a month or a year or two to de nothing but attend to religious things, would be a great deal better than I am now. You are mistaken. Generally the best people are the busy people. Elisha was plowing in the field when the prophetic mantle fell on him. Matthew was attending to his custom house duties when Christ commanded him to follow. James and John were mending their nets when Christ called them to be fishers of men. Had they been snoring in the sun Christ would not have called their indolence into the apostleship. Gideon was at work with the flail on the threshing floor when he saw the angel. Saul was with great fatigue hunting up the lost asses when he found the crown of Israel. The prodigal son would never have reformed and wanted to have returned to his father's house if he had not first gone into business, though it was swinafeeding. Not once out of a hundred times will a lazy man become a Christian. Those who have nothing to do are in very unfavorable circumstances for the receiving of divine manifestations. It is

not when you are in idleness, but when you are, like the Bethlehem shepherds, watching your flocks, that the glory descends and there is joy among the angels of God over your soul penitent and forgiven. My subject also strikes at the delusion that the religion of Christ is dolorous and grief infusing. The music that broke through the midnight heavens was not a dirge, but an anthem. It shook joy over the hills. It not only dropped upon the shepherds, but it sprang upward among the thrones. The

robe of a Saviour's righteousness is not black. The Christian life is not made up of weeping and cross bearing and war wazing. Through the revelation of that Christmas night I find that religion is not a groan, but a song. In a world of sin and sick bed and sepulchers, we must have trouble; but in the darkest night the heavens part with angelic song. You may, like Paul, be shipwrecked, but I exhort you to be of good cheer, for you shall all escape safe to the land. Religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face and the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion into his phylactery has none left for his Fretfulness and complaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil- moves out. Christianity does not frown upon amusements and recreations. It is not a synic, it is not a shrew, it chokes no laughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as much at home on the playground as it is in the church. It is just as graceful in the charade as it is in the psalm book. It sings just as well in Sur-rey gardens as it prays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ wept that we might

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that glorious endings sometimes have very humble beginnings. The straw pallet was the starting point, but the shout in the

midnight sky revealed what would be the glorious consummation. Christ on Mary's lap, Christ on the throne of universal dominion-what an humble starting! What a glorious ending! Grace begins on a small scale in the heart. You say only men as trees walking. The grace of Gol in the heart is a feeble spark, and Christ has to keep both hands over it lest it be blown out. What an humble beginning! But look at that same man when He has entered heaven. No crown able to express His royalty. No palace able to ex-press His wealth. No sceptre able to express His power and His dominion. Drinking from the fountain that drips from the everlasting Rock. Among the harpers harping with their harps. On a sea of glass mingle I with fire. Before the throne of God, to go no more out forever. The spark of grace that Christ had to keep both hands over last it come to extinction, having flamed up into honor and glory and immortality. What humble start-

ing! What glorious consummation! The New Testament Church was on a small scale. Fishermen watched it. Against the uprising walls crashed infernal enginery. The world said anathema. Ten thousan people rejoiced at every seeming defeat, and said: "Aha! aha! so we would have it."
Martyrs on fire cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Very humble starting, but sea the difference at the consummation, when Christ with His almighty arm has struck off the last chain of human bondage, and Himalaya shall be Mount Zion; and Pyrenees, Moriah; and oceans, the walking place of Him who trod the wave cliffs of stormed Tiberias, and island shall call to island, sea to sea, continent to continent, and the song of the world's redemption rising, the heavens, like a great sounding board, shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of God, and all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters. Oh, what an humble beginning! What a glorious ending! Throne linked to a manger, heavenly

mansions to a stable. My subject also impresses me with the eifect of Christ's mission upward and downward. Glory, to God, peace to man. When God sent His Son into the world, angels discovered something new in God, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that before. But when God sent His Son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of self denial in God, the spirit of self-sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on His throne than a thief on the cross, a seraph in his worship than an adulteress in hor crime. When the angels saw God-the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in heaven to be hurt-give up His Son, His Son, His only only Son, they saw something that they had never thought of before, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out on that pilgrimage the augels in heaven clapped their wings in triumph and called on all the hosts of heaven to help them celebrate it, and sang so loud that the Bethlehem shepherds heard it: "Glory to God in

But it was also to be a mission of peace to man. Inflaite holiness-accumulated depravity. How could they ever come together! The Gospel bridges over the dis-It brings God to us. It takes us to God. God in us, and we in God. Atonement! Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins forgiven, eternal life secured, heaven built

on a manger.

But it was also to be the pacification of all individual and international animosities. What a sound this word of peace had in the Roman Empire that boasted of the number of people it had massacred, that prided itself on the number of the slain, that rejoiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily and Corsica and Sardinia and Macedonia and Egypt had bowed to her sword and crouched at the cry of her war eagles. She gave her chief honor to Scipio and Fabius and Cæsar-all men of blood. What contempt they must have had there for the penniless, unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarina, starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman Empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would upbear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been spent in slangater thirty-five thousand millions of dollars, or what would be equal to that; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thousand millions of dollars in civil war.

Oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's armies march past! What a spectacle it would be! There go the hosts of Israel through a score of Red seas-one of water, the rest of blood. There go Cyrus and his army, with infuriate yell rejoicing over the fall of the gates of Babylon. There goes Alexander, leading forth his hosts and conjuding all the world but himself, the earth reeling with the battle gash of Arbela and Persepolis. There goes Ferdinand Cortes, leaving his buthered enemies on the table lands once fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering cacao. There goes the great Freachman, leading his army down through Egypt like one of its plagues, an tuo thronga Russia like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave trench under the shalow of Sobastopol. There are the rains of Delhi and Allahabal, and yonder are the inhuman Sapays and the brave regiments under Havelock averging the insulted flag of Britain; while cut right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie one million Northern and Southern dead.

On, the tears! On, the blood! Oh, the long marches! Oh, the hospital wounds! Oh, the martyrdom! Oh, the death! But brighter than the light which flashed on all these swords and shields and musketry is the light that fell on Bethle'ian, and louder than the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the grouning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, sweet as though all the bells of heaven rung a jubilee: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Oh, when will the day come--God hasten it!-when the swords shall be turned into plowshares, and the fortresses shall be remaleled into churches, and the men of blood battling for renown shall be come good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the cannon now striking down whole columns of death shall thunder the victories of the

When we think of the whole world saved we are apt to think of the few people that now inhabit it. Only a very few compared with the populations to come. And what a small part cultivated. Do you know it has been authentically estimated that threefourths of Europe is yet all barrenness, and that nine hundred and ninety-one one-thousandth part of the entire globe is uncultivated? This is all be cultivated, all inhabited and

all gospelized. Oh, what tears of

repentance when nations begin to weep! Oh, what supplications when continents begin to pray! Oh, what rejoicing when hemispheres begin to sing! Churches will worship on the places where this very hour smokes the blood of human sacrifice, and wandering through the snake infested jungles of Africa Christ's heel will bruise the serpent's head. Oh, when the trumpet of salvation shall be sounded everywhere and the nations are re-deemed, a light will fall upon every town brighter than that which fell upon Bethlehem, and more overwhelming than the song that fell on the pasture fields where the flocks fed, there will be a song louder than the voice of the storm lifted oceans, "Glory to God in the highest," and from all nations and kindred and people and tongues will come the response, "And on earth peace, good will toward men." On this Christmas Eve I bring you good tidings of great joy. Pardon for all sin, comfort for all trouble and life for the dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts? The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on your heart-one, two, three. Three times less it will beat. Life is

like a vulture from the mountains. Misery rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly songs fall to us like stars. I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with Gospel gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your loved ones who have preceded you. In that grandest and best sense a merry

passing like gazelles over the plain. Sorrows

hover like petrels over the sea. Death swoops

And God grant that in our final moment we may have as bright a vision as did the dying girl when she said: "Mother"-pointing with her thin white hand through the window-"Mother, what is that beautiful land out yonder beyond the mountains, the high mountains?" "Ob," said the mother, "my darling, there are no mountains within sight of our home," "Oh, yes," she said, "don't you see them -that beautiful land beyond the mountains out there, just beyond the high mountains?"

The mother looked down into the face of her dying child and said: "My dear, I think that must be heaven that you see." "Well, then," sho said, "father, you come, and with your strong arms carry me over those mountains into that beautiful land beyond the high mountains." "No," said the weeping father, "my darling, I can't go with you." "Well," she said, clapping her hands, "never mind, never mind; I see yonder a shining one coming. He is coming now, in His strong arms to carry me over the mountains to the beautiful land-over the mountains, over the high

TRADE OF THE PAST WEEK. Mild Weather Causes Only a Moder-

ate Volume of Basiness. Special telegrams to Bradstreet's report a continuation of a moderate volume of general trade throughout the country. The mild weather is largely responsible for this, having marked eff cts upon siles of coal, woolen goods and other se isonable staples. Throughout some of the Western States it is reported that low prices of farm products are counterbalanced in part by large yields of wheat and corn, and the excellent condition of live stock. Farmers in these regions are said to have large quantities of stock to sell. Sut to the Southwest and on the Pacific coast rains (succeeding dry weather at the Southwest) cause uneasiness among country merchants as to large stock of winter goods remaining

Most varieties of hog products are stronger on a better demand at home and abroad. Pork is in fair request and dressed hogs are

The New York stock market is firmer on easier money, and the probability of more seasonable weather during the remainder of the winter, this pointing to a better trade in coal and other staples. Money has been erratic, having twice touched 40 per cent. per annum on call, owing to a natural stringency at this time, aided by manipulation. Bank clearings at 37 cities for 1889 ag ;regate \$55,724,569,241 as reported to Bradstreet's 131/2 per cent. more than last year, and 9 per cent, over 1887. Only 6 cities show a decrease as compared with 1888 or 1887. Cereal products are quite irregular. Flour is in fair demand here and for export. Wheat has been in light request, but on freer call from abroad, with reported lighter stocks in the United Kingdom and in Russia; is stronger and up 1/6 :. Oats, too, are stronger, and up 1/20. Indian corn, however, on freer movements at the interior, and liberal offerings is weaker, and a trifl lower. Barley is depressed, and la2: lower on light demand. while rye is irregular in demand and price.

Exports of wheat (and flour as wheat) from both coasts of the United States this week aggregate 1,898,054 bushels, against 2,251,634 bushels last week and 1,086 369 bushels in the like week of 18:8 89, showing a total from July 1, 1889, to date of 54,345,310 bushels as compared with 52,300,000 bushels in a like period one year ago, and with 76,000 bushels

Stocks of wheat at nearly 1000 points of accumulation in the United States and Canada, east of the Rocky Mountains on December 28, as reported to Bradstreet's aggregated 51,227,176 bushels, a total not differing materially from that reported one montu prevaously, when it was 55,455,455 bushels. One year ago, like stocks as reported to this journal amounted to 52,740,493 bushels. Stocks of Indian corn at like points ag regated 15 .-447,400 bushels last Saturday, against 9,456,-959 bushels a month ago and 12,180,879 bushels one year aço. Stocks of oats increased only moderately during December, 1889. Stocks of wheat flour last Saturday were 1,657,676 barrels against 1,636,024 one month ago and 2,102,145 barrels one year ago.

PANIC IN A PLAZA.

Hundreds of Persons Hurt by the Fall of the Grand-stand.

While a bull fight was in grogress at Villa Lerdo, Mex., about 10,000 persons were crowded into the plaza. When the second bull was being killed nearly all present rose and stood, applauding and stamping their

Suddenly one side of the plaza began to give way. A rush followed and the extra movement of the thethousands of spectators helped to bring about the fall of the structure. It bulged out rapidly and then collapsed, precipitating the unlucky inmates to the ground, the distances of the falls ranging from 10 to 25 feet. Many were buried be-

neath the debris. Among them were many ladies of the best families of the town. In their desperate situation many fights occurred among the men, and many were stripped of every stitch of clothing. The crowds on the opposite side of the building, which numbered several thousands, became panic-stricken, and fell and trampled on one another in their at-

tempts to reach the outside of the plaza. The bull-fighters were also seized with fear and made their exits, with the bull closely following. The trampling of the helpless and the agonized cries of the men and women made the place a scene of pandemonium. In was not until outside help came to the people pinned down by the planks and timbers that the unfortunate victims were re-

leased from their painful positions. Many physicians were called and the wounds of the people were attended to. The number of wounded will reach into the hundreds, but, while the injuries of a great many are serious and painful, it is not thought that any will prove fatal.

CROP REPORT.

Agricultural Department Estimate of the Production of Cereals.

The December report of the Department of Agriculture shows that the reported area of corn, 78,319,651 acres, represents an increase of 21/4 per cent, over the average of 1888. The yield per acre of corn is very nearly twenty-seven bushels, or one and onetenth bushel less than the product of 1879, and is the largest rate of yield since 1880. The product as estimated, is 2,112,802,000

The wheat acreage, 38,123,859 acres, is 21-10 per cent greater than the aggregate for 1888. The yield per acre of wheat is nearly 12.9 bushels or one-tenth of a bushel greater than the November average of yield per acre. The total product as estimated. is 490,560,000 bushels. The acreage of oats is placed at 27,462,316

acres, an increrse of less than 2 per cent. The product of oats is 751,715,000 bushels at the rate of 27.4 bushels per acre. The aggregate of all cereals is about 3,450,-000,000 bushels, or at least fifty-three per

AN INNOCENT MAN HANGED

A Dying Man Confesses to Murders for Which another Was Executed.

A startling revelation has been made at Illinois Station, a small town in Indian Territory. On the evening of December 27 "Minnie" Rogers, a colored gambler and whiskey pedler, was run over by a railway train and fatally injured. Before he died he made a statement regarding the murder, in 1886, in the Cherokee Nation, of Dr. J. M.

Pyle and Mrs. William Kerr. The couple were found murdered in their beds at their respective houses one morning, their heads having been crushed in by some implement. John Stephenson, toward whom suspicion pointed, was arrested, tried before Judge Parks at Fort Smith, Ark., convicted and hanged. On his deathbed Rogers confessed that he had committed the deed unaided. He swore that he had been hired to do it by an enemy of his victims.

DEATH IN ITS WATER.

An Epidemic of Typhoid Caused by a Foul Stream.

An epidemic of typhoid fever has raged in Northern Berks county, Pa., for some weeks, and many persons have died. Citizens of that section sent a complaint to

Reading, in which they say that many cattle have died from the prevailing contagious cattle disease, and that some or the dead cattle were thrown into Maiden Creek and are now floating down stream. The complaints say that the water is per-

fectly sickening. This is the stream along which the city has erected a pumping station Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Preparedouty by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. and arranged to get its supply of water for kousah ld purposes in a lew weeks.

She Had Not Entirely Forgotten.

Mr. Billus sat in his comfortable armchair, with his feet comfortably resting on another chair. Mr. Billus was enjoying hims elf. He had dined, and he defied fate to do its worst, even as another great man is said by historians to have done under like circumstances long before the period of

"Maria," he observed, "this is the anniversary of our wedding, isn't it?" "It is, John."

"Twenty-three years, Maria," said Mr. Billus, reflectively, as he took the poker and stirred the fire in the grate. is a thundering long-h'm! h'm!long time for some married folks, isn't

"It is, John." "And yet it doesn't seem-h'm! h'm -as if it were thirty years since I first met you at the Jasper County fair, does it?"

"It isn't thirty years," replied Mrs. Billus, rather shortly. "It is only twenty-six."

"I mean twenty-six years of course, Maria. Speaking of that fair," continued Mr. Billus, "I wonder if you remember that big artichoke in the agricultural hall." "No, I don't remember any big arti-

"Have you forgotten that long ear of corn sent in by old Absalom Wykoff?"

"I have no recollection of it." "Don't you remember the big beet that Uncle Jakey Dubois had on exhibition?"

"Maria," said Mr. Billus, impatiently, "where's your memory? Don't you recollect the great big pumpkin that weighed 176 pounds that Cal Hepperly was showing everybody that came to the fair?"

"It seems to me I do remember a big pumpkin."

"I thought so. Your memory is a mighty poor one, Maria, but you could not forget that big pumpkin. Do you have any idea" persisted Mr. Billus, with growing recollections of sundry pies his good mother had made shortly after that fair, "whatever became of that pumpkin, Maria?"

"I think I have, John." "You have, hey," he retorted in surprise. "If it is all you can do to remember the biggest pumpkin at that fair how do you happen to know whatever become of it, madam?"

"I married that pumpkin, John." The fire burned feebly in the grate, the canary bird slumbered peacefully in its cage, and amid a silence so profound that the shadows could be plainly heard dancing on the wall Mr. and Mrs. Billus sat in their cheerful little parlor and dreamed the happy hours of their wedding anniversary away .-- Chicago Tribune.

On Business.

The Governor of Georgia had just dismissed a delegation of Prohibitionists, when a card bearing the name "Judge J. T. W. Madison" was handed him. The chief executive was very tired, having been harassed with dry speeches, and would have sent down an excuse, but the high-sounding name on the card bespoke a visitor of importance; so, wearily yielding, he told the porter to show the gentleman up. A few moments later one of the most deeply colored gentlemen in the State stepped into the room.

"Dis yere de gubner?" "Yes. What do you want?"

"I's called on bizness, sah. I's er edge down----"You are a judge?" "Yes, Justice o' de Peace down in de

swamp districk. "Well, state your business with me as quickly as you can."

"I'll do it, sah. Caze dat's whut I come yere fur. Lemme see, now. Oh, yas. Some time ago, sah, I had er man named Sam Bly 'rested an' tried for stealin' co'n. I tried him myse'f and fined him four hundred dollars an' six munts in jail. Dis wuz all satisfactory, 'specially ter me, but de blame lawyer he tuck er 'peal ter de circus cou't. Now, sah, my bizness wid you is dis vere: Ef you's got any 'fluence wid de jedge o' dat circus cou't, I wush you'd drap him a few lines an' tell him ter send dat case back ter me. Now, is you got much 'fluence wid dat judge?" "You old scoundrel, get out of here

or I will have you thrown out.' "Jest wait er minit, sah; jest wait er minit. I know dat nigger stole dat co'n, an' I know dat he wants ter take er 'peal just so he ken skape de justice dat is atter him. Dar's anuder thing: Dat nigger is er mighty p'litical bother down dar an' de folks wants ter git rid o' him till atter de leckshun-knows da does, er da wouldn't er promised me er hunnud dollars ter send him up. Now, it's er gubnor's duty ter do whut de folks wants him ter do an'-hol' on, hol' on, I'll go. Neber seed sich times ez dese comin' ober folks. Hol' on, fur I'se dun gone."-Arkansaw Traveler.

The Cook's Revenge.

A very curious case has just been decided in a Frankfort police court. It appears that a cook, no longer quite young, was courted by a tailor somewhat younger than she. On Sundays, and occasionally during the week, the gallant lover was in the habit of taking his lady for extended promenades and visits to restaurants, where the latter always paid the expense. She also provided him regularly with his supper. Presently, however, the awful truth was brought home to the cook that she was not the only "friend" on whom the man of scissors and the needle lavished his affections. Nothing loath, she went to the nearest rolice court, suing the faithless one for the expenses of all the clandestine meals provided by her, and all the money spent when "walking out" with him. - Berlin letter.

Some of the compound Kalamazoo Greek names suggested for the killing of murderers by electricity are more terrifying than the thing itself.

Mr. BABBITT, the late soap manufacurer, made about \$3,000,000 by living on the fat of the land.

It may be love that makes the world go round, but you can't make the old maid believe it.

100 Doses One Dollar

ity from the blood.

Pains and Aches In various parts of the body, more particularly in the back; shoulders an 1 joints, are the unwelcone

indications that rheumatism has gained a footho!! and you are "in for it" for a longer or shorte. Horse ? How to Pick Out a period. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the Good One? Know imperfecblood, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which tions and so Guard against neutralizes the acidity and eradicate; every impu-Fraud? Detect Disease and Effect a Cure when same is "I suffered from acute rheumatism induced by , possible? Tell the age by severe sprain of a once dislocated ankle join: which cause I great swelling and Intense pain. One bottle of Hood's Sars sparilts restored circulation cleansed the blood and relieved the pain so that am nearly well."-L. T. Hunr, Springfield, M . Hood's Sarsaparilla

BOOK PUB. HOUSE,

Hints for Amateur Sportsmen.

An excellent treatment for a bullet wound is to wash the wound clean and cover with clean muslin saturated with a solution of carbolic acid or alcohol. The great object is to keep the wound clean and protected from the air, Do not foolishly probe for the bullet. It can be better extracted after the healing of the wound.

To extract fish hooks from your flesh or clothing cut the leader free and push the hook on through, depressing the upper end so as to bring the point out as near as possible to where it went in. Don't try to pull the hook back over the barb.

Thirst can be abated by the eating of acid fruits or plants. The chewing of twigs, barks or leaves of trees and shrubs will also afford temporary relief. Snow and ice aggravate the thirst by chilling and closing the salivary glands.

Learn to shoot without closing your eyes when you pull the trigger. Beginners will find it hard to do this, but it must be done.

In sighting either shotgun or rifle the left eye should be closed, except in the case of left handed persons; then the right eye should be closed. Some men keep both eyes open, but the majority of shooters and all the crack shots close the left eye.

An extra pair of socks are handy on a one-day out trip. Then, with your shoes nicely dried at my lady host's fire you will be in comfort for the next

morning on your way home. Avoid sleeping in close rooms. Keep the apartment well ventilated. Let in fresh air, but keep out the draught. When out shooting carry a small

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