THE EMPTY PLACE.

Text: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy teat will be empty."-I Samuel, xx. 18. Set on the table the cutlery, and chased diverware of the palace, for King Saul will give a State dinner to-day. A distinguished place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, a relebrated warrior, David by name. The guests, jeweled and plumed, come in and ake their places. When people are invited to a King's banquet they are very apt to go. But before the covers are lifted from the east, Saul looks around and finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, or perhaps audibly: "What does this mean! Where is my son-in-law? Where is David, the great warrior! I invited him. I expected him. What? A vacant chair at a King's banquet !"

The fact was that David the warrior had been seated for the last time at his father inlaw's table. The day before Jonathan had waxed Pavid to go and occupy that place at the table, saying to David in the words of my text: "Thou shalt be missed, because ny seat will be empty.

The prediction was fulfilled. David was missed. His seat was empty. That one vacant chair speke louder than all the occupied hairs at the banquet. In almost every house the articles of furniture take a living personality. That picture—a stranger would not see anything remarkable either in its design or execution, but it is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. You remember who bought it and who admired it. And that hymn-book-you remember who sang out of it. And that cradle-you remember who rocked it. And that Rible-you remember who read out of

t. And that bed-you remember who slept in it. And that room-you remember who died in it. But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty-voiced as the vacant chair. I suppose that before Saul and his guests got up from this banquet there was a great clatter of wine-pitchers, but all that racket was drowned out by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at the Many have gazed and wept at John Quincy Adam's va ant chair in the House of Representatives, and at Mr. Wilson's vacant chair in the Vice-Presidency, and at Henry Clay's vacant chair in the American Senate, and at Prince Albert's vacant chair in Windsor Castle, and at Thiers's vacant chair in the councils of the French nation; but all these chairs are unimportant to you as compared with the vacant chairs in your own household. Have these chairs any lesson for you to learn? Are we any letter men and women than when they first addressed us?

1. First: I point out to you the father's va ant chair. Old men always like to sit in the same place and in the same chair. They into the room, you jump up suddenly and Here, father, here's your chair. probability is it is an arm-chair, for he is not so strong as he once was, and he needs a little uphol ling. His hair is a little frosty, his gums a little depressed, for in his early days there was not much dentistry. Perhaps though you may have suggested some improvement, father does not want any of your nonsens . Grandfather never had much aduniration for new-fangle 1 notions. I sat at the table of one of my parishioners in a former congregation; an aged man was at the table and his son was pre iding, and the (ather somewhat abruptly addressed the son and said: "My son, don't now try to show off because the minister is here!" Your father never liked any new customs or manners; he preferred the dd way of doing things, and he never looked schappy as when with his eyes closed he sat in the arm hair in the corner. From wrinkled brow to the tip of the slippers, what placidity! The wave of the past years of his life broke at the foot of that chair. Perhaps, cometimes, he was a little impatient, and sometimes told the same story twi e; but over that old chair how many blessel memories hover! I hope you did not crowd that old chair, and that it did not get very much in the way. Sometines the old man's chair gets very much in the way, especially if he has been so unwise as to make over all his property to his children with the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in such cases children crowd the old man's chair to the door, and then crowd it clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poorhouse, and keep on crowding it until the old man fell out of it into his grave.

But your father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rungs The longer he sta ed the better you like lit. But that chair has been vacant now for some time. The furniture dealer would not give you fifty cents for it, but it is a throne of influence in jour domestic circle. I saw in the French palace and in the throne room the chair that Naj ofeon used to o cupy. It was a beautiful chair, I ut the most significant part of it was the letter "N," embroidered into the ba k of the chair in purple and gold. And your father's oll chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your alle tions have embroidered into the lack of that chair in purple and gold the letter "F." Have all the prayers of that old chair been answered? Have all the counsels of that old chair been practiced! Speak out, old arm-chair! History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the Olympic games, and when they came lack, these three so is, with their garlands, and put them on their father's brow, the old man was so 'e oi ed at the victories of his three children that he fell deal to bring a wreath of 'y and Christian usefulness and put it on to your father's brow, or on the vacant char, or on the memory of the one depart al! Speak out, old arm chair! With reference to your father, the words of my text have been fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed, be ause thy seat will be empty." II. - I go a little further on in your house

and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a ro king-chair. She had so many ares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well. It was an old chair, and the ro kers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocke i the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved: but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we decosited all our harts and worries. Oh, what a chair that was! It was different from the father's chair; it was entirely different. You iske me how! I cannot tell; but we all felt t was different. Perhaps there was about his chair more gentleness, more tendergrief when we had done When we were wayward father but mother cried. It was I very wakeful chair. In the sick days of hildren other chairs could not keep awake; chat chair always kept awake, kept easily twake. That chair knew all the old lullapies and all those wordless songs which nothers sing to their sick children-songs in which all pity and compassion and sympahetic influences are combined. That eld thair has stopped rocking for a good many rears. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that grogthop to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that said: "My son, why go n there?" And louder than the boisterou; incore of the place of wicked amusement, a toile saying: "My son, what do you here? And when you went into the house of sin a roice saying: "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?

And you were provoked with yourself, and you charged yourself with superstition and fanaticism, and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the hed than a voice said: "What a praverless pillow! Man, what is the matter!" This: You are too near your mother's rockingchair. "Oh, pshaw!" you reply; "there's nothing in that. I'm five hundred miles off from where I was born. I'm three thousand miles off from the church whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that; you are too near your mother's rocking-chair. "Oh," you say, "there can't be anything in that; that chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that: it is all the mightier for that; it is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers; it completing the circle in an hour, while neaks; it weeps; it carols; it mourns; it the large one takes twelve hours to finish went of and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegraph brought the son, and he came into the room where she lay and | with the clock work inside the tamlooked upon her face, and he cried out: "Oh, b. urine, move just under the membrane, mother, mother! what your life could not do your death shall effect. This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair. With reference to your mother the words of my text were fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.' Some one said to a Grecian General "What was the proudest moment in your

word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered your evil habits by the grace of God, and become eternal victor. Oh, despise not parental anxiety! The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgivenes; as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Deal! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow jurbefore they buried her, and you wind take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think and wish that you had done just as they wantel you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God rity the young man who has brought disgrace on his ather's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born; better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred. There is no lalm powerful enough to heal he heart of one who has prought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about hrough the d smal cemetery, rending the hair and wring ng the hands and crying "Mother! Mother! Oh, that to-day by all the memories of the past and by all the bopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your

mother's God be your God forever! III. I go on a little further; I come to the invalid's chair. What! How long have you been sick! "Oh, I have been sick ten, twenty, thirty years." Is it possible? What a story of endurance! There are in many families of my congregation these invalid The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world; but that invalid s chair is the mighty pulpit from which they have been preaching, all these years trust in God. One day, on an island just off from Sandusky, Ohio, I preached, and there was a great throng of people there; but the throng did not impress me so much as the spectacle of just one face—the face of an invalid who was wheeled in on her chair. said to her afterward: "Madam, how long have you been prostrated." for she was lying flat in the chair. "Oh." she replied, have been this way fifteen years. "Do you suffer very much?" yes ' she said; "I suffer very much. I suffer all the time; part of the time I was blind. I always suffer." "Well," I said, "can you keep your courage up:" Oh, yes," she said, 'I am happy, very happy indeed." Her face showel it. She looked the happiest of any one on the ground. Oh, what a means of grace to the world, these invalid chairs! On that field of human suffering the gra e of God gets it; victory. Edward Payson, the invalid, and Richard Baxter, the invalid, thousand of whom the world has never heard, sette. most conspiruous thing on earth for God's eye and the eye of angels to rest on is not a throne of earthly power, but it is the invalid's chair. and women who are always suffering but a cane chair and old-fashioned apparel, for | never complaining-these victims of spinal

disease, and neuralgic torture, and rheumatic exeruitation, will answer to the rollcall of the martyrs, and rise to the martyr's throne, and will wave the marker's palm! But when one of these invalid chairs become vacant, how suggestive it is! No more bolstering up of the weary head. No more changing from side to side to get an easy No more use of the bandage, and the cataplasm and the prescription. That invalid's chair may be folded up or taken apart, or set away, but it will never lose its queenly power; it will always preach of trust in God and cheerful submission. Suffering all ended now. With respect to that invalid the words of my text have been fulfilled 'Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will IV. I pass on and I find one more varant

t is a high chair. It is the child's chair. If that chair be occupied, I think it is the most potent chair in all the household. All the chairs wait on it; all the chairs are turned toward it. It means more than David's chair at Saul's banquet. At any rate, it makes more racket. That is a strange house that can be dull with a child in it. How that child breaks up the hard worldliness of the place, and keeps you young to sixty, seventy and eighty years of age! If you have no child of small. your own, adopt one; it will open heaven to your soul. It will a ay it way. Its crowing n the morning will give the day a cheerful starting, and its glee at night will give the day a cheerful close. You do not like children! Then you had better stay out of heaven, for there are so many there they would fairly make you crazy! Only about five hundred million of them! The old crusty disciples told the mothers to keep the children away from Christ. "You bother Him," they said: "you trouble the Master." Trouble him! He has

filled heaven with that kind of trouble. A pioneer in California says that for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada County, there was not a single child in all the reach of a hundre! miles. But the 4th of July came, and the miners were gathered together, and they were celebrating the 4th with oration and poem, and a boisterous brass band; and while the band was playing, an infant's voice was heard crying, and all the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their homes on the Eastern coast. an l of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were filled with homesickness as they heard the babe ery. But the music went on, and the child cried louder in their arms. And are you, O man, going and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out the infantile interruption, when a swarthy miner, the tears rolling down his face, got up and shook his fist, and said: "Stop that noisy band and sive the baby a chance" Ob-there was pathos as well as good cheer in it! There is nothing to arous, and melt, and subdue the soul like a child's voice. But when it goes away from you the high

chair becomes a higher chair, and there is desolat on all about you. In three-fourths of the hones of my congregation there is a vacant high chair. Somehow you never get over it. There is no one to put to bed at night: no one to ask strange questions about God and heaven. Oh, what is the use of that high chair! It is to call you higher. What a drawing usward it is to have children in heaven! And then it is such a rraventive against s.n. If a father is going away into s n be leaves his living children with their mother; but if a father is going away into sin what is he : o'nz to do with his dead children floating about him and hovering over his every way war I step? Oh, speak out, va ant high chair and say: "Father, come back from sin; mother, come back from worldiness. I am wat hing you. I am wa ting for you." With respect to your child the words of my text have been fulfilled: "Thou shalt be miss.d, because thy seat will be

My hearers, I have gathered up the voices of your departed friends, and tried to intone them into one invitation upward. I set in array all the vacant chairs of your hones, and of your social cir le, and I bid them cry Time is short. Eternity is near. Take my Saviour. Be at peace with my God. Come up where I am. We lived together on earth; come let us live together in Heaven. We answer that invitation. We come. Keer a seat for us, a: Soul kept a seat for David; but that seat shall not be empty. When we are all through with this world, and we have shaken hands all around for the last time, and all our chairs in the home circle, and in the outside world, shall be vacant, may we be worshiping God in that pla e from which we shall go out no more forever. I thank God there will be no vacant chairs in heaven.

Carlous Application of the Magnet. A curious application of the magnet is described in a French journal, the subeet being a clock recently patented in brance. In appearance the clock consts of a tambou it e, on the parchment of which is painted a circle of flowers forre ponding to hour signs of ordinary dists. On examination, two bees, one large and the other small, are discovered crawling among the flowers. The small bee runs rapidly from one to the other, the circuit. The parchment membrane is unbroken, and the bees are simply laid upon it; but two magnets connected

A Philadelphia oyster dealer has a horse that eats oysters on the half shell with remarkable relish.

and the inyects, which are of iron, fol-

There are 11,000 applications for posilife?" He thought a moment and said: "The tions on file with the Secretary of the Inproudest moment in my life was when I sent

The Beggars of Paris. Next to the concierges, perhaps the beggars are the greatest nuisances in Paris. They have been augmenting so rapidly of late and becoming so aggressive that the prefect of police—now that the spirit is abroad—has resolved to expel them, and has issued instructions to police sergeants to get at the number and conduct of the fraternity in their respective districts. Parisian beggars may be looked upon as the aristocracy of the menstreets from choice rather than necessity. They have got a sort of a circular newsthose of beggar, as they are just a con- said: venient height to reach ladies' pockets. According to the Temps there were 2,765 beggars arrested in Paris in 1884, and corner. 4,138 in 1885. When arrested they are first taken to a central police station, the worst offenders to the police court. know?" seems to have been allowed on other days whip was in keeping.

Wild Pigeons Exterminated.

The wild pigeon is disappearing from North America, like the buffalo, before the march of civilization. A dealer, who has in years past bought and sold many thousands of these delicate birds, told a Times reporter that a wild pigeon could not be bought in the city yesterday.

The supply has been decreasing yearly during the past years, until new we get but a few barrels a year, which are received chiefly from the Indian Territory. It costs less to transport them from there than from the far Northwest, which is now the favorite nesting place for them. Chicago gets a snall supply of the birds netted or shot in Minnesota and elsewhere in the Northwest, the prices paid being usually \$1.50 to \$2 a dozen, and St. Louis and other Western cities get a few. for which about the same rates are paid. Lovers of th's game in this city have nearly ceased to ask for wild pigeons in the market, having been so often disappointed in not finding the birds they seek. There is consequently no vigorous effort made by game dealers to procure them, the profits upon their ale being

Within the memory of many middleaged persons hereabout, hundreds of thousands of these birds have been seen flying in great flocks over the large cities of the Atlantic States, appearing like black clouds again t the sky. When these great flocks roosted in the woods their weight was so great as to break down the limbs of frees. It is while these flocks are roosting that the birds become the easy prey of the pigeon hunter, either by net, shotgun or in other ways. The professional pigeon hunter in the West, although his victims are easily killed, leads a rough life in hunting the birds, and is poorly remunerated for his labor and the hardships he is forced to

the war and when the birds were plenty he had frequently sold as many as 1,000 dozen pigeons at re'ail in one day. They were then quite cheap and within the reach of poor people. The chief cause of the thinning out of wild pigeons is the destruction of forests in all parts of the country. The pigeons are thus deprived of nesting places, and of their fa vorite beechnuts and the food they got from the oak and other trees that were once so plenty near here. - New York

The Human Family.

The human family living to-day on ea: th consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals; not less; probably more. These are distributed over the earth's surface, so that now there is no considerable part where man is not found. In Asia, where he was first planted, there are now approximately about 800,000,000, densely crowded; on an average 120 to the square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded, but everywhere dense, and at points over-populated. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000, relatively thinly scattered and re ent. In the islands large and small, probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black are as five to three; the remaining 700,000,-100 intermediate brown and tawny. Of the race 500,000,000 are well clothedthat is, wear garments of some kind to cover their nakedness: 700,000,000 are semi-clothed, covering inferior parts of the body: 250,000,000 are practically naked. Of the race 500,000,000 live in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000 in huts or caves with no furnishing; 260,000,000 from the topmost round—the Anglothree-fifths of the whole, or 900,000,000. - Boston Transcript.

Iron in Wood.

The curious question has been asked why oaks and elms are especially liable to be struck by lightning. It was declared in 1787 that the elm, chestnut, oak and pine were the most often struck in America, and in 1860 G. J. Symonds were the most frequently struck in England. A Magdeburg record, covering ten years, reports injuries to 265 trees, 165 being oaks, 34 Scotch firs, 32 pines and 20 beeches. It has been suggested that the frequency with which oaks are struck is due to the presence of iron in the wood .- New Orleans Times-Demo-

A flock of 200 sheep were killed in the Yosemite valley by lightning.

NEW YORK'S YOUNGSTERS.

MORE REMARKABLE AND VARIED THAN THEIR ELDERS.

The Little Millionaire of Eleven and the Beggar of Eight-Spoiled Dar-

lings at the Dinner Table. What a chapter might be written about the children of New York, writes Blakely Hall. They are more remarkable than their elders, and of infinite variety. dicant world. Begging has become a Shortly after noon yesterday a fretful fine art with them. They take to the little pony came pattering around the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-eighth | Patch episodes. He said: street with such a tremendous ado that paper to keep themselves posted in he would have run me down had he been one was in September, '29, and after coming events, and systematically take higher than my waist. He shook his swimming ashore he came up to the brink different beats. Rows of them may be shaggy head, snorted and bounded up again, and looking at his bear, Cuff, said, seen at church doors when a marriage or | and down with a great show of dash and a funeral is on, and they hang round the fire. Echind him was an English dog he grabbed him by the nape of the neck doors of fashionable restaurants. The cart of perfect proportion and finish, yet and near his tail and threw him over. greatest nuisances among the gang are scarcely larger than a baby carriage. On those who won't beg at all. There is the box seat sat a lad of less than eleven Sam sold him to John Sears, the hair- all the same.—Chicago Neics. an institution for the manufacture and years, with a natty little beaver hat, a dresser, who lived on State street, next training of this species. They play rose in his coat and his small legs encased door to my mother. Sears generally the role of distortionists. Several in leather leggings. His puny fists were kept three or four bears in his back yard joiners are kept at work in clad in gauntlet driving gloves, and he and turned them into bears' oil, which making small wooden carts, staves and sat with his legs stretched out stiffly be he sold by traveling around the country. various contrivances for them. Their fore him, his toes together, his elbows He had a bonanza in Cuff, for after his object is to draw money from the public close to his sides and his whip held purchase he sold 'Cuff's oil' a good by their piteous and excruciating posi- across the reins. He was the picture in many years, and always carried one of tions, and not by solicitation. And con- miniature, as far as the pose went, of the | Cuff's paws in his pocket and showed sidering that many of them are so pal- cra k whip of an English coaching club. pably frauds, it says a good deal for the All he lacked was a single glass. He'll gullibility of the Parisians that they suc- probably exploit that by the time he's oil! November 12, '29, Sam issued the The culs-de-jatte-those who twelve. His father is a New Yorker who' hand bill which Mrs. Parker has inserted squeeze themselves into a sort of wooden cares little for horses, but indulges his in her book, announcing his last leap for bowl and propel themselves along the chi dren in every whim. They live across pavement with their hands--frequently | the street from my windows. I looked combine the functions of thief with at the solemn youngster on the box and

"Gad! I know it," said the child giving a vicious twist to the reins and where they are asked to give an account | touching the rim of his hat with the of themselves. Some are sent to the whip, "but the be st's mouth's as hard hospital or to the Depot of Mendicity, as a brick. Huh, there! What do you

There is in Paris a privileged or licensed | I stepped back and looked at the pony class of beggars. The police have always He was a very dark bay, groomed till he | was, therefore, the last person that spoke had power to deal with others who on shone like satin. His collar was white whatever pretence receive alms; but the canvas, and every bit of harness on his general toleration allowed on fete days sleek coat was white. Even the driver's

as well, until the condition of the streets 'Rather smart, ch?' said the boy with a splash in the water, and that was the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazwhen you are in their place and they come and Robert Hall, the invalid, and the ten has become intolerable.—Pall Mall Ga- a look of solemn inquiry. "It'll look last of poor Sam Patch. When I after- ard & Co., New York. better on my black horse, though-neater | ward moved to Jersey I looked up his | Chapped Hands, face, pimples and bugh brute than this; fetlocks not so brushy an laction brisker.

He noddel carelessly, dropped the lash on the pony's neck and went bowling down the street erect, correct and complaisant. As I stood gazing after the mature infant a ragged street urchin, who sat on the edge of the gutter hard by, looked up at me and said:

"Next time yer sees dat young feiler tell 'im I'm going to kick a lung out of 'im some Sunday. "Why Sunday

"Caurze it's my day fur kickin' lungs, said the boy calmly. He had a mouth of prodigious size, small eyes, red hair and a cork leg. His crippled form, was halfclad in rags, and his eight-year b'd face was lighted up by a prematurely red nose. The idea of such a dwarf kicking anybody was so grotesque that I smiled involuntarily. He grinned back instantly and said as he hugged the cork leg:

"He hit me wid his whip once't an'l bin lavin' low f'r 'm ever sence. On Sundays he don't go a ridin' an' some Sunday I'll land him. It makes me feel elegint to tink of th' lickin' dat lad 'll git on some fine Sunday. I'm no slouch ef my hair is red.

Ev this time the smile had gone and he looked as ominous as a child of his age could look. The beggar of eight waiting to attack the little millionaire of eleven, just as his father, the tramp, anarchist, or striker, waits for the chance to injure his wealthy employer. There is something uncanny about these mature children of the town. I was at the Windsor Hotel at dinner with some friends a short time ago when a pompous little woman strode down the long dinirg room, followed by two little girls, hand in hand. Neither of them was more than nine years old. They settled themselves in their chairs, folded their skinny little hands, and then proceeded to stare about them and comment upon their A large game dealer said that before | fellow diners. The elder of the two children, after looking intently at a maiden lady of rather noticeable attire at an adjoining table, turned to her mother and said composedly:

"What a real y startling old frump that is, mamma? "Which one, dear?" asked the strict disciplinarian of a mother. "The cheerful guy beside the bald:

headed man over there. "Oh, yes," said the mother, with a well-bred smile, "I've seen her before. But don't be so s'angy, Marion. Have more tone. Order your dinner now and see that you let puree en lamb alone. It's too rich for you." Then to the waiter-

"Take her order, Auguste." the child, who was studying the menu with a frown on her little face.

"No soup, Ogeest," she said, intently, but a bit of weak fish with egg sauce an' a k duey omelette—not flat you know. but nice and pully-and artichokes." "Ver' sorry, Mees Maryon, but there is

"There, I thought so!" said the girl, slamming the card down on the table and biting her thin lips. "It's the most provoking thing! Whenever I set my heart-

"We have some green corn-" "Eat it yourself!" said the child in a huff. The waiter was quite unmoved. He seemed to be accustomed to such ebullitions of temper and went on suavely, taking the orders of the others while Miss Marion sat the picture of overdressed, pampered and pouting discon-

And the children of the flats. Who little beings, who speak in we spers and have been bullied, reprimanded and have nothing that can be called a home, scolded by servanta, tenants, janitors and are barbarous and savage. The range is parents unt I they glide about like shadows and dare not laugh for fear of dis-Saxon civilization, which is the highest turbing some one. The joyousness and known-down to naked savagery. The life of chilhood has been crushed out of portion of the race lying below the line | them. And the children of the boardof human condition is at the very least | ing house, who live under a perpetual protest from the grim and snappy landlady and the testy boarder of the "first floor front," who must have the house quiet se a; to enjoy her afternoon nap. Nearly every boarding house that advertises now puts forth the flat "No children," and the l'ttle ones are so thoroughly cowed that they are are as pitiful in mich as in body. Then there are the children of the tenements and slums. There is no end to juvenile wretchedness here. stated that the clm, oak, ash and poplar | For a place that children should be kept out of, commend me to New York.

> The funniest sight that a San Francisco man saw the other day was a building being moved, which had over the door the sign "Stationary Store."

> A graveyard in County Cork has the following notice over its entrance gate: "Only the dead who live in this parish are buried here."

Sam Patch.

Recently I met General E. E. Duncan, of Detroit, Mich., and although looking fresh and young for one of his years, he and are causing no end of trouble in the is probably not quite as spry as when he was a boy here away back in the twenties, writes a metropolitan contributor of The most dangerous coins are those barthe Rochester (N. Y.) Post Express. He ing the dates of 1879, 1880, and 1881. left Rochester in '36 for the land of big | They are all of the same workmansh p, 'skeeters, and for twenty-six years was and are c rrect in size and ring. They an engineer on the road between Jersey City and New Brunswick. He had just been looking over Mrs. Parker's "History of Rochester," and was particularly interested in her description of the Sam

"I saw both of Sam's jumps; the first 'Where I go, Cuff, you must go.' Then it to the incredulous, to prove that he was selling the genuine Cuff's

the next afternoon. As I was anxious to see fun as any boy could be, I stuck pretty close to him all day, and saw him take the drink of brandy in Cochrane's "Tommy, you should always drive restaurant; it was one of the big, old free from the curb when you round a | fashioned glasses, and he filled it to the brim and tossed it off at one gulp. Then I followed him to the falls, where he had hung over the brink. Sam waded from selling this valuable work. the shore to the scaffold, and I rolled up others to their native departments, and think of his new clothes - all white, you my pants and waded behind him, and as he was a out to go up to the scaffold I took his hand and bid him good-bye; I history, and found that he was a weaver by trade, very a tive during the weavers' strike, and quite a speaker. He made his first jump at Pawtucket, R. I., and his next at Paterson, N. J. If the citizens of Rochester ever start a fund to erect a stone over his deserted and almost unknown grave, just this side of

To Our Dog, in Slumber Wrapt. Oh, Jim, awake; this is no time for dreams, When rests the starlight on the mountain's

And all the world is hushed; to me it seems This were a fitting time to chase the cow. And tinkle tankle all the startled night With clamorous bell and deep mouthed bays and yells; And shouts of wrath, and girlish shricks of

And rattling echoes from the shadowy dells. But no; you lie upon the mat and snore; And will not bulge a solitary peg; But grit your teeth and growl in smothered Dreaming you have the preacher by the

-R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

There is one candy house in New York that has a factory of immense size an i several elegant stores, and they were all created within a few years out of an original capital of \$10,000, which was borrowed for the purpose. Mr. Char. F. Powell, postmaster, Terre

Haute, O., writes that two of his very finest chickens were recently affected with roup, He aturated a piece of bread half an inch square with St. Jacob's Oil and fed it to them. Next day be examined them and there was no trace of the disease remaining.

All of the officers implicated in the attempt revolution in Madrid have been condemned

Mr. E. R. Wilson, Grand Rapids, Mich., reports the case of Mr. H. T. Sheldon, of ansing, Mich, who for several weeks suffered from a frightful cough and edd, which was cured by one bottle of Red Star Cough

One of the most remarkable and interesting discoveries yet made in the excavations in Egypt is the recent finding of the mummy of the ancient King, Rameses H. the Pharaoh of the Bible under whose reign the flight of the Jews led by Moses occurred.

Hints to Consumptives. Consumptives should use food as nourishing

as can be had, and in a shape that will best agree with the stomach and taste of the pa-Out-door exercise is earnestly recommended.

If you are unable to take such exercise on porseback or on foot, that should furnish no excuse fer shutting yourself in doors, but you should take exercise in a carriage, or in some The waiter leaned obsequously over other way bring yourself in contact with the open air.

Medicines which cause expectoration must

be avoided. For five hundred years physicians have tried to cure Consumption by using them, and have failed. Where there is great derangement of the secretions, with engorgement of air-cells, there is always profuse expectoration. Now Piso's Cure removes the engorgement and the derangement of the secretions, and consequently (and in this way only) diminishes the amount of matter expectorated. This medicine does not dry up a cough, but removes the cause of it.

When it is impossible from debility or other causes to exercise freely in the open air, apartments occupied by the patient should be so ventilated as to ensure the constant accession of fresh air in abundance.

The surface of the body should be sponged as often as every third day with tepid water and a little soft soap. (This is preferable to any other.) After thoroughly drying, use friction with the hand moistened with oil, Cod-Liver or Olive is the best. This keeps the peres of the skin in a soft, pliable condiion, which contributes materially to the unloading of waste matter from the system through this organ. You will please recollect ever hears of these shy and melancholy we cure this disease by enabling the organs of the system to perform their functions in a nermal way, or, in other words, we remove obstructions, while the recuperative powers of the system cure the disease.

We will here say a word in regard to a cough in the forming stage, when there is no constitutional or noticeable disease. A cough may or may not fore shadow serious evil: take it in its mildest form, to say the least, it is a nuisance, and should be abated.

A Cough is unlike any other symptom of disease. It stands a conspirator, with threatening voice, menacing the health and existence of a vital organ. Its first approach is in whispers unintelligible, and at first too often unheeded, but in time it never fails to make itself understood-never fails to claim the attention of those on whom it calls. If you have a cough without disease of the the lungs or serious constitutional d sturbance, so much the better, as a few doses of Piso's Cure will be all you may need, while if you are far advanced in Consumption, several bottles may be required to effect a permanent

Subscription lists for the Charleston sufferers have been opened at all the American consulates in Germany.

Daugerous Counterfeits. The counterfeit silver dollars seem to

be becoming more numerous every day. sub-Treasury. There are three different kinds, say the secret cervice operatives. stand the acid test very well but are a trifle light, there being a difference in weight between the counterfeit and the genuine of that of a silver five cent piece. The other counterfeits bear date of 1878, 1884, and 1985 respectively, and are inferior to the others in workmanship, being made in molds instead of dies. They are very deceptive in appearance, how. ever, and fooled Cashier Fo est of the post-office, who was willing to wager that one which he presented at the sub-Treasury was good. The cashier stamped

Mrs. Lucy Bainbridge, who recently traveled through the East. says they do not vaccinate women in Burmah because they do not consider them worth the trouble and expense.

Is not a dye, and will not stain or injure the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer. Dumb ague can be speedily cured by tak

ing Ayer's Ag ie Cure. Try it. The new crop of Florida oranges are about

One of the most successful books that has been sold in the South for years is Hon. Alexander H. Stephen's "History of the United States," wth an appendix by Mr. R A. Brock, Secretary of the Varginia Historical Society. B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, ere ted a twenty-five foot scaffold. The Va., have made quite a "hit," and their day was very cold and raw, and icicles agents too have enjoyed a bountiful harvest

> Ninety thousand cotton spinners in Burn ley, England, have resolved to strike against a reduction in wages.

The pure t, sweetest and best Cod Liver to him in his life. He made some indis- Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, tinct remarks, waved his hands, and over healthy livers, upon the seashors. It is absohe went. When about half way down lutely pure and sweet. Patients who havonce taken it prefer it to all others. Physihis head fell on his shoulder; next was cians have decided it superior to any of the

by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York

At a revival in Norfolk over 200 colored people were baptized in one afternoon.

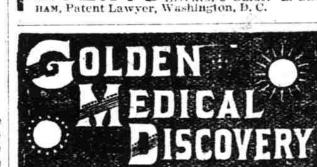
Josiah Davis's Trouble.

Josiah Davis, North Middletown, Ky., Writes: " am now using a box of your HEVRY'S CARBOLIC Charlotte. I would like to contribute my | SALVE upon an ulcer, which for the past ten days has, given me great pain. This salve is the only remedy. I have found that has given me any ease. My ulcer was caused by varience veins, and was pronounced incurable by my medical doctors. I find however, that HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE is af-

> fecting a cure. Beware of imitations A revolution was attempted by troops at Madrid Sunday evening,

\$700 to \$2500 AYEAR clear of al expense, can be made working for us. Agent: preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed dso. A few vacancies in towns and cities. P. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1023 Main 14., Richmond, Va.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventor's Guide. L. Bise-



CURES ALL HUMORS

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Bolls, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scroinlous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Discase, White Swellings, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrotplous Affections.

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good ligestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of

CONSUMPTION.

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lunge, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now ever brated remedy to the public, Dr. Pivecz thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its vonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious. pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

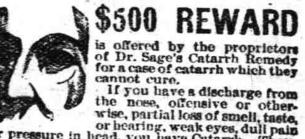
CHRONIC DISEASES Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent beadache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy borebodings, irregular appetite, and coated tougue, you are suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood,
Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis,
Severe Coughs, Consumption, and
kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy.
Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's
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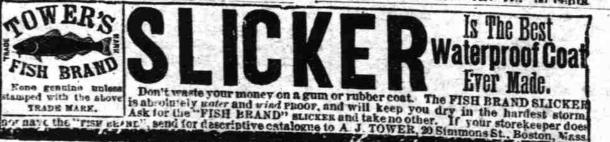
PRICE \$1.00, PRICE BETTLES World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.





or hearing, weak eyes, dull pain or pressure in head, you have Cutarrh. Thousands of cases terminate in consumption.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS WILL CURE

HEADACHE NDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS DYSPEPSIA MERVOUS PROSTRATION MALARIA CHILLS AND FEVERS TIRED FEELING GENERAL DEBILITY PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES

IMPURE BLOOD CONSTIPATION FEMALE INFIRMITIES RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA KIDNEY AND LIVER

TROUBLES OR SALE BY ALL DECGGISTS The Genuine has Trade Mark and crimed keep TAKE NO OTHER.

CREAM BALM. I was cured before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm gathering in head difficulty in breathing and discharge

CATARRH HAY FEVER D EASE from my ears. - C Chesinut St. Philo A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Prior



How A Farmer's Life Was Saved. Hon. S. C. Huntington, Ex-tounty Judget Hon. N. B. Smith, District

Attorney, and Sworm Statement of Others. All of Pulaski, Oswego Co., N. Y. Seven years ago my struggle for life began with a burning inflammation, (almost as much to be dreaded as fire). At first attacking me with pain and aching in the back. The least cold or over work would aggravate my troubles. My stomach and liver became deranged, tongue coated, appetite poor, nerves unstrang and my sleep troubled. I made a desperate effort to keep about, but in spité of all my resolutions and the help of physicians, found myself growing worse month by month, and my

once powerful constitution completely breaking down. I suffered from chronic inflammation of the kidneys, rheumatism and eatarth of the bladder. Blood would rush to my head, I would feel faint and weak, and found it difficult to br :the at times as my heart would throb and skip beats. In the spring of 1880 still more critical symptoms set in. My terrible agony no one could tell. My weight was reduced nearly seventy pounds. A sense of seveness and rawness was followed by attacke of inwar t fever. Wm. H. Filkin's athdavit is herewith

I often saw the urine passed by David Trum-It looked terrible, as though it was his very life's blood. (Signed) WM. II. FILKINS,

Sworn to before me | J. W. FENTON-Jushis 6th day of Nov., tice, Pulaski, Oswego

At times my back and limbs were so weak, I could hardly stand or walk. The oftener the effort to void urine, the more frequent the call and severer the distress. On November 21st, 1881, I began taking

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure, and applying his U & O Anointment. To-day I am 62 years old, and I am enjoying excellent health. I am free from pains in my back and kidneys, can sleep well nights, have an excellent appetite and indeed I am enjoying life as well as I did eight years ago.

Dear Doctor, imagine you saw me last har-

ing time working in the field; sweeting to carry along 2501bs. (Which is my present weight-good flesh and solid), and this too after not being able to get up from my bed without bely by spells for more than a year. Now I can jump as quick as a boy. It seems so much like a miracle. I can not find suitable language to express my thanks. I am in receipt of letters almost every week, and smetimes twice a week, asking me about my first testimony published in Dr. Kilmer's Invalids' Guide to Health, inquiring if it was true that "I was cured after sum Now I repeat the testimony with sworn proof and if this will be the means of inducing some other sufferer to try your invaluable Remedies it will pay me a hundred fold. I am interviewed almost every day and I hear of a great many who have tried your Remedies and speak of them in great praise.

This testimony is true as to my recovery but as to my suffering the one-half has not

David Tumball Sworn and subscribed to before me the 6th Day of November, 1883, by David Trumball Justice of the Peace Pultski, Oswego

David Trumball whose name is attached to the above testimony is a well-known and honorable citizen of Pulaski, Oswego Co. N. Y.

THE above testimony is only a fair illustration of letters received daily showing the wonderful results attending the use of DR. KILMER'S SWAMP. ROOT, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Sold by Druggists. Frice, \$1.00-6 Bottles, \$5. If your Druggist does not sell it send to Dr. Kilmer & Co.,

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BINGHAMTON, N. Y. to Soldiers & Helrs, Send statut for Circulars COL L. BING ensions for Circulars. Col. L. Ham Att'y, Vashington



The earthquake did to surprise me m reflection amount. I savelt at quality and price of the Engine, Saw-Mill, Grist-Mill, Cotton-Gin, feeder, Condenser, Cane Will, Na him M chi to THO MASCAMA Covington, Ga.