THE EARTHQUAKE.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON AT ST. PAUL, MINN.

The Brooklyn Divine Discourses Upon the Depth of Christ's Vicarious Sacrifice.

TEXT: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ nd thou shall be saved."—Acts xvi., 31.

and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi., 3i.

Jails are dark dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine to-day we are standing in the Philippian dungeou. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you says: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and

for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The irou bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and belioving, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cassius killed himself,—nuts his sword to his own heart. bimself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! Stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid Then I see ruin of that prison, and I see him throw-himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hopples on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His com-No. word of that kind. His com-pact, thrilling, tremendous answer, an-swer memorable all through earth and heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus bave all heard of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aloppo, and in Caraccas, but we live in a latitude where severe volcanic distive in a latitude where severe volcanic disturbances are rare. And yet we have seen lifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1837, or in 1857, or in 1873 a national panie trikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business outshishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come from the seminary with diplomas of grading and. His sons have started in life head, temperate and pure.

has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far betror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home. The plano closed; the curtains dropped; the hter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking lown of some great trouble, and there was a en we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did:
"What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." There are some documents of so little im-

portance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some docu-ments of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ;" but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come to-gether—"The Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable to-day when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a versal entire. ing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to treet. this is you want me to trust in, you tell me He was a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe His whole appeare as being resplendent. There was no d for Christ to tell the children to come Suffer little children to come unto Me," was not spoken to the children; it unto Me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mother's arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose to look at Christ was to love Him. Oh, how attractive His manner. Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalds as quick as they could, and brought them out that He might look at them. There was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in thing so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did, in His very look. When these sick ones were brought out, did He say: "Do not bring Me these sores; do not trouble Me with these leprosice?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pule. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Gailiee, going up to the palace of the Casars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the mercy and kindness which throbs through all the merch and the control of the casers. the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all ages. Oh, the was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy or insimility of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world abould not realize His carnestness, this Christ

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a conch in some bright and beautiful home? If He must die, let Him expire amid all kindly intentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the deatism at the warm of the world must listen to the deatism at the deatism.

up into the face of His anguish. And so the cross must be lifted and a hole dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand, and then they shake His right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross in the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of His body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that kree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks and with them crushed His crucitors. He

other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks and with them crushed His crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; He was to die. He must die. His life for your life. In a European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after the mother of this young man was dying and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer and not her son; in a mouent of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderfal that he never exposed her." But I sell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for His mother, nor for His Father, but for His sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust Him? I think there are many under the in-Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust Him? I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how:" and the great question asked by thousands is: "How? How?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have porfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or again, you go home expecting there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe I take away your sins, and they are all taken away "Whofore I pray the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe I take away your sins, and they are all taken away." "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more? Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with Him as fairly. "Oh," says some one in a light way: "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illus-strate the difference. You are in your own strate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you road how Capt. Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What I gravefellow he must have been! His family deserve very well of the country. You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and nearbage on new think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

But now you are on the sea and it is night.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the the shrick of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope! no hope! We are lost!" The sail outs out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboats! cries the captain. "Down with the lifeboats People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain? The captain? The captain says: "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Bravehoart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss, and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe it words. and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built that bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it and walk over it and salve of your come to it and walk over it and ask no ques tions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Age." And built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the lark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, ask-ing no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Less Christ and they shall be sawd."

Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text bring me up to this point, "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persentions are all research and death of the state of the state of the second and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God and He is bound to see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come are mine. Yea, further than that—it means a peaceful death, fars. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loath someness, and midnight, and the viringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death, unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, un-less Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness! I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the further on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Mary Christman," or the "Hanry New

Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hote in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands, with which I beg for your sternal salvation to-day, are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then amid the heavenly daybreak? O Death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly! thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O Death, I will be thy plague. O Grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of the save of the saved is to wake up in the presence of the saved is to wake up in the presence.

through the heavens: "O Death, I will be thy plague. O Grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy He made every house He went into, and when He brings us up to His house in Heaven, how great shall be our giee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratories of eternity.

Talk not about banks dashed with efforescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.

Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be be widowed, and why it was best for you to be bried, and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven." Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble, and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lovely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavaments of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? Oh, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and said! How glad you will be when Christ shall dishand all your sorrows and crown you poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! How glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever!
Aged men and women, fed by His love and warmed by His grace for three-score years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom having not seen you love? That will be the Good

not seen you love? That will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamp refining on the sunlit hill. That will be the captain of our salvation not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid His disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That he the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm, while He looks down into her face, and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair, my love!

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Corporal Tanner smokes incessantly. General Sherman loves cheese sandwiches. servant hire.

Paris has a female wrestler. Her name it Jeanne Du Rosay.

Nagy Ferenez, a peasant of Bares, Hungary, claims to be 121 years old. John G. Whittier, the poet, is rouming through the White Mountains.

Samuel J. Kirkwood, Iowa's war governor is now living on a berry farm near Iows City.

Christine Nilsson is very lame from rheumatism, and is troubled with a defective memory.

Robert Browning has presented the Shab of Persia with a gorgeously bound set of his

works.

Anne Perkins a Cleveland newsgirl, dresse in a Turkish costume while vending her Lucas Silva, who was a doctor in the inde-

pendence army of Bolivia, has reached his Iron Eagle Feather, a Sioux Indian, has

just completed the scientific course at Dick-inson College. Andrew Carnegie works hard on his memoirs, but be still insists they will not be pub-

lished during his lifetime.

Daisy Chamberlain, a sister of Jennie the Cleveland beauty, is to make her debut in London society next season. Ex-Governor and Ex-United States Senstor Ross, of New Mexico, is now setting type

on the Santa Fe New Mexican. Ella Whoeler Wilcox is engaged upon a short story, which she believes is the strangest piece of prose writing she has ever done. The Shah of Persia is not the man he was on his last visit to England. He is more ir-

William O. Fitzgerald is a clerk in the New York Custom-house and has been 28 years in the employ of the government. He is a deaf mute.

ritable and likes to sleep a great part of the

Herr Arthur Nikisch, of Leipsic, who is to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is a short, lithe man, with dark and sallow face and expressive eyes. Mrs. Harriet De Bar, widow of an actor

well-known years ago, is now nearly 68 years old, but scarcely less sprightly than when she appeared in pantomime, more than 35 years

Mrs. George H. Corliss will erect a fine building for the Young Men's Christian As-sociation at Newburyport, Mass., as a me-morial of her late husband, the famous en-Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, it is rumored intends to assum: the title of king on the 14th day of August, the anniversary of the

day on which he took the oath of allegiance to the Bulgarian constitution. It is rumored that on his marriage with Princess Louise of Wales the Earl of File will be made Duke of Inverness. That title was borne by the queen's uncle, the Duke of Sussex, and thus has a semi-royal dignity. Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking

Backward," thinks that the cause of com-pulsory education in the United States de mands a school year of not less than 35 weeks, and continued tuition until the age of 17.

FIRE IN A COAL MINE

Two Men and Thirty Mules Supposed to Have Been Burned,

A fire started in Shaft No. 2 of the Pratt coal mines, six miles from Birmingham, in Alabama. It is supposed that a seam of coul is burn-

ing, and there seems to be no way of putting the fire out. Two men and 30 mules were in the mine when the fire broke out, and must have suffered horrible dentos, as they were cut off from air and the burning shaft was the only

A Cheap Girl to Woo.

I knew a young fellow who was very sweet on a Scotch spinster. She was a wealthy Scotch spinster, but if there is a kind of woman who must be loved economically and for herself alone it is a Scotch spinster. Scotch spinsters are warranted to make good wives all the time. It is awfully hard to be untrue to a Scotch woman. She makes you so very comfortable, and holds you to her not so much by her heart as by your bank account. She doesn't always want new bonnets; she is rather liable to object even to your having a new hat until the old one is quite worn out. A Scotch wife can keep her husband neat and trim and herself and her children as well at a smaller expense than any others. She doesn't want diamond earrings for her birthday.

All you have to do is to show her your bank book and kiss her, and tell

her you owe the big balance to her, and she is quite satisfied. This young fellow did not understand the Scotch spinster, and when he thought to please her he sent her a lovely and expensive basket of flowers. He went up to receive her thanks and smiles, and he was quite knocked over when she told him he hadn't a big enough salary to waste it buying flowers for her or anybody else, and she was sorry to see he was so extravagant, because otherwise he was "a very pleasin' young man." He lied himself back into her good graces by saying he had got the flowers for nothing, and he thought he could not make better use of them. She smiled graciously, and said:
"Seein' they did na cost you any thing, it's a great compliment."

She was a woman after all.

She Got the Needle After All.

Nineteen years ago this month a woman residing here accidentally pushed a needle into her breast. She had been sewing on fine muslin and she pushed the point of the needle through the lapel of her basque while the inquired the cause of a quarrel beween two children who were playing near by. In a paroxyam of tears the sounger child threw herself into the arms of the lady, and as she did so the accede was pushed so far out of sight hat only the eye was visible. A quick movement to rescue it resulted in an mtire disappearance of the fine bit.

steel. No inconvenience was experienced and the incident was entirely
lorgotten. A new evenings ago the
woman, who had carried the needle
bout for so many years, was
kened out of a sound sleep by a eculiar pricking sensation in the hroat. Rising up in bed she began to sough. The pricking became more evere, but the sharp substance ap peared to be rising in her throat. Thrusting her fingers down as far as possible, she caught hold of an object and drew it out. It was the needle that had been journeying about under he surface for nineteen years. -Kingson (N. Y.) Freeman.

Ether Intexication.

The curious habit of taking ether as an intoxicant is becoming dangerously prevalent in the north of Ireland. The resident physician of Londonderry Lunatic Asylum states that quite a number of cases of insanity have been produced by the constant use of this drug. One wholesale druggist in Dublin sends hundreds of pounds' worth north every year. On account of its extreme volatility the intoxication it produces is so transient that a person may get gloriously drunk and become completely sober in a couple of hours. But the reaction, though at first imperceptible, is apparently cumulative in its results, and ultimately leads to mental derangement. One well-known gentleman, incredulous of its effects recently took a dram and got so drunk that he broke a window in his othereal exuberance of spirits, and but for the kind offices of a friend would have spent the night in a police station .--London Figaro.

Our greatest hold on happiness, is to tread firmly and faithfully in the path of duty; knowing and practically submitting to the knowledge that in seeming loss is sometimes the greatest gain or us.

It Don't Pay

To use uncertain means when suffering from diseases of the liver, blood or liungs, such as biliousness, or "liver complaint," skin diseases, scrofulous sores or swellings, or from lung scrofula (commonly known as consumption of the lungs) when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure all these affections, if taken in time, or money paid for it will by promptly refunded.

\$500 offered for an incurable case of Catarrh the Head, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's

Hush money-The wages of the baby's

The Mother's Friend, used a few weeks before confinement, lessens the pain and makes labor quick and comparatively easy. Sold by

A lawyer is never so blind but he can cite

Do You

Have that extreme tired feeling, languer, without tite or strength, impaired digestion, and a general feeling of misery it is impossible to describe? Hood's Barsapartile is a wonderful medicine for ereating an appositio, promoting digestion and ton-ing up the whole system, giving strength and activ-ity in place of weakness and debility. Be sure to

with most satisfactory results. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who have fost miseral

Hood's Sarsaparilla lord by all druggists. \$1; six for \$6. Prepared only

by C. I HOOD & CO., Apothecarles, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

MF4 only by the

1 prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satis-faction.

D. R. DYCHE & CO. D, R. DYCHE & CO... Rark 81.00. Sold by Druggists.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS.

Red Cross Diamond Broad.

The only reliable pill be sale. Safe and sure. Laddee, sale Drugglet for the Efformand Breand, its red metalish horse, smiled with thus ritions. Take an other, Retir &c. (risuper) be particulars, and "Matter fase.

A child who has once taken Hamburg Figs as a cathartic will never again look on them as medicine, but will be rikely to ask for them, under the impression that they are simply preserved fruit. E cents. Dose one Fig. Mack Drug Co., N. Y.

None but a thorough bass vocalist will utter forged notes.

"Penny wise and pound foolish" are those who think it commany to use cheap sods and rosin scaps, instead of the good old Dobbins's Electric Scap; for sale by all grocers since 1804 Try it once. Be sure, buy genuine.

There is now no bustle about the girl of the period, and yet ahe is as noisy as ever.

Ifafficted with sore eyes use Drissan Thompson's Eye Water. Druggista sell at 25c.per bottle Namby—I hear, Pamby, that you poss an estimable wife. Pamby (sadly)—No, possesses me.

Old smokers prefer "Tansili's Punch" 5c. Cigar to most 10 centers.

H lord Dunraven's yacht captures the America's cup, the British would never get Dunraven about it.



Relieves and cures | HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, Tocthache, Sprains, NEURALGIA.

Solatica, Lumbago, Burns and Scalds-At Druggists and Dealers.

BRUISES,



ENSIONS DUE ALL SOLDIERS
Descript A religion to Law Flore, A. W. Michigan Rick A SONS,
Clarimost, C., & Washington, D. C. Municipal this proper.

55 to 35 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 Free Lines not under horses feet. Write Brew ster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

I've Got It!



KNOWN.

ONLY 25 CENTS! 191 Pages, 91 Full-Page Maps.

Colored Maps of each State and Territory in the United States. Also Maps of every Country in the World. The letter press sives the square miles of each State; time of estitement; population; chief cities; average temperature; salary of officials and the principal postmanters in the State; number of arms, with their productions and the value thereof; different manufactures and number of employes, etc., etc. Also the area of each Foreign Country; form of government; population; principal products and their money value; amount of trade; religion; size of army; miles of raffroad and telegraph; number of horses, cattle, sheep, and a vast amount of infermation valuable to all Postpirid for 25cc.

BOOK FUB HOUSE, 13s Leonard St., N. Y. City.

CHEAPEST AND BEST

GERMAN DICTIONARY OF 624 PAGES FOR CHLY ONE DOLLAR A FIRST-CLASS DICTIONARY

AT VERY SMALL PRICE

READ WHAT THIS MAN SAYS:

SALES, MAIL, MAY SI, 188

Book Pab. House, fill Leonard St.:

The German Dictionary is ricesived and I am me pleased with it. I did not expect to find anon diprint in so cheap a book. Please and a copy toand inclosed find all for same.

M. M. Hassel

BOOK PUB. CO., 134 Leonard Street, New York City.



LODD, 829 N. 15th St.

Book on Special Diseases free.

NO VACATION:

EDUCATE FOR BUSINESS!

FIRE VIRGINIA BUSINESS COLLEGE,

STURE, VIRGINIA,

Book-keeping, Commarcia, Branches, Business

Practice, Shorthand, Trpe-Writin, Telegraphy and
Penmanship thoren, biy taught, Individual Instruction, Both Sezen Admitted, Graduates Assisted to
Positions, Location Healthful, Expenses less than
any other Rusiness College in the U.S.

and (including Turnished Rooms, &c.) \$3.00 pc.

B. A. DAVIN, JR., Practic

PALNIS BUS. COLLEGE. WITH A gents wanted, \$1 au hour. 30 new articles. Cat'l's and sample free. C. E. Manshatz, Buffalo, N.

PEERLESS BYES ATO THE BEST HELP WANTED. Johnstown Book in lots of fifty, 50 per cent off, R-tails 31,25 JOHNS TOWN PUB, UC., 19 S. Ninth Street, Philadelphia

FRAZER AXLE

ORATORS supplies to THE BEST for the voice clear. 20 cents.

\$75 TO \$259 A ALUN'TH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments hay be predicted employed also. A few vacancles in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1000 Main St., Richmond, Va. N. E. mend about sending stamp for reply. B. F. J. & Ca

Want to learn all about a Borse? How to Pick Out a Good One? Know imperfed tions and so Guard against Fraud? Detect Disease and Effects Care when same is possible? Tell the age by he Teeth? What to call; h: Different Parts of the Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Property? All this and other Va uable Information can be obtained by reading our 166-PACIS ILLUSTRATED HORSE BOOK, which we will forward, per paid, on receipt of only 25 cents in arounds.

BOOK PUB. HOUSE. 134 Leonard St., New York City.

ANT & STRATTON Business College Book Reeping, Short Hand, Telegraphy, &c. LOUISVILLE, KY.



Make Your Chickens Earn Money.

They will, if you handle them properly, and to teach you we are now putting forth a

100-PAGE BOOK FOR 25 CENTS

among Poultry as a business-not as a diversion, but for the purpose of making dollars and cents. He made a success, and there is no reason why you should not if you will profit by his labors-and the price of a few eggs will give you this intelligence. Even if you have room for only a few here you should know how to MAKE THEM PAY. This book will show you. Among hundreds of other points about the Poultry Yard it teaches:

To Induce Hens to Lay, To Select a Good Cock, To Select a Good Hen, Which Eggs to Hatch, When to Set for Early Brollers, What to Feed Young

Chicks. How to Arrange Coops, Handling of Eggs. About Watering Chicks, Arrangement of Forches To Prevent and Curo Roup, Abortlan, Cholera, Gapes, &c., &c.



Judicious Pairing. What Hens to Set Care of Brooding Hens, Know Unfruitful Eggs, When to Set for Cho'ce Fowls. What to Food for Eggs,

To Prepare Nests,

What to Feed to Fatten, To Get Rid of Vermin, About Incubators. To Prevent and Core Pip, Lice, Sonly Lege,

Indigestion, &c., &c.

CARE OF TURKEYS, DUCKS, GEESE,

The best Chicken Book for the money ever offered. No one with Fowls can afford to be without it. Sant postpaid on receipt of 25 cents in sliver, postal note or stamps (1 or 2c.).

BOOK BUS: MOUSE - 184 Languard St. N. V. City.