## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Holy City." (Preached at Jerusalem.)

TEXT: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem P'-Matt.

This exclamation burst from Christ's lips as He came in sight of this great city, and, although things have marvelously changed, who can visit Jerusalem to-day without having its mighty past roll over on him, and ordinary utterance must give place for the exclamatory as we cry, O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Disappointed with the Holy Land many have been, and I have heard good friends say that their ardor about sacred places had been so dampened that they were sorrow they ever visited Jerusalem, But with me the city and its surroundings are a rapture, a solemnity, an overwhelming emotion. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! The procession of Kings, conquerors, poets and immortal men and women has before me as I stand here. Among the throng are Solomon, David and Christ. Yes, through these streets and amid these surroundings rode Solomon, that wooder of splendor and wretchedness. It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brightest flowers into his garland. It set its richest gems in his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lips. It robed him in the purest

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purple and embroidery. It cheered him with
the sweetest music in that land of harps. It
greeted him with the gladdest laughter that
ever leaped from mirth's lip. It sprinkled
his cheek with stray from the brightest
fountains. Royalty had no dominion,
wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no
sweetness, song no melody, light no rediance,
upholstery no gorgeousness, waters no gleam,
birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettile, architecture no grandeur, but it was all
his. Across the thick grass of the lawn, fragrant with tufts of camphire from Engedi,
fell the long shadows of trees brought from
distant forests.

Fish pools, fed by artificial channels that

brought the streams from hills far away, were perpetually ruffled with fins, and golden scales shot from water caye to water cave with endless dive and swirl, attracting the gaze of foreign potentates. Birds that had been brought from foreign aviaries glanced and fluttered among the foliage, and called to their mates far beyond the see. From the royal stables there came up the neighing of twelve thousand horses, standing in blankets of Tyrian purple, chewing their hits over troughs of gold, waiting for the King's order to be brought out in front of the palace when the official dignitaries would leap into the saddle for some grand parade, or, harnessed to some of the fourteen hundred chariots of the King, the flery chargers with flaunting mane and throbbing nostril would make the earth jar with the tramp of hoofs and the thunder of wheels. While within and without the palace you could not think of a single buxury that could be added, or of a single splendor that could be kindled, down on the banks of the sea the dry docks of Erion geber rang with the hammers of the shipwrights who were conof the shipwrights who were constructing larger vessels for a still wider commerce, for all lands and climes were to be robbed to pake up Solomon's glory. No rest till his keels shall cut every sea, his axmen hew every forest, his archers strike every rare wing, his fishermen whip every stream, his merchants trade in every bazzar, his name he becomed by every tribe and reality. be honored by every tribe; and royalty shall have no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, song no melody, light no radiance, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, upholstery no gorgeousness, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his.

"Well," you say, "if there is any man happy, he ought to be." But I hear him coming out through the palace and see his robes actually incrusted with jewels as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say? King Solomon, great your fommion, great is your honor, great is your joy? No. While standing here amidst all the spiendor, the tears start and his heart breaks and he exclaims: "Vanity of breaks and he exclaims: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." What! Solomon not happy yet? No, not happy. The honors and the emoninents this world bring so many cares with them Pharaoh sits on one of the highest earthly eminences, yet he is miserable because there are some people in his realm that do not want any longer to make bricks. The head of Edward I aches under his crown because the people will not pay the taxes, and Lleweilyn, Prince of Wales, will not do him homage, and Wallaca will be a hero. Frederick William III, of Prussia, is miserable because France wants to take the Prussian provinces The world is not large enough for Louis XIV. and William III. The ghastliest suffering, the most shriveling fear, the most rending jeal-ousies, the most gigantic disquietude, have ousies, the most gigantic disquietude, have walked amidst obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel, and sat on judgment seats of power.

Honor and truth and justice cannot go so high up in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. The pure and good in all ages have been execuated by the mob who cry out: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." By honesty, by Christian principle, I would have you seek for the favor and the confidence of your fellow men; but do not look upon some high position as though that were always sunshine. The mountains of earthly honor are like the mountains of Switzerland, covered with perpetual ice and snow. Having obtained the confidence and love of your associates, be content with such things as you have. You brought nothing into the world, and it is constructed.

have. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." There is an honor that is worth possessing, but it is an honor that comes from God. This day rise up and take it. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Who aspires not for that royalty? Come, now, and be Kings and priests unto God and the Lamb forever.

If wealth and wisdom could have satisfied a man, Solomon would have been satisfied. To say that Solomon was a millionaire gives but a very imperfect idea of the property he inherited from David, his father. He had at his command gold to the value of six hundred and eighty million pounds, and he had silver to the value of one billion, twenty-nine million, three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. The Queen of Sheba made him a nice little present of seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and Hiram made him a present of the same amount. If he had lost the value of a whole realm out of his pocket, it would have hardly been worth his while to stoop down and pick itup. He wrote one thousand proverbs. He wrote about almost sverything. The Bible says distinctly he wrote about plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall, and about birds and beasts and fishes. No doubt he put off his royal robes, and put on hunter's trapping, and went out with his arrows to bring down the rarest specimens of birds; and then with his fishing apparatus he went down to the stream to bring up the denizens of the deep, and plunged into the forest and found the rarest specimens of flowers; and then he came back to his study and wrote books about zoology, the science of animals; about botany, the science of plants. Yet, notwithstanding all his wisdom and wealth, behold his wretchedness, and let him pass on. Did any other city ever behold so wonderful a man'? O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

But here messes through these streets, as in

But here passes through these streets, as in imagination I see him, quite as wonderful, and a far better man. David the conqueror, the King, the poet. Can it be that I am in the very city where he lived and reigned? Invid, great for power, and great for grief. He was wramped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendle boy, indiged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the grown of his head to the sole of his feet there was not a

single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But, notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come and the conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion! Two great questions were to be decided: the safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile, a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off, and he sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on the top of the house amounces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance the father cries out: Is it a question in regard to the establisment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no, There is one question that springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger dying from the battle field—the question: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the King, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation, and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes, and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "O Absalom! my son! my less the willed and overcowned with

I am also thrilled and overpowered with the remembrance that yonder, where now stands a Mohammedan mosque, stood the temple, the very one that Christ visited. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Neb uchadnezzar thundered it down. Zerubbabe's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Then Herod built a temple because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem missignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together, and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were murble pillars supporting roof of cedar, and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy fortysix years. Stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence! But the material and architectural grandeur of the building were very tame compared with the spiritual meaning of its altars and holy of holies, and the overwhelming significance of its ceremonies. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

wholming significance of its ceremonies. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem:

But standing in this old city all other facts are eclipsed when we think that near here our blessed Lord was born, that up and down the streets of this city He walked, and that in the outskirts of it He died. Here was His only day of triumph, and His assassination. One day this old Jerusalem is at the tiptop of excitement. Christ has been doing some remarkable works and asserting very high authority. The police court has issued papers for His arrest, for this thing must be stopped, as the very government is imperiled. News comes that last night this stranger arrived at a suburban village and that He is stopping at the house of a man whom He had resuscitated after four days' sepulture. Well, the people rusb out into the streets, some with the idea of helping in the arrest of this stranger when

village and that He is stopping at the house of a man whom He had resuscitated after out into the streets, some with the idea of helping in the arrest of this stranger when He arrives, and others expecting that on the morrow He will come into the town and by some supernatural force oust the mu nicipal and royal authorities and take everything in His own hands. They pour out of the city gates until the procession reaches to the village. They come all around about the house where the stranger is stopping, and peer into the doors and windows that they may get one glimpse of Him or hear the hum of His voice. The police dare not make the arrest, because He has somehow won the affections of all the people. Oh, it is a lively night in yonder Bethany! The heretofore quiet village is filled with uproar and outcry, and loud discussion about the strange acting countryman. I do not think there was any sleep in that house that night where the stranger was stopping. Although He came in weary He finds no rest, though for once in His lifetime He had a pillow. But the morning dawns, the olive gar-dens wave in the light, and all along yonder road, reaching over the top of Olivet toward this city, there is a vast swaying crowd of wondering people. The excite-ment around the door of the cottage is wild as the stranger steps out beside an unbroken coit that had never been mounted, and after His friends had strewn their garments on the beast for a saddle the Savior mounts it, and the populace, excited and shouting and feverish, push on back toward this city of Jerusa Let none jeer now or scoff at this rider. the populace will trample him un-foot in an instant. There is one der foot in an instant. There is one long shout of two miles, and as far as the eye can reach you see wavings of demon-strations and approval. There was something in the rider's visage, something in His majestic brow, something in His princely be-havior that stirs up the enthusiasm of the people. They run up against the beast and try to pull the rider off into their arms and carry on their shoulders the illustrious stranger. The populace are so excited that

stranger. The populace are so excited that they hardly know what to do with themselves, and some rush up to the roadside trees and wrench off branches and throw them in His way; and others doff their garments, what though they be new and costly, and spread them for a carpet for the conquerer to ride over. "Hosanna!" cry the people at the foot of the hill. "Hosanna!" cry the people all up and down the mountain. The procession has now come to the brow of yonder Olivet. Magnificent prospect reaching out in every direction—vineyards, olive groves, jutting rock, silvery Siloam, and above all, rising on its throne of hills, this most highly honored city of all the earth, Jerusalem. Christ there, in the midst of the procession, looks off and sees here for tressed gates, and yonder the circling wall, and here the towers blazing in the sun, Phasaelus and Mariamne. Yonder is Hippicus, the King's castle. Looking along in the range of the larger branch of that olive tree, you see the mansions of the merchant princes. Through this cleft in the limestone rock you see the palace of the richest trafficker in all the earth. He has made his money by selling Tyrian purple. Behold now the temple! Clouds of smoke lifting from the shimmering roof, while the building rises up beautiful, grand, majestic, the architectural skill and slowed the same the life of the richest trafficker of the same the life of the procession, while the building rises up beautiful, grand, majestic, the architectural skill and

glory of the earth lifting themselves there in one triumphant doxology, the frozen prayer of all nations.

The crowd looked around to see exhibitation and transport in the face of Christ. Oh, no! Out from amid the gates, and the domes, and the palaces, there arose a vision of this city's sin, and of this city's doom, which obliterated the landscape from horizon to horizon, and He burst into tears, crying: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem." But that was the only day of pomp that Jesus saw in and around this city. Yet He walked the streets of this city the loveliest and most majestic being that the world ever saw or ever will see. Publius Lentilius, in a letter to the Roman Senate, describes Him as "a man of stature somewhat tall, his hair the color of a chestnut fully ripe, plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about the shoulders; in the midst of Historehead is a stream, or partition of His hair; forehead plain, and very delicate. His face without spot or wrinkle, a lovely red; His nose and mouth so forked as nothing can be rapresented; His beard thick, in color like His hair—not very long; His eves gray, quick and clez;" He must die. The French army in Italy found a brass plate on which was a copy of His death warrant, agned by John Zerubbabe, Raphnel Robant, Daniel Robani and Capot.

Sometimes men on the way to the scaffold have been rescued by the mob. No such attempt was made in this case, for the mob were against Him. From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, Jesus hung a dying in the outskirts of this city. It was a scene of blood. We are so constituted that nothing is so exciting as blood. It is not the child's cry in the street that so arouses you as the crimson dripping from its lip. In the dark hall, seeing the finger marks of blood on the plastering, you cry: "What terrible deed has been done here?" Looking upon this suspended victim of the cross, we thrill with the sight of bloodrushing upon His cheek, blood saturating His garments, blood gathered in a pool beneath. It is called an honor to have in one's veins the blood, of the house of Stuart, or of the house of Hapsburg. Is it nothing when I point you to the outpouring blood of the King of the universe?

In England the mane of Henry was sogreat that its brooks were divided among different.

king of the universe?

In England the name of Henry was so great that its honors were divided among different reigns. It was Henry the First, and Henry the Second, and Henry the First, and Henry the Fourth, and Henry the Fifth. In France the name of Louis was so favorably regarded that it was Louis the First, Louis the Second, Louis the Third, and so on. But the King who walked these streets was Christ the First, Christ the Last, and Christ the Only. He reigned before the Czar mounted the throne of Russia, or the throne of Austria was lifted, "King eternal, immortal." Through the indulgences of the royal family, the physical life degenerates, and some of the Kings have been almost imbecile, and toeir bodies weak, and their blood thin and watery; but the crimson life that flowed upon Calvary had in it the health of immortal

Tell it now to all the earth and to all the heavens—Jesus, our King, is sick with His last sickness. Let couriers carry the swift dispatch. His pains are worse; He is breathing a last groan; through His body quivers the last anguish; the King is dying; the King is dead! It is royal blood. It is said that some religionists make too much of the humanity of Christ. I respond that we make too little. If some Roman surgeon, standing under the cross, had caught one drop of the blood on his hand and analyzed it, it would have been found to have the same plasma, the same disk, the same fibrin, the same albumen. It was unmistakably human blood. It is a man that hangs there. His bones are of the same material as ours. His nerves are sensitive like ours. If it were an angel being despoiled I would not feel it so much, for it belongs to a different order of beings. But my Saviour is a man, and my whole sympathy is aroused. I can imagine how the spikes felt—how hot the temples burned—what deathly sickness seized His heart—how mountain, and city, and mob swam away from His dying vision—something of the meaning of that cry for help that makes the blood of all the ages curdle with horror: "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Forever with all these scenes of a Saviour' suffering will this city be associated. Her His unjust trial and here His death. Oh, Je rusalem, Jerusalem!

But finally I am thrilled with the fact that this city is a symbol of heaven which is only another Jerusalem. "The New Jerusalem? And this thought has kindled the imagine tion of all the sacred poets. I am glad the Horatio Bonar, the Scotch hymnist, run maged among old manuscripts of the Britis museum until he found that hymn in ancien spelling, parts of which we have in mutilated form in our modern hymn books, but the quaint power of which we do not get in our modern versions:

Hierusalem, my happle home! When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrowes have an end, Thy joyes when shall I see?

Noe dampish mist is seene in thee, Noe colde nor darksome night: There everie soule shines as the sunne, There God Himselfe gives light.

Thy walls are made of precious stones, Thy bulwarkes diamondes square; Thy gates are of right orient pearle, Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrettes and thy pinnacles With carbuncles doe shine: Thy verrie streets are paved with gould, Surpassing clear and fine,

Thy houses are of yvorie.

Thy windows crystal cleare;
Thy tyles are made of beaten gould,
O God! that I were there.

Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule, Our pleasure is but paine: Our loyes scarce last the lookeing on, Our sorrows stille remaine.

But there they live in such delight, Such pleasure and such play, As that to them a thousand yeares Doth seme as yesterday. Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes

Continually are greene:
There grow such sweete and pleasant flowers
As no where else are seene.
There trees forevermore bear fruite

There trees forevermore bear fruite
And evermore doe springe;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore doe singe.

Hierusalem! my happie home: Would God I were in thee! Would God my woes were at an end, Thy loyes that I might see!

## WORK AND WORKERS,

A Surveport (Ala.) firm has discharged its negro hands and employed white labor. Great Britian now buys from foreign countries one-half of the food she eats, and pays for it in manufactures.

Washington compositors have dropped the eight-hour day rule, and every man may work as long as he pleases.

It is understood that the duties or mining machinery and coke will be removed and other tariff changes made at the coming session of the Canadian Parliament.

Leeds (Eng.) textile mills are adopting an electrical invention that stops the engine as soon as an accident occurs. The connection

is made by breaking a pane of glass on the wall.

Men at work seventy-five feet below the bed of the river at Louisville work two hours and get a day's pay. Some have died and others are afficied with paralysis of the kid-

neys and muscles.

English syndicates have invested a part of their capital within the confines of the Austrian empire. Breweries in Bohemia and printing offices in Vienna have been purchased recently.

About 140 car conductors have been thrown out of employment by the restoration of the bobtail car system in Indianapolis, Ind., which has been abolished. A vigorous boy-cott against these cars has been inaugurated, which will, it is expected, have the effect of again putting a stop to the bobtail system.

A can-making machine manutacturers nearly 60,100 cans per day. Ten men thus handle the work it takes 530 to do by hand. The eight-hour law is to be enforced in the United States army, and extra duty will be allowed for all service exceeding eight hours per day.

Notices have been posted in all the mills of the Glasgow Iron Company, near Potistown, Pa., announcing an increase in the wages or puddlers of 25 c-nts per ton. The man have been getting \$3.50, and will hereafter receive \$3.75. Wages of all other employes will be correspondingly increased.

The sum of \$17,500 was recently divided by the Melbourne (Australia) Omnious Company among its employes for initiality services during the fiscal year. This is in accordance with a profit-sharing system, which employers and employes have found to work very satisfactority.

THE childish miss resents a kiss and

runs the other way, but when at last some years have passed, it's different they say.

The farm near it. Louis which belonged to General Grant has been soft, the log-house

built by the General being reservoil.

Loved His Adopted Daughter,

A sad-fated, handsome woman, poorly but neatly clad, was seated on a bench at the station house yesterday, says the Memphis Avalanche. She held an infant in her arms, and was weeping in a silent, hopeless sort of way.

A reporter drifted in, and after some

A reporter drifted in, and after some questioning, the woman told her story. Her name is Mrs. Bettie Slaughter, and she came from near Collierville, in this county. Her maiden name was McCord.

During her girlhood she met and loved a farmer named J. Franklin Slaughter. They were married on January 15, 1882, and dwelt together peacefully and happily.

fully and happily.

Soon after their marriage Sallie Sutton, a pretty orphan child 10 years old, came to them and asked for a home. The Slaughters were poor, but they took the girl in and cared for her as best they could.

Sallie grew rapidly and developed into a fine girl. She found favor in her foster-father's eyes, and Mrs. Slaughter noticed that J. Franklin was fond of caressing the buxom Sallie.

About a year ago he said he would find Sallie a better home than he could give her, and he and his adopted daughter started for Memphis ostensibly.

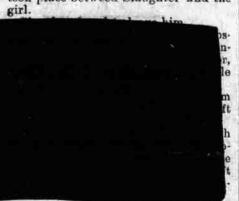
Neither of them returned.

After a time the truth dawned on the deserted wife, and, trying to forget her false husband, she set about trying to make a living for herself and two small children and her invalid mother. She met with ill success. Her health was delicate and she was unable to do rough work. But for the kindness of neighbors the family would have starved.

About a week ago Mrs. Slaughter received news of her runaway husband. He had killed himself in a fit of madness caused by the fickleness of the girl he had ruined.

Slaughter and the girl were living in Kentucky as man and wife. She had admirers and encouraged them, and Slaughter objected.

She pleaded innocence for a time, but her lovers became more marked in their attentons, and a violent quarrel took place between Slaughter and the girl.



Mrs. Slaughter has no money, and wants employment. She said that she was willing to do any sort of work.

He Wanted to Know Too Much.

Jack—Say, Tom, were you christened that name?

Tom—Of course I was.

Jack—Well, what do they call you
Thom-as for on the pay sheet?

Thom-as for on the pay sheet?
Tom—Don't know; suppose for the same reason the boys call you Jack-ass.
—Rochester Budget.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a reatmany years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to care with local treatment, pronounced it uncurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Calarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market, it is taken internally in doses from 10 droys to a tenspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. The offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Who lives in a glass house should make arrangements to move.

A pocket pin-cushion free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch" 5c, Cigar-

"Tansill's Punch" 5c, Cigar-

Pleasing ware is half sold, but the same may be said of an o'd pair of boots,

## Last Winter

I was troubled so badly with rheumat in in my right shoulder and joints of my leg as not to be able to walk. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now I don't feel any aches or pains anywhere. I sell newspapers right in the middle of the street every day in the year, and have been doing so for five years, and standing on the cold stones ain't no picnic, I can tell you. And if Hood's Sarsaparilla sured me it certainly ought to be good for those people who don't stand on the cold stones. I can be seen every day in the year at corner Tompkins and Delfalb Avenues.—William W. Howard.

Brooklyn, N. Y. N. B.—Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only

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Are not slow to understand that, in ord r to warrant their manulacturers in guaranteeing them to benefit or cure, medicines must possess more than ordinary merit and carative properties. Dr. Pierce's Golden Melical Discovery is the only blood medicine sold, through druggists, under a pastite quarantee that it will benefit or ure or money paid for it will be returned. In all blood, akin and scalp diseases, and for all scrofulous affections, it is specific.

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

The future home of the wicked is paved with good intentions, but the pavements never blow up and the system has its advantages.

Pure scap is white. Brown soaps are adulterated with rosin. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of putrid fat. Dobbins's Electric Soap is purs, white and unscented. Has been sold since 1815. Try it see.

Every day brings its bread, and the bill comes on Saturday.

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

Fear nothing 'vt sin, but keep away from the electric light wire.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headachee and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Act on the liver and bile; clear the complexion; cure biliousness, sick hendache, costiveness, majaria and all liver and ctomach disorders.

ms laria and all liver and stomach disorders.

We are now making small size Bile Beans, especially adapted for children and womenyery small and easy to take. Price of either size 25c per bottle.

A panel size PHOTO-GRAVURE of the above picture, "Kissing at 1-17-70," mailed on receipt of 2e stamp. Address the makers of the great Anti-Bile Remedy—"Bile Beans."

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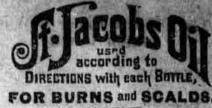
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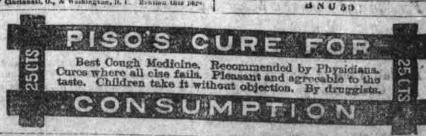
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