TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Brooklyn Divine Preaches at Beyrout.

A Christmas Sermon in Which He Gives Utterances to Some Thoughts Inspired by the Song of the An-gels at the Birth of Christ.

TEXT: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."Luke il., 14.

At last I have what I longed for, a Christ-mas eve in the Holy Land. This is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which He descended. I look up through these Christmas skies, and I see no loosened star hastening southward to halt above Bethlehem. but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that any of them run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they kneel at the feet of Him who,

though once an exile, is now enthroned for-ever. Fresh up from Bethlehim, I am full of the scenes suggested by a visit to that village. You know that whole region of Bethlehem is famous in Bible story. There were the waving harvests of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David the warrior was thirsty, and three men of unheard of self denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scripture means when it says they came "to be taxed," for people did not in those days rush after the assessors of tax any more than they now do.

The village inn was crowded with the strangers who had come up by the command of Government to have their names in the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged

or Government to have their names in the ornsus, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stables. You have seen some of those large stone buildings, in the center of which the camels were kept, while running out from this center in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jesus was born. Had his parents been more showily appareled I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable entertainment. That night in the fields the shepherds, with crook and kindled fires, were watching their flocks, when hark! to the sound of voices strangely sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come cut to serenade the weary shepherds? But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking their snowy fleece and bleating to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony as, echoed back from cloud to "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind Him was hung on the christ left behind Him was hung on the sky in sight of Bethlehem. Who knows out that that crown may have been mistaken by the wise men for the star running and

pointing downward?

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

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

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

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

My subject also strikes at the delusion that the religion of Christ is dolorous and grief infusing. The music that broke through the

midnight heavens was not a dirge, but an anthem. It shook joy over the hills. It not only dropped upon the shepherds, but it sprang upward among the thrones. The robe of a Saxiour's righteousness is not black. The Christian life is not made up of the christian life is not a song. In a world of sin the darkest night the heavens with angelic song. You may, like but in the darkest night the heavens with angenic song. You may, like be shipwrecked, but I exhort you to be of good cheer, for you shall all escape safe to the land. Religion decreased by the cut of the elongation of the face by the cut of the garb. The Pharisos who puts his religion into his phylactery has none left for his heart. Fretfulness and compaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the eart when the devil moves out. Aristianity does not frown upon a nusements and recreations. It is not a synic, it is not a shrew, it chokes no laughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as much at home on the playground as it is in the church. It is just as graceful in the charade as it is in the psalm book. It sings just as well in Surrey gardens as it prays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ wept that we might laugh.

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

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

glory and immortality. What humble starting! What glorious consummation!

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

ons to a stable My subject also impresses me with the effect of Christ's mission upward and downward. Glory, to God, peace to man. When God sent His Son into the world, angels discovered something new in God, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that before. But when God sent His Son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of selfdenial in God, the spirit of self-sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on His throne than a thief on the cross, a seraph in his worship than an adulteress in her crime. When the angels saw God—the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in heaven to be hurt-give up His Son, His Son, His only, only Son, they saw

something that they had never thought of before, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out on that pilgrimage the angels in heaven clapped their wings in triumph and called on all the hosts of heaven to help them celebrate it, and sang so loud that the Bethlehem shepherds heard it: "Glory to God in

But it was also to be a mission of peace to pravity. How could they ever come The Gospel bridges over the disgether! It brings God to us. . It takes us to God. God in us, and we in God. Atonement! Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins forgiven, eternal life secured, heaven built on a manger.

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

Oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's armies march past! What a spectacle it would be! There go the hosts of Israel through a score of Red seas-one of water, the rest of blood. There go Cyrus and his army, with infuriate yell rejoicing over the fall of the gates of Babylon. There goss Alexander, leading forth his hosts and conquering all the world but himself, the earth realing with the battle gash of Arbola and Persepolis. There goes Ferdinand Cortes, leaving his buthered enemies on the table lands once fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering cacao. There goes the great Frenchman, leading his army down through Egypt like one of its plagues, and up through Russia like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave trench under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the ruins of Delhi and Allahabad, and yonder are the inhuman Sopoys and the brave regiments under Havelock avenging the insulted flag of Britain; while cut right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie one million Northern and Southern dead. Oh, the tears! Oh, the blood! Oh, the long marches! Oh, the hospital wounds! Oh, the martyrdom! Oh, the death! But brighter than the light which flashed on all these swords and shields and masketry is the light that fell on Bathleham, and louder than tha

bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the groaning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, sweet as though all the bells of heaven rung a jubiles: "Peace on earth, good will toward man." Oh, when will the day come--God hasten it!-when the swords shall be turned into plowshares, and the fortresses shall be remodeled into churches, and the men of blood battling for renown shall become good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the cannon now striking down whole columns of death shall thunder the victories of the

When we think of the whole world saved we are apt to think of the few people that now inhabit it. Only a very few compared with the populations to come. And what a small part cultivated. Do you know it has been authentically estimated that threefourths of Europe is yet all barrenness, and that nine hundred and ninety-one one-thousandth part of the entire globe is uncultivated? be cultivated, all inhabited and gospelized. Oh, what tears of repentance when nations begin to weep! Oh, what supplications when continents begin to pray! Oh, what rejoicing when hemispheres begin to sing! Churches will worship on the places where this very hour smokes the blood of hymnes and the single state. of human sacrifice, and wandering through the snake infested jungles of Africa Christ's heel will bruise the serpent's head. Oh, when the trumpet of salvation shall be sounded everywhere and the nations are re-deemed, a light will fall upon every town brighter than that which fell upon Bethlehem, and more overwhelm-ing than the song that fell on the pasture fields where the flocks fed, there will be a song louder than the voice of the storm lifted oceans, "Glory to God in the highest," and from all nations and kindred and people and tongues will come the response, "And on earth peace, good will toward men?" On this Christmas Eve I bring you good tidings of great joy. Pardon for all sin, comfort for all trouble and life for the dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts? The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on your heart—one, two, three times less it will beat. Life is passing like gazelles over the plain. Sorrows hover like petrels over the sea. Death swoops like a vulture from the mountains. Misery rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly

songs fall to us like stars. I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with Gospel gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your laved ones who have preceded you. In that grandest and best sense a merry Christmas

Christmas.

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

mountains." "No," said the weeping father,
"my darling, I can't go with you." "Well,"
she said, clapping her hands, "never mind,
never mind; I see yonder a shining one coming. He is coming now, in His strong arms
to carry me over the mountains to the beautiful land—over the mountains, over the high
mountains."

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The climate in the Caucasus is found to be we'l soited for the cultivation of the tea plant.

Accounts from Denver, Col., state that mica, ground very fine, has been used on the Rick Island roal as a lubricant with great success.

The electric light of 20,000,000 candle power in the lighthouse at Hanstholm, in the Baltic Sea, said to be the most powerful light in the world, is now lighted for se vice.

Experiments during three months taken to determine the velocity of the wind at the top of the Eiffel Tower show a mean velocity three times greater at the summit than at the base.

In Germany they are making coffee from linseed meal roasted to a dark color and mixed with some glutinous substance before passing through machines which form it in the shape of

To add to our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism it is suggested that regular magnetic observatories be established at the Caps of Good Hope, South Africa, and at Cape Horn, in South America.

It is well known that whales can remain a long time under water, but exact data as to the time have been lacking. Dr. Kuckenthal of Jena has recently observed a harpooned white whale continued under water forty.

Ants are caught and killed at Kew Gardens, London, by flowers of the orchid class. The ants are too large for the flower, but they visit it for the sake of the honey and get caught in the mucilage. The flower, however, suffers equally with the ant.

In a hard-boiled hen's-egg, quite fresh, a German chemist lately found a white of a reddish color. He supposed this to indicate the presence of a microorgani-m, which he tried to cultivate, and succeeded in developing an inten e growth of bacillus prodigiosus, "We have here," he says, abacillus that not only stool being boiled for a certain time, without impairing its vitality. but one inside of fresh eggs!"

A friend of the lazy at Bangor, Me., has invented a device by means of which a man can catch a fish without fishing. He attaches a small sleigh lell to a piece of barrel hoop, one end of which he inserts into a crack in the dock. After baiting his line and throwing it overboard he fastens it to a hoop, puts his hands in his pockets and awaits developments. As soon as the bell is jing ed by a jerk on the line he hauls it in and lands the fish.

Elison's phonograph has found a new application at the Milwaukee college, where it will be used as an assistant in teaching the French and other foreign languages. The phonograph of course never gets tired, and can be made to repeat the same sentence or the same word hundrels of times. In giving a lesson the teacher reads it before the phonograph, at the same time addressing the pupils, and the lesson is reproduce! whenever wanted, er peal just so he ken skape de justica

That the phosphorescence of putrid fish or meat is due to the presence of bacteria does not seem strange, but a French naturalist, M. Giard, has been making observations of living marine crustaces which go to prove that their phosphorescence is due to the presence of bacteria in the muscles. Oa inoculating healthy individuals, the diseased condition was transmitted, and M. Giard's laboratory was well lighted at night by thes: luminous but diseased crustaceans.

Zanzibar copal gum have just reached this country. They are neatly polished and are full of pre-historic insects of always paid the expense. She also provarious kinds, which thousands of years ago became imbedded in the gum What lends peculiar interest to these spec mens is that the origin of such gums is lost in antiquity, and not only are the trees which are supposed to have faithless one for the expenses of all the produced them long ago extinct, but the very insects found in the gum do not belong to any known varieties.

The Prayer Was Answered,

City Engineer Goodwin of Portland tells a story of a little Portland boy who had committed some misdemeanor for which he was about to receive punishment at the hands of his mother. The boy begged to be first allowed to go to his room. Permission was granted, and the child went up stairs to his own room and closed the door behind him. The mother followed and listened outside, after telling him he must hurry and come down again to receive his punishment. The boy went to the side of the bed, knelt down, and this was his prayer: "Dear Lord, if you love little boys and want to help one out, now is your time." prayer was answered. - Lewiston (Me.)

THE poor law is said to be defective.
But if it had no defects it could scarcely be called a poor law.

She Had Not Entirely Forgotten. Mr. Billus sat in his comfortable armchair, with his feet comfortably resting on another chair. Mr. Billu was enjoying himself. He had dined, and he defied fate to do its worst, even as another great man is said by historians to have done under like circumstances long before the period of

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

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

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

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

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

"Have you forgotten that long ear of corn sent in by old Absalom Wykoff?" "I have no recollection of it." "Don't you remember the big beet that Uncle Jakey Dubois had on exhi-

"Maria," said Mr. Billus, impatiently, "where's your memory? Don' ou recollect the great big pumpkin that weighed 176 pounds that Cal

Hepperly was showing everybody that came to the fair?" "It seems to me I do remember a big oumpkin."

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

"You have, hey," he retorted in sur-prise. "If it is all you can do to remember the biggest pumpkin at that fair how do you happen to know what ever become of it, madam?"

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

On Business.

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

"Dis vere de gubner?" "Yes. What do you want?" "I's called on bizness, sah. I's er jedge down---"

"You are a judge?" "Yes, Justice o' de Peace down in de wamp districk." "Well, state your business with me

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

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

The Cook's Revenge.

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

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

> Mr. Babbitt, the late soap manufac-urer, made about \$3,000,000 by living on the fat of the land.

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

Pains and Aches In various parts of the body, more particularly in the back; shoulders and joints, are the un elconestication that the particular that the particu indications that rheumatism has gain a foothold and you are "in for it" for a singer or shorted period. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, and is cured by flood's Sarsaparilla, which neutralises the acidity and era dicate: every impu-

ity from the blood. "I suffered from acute severe sprain of a complete dislocated ankle joint which caused great switch dislocated ankle joint which caused great switching and intense pain. One bottle of Hood's Sars cleansed the blood and relieved the pain so that am nearly well."—If I Husz, Springfield, Mo.

Hood Sarsaparilla
old by all drup feists. \$1; six for \$3. Prepared only
of C. I. HOOF & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Hass. 100 Doses One Dollar

Hints for Amateur Sportsmen. An excellent treatment for a bullet

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

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

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

Learn to shoot without closing your eyes when you pull the trigger. Be-ginners will find it hard to do this, but

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

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

Avoid sleeping in close rooms. Keep the apartment well ventilated. Let in fresh air, but keep out the draught. When out shooting carry a small square of shamois skin saturated with pure oil. Then you are prepared to well-grease your gun in case of a rainstorm .- Nature.

Don't Fool Away precious time and money and trifle with your health expe imenting with uncertain medicines, when Dr. Pierce's Golden Med cat Discovery is so positively certain in its carative action as to warrant its manufacturers in guaranteeing it to cure diseases of the blood, skin and scalp, and all scrofulous afflictions, er money paid for it will be refunded.

\$500 Reward offered for an incurable case of Catarrh by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Rem-edy. 50 cts., by druggists. The consum r may consider h meelf lucky

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, | se

LUCAS COUNTY, S8.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarih that cannot be cured by the use of HALL's CATARRH CURE. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of L'ecember, A. D., 1880.

A. W. GLEASON.

SEAL Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces o, the system. Send for testimonials, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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Ta. Bl.'s Punch" Sc. Cigar. Has no redr ss-The man with but one suit



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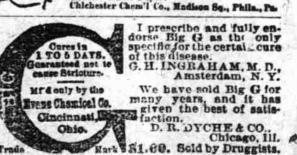
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