WILL CARLETON does not look like the conventional idea of a poet. He is tall, broad-shouldered and ruddy-faced. Carleton works for money, with fame as a secondary consideration. He believes in getting as much for a poem or an article as it will bring—a point on which he and his publishers have frequently differed.

LOW PRICES & PURE GOODS.

—:o:—

A. YOUNG & SON,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes,

Glass, Glues and Artists' Materials.

Brushes of Every Description.

No. 7 W. PRATT STREET,
NEAR CHARLES ST.,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

— SOLE AGENTS FOR —

Insulated Fibrous, Water Proof and the New York Gloss Ready-Mixed Paints.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

mh8,'90y

PACKET LINE.

THE SCHOONERS

Clara M. & Annie M. Leonard.

THE above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are NEW and built out of the very best material. Orders left with G. E. Bowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt St., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. GRAIN bought or taken at LOWEST FREIGHT RATES. All Grain stored in our Warehouse, in case of fire will be at the owner's risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the Lowest Cash Prices. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

C. R. LEONARD & BROTHER.

OFFICE.—In R. B. Dixon's new building on Dover street, Easton.

WAGNER'S GREEN HOUSE,

W. PRATT STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

J. & B. L. WAGNER, – – Proprietors.

This Restaurant is the oldest and most extensive in its accommodations of any in the city.

PRICES MODERATE.

The crowds which lunch and dine daily at this restaurant attest the public approbation of its management. 3lmbly

CABLE SPARKS.

THE grip is raging in Milan.

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, the eminent English liberal leader, is eighty-two years old.

QUEEN VICTORIA will open the coming session of the British Parliament by commission and not in person.

THE bodies of five miners burned to ashes have been taken from a coal mine at Castelford, Yorkshire, Eng., which has been on fire two weeks.

THE upper house of the Hungarian Diet has passed the treaties recently negotiated between Austro-Hungary and Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy.

THE Russian police claim to have discovered the existence of a secret league in Russian Poland, the object of which was to assassinate the Czar. Many arrests have been made.

THE British treasury officials intend prosecuting Mrs. Osborne, the well-known English society woman, for the larceny of pearls belonging to Mrs. Hargreaves, in whose house she was a guest last summer.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein, who was accidentally shot in the eye by the Duke of Connaught while out gunning, continues to improve and is assured of recovery from the effects of the loss of his eye.

WHILE out shooting over the preserves of Queen Victoria's residence, Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, her third son, the Duke of Connaught, accidentally shot his brother-in-law, Prince Christian of Schleswis-Holstein, in the eye.

A SEMI-OFFICIAL announcement made in Constantinople is to the effect that Turkey will pursue a policy of peace and friendship toward all the powers, and it will endeavor to fulfill its international obligations, making no exceptions in behalf of any power.

THE Indian National Congress is in session at Nagpur, the capital of the central provinces of India, and 800 delegates are in attendance. The keynote of the movement which brought about the holding of the congress was to attest the loyalty of the people of East India to the British crown and attachment to the British people.

A CONSIGNMENT of 7,800,000 pounds of barley received in St. Petersburg, and which had been purchased with the view to regulate the price of wheat in that city, as well as to afford relief to the Russian famine sufferers, was adulterated with chalk dust and other substances.

THE new tariff of Spain, which has been adopted by the cabinet of that country, raises the duty on cork and provides for the imposition of minimum duties on imports from countries having treaties with Spain and for the placing of maximum rates on imports from other countries.

A SMALL BUT FATAL FIRE.

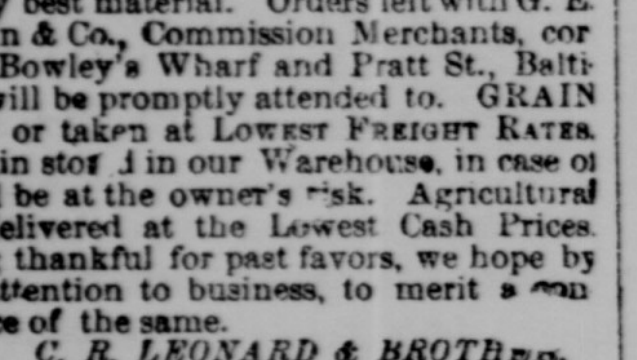
Two Persons Killed, One Fatally Hurt and Four Badly Injured in Chicago.

At 2 o'clock in the morning fire broke out in the restaurant under the Waverly Hotel, 262 Clark street. The hotel was at once filled with smoke, and the occupants rushed into the hallways and attempted to reach the lower floor.

As a result of the fire two persons were killed, one fatally hurt and four others quite badly injured.

The fire, although small and kept confined to the restaurant, was very exciting, all the scenes usually incident to a hotel fire being witnessed. The clerk, after strenuous efforts, succeeded in rousing all the guests, the two who were suffocated being found at some distance from their rooms. Several were carried out of the building by the firemen and hotel employees after being half suffocated.

The loss is small, being less than $1,200.


BALTIMORE COAL TAR AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

ROOFING MATERIALS, BUILDING PAPER,

TARRED FELT, COAL TAR, TWO AND THREE-PLY FELT, RED ROSIN SIZED PAPER, ROOFING PAINT, CONCRETE BLOCK PAVEMENT FOR CELLARS, &c., &c., &c.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. SEND FOR CIRCULARS, SAMPLES AND PRICE LIST.

oc13y 16 W. CAMDEN ST., BALTIMORE.

E. H. FURNESS.

DEALER IN

Paints, Oil, Glass and Wall Paper,

HARRISON STREET, EASTON, MD.

ALSO A FINE LINE OF

FIRST CLASS GROCERIES

Received Fresh Weekly.

I am prepared to do all kinds Painting, Wall Decorating in Paper or Paint, in best styles Painting done on houses by day or contract. I am also agent for two brands of first quality Patent Paint. If you consult your interest you will call on me before purchasing, as by my long experience in the business I think I can make it to your advantage to give me a call.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED CHEERFULLY.

Thankful for past favors I solicit a continuance of same 3mh80

ROBERT B. DIXON & CO,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

LUMBER & BUILDING MATERIAL,

NORTH CAROLINA LOCUST POSTS,
VERY EXTRA CYPRESS SHINGLES.

FENCING,

BOTH HEMLOCK AND NORTH CAROLINA.

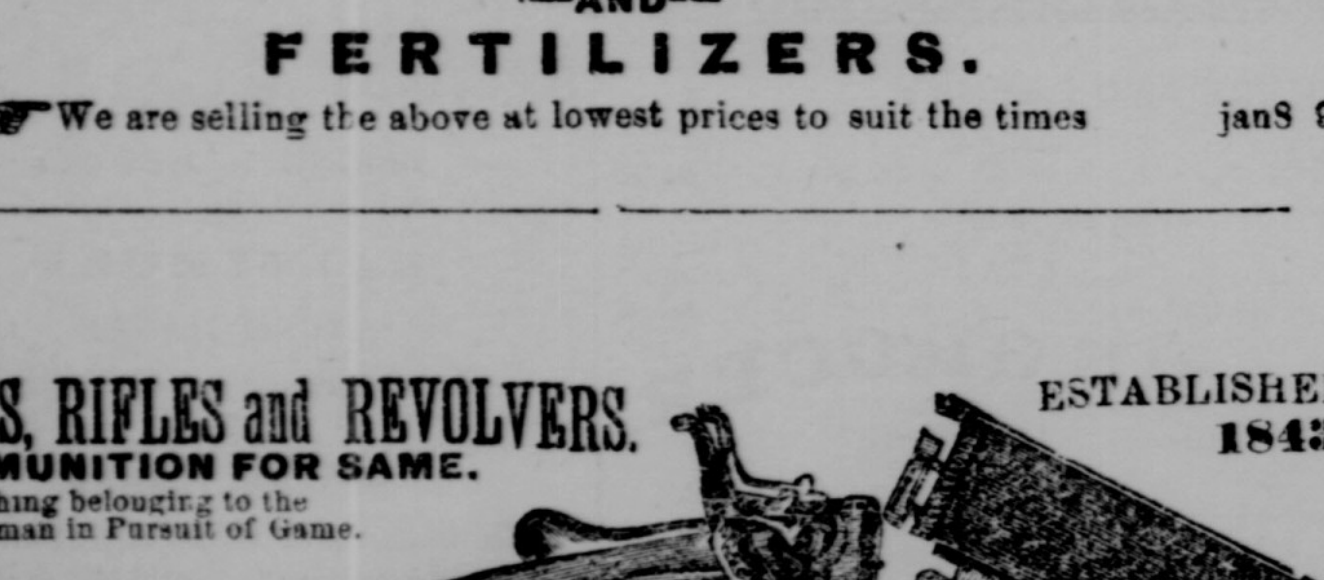
—DEALERS IN—

ANTHRACITE AND CUMBERLAND COALS

—AND—

FERTILIZERS.

☞We are selling the above at lowest prices to suit the times jan8 9


GUNS, RIFLES and REVOLVERS.

AMMUNITION FOR SAME.

Everything belonging to the Sportsman in Pursuit of Game.

ESTABLISHED 1843

Goods sent by Express C. O. D. and satisfaction guaranteed. Guns made to order, and all Repairing done by Skilled Mechanics.

au31 '89-2y ALEX. McCOMAS 22 S. Calvert St., Balto., Md.

GENERAL STATE NEWS.

THE LATEST HAPPENINGS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE

THE recently elected board of county commissioners have reappointed as the board of charities and corrections for Frederick county David W. Summers, Dr. Edward C. McSherry Dr. J. W. Downey, Joshua J. Dill and H. Mehrie Hiteshew. The board also appointed Dr. William H. Baltzell county health officer, and Dr. William T. Wootton physician to the county jail.

CAPT. WILLIAM PRYOR, an old resident of Elk Neck, Cecil county, died at the home of his son in that place after a short illness of the grip. He was about eighty-two years old. For many years he commanded a large schooner plying between Northeast and Baltimore, and afterwards engaged in farming.

THE newly appointed Howard county board organized, with Mr. William Mackintosh as president, Mr. John T. Thompson, the secretary, treasurer and examiner, was re-elected unanimously on the second ballot. The first ballot stood one each for Messrs. Thompson, Thomas L. Maclin and J. E. Hill.

MESSRS, Levin W. Dorman, Albert Jones and James C. Littleton, constituting the new board of school commissioners for Wicomico county, elected Mr. Dorman president, and J. Oscar Freeney, secretary, treasurer and examiner.

"BALTIMORE JOE," who escaped from the insane asylum at Lancaster, Pa., some time ago, was arrested at Port Deposit by Town Officer Bond and held for the Pennsylvania authorities.

THE new school board of Dorchester county met and organized. Edwin Dashiel was elected president and Dr. James L. Bryan was re-elected examiner, with Miss Jennie Bryan as assistant.

THE Carroll county school board has re-elected E. O. Grimes, president; James A. Diffenbaugh, secretary, treasurer and examiner, and Orlando Reese, Assistant.

MR. JOHN YOUNG of C., a resident of Braddocks, near Frederick, is dead, aged eighty-two years.

THE grip prevails to an alarming extent in some parts of Dorchester county.

EDGAR the fifteen-year son of Thomas Howes, a well-known farmer, living near Unity, Montgomery county, was fatally injured by the accidental discharge of a shotgun several days ago. He had gone to the field to work and had taken his gun along for use in case any partridges should be encountered in the field. The gun was cocked ready for instant use and set up in or against a clump of bushes beside a tree. After a time a flock of birds flew up and the boy seized his gun by the muzzle, evidently overlooking in his hurry the fact of its being cocked. The hammer catching in some of the twigs, it was discharged within a few inches of his head, the charge entering the temple and tearing away a large portion of his scalp and scattering portions of his brains round about. After lingering in a semi-comatose condition for about 36 hours he died. Mr. Howes and his family have been singularly afflicted. But a few weeks since a younger son was kicked in the head by a horse, suffering severe fracture of the skull, from which, however, he is now recovering. Mr. Howes, the father, while on his way to Washington ten days ago, was thrown out of his dayton and dragged some distance, being seriously injured.

AT a meeting of farmers in Hagerstown, the following were chosen to represent Washington county in the State Farmer's Convention: J. Teicher Troup, Wm. Kealhofer, Wm. H. Armstrong, Dr. E. T. Bishop, John H. Harp, B. P. Rench, Sol. B. Rohrer, Jerry Lesher, Daniel Oswald, Isaac Aukency, A. J. Schindel, Joseph I. Thomas, Philip Wingert, Samuel Binkley, John Feldman, J. Mitchell Stover, Alonzo Berry, John Martin, David Seibert and John M. Groh.

MR. CHARLES A. LITTLE has qualified as State's Attorney for Washington county and has resigned his office as auditor of the court. To fill the latter position temporarily, Mr. Norman B. Scott, Jr., has been appointed by the court.

EMANUEL SHAFFER was reappointed steward to the almshouse of Carroll county. This makes Mr. Shaffer's third term.

STEPHEN PAGENHARDT, of Westernport, Allegany county, has made a miniature locomotive. The height from track to top of smokestack is 17½ inches, the weight is 148 pounds and the length of engine and tender is 52½ inches. The maker is between seventeen and eighteen years of age. The machine is perfect in every respect and is fitted with a steam brake. Mr. Lloyd Lowndes is going to have it exhibited on a track at the World's Fair, and the Pullman Car Company have offered to build a vestibuled train for it.

Mr. J. M. J. Byron, of Kent county, has two trees laden with Japanese persimmons. The trees are about four years old and have borne for the past two seasons. The fruit ranges in size from seven to thirteen inches in circumference, is somewhat the shape of a tomato, is similar in taste and color to the American persimmon, but is not so palatable.

AN old colored man on Kent Island went to bed a few nights ago, and some time during the night he awoke and found something in bed with him. He ran down-stairs, awoke the family, and when they went to the room and made an examination they found a coon hidden in the bed-covers.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, a young man who lives near Folk's Mill, was accidentally shot through the hand. He was hunting near Keyser, W. Va., and whilst resting with his hand over the muzzle of the gun the dog playfully jumped on him and put a foot on the hammer, which discharged the gun.

MISS AMANDA THOMAS, of Springfield, O., who recently committed suicide in San Diego, Cal., was a native of Maryland. It is said the lady was in ill-health, and in a moment of insanity shot herself through the head with a pistol.

THERE will be a conference between representatives of the commissioners of Kent and Cecil counties upon the care and supervision of the Sassafras river bridge.

FOUR PERISH BY FIRE.

The Victims Were Asleep in a California Lodging-House.

Four persons perished and six other were badly injured in a fire that broke out in a lodging-house in Sanford. The fire originated in an explosion of a coal-oil stove, and the flames spread rapidly through the flimsy structure and ignited the Methodist Church and an adjoining dwelling.

The inmates of the two dwellings consumed awakened to find escape by the halls cut off, and many of them jumped from the windows, receiving more or less severe injuries.

The men burned to death were Elmer E. Spofford, of Chester, N. H.; F. B. Tucker, of Sacramento, and E. W. Foster, of Sanford. T. C. Hammond, a printer, was badly burned and hurt by jumping, and died.

Special Inducements!

Flooring and Shingles.

BUILDING LUMBER GENERALLY.

Doors, Sash and Blinds.

—GET OUR—

Very ✻ Low ✻ Prices

BEFORE BUYING.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

414 Light St. Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The New Year."

TEXT: *"This year thou shalt die."*—Jeremiah xxviii., 16.

Jeremiah, accustomed to saying bold things, addressed Hananiah in these words. They proved true. In sixty days Hananiah had departed this life.

This is the first Sabbath of the year. It is a time for review and for anticipation. A man must be a genius at stupidity who does not think now. The old year died in giving birth to the new, as the life of Jane Seymour, the English queen, departed when that of her son, Edward VI., dawned. The old year was a queen. The new shall be a king. The grave of the one and the cradle of the other are side by side. We can hardly guess what the child will be. It is only two days old, but I prophesy for it an eventful future. Year of mirth and madness! Year of pageant and conflagration! It will laugh; it will sing; it will groan; it will die.

Is it not a time for earnest thought? The congratulations have been given. The Christmas trees have been taken down or have well nigh cast their fruit. The friends who came for the holidays are gone in the rail train. While we are looking forward to another twelve months of intense activities the text breaks upon us like a bursting thunderhead, "This year thou shalt die!"

The text will probably prove true of some of us. The probability is augmented by the fact that all of us who are over thirty-five years of age have gone beyond the average of human life. The note is more than due. It is only by sufferance that it is not collected. We are like a debtor who is taking the "three days' grace" of the banks. Our race started with nine hundred years for a lifetime. We read of but one antediluvian youth whose early death disappointed the hopes of his parents by his dying at seven hundred and seventy-seven years of age. The world then may have been ahead of what it is now, for men had so long a time in which to study and invent and plan.

If an artist or a philosopher has forty years for work, he makes great achievements; but what must the artists and philosophers have done who had nine hundred years before them? In the nearly two thousand years before the flood, considering the longevity of the inhabitants, there may have been nearly as many people as there are now. The flood was not a freshet, that washed a few people off a plank, but a disaster that may have swept away a thousand million. If the Atlantic Ocean by a lurch of the earth to-night should drown this hemisphere and the Pacific Ocean by a sudden lurch of the earth should drown the other hemisphere, leaving about as many beings as could be got in one or two ocean steamers, it would give you an idea of what the ancient flood was.

At that time God started the race with a shorter allowance of life. The nine hundred years were hewn down until, in the time of Vespasian, a census was taken and only one hundred and twenty four persons were found one hundred years old and three or four persons one hundred and forty years old. Now a man who has come to one hundred years of age is a curiosity, and we go miles to see him. The vast majority of the race passes off before twenty years. To every apple there are five blossoms that never get to be apples. In the country church the sexton rings the bell rapidly until almost through and then tolls it. For awhile the bell of our life rings right merrily, but with some of you the bell has begun to toll, and the appropriateness of the text to you is more and more probable, "This year thou shalt die."

The character of our occupations adds to the probability. Those who are in the professions are undergoing a sapping of the brain and nerve foundations. Literary men in this country are driven with whip and spur to their topmost speed. Not one brain worker out of a hundred observes any moderation. There is something so stimulating in our climate that if John Brown, the essayist of Edinburgh, had lived here, he would have broken down at thirty-five instead of fifty-five, and Charles Dickens would have dropped at forty. There is something in all our occupations which predisposes to disease. If we be stout, to disorders ranging from fevers to apoplexy. If we be frail, to diseases ranging from consumption to paralysis. Printers rarely reach fifty years. Watchmakers, in marking the time for others, shorten their own. Chemists breathe death in their laboratories, and potters absorb paralysis. Painters fall under their own brush. Foundrymen take death in with the filings. Shoemakers pound away their own lives on the last. Overdriven merchants measure off their own lives with the yardstick. Millers grind their own lives with the grist. Masons dig their own graves with the trowel. And in all our occupations and professions there are the elements of peril.

Rapid climatic changes threaten our lives. By reason of the violent fits of the thermometer, within two days we live both in the arctic and the tropic. The warm south wind finds us with our furs on. The wintry blast cuts through our thin apparel. The hoof, the wheel, the firearm, the assassin, wait their chance to put upon us their quietus. I announce it as an impossibility that three hundred and sixty-five days should pass and leave us all as we now are. In what direction to shoot the arrow I know not, and so I shoot it at a venture. "This year thou shalt die."

In view of this, I advise that you have your temporal matters adjusted. Do not leave your worldly affairs at the mercy of administrators. Have your receipts properly pasted, and your letters filed, and your books balanced. If you have "trust funds," see that they are rightly deposited and accounted for. Let no widow or orphan scratch on your tombstone, "This man wronged me of my inheritance." Many a man has died leaving a competency, whose property has, through his own carelessness, afterward been divided between the administrators, the surrogate, the lawyers and the sheriffs. I charge you, before many days have gone, as far as possible, have all your worldly matters made straight, for "This year thou shalt die." I advise, also that you be busy in Christian work. How many Sabbaths in the year? Fifty-two. If the text be true of you it does not say at what time you may go, and therefore it is unsafe to count on all of the fifty-two Sundays. As you are as likely to go in the first half of the year as in the last half, I think we had better divide the fifty-two into halves and calculate only twenty-six Sabbaths. Come, Christian men, Christian women, what can you do in twenty-six Sabbaths? Divide the three hundred and sixty-five days into two parts, what can you do in one hundred and eighty-two days? What, by the way of saving your family, the church and the world? You will not, through all the ages of eternity in heaven, get over the dishonor and the outrage of going into glory, and having helped none up to the same place. It will be found that many a Sabbath-school teacher has taken into heaven her whole class; that Daniel Baker, the evangelist, took thousands into heaven; that Doddridge has taken in hundreds of thousands; that Paul took in a hundred millions. How many will you take in? If you get into heaven and find none there that you sent and that there are none to come through your instrumentality, I beg of you to crawl under some seat in the back corner and never come out lest the redeemed get their eyes on you and some one cry out, "That is the man who never lifted hand or voice for the redemption of his fellows. Look at him, all heaven!" Better be busy. Better put the plow in deep. Better say what you have to say quickly. Better cry the alarm. Better fall on your knees. Better lay hold with both hands. What you now leave undone for Christ will forever be undone. "This year thou shalt die!"

In view of the probabilities mentioned, I advise all the men and women not ready for eternity to get ready. If the text be true, you have no time to talk about non-essentials, asking why God let sin come into the world; or whether the book of Jonah is inspired; or who Melchisedec was; or what about the eternal decrees. If you are as near eternity as some of you seem to be, there is no time for anything but the question, "What must I do to be saved?" The drowning man, when a plank is thrown him, stops not to ask what sawmill made it, or whether it is oak or cedar, or who threw it. The moment it is thrown, he clutches it. If this year you are to die, there is no time for anything but immediately laying hold to God. It is high time to get out of your sins. You say, "I have committed no great transgressions." But are you not aware that your life has been sinful? The snow comes down on the Alps flake by flake, and it is so light that you may hold it on the tip of the finger without feeling any weight; but the flakes gather; they compact, until some day a traveler's foot starts the slide, and it goes down in an avalanche, crushing to death the villagers. So the sins of your youth, and the sins of your manhood, and the sins of your womanhood may have seemed only slight inaccuracies or trifling divergences from the right—so slight that they are hardly worth mentioning; but they have been piling up and piling up, packing together and packing together, until they make a mountain of sin, and one more step of your foot in the wrong direction may slide down upon you an avalanche of ruin and condemnation.

A man crossing a desolate and lonely plateau, a hungry wolf took after him. He brought his gun to his shoulder and took aim, and the wolf howled with pain, and the cry woke up a pack of wolves, and they came ravening out of the forest from all sides and horribly devoured him. Thou art the man. Some one sin of your life summoning on all the rest, they surround thy soul and make the night of thy sin terrible with the assault of their bloody muzzles. Oh, the unpardoned, clamoring, ravening, all devouring sins of thy lifetime!

A maniac was found pacing along the road with a torch in one hand and a pail of water in the other, and some one asked him what he meant to do with them. He answered, "With this torch I mean to burn down heaven, and with this water I mean to put out the fires of hell." He was a maniac. He could do the one thing just as well as he could do the other. No time to lose if you want to escape your sins for "This year thou shalt die."

Let me announce that Christ, the Lord, stands ready to save any man who wants to be saved. He waited for you all last year, and all the year before, and all your life. He has waited for you with blood on His brow and tears in His eye, and two outstretched, mangled hands of love.

You come home some night and find the mark of muddy feet on your front step. You hasten in and find an excited group around your child. He fell into a pond, and had it not been for a brave lad, who plunged in and brought him out and carried him home to be resuscitated, you would have been childless. You feel that you cannot do enough for the rescuer. You throw your arms around him. You offer him any compensation. You say to him: "Anything that you want shall be yours. I will never cease to be grateful." But my Lord Jesus sees your soul sinking, and attempts to bring it ashore, and you not only refuse Him thanks, but stand on the beach and say, "Drop that soul! If I want it saved, I will save it myself."

I wish you might know what a job Jesus undertook when He carried your case to Calvary. They crowded Him to the wall. They struck Him. They spat on Him. They kicked Him. They cuffed Him. They scoffed at Him. They scourged Him. They murdered Him. Blood! blood! As He stoops down to lift you up the crimson drops upon you from His brow, from His side, from His hands. Do you not feel the warm current on your face? Oh, for thee the hunger, the thirst, the thorn sting, the suffocation, the struggle, the death.

A great plague came in Marseilles. The doctors held a consultation and decided that a corpse must be dissected or they would never know how to stop the plague. A Dr. Guyon said, "To-morrow morning I will proceed to a dissection." He made his will; prepared for death; went into the hospital; dissected a body; wrote out the results of the dissection and died in twelve hours. Beautiful self sacrifice you say. Our Lord Jesus looked out from heaven and saw a plague stricken race. Sin must be dissected. He made His will, giving everything to His people. He comes down into the reeking hospital of earth. He lays His hand to the work. Under our plague He dies—the healthy for the sick, the pure for the polluted, the innocent for the guilty. Behold the love! Behold the sacrifice! Behold the rescue!

Decide on this first Sabbath of the year whether or not you will have Jesus. He will not stand forever begging for your love. With some here His plea ends right speedily: "This year thou shalt die."

This great salvation of the Gospel I now offer to every man, woman and child. You cannot buy it. You cannot earn it. A Scotch writer says that a poor woman one cold winter's day looked through the window of a king's conservatory and saw a bunch of grapes hanging against the glass. She said, "Oh, if I only had that bunch of grapes for my sick child at home!" At her spinning wheel she earned a few shillings and went to buy the grapes. The king's gardner thrust her out very roughly, and said he had no grapes to sell. She went off and sold a blanket and got some more shillings, and came back and tried to buy the grapes. But the gardener roughly assaulted her and told her to be off. The king's daughter was walking in the garden at the time, and she heard the excitement, and seeing the poor woman, said to her, "My father is not a merchant to sell, but he is a king and gives." Then she reached up and plucked the grapes and dropped them in the poor woman's apron. So Christ is a king, and all the fruits of His pardon He freely gives. They may not be bought. Without money and without price, take this sweet cluster from the vineyards of God.

I am coming to the close of my sermon. I sought for a text appropriate for the occasion. I thought of taking one in Job: "My days fly as a weaver's shuttle;" of a text in Psalms: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" of the prayer of the vine dresser: "Lord, let it alone this year also;" but pressed upon my attention first of all, and last of all, and above all, were the words: "This year thou shalt die."

Perhaps it may mean me. Though in perfect health now, it does not take God one week to bring down the strongest physical constitution. I do not want to die this year. We have plans and projects on foot that I want to see completed; but God knows best, and He has a thousand better men than I to do the work yet undone. I have a hope that, notwithstanding all my sins and wanderings, I shall, through the infinite mercy of my Saviour, come out at the right place. I have nothing to brag of by way of Christian experience; but two things I have learned—my utter helplessness before God and the all abounding grace of the Lord Jesus. If the text means some of you, my hearers, I do not want you to be caught unprepared. I would like to have you, either through money you had laid up or a "life insurance," be able to leave the world feeling that your family need not become paupers. But if you have done your best and you leave not one dollar's worth of estate, you may confidently trust the Lord who hath promised to care for the widow and fatherless. I would like to have your soul fitted out for eternity, so that if any morning or noon or evening or night of these three hundred and sixty-five days, death should look in and ask, "Are you ready?" you might, with an outburst of Christian triumph, answer, "Aye, aye! all ready."

I know not what our last words may be. Lord Chesterfield prided himself on his politeness, and said in his last moment, "Give Dayrolles a chair." Dr. Adam, a dying schoolmaster, said: "It grows dark. The boys may dismiss." Lord Tenterden, supposing himself on the bench of a court-room, said in his last moment, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." A dying play actor said: "Drop the curtain. The farce is played out." I would rather have for my dying words those of one greater than Chesterfield or Dr. Adam or Lord Tenterden: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me."

The sooner the last hour comes the better if we are fitted for entrance in the celestial world. There is no clock in heaven, because it is an everlasting day; yet they keep an account of the passing years, because they are all the time hearing from our world. The angels flying through heaven report how many times the earth has turned on its axis, and in that way the angels can keep a diary; and they say it is almost time now for father to come up, or for mother to come up. Some day they see a cohort leaving heaven, and they say, "Whither bound?" and the answer is, "To bring up a soul from earth;" and the question is asked, "What soul?" And a family circle in heaven find that it is one of their own number that is to be brought up, and they come out to watch, as on the beach we now watch for a ship that is to bring our friends home. After a while the cohort will heave in sight, flying nearer and nearer, until with a great clang the gates hoist, and with an embrace, wild with the ecstacy of heaven, old friends meet again. Away with your stiff, formal heaven! I want none of it. Give me a place of infinite and eternal sociality. My feet free from the clods of earth, I shall bound the hills with gladness and break forth in a laugh of triumph. Aha! aha! We weep now, but then we shall laugh. "Abraham's bosom" means that heaven has open arms to take us in. Now we fold our arms over our heart, and tell the world to stand back, as though our bosom was a two barred gate to keep the world out. Heaven stands not with folded arms, but with heart open. It is "Abraham's bosom." I see a mother and her child meeting at the foot of the throne after some years' absence. The child died twenty years ago but it is a child yet.

I think the little ones who die will remain children through all eternity. It would be no heaven without the little darlings. I do not want those that are in heaven to grow up. We need their infant voices in the great song. And when we walk out in the fields of light, we want them to run ahead and clap their hands and pick out the brightest of the field flowers. Yes, here is a child and its mother meeting. The child long in glory, the mother just arrived. "How changed you are, my darling!" says the mother. "Yes," says the child, "this is such a happy place, and Jesus has taken such care of me, and heaven is so kind, I got right over the fever with which I died. The skies are so fair, mother! The flowers are so sweet, mother! The temple is so beautiful, mother! Come, take me up in your arms as you used to." Oh, I do not know how we shall stand the first day in heaven. Do you not think we will break down in the song from overdelight? I once gave out in church the hymn:

'There is a land of pure delight',
Where saints immortal reign,

and an aged man standing in front of the pulpit sang heartily the first verse and then he sat down weeping. I said to him afterward, "Father Linton, what made you cry over that hymn?" He said, "I could not stand it—the joys that are coming." When heaven rises for the doxology I cannot see how we can rise with it if all these waves of everlasting delight come upon the soul—billow of joy after billow of joy. Methinks Jesus would be enough for the first day in heaven, yet here He approaches with all heaven at His back!

But I must close this sermon. This is the last January to some who are present. You have entered the year, but you will not close it. Within these twelve months your eyes will shut for the last sleep. Other hands will plant the Christmas tree and give the New Year's congratulations. As a proclamation of joy to some and as a warning to others, I leave in your ears these five words of one syllable each, 'This year thou shalt die!'

Jewish Immigration.

The Jewish Messenger, in referring to Jewish immigration to the United States, says: "If Baron Hirsch would establish places of refuge in Europe, where the Jewish refugees might be prepared for a new life and new homes, he would be rendering the best service. To transport poverty-stricken thousands who are unable to cope with new conditions is no charity, and yet that seems the highest ambition of European committees."

A BATTLE BETWEEN TWO LIONS.

Thrilling Experience of a Traveler in an Indian Jungle.

It was the good fortune of Maccoy and myself to witness a conflict between two lions, says a traveler in India. We were accompanied in this instance by my native servant, Isilla, and took up our quarters in a light scaffolding in the branches of a tall tree that overhung a waterpool much frequented by the animals of that vicinity.

I was beginning to feel sleepy and to nod frequently when the roar of a lion close at hand broke the silence. Instantly we were wide awake and grasping our guns nervously. In another instant the roar was answered from a spot below us, and looking down we saw a lioness crouching at the foot of a tree. Her head was embedded between her forepaws, and her long tail waved luxuriously to and fro. Another "woof" from the opposite direction, and two magnificent males stepped into view while the lioness continued to purr and wave that graceful tail from side to side.

And there she lay purring gently while as terrific a combat ensued as the eye of man ever witnessed and words cannot paint the picture nor describe that combat. Over and over the two males rolled after meeting in mid-leap with their fangs at each other's throats, while the sickening sound of champing bones filled the air, mingled with their frantic roaring and the thrashing of their bodies through the whirling sand.

By this time my nerves were so wrought up that I could stand the terrific spectacle no longer, and taking deliberate aim at the lioness behind her shoulder blade, I let fly. Above the rumble of my smooth bore sounded the shriek of the lioness as the heavy ball crashed into her vitals. The two duelists at once ceased their encounter, and as one of them turned, he received Mac's rifle ball in the hollow over the eye, and death was instantaneous. The other male with a mighty roar and a powerful spring landed halfway up the trunk of our tree, nearly shaking us from our perch; but Isilla discharged a spare gun in his face; he fell back, and, probably only grazed by the shot, disappeared into the darkness toward where the moans and cries of the lioness grew fainter and fainter every moment.

In the morning with a party of Arabs and dogs we took up the spoor and tracked the lioness to her lair, and after she had received eleven more of our bullets, killed and disabled four of our dogs and made five determined rushes, succeeded in making her bite the dust. She had traveled nine miles before we caught up to her, and kept a brave front to the last.

WEALTH IN ORCHIDS.

The Importation of These Aristocrats of the Flower World.

Very few realize the amount of money invested in the orchids, the aristocrats of the flowery world, and though they have been attracting widespread interest for the past dozen years, the general public may not be acquainted with the fact that millions of dollars are involved in the magnificent collections of these plants. Cargoes of bulbs and roots from all parts of the world are annually imported, which are readily disposed to the flower-loving public for sums ranging from $1 up to the thousands.

One rare bulb from the forests of Mexico, Brazil or India will frequently sell for the price of a grand diamond ring, and occasionally a small fortune is represented by half a dozen poor-looking bulbs that a street boy would kick aside with his foot if found in his way. The great floriculturists of this country and Europe employ orchid hunters to explore the woods and jungles of every known country for some rare specimen of these plants, and thousands of dollars go annually to pay the expenses of these trips into unknown lands. Danger, death and sickness of every conceivable kind threaten the hunters, but despite these they penetrate to the most dangerous wilds to find their plants.

The species of orchids now number between 6,000 and 7,000, about half of which have been brought into cultivation, and they are recognized by the best botanists about 334 genera. The great number of these species occur in the tropics, but many species grow in cool temperature, and a very few in the frigid zones. Many exotic species are cultivated, and they are among the most desirable plants for horticulturists.

Not many can explain what an orchid is, for they show almost every conceivable variation in form and color, and marking of the flowers, and the habits of the plants are almost as diverse. Some define them as air plants, but the larger portion are not; some define them as parasitic plants, but very few specimens are parasites, others know them by their bulb-like roots, and yet many of them do not have such roots, while still others suppose that they are peculiar to tropical climates, but many are natives of Canada. Many species of orchids are leafless, while others have numerous thick and stiff leaves. Numbers of them live on the trunks of trees in their native tropical forests and obtain nourishment from the air. Some live upon decaying matter, while many others are parasites, drawing their nourishment from live plants. In our Northern woods some of the species live upon the roots of trees.

His Habits Betrayed Him.

A theft has just been brought home to a man by means of an egg. Some days ago M. Douet, pottery manufacturer, living in the Rue Goudon, Paris, was disagreeably surprised on returning from the theater with his family to find that his house had been ransacked, almost all the furniture destroyed and a sum 6,000f. in gold and notes stolen. The next morning he put M. Siadoux, Commissary of Police, in possession of these facts, who thereupon proceeded to the spot and opened an inquiry. In the course of his search he found a broken egg, from which the white only appeared to have been sucked. He brought the circumstance to the notice of M. Douet, who then remembered that a carter named Delbars whom he had dismissed for dirty habits, was accustomed to eat eggs in that way. They arrested him along with his brother. When questioned as to how they had spent their time on the night of the robbery, they were embarrassed, and finally confessed that they had broken into M. Douet's house, for motives of revenge.—Galignani Messenger.

INTERVIEWER—You began life as a clerk, did you not? Merchant—No, sir; I began life as a king. I was the first baby.

Like Magic

Is the relief given in many severe cases of dyspeptic troubles by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Possessing the best known stomach tonics as well as the best alterative remedies, this excellent medicine gives the stomach the strength required to retain and digest nourishing food, creates

A Good Appetite

and gently but effectively assists to natural motion the whole machinery of the body. Most gratifying reports come from people who have taken

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for dyspepsia, indigestion and similar troubles.

Hood's Pills.—For the liver and bowels, act easily yet promptly and efficiently. Price, 25c.

Full of trouble—the ordinary pill. Trouble when you take it, and trouble when you've got it down. Plenty of unpleasantness, but mighty little good.

With Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, there's *no* trouble. They're made to prevent it. They're the original little Liver Pills, tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest, easiest and best to take. They cleanse and regulate the whole system, in a natural and easy way—mildly and gently, but thoroughly and effectively. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are prevented, relieved and cured.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only for the value received. Can you ask more?

END OF THE DISPUTE.

How the Peacemaker Was Rewarded for His Interference.

They might be called, for the purpose of distinguishing them, Fighter No. 1, Fighter No. 2 and the Peacemaker.

Fighter No. 1 thought James G. Blaine probably the greatest man who ever lived.

Fighter No. 2 thought that Grover Cleveland could give him four cards to a royal flush, four draws to fill, and stand "pat" himself and beat him.

Fighter No. 1 thought that Fighter No. 2 didn't know a statesman from a hunk of beef.

Fighter No. 2 thought that Fighter No. 1 didn't know a statesman from a case of sickness.

The Peacemaker thought that both fighters were getting excited.

Fighter No. 1 thought it was none of the Peacemaker's business.

Fighter No. 2 thought he could take care of himself without any help.

The Peacemaker thought they were both making fools of themselves.

Fighter No. 1 thought it was a free country.

Fighter No. 2 thought he didn't need a guardian.

The Peacemaker thought there wasn't going to be any fight if he could help it.

Fighter No. 1 thought the Peacemaker ought to go off in some quiet corner and kick himself.

The Peacemaker thought he ought to kick Fighter No. 1.

Fighter No. 2 thought that if that were to be done at all he had a first claim to the job and he didn't want it taken off of his hands.

The Peacemaker thought Fighter No. 2 ought to shut up.

Fighter No. 2 hit the Peacemaker on the nose.

Fighter No. 1 struck the Peacemaker in the eye.

Fighters Nos. 1 and 2 both kicked the Peacemaker.

And then they dropped politics and went around the corner together, while the Peacemaker limped home and had his wife bandage his wounds.

And that's the usual result.

Hannibal and Sherman.

A writer draws a comparison between Hannibal, the famos Carthaginian general, and the late William Tecumseh Sherman. The two men had the same sort of temperament, and, if we may trust the ancient descriptions, they resembled one another in physical stature not less than in the thoroughness of their military education. Hannibal was the first man to depart from the battle tactics which were the method of fighting adopted by Alexander. He had methods of his own, and his success, until the Romans had learned from him how to use his own weapons, was due to the same qualities which distinguished the military services of Gen. Sherman. He gained his first and last victories by the use of strategy. He did the unexpected thing. All his career was the doing of things that nobody else did, and throughout the late civil war Gen. Sherman was the man who constantly improved upon military rules by methods of his own. The passage of the Alps by Hannibal was not more wonderful in his day than the operations which Sherman planned and executed in his march to Chattanooga, and his gigantic conception of an invasion of Italy has its parallel in Gen. Sherman's plan of the march to the sea and the support of his army by levying contributions upon the people through whose homes he was passing. The American general did not stay for sixteen years in the country of his enemies, as Hannibal did, and compel subjugated provinces to support him, but he could have done it as easily as the Carthaginian did if the same occasion had existed. There was in our Sherman the same insight into the conditions of war, the same comprehension of the vital point at issue, the same swift reading of men, the same power of control, and the same ability to keep his own counsel.

THE Indians will never settle down while the old settlers are keeping them riled up.—New Orleans Picayune.

DONALD KENNEDY,

Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:

Strange cases cured by my **Medical Discovery** come to me every day. Here is one of Paralysis—Blindness—and the Grip. Now how does my **Medical Discovery** cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humor.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, *Sept. 9th*, 1891.

Donald Kennedy—*Dear Sir:* I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your **Discovery**, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your **Discovery** was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your **Discovery** they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my *left* eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your **Medical Discovery.**

Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

Here It Is!

Want to learn all about a Horse? How to Pick Out a Good One? Know imperfections and so Guard against Fraud? Detect Disease and Effect a Cure when same is possible? Tell the age by the Teeth? What to call the Different Parts of the Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Properly? All this and other Valuable Information can be obtained by reading our 100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED HORSE BOOK, which we will forward, postpaid, on receipt of only 25 cents in stamps.

BOOK PUB. HOUSE.

134 Leonard St., New York City.

SENATOR REAGAN'S "SCRAP."

He Threw a Local Terror Through a Mill Window in Tennessee.

The resignation of Senator Reagan, of Texas, recalls a story of how he chanced to remove to the State that is now his home, and which has so signally honored him. He was living in Sevier County, Tennessee, in 1839, and was sent by his father to a grist mill to have a sack of wheat converted into flour. He was a big, raw-boned, strapping country boy.

According to custom, he hitched his horse at the mill, took the sack of grain from the shoulders of the animal, placed it on his own shoulders and toted it up three flights of stairs, and took his place in the line, as people are wont to do still at country postoffices, waiting for his turn to have his wheat ground. Half an hour or so after Reagan arrived at the mill a well-known local character came, bringing a sack of wheat to be ground also. This last character was a local terror, fond of brawls and fighting, and in the habit of having his own way.

He had to take his place in line with the rest, but when it got to be Reagan's turn to have his grain ground "the terror" said:

"See here, Reagan, I am in a hurry. You let me get in your place and you come back here where I am."

Reagan demurred, stating that he was in a hurry, too; that he was entitled to his place, and meant to keep it. This angered the brawler. He cursed young Reagan, and said he would fling him out through the window, and, suiting the action to the word, made a rush for the future statesman. Reagan, like all the rest of the people in the neighborhood, was more or less terrorized by the desperado, and, in fear of his life, rushed for him, met the desperado half way, butted him in the stomach with his head, and literally lifted him off his feet and threw him through the window.

When the desperado disappeared through the window the consequence of his act flashed upon young Reagan's mind. He instantly supposed that he had killed a man, that he would be hanged for it, and, scared almost to death, he rushed down stairs, unhitched his horses, and lit out across the country for Texas. The man was not killed, but got a bad shaking up. He soon moved to Texas, and was a friend of Reagan in after life.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

The worst robbers are not those who carry clubs.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Too many people worship a god of their own making.

FOR impure or thin Blood, Weakness, Malaria Neuralgia, Indigestion, and Biliousness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young persons strong; pleasant to take.

No man can go right who does not look right.

FOR indigestion, constipation, sick headache, weak stomach, disordered liver—take Beecham's Pills. For sale by all druggists.

Where the love is little the trust is little.

FOR Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters. The Best Tonic, it rebuilds the system, cleans the Blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid tonic for weak and debilitated persons.

ERNEST RENAN does not personally maintain the air of dignity inspired by his writings. He is short and pudgy.

SYRUP of FIGS

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, headaches 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.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Ely's Cream Balm is the best remedy for children suffering from COLD IN HEAD OR CATARRH.

Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!

TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS

have all the virtues of the larger ones; equally effective; purely vegetable. Exact size shown in this border.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken "sick, and suffered as no one but a "dyspeptic can. I then began tak"ing August Flower. At that time "I was a great sufferer. Every"thing I ate distressed me so that I "had to throw it up. Then in a "few moments that horrid distress "would come on and I would have "to eat and suffer "again. I took a "little of your med"icine, and felt much "better, and after "taking a little more "August Flower my "Dyspepsia disap"peared, and since that time I "have never had the first sign of it. "I can eat anything without the "least fear of distress. I wish all "that are afflicted with that terrible "disease or the troubles caused by "it would try August Flower, as I "am satisfied there is no medicine "equal to it."

For that Horrid Stomach Feeling.

MANY SUCH.

A group of mechanics was seated in the engine-room when one said: "How was it Tom?" "I was caught up, slapped 'gainst the ceiling and whirled down to the floor. I lay there like one dead, and every muscle was sprained. I was cured in one day." What cured him?

ST. JACOBS OIL

with equal facility and certainty, has cured promptly and permanently worse cases. Here is one after suffering half a lifetime.

14 Sumner St., Cleveland, O., August 11, 1888.

In 1851 sprained my arm clubbing chestnuts; could not lift my arm; constant pain until 1880, when St. Jacobs Oil cured me. JACOB ETZENSPERGER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

We are anxious to know every one who wants a piano, new or second-hand. Are you one of them? Then send your address, with request for catalogue, etc., to Ivers & Pond Piano Co., Boston.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, LONDON, ENGLAND.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

FREE Illustrated Publications, with MAPS, describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, the FREE GOVERNMENT AND CHEAP NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. **LANDS** Best Agricultural Grazing and Timber Lands now open to settlers. Mailed FREE. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Com. N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

HIGH FIVE OR EUCHRE PARTIES should send at once to JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. T. A. C., R. I. & P. R. R., Chicago. TEN CENTS, in stamps, per pack for the slickest cards you ever shuffled. For $1.00 you will receive free by express ten packs.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

PATENTS W. T. Fitzgerald, Washington, D. C. 40-page book free.

ASTHMA CURED DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send us your address, we will mail trial BOTTLE FREE THE DR. TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,

Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

BNU 1

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

GET WELL Health Helper tells how. 50c. a year. Send for sample. Dr. J. H. DYE, Editor, Buffalo, N.Y. FREE

PENSION No Pension, No Fee. JOSEPH H. HUNTER. WASHINGTON, D. C.

$65 A MONTH for 3 Bright Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Phila., Pa.

PENSIONS—Due all SOLDIERS! ¼ disabled. $2 fee for increase. 25 years experience. Write for Laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SONS, WASHINGTON, D. C. & CINCINNATI, O.

Money in Chickens.

MONEY IN CHICKENS

—IF YOU—

KNOW HOW

To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor things Suffer and Die of the various Maladies which afflict them when in a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from the

ONE HUNDRED PAGE BOOK

we offer, embracing the PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE of a man who devoted 25 years of his life to CONDUCTING A POULTRY YARD AS A BUSINESS, not as a pastime. As the living of himself and family depended on it, he gave the subject such attention as only a need of bread will command, and the result was a grand success, after he had spent much money and lost hundreds of valuable chickens in experimenting. What he learned in all these years is embodied in this book, which we send postpaid for 25 cents in stamps. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases, how to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening, which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject.

BOOK PUB. HOUSE,
134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.