A ROW in the Chamber of Deputies of France, growing out of insinuations directed toward M. Constans, a member of the cabinet, resulted in the official striking M. Laur, a Boulangist Deputy, in the face. An uproar followed, during which one member cuffed another's ears and a journalist attacked a third party. The floor had to be cleared.

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REVIEW OF TRADE.

An Increase Indicated as Well as Great Confidence in the Future.

Output of Precious Metals—Industries Well Employed for the Season, and the Movement of Crops Large.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dunn & Co., number for the United States 274, and for Canada 54, or a total of 328, as compared with the totals of 330 last week and 435 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 411, representing 360 failures in the United States, and 51 in the Dominion of Canada.

Reports from various cities indicate some real increase in trade as well as great confidence in the future. In wool there are few transactions, and plates and jewelry are quiet. At Charleston some improvement is seen, though large supplies of cotton are still on hand.

The output of precious metals in 1891 has been surpassed in only two years, according to Wells-Fargo's statement, amounting to $31,975,994 gold, $60,614,004 silver, $13,261,663 copper, and $1,385,780 lead. The Mexican output of silver was $43,000,000. Annual reports of many other industries show that the production in 1891 has rarely if ever been equalled and the new year begins with no prospect of decrease in any important industry. Wool manufacture appears to have used more wool last year than in any previous year imports having been the largest on record. An excellent business is done by jobbers in cotton goods, and in medium and cheaper grades unprecedented, and knit goods are fairly strong.

The reduction of rate by the Bank of England from 3½ to 3 per cent. shows the confidence that prevails in foreign money markets. Exports from all monetary centers show ample supplies, an easier market and, except at the South, a comparatively light demand, with fair or good collections. The enormous excess of exports still continuing leads many to believe that more gold must soon be imported, but foreign exchange has risen half a cent during the week, notwithstanding reports of purchasing by London in the stock market.

No news at this season is good news. Industries are remarkably well employed for season, and the movement of crops is still large. Reports from every part of the country express even greater confidence than before in the prospects for trade. The heavy buying of coal stocks of late leads to the belief that settlements beneficial to one important industry will soon be effected.

The market for staple products have been undisturbed by speculation, which is held in check by the enormous supplies. Wheat advanced 1½c, and receipts at the West have been lighter owing to the severe weather, but exports continue large. Corn is coming forward freely and has declined 1½c, and exports for the week will probably be heavy. Oats are quiet and lower, but pork products a shade stronger. Oil has declined ½c, and coffee advanced a quarter.

Increasing strength is reported in the markets for iron and steel products. Speculation in cotton has taken courage from the fact that receipts have recently declined, at some points largely, and the price has advanced a sixteenth during the week and a quarter since the lowest point, 7⅞ cents, was touched. The speculative sales last week reached 700,000 bales here and the improving market caused a better tone at many Southern points.

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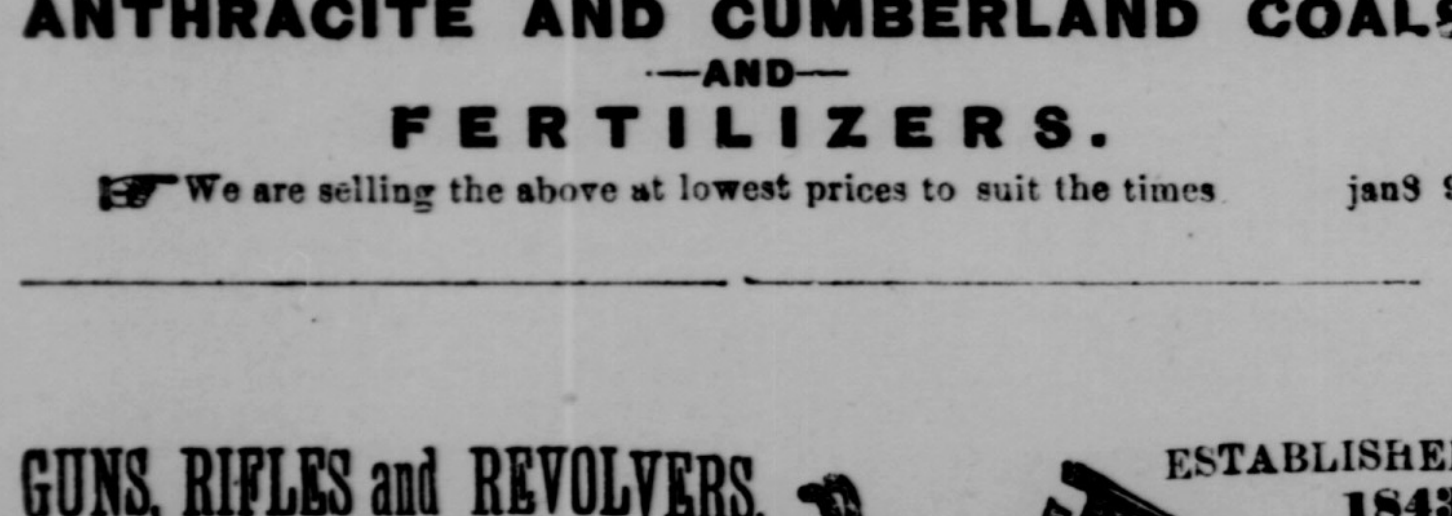

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ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

LADY SALISBURY, wife of the British Premier, has become a member of the woman's committee formed to look after the exhibits of English women at the World's Fair to be held at Chicago.

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON is living quietly at Spring Hill, a suburb of Mobile. The author of "Beulah" is said to be loath to welcome Amelie Rives as a rival in Southern literature.

J. J. CHEESEMAN, the new President of Liberia, is a Baptist minister, whom the Southern Baptist Missionary Convention of the United States appointed superintendent of its missions in 1871.

M. SOUFFLIOT, a French Waterloo veteran, recently celebrated his 99th birthday in Paris, in hearty health and spirits. The death of the last British survivor of Waterloo, Samuel Gibson, was recorded a few days ago. His age was 101.

SCHILLER liked to write on a desk which had rotting apples hid away in it, and a surrogate's jury might quite likely find him *non compos* nowadays on the score of that same strange taste. But Jules Verne's avowed preference for cider over wine must seem almost as strange to Frenchmen.

SIGNOR MANFREDI has just made a tremendous reputation for himself at the bar of Naples in a criminal case. He spoke for four days, five or six hours a day, and at the close received such an ovation as no barrister in Italy ever had before.

MRS. GLADSTONE is said to be hardly inferior to her husband in energy and industry. She has always been interested in charitable and church work and politics, and has at the same time maintained close watch upon her household affairs and her children.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS has an eminently versatile and practical husband. He practically takes entire charge of the arrangements with editors and publishers for his wife's writings; he can write a clever story himself and sell it to the best advantage, and is a partner in a real estate firm.

JULES VERNE'S wonderful tales, in which science and fancy go shares with him, are written in a little observatory on the top of his house at Amiens. The house top was a favorite point of vantage in Scriptural days, and is coming into favor again with students in the country and tenement dwellers in the city.

MADAME CONSTANS, wife of the French Minister of the Interior, has had conferred upon her, by the Sultan of Turkey, the Cross of Commander of the Order of Chefakat, founded by Abdul Hamid II., and reserved exclusively for women. Of this order Madame Carnot and Madame and Mlle. de Freycinet are also members.

KYRLE BELLEW is greatly changed, says Labouchere in the London Truth. He is no longer the dapper, well-groomed Bellew who was known by the matinee girl as "Kyrlie." There is now a touch of the shabby genteel about the once debonnair beau and he has changed greatly, the hair which used to be only streaked with silver being now almost entirely gray.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, banker, scientist, essayist, member of Parliament, and possessor of no end of honorable degrees and titles, is a profoundly religious man, who devotes one day in the week to work for his fellow-creatures. There is scarcely a Sunday afternoon or evening when he cannot be found lecturing to the poorer classes in London. The Surrey Side is his principal haunt. Without a doubt one of the pleasures of life with him is derived from philanthropy.

EX-KING FRANCIS, of Spain, is since Dom Pedro's death the most interesting of the "Kings in Exile." In every way he is quite unlike the Brazilian monarch, for he is so small in statue that he seems almost to be a dwarf, and he is noted for any nobility of mind. He lives at Epinay, apart from his wife, ex-Queen Isabella, who occupies a mansion near the Arc de Triomphe. Francis is said to be one of the meanest of men, while Isabella, despite all her faults and the stain on her character, is popular in Paris, because of her hospitality and kindness of heart.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

A NORTH-BOUND passenger train on the Frisco Line was wrecked near Woolary's Switch, Arkansas, and eight persons were injured.

JUSTICE JAMES R. LOANE, a Civil Magistrate of Baltimore, died from the effects of a dose of carbolic acid, taken in mistake for cramp medicine.

BY a collision of coasting sleds at Cadiz, Ohio, Miss Ramsey, Miss Maud Ramsey, and Harry Perry sustained broken limbs and several others were injured.

R. K. NELSON, a resident of Phillipsburg, Pa., disappeared about three weeks ago, and it is thought he wandered into the woods and has perished from exposure.

A PASSENGER train on the Northwestern and Omaha Railroad was derailed near River Falls, Wis., and eight passengers were injured, among them H. H. Beel of Philadelphia.

THE bodies of John Hamner and a negro were found on the Warrior River. They left Tuscaloosa, Ala., to look for cattle, and were evidently overtaken by night and frozen to death.

JOHN MANLEY, aged 33 years, and his son Peter, of Bellair, Ohio, were found frozen to death under the Ohio Valley Railroad bridge. It is supposed they fell from the trestle while on their way home the previous night.

H. H. GOLDSMITH, of Philadelphia, one of the oldest postal clerks on the Pennsylvania Railroad, fell from a mail car at Manunka Chunk, New Jersey, and was very seriously injured.

WILLIAM R. HANCUFF, aged 62 years, who had been missing from his home in Altoona, Pa., for several weeks, was found dead on the mountains east of the city. He had been ill for some time, and is supposed to have wandered away and died of exposure.

WHILE a party of young people were coasting at Nashville, Tenn., Mary Duncan and Mattie Neeman were fatally injured by the overturning of their sleds, and Henry Farrow was killed by a collision with a passing carriage.

THE Minneapolis passenger train on the Chicago and Northwestern Road ran into the rear of a freight, near Sharon, Wis., wrecking and burning the caboose and one car of flour. The fireman on the passenger train was slightly hurt.

THE body of W. C. Sproule was found in the gorge opposite St. Louis. He had evidently attempted to cross the river on the ice before it became heavy, had broken through, and unable to regain the surface by reason of the swift current, braced himself in the hole he had made and thus met death from exposure.

A PASSENGER train on the Viroqua branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Road was wrecked near Westby, Wis., by a broken rail. A number of persons were injured—H. A. Rawson, of Viroqua, and Express Messenger Rogers dangerously.

WHILE four boys were coasting on a hillside at New Castle, Pa., their bob sled ran into a sleigh, frightening the horses. Walter Johnson, aged 14 years, was knocked on the head by one of the horses, and Mrs. Buchanan, the occupant of the sleigh, was thrown out. Both were fatally injured.

TWO young men, named Krolerman, went to the "handferry" at Carrollton, Indiana, and finding no one in charge, drove their horse and buggy aboard and attempted to man the boat. They were so intoxicated that it drifted away with them and nothing has since been heard of them. The river was very high and full of drift.

A SHIFTING engine at the Carrie Furnace, at Rankin, Pa., ran into an abutment of the Pittsburg, McKeesport and Youghiogheny Railroad trestle and dislodged it. A freight train passed over the trestle a moment later and the span gave way, precipitating the cars to the bottom. Brakeman A. C. Carruthers was killed instantly, and Brakeman Charles Hese was fatally injured.

RUDYARD KIPLING, the story writer, was married in London to Miss Balestier, sister of the young American novelist, Walcott Balestier, who died recently in Dresden from typhoid fever.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Religion in Our Daily Life."

TEXT: *"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."*—I Corinthians x., 31.

When the apostle in his text sets forth the idea that so common an action as the taking of food and drink is to be conducted to the glory of God, he proclaims the importance of religion in the ordinary affairs of our life. In all ages of the world there has been a tendency to set apart certain days, places and occasions for worship, and to think those were the chief realms in which religion was to act. Now, holy days and holy places have their importance. They give opportunity for especial performance of Christian duty, and for regaling of the religious appetite, but they cannot take the place of continuous exercise of faith and prayer. In other words, a man cannot be so much of a Christian on Sunday that he can afford to be a worldling all the rest of the week. If a steamer puts out for Southampton and goes one day in that direction and the other six days in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? It will never get there.

And though a man may seem to be voyaging heavenward during the holy Sabbath day, if during the following six days of the week he is going toward the world, and toward the flesh, and toward the devil, he will never ride up into the peaceful harbor of heaven. You cannot eat so much at the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence the other six days. Heroism and princely behavior on great occasions are no apology for lack of right demeanor in circumstances insignificant and inconspicuous. The genuine Christian life is not spasmodic; does not go by fits and starts. It toils on through heat and cold up steep mountains and along dangerous declivities, its eye on the everlasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed.

I propose this morning to plead for a religion for to-day.

In the first place, we want to bring the religion of Christ into our conversation. When a dam breaks, and two or three villages are overwhelmed, or an earthquake in South America swallows a whole city, then people begin to talk about the uncertainty of life, and they imagine that they are engaged in positively religious conversation. No. You may talk about these things and have no grace of God at all in your heart. We ought every day to be talking religion. If there is anything glad about it, anything beautiful about it, we ought to be continuously discussing it. I have noticed that men, just in proportion as their Christian experience is shallow, talk about funerals and graveyards and tombstones and deathbeds. The real, genuine Christian man talks chiefly about this life and the great eternity beyond, and not so much about the insignificant pass between these two residences. And yet how few circles there are where the religion of Jesus Christ is welcome.

Go into a circle even of Christian people, where they are full of joy and hilarity, and talk about Christ or heaven and everything is immediately silenced. As on a summer day, when the forests are full of life, chatter and chirrup and carol—a mighty chorus of bird harmony, every tree branch an orchestra—if a hawk appear in the sky every voice stops and the forests are still; just so, I have seen a lively religious circle silenced on the appearance of anything like religious conversation. No one has anything to say, save, perhaps, some old patriarch in the corner of the room, who really thinks that something ought to be said under the circumstances, so he puts one foot over the other and heaves a long sigh, and says, "Oh, yes; that's so, that's so!"

My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is something to talk about with a glad heart. It is brighter than the waters; it is more cheerful than the sunshine. Do not go around groaning about your religion when you ought to be singing it or talking it in cheerful tones of voice. How often it is that we find men whose lives are utterly inconsistent, who attempt to talk religion, and always make a failure of it! My friends, we must live religion, or we cannot talk it. If a man is cranky and cross and uncongenial and hard in his dealings, and then begins to talk about Christ and heaven, everybody is repelled by it.

Yet I have heard such men say, in whining tones, "We are miserable sinners." "The Lord bless you," "The Lord have mercy on you," their conversation interlarded with such expressions, which mean nothing but canting, and canting is the worst form of hypocrisy. If we have really felt the religion of Christ in our hearts let us talk it, and talk it with illuminated countenance, remembering that when two Christian people talk God gives especial attention and writes down what they say. Malachi iii., 16, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord harkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written."

Again, I remark, we must bring the religion of Christ into our employments. "Oh," you say, "that is very well if a man handle large sums of money, or if he have an extensive traffic, but in my thread and needle store, in my trimming establishment, in the humble work in life that I am called to, the sphere is too small for the action of such grand, heavenly principles." Who told you so? Do you not know that God watches the faded leaf on the brook's surface as certainly as He does the path of a blazing sun? And the moss that creeps up the side of the rock makes as much impression upon God's mind as the waving tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon cedar; and the alder, crackling under the cow's hoof, sounds as loud in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration.

When you have anything to do in life, however humble it may seem to be, God is always there to help you to do it. If your work is that of a fisherman, then God will help you, as He helped Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. If your work is drawing water, then He will help you, as when He talked at the well curb to the Samaritan woman. If you are engaged in the custom house, He will lead you, as He led Matthew sitting at the receipt of customs. A religion that is not good in one place is not worth anything in another place. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs the guidance of religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank and could abscond with a hundred thousand hard dollars.

There are those prominent in the churches who seem to be on public occasions very devout, who do not put the principles of Christ's religion into practice. They are the most inexorable of creditors. They are the most grasping of dealers. They are known as sharpers on the street. They fleece every sheep they can catch. A country merchant comes in to buy spring or fall goods and he gets into the store of one of these professed Christian men who have really no grace in their hearts, and he is completely swindled. He is so overcome that he cannot get out of town during the week. He stays in town over Sunday, goes into some church to get Christian consolation, when what is his amazement to find the very man who hands him the poor box in the church is the one who relieved him of his money! But never mind, the deacon has his black coat on now. He looks solemn and goes home talking about "the blessed sermon."

If the wheat in the churches should be put into a hopper, the first turn of the crank would make the chaff fly, I tell you. Some of these men are great sticklers for Gospel preaching. They say: "You stand there in bands and surplice and gown and preach—preach like an angel, and we stand out here and attend to business. Don't mix things. Don't get business and religion in the same bucket. You attend to your matters and we will attend to ours." They do not know that God sees every cheat they have practiced in the last six years; that He can look through the iron wall of their fire proof safe; that He has counted every dishonest dollar they have in their pocket, and that a day of judgment will come. These inconsistent Christian men will sit on the Sabbath night in the house of God singing at the close of the service, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," and then when the benediction is pronounced shut the pew door and say as they go out, "Goodby, religion, I'll be back next Sunday."

I think that the Church of God and the Sabbath are only an armory where we are to get weapons. When war comes, if a man wants to fight for his country he does not go to Troy or Springfield to do battling, but he goes there for swords and muskets. I look upon the Church of Christ and the Sabbath day as only the place and time where and when we were to get armed for Christian conflict; but the battlefield is on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. "St. Martin's" and "Lenox" and "Old Hundred" do not amount to anything unless they sing all the week. A sermon is useless unless we can take it with us behind the plow and the counter. The Sabbath day is worthless if it last only twenty-four hours.

There are many Christians who say: "We are willing to serve God, but we do not want to do it in these spheres about which we are talking; and it seems so insipid and monotonous. If we had some great occasion, if we had lived in the time of Luther, if we had been Paul's traveling companion, if we could serve God on a great scale, we would do it, but we can't in this everyday life." I admit that a great deal of the romance and knight errantry of life have disappeared before the advance of this practical age. The ancient temples of Rouen have been changed into storehouses and smithies. The residences of poets and princes have been turned into brokers' shops. The classic mansion of Ashland has been cut up into walking sticks. The groves where the poets said the gods dwelt have been carted out for firewood. The muses that we used to read about have disappeared before the emigrant's ax and the trapper's gun, and that man who is waiting for a life bewitched of wonders will never find it.

There is, however, a field for endurance and great achievement, but it is in everyday life. There are Alps to scale, there are Hellesponts to swim, there are fires to brave; but they are all around us now. This is the hardest kind of martyrdom to bear. It took grace to lead Latimer and Ridley through the fire triumphantly when their armed enemies and their friends were looking on; but it requires more grace now to bring men through persecution, when nobody is looking on. I could show you in this city a woman who has had rheumatism for twenty years, who has endured more suffering and exhausted more grace than would have made twenty martyrs pass triumphantly through the fire. If you are not faithful in an insignificant position in life, you would not be in a grand mission. If you cannot stand the bite of a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk?

Do not think that any work God gives you to do in the world is on too small a scale for you to do. The whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one little flower. I say: "What are you doing down here in the grass, you poor little flower? Are you not afraid nights? You will be neglected, you will die of thirst, you will not be fed. Poor little flower!" "No," says a star, "I'll watch over it to-night." "No," says a cloud, "I'll give it a drink." "No," says the sun, "I'll warm it in my bosom." Then I see the pulleys going, and the clouds are drawing water, and I say, "What are you doing there, O clouds?" And they reply, "We are giving drink to that flower."

Then the wind rises and comes bending down the wheat and sounding its psalm through the forest, and I cry, "Whither away on such swift wing, O wind?" And it replies, "We are going to cool the cheek of that flower." And then I bow down and say, "Will God take care of the grass of the field?" And a flower at my foot responds, "Yes; He clothes the lilies of the field, and never yet has forgotten me, a poor little flower." Oh, when I see the great heavens bending themselves to what seems insignificant ministrations, when I find out that God does not forget any blossom of the spring or any snowflake of the winter, I come to the conclusion that we can afford to attend to the minute things in life, and that what we do we ought to do well, since there is as much perfection in the construction of a spider's eye as in the conformation of flaming galaxies.

Plato had a fable which I have now nearly forgotten, but it ran something like this: He said spirits of the other world came back to this world to find a body and find a sphere of work. One spirit came and took the body of a king and did his work. Another spirit came and took the body of a poet and did his work. After awhile Ulysses came, and he said, "Why, all the fine bodies are taken, and all the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me." And some one replied, "Ah! the best one has been left for you." Ulysses said, "What's that?" And the reply was, "The body of a common man, doing a common work and for a common reward." A good fable for the world and just as good a fable for the church. Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, let us do it to the glory of God.

Again, we need to bring the religion of Christ into our commonest trials. For severe losses, for bereavement, for trouble that shocks like an earthquake and that blasts like a storm, we prescribe religious consolation; but, business man, for the small annoyances of last week, how much of the grace of God did you apply? "Oh," you say, "these trials are too small for such application!" My brother, they are shaping your character, they are souring your temper, they are wearing out your patience and they are making you less and less of a man. I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way; I must do it this way!"

So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come, and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no. God says that is not the way. And so He keeps on by strokes of little annoyances, little sorrows, little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men. You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletion. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle.

You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of the New World. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lock-jaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our national government does not think it belittling to put a tax on pins and a tax on buckles and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction.

A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewed with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great trouble of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would ye say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish. Wait until there comes a general engagement and then you will see how courageous I am and what battling I will do?"

The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale. If you cannot successfully contend against these small sorrows that come down single handed, what will you do when the greater disasters of life come down with thundering artillery, rolling over your soul?

Again we must bring the religion of Christ into our commonest blessings. When the autumn comes and the harvests are in, and the governors make proclamation, we assemble in churches and we are very thankful. But every day ought to be a thanksgiving day. We do not recognize the common mercies of life. We have to see a blind man led by his dog before we begin to bethink ourselves of what a grand thing it is to have eyesight. We have to see some one afflicted with St. Vitus's dance before we are ready to thank God for the control of our physical energies. We have to see some wounded man hobbling on his crutch or with his empty coat-sleeve pinned up before we learn to think what a grand thing God did for us when He gave us healthy use of our limbs.

We are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others can arouse us up to our blessings. As the ox grazes in the pasture up to its eyes in clover, yet never thinking who makes the clover, and as the bird picks up the worm from the furrow not knowing that it is God who makes everything, from the animalcula in the sod to the seraph on the throne, so we go on eating, drinking and enjoying, but never thanking or seldom thanking; or, if thanking at all, with only half a heart.

I compare our indifference to the brute; but perhaps I wronged the brute. I do not know but that, among its other instincts, it may have an instinct by which it recognizes the divine hand that feeds it. I do not know but that God is, through it, holding communication with what we call "irrational creation." The cow that stands under the willow by the water course chewing its cud looks very thankful, and who can tell how much a bird means by its song.

The aroma of flowers smells like incense, and the mist arising from the river looks like the smoke of a morning sacrifice. Oh, that we were as responsive! Yet who thanks God for the water that gushes up in the well, and that foams in the cascade, and that laughs over the rocks, and that patters in the showers, and that clasps its hands in the sea? Who thanks God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer's day? Who thanks God for this wonderful physical organism—this sweep of the vision, this chime of harmony struck into the ear, this soft tread of a myriad delights over the nervous tissue, this rolling of the crimson tide through artery and vein, this drumming of the heart on our march to immortality? We take all these things as a matter of course.

But suppose God should withdraw these common blessings! Your body would become an inquisition of torture, the cloud would refuse rain, every green thing would crumple up, and the earth would crack open under your feet. The air would cease its healthful circulation, pestilence would swoop, and every house would become a place of skulls. Streams would first swim with vermin and then dry up, and thirst and hunger and anguish and despair would lift their scepters. Oh, compare such a life as that with the life you live this morning with your families about you! Is it not time that, with every word of our lips and with every action of our life, we began to acknowledge these everyday mercies? "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Do I address a man or a woman this morning who has not rendered to God one single offering of thanks?

I was preaching one Thanksgiving day and announced my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever." I do not know whether there was any blessing on the sermon or not, but the text went straight to a young man's heart. He said to himself, as I read the text: "'Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good'— Why, I have never rendered Him any thanks. Oh, what an ingrate I have been!" Can it be, my brother, that you have been fed by the good hand of God all these days—that you have had clothing and shelter and all beneficent surroundings, and yet have never offered your heart to God?

Oh, let a sense of the divine goodness shown you in the everyday blessings melt your heart, and if you have never before uttered one earnest note of thanksgiving let this be the day which shall bear your song. What I say to one I say to all of this audience. Take this practical religion I have recommended into your everyday life. Make every day a Sabbath and every meal a sacrament and every room you enter a holy of holies. We all have work to do; let us be willing to do it. We all have sorrows to bear; let us cheerfully bear them. We all have battles to fight; let us courageously fight them.

If you want to die right you must live right. Negligence and indolence will win the hiss of everlasting scorn, while faithfulness will gather its garlands and wave its scepter and sit upon its throne long after this earth has put on ashes and eternal ages have begun their march. You go home to-day and attend to your little sphere of duties. I will go home and attend to my little sphere of duties. Every one in his own place. So every step in life shall be a triumphal march, and the humblest footstool on which we are called to sit will be a conqueror's throne.

GENERAL STATE NEWS.

THE LATEST HAPPENINGS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

MR. JAMES SHERIDAN BIGGS, member of the House of Delegates from Frederick county, is very ill at his home at Rocky Ridge. Mr. Biggs has been confined to his bed since the 18th instant with what was at first supposed to be a severe attack of the grip, but later developments indicate typhoid fever. It is not probable that Mr. Biggs will be able to resume his duties at Annapolis for some time.

MISS MARY C. HANE died at the residence of her nephew, Mr. George F. Hane, in Frederick, aged seventy-five years. She was a sister of the late Jacob D. Hane, and conducted a private school for nearly forty years. She was a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and for many years manager of its infant Sunday-school.

A BILL will be introduced at the present sesion of the Legislature to fund $75,000 of the indebtedness of Washington county.

AT Upper Marlboro' Judges Briscoe and Brooke recinded the order passed January 18, dissolving the injunction obtained by the Washington and Potomac Railroad against the Washington City and Point Lookout Railroad. The order was passed on motion of Mr. John P. Poe, counsel for the Washington and Potomac Railroad, who asked that a receiver be appointed. Mr. Stevens represented the Washington City and Point Lookout Road. July 20 was fixed as the day to hear the motion.

JOHN BURNS, of Omaha, Neb., started with a partner to walk from Hagerstown to Waynesboro', Pa., along the Western Maryland Railroad track. As they were crossing the bridge over the Antietam, near Hagerstown, a train came upon them at full speed. In his efforts to get off the bridge Burns slipped and fell and he was literally ground to pieces. One of his legs could not be found, and it is supposed that it fell into the creek.

IN the Circuit Court for Cecil county, Henry F. Fletcher was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years for an assault upon Edward Clark, his step-father, with intent to kill. John E. Jackson was sent to the House of Correction for six months for larceny. The term of the court was adjourned.

A WELL-ATTENDED meeting of citizens of Middletown, Frederick county, took the first step toward securing water works for the town.

BY the will of the late Rev. James Stephenson, of New Market, filed in the office of the registrar of wills of Frederick county, all of his library and his philosophical and astronomical instruments are bequeathed to the University of the South at Sewanee, and $3,000 is bequeathed to found the Stephenson scholarship in the General Theological Seminary in New York, the scholarship to be at the disposal of the Bishop of Maryland.

MR. THOMAS M. MARKELL, for many years the cashier of the First National Bank of Frederick, of which Mr. Thomas Gorsuch is the president, has resigned, owing to ill-health. Major Ira Tyler, for many years the teller in the same institution, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Markell.

THE barn of Mr. Jacob Baxter on Kent Island was entirely destroyed by fire. A large quantity of fodder and corn was consumed, and it was only by active exertions that his horses were saved. As there was no insurance the loss is quite heavy.

CABLE SPARKS.

THE general of the Order of the Society of Jesus, Rev. Anthony M. Anderledy, is reported to be dying in Italy.

THE Hungarian finance minister has announced that specie payments are about to be resumed in that country.

THE Pope is suffering from an attack of the grip, but his physicians says there is no immediate cause for anxiety.

DR. BREDENMANN, director of the chemical laboratory in the University at Berlin, killed his betrothed, Margarethe Meyer, and then ended his own life.

EFFORTS are still making in Paris by the syndicate formed for that purpose to negotiate the Russian loan, but the Rothschilds hold off, and it cannot be hoped to get the loan so long as they refuse.

THERE were 32,062 deaths in London last week, being double the average prevailing from October to the middle of December of last year. The great increase is due mainly to respiratory diseases.

PARIS newspapers, which are said to be notoriously unreliable in the news they furnish, have charged General Brugere, secretary of the military household of the President of France, with sales of the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

THE French cabinet has made arrangements for the representation of each of the ministerial departments at the Chicago Columbian Exposition. The bill for the appropriation of the money necessary to carry out the plans will shortly be presented to the Chamber of Deputies of the country.

THE body of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale was removed from Sandringham House, the residence of his father, the Prince of Wales, to Windsor Castle, where funeral services were held. Afterward the remains were deposited in the memorial chapel of the castle.

ON December 30, a force of 2,000 Dahomeyans made an attack upon Kotonou, on the west coast of Africa, which is defended by a French garrison. After a gallant defence of three hours the French troops made a sortie and the attacking party fled, leaving 250 of their dead on the field. The French loss was three killed and ten wounded.

THE prisoners 160 in number, confined for various offenses at Fort Santa Cruz, two miles south of Rio Janeiro, Brazil, overpowered their guards and, armed with weapons taken from their former keepers, advanced upon Forts Pico and Lage, overcame the soldiers on duty and took possession of the two forts and the munitions of war contained therein. They then demanded the restoration to power of the deposed Dictator-General Fonseca. The government prepared to attack the forts and the rebels showed fight, firing on the troops. The troops, with the aid of men-of-war in the harbor that shelled the forts, forced the rebels to surrender. Their leader killed himself.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, super, $3.00@3.32. Wheat—Southern Fultz, 93@1.02. Corn—Southern White, 51½@52c., Yellow, 52@53c. Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania 37@38½c. Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 95@96c. Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania $13.50@14.00. Straw—Wheat, $7.50@8.00. Butter—Eastern Creamery, 31@32c. near-by receipt 23@24c. Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 12@12½c., Western, 8@9½c. Eggs—23@24c. Tobacco, Leaf—Interior $1.00@1.50 Good Common, $4.00@5.00, Middling, $5.00@8.00, Good to fine red, $9.00@11.00. Fancy, $12.00@13.00.

NEW YORK—Flour—Southern Good to choice extra, $3.5 @4.15. Wheat—No. 1 White 1.01½@1.02¼. Rye—State 1.05@1.06½c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 49@49½c. Oats—White, State 36@3 c. Butter—State, 17@26c. Cheese—State, 11@11½c. Eggs—26½@27c.

PHILADELPHIA—Flour—Pennsylvania Fancy, $3.50@3.75. Wheat, Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 99½@1.00 Rye—Pennsylvania, 97@98c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 48¼@48¾c. Oats—39@39½c. Butter—State, 28@29c. Cheese—New York Factory, 10@10½c. Eggs—State, 24@25c.

CATTLE.

BALTIMORE—Beef—$4.5 @4.75. Sheep—$2.70@5.00. Hogs—$4.40@4.60.

NEW YORK—Beef—$4.10@5.00. Sheep—$4.00@5.62½. Hogs—4.10@4.60.

EAST LIBERTY—Beef—$4.75@5.00. Sheep—$3.00@5.00. Hogs—$4.50@4.70.

MME. CARNOT, wife of the President of France, spent, this Christmas, $60,000 in practical charities. Her benefactions entailed comfort to hundreds of poor mothers.

COUNTRY TOWN EDITORS.

Some Reasons Why They Are Nearly Always Poor and Unhappy.

Although country editors are nearly always poor, there are plenty of persons who believe that half the paragraphs in a country newspaper are paid for with enormous bribes, writes the author of "A Country Town," in the Century. There are always two sides to every question, and whichever side an editor falls on, the partisans of the other accuse him of being "bought." It is little wonder, therefore, that the editor is seldom a popular man; I never knew one who was, and I never knew one who was not often accused unjustly. Probably the people believe in bribes to editors because it is a very rare editor who does not accuse his opponent of being a bribe taker, creating a prejudice against themselves and their calling. Lazy and incompetent editors nearly always explain the success of their more vigorous opponents by declaring that they carry on a system of blackmail.

I once visited in a large city the newspapers which I had long admired almost with reverence, and was surprised to hear a citizen say that what the city really needed was better papers; they would bring "eastern capital." Every citizen of a country town wants his locality "boomed," to the end that he may sell his $50 lot for $500; he can appreciate how a really good paper might aid him in this, and because his lot does not advance in value as he thinks it should, he has a grievance against the editor. He longs for an editor with some "snap" in him. I don't know what "snap" means, but I know this is the quality usually thought to be lacking. There are more great men in every country town than really exist in the entire nation, and if they are not recognized the local papers are of no account. I was once bothered a good deal by a certain man who said he could clean more chickens in an hour than any other chicken-cleaner in the world, and he wanted the fact mentioned. Men who are never suspected of greatness by other people accuse themselves of it to the editors, and when they refuse to mention this greatness they are told that their columns contain a great deal of stuff not half so interesting. It has occurred to me that when a citizen of a country town becomes drunk the first thing he does is to hunt up the editor and tell him what is the matter with the community.

Squire Lothrop's Opinion.

It is never safe to study the opinion of the multitude. "What do folks say about me?" asked an old lady who had been largely unfolding a budget of scandal. "I s'pose there's some bad mixed in with the good!" "Well, there," said her frank neighbor, "I do' know's there's any good spoke of to mix it with."

A man not especially well known had given a lecture in a New Hampshire town, without rousing much enthusiasm in his audience, and as he rode away on the top of the stage coach the next morning, he tried to get some sort of opinion from Jim Barker, the driver. After pumping in vain for a compliment, he inquired:

"Did you hear nothing about my lecture? I should like very much to know how it was received."

"Wal, no, stranger, I can't say as I heerd much. I guess the folks was purty well pleased. Nobody seemed to be again it but Square Lothrop."

"And may I ask what he said?"

"Wal, I wouldn't mind, if I'se you, what he said. He says just what he thinks, right out with it, no matter who's hurt, and he usually gits the gist on't. But I wouldn't mind what he said; the public was purty generally pleased."

"Yes," persisted the tortured man, "but I do want very much to know what Squire Lathrop's opinion was."

"Now, stranger, I wouldn't think anything more about the Square. He's got good common sense, and allers hits the nail on the head; but, as I said, you pleased 'em fust rate."

"Yes, but I must know what Squire Lothrop did say."

"Wal, if you will have it, he did say, and he's apt to git the gist on't, he did say that he thought 'twas awful shaller."

The Lunch Does It.

More rows are caused in the business world by indigestion than even the doctors know anything about. Our business men rise in a hurry, eat breakfast in a hurry and then hurry down town. Toward 1 o'clock they rush out, get a dose of underdone beef, the half of a mince pie and a cup of strong coffee, and hurry back to their offices, feeling as though they would like to fight somebody. Some one comes in who has lunched on the same style of victuals and in the same haste to discuss a plain business proposition. The two are feeling cross and sour and get to quarreling. Each thinks the other a crank, and both are wrong. It was the lunch.—Globe Democrat.

All That is Needed.

In our physical needs we want the best of anything required, and we want all that is required to be done, to be done promptly and surely, and those in pain, especially, will find all that is needed in what is herein recommended. Mr. T. J. Murphy, 61 Debevoise pl. Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Having been afflicted with sciatic rheumatism for some time past and finding no relief, I tried St. Jacobs Oil which I found very efficacious."—Miss Clara Alcott, Mahwah, N. J., writes: "I bruised my limb, and it became greatly swollen and stiff. I used two bottles of a patent liniment which did not relieve me. A physician was called who ordered the limb to be poulticed, and he gave me medicine internally, without benefit. I then got a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me. It acted like magic."—Mr. Lorenzo Buck, Bancroft, Shiawassee Co., Mich., says: "I had chronic rheumatism for years, contracted during the war. After sitting or lying down, at times, I could not get up, from stiffness and pains. At work my strength would give out, then I would pass through a sickness of several weeks. I had to walk with a cane and was at one time so ill I could not lie down without terrible pains in back and limbs. I tried St. Jacobs Oil; next morning got up out of bed without assistance. To-day I'm a new man and walk without a cane."—Mr. A. H. Cunningham, Perryopolis, Fayette County, Pa., writes: "My wife was sorely afflicted with lame back for several years. She used innumerable liniments, but experienced little relief until St. Jacobs Oil was used. I can confidently say we owe her cure to its wonderful effects and would not keep house without it."

Present fashions appear to have been created for "fine looking" or "beautiful" women.

THE GRIP

So many remedies are advertised to cure the Grip that people smile and shake their heads. Now we do not claim Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a cure for this really dangerous complaint. If you have the Grip the best thing you can do is to call a reliable physician. But we do claim that for two conditions in relation to the Grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very valuable medicine.

1st, as a Preventive

Hood's Sarsaparilla so purifies the blood and builds up the strength that the system successfully resists attacks of the Grip. This complaint and other diseases are often preceded by a weakness, that tired feeling, which Hood's Sarsaparilla taken in season will soon overcome, and serious illness be thus prevented.

2d, After the Grip

Convalescence from any form of the Grip is very slow, and to regain the desired strength a good tonic is absolutely necessary. Words are not strong enough to express our confidence in

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a tonic after attacks of the Grip, or after typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, pneumonia or other prostrating diseases. Many testimonials from people who have taken it, conclusively prove that it possesses just the building-up effect so much needed; it vitalizes and enriches the thin and impoverished blood, and it invigorates the liver and kidneys.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels, cures headache.

The Handy Man.

Mrs. Gabb—Dear me! There comes my husband. There won't be a whole piece of furniture left in the house by midnight.

Mrs. Gadd—Horrors! Does he drink, and is that a case of liquors he is carrying?

Mrs. Gabb—No, he doesn't drink. That's a new box of tools.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and $1 bottles.

The Braganza diamond, the largest in the world, weighs 188 carats.

SUDDEN CHANGES OF WEATHER cause Throat Diseases. There is no more effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc., than BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

THE snow-fall in the north of Ireland has been so heavy that traffic has been greatly impeded.

Catarrh Can't be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

In Southern Europe 38,000 oranges have been picked from one tree.

T. W. Wood & Sons' New Seed Catalogue for 1892 is pronounced the most instructive and useful work of its kind published. It not only gives full cultural directions and descriptions of all Garden and Farm seeds, but contains much valuable information to enable the farmer and Gardener to decide which are the best and most profitable to grow. Mailed free on application. (See advertisement in another column.)

It is said that four-fifths of all the hailstorms occur in the daytime.

BROWN'S Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives Strength, aids Digestion, tones the nerves—creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

There are six schools in Ireland where Irish is taught.

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.

A FRESH stream of lava is issuing from the base of the great cone of Mount Vesuvius.

Save Your Meat From Skippers.

Peerless Paper Meat Sacks are guaranteed to do it. Three sizes: 3, 4 and 5 cents apiece. Circulars free. All retailers should sell them. Great Southern Co., Frederick, Md.

The Shah of Persia has a tobacco pipe worth $400,000.

MALARIA cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

A Birmingham (England) man collected 540,000 pennies during his lifetime.

DR. SWAN'S PASTILES *Cure female weaknesses;* his T-Tablets cure chronic constipation. Samples free. Dr. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis.

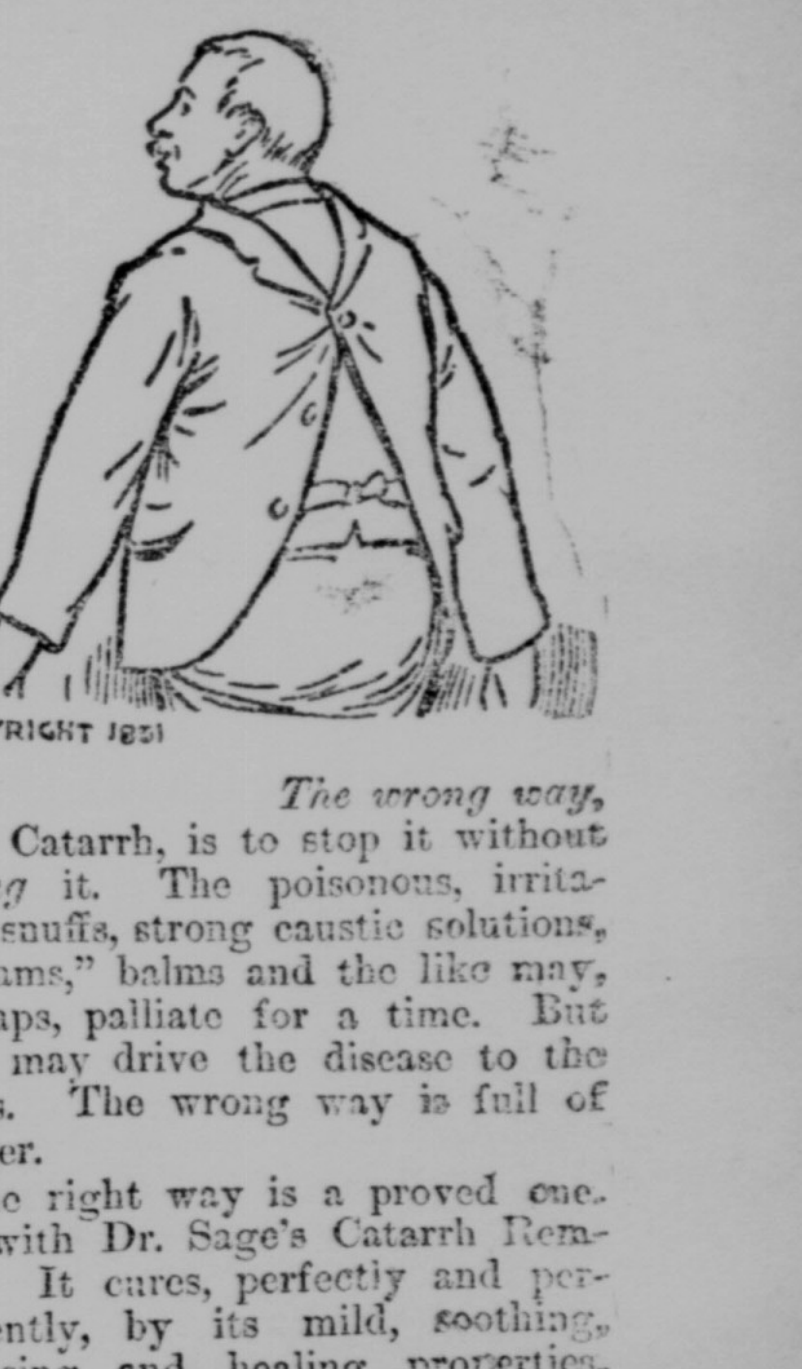
The human heart, in a lifetime of eighty years, beats 200,000,000 times.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cost only 25 cents a box. They are proverbially known throughout the world to be "worth a guinea a box."

There are over 9000 brass bands in the Salvation Army.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Berlin, Germany, has 210 miles of streets.



The wrong way, with Catarrh, is to stop it without *curing* it. The poisonous, irritating snuffs, strong caustic solutions, "creams," balms and the like may, perhaps, palliate for a time. But they may drive the disease to the lungs. The wrong way is full of danger.

The right way is a proved one. It's with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cures, perfectly and permanently, by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh. It has proved itself right, thousands of times, when everything else has failed.

And this makes its proprietors willing to prove that it's the right thing for *you*, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing.

If they can't cure your Catarrh, they'll pay you $500 in cash.

They mean it.

They're certain of their medicine.

There is nothing that may not happen to a thin baby.

There is nothing that may not happen to a man who is losing his healthy weight.

We say they are "poor." They are poorer than we at first suspect.

Do you want almost all that is known of the value of plumpness told in a way to commend to you CAREFUL LIVING—and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil if you need it.

A book on it free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1. 26

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE **CATARRH**

PRICE 50 CENTS.

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

FROM THE "PACIFIC JOURNAL."

"A great invention has been made by Dr. Tutt. That eminent chemist has produced

Tutt's Hair Dye

which imitates nature to perfection; it acts instantaneously and is perfectly harmless." Price, $1. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

My little girl suffered for three years from a large Abscess on her hip, the result of a fall and dislocation. The Abscess was large, with six openings, all of which discharged puss. I was induced by friends to give her S. S. S., and by the time the fifth bottle was finished the Abscess was entirely healed, and the child was well and happy.—MRS. J. A. WIEGNER, *Slatington, Pa.*

I had three little girls who were attacked with obstinate ECZEMA or Blood Trouble, which at first resembled heat, but soon grew to yellow blisters, some of them quite large. One of the children died from the effects of it, but we got Swift's Specific and gave to the other two, and they soon got well. S. S. S. forced out the poison promptly. The cure was wonderful.—J. D. RAINS, *Marthaville, La.*

S. S. S. has no equal for Children. It relieves the system promptly, and assists nature in developing the child's health. Our Treatise mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

"German Syrup"

Asthma. "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

Gentle, Refreshing Sleep.

THE RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are pleasant to take, safe and always effectual. A reliable remedy for Biliousness, Blotches on the Face, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Colic, Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Chronic Liver Trouble, Diabetes, Disordered Stomach, Dizziness, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Flatulence, Female Complaints, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Hives, Jaundice, Kidney Complaints, Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Nausea, Nettle Rash, Painful Digestion, Pimples, Rush of Blood to the Head, Sallow Complexion, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofula, Sick Headache, Skin Diseases, Sour Stomach, Tired Feeling, Torpid Liver, Ulcers, Water Brash and every other symptom or disease that results from impure blood or a failure in the proper performance of their functions by the stomach, liver and intestines. Persons given to over-eating are benefited by taking one tabule after each meal. A continued use of the Ripans Tabules is the surest cure for obstinate constipation. They contain nothing that can be injurious to the most delicate. 1 gross $2, 1-2 gross $1.25, 1-4 gross 75c., 1-24 gross 15 cents. Sent by mail postage paid. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, P. O. Box 672, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

AGENTS make 100 PER CENT and win $748 CASH Prizes on my Corsets, Belts, Brushes and Medicines. Sample free. Territory. Dr. Bridgman, 373 B'way, N.Y.

HOME STUDY. BOOK-KEEPING, *Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc.,* THOROUGHLY TAUGHT BY MAIL. Circulars free. Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE HAYES DOUBLE CYLINDER FORCE PUMPS. Guaranteed to be the best on earth. Sent on 30 days' trial. Write for circulars to HAYES PUMP & PLANTER CO., Galva, Ill.

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

SUCCESS IS ASSURED

BY SOWING THE

BEST SEEDS.

PRIZE MEDAL WOODS TESTED SEEDS

The fact that we sell more

CLOVER, GRASS,

and FIELD SEEDS than any house in the Southern States, is most convincing proof of our high grade Seeds and reasonable prices. Our

GARDEN SEEDS

are unsurpassed in quality, purity, and germinating powers. We DELIVER POSTPAID anywhere all Seeds at ounce and packet rates, and give 25 cts. worth extra packet Seeds for each $1.00 worth ordered. We also have special low rates on Seeds in bulk.

OUR INSTRUCTIVE CATALOGUE, giving full information and directions for cultivating all Farm and Garden Crops, mailed *free*. Send for it. Address

T. W. WOOD & SONS

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