Ode to Spring.

I wakened to the singing of a bird;
I heard the bird of spring.
And lo!
At his sweet note
The flowers began to grow,
Grass, leaves and everything,
As if the green world heard
The trumpet of his tiny throat
From end to end, and winter and despair
Fled at his melody, and passed in air.

I heard at dawn the music of a voice.
O my beloved, then I said, the spring
Can visit only once the waiting year;
The bird can bring
Only the season's song, nor his the choice
To waken smiles or the remembering tear!
But thou dost bring
Springtime to every day, and at thy call
The flowers of life unfold, though leaves of autumn fall.

—[Mrs. James T. Fields, in the Century.

A BOX OF DIAMONDS.

In the year 1867 I found myself at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, just out of hospital, not a dollar in my pocket, and ready to ask the American Consul to send me to the United States in the name of charity. I had been out with an American whaler, and had been left there so broken in health that no one supposed that I could live two weeks. As the ship had taken no oil there was nothing coming to me. Indeed, I was in debt to her, and but for the few dollars raised among the men I should have been a pauper on landing.

One afternoon, while I was on my way to the Consulate to see what help I could obtain, I encountered an Englishman, whom I at once identified as a sailor—captain or mate. He stopped and inquired my name, nativity and occupation and when I had given him the information he slapped me on the back and exclaimed:

"It's a bit of luck that I met you! I've got a place for you, and we'll drop in somewhere and have a talk."

He was a blunt-spoken man, but a cautious one. He did not unfold his plans until he had pumped me pretty dry and apparently satisfied himself that I was a man he wanted. Even then I only got a part of the story, and am still in the dark as to many particulars. The stranger's name was Captain Roberts, and he had given up the command of an English brig on purpose to enter upon a hunt for treasure. Two years before, as he informed me, a coasting schooner, which was carrying half a million dollars' worth of diamonds, besides a large sum in rough gold, between Rio and Montevideo, had been wrecked about seventy miles below Porto Alegre. Why this treasure had been intrusted to a sailing vessel and whether it belonged to church or state or some individual I never learned. The captain had nothing to say about that, and I bound myself to secrecy regarding the whole affair.

How Captain Roberts had located the wreck was a matter I did not ask about, but I did hear it said that all the crew were lost. I was a sailor and a diver and he offered to stand all the expense of the search and give me $10,000 in gold if we recovered the diamonds only. If we got the gold as well I was to have a larger share. He had chartered a coasting schooner for three months, and was then getting aboard whatever he thought would be needed. I signed with him that afternoon as mate, and three days after we had picked up all our crew. Fortunately for us a ship came in with twelve seaman rescued from a burning bark at sea, and we took eight of them and a cook. This gave us eleven hands all told on the little craft, but wrecking is a thing demanding plenty of muscle at the cranks, windlasses and tail ropes. The crew proper were not let into the secret, but signed for a voyage to Buenos Ayres and return.

There was a Rio banker behind the expedition, as I accidentlly discovered, but he did not come near the schooner, and Captain Roberts visited him only by night. We were so well provisioned and provided that it must have taken a snug sum of money to fit us out. This the banker no doubt advanced and took his chances. At the Custom House we cleared for the La Plata in ballast, but some of that ballast had been taken aboard under cover of darkness. We had a diver's outfit, timbers, planks, spare casks, extra ropes and chains, and about the last package received contained a dozen muskets and a lot of fixed ammunition. We slipped out quietly one night with the tide, and before daylight came we were far away.

Captain Roberts had a pretty fair chart of the neighborhood of the wreck, and after a speedy run down the coast we reached it one afternoon about 4 o'clock. When we came to work inshore we got sight of the mountain peaks laid down on the chart, and in a couple of hours were satisfied that the wreck was within a mile of us north or south. Just there was a reef about four miles off shore and extending up and down the coast for thirty miles. Behind this reef in many places was deep water up to the shore line. It being summer weather, with the winds light but holding steady, we anchored off the reef, and then the men were told that we had come to search for a wreck. It was all right with them, and after dinner two boats were lowered to begin the search. Taking the schooner as the centre, we pulled both ways, running close to the reef. The treasure craft had been dismasted in a squall and driven shoreward, and we confidently expected to find her hull, if it had not gone to pieces, on or near the reef.

Before sundown we had made careful search for three miles away, but without finding the slightest trace of her. Next morning we tried it again, but nothing was brought to light. In some places the reef showed above the surface at low tide, in others there was plenty of water to carry us over at any time. The treasure craft might have hit the reef at a favorable spot and been driven almost to the beach; but before accepting this theory we got out the drag and explored the deeper waters seaward from the reef. We spent three days at this work, grappling only the rocks hidden away from 30 to 60 feet below, and using up the men with the hard work. The schooner was then sailed over the reef and anchored in a snug berth in 30 feet of water, and we began the search of the shore waters. The shore was a rocky bluff crowned with a dense forest, with a few yards of shingly beach at long intervals.

We had searched this bay for four days without luck when I had the good fortune to discover the wreck with my own eyes. She lay within half a mile of the beach in 22 feet of water, and was bottom side up against a big rock. She had probably passed the reef in safety, but had struck this rock, which thrust its head within three feet of the surface, and in going down had turned turtle. It seemed now that not a soul of her crew had escaped, and how anybody had afterward located the wreck and made a chart of the locality was a greater mystery than ever. Our first move was to bring the schooner as near as possible, and then we began preparations to lift the wreck. She must be turned over, so as to float on her keel, if nothing more. Lying boitom up, there was no possible way to get into her cabin.

Next day after the discovery, I went down in my diving dress and attached chains to her starboard side. These were spliced out with stout ropes leading aboard our schooner, and after half a day's work we were ready to haul. We could lift her a bit, but not more than a foot, and after working one day we gave up that method for another. Casks were sent down to me and attached wherever possible, and but for the presence of sharks we would have had her over in a day. As if one monster had communicated with another for miles up and down the coast, they gathered about the schooner and the wreck, and I had the closest kind of a call from being seized by a man-eater that was fully 15 feet long. Standing on our decks I counted 86 dorsal fins moving about us at one time, and I don't believe that was half the number of sharks within a circle of a quarter of a mile. There could be no more diving while they were hanging about, and we set to work to get clear of their company. Captain Roberts had foreseen such an emergency and had come provided.

I doubt if a ship's crew ever had deeper revenge on Sailor Jack's implacable enemy. The muskets were brought up and four of the men told off to use them. A fifth man was given charge of a whale lance, and the rest of us were kept busy administering a punishment which might be called barbarous by humanitarians. We heated bricks red hot on the galley stove, swiftly wrapped them up in cloths, and they no sooner touched the water than they were gulped down. As soon as a shark was wounded by ball or lance so as to leave a trail of blood he was at once eagerly attacked by others, and our hot bricks soon turned a dozen or more big fellows on their backs.

It was a regular circus for about three hours, during which at least fifty of the monsters were slaughtered, and then those that were left alive suddenly drew off to the last one, and we did not sight another shark during our stay. I did not go down again for twenty-four hours, however, not feeling certain that some big fellow was not lying in wait behind the wreck. When I did descend I found the schooner lifting to the casks, and after attaching three or four more she slowly rose to the surface. We then got the boats out and towed her into a depth of fourteen feet and then swayed her over until she righted. She went to the bottom again, of course, as the casks no longer buoyed her, but we expected that.

When I came to go down in my suit I found almost a clear deck. She had been schooner-rigged and both masts had been carried away at the deck. Beginning at the heel of the bowsprit and running along the port side about twenty-five feet of her bulwarks were left standing. Capstan, windlass, hatch covers and the skylight of the cabin had been swept away. This latter fact was greatly in my favor, as I could drop directly into the cabin. I was told to look for the treasure in the captain's stateroom, but my feet had no sooner touched the cabin floor than my outstretched hands encountered something which I knew by the feel to be a dead man. My finding him in the situation I did still further deepened the mystery of the whole expedition. He was tied fast and I had to cut him loose with my knife. As soon as released the body floated upward, and the men told me that it floated out to sea with the tide, riding on the surface like a cork.

Evening was now drawing near, and further search was abandoned until another day. After breakfast next morning I descended again, and within two hours had the treasure out of the wreck. I found it, not in the captain's stateroom, but on the floor of the main cabin—the diamonds were in a cast-iron box about as large as a child's savings bank, and the gold in stout wooden boxes, and I left nothing behind.

From the treasure being found where it was I argued that there had been a mutiny before the storm, and that the captain had been tied in the cabin and the crew was making ready to divide up the spoils. Perhaps after driving over the reef and striking the rock one had been cast ashore to tell the story, and it was on his information we acted. If so, however, the fact was not admitted. I learned no more than I have told you. Not one of the crew knew the value of our find, and, sailorlike, asked but few questions.

When the treasure was safe aboard we returned to Rio. For four days not a man was permitted to leave the vessel. Then I received the sum agreed upon, with a considerable increase, the men were made happy with a snug sum of money counted down to each, and we were all bundled aboard a steamer bound for Cuba, each giving his promise to say nothing of the wrecking expedition to anyone. I learned later on that Government vessels searched for weeks for the wreck, and that the Rio banker had to flee to England for safety, but that only added to the strangeness of the adventure instead of clearing up the many mysteries.—[M. Quad, in St Louis Republic.

QUEER ANGLING.

Some Ingenious Oriental Ruses to Catch Wary Fish.

The Chinese Have Trained Cormorants to Assist Them.

"The Chinese have many very curious ways of catching fish," said a piscicultural sharp. "In winter they dive for them. A certain species demanded in the market seeks shelter during the cold season under rocks at a considerable depth. They cannot be got with a hook and line, and so the fishermen go down into the water after them, plunging from a boat. Three dives are made each hour, and a fire is kept up on board the boat for the purpose of warming those at work between whiles. Not infrequently they come up bleeding from the lungs, and rheumatism and skin diseases render them disabled by the time they are forty years old.

"It was the Chinese who invented the well-known plan of capturing ducks and other water fowl by wading toward them with a basket over the head and dragging them under water before they knew what had caught them by the legs. Theirs is the idea of employing cormorants to aid them in fishing. You have heard, doubtless, how the birds used for this purpose have collars around their necks to prevent them from swallowing the food they capture. At a signal given by their owner they plunge into the water after the prey. Whatever they get is taken from them, and they are rewarded for every success with a bit of fish small enough for them to eat. They are forced to work very hard all day long, but great care is taken of them and they are nursed most attentively when they are sick. A bird is usually good for service until it is ten years old. The cormorant fishermen are organized into societies, the birds belonging to each association having a peculiar mark.

"In India also the natives employ many methods of fishing which seem odd to us. There is in the district of Oude a species of so-called 'walking fish' with snake-like heads, which are often seen floating on the water as if asleep. The people shoot them with cross bows. Usually they sink when they are killed, so that they have to be dived for afterward. In the Indus, the Ganges and other streams are numerous fish-eating crocodiles which attain a length of more than 20 feet. Except when near their nest and anxious to defend their eggs they run away from human beings. Of fish they catch an enormous number, and it has been thought very strange that the fishermen should not destroy such rivals in their own business. But they regard the mere suggestion of such an idea with horror, saying that the crocodiles are brothers in trade.

"The man-eating crocodiles of those rivers are regarded as sacred and are never harmed. Of late years they have destroyed more lives than formerly, owing to the prohibition by law of the ancient practice of consigning corpses to the streams. It was the good old way to fill the mouth of the defunct respectfully with mud and leave the cadaver to be swept away by the current. Upon such supplies of food the great saurians depended largely, and, being deprived of them, they lie in wait to snap up living people and cattle. Five persons have been known to be carried off in one year at a single pool. However, the country is over-populated, but one would not think it an agreeable death to die.

"The Buddhists in India have a horror of eating the flesh of animals, believing them to be incarnations of human beings' souls; but they permit themselves the luxury of fish, usually getting around the difficulty by saying that the fishermen take away the fishes' lives and are responsible. On the walls of their temples are numerous frescoes vividly depicting the terrible tortures which fishermen will have to endure in a future state. In these paintings fires are represented stirred by imps, who are dragging the fishermen into the flames in nets, hauling them by hooks and lines and prodding them from behind with fish spears.

"There is a story of a Buddhist priest who lodged for some time at the house of a fisherman. The latter had recently reformed and was pursuing another occupation. After two days the guest asked why no fish were served upon the table, and, being informed that his host was withheld by conscientious scruples from catching them, he expressed his approval in high terms. At the end of a week, however, he felt a craving for fish strong upon him, and inquired how far the fisherman's net stretched across the neighboring stream. He was told that it extended one-third of the way across.

"'If that is the case,' said the priest, 'the fish have their choice as to whether they will be caught or not. So, if they choose to be taken nobody else is responsible. Therefore, you will do right to try to catch some.'

"Accordingly the priest was served therewith with fish, of which delicacy he would have been deprived had it not been for the wisdom which sacred books had taught him."

A Terror.

"You know that tough fellow, McGowan?"

"Yes."

"Who gets away with everyone who tackles him?"

"Yes."

"Well, I walked all over him last night."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"How did you manage it?"

"Well, we happened to stop at the same hotel, and he had the room underneath mine."

"Oh!"—[Philadelphia Press.

Reparation.

Jones—I say, colonel, your dog bit my child, and you've got to make reparation.

Colonel Brown—All right, Jones, I'll make suitable reparation. You (sadly) may have the dog.—[Yankee Blade.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Divinity in the Stars."

TEXT: *"Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."*—Amos v., 8.

A country farmer wrote this text—Amos of Tekoa. He plowed the earth and thrashed the grain by a new thrashing machine just invented, as formerly the cattle trod out the grain. He gathered the fruit of the sycamore tree and scarified it with an iron comb just before it was getting ripe, as it was necessary and customary in that way to take from it the bitterness. He was the son of a poor shepherd and stuttered, but before the stammering rustic the Philistines and Syrians and Phœnicians and Moabites and Ammonites and Edomites and Israelites trembled.

Moses was a law giver, Daniel was a prince, Isaiah a courtier and David a king; but Amos, the author of my text, was a peasant, and, as might be supposed, nearly all his parallelisms are pastoral, his prophecy full of the odor of new mown hay, and the rattle of locusts, and the rumble of carts with sheaves, and the roar of wild beasts devouring the flock while the shepherd came out in their defense. He watched the herds by day, and by night inhabited a booth made out of bushes, so that through these he could see the stars all night long, and was more familiar with them than we who have tight roofs to our houses and hardly ever see the stars, except among the tall brick chimneys of the great towns. But at seasons of the years when the herds were in special danger, he would stay out in the open field all through the darkness, his only shelter the curtain of the night heaven, with the stellar embroideries and silver tassels of lunar light.

What a life of solitude, all alone with his herds! Poor Amos! And at 12 o'clock at night hark to the wolf's bark, and the lion's roar, and the bear's growl, and the owl's te-whit-te-who, and the serpent's hiss, as he unwittingly steps too near while moving through the thickets! So Amos, like other herdsmen, got the habit of studying the map of the heavens, because it was so much of the time spread out before him. He noticed some stars advancing and others receding. He associated their dawn and setting with certain seasons of the year. H had a poetic nature, and he read night by night, and month by month, and year by year, the poem of the constellations, divinely rhythmic. But two rosettes of stars especially attracted his attention while seated on the ground or lying on his back under the open scroll of the midnight heavens—the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, and Orion. The former group this rustic prophet associated with the spring, as it rises about the first of May. The latter he associated with the winter, as it comes to the meridian in January. The Pleiades, or Seven Stars, connected with all sweetness and joy; Orion, the herald of the tempest. The ancients were the more apt to study the physiognomy and juxtaposition of the heavenly bodies, because they thought they had a special influence upon the earth, and perhaps they were right. If the moon every few hours lifts and lets down the tides of the Atlantic ocean, and the electric storms of the sun, by all scientific admission, affect the earth, why not the stars have proportionate effect?

And there are some things which make me think that it may not have been all superstition which connected the movements and appearance of the heavenly bodies with great moral events on earth. Did not a meteor run on evangelistic errand on the first Christmas night and designate the rough cradle of our Lord? Did not the stars in their courses fight against Sisera? Was it merely coincidental that before the destruction of Jerusalem the moon was eclipsed for twelve consecutive nights? Did it merely happen so that a new star appeared in constellation Cassiopeia, and then disappeared just before King Charles IX of France, who was responsible for the St. Bartholomew massacre, died? Was it without significance that in the days of the Roman emperor Justinian war and famine were preceded by the dimness of the sun, which for nearly a year gave no more light than the moon, although there were no clouds to obscure it?

Astrology, after all, may have been something more than a brilliant heathenism. No wonder that Amos of the text, having heard these two anthems of the stars, put down the stout rough staff of the herdsman and took into his brown hand and cut and knotted fingers the pen of a prophet and advised the recreant people of his time to return to God, saying, "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion." This command, which Amos gave 785 years B. C., is just as appropriate for us, 1892 A. D.

In the first place, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made the Pleiades and Orion must be the God of order. It was not so much a star here and a star there that impressed the inspired herdsman, but seven in one group and seven in the other group. He saw that night after night and season after season and decade after decade they had kept step of light, each one in its own place, and sisterhood never clashing and never contesting precedence. From the time Hesiod called the Pleiades the "seven daughters of Atlas," and Virgil wrote in his Æneid of "Stormy Orion" until now, they have observed the order established for their coming and going; order written not in manuscript that may be pigeonholed, but with the hand of the Almighty on the dome of the sky, so that all nations may read it. Order. Persistent order. Sublime order. Omnipotent order.

What a sedative to you and me, to whom communities and nations sometimes seem going pellmell, and world ruled by some fiend at haphazard and in all directions maladministration! The God who keeps seven worlds in right circuit for six thousand years can certainly keep all the affairs of individuals and nations and continents in adjustment. We had not better fret much, for the peasant's argument of the text was right. If God can take care of the seven worlds of the Pleiades and the four chief worlds of Orion, He can probably take care of the one world we inhabit.

So I feel very much as my father felt one day when we were going to the country mill to get a grist ground, and I, a boy of seven years, sat in the back part of the wagon, and our yoke of oxen ran away with us and along a labyrinthine road through the woods, so that I thought every moment we should be dashed to pieces, and I made a terrible outcry of fright, and my father turned to me with a face perfectly calm, and said: "De Witt, what are you crying about? I guess we can ride as fast as the oxen can run." And, my hearers, why should we be affrighted and lose our equilibrium in the swift movement of worldly events, especially when we are assured that it is not a yoke of unbroken steers that are drawing us on, but that order and wise government are in the yoke?

In your occupation, your mission, your sphere, do the best you can and then trust to God; and if all things are all mixed and disquieting, and your brain is hot and your heart sick, get some one to go out with you into the starlight and point out to you the Pleiades, or, better than that, get into some observatory, and through the telescope see further than Amos with the naked eye could—namely, two hundred stars in the Pleiades, and that in what is called the sword of Orion there is a nebula computed to be two trillion, two hundred thousand billions times larger than the sun. Oh, be at peace with the God who made all that and controls all that—the wheel of the constellations turning in the wheel of galaxies for thousands of years without the breaking of a cog or the slipping of a band or the snap of an axle. For your placidity and comfort through the Lord Jesus Christ I charge you, "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two groups of the text was the God of light. Amos saw that God was not satisfied with making one star or three stars, but He makes seven; and having finished that group of worlds makes another group—group after group. To the Pleiades He adds Orion. It seems that God likes light so well that He keeps making it. Only one being in the universe knows the statistics of solar, lunar, stellar, meteoric creations, and that is the Creator Himself. And they have all been lovingly christened, each one a name as distinct as the names of your children. "He telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their names." The seven Pleiades had names given to them, and they are Alcyone, Merope, Celæno, Electra, Sterope, Taygete and Maia.

But think of the billions and trillions of daughters of starry light that God calls by name as they sweep by Him with beaming brow and lustrous robe! So fond is God of light—natural light, moral light, spiritual light. Again and again is light harnessed for symbolization — Christ, the bright morning star: evangelization, the day-break: the redemption of nations, Sun of Righteousness rising with healing in His wings. O men and women, with so many sorrows and sins and perplexities, if you want light of comfort, light of pardon, light of goodness, in earnest prayer through Christ, "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two archipelagoes of stars must be an unchanging God. There had been no change in the stellar appearance in this herdsman's lifetime, and his father, a shepherd, reported to him that there had been no change in his lifetime. And these two clusters hang over the celestial arbor now just as they were the first night that they shone on the Edenic bowers; the same as when the Egyptians built the pyramids, from the top of which to watch them; the same as when the Chaldeans calculated the eclipses; the same as when Elihu, according to the book of Job, went out to study the aurora borealis; the same under Ptolemaic system and Copernican system; the same from Calisthenes to Pythagoras, and from Pythagoras to Herschel. Surely, a changeless God must have fashioned the Pleiades and Orion! Oh, what an anodyne amid the ups and downs of life, and the flux and reflux of the tides of prosperity, to know that we have a changeless God, the same "yesterday, to-day and forever!"

Xerxes garlanded and knighted the steersman of his boat in the morning and hanged him in the evening of the same day. The world sits in its chariot and drives tandem, and the horse ahead is Huzza and the horse behind is Anathema. Lord Cobham, in King James's time, was applauded, and had thirty-five thousand dollars a year, but was afterward execrated and lived on scraps stolen from the royal kitchen. Alexander the Great after death remained unburied for thirty days, because no one would do the honor of shoveling him under. The Duke of Wellington refused to have his iron fence mended because it had been broken by an infuriated populace in some hour of political excitement, and he left it in ruins that men might learn what a fickle thing is human favor. "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting to them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto the children's children of such as keep His covenant, and to those who remember His commandments to do them." This moment "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two beacons of the oriental night sky must be a God of love and kindly warning. The Pleiades rising in midsky said to all the herdsmen and husbandmen, "Come out and enjoy the mild weather and cultivate your gardens and fields." Orion, coming in winter, warned them to prepare for tempest. All navigation was regulated by these two constellations. The one said to shipmaster and crew, "Hoist sail for the sea and gather merchandise from other lands." But Orion was the storm signal, and said, "Reef sail, make things snug or put into harbor, for the hurricanes are getting their wings out." As the Pleiades were the sweet evangels of the spring, Orion was the warning prophet of the winter.

Oh, now I get the best view of God I ever had! There are two kinds of sermons I never want to preach—the one that presents God so kind, so indulgent, so lenient, so imbecile that men may do what they will against Him and fracture His every law and put the pry of their impertinence and rebellion under His throne, and while they are spitting in His face and stabbing at His heart, He takes them up in His arms and kisses their infuriated brow and cheek, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The other kind of sermon I never want to preach is the one that represents God as all fire and torture and thundercloud, and with red hot pitchfork tossing the human race into paroxysms of infinite agony. The sermon that I am now preaching believes in a God of loving, kindly warning, the God of spring and winter, the God of Pleiades and Orion.

You must remember that the winter is just as important as the spring. Let one winter pass without frost to kill vegetation and ice to bind the rivers and snow to enrich our fields, and then you will have to enlarge your hospitals and your cemeteries. "A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard," was the old proverb. Storms to purify the air. Thermometer at ten degrees above zero to tone up the system. December and January just as important as May and June. I tell you we need the storms of life just as much as we do the sunshine. There are more men ruined by prosperity than by adversity. If we had our own way in life before this we would have been impersonations of selfishness and worldliness and disgusting sin, and puffed up until we would have been like Julius Cæsar, who was made by sycophants to believe that he was divine, and that the freckles on his face were as stars of the firmament.

One of the swiftest transatlantic voyages made last summer by our swiftest steamer was because she had a stormy wind abaft, chasing her from New York to Liverpool. But to those going in the opposite direction the storm was a buffeting and a hindrance. It is a bad thing to have a storm ahead, pushing us back; but if we be God's children and aiming toward heaven the storms of life will only chase us the sooner into the harbor. I am so glad to believe that the monsoons and typhoons and mistrals and siroccos of the land and sea are not unchained maniacs let loose upon the earth, but are under divine supervision! I am so glad that the God of the Seven Stars is also the God of Orion! It was out of Dante's suffering came the sublime "Divina Commedia," and out of John Milton's blindness came "Paradise Lost," and out of miserable infidel attack came the "Bridgewater Treatise" in favor of Christianity, and out of David's exile came the songs of consolation, and out of the sufferings of Christ come the possibility of the world's redemption, and out of your bereavement, your persecution, your poverties, your misfortunes may yet come an eternal heaven.

Oh, what a mercy it is that in the text and all up and down the Bible God induces us to look out toward other worlds! Bible astronomy in Genesis, in Joshua, in Job, in the Psalms, in the prophets, major and minor, in St. John's Apocalypse, practically saying: "World's! worlds! worlds! Get ready for them!" We have a nice little world here that we stick to, as though losing that we lose all. We are afraid of falling off this little raft of a world. We are afraid that some meteoric iconoclast will some night smash it, and we want everything to revolve around it, and are disappointed when we find that it revolves around the sun instead of the sun revolving around it. What a fuss we make about this little bit of a world, its existence only a short time between two spasms, the paroxysm by which it was hurled from chaos into order, and the paroxysm of its demolition.

And I am glad that so many texts call us to look off to other worlds, many of them larger and grander and more resplendent. "Look there," says Job, "at Mazaroth and Arcturus and his sons!" "Look there," says St. John, "at the moon under Christ's feet!" "Look there," says Joshua, "at the sun standing still above Gibeon!" "Look there," says Moses, "at the sparkling firmament!" "Look there," says Amos, the herdsman, "at the Seven Stars and Orion!" Don't let us be so sad about those who shove off from this world under Christly pilotage. Don't let us be so agitated about our going off this little barge or sloop or canal boat of a world to get on some Great Eastern of the heavens. Don't let us persist in wanting to stay in this barn, this shed, this out-house of a world when all the King's palaces already occupied by many of our best friends are swinging wide open their gates to let us in.

When I read, "In My Father's house are many mansions," I do not know but that each world is a room, and as many rooms as there are worlds, stellar stairs, stellar galleries, stellar hallways, stellar windows, stellar domes. How our departed friends must pity us, shut up in these cramped apartments, tired if we walk fifteen miles, when they some morning, by one stroke of wing, can make circuit of the whole stellar system and be back in time for matins! Perhaps yonder twinkling constellation is the residence of the martyrs; that group of twelve luminaries is the celestial home of the apostles. Perhaps that steep of light is the dwelling place of angels cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. A mansion with as many rooms as worlds, and all their windows illuminated for festivity.

Oh, how this widens and lifts and stimulates our expectations! How little it makes the present and how stupendous it makes the future! How it consoles us about our pious dead, who, instead of being boxed up and under the ground, have the range of as many rooms as there are worlds, and welcome everywhere, for it is the Father's house, in which there are many mansions! Oh, Lord God of the Seven Stars and Orion, how can I endure the transport, the ecstasy of such a vision! I must obey my text and seek Him. I will seek Him. I seek Him now, for I call to mind that it is not the material universe that is most valuable, but the spiritual, and that each of us has a soul worth more than all the worlds which the inspired herdsman saw from his booth on the hills of Tekoa.

I had studied it before, but the Cathedral of Cologne, Germany, never impressed me as it did the last time I saw it. It is admitted the grandest gothic structure in the world, its foundation laid in 1248, only eight or nine years ago completed. More than six hundred years in building. All Europe taxed for its construction. Its chapel of the Magi with precious stones enough to purchase a kingdom. Its chapel of St. Agnes with master-pieces of painting. Its spire springing five hundred and eleven feet into the heavens. Its stained glass the chorus of all rich colors. Statues encircling the pillars and encircling all. Statues above statues, until sculpture can do no more, but faints and falls back against carved stalls and down on pavements over which the kings and queens of the earth have walked to confession. Nave and aisles and transept and portals combining the splendors of sunrise. Interlaced, interfoliated, intercolumned grandeur. As I stood outside looking at the double range of flying buttresses and the forest of pinnacles, higher and higher and higher, until I almost reeled from dizziness, I exclaimed: "Great doxology in stone! Frozen prayer of many nations!"

But while standing there I saw a poor man enter and put down his pack and kneel beside his burden on the hard floor of that cathedral. And tears of deep emotion came into my eyes as I said to myself: "There is a soul worth more than all the material surroundings. That man will live after the last pinnacle has fallen, and not one stone of all that cathedral glory shall remain uncrumbled. He is now a Lazarus in rags and poverty and weariness, but immortal and a son of the Lord God Almighty, and the prayer he now offers, though amid many superstitions, I believe God will hear, and among the apostles whose sculptured forms stand in the surrounding niches he will at last be lifted, and into the presence of that Christ whose sufferings are represented by the crucifix before which he bows, and be raised in due time out of all his poverties into the glorious home built for him and built for us by "Him who maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

THERE is another name given to duty; we sometimes call it virtue. If one tells the truth when it gives him pain to tell the truth, we say that he acts virtuously. And we also say that he is a virtuous person. A good principle in us is virtue. A right thing which a good principle bids us to do is virtuous conduct.

PROF. HALE, the Cornell man engaged at great expense to teach Latin in the Chicago University, has written a book of 340 pages on the Latin preposition cum. A man who can say so much of so small a thing ought to be in the United States Senate.

To Make Tea.

The tea question seems to have many phases. Articles are written for and against its baneful qualities, and women who preside at 5 o'clocks are as tenacious of the superiority of the particular sort they offer as they are of the virtues of their family physicians. Oolong, Formosa, Orange Pekoe and the rest of them all have their zealous advocates. One of the best of teas is undoubtedly a choice and mild English breakfast. This tea has many grades, the best being as delicate and delicious as the poorest is rank and undesirable.

When it comes to the matter of brewing, theories again clash. How much to each cup and to the pot, how long to stand, to stir or not to stir—these are some of the rocks upon which the ignorant go to pieces. C. P. Huntington, who is considered a connoisseur in tea, and who frequently offers a cup to a business friend in his office, believes in the stirring clause. He ladles out the precious leaves, a teaspoonful to the cup and one to the pot, pours on a very little water, stirs it well, pours on a little more water, lets it stand for a little less than a minute, then pours off this first decoction, which he asserts is not acceptable to the educated tea palate.

After this he fills the measure with water, of course, freshly boiled, and in three minutes offers a cup of amber liquid, fragrant, smooth and delicious, to his favored guests.

Real tea lovers take it unsugared and uncreamed; few, indeed, nowadays are such vandals as to take the latter "trimming," though many still incline to the sweetening part. As a somewhat romantic man puts it: "Part of the poetry of tea drinking is the fascinating moment when the pretty woman, clad in her dainty tea gown, pauses, cup in one hand, and tongs daintily poised over it with the other, and, looking up into your face with a most engaging expression, murmurs softly, 'One or two lumps?'"—[Philadelphia Record.

How They Came by Their Names.

The study of philology develops such curious derivations as those below, and proves a most interesting—even fascinating—study.

Blankets, it is said, were named after their first makers, three brothers of Bristol, England, named Edward, Edmund and Thomas Blanket, who established a large trade in this article of woolen goods, and were the earliest manufacturers of it in the middle of the fourteenth century.

Cambrics, we are told, came from Cambray, a town in French Flanders famous for its fine linens, and damask originated in Damascus.

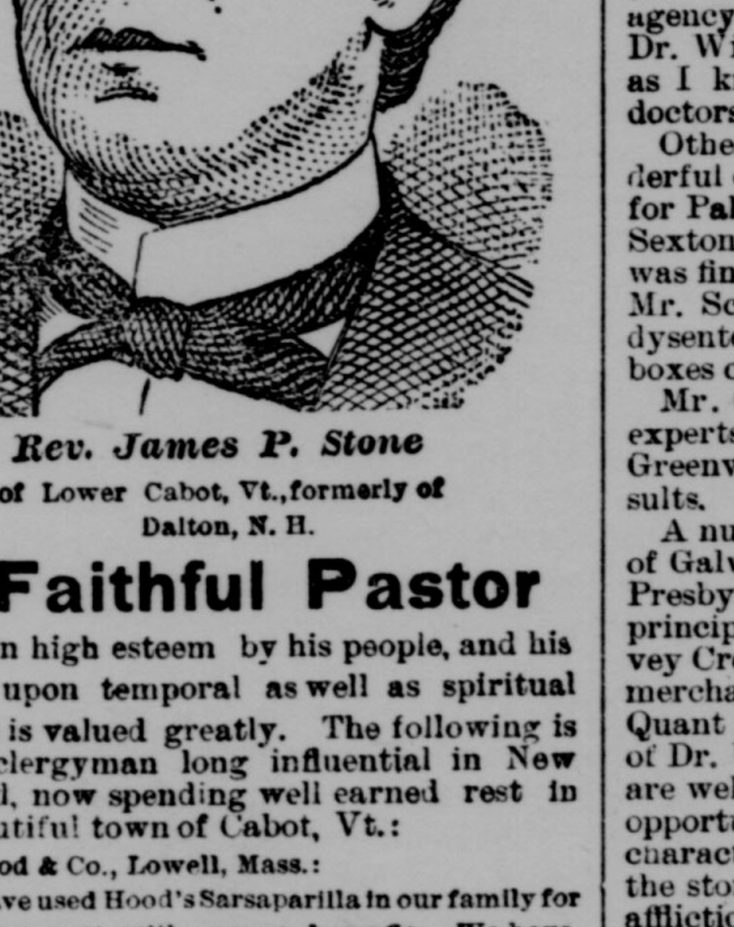
Calico is derived from Calicut, on the Malabar coast, and muslin from Moussoul, a city of Asiatic Turkey, giving evidence that, though these goods are now sent to India and the East, they were originally imported thence.

Few persons have ever troubled themselves to think of the derivation of the word dollar. It is from the German thal (valley), and came into use in this way some three hundred years ago. There was a little silver mining city or district in Northern Bohemia called Joachimsthal, or Joachim's Valley. The reigning duke of the region authorized this city in the sixteenth century to coin a silver piece which was called "joachimsthaler." The word "joachim" was soon dropped and the name "thaler" only retained. The piece went into general use in Germany and also in Denmark, where the orthography was changed to "dealer," whence it came into English, and was adopted by our forefathers with some alterations in the spelling.

The Most Durable Voices.

All other things being equal, a baritone voice in a man, and a contralto voice in a woman will wear better and last longer than any of the others. It is, however, impossible to lay down any absolute rule as to the voices of individual singers, because so much depends on the method of life, temperance in food—solid as well as liquid—and the care of the voice exercised by each individual.—[Detroit Free Press.

THE great foundation of civil virtue is self-denial; and there is no one above the necessities of life but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other men.



Rev. James P. Stone
of Lower Cabot, Vt., formerly of Dalton, N. H.

A Faithful Pastor

Is held in high esteem by his people, and his opinion upon temporal as well as spiritual matters is valued greatly. The following is from a clergyman long influential in New England, now spending well earned rest in the beautiful town of Cabot, Vt.:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family for many years past, with **great benefit.** We have, with confidence, recommended it to others for their various ailments, almost all of whom have certified to the great benefit by its use. We can

Honestly and Cheerfully

recommend it as the **best blood purifier** we have ever tried. We have used others, but none with the beneficial effects of Hood's. Also, we deem Hood's Pills and Olive Ointment **invaluable.** Mrs. Stone cannot do without them." REV. J. P. STONE.

Better than Gold

Mr. Geo. T. Clapp, of Eastondale, Mass., says: "I am 82 years of age and for 30 years have suffered with running sores on one of my legs. A few years ago I had two toes amputated, physicians saying I was suffering from gangrene and had but

A Short Time to Live

Eight months ago at the recommendation of a neighbor who had used it with benefit, I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. The whole lower part of my leg and foot was a running sore, but it has almost completely healed and I can truthfully say that I am **in better health** than I have been for many years. I have taken no other medicine and consider that I owe all my improvement to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and are the best liver invigorator and cathartic.

A SARATOGA CO. MIRACLE.

HELPLESS FOR YEARS AND EXCLUDED FROM HOSPITALS AS INCURABLE.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF CHAS. QUANT AS INVESTIGATED BY AN ALBANY (N. Y.) JOURNAL REPORTER—A STORY OF SURPASSING INTEREST.

Albany, N. Y. Journal, March 12th.

SARATOGA, March 11th.—For some time past there have been reports here and elsewhere in Saratoga County of a most remarkable—indeed, so remarkable as to be miraculous—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of a popular remedy known as "Pink Pills for Pale People," prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont. The story was to the effect that Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, who for the last six or eight years has been a great sufferer from creeping paralysis and its attendant ills, and who had become utterly powerless of all self-help, had, by the use of a few boxes of the Pink Pills for Pale People, been so fully restored to health as to be able to walk about the street without the aid of crutches. The fame of this wonderful, miraculous cure was so great that the Evening Journal reporter thought it worth his while to go to Galway to call on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips, and from the observation and testimony of his neighbors, if his alleged cure was a fact or only an unfounded rumor. And so he drove to Galway and spent a day and a night there in visiting Mr. Quant, getting his story and interviewing his neighbors and fellow-townsmen. It may be proper to say that Galway is a pretty little village of about 400 people, delightfully located near the centre of the town of Galway, in Saratoga County, and about 17 miles from Saratoga Springs. Upon inquiry the residence of Mr. Charles A. Quant was easily found, for everybody seemed to know him, speak well of him, and to be overflowing with surprise and satisfaction at his wonderful cure and restoration to the activities of enterprising citizenship, for Mr. Quant was born in Galway and had spent most of his life there. Mr. Quant was found at his pretty home, on a pleasant street nearly opposite the academy. In response to a knock at the door it was opened by a man who, in reply to an inquiry if Mr. Quant lived there and was at home, said: "I am Mr. Quant. Will you come in?" After a little general and preliminary conversation, and after he had been apprised of the object for which the Journal reporter had called upon him, he, at request, told the story of himself and of his sickness and terrible sufferings, and of the ineffectual treatment he had had, and of his final cure by the use of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully gave assent to its use for publication. He said: "My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and, excepting while traveling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. My wife is a native of Ontario. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For twelve years I was a traveling salesman for a piano and organ company and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distressed in my stomach and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the Journal reporter an electric suit of underwear for which he paid $124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons, and after a few days they put 14 more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills for Pale People.

"In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians been pronounced incurable, and was paid the $1000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams's Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health.

"I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills and I took them according to the directions given on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of pills I began to feel beneficial effects from them. My pains were not so bad; I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills—at a cost of only $4.00—see!—I can, with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Other citizens of Galway, seeing the wonderful cure of Mr. Quant by the Pink Pills for Pale People, are using them. Frederick Sexton, a sufferer from rheumatism, said he was finding great benefit from their use, and Mr. Schultz, who had suffered from chronic dysentery for years, said he had taken two boxes of the pills and was already cured.

Mr. Quant had also tried Faith cure, with experts of that treatment in Albany and Greenville, S. C., but with no beneficial results.

A number of the more prominent citizens of Galway, as Rev. C. E. Herbert, of the Presbyterian church; Prof. James E. Kelly, principal of the academy; John P. and Harvey Crouch, and Frank and Edward Willard, merchants, and many others to whom Mr. Quant and his so miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills for Pale People are well known, were pleased to have the opportunity of bearing testimony to the high character of Mr. Quant, and of verifying the story of his recovery from the terrible affliction from which he had for so long a time been a sufferer.

Truly, the duty of the physician is not to save life, but to heal disease.

The remarkable result from the use of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills in the case of Mr. Quant, induced the reporter to make further inquiries concerning them, and he ascertained that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is generally used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of study and careful experiment. They have no rival as a blood builder and nerve restorer and have met with unparalleled success in the treatment of such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus's dance, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling which affects so many, and all diseases depending upon a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves.

Dr. Williams's Pink Pills are also a specific for trouble peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred), at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies, or medical treatment.

A Ventriloquist's Throat.

Professor R. H. Mohr, the ventriloquist, went through a strange experience the other day. In one of the laboratories of the Harvard Medical School he submitted to an examination of his throat and chest by a number of physiological experts, to determine what special formations gave him his peculiar powers.

The experts are uncommunicative concerning the results of the examination, and the professor, who is not a physiologist at all, did not learn much about himself.

"They put mirrors down my throat," he said. "They led me by narrow passages into a dark chamber, and what they did there I don't know. After it was all over they told me that my larynx was flatter than that of other men and shaped something like a woman's, and also that one of the stops in my throat was drawn downward instead of upward by the connecting muscles.

"I can't make much out of that explanation, but I can make a living out of my peculiar throat just the same."

Then the professor threw his voice under the table and laughed hoarsely.—Boston Herald.

Elsewhere in this issue are published the particulars of a remarkable cure that fairly outrivals the celebrated case of John Marshall, of Hamilton, which created such a sensation throughout the country. The particulars of this case are vouched for by the Albany *Evening Journal*, recognized as the leading newspaper at the New York State Capital, and one of the leading papers of the United States. There is, therefore, no room to doubt that the particulars of the case are accurately and carefully set forth, in every respect true, and must therefore prove of deepest interest to our readers; the article is commended to their careful perusal.

The University of Pennsylvania will shortly establish a school of American history and institutions.

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.

It is estimated that at least $50,000,000 of the United States Government's paper money has been lost or destroyed.

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.

Prussia has but 565 subjects whose annual incomes are more than $30,000 each.

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.

Mr. J. H. Estill, President Morning News Co., Savannah, Ga., says: "A member of my family who has been a martyr to neuralgic headaches for twenty years, has found in Bradycrotine an infallable remedy for headaches."

FOR THROAT DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, ETC., effectual relief is found in the use of *"Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS take the place of an entire medicine chest, and should be kept for use in every family. 25 cents a box.

The worst cases of female weakness readily yield to Dr. Swan's Pastiles. Samples free. Dr. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

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.

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



A needy woman —the one who's overworked, nervous, and debilitated. What she needs is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's made exactly to fit her case—an invigorating, restorative tonic, and a soothing and strengthening nervine, giving tone and vigor to the whole system. But it isn't a mere stimulant. It's a legitimate *medicine*, that an experienced physician has carefully prepared, for woman's ailments. All the functional derangements, chronic weaknesses, and painful disorders peculiar to the sex, are corrected and cured by it.

And because it's a *certain* remedy, it can be made a *guaranteed* one. If it fails to give satisfaction, in any case, you have your money back.

The best pill costs less than any other. Costs less, but does more. They're smaller, too, and easier to take. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best pills. They regulate perfectly the liver, stomach, and bowels.

"August Flower"

I have been troubled with dyspepsia, but after a fair trial of August Flower, am freed from the vexatious trouble—J. B. Young, Daughters College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I had headache one year steady. One bottle of August Flower cured me. It was positively worth one hundred dollars to me—J. W. Smith, P.M. and Gen. Merchant, Townsend, Ont. I have used it myself for constipation and dyspepsia and it cured me, It is the best seller I ever handled—C. Rugh, Druggist, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

YOU NEED NOT FEAR

that people will know your hair is dyed if you use that perfect imitation of nature,

Tutt's Hair Dye

It imparts a glossy color and fresh life to the hair. Price. $1. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.

Boils! Pimples! Blotches,

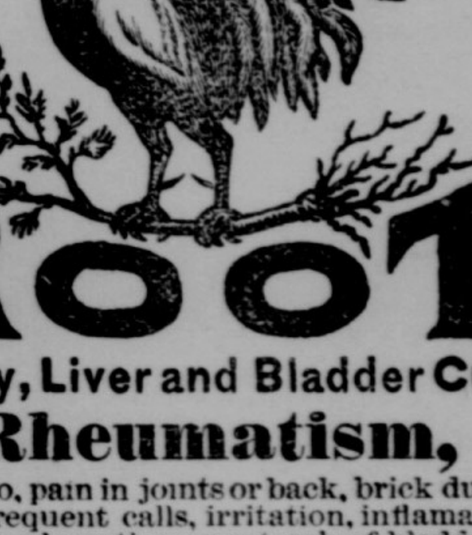
AND ERUPTIONS ON THE BODY, are indications of Poison in the Blood, and show that nature is making efforts to throw it out. S. S. S. will assist in this good work. It changes the character of the blood, so that the poison bearing germs speedily leave through the pores of the skin, and the poison is also forced out.

C. W. HODKINS, Postmaster at East Lamoine, Me., writes that Mrs. Kelly's son, who had been confined to bed fourteen months with an Abscess, has been cured sound and well by Swift's Specific. The boy is fourteen years old, lives next door to me, and I know the statement to be true.

S. S. S. has a wonderful effect on Children, and should be given to every weak and debilitated child. Send for our Book on the Blood and Skin.

SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

DR. KILMER'S **SWAMP-ROOT**



Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism,

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver,

Impaired digestion, gout, billious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood,

Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.

DR. KILMER & Co., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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.

B. N. U., No. 12.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP. For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. Result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or by mail, 50c. Sample Cake and 128 p. book on Dermatology and Beauty, [Illus.]; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood disease and their treatment, sent sealed for 10c.; also DISFIGUREMENTS like BIRTH MARKS, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed. JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 125 West 42nd Street, N. Y. City. Consultation free, at office or by letter. Agent wanted in each place.

ONE Enterprising AGENT (male or female) wanted in every town or village to take orders on "A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY" and a pretty parlor ornament (combined). Every lady of taste will buy one. They are quick sellers at 15c., 20c. and 25c. each. Samples mailed at either price; or 45 cts. the Agent's outfit of three. Liberal discounts to authorized agents. $2 to $5 a day in it to live agents. Send postal notes or apply in person to

BUFFHAM BROS., 2 St. Paul Street, BALTIMORE, MD

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 Ct. and win $748 CASH PRIZES on my corsets, belts, brushes and medicines. Sample free. Territory. Dr. Bridgman, 373 B'way, N. Y.

THE COST IS THE SAME.



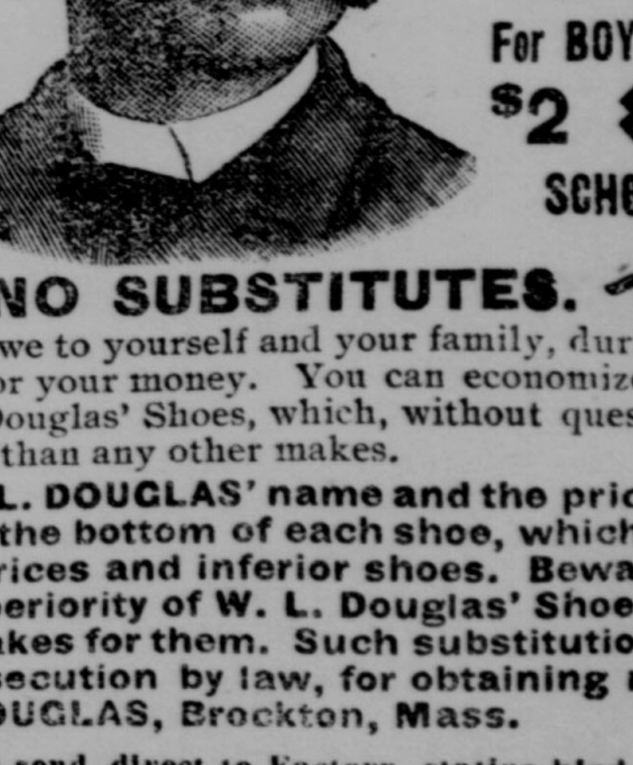
The Hartman Steel Picket Fence

Costs no more than an ordinary clumsy wood picket affair that obstructs the view and will rot or fall apart in a short time. The Hartman Fence is artistic in design, protects the grounds without concealing them and is practically everlasting. *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE WITH PRICES AND TESTIMONIALS MAILED FREE.* HARTMAN MFG. CO., Beaver Falls, Pa. DUFUR & CO., Baltimore, Md. WHITE & DODSON, Norfolk, Va.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

For gentlemen is a fine Calf Shoe, made seamless, of the best leather produced in this country. There are no tacks or wax threads to hurt the feet, and is made as smooth inside as a hand-sewed shoe. It is as stylish, easy fitting and durable as custom-made shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00, and acknowledged to be the

Best in the World for the price.



For GENTLEMEN.	
$5.00	Genuine Hand-Sewed.
$4.00	Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe.
$3.50	Police and Farmer.
$2.50	Extra Value Calf Shoe.
$2.25	Working-man's Shoe.
$2.00	Goodwear Shoe.

For LADIES.	
$3.00	Hand-Sewed.
$2.50	Best Dongola.
$2.00	Calf and Dongola.
$1.75	For MISSES.
For BOYS' & YOUTH'S.	
$2 & $1.75	SCHOOL SHOES.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES.

IT IS A DUTY you owe to yourself and your family, during these hard times, to get the most value for your money. You can economize in your footwear if you purchase W. L. Douglas' Shoes, which, without question, represent a greater value for the money than any other makes.

CAUTION. W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe, which protects the consumer against high prices and inferior shoes. Beware of dealers who acknowledge the superiority of W. L. Douglas' Shoes by attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent, and subject to prosecution by law, for obtaining money under false pretences. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage free. AGENTS WANTED. Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers where I have no agent and advertise them free in local paper.