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SOUTHERN NEWS ITEMS.

The election held in Colbert county, Ala., for or against the issue of $100,000 in bonds to macadamize the public roads resulted in a majority for the road bill. The author of the bill is Wilson R. Brown. The majority is estimated at 500.

The Chancery Court at Nashville, Tenn., recently ordered Polk Place sold for division among the heirs and allowed 21,500 for the removal of the tomb and remains of President and Mrs. James K. Polk. The Legislature authorized the removal of the remains to the capitol grounds, and a site has been selected on the east front just north of the Jackson statue.

The Diocesan Convention of Tennessee met at Nashville and proceeded at once to elect its Bishop coadjutators. Bishop Quintard gave his formal consent, which provides that the coadjutators shall reside in Memphis and perform such duties as shall be assigned him. Dr. Davenport nominated the Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, of the University of the South. This was the only nomination, and Dr. Gailor received the unanimous vote of the convention.

For the first time in many years the State of Tennessee will, in July, meet the semi-annual interest on its bonded indebtedness instead of borrowing any money and that the State is entirely free from floating debt. The taxable properties of the State have so largely increased during the past ten years that extraordinary expenditures, amounting to over $3,000,000, have been paid, in addition to ordinary expenses out of revenues, without an increase of the tax rate. The revenue this year will exceed $1,500,000. The State has never been since the creation of its debt in as good financial condition as at present.

The branch prison at Tracy City was attacked by an armed mob of miners opposed to the competition of convict labor. The guards were all on duty and firing commenced. The miners were repulsed, with one of their men, Robert Irwin, killed; Mathew Parsons, wounded, and another thought to be wounded. Assistant Deputy Warden Shrieves was wounded in the head, and Warden, a guard, was fatally wounded.

The Decatur Land and Improvement Company's stockholders elected the following board of directors: Thomas Rutter, John R. Rutter, A. C. Hartshorne, A. J. Goodheart, T. P. Branch, C. C. Harris, W. A. Bibb, J. D. Probst, J. E. T. Rutter, James Swann and Henry Stern. A resolution was offered authorizing the company to reissue the preferred stock of the company taken for debt and for lots at 90 cents on the dollar. It was also agreed that the company would begin soon the investigation of the gas found recently at the American Oak Extract Works. These works began putting down several bored wells a few weeks ago to secure water of a uniform temperature sufficient for their business, and when about 300 feet deep found gas, which burned at the time to such an extent as to cause the closing up of the well, and the gas is still blazing so that no further effort is being made to get water for fear of fire.

The cotton mills at Rocky Mount, N. C., are just putting in 14,000 additional spindles, just doubling their capacity, making the largest mill in the State and one of the largest in the South.

A State trotting association is to be formed and will have charge of the races, etc., at the driving park which Captain B. P. Williamson has prepared at Raleigh, N. C. The track is now in use.

The prospect for an abundant fruit crop in North Carolina was never better.

The syndicate which purchased the High Schools property in the northern part of Gaston county, N. C., on the South Fork, are now negotiating purchase of all the adjacent lands, which in all amount to from 500 to 1,000 acres. This adjacent territory is purchased for the double purpose, we learn, of erecting neat and comfortable tenement houses and of keeping distilleries and attendant temptations as far removed as possible from the operatives. The company estimate the driving capacity of the shoals at 5,000-horse power, and have the intention and the money to build the largest cotton mill in this section.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Brooklyn Pastorate."

TEXT: *"And round about the throne were four and twenty seats, and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders."*—Revelation iv., 4.

This text I choose chiefly for the numerals it mentions—namely, four and twenty. That was the number of elders seated around the throne of God, but that is the number of years seated around my Brooklyn ministry, and every pulpit is a throne of blessing or blasting, a throne of good or evil. And today in this my twenty-fourth anniversary sermon 24 years come and sit around me, and they speak out in a reminiscence of gladness and tears. Twenty-four years ago I arrived in this city to shepherd such a flock as might come, and that day I carried in on my arms the infant son who in two weeks from to day I will help ordain to the gospel ministry, hoping that he will be preaching long after my poor work is done.

We have received into our membership over 5000 souls, but they, I think, are only a small portion of the multitudes who, coming from all parts of the earth, have in our house of God been blessed and saved. Although we have as a church raised $1,100,000 for religious purposes, yet we are in the strange position of not knowing whether in two or three months we shall have any church at all, and with audiences of 6000 or 7000 people crowded into this room and the adjoining rooms we are confronted with the question whether I shall go on with my work here or go to some other field. What an awful necessity that we should have been obliged to build three immense churches, two of them destroyed by fire.

A misapprehension is abroad that the financial exigency of this church is past. Through journalistic and personal friends a breathing spell has been afforded us, but before us yet are financial obligations which must promptly be met, or speedily this house of God will go into worldly uses and become a theater or a concert hall. The $12,000 raised cannot cancel a floating debt of $140,000. Through the kindness of those to whom we are indebted $60,000 would set us forever free. I am glad to say that the case is not hopeless. We are daily in receipt of touching evidences of practical sympathy from all classes of the community and from all sections of the country, and it was but yesterday that by my own hand I sent for contributions gratefully received nearly 50 acknowledgments east, west, north and south.

Our trust is in the Lord who divided the Red Sea and "made the mountains skip like lambs." With this paragraph I dismiss the financial subject and return to the spiritual. This morning the greatness of God's kindness obliterates everything, and if I wanted to build a groan I do not know in what forest I would hew the timber, or from what quarry I would dig the foundation stone, or who would construct for me an organ with a tremolo for the only stop. And so this morning I occupy my time in building one great, massive, high, deep, broad, heaven piercing halleluiah. In the review of the last 24 years I think it may be useful to consider some of the characteristics of a Brooklyn pastorate.

In the first place I remark that a Brooklyn pastorate is always a difficult pastorate. No city under the sun has a grander array of pulpit talent than Brooklyn. The Methodist, the Baptist, the Congregationalist, the Episcopalians, all the denominations send their brightest lights here. He who stands in any pulpit in Brooklyn preaching may know that he stands within fifteen minutes' walk of sermons which a Saurin, and a Bourdaloue, and a John M. Mason and a George Whitefield would not be ashamed of. No city under the sun where a poor sermon is such a drug on the market.

For forty years Brooklyn has been surcharged with homiletics, an electricity of eloquence that struck every time it flashed from the old pulpits which quaked with the powers of a Bethune, and a Cox, and a Spencer, and a Spear, and a Vinton, and a Farley, and a Beecher, not mentioning the magnificent men now manning the Brooklyn pulpits. So during all the time there has been something to appeal to every man's taste and to gratify every man's preference.

Now, let me say to all ministers of the gospel who are ambitious for a Brooklyn pulpit that it is always a difficult pastorate. If a man shall come and stand before any audience in almost any church in Brooklyn he will find before him men who have heard the mightiest themes discussed in the mightiest way. You will have before you, if you fail in an argument, fifty logicians in a fidget. If you make a slip in the use of a commercial figure of speech, there will be 500 merchants who will notice it. If you throw out an anchor or furl a sail in the wrong way, there will be ship captains right off who will wonder if you are as ignorant of theology as you are of navigation! So it will be a place of hard study. If you are going to maintain yourself, you will find a Brooklyn pastorate a difficult pastorate.

I remark still further, a Brooklyn pastorate is always a conspicuous pastorate. The printing press of the country has no greater force than on the seacoast. Every pulpit word, good or bad, wise or ignorant, kind or mean, is watched. The reportorial corps of these cities is an organized army. Many of them have collegiate education and large culture, and they are able to weigh oration or address or sermon. If you say a silly thing, you will never hear the end of it, and if you say a wise thing it will go into perpetual multiplication. There is no need of decrying that fact. Men whose influence has been built by the printing press spend the rest of their lives in denouncing newspapers. The newspaper is the pulpit on the wing. More preaching done on Monday than on Sunday. The omnivorous, all eyed printing press is ever vigilant.

Besides that, a Brooklyn pastorate is always conspicuous in the fact that everybody comes here. Brooklyn is New York in its better mood. Strangers have not seen New York until they have seen Brooklyn. The East River is the chasm in which our merchants drop their cares, and their anxieties, and their business troubles, and by the time they have greeted their families in the home circle they have forgotten all about Wall street and Broadway and the shambles. If they commit business sins in New York during the day, they come over to Brooklyn to repent of them.

Everybody comes here. Stand at the bridge entrance or at the ferry gates on Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, or Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock and you see north, south, east, west—Europe, Asia, Africa, New Zealand, Australia—coming to Brooklyn to spend the Sabbath, or part of it in the persons of their representatives—some of them fresh from the sea. They have just landed, and they want to seek the house of God publicly to thank the Lord for their deliverance from cyclones and fog banks off Newfoundland Every song sung, every prayer offered, every sermon preached in New York and Brooklyn and all along this sea coast in some shape goes all round the world. A Brooklyn pastorate is at the greatest altitude of conspicuity.

Again I remark that a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by brevity. I bethink myself of but three ministers of the gospel now preaching here who were preaching when I came to Brooklyn. Most of the pulpits around me have changed seven or eight times since my arrival.

Sometimes the pastorate has been brief for one reason and sometimes for another reason. Sometimes the ministers of the gospel have been too good for this world, and heaven has transplanted them. Sometimes they changed places by the decree of their denomination. Sometimes they came with great blare of trumpets, proposing to carry everything before them, and got extinguished before they were distinguished. Some got preached out in two or three years and told the people all they knew. Some [illegible] a short time work which it takes a great many years to do.

Whether for good or bad reasons a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by brevity, not much of the old plan by which a minister of the gospel baptized an infant, then received him into the church, after he had become an adult married him, baptized his children, married them and lived on long enough to bury almost everybody but himself. Glorious old pastorates they were. Some of us remember them—Dr. Spring, Peter Labaugh, Dominie Zabriskie, Daniel Waldo, Abram Halsey.

When the snow melted from their foreheads, it revealed the flowers of an unfading coronal. Pastorates of 30, 40, 50, 55 years' continuance. Some of them had to be helped into the pulpit or into the carriage, they were so old and decrepit, but when the Lord's chariots halted one day in front of the old parsonage they stepped in vigorous as an athlete, and as we saw the wheels of fire whirling through the gates of the sunset we all cried out, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

I remark again, a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by its happiness.

No city under the sun where people take such good care of their ministers. In proportion as the world outside may curse a congregation stands close up by the man whom they believe in. Brooklyn society has for its foundation two elements—the Puritanic, which always means a quiet Sabbath, and the Hollandish, which means a worshipful people. On the top of this an admixture of all nationalities—the brawny Scot, the solid English, the vivacious Irish, the polite French, the philosophic German—and in all this intermingling of population the universal dominant theory that a man can do as he pleases provided he doesn't disturb anybody else.

A delightful climate. While it is hard on weak throats, for the most of us it is bracing. Not an atmosphere made up of the discharged gases of chemical factories or the miasms of swamps, but coming panting right off 3000 miles of Atlantic Ocean before anybody else has had a chance to breathe it! All through the city a society of kind, genial, generous, sympathetic people. How they fly to you when you are in trouble! How they watch over you when you are sick! How tender they are with you when you have buried your dead! Brooklyn is a good place to live in, a good place to die in, a good place to be buried in, a good place from which to rise in the beautiful resurrection.

In such a city I have been permitted to have 24 years of pastorate. During these years how many heartbreaks, how many losses, how many bereavements! Hardly a family of the church that has not been struck with sorrow. But God has sustained you in the past, and He will sustain you in the future. I exhort you to be of good cheer, Oh thou of the broken heart. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I wish over every door of this church we might have written the word "Sympathy"—sympathy for all the young.

We must crowd them in here by thousands and propose a radiant gospel that they will take on the spot. We must make this place so attractive for the young that a young man will come here on Sabbath morning, put down his hat, brush his hair back from his forehead, unbutton his overcoat and look around wondering if he has not by mistake got into heaven. He will see in the faces of the old people not the gloom which some people take for religion, but the sunshine of celestial peace, and he will say, "Why, I wonder if that isn't the same peace that shone out on the face of my father and mother, when they lay dying?"

And then there will come a dampness in his eyes through which he can hardly see, and he will close his eyes to imprison the emotion, but the hot tear will break through the fringes of eyelashes and drop upon the coat sleeve. He will put his head on the back of the pew in front and sob, "Lord God of the old people, help me!" We ought to lay a plot here for the religious capture of all the young people in Brooklyn.

Yes, sympathy for the old. They have their aches and pains and distresses. They cannot hear or walk or see as well as they used to. We must be reverential in their presence. On dark days we must help them through the aisle and help them find the place in the hymn book. Some Sabbath morning we shall miss them from their place, and we shall say, "Where is Father So-and-so to-day?" and the answer will be: "What, haven't you heard? The King's wagons have taken Jacob up to the palace where his Joseph is yet alive."

Sympathy for business men. Twenty-four years of commercial life in New York and Brooklyn are enough to tear one's nerves to pieces. We want to make our Sabbath service here a rescue for all these martyrs of traffic, a foretaste of that land where they have no rents to pay, and there are no business rivalries, and where riches, instead of taking wings to fly away, brood over other riches.

Sympathy for the fallen, remembering that they ought to be pitied as much as a man run over with a rail train. The fact is that in the temptations and misfortunes of life they get run over. You and I in the same circumstances would have done as badly. We should have done worse perhaps. If you and I had the same evil surroundings and the same evil parentage that they had and the same native born proclivities to evil that they had, you and I should have been in the penitentiary or outcasts of society. "No," says some self righteous man, "I couldn't have been overthrown in that way." You old hypocrite, you would have been the first to fall!

We want in this church to have sympathy for the worst man, remembering he is a brother; sympathy for the worst woman, remembering she is a sister. If that is not the gospel, I do not know what the gospel is. Ah, yes, sympathy for all the troubled, for the orphans in their exposure, for widowhood with its weak arm fighting for bread, for the household which erst resounded with merry voices and pattering feet now awfully still—broad-winged sympathy, like the feathers of the Almighty; warm-blooded sympathy, everlasting sympathy; sympathy which shows itself in the grasp of the hand, in the glittering tear of the eye, in the consoling word of the mouth; sympathy of blankets for the cold, of bread for the hungry, of medicine for the sick, of rescue for the lost. Sympathy! Let it thrill in every sermon. Let it tremble in every song. Let it gleam in every tear and in every light. Sympathy! Men and women are sighing for sympathy, groaning for sympathy, dying for sympathy, tumbling off into uncleanliness and crime and perdition for lack of sympathy. May God give it to us! Fill all this pulpit with it from step to step. Let the sweep of these galleries suggest its encircling arms. Fill all the house with it, from door to door, and from floor to ceiling, until there is no more room for it, and it shall overflow into the street, and passersby on foot and in carriage shall feel the throb of its magnificent benediction.

Let that be our new departure as a church. Let that be my new departure as a pastor. Sympathy! Gratitude to God demands that this morning I mention the fact that during all these 24 years I have missed but one service through sickness. When I entered the ministry I was so delicate I did not think I would preach three months, but preaching has agreed with me, and I think the healthiest thing in all the earth is the religion of Jesus Christ! Bless the Lord, O my soul! What ingrates we are in regard to our health!

I must, in gratitude to God, also mention the multitudes to whom I have been permitted to preach. It is simply miraculous, the attendance morning by morning, night by night, and year by year, and after it has got to be an old story. I know some people are dainty and exclusive in their tastes. As for myself, I like a big crowd. I would like to see an audience large enough to scare me! If this gospel is good, the more that get it the better.

Many have received the gospel here, but others have rejected it. Now, I tell you what I am going to do with some of my dearest friends who have hitherto rejected the gospel. You are not afraid of me, and I am not afraid of you, and some day, O brother, I will clasp your hands together, and I will turn your face the other way, and I will take hold of your shoulders, and while you are helpless in my grasp I will give you one headlong push into the kingdom of God. Christ says we must compel you to come in. I will compel you to come in. Can I consent to anything else with these men, who are as dear to me as my own soul? I will compel you to come in.

Profiting by the mistakes of the past, I must do better work for you and better work for God. Lest I might, through some sudden illness or casualty, be snatched away before I have the opportunity of doing so, I take this occasion to declare my love for you as a people. It is different work if a pastor is placed in a church already built up, and he is surrounded by established circumstances. There are not ten people in this church that have not been brought into the church through my ministry. You are my family. I feel as much at home here as I do in my residence on Oxford street. You are my family—my father, my mother, my sister, my son, my daughter. You are my joy and crown, the subject of my prayers.

Your present and everlasting welfare is the object of my ambition. I have no worldly ambition. I had once. I have not now. I know the world about as well as any one knows it. I have heard the handclapping of its applause, and I have heard the hiss of its opposition, and I declare to you that the former is not especially to be sought for, nor is the latter to be feared. The world has given me about all the comfort and prosperity it can give a man, and I have no worldly ambition. I have an all consuming ambition to make full proof of my ministry, to get to heaven myself and to take a great crowd with me. Upon your table and cradle and armchair and pillow and lounge and nursery and drawing room and kitchen may the blessing of the Almighty God come down!

During these 24 years there is hardly a family that has not been invaded by sorrow or death. Where are those grand, old men, those glorious Christian women, who used to worship with us? Why, they went away into the next world so gradually that they had concluded the second stanza or the third stanza in heaven before you knew they were gone. They had on the crown before you thought they had dropped the staff of the earthly pilgrimage.

And then the dear children. Oh, how many have gone out of this church! You could not keep them. You folded them in your arms and said: "O God, I cannot give them up! Take all else, take my property, take my reputation, but let me keep this treasure. Lord, I cannot bear this."

Oh, if we could all die together! If we could keep all the sheep and the lambs of the family fold together until some bright spring day, the birds a-chant, and the waters a-glitter, and then we could altogether hear the voice of the good Shepherd and hand in hand pass through the flood! No, no, no, no! Oh, if we only had notice that we are all to depart together, and we could say to our families: "The time has come. The Lord bids us away." And then we could take our little children to their beds and straighted out their limbs and say: "Now sleep the last sleep. Good night until it is good morning." And then we could go to our own couches and say: "Now, altogether we are ready to go. Our children are gone; now let us depart."

No, no! It is one by one. It may be in the midnight. It may be in the winter and in the snow coming down twenty inches deep over our grave. It may be in the strange hotel and our arm too weak to pull the bell for help. It may be so suddenly we have no time even to say goodby. Death is a bitter, crushing, tremendous curse.

I play you three tunes on the gospel harp of comfort. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." That is one. "All things work together for good to those who love God." That is the second. "And the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." That is the third. During these 24 years I have tried as far as I could by argument, by illustration and by caricature to fill you with disgust with much of this modern religion which people are trying now to substitute for the religion of Jesus Christ and the religion of the apostles.

I have tried to persuade you that the worst of all cant is the cant of skepticism, and instead of your apologizing for Christianity it was high time that those who do not believe in Christianity should apologize to you, and I have tried to show that the biggest villians in the universe are those who would try to rob us of this Bible, and that the grandest mission of the church of Jesus Christ is that of bringing souls to the Lord—a soul saving church.

But now those years are gone. If you have neglected your duty, if I have neglected my duty, it is neglected forever. Each year has its work. If the work is not performed within the 12 months, it is done forever. If neglected, it is neglected forever.

When a woman was dying she said, "Call them back." They did not know what she meant. She had been a disciple of the world. She said, "Oh, call them back!" They said, "Who do you want us to call back?" "Oh," she said, "call them back, the days, the months, the years I have wasted. Call them back!" But you cannot call them back; you cannot call a year back, or a month back, or a week back, or an hour back, or a second back. Gone once, it is gone forever.

When a great battle was raging, a messenger came up and said to the general, who was talking with an officer, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." The general kept right on conversing with his fellow officer, and the messenger said again, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." Still the general kept right on, and the messenger lost his patience, not having his message seemingly appreciated, and said again, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." The general then looked at him and said, "Take another." Ah, forgetting the things that are behind, let us look to those that are before. Win another castle; take another standard; gain another victory.

Roll on, sweet day of the world's emancipation, when "the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the wood shall clap their hands, and instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier will come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be unto the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that cannot be cut off."

The Progressive Austrian.

Austria announces an electric locomotive which is to travel 125 miles an hour. The Independence Belge follows with the statement that the North Belgian Company and the North France Company are constructing a line for locomotives, operated by electricity, on which the journey from Brussels to Paris, about 191 miles, will be accomplished in eighty minutes, a speed of nearly 150 miles an hour. It is further stated that the trains will be running in about two months.

The Use of "Buxom."

When we now speak of a buxom person we think of such a one as Mrs. Lupin, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," a plump, middle-aged, good-looking, good-natured, kind, agreeable woman, says the National Review. We do not usually apply the term to a thin woman, or to a young girl, or to an old woman. Assuredly we should never think of calling a man or a boy buxom. The word, however, once really meant pliable or flexible, and afterward obedient. It is the same as the Anglo-Saxon bocsum, or the High German beugsam, from beugen (to bend), which root appears in bough and bou (in all its meanings).

In the Salisbury Manual the woman at the marriage service promised to be "bonair" and "buxom," which is explained in the margin to mean meek and obedient. We are hereby reminded of Milton's line in the most beautiful of all odes, "So buxom, blithe, and debonair." This original meaning of the word appears in Chaucer's "Merchant's Tale" (line 9163): "For who can be so buxom as a wife?" The word, in its application, was not limited to women. In "The Clerk's Tale" (line 8062), we are told of men, "And they with humble heart full buxomly." In Henry Cockrane's Dictionary (A. D. 1626), buxom is defined as pliant, obedient.

A Guatemala Betrothal Custom.

"They have a queer betrothal custom down among the common natives or peons of Guatemala," said Alfred Thompson, "which is scarcely romantic for the girl. I was passing the hut of a native on the finca or coffee plantation one day, when I saw an old woman belaboring her daughter with a good-sized stick, which she applied vigorously across the shoulders and body of her beloved offspring, who set up wails of woe and pain, though I fancy her tears were quickly dried, for it was a significant event for her. This is the way the old lady gave her consent to the marriage of her daughter. The natives receive but little cash during the year. The priests charge what is there considered a good sum for performing a marriage ceremony, and the natives of the lower classes dispense with it. The mother beats the daughter, there is a feast of frijoles and tortilli cakes and the dispensation of unlimited quantities of native whisky, everybody is happy and drunk, and that constitutes the marriage, which singular as it may appear, is regarded and observed as a rule faithfully."—Washington Star.

Advantages of Good Roads.

A country without roads will remain undeveloped, its hidden treasures stored away.

Where poor roads prevail everything else is very apt to be poor, the horse, farmer, and merchant.

If two horses haul the load of four, one wagon haul the load of two, one set of harness haul the load of two, one driver serve for two, and six miles instead of three be made per hour, the aggregate saving would double the net income of the average farmer. This desideratum can only be accomplished by the means of good public roads.

The effect of good public roads upon land value is to increase the value of such lands.

Experience has shown that the value of ground is in direct ratio to the good condition of the streets or roads which traverse them.

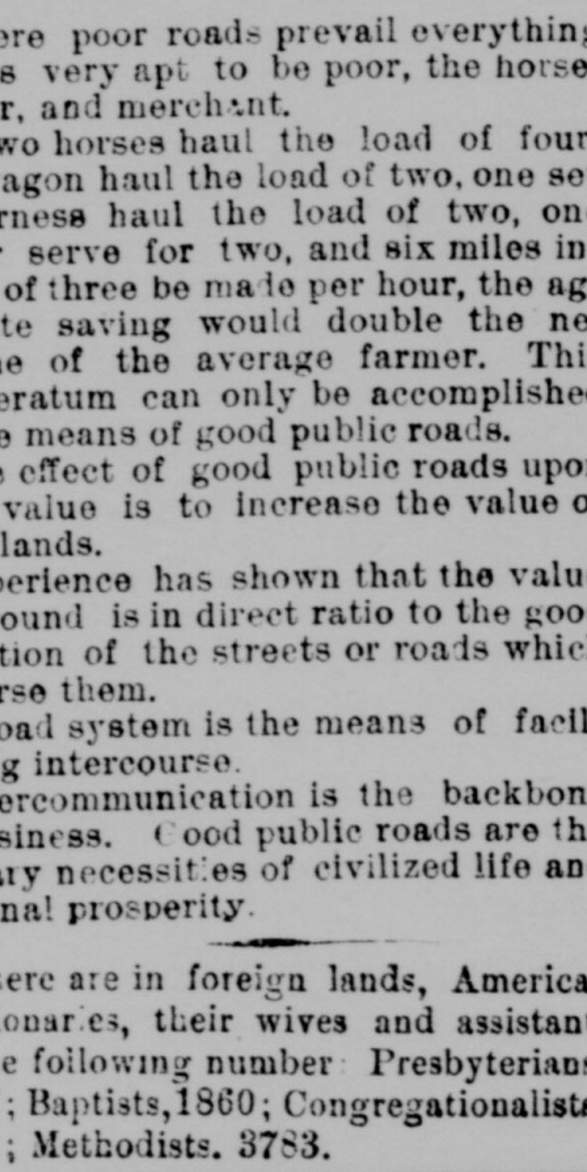
A road system is the means of facilitating intercourse.

Intercommunication is the backbone of business. Good public roads are the primary necessities of civilized life and national prosperity.

There are in foreign lands, American missionaries, their wives and assistants to the following number: Presbyterians, 1817; Baptists, 1860; Congregationalists, 2980; Methodists, 3783.

Hood's is the Best

The Judgment of Long Experience.



Mr. Grant W. Barnes

"Richford, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1893.

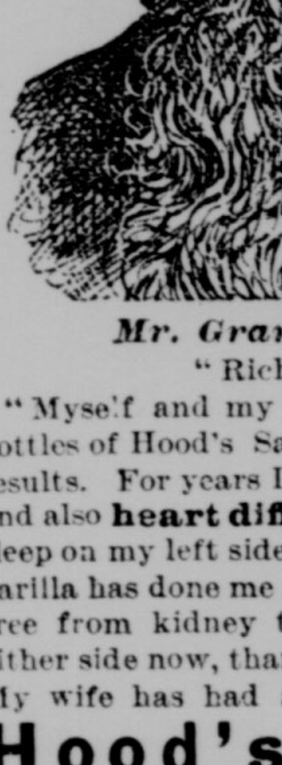
"Myself and my wife have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla with gratifying results. For years I have had kidney trouble, and also **heart difficulty.** I was unable to sleep on my left side for years. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me a great deal of good. I am free from kidney trouble, and can sleep on either side now, thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. My wife has had a chronic sore throat for

Hood's Sarsaparilla **Cures**

more than 20 years. It always troubled her more or less, but for the last 6 months, since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, she has not had a sore throat except once when she took a slight cold. We cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a good reliable medicine for the blood and to build up the system; I consider it **the best medicine in use."** GRANT W. BARNES.

GET HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box. 25 cents.



BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

has proven an infallible specific for all derangements peculiar to the female sex, such as chronic womb and ovarian diseases. If taken in time it regulates and promotes healthy action of all functions of the generative organs. Young ladies at the age of puberty, and older ones at the menopause, will find in it a healing, soothing tonic. The highest recommendations from prominent physicians and those who have tried it. Write for book "To Women," mailed free. Sold by all druggists. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., proprietors, Atlanta, Ga.

The Mysterious Loss.

Mr. J. E. Emerson, a California "forty-niner," relates a curious story in the Scientific American. Gold, while its melting point is over 2,016 degrees, will evaporate at a much lower heat. In 1853-4 the Government Inspector visited the (then) new mint at San Francisco, to "take stock," and found a deficiency of $160,000. Tremendous excitement ensued, the sensation being almost equal to that caused by the acts of the famous "Vigilance Committee." Wholesale arrests were threatened, until some cool head suggested that evaporation was the thief—that the missing gold had flown up the chimney. Sure enough, examination of the slate roof showed it covered with feathery gold, where the cold air had caused it to be deposited when it came out of the chimney. The slates were torn off; also those from several near-by buildings; these were ground to powder, and much of the gold recovered. So also was the furnace and chimney brick, and, after all was saved that could be profitably by the methods in use in San Francisco, the dust was sent to the mint in Philadelphia. Here it was worked over more closely, and then the dust was sold to French chemists, who shipped it to Paris and worked it over again there.

More than one-half of the $160,000, as well as the good name of the San Francisco official, was saved by these various processes. Improved methods now prevent any recurrence of such mysterious losses.

Cruel and Treacherous Afghans.

Of all the races with which the English have come in close contact the Afghans are the most uncivilized in nature and grain. They are fierce, bloodthirsty, fanatical, and treacherous; their good qualities are of the elementary, domestic kind, and their highest virtue is courage, which they possess in a conspicuous degree. They are uncivilized in the sense that they are without any national cohesion or responsibility. Each man is independent of his fellows, and rejects the authority of even tribal chiefs. No doubt there are in every clan or tribe men of prominence for their wealth or prowess or cunning, who command a certain following. But their influence is personal and temporary, and vanishes as quickly as it has sprung up. In some quiet Utopia, where the individual might be allowed to develop in peace, this intense individuality might be no disadvantage. But it is otherwise in a country like Afghanistan, torn with intestine discord and jealously regarded by powerful neighbors.—The Fortnightly Review.

The Languedoc Ship Canal, in France, by a short passage of 148 miles, saves a sea voyage of 2000 miles by the Straits of Gibraltar.

Free Trip to Chicago.

Separate W-O-R-L-D-S F-A-I-R and use the letters to spell as many words as you can by using the letters as many times as you wish either backwards or forwards, but not use the same letter in making any one word more times than it appears in "World's Fair."

It is said *seventy-five* small English words can be spelled correctly from the ten letters contained in "World's Fair." Example: Wad, waif, soar, idol, etc. If you are good at word-making you can secure a *free* trip to the World's Fair and return, as the Scott Seed Company will pay all expenses, including R.R. fare, hotel bills, admissions to the Columbian Exposition, and $[illegible] cash for incidental expenses, to the first person able to make *seventy* words from the letters contained in "World's Fair," as above. They will also give a *free trip* to the World's Fair and return with $25 for incidental expenses, to the first person sending *sixty* words as above. They will also give a free trip to the World's Fair and return (without cash for incidental expenses) to the first person sending *fifty-five* words.

To the first person sending *fifty* words will be given $50 in cash towards paying expenses to the World's Fair; to the first sending *forty* words will be given $25 in cash towards paying expenses to the World's Fair, to *each* of the first *five* persons sending *thirty-five* words will be given $10 in cash, and to *each* of the first ten sending *thirty* words will be given $5 in cash.

Only one prize will be awarded to the same person. Write your name on list of words (numbered) and enclose the same postpaid with fifteen U. S. two-cent stamps for a large package of our Choice English Cottage Garden Flower Seeds.

This combination includes the latest and most popular English flowers of endless varieties (same as will be contained in the elaborate exhibit of English flowers at the World's Fair).

This "World's Fair" Contest will be carefully and conscientiously conducted solely for the purpose of introducing our business in the U. S. You will receive the *largest* value in flower seeds ever offered, and if you are able to make a good list of words and answer promptly you will have a first-class opportunity to secure a free trip *from your home to Chicago and return.*

We are spending a large amount of money to start our trade in the U.S. and want your trial order. You will be more than gratified with the result. Send to-day, and address the SCOTT SEED COMPANY, Toronto, Canada.

It is hard for the shepherd to fatten the sheep that prefer to live on husks.

The more your enemy hates you the harder you can hit him with kindness and love.

Love your enemies, and you won't have any trouble about treating them right.

If your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, good for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you, make you strong, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite—tones the nerves.

Love is the unknowable.

A wonderful stomach corrector—Beecham's Pills. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

If you can be silent keep silent.

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

The downright fool doesn't now it.

At Minorca the fisherman simply dives to a depth of seventy feet with a weight in one hand to carry him down. With the other hand he picks up as many pearl oysters as he can carry and brings them up to the boat.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Pure grape cream of tartar forms the acid principle of the Royal exclusively. The Royal imparts that peculiar sweetness, flavor and delicacy noticed in the finest cake, biscuit, rolls, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

Absolutely Pure

What Is Home Without

HOME TACKS? HOME NAILS?

Several sizes to suit, in a compartment box,—handy when you need Tacks about the home for carpets, curtains, gimp, ornaments, oilcloths, sheathing,—1001 uses you know of. Always find the right tack at the right time.

Several sizes in a carton,—handy when you need nails for a loose board, shingle, or Fence Picket, broken furniture, rickety door,—to hang your hat and coat on, etc., etc. Always the right nail at the right time.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Made Solely by the ATLAS TACK CORPORATION, BOSTON.

WAREHOUSES: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco, Lynn.
FACTORIES: Taunton, Fairhaven, Whitman, Duxbury, and Plymouth, Mass.

EVERYBODY WANTS THEM.

"A SUCCESS."

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., Gentlemen:—

I have suffered from catarrh for about five years and have tried several remedies without relief until I commenced to use Hall's Catarrh Cure last February. I must say that it is **A SUCCESS**, the dropping in my throat disappeared entirely after the first bottle. It increased my appetite, so that I now weigh eight pounds more than my customary weight. I have recommended it to others and all who used it have been greatly relieved and speak highly of it. One of them was in my store yesterday and expressed his wish to peddle it this winter. Will you please let me know the lowest terms you could furnish it for, as I would like to keep it in stock. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, Yours respectfully,

R. C. HAUSWEDELL,
Lake City, Minn.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, 75c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. 25 CTS

We offer you a ready made medicine for Coughs, Bronchitis and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Like other so called Patent Medicines, it is well advertised, and having merit it has attained a wide sale under the name of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

It is now a "Nostrum," though at first it was compounded after a prescription by a regular physician, with no idea that it would ever go on the market as a proprietary medicine. But after compounding that prescription over a thousand times in one year, we named it "Piso's Cure for Consumption," and began advertising it in a small way. A medicine known all over the world is the result.

Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug store?



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years and first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried, but to no purpose. A friend recommended August Flower and words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold it. It has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia and biliousness." JESSE BARKER, Printer, Humboldt, Kas.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly, leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are strong, tough and durable. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100, assorted sizes. Man'fd by

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No Alkalies —OR— Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble.



It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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



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For Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Bad Complexion, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

RIPANS TABULES act gently yet promptly. Perfect digestion follows their use. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Box (6 vials), 75c. Package (4 boxes), $2. For free samples address RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., New York.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY.

If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 60 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliability. Our financial backing is $500,000. When mercury, iodide potassium, sarsaparilla or Hot Springs fail, we guarantee a cure—and our Magic Cyphilene is the only thing that will cure permanently. Positive proof sent sealed, free. COOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

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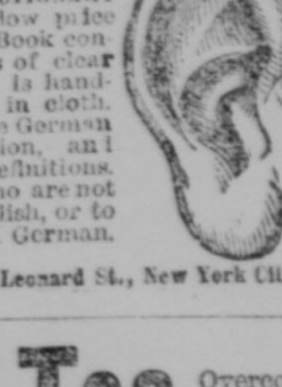
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Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

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Best Low Priced GERMAN DICTIONARY published, at the remarkably low price of only $1.00, postpaid. This Book contains 624 finely printed pages of clear type on excellent paper and is handsomely yet serviceably bound in cloth. It gives English words with the German equivalents and pronunciation, and German words with English definitions. It is invaluable to Germans who are not thoroughly familiar with English, or to Americans who wish to learn German. Address, with $1.00,



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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.