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A proud father sends the Boston Post this little story about a 4-year-old child—a girl: She had been told that the stars in the sky were God's lamps. During a thunderstorm she surprised the family by saying, after a flash of lightning: "God is lighting His lamps. Didn't you see Him scratch the match?"

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Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

WHERE hope dies hell begins.

NO DRINKING man can be trusted.

THE man who robs the poor robs God.

IT is always safe to expect great things of God.

A BAD man can never own anything that is fireproof.

WHEN we get religion right it makes us generous.

LOOK a difficulty squarely in the face and it will run.

A TRUTH can never be put in the grave and kept there.

SELF-CONCEIT always puffs us up so that our eyes go shut.

FAMINE runs from the man who puts heart into his work.

IN Christian life no man can live any higher than he looks.

TO KEEP God out of the heart means to keep the devil in.

THE cross we pick out for ourselves is not the cross of Christ.

PALM tree prosperity does not depend on weather or climate.

EVERYBODY else has a right to know what we know about God.

GOD employs no hired men. His work is all done by his sons.

GOD'S way of making a man rich is to first make him righteous.

A SELF-MADE man generally manages to spoil his job somewhere.

THE devil is afraid of the man who always has sunshine in his heart.

CHRIST was crucified by sinners who occupied front seats in the church.

"I SHALL yet praise Him," is always the song of the soul that has no doubt.

THERE is no sin so small that to keep it does not mean to reject Christ.

NOTHING pays a poorer interest on the investment than wearing a long face.

THE windows of Heaven are always shut against the man who will not work.

THE most unprofitable thing we can undertake to do is to avenge ourselves.

IT does not take stuff that can be bought and sold to make God's children rich.

IT never hurts the man of faith a bit to sometimes have to travel in the dark.

THE only thing for the Christian to be concerned about is his loyalty to Christ.

THE palm tree will grow and bear fruit anywhere, and so will a true Christian.

WHEN we love the Lord in earnest some of the neighbors will be sure to find it out.

HARVEST will never come for the man who will not get out of bed to plow and plant.

THE devil never throws any stones at the preacher whose religion is all in his head.

White Clover Graves.

John Brown was the grave-digger of a Scotch parish. He had his own ways,—like most Scotchmen,—and one of them was to sow the graves of little children with white clover. The new minister of the parish had noticed John's loving care of children's graves, and one day came upon him trimming the small resting-place of a child buried a few days before. The conversation which followed is reported in a volume of Scotch anecdotes.

"John," said the minister, "why are you so particular in dressing and keeping the graves of children?"

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," answered John, looking up at the sky.

"And on this account you tend them with so much care?" remarked the minister, slowly, as if musing on John's answer.

"Surely, sir," said the grave-digger, pausing in his work. "I canna make overbraw the bed-coverin' of a little innocent sleeper that is waiting here till it's God's time to wauken it, an I cover it with the white robe. When sic grandeur is awaitin' it yonder, it's fit it should be decked out here. I think that He will like to see the white clover sheet spread above it; dae ye no think sae tae, sir?"

For Blowing Glass.

At the Whitney Glass Works, in their branch factory in Vineland, N. J., is now being tried the mechanical bottle-blower which has been for several years in successful operation aboad. This does away with the exhausting labor of mouth-blowing, largely increases the product and improves the quality at a greatly reduced cost. Writing in the Engineering Magazine R. M. Atwater says: "It would be premature to assert that the glass-blower as we now know him will in the next generation be as absolete as a clay mold, but there is little doubt that the mechanical bottle-blower, with compressed air, now has the call for a large variety of shapes, as for ales, minerals, beers, wines, fruit jars, milk jars, water bottles—in fact, any shape of more than half-pint capacity that is used in large quantities. The mechanical blower is an English invention, though German and English inventors have entered the field as competitors. But the Ashley patent, developed by the able engineer, Joshua Horne of Castleford, Yorkshire, is the device that has the most vitality of any now on the horizon."

A DENVER paper tells of "a woman who whipped a dude." She should have taken one of her size.

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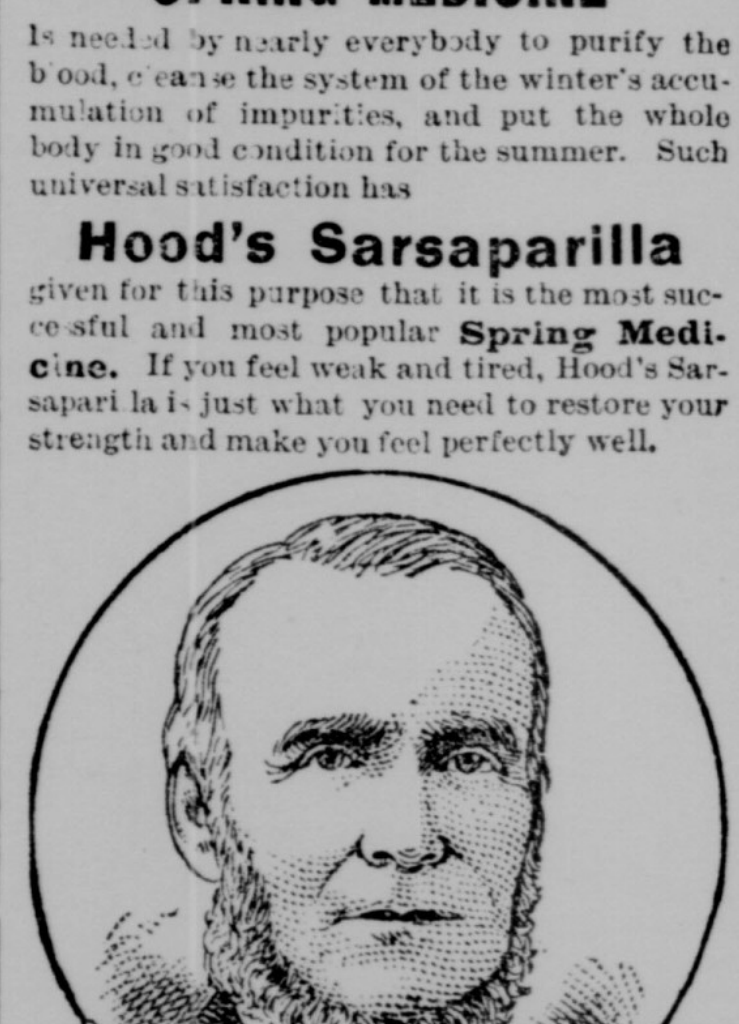
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The following is from Hon. W. S. Warner, a gentleman highly esteemed by all who know him:
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appetite and seemed to renew my youth. This is absolutely true." W. S. WARNER, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Over All Forever."

TEXT: "*Christ came, who is over all.*"—Romans ix., 5.

For 4000 years the world had been waiting for a deliverer—waiting while empires rose and fell. Conquerors came and made the world worse instead of making it better—still the centuries watched and waited. They looked for Him on thrones, looked for Him in palaces, looked for Him in imperial robes, looked for Him at the head of armies. At last they found Him in a barn. The cattle stood nearer to Him than the angels, for the former were in the adjoining stall, while the latter were in the clouds. A parentage of peasantry! No room for Him in the inn because there was no one to pay the hotel expense. Yet the pointing star and the angelic cantata showed that heaven made up in appreciation of His worth what the world lacked. "Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen."

But who is this Christ who came? As to the difference between different denominations of evangelical Christians I have no concern. If I could by the turning over of my hand decide whether all the world shall at last be Baptist or Methodist or Congregational or Episcopalian or Presbyterian, I would not turn my hand. But there are doctrines which are vital to the soul. If Christ be not a God, we are idolators. To this Christological question I devote myself this morning and pray God that we may think right and do aright in regard to a question in which mistake is infinite.

I suppose that the majority of those here to-day assembled believe the Bible. It requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It is faith in a different direction. The Christian has faith in the teachings of Matthew, Luke, John, Paul, Isaiah, Moses. The infidel has faith in the free thinkers. We have faith in one class of men. They have faith in another class of men. But as the majority of those, perhaps all of those here assembled, are willing to take the Bible for a standard in morals and in faith, I make this book my starting point.

I suppose you are aware that the two generals who have marshaled the great armies against the deity of Jesus Christ are Strauss and Renen. The number of their slain will not be counted until the trumpet of the archangel sounds the roll call of the resurrection. Those men and their sympathizers saw that if they could destroy the fortress of miracles they could destroy Christianity, and they were right. Surrender the miracles and you surrender Christianity. The great German exegete says that all the miracles were myths. The great French exegete says that all the miracles were legends. They propose to take everything supernatural from the life of Christ and everything supernatural from the Bible. They prefer the miracles of human nonsense to the glorious miracles of Jesus Christ.

They say there was no miraculous birth in Bethlehem, but that it is all a fanciful story, just like the story of Romulus said to have been born of Rhea Silvia and the god Mars. They say no star pointed to the manger; it was only the flash of a passing lantern. They say there was no miraculous making of bread, but that it is a corruption of the story that Elisha gave 20 loaves of bread to a hundred men. They say the water was never turned into wine, but that it is a corruption of the story that the Egyptian plague turned the water into blood. They say it is no wonder that Christ sweat great drops of blood; he had been out in the night air and was taken suddenly ill. They say that there were no tongues of fire on the heads of the disciples at the Pentecost; that there was only a great thunder storm, and the air was full of electricity, which snapped and flew all around about the heads of the disciples.

They say that Mary and Martha and Christ felt it important to get up an excitement for the forwarding of their religion, and so they dramatized a funeral and Lazarus played the corpse, and Mary and Martha played the weepers, and Christ was the tragedian. I put it in my own words, but this is the exact meaning of their statements. They say the Bible is a spurious book written by superstitious or lying men, backed up by men who died for that which they did not believe.

Now, I take back the limited statement which I made a few moments ago, when I said it requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It requires a thousandfold more faith to be an infidel than to be a Christian, for if Christianity demand that the whale swallowed Jonah, then skepticism demands that Jonah swallowed the whale! I can prove to you that Christ was God, not only by supernatural appearances on that Christmas night, but by what inspired men said of Him, by what He says of Himself and by His wonderful achievements. "Christ came, who is over all." Ah, does not that prove too much? Not over the Cæsars, not over Frederick, not over Alexander the Great, not over the Henrys, not over the Louises? Yes. Pile all the thrones of all the ages together, and my text overspans them as easily as a rainbow overspans a mountain. "Christ came, who is over all." Then He must be God.

The Bible says that all things were made by Him. Does not that prove too much? Could it be that He made the Mediterranean, that He made the Black sea, that He made the Atlantic, the Pacific, that He made Mount Lebanon, that He made the Alps, the Sierra Nevadas, that He made the Hemispheres, that He made the universe? Yes. The Bible says so, and lest we be too stupid to understand John winds up with a magnificent reiteration and says, "Without Him was not anything made that was made." Then He was a God.

The Bible says at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow. All heaven must come down on its knees. Martyrs on their knees, apostles on their knees, confessors on their knees, the archangel on his knees. Before whom? A man? No, He is a God. The Bible says every tongue shall confess—Bornesian, Malayan, Mexican, Italian, Spanish, Persian, English. Every tongue shall confess. To whom? God. The Bible says Christ the same yesterday, today and forever. Is that characteristic of humanity? Do we not change? Does not the body entirely change in seven years? Does not the mind change? Does not the heart change? Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He must be a God.

Philosophers say that the law of gravitation decides everything and that the centripetal and centrifugal forces keep the world from clashing and from demolition. But Paul says that Christ's arm is the axle on which everything turns, and that Christ's hand is the socket in which everything is set. Mark the words, "Upholding—upholding all things by the word of His power." Then He must be a God.

Then look at what Christ says of Himself. Now, certainly, every one must understand himself better than any one else can understand him. If I ask you where you were born and you tell me, "I was born in Chester, England," or "I was born in Glasgow, Scotland," or "I was born in Dublin, Ireland," or "I was born in New Orleans, the United States," you being a man of integrity, I should believe you. If I asked you how many pounds you could lift and you should say you could lift 100 pounds or 200 pounds or 300 pounds, I should believe you. It is a matter personal to yourself. You know better than any one else can tell you.

If I ask how much estate you are worth, and you say $10,000 or $100,000 or $500,000, I believe what you say. You know better than any one else. Now, Christ must know better than any one else who He is and what He is. When I ask Him how old He is, He says, "Before Abraham was, I am." Abraham had been dead 2028 years. Was Christ 2028 years old? Yes, He says He is older than that. "Before Abraham was, I am." Then Christ says, "I am the Alpha." Alpha is the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and Christ in that utterance declared, "I am the A of the alphabet of the centuries." Then He must be a God.

Can a man be in a thousand places at once? Christ says He is in a thousand places at once. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." This everywhereativeness, is it characteristic of a man or of a God? And lest we might think this everywhereativeness would cease, He goes on, and He intimates that He will be in all the cities of the earth—He will be in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America the day before the world burns up. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Why, then, He must be a God.

Besides that, He takes divine honors. He declares Himself Lord of men, angels and devils. Is He? If He is, He is a God. If He is not, He is an impostor. A man comes into your store to-morrow morning. He says: "I am the great shipbuilder of Liverpool. I have built hundreds of ships." He goes on to give his experience. You defer to him as a man of large experience and great possessions. But the next day you find out that he is not the great shipbuilder of Liverpool; that he never built a ship; that he never built anything. What is he then? An impostor. Christ says He built this world. He built all things. Did He build them? If He did, He is a God. If He did not, He is an impostor.

A man comes into your place of business with Jewish countenance and a German accent and says "I am Rothschild, the banker, of London. I have the wealth of Nations in my pocket. I loaned that large amount to Italy and Austria in their perplexity." But after a while you find that he has never loaned any money to Italy or Austria; that he never had a large estate; that he is no banker at all; that He owns nothing. What is he? An impostor. Christ says He owns the cattle on a thousand hills; He owns this world. He owns the next world; He owns the universe; He is the banker of all Nations. Is He? If He is, He is a God. Is He not? Then He is an impostor.

A man enters the White House at Washington. He says: "I am Emperor William, of Germany. I am traveling incognito. I have come over here for recreation and pleasure. I own castles in Dresden and Berlin." But the president finds out the next day that he is not Emperor William; that he owns no castles at Berlin and Dresden; that he has no authority. What is he? An impostor. Christ says He is the king over all—the king immortal, invisible. If He is, He is a God. If He is not, He is an impostor.

Strauss saw that alternative, and he tries to get out of it by saying that Christ was sinful in accepting adoration and worship. Renan tries to get out of it by saying that [illegible] purity of conscience, and he slyly intimates that dishonorable women had damaged His soul. Anything but believe that Christ is God. Now you believe the Bible to be true. If you do not, you would hardly have appeared in this church. You would have gone over and joined the Broadway Infidel club, or you would go to Boston and kiss the foot of the statue of Thomas Paine. You would hardly come into this church, where the most of us are the deluded souls who believe in a whole Bible and take it all down as easily as you swallow a ripe strawberry.

I have shown you what inspired men said of Christ, I have shown you what Christ said of Himself; now, if you believe the Bible, let us go out and see His wonderful achievements—surgical, alimentary, marine, mortuary. Surgical achievements! Where is the medical journal that gives an account of such exploits as Christ wrought? He used no knife. He carried no splints. He employed no compress. He made no patient squirm under cauterization. He tied no artery. Yet behold Him! With a word He struck fast Malchus' amputated ear. He stirred a little dust and spittle into a salve and with it caused a man who was born blind and without optic nerve or cornea or crystalline lens to open his eyes on the sunlight. He beat music on the drum of the deaf ear. He straightened a woman who, through contraction of muscle, had been bent almost double for well nigh two decades. He made a man who had no use of his limbs for 38 years shoulder his mattress and walk off.

Sir Astley Cooper, Abernethy, Valentine Mott, stood powerless before a withered arm, but this doctor of omnipotent surgery, comes in and He sees the paralytic arm useless and lifeless at the man's side, and Christ says to him, "Stretch forth thine hand," and he stretched it forth whole as the other. He was a God.

Alimentary achievements! He found a lad who had come out of the wilderness with five loaves of bread for a speculation. Perhaps the lad had paid five pennies for the five loaves and expected to sell them for ten pennies, and so he would double his money. Christ took those loaves of bread and performed a miracle by which He fed 7000 famishing people, and I warrant you the lad lost nothing, for there were twelve baskets of fragments taken up, and if the boy had five loaves at the start I warrant you he had at least ten at the close.

The Saviour's mother goes into a neighbor's house to help get up a wedding party. By calculation she finds out that the amount of wine is not sufficient for the guests. She calls in Christ for help, and Christ, not by the slow decay of fermentation, but by a word, makes 130 gallons of pure wine.

Marine achievements! He turns a whole school of fish into the net of men who were mourning over their poor luck, until the boat is so full they have to halloo to other boats, and the other boats come up, and they are laden to the water's edge with the game, so that the sailors have to be cautious in going from larboard to starboard lest they upset the ship.

Then there comes a squall down through the mountain gorge, and Gennesaret, with long locks of white foam, rises up to battle it, and the boat drops into a trough and ships a sea, and the loosened sails crack in the tornado, and Christ rises from the back part of the boat and comes walking across the staggering ship until He comes to the prow, and there He wipes the spray from His brow and hushes the crying storm on the knee of His omnipotence. Who wrestled down that euroclydon? Whose feet trampled the rough Galilee into a smooth floor?

Let philosophers and anatomists go to Westminster Abbey and try to wake up Queen Elizabeth or Henry VIII. No human power ever wakened the dead. There is a dead girl in Capernaum. What does Christ do? Alas that she should have died so young and the world so fair! Only twelve years of age. Feel her cold brow and cold hands. Dead, dead! The house is full of weeping. Christ comes, and He takes hold of the hand of the dead girl, and instantly her eyes open, her heart starts. The white lily of death blushes into the rose of life and health. She rushes into the arms of her rejoicing kindred. Who woke up that death? Who restored her to life? A man? Tell that to the lunatics in Bloomingdale asylum. It was Christ the God.

But there comes a test which more than anything else will show whether He was God or man. You remember that great passage which says, "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." The earth will be stunned by a blow that will make it stagger in midheaven; the stars will circle like dry leaves in an equinox; the earth will unroll the bodies, and the sky will unroll the spirits, and soul and flesh will come into incorruptible conjunction. Day of smoke and fire and darkness and triumph. On one side, piled up in galleries of light, the one hundred and forty and four thousand—yea, the quintillions—of the saved. On the other side, piled up in galleries of darkness, the frowning, the glaring multitude of those who rejected God. Between these two piled up galleries a throne, a high throne, a throne standing on two burnished pillars—justice, mercy—a throne so bright you had better hide your eye lest it be extinguished with excess of vision. But it is an empty throne. Who will come up and take it? Will you?

"Ah, no!" you say: "I am but a child of dust. I would not dare to climb that throne." Would Gabriel climb it? He dare not. Who will ascend it? Here comes one. His back is to us. He goes up step above step, height above height until He reaches the apex. Then He turns around and faces all the Nations, and we all see who it is. It is Christ, the God, and all earth, and all heaven, and all hell kneel, crying "It is a God! It is a God!" We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

Oh, I am so glad that it is a Divine being who comes to pardon all our sins, to comfort all our sorrows. Sometimes our griefs are so great they are beyond any human sympathy, and we want Almighty sympathy. Oh, ye who cried all last night because of bereavement or loneliness, I want to tell you it is an omnipotent Christ who is come.

When the children are in the house and the mother is dead, the father has to be more gentle in the home, and he has to take the office of father and mother, and it seems to me Christ looks out upon your helplessness, and He proposes to be father and mother to your soul. He comes in the strength of one, in the tenderness of the other. He says with one breath, "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," and then with the next breath He says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Do you not feel the hush of the divine lullaby?

Oh, put your tired head down on the heaving bosom of divine compassion, while He puts His arms around you and says: "O widowed soul, I will be thy God. O orphaned soul, I will be thy protector. Do not cry." Then He touches your eyelids with His fingers and sweeps His fingers down your cheek and wipes away all the tears of lonliness and bereavement. Oh, what a tender and sympathetic God has come for us! I do not ask you to lay hold of Him. Perhaps you are not strong enough for that. I do not ask you to pray. Perhaps you are too bewildered for that. I only ask you to let go and fall back into the arms of everlasting love.

Soon you and I will hear the click of the latch of the door of the sepulcher. Strong men will take us in their arms and carry us down and lay us in the dust, and they cannot bring us back again. I should be scared with infinite fright if I thought I must stay in the grave, if even the body were to stay in the grave. But Christ will come with glorious iconoclasm and split and grind up the rocks and let us all come forth. The Christ of the manger is the Christ of the throne.

WASHINGTON CELEBRATION.

Commemorating the 104th Anniversary of the Inauguration.

The 104th anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States, was celebrated in New York in a more elaborate manner than similar celebrations have been in recent years. Under the command of Captain John G. Norman the following military and civic organizations assembled in front of the sub treasury and formed in this order: Old Washington Continental Guards, representing American forces; Highland Guards, representing the Scotch troops; Guards de Lafayette, representing the French troops; Veteran Zouaves, representing the Hessians; dismounted cavalry, representing the Washington Light Infantry; four posts of the Grand Army—Camp A. S. Williams, Sons of Veterans; Jefferson Pioneer Corps, St. George's Battalion, Royal Block Receptory, L. O. A of A., and Court Harrison, A. O. F. of A. The procession formed and moved in the same order as did the organizations 104 years ago.

The military bodies appeared in uniform, and the members of the civil organizations wore white gloves and red, white and blue ribbons in the lapel of the coat. They marched up Broadway, thence to Vesey street and through the side entrance of St. Paul's into the church. The chair used by Washington had been loaned for the occasion by E. B. Southwick, and stood upon the altar decorated with the national flag.

Rev. W. N. Geer preached the sermon, and was assisted in the special service by Rev. Morgan Dix.

DISASTROUS TORNADOES.

Scores of People Killed and Wounded in Oklahoma.

Two distinct tornadoes, a terrific hail storm, and a waterspout combined to wreak awful destruction in the newly built towns in Oklahoma a few nights ago. The damage to property is very great.

At least on hundred lives were lost and five hundred persons hurt during the cyclones. Heavy storms and tornadoes also visited Texas, Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin.

The brunt of the storm was laid upon the prosperous little town of Norman, on the Santa Fe Railroad. At that point thirty-one people were killed, dozens were injured, and the town was almost completely destroyed. Business was suspended all over the Territory, and everybody able to render any assistance to the poor unfortunates or to help remove the dead bodies [illegible] along the track of the tornado.

HANDLING A HERD OF CATTLE.

Skill and Daring Required to Avert a Stampede on the Trail.

The task of the drover and his assistant cowboys in getting the herds from the Southern ranches to the Northern shipping points was one involving both skill and daring, says an article in Scribner's Magazine. The daily programme was as regular as that of a regiment on the march. From morning until noon the cattle were allowed to graze in the direction of their destination, watched by the cowboys in relays. The cattle were by this time uneasy, and were turned into the trail and walked steadily forward eight or ten miles, when at early twilight they halted for another graze. As darkness came on they were gathered closer and closer together into a compact mass by the cowboys riding steadily in constantly lessening circles around them until at last the brutes lay down chewing their cuds and resting from the day's trip. Near midnight they would usually get up, stand awhile, and then lie down again, having changed sides. At this time extra care was necessary to keep them from aimlessly wandering off in the darkness. Sitting on their ponies or riding slowly round and round their reclining charges, the cowboys passed the night on sentinel duty, relieving one another at stated hours.

When skies were clear and the air bracing the task of cattle driving was a pleasant and healthful one. But there came rainy days, when the cattle were restless and when it was anything but enjoyable riding through the steady downpour. Then especially were the nights wearisome, and the cattle were ready at any time to stampede.

No one could tell what caused a stampede any more than one can tell the reason of the strange panics that attack human gatherings at times. A flash of lightning, a crackling stick, a wolf's growl—little things in themselves, but in a moment every horned head was lifted, and the mass of hair and horns, with fierce, frightened eyes, gleaming like thousands of emeralds, was off. Recklessly, blindly, in whatever direction fancy led them, they went over a bluff or morass, it mattered not, and fleet were the horses that could keep abreast of the leaders. But some could do it, and, lashing their ponies to their best gait, the cowboys followed at breakneck speed. Getting on one side of the leaders, the effort was to turn them a little at first, then more and more, until the circumference of a great circle was being described. The cattle behind blindly followed, and soon the front and rear joined and "milling" commenced. Like a mighty mill stone, round and round the bewildered creatures raced until they were wearied out or recovered from their fright.

But the cowboy, with his white, wide-rimmed hat, his long leather cattle whip, and his clanking spur, is now a thing of the past.

Too Much Money.

A leading paper in a New England State, discussing corrupt election practices, strikes at the root of the trouble when it says:

"The fact is, both parties have too much money."

What is admitted of that State is unfortunately true of many others; namely, that "shameful or rather shameless, use of money has come to be a part of every general election."

The same writer sadly puts the suggestive question: "If votes are worth $30 each, provided a man has no character; if work is scarce, crops poor, and children plenty, and hungry, what is going to become of his character?"

The story is told that at a recent election one of the parties polled in a certain town a much larger vote than usual. On inquiry it was found that some honest men in the party who disliked the doubtful methods of the official committee had quietly appointed an unpaid committee to watch the other, to discountenance bribery, and to do legitimate election work.

The amount of "selling out" was greatly reduced, and the issue showed that in politics, as elsewhere, honesty is the best policy.

A noted example of the danger of "too much money" is given by the Panama Canal scandal. Of nearly three hundred million dollars received, a fraction only reached the men actually at work. Corrupt politicians, contractors, newspapers, and officials absorbed the rest. If the sum spent in bribery could have been spent in work, the canal would have been much nearer completion to-day.

We are proud that the United States has had no such gigantic scandal as that now convulsing France; let us take care that "too much money" in politics does not lead us in that direction.—Youth's Companion.

Poor Kansas.

There is danger of a rabbit plague in Kansas similar to that of Australia.

FACTS A—Absolutely. B—Best. C—Cure for Pain.
ST. JACOBS OIL
FIGURES 1—A Prompt Cure. 2—A Permanent Cure. 3—A Perfect Cure.

Settled by Arbitration.

The outline of the postoffice had become indistinct in the gathering darkness and the streets in the vicinity were filled with people hurrying homeward, when the reporter observed a man with a stubby beard who with some difficulty was holding a position on a corner, solemnly shaking hands with a line of newsboys. Some of the passers-by, discouraged in their pedestrian efforts for rapid transit, stopped to watch the proceedings, for the sight was unusual. Had some local celebrity chosen this time and place to hold a reception? It might appear so but for the small number of guests.

The true significance of the little scene, however, was understood only by those who were earlier on the spot.

There had been a fierce altercation between the man and one of the boys, and the companions of the latter, coming from all directions, fell upon the man with so vigorous an onslaught that an old Irishman said afterward that he thought they'd "murder him from head to foot." But just as this outcome of the affair seemed probable a ragged little fellow appeared on the scene and ruled the proceedings out of order.

"Youse fellers ain't givin' de bloke a square deal," he said. "There wouldn't 'a' been no scrap if Joe hadn't cheated," and he followed with an argument that was evidently convincing, for when he finished his burst of eloquence with what probably was a borrowed phrase, "Yer oughter 'pologize," the boys did, actually.

Each side conceded something and the handshaking followed; and although a couple of idlers moved away somewhat reluctantly, disappointed in not seeing a fight, and while some of the spectators laughed at the little peacemaker, the last in the line, extended a grimy little hand to be clasped in the larger one, half a score of hearts beat lighter because of his plea for justice.—Boston Journal.

The Queerest of Railroads.

One of the queerest railroads on this continent is the Salisbury and Havey, in New Brunswick. It is but twenty miles long, and although it connects with the Intercolonial Road, an admirably constructed line, it is confessedly unsafe. A printed notice hung up in the cars cautions passengers that it is well to get out and walk on reaching a certain bridge, and it was long the custom to push the cars over this crazy structure before the mighty engine was trusted upon its rotten timbers.

THE girl who drops her eyes always picks them up again, but the novelist usually neglects to say so.

When Traveling
Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

A man does wrong for the same reason that wolves steal sheep.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Thunder is the bass drum in the music of the elements.

Many persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

Sleep is the honey in the comb of healthful labor.

Work for workers! Are you ready to work, and do you want to make money? Then write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and see if they cannot help you.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

Ladies needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

Some hearts wither before they bloom.

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

The downright fool doesn't now it.

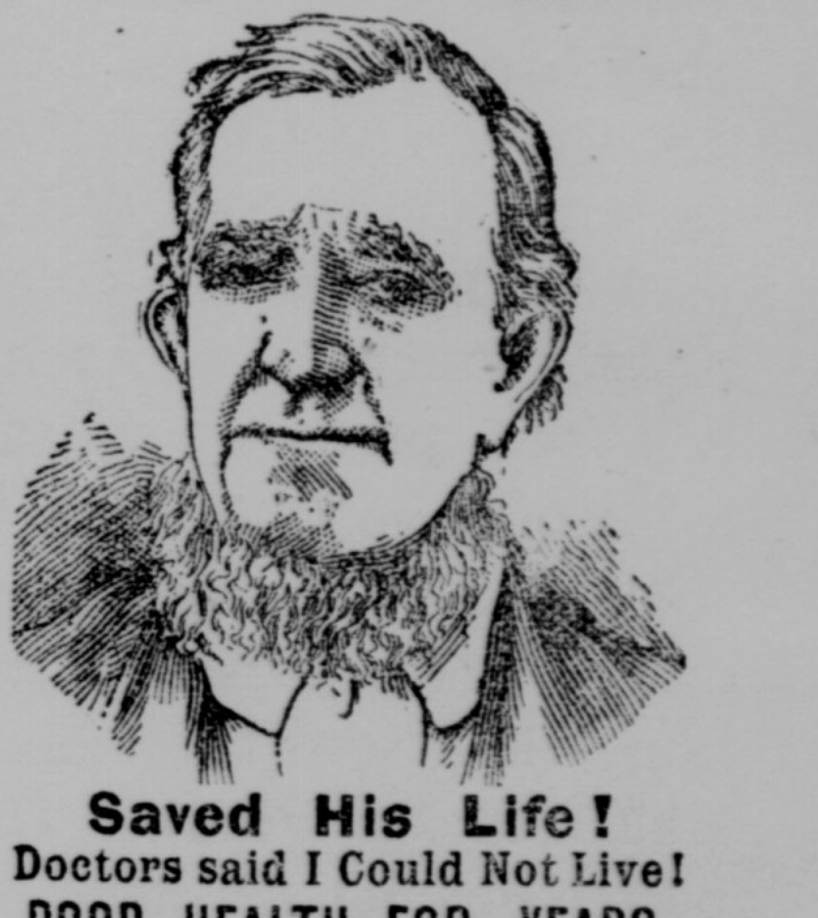
Beecham's Pills with a drink of water mornings. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

Drop a sentiment in the slot and get action.

Garfield Tea—The leading Spring Medicine.

Fragrance is what the flower thinks.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT



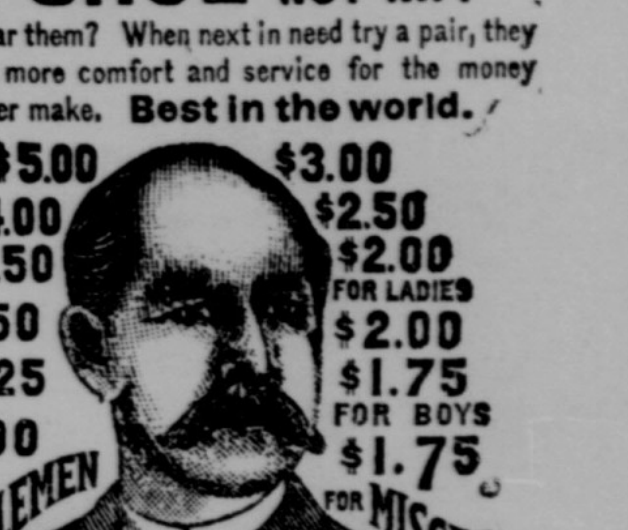
Saved His Life!
Doctors said I Could Not Live!
POOR HEALTH FOR YEARS.
Mr. Willcox is a practical farmer and Postmaster in the village where he resides, and is well known for miles around. He writes:—"I had been in poor health for a long time. Four years ago the crisis came, and a number of our best physicians said I would not live a year. I began using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure; then my doctor said it might help me for a time, but I would not be here a year hence. My difficulties, aggravated by Rheumatism, were so bad I could not get either hand to my face. I continued the medicine nearly a year, and now I am as well as any man of my age—sixty-eight years. I give Swamp-Root credit for saving my life, and the good health I now enjoy is due to its use."
Jan. 9, '93. J. D. WILLCOX, Olmsville, Pa.
SWAMP ROOT Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if you are not benefited, Druggist will refund to you the price paid.
"Invalids' Guide to Health" and Consultation Free.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
At Druggists, 50c. or $1.00 Size.

Bile Beans
Positively cure Bilious Attacks, Constipation, Sick-Headache, etc.
25 cents per bottle, at Drug Stores.
Write for sample dose, free.
J. F. SMITH & CO., Props. New York.

CATARRH IN CHILDREN
For over two years my little girl's life was made miserable by a case of Catarrh. The discharge from the nose was large, constant and very offensive. Her eyes became inflamed, the lids swollen and very painful. After trying various remedies, I gave her S.S.S. The first bottle seemed to aggravate the disease, but the symptoms soon abated, and in a short time she was cured.
DR. L. B. RITCHEY, Mackey, Ind.
Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"German Syrup"
Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE WILL NOT RIP.
Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair, they will give you more comfort and service for the money than any other make. Best in the world.



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W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

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THIS IS JUST WHAT I SHALL DO AFTER THIS
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TRADE MARK
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USE THE BEST
TAKE NO OTHER

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B N U 18

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Why not, indeed?
When the Royal Baking Powder makes finer and more wholesome food at a less cost, which every housekeeper familiar with it will affirm, why not discard altogether the old-fashioned methods of soda and sour milk, or home-made mixture of cream of tartar and soda, or the cheaper and inferior baking powders, and use it exclusively?

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oil is the kind used in the production of Scott's Emulsion—Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda are added for their vital effect upon nerve and brain. No mystery surrounds this formula—the only mystery is how quickly it builds up flesh and brings back strength to the weak of all ages.
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will check Consumption and is indispensable in *all* wasting diseases.
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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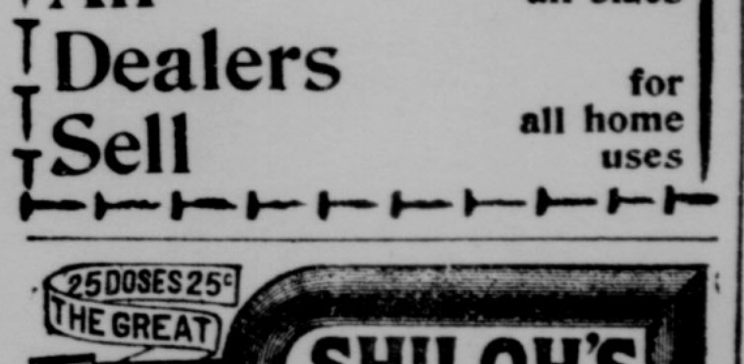
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.



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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.
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