## CABLE SPARKS.

The catch of Victoria sealers in Japanese seas has been satisfactory.

The Chinese government is preparing a protest against French aggressions in Siam.

During the inauguration of the governor of Panama, a balcony fell, injuring several persons.

It is reported at Panama that M. Mange intends to resume work on the canal in November.

There was a death from cholera at Ashton Under-Lynde, a manufacturing town, 6 1-2 miles from Manchester.

Detachments of the Russian and German armies are maneuvering in the vicinity of the Russo-Prussian frontier.

The anti-German demonstrations by young Czechs have become so violent in Prague that their meetings have been prohibited.

The steamer Shermoksha has burned on the river Volga. Fifteen of the crew and twelve passengers were burned or drowned.

The steamship Carisbrokk ran down the yacht Titania off Cowes. The yacht sank almost immediately. The crew was saved.

The son of Senor Maceiras, a Cuban planter, has been kidnapped by bandits near the Angostura plantation, in the district of Yeguas.

The Mexican ministry is studying a plan for reducing the duty on exports. The election troubles at Coahila are practically at an end.

The long-threatened invation of Mashonaland by the Matabele tribe is imminent, the warriors advancing to the frontier in large numbers.

Gen. Marie Francois de Miribel, chief of the French general staff, who was injured by falling from his horse at Hauterive has died from the effects of his injuries.

Notwithstanding the alarmist reports in regard to Prince Bismarck's condition that have been circulated, it is said in Kissingen that the ex-chancellor is recovering from his recent attack of sickness. His condition is improving daily.

Several questions were asked in the House of Commons in regard to the time spent by the Duke of Edinburg in performing the duties of his recent office of naval commander-in-chief at Devonsport. It was intimated that the Duke had been absent on leave one-third of the time.

## WENT THROUGH A BRIDGE.

### A Train Was Passing When The Structure Gave Way.

The iron bridge across Harvey's Canal, New Orleans gave way while a train of the Southern Pacific was passing over and the locomotive and tender went through.

One of the coaches was piled on top of the wreck. Four people were injured.


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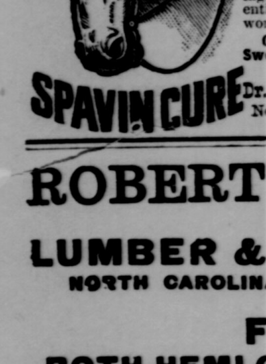
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## SHELLING RIO.

### Warships Keep Up a Firing Upon the Town for Six Hours.

### LITTLE DAMAGE DONE.

One Woman Reported Killed In United States Minister Thompson's Report--Both Ships and Forts Escaped uninjured Poor Marksmanship.

Accounts of the bombardment of Rio Janeiro are very vague. Advices received in London show that Admiral Mello, commanding the Rebel Brazilian fleet, carried out his threat to bombard the forts guarding the Bay of Rio de Janeiro.

The rebel warships, including the cruisers Aquidaban, Republica and Trajano, took up positions before the forts shortly before 9 o'clock, and a little after that hour the signal to fire was set and was promptly obeyed.

The first gun was fired from the flagship of the fleet and its detonation had scarcely died away before the shot was answered from the fort at which it was directed. The firing then became general and the noise of the bombardment was deafening.

From all the advices at hand, however, it appears that little damage was done either to the forts or to the warships. The four 2½-ton breech-loading guns of the Aquidaban did not appear to be well handled, and many of their balls went wide of their marks. Equally poor marksmanship was displayed by the gunners in the forts.

Considerable excitement prevailed in the city during the continuance of the actual hostilities. At about 3 P. M., or after the bombardment had lasted six hours, the signal "cease firing" was displayed on the flagship, and the rebel fleet withdrew. There were a few casualties among the Government troops. The loss to the rebels or the damage to the ships is unknown.

Aside from the bombardment, the situation at Rio de Janeiro remains unchanged.

A GOVERNMENT GUNBOAT CAPTURED.

Buenos Ayres.—Only fragmentary news of the Brazilian revolt has been received at Buenos Ayres. President Peixoto still controls the telegraphic lines.

The insurgent squadron is reported to have bombarded an arsenal town near Rio Janeiro, but which one it is impossible as yet to ascertain. The insurgents captured the Government gunboat Alagoas, which lay in the harbor and surrendered without firing a shot.

The forts at the entrance to the harbor fired on the insurgent fleet, but without effect. The insurgents directed their fire upon the arsenals and forts. The Government ironclad, Bahia, which started for Paraguay River to oppose any revolt in the fleet at Matto Grosso, has been ordered to return to the defense of Rio Janeiro. The officers of the Government gunboat Tiradentes, which has been in the harbor of Montevideo for several days, expects to be attacked shortly by the insurgent transport Itaica, and they have prepared their ship for action. Of the 486 officers in the Brazilian Navy, 296 have joined the insurgents.

ONE WOMAN REPORTED KILLED.

Secretary Gresham has received the following cable from Minister Thompson, at Rio:—

"At 11 o'clock A. M., revolutionary forces bombarded forts commanding entrance harbor, also arsenal on wharf, center of city. A few shells were fired in the city, and a woman was killed in her residence. Commercial telegrams have again been forbidden."

## TRAIN ROBBER'S GUILT.

### Nathaniel Myers and Marion Hedgepath Are Doubles.

Nathaniel Myers, alias Charles Leakman, who is in jail at San Antonia, Texas, charged with being implicated in the Missouri Pacific train robbery near Lamar, Mo., which took place two years ago, makes some startling disclosures as to the guilt of Marion Hedgepath, who is in jail in St. Louis charged with being the leader of the Glendale train robbers, who secured $40,000.

Hedgepath claims to be Myer's double and says that the latter was the leader of the Glendale robbers and not he. Myers in reply to this says: "I have shielded Hedgepath all along in the matter, but I will now tell all I know. He got me into trouble and is now trying to put it on me. I know that Hedgepath is one of the Glendale train robbers and I can produce four witnesses that can prove that he is. When I am called upon to tell what I know about the Glendale robbery my statement will implicate some of the most prominent business men of Kansas City, Mo.

"It would be an easy matter to prove that Hedgepath is guilty of the robbery. Mrs. Hedgepath herself said that her husband was one of the robbers and that $40,000 was secured, and that the money was divided in her presence. Four of the men received an equal share of the money. They were Hedgepath, Mrs. Hedgepath's brother, a man named Slie, and Dink Wilson."

## DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES

Between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 feet of lumber in the yards of the Pulman Palace Co., at Pullman, Illinois, were burned.

Mrs. Mary Conner, aged 47 years, died in Yonkers, New York, from eating toadstools. Her four children, who also partook of them are dangerously ill.

Frank Calilao and Joseph Olivero and their wives and children were poisoned by toadstools gathered at West Farms, New York, several days ago.

Rosina Conzoinero and her husband, Peter, died in New York, from eating toadstools for mushrooms. Three others were ill from eating the same fungi.

The steamship Natchez was blown ashore at Plaquemine, Louisiana, and, it is thought would become a total wreck. She was a new vessel, and cost $100,000.

A freight wreck occurred on the Nickel Plate Railroad near Macomb, Ohio. Engineer John Davidson was killed, and Fireman J. N. Umphea and Engineer Charles Merritt were fatally injured.

A car on the electric railway at Mauch Chunk, Pa., ran down the hill and collided with another car. Abie Dietrick had both legs broken and Wm. H. Haston, the conductor, was probably fatally injured. The accident is said to have been due to carelessness.

Surgeon General Wyman, of the Marine Hospital Service, has been apprised of three more cases of yellow fever at Brunswick, Ga. Two deaths have occurred within 24 hours. Vigorous quarantine measures are being taken under the direction of the physicians of the Marine Hospital Service. A detention camp has been established outside the city, and the Postoffice Department has ordered that the mails leaving there shall be thoroughly fumigated.

In the inquest on the victims of the railroad collision at Colehour, Illinois, the Coroner's jury returned a verdict that the collision was due to the imperfect making of the time cards, the improper track facilities and the criminal negligence of the operating officials. The jury also recommended that Superintendent Law, F. B. O'Connor and P. Fort be held to await the action of the Grand Jury. O'Connor, the train despatcher has not been seen since the collision. Before leaving he sent a message to the Coroner asking that all the men held for the accident be released, as they were entirely innocent and he alone was to blame.

The idea that the earth is slowly drying up has quite a set-back by the recent announcement of the hydrographic engineers that the Gulf of Mexico is one foot higher than it was in 1850.

Twenty-five years ago electricity as a mechanical power was unknown. Now $900,000,000 are invested in various kinds of electrical machinery.

## MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. | $4 50 | @ $4 50 |
| High Grade Extra | 3 70 | 3 75 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 71 | 72 |
| CORN—No. 2 White | 53 | 54 |
| OATS—Southern & Penn. | 35 | 36½ |
| Western White | 33 | 35 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 51 | 52 |
| HAY—Choice Timothy | 14 50 | 15 00 |
| Good to Prime | 13 50 | 14 00 |
| STRAW—Rye in car lds | 10 00 | 10 [illegible] |
| Wheat Blocks | 5 50 | 6 00 |
| Oat Blocks | 7 50 | 8 00 |

CANNED GOODS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3. | $ 90 | @ $ 95 |
| No. 2 | 70 | 75 |
| PEAS—Standards | 1 20 | 1 60 |
| Seconds | | 90 |
| CORN—Dry Pack | | 1 00 |
| Moist | | 90 |

HIDES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CITY STEERS | $ 4½ | @ $ 5 |
| City Cows | 4 | 4½ |
| Southern No. 2 | 5¼ | 5¾ |

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| POTATOES—Burbanks | $ 75 | @ $ 80 |
| ONIONS | 90 | 95 |
| Yams | 2 00 | 2 10 |

PROVISIONS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds. | $ 8¾ | @ $ 9 |
| Clear ribsides | 9 | 9½ |
| Hams | 13¼ | 13½ |
| Mess Pork, per bar | | 17 00 |
| LARD—Crude | | 9½ |
| Best refined | | 10¾ |

BUTTER.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| BUTTER—Fine Crmy | $ 27 | @ $ 28 |
| Under fine | 26 | 27 |
| Roll | 24 | 25 |

CHEESE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CHEESE—N. Y. Factory | $ 10¼ | @ $ 10¼ |
| N. Y. flats | 10¼ | 10¾ |
| Skim Cheese | 6 | 8 |

EGGS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EGGS—State | $ 17 | @ $ 17¼ |
| North Carolina | 15 | 16 |

POULTRY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CHICKENS—Hens | $ 11 | @ $ 12 |
| Ducks, per lb | 9 | 10 |

TOBACCO.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| TOBACCO—Md. Infer's. | $ 1 50 | @ $ 1 50 |
| Sound common | 3 00 | 4 00 |
| Middling | 6 00 | 9 00 |
| Fancy | 12 00 | 13 00 |

LIVE STOCK.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| BEEF—Best Beeves | $ 4 50 | @ $ 4 85 |
| Good to Fair | 3 87 | 4 25 |
| SHEEP | 2 00 | 3 25 |
| Hogs | 6 60 | 6 90 |

FURS AND SKINS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| MUSKRAT | $ 10 | @ $ 11 |
| Raccoon | 40 | 45 |
| Red Fox | — | 1 00 |
| Skunk Black | — | 80 |
| Opossum | 23 | 23 |
| Mink | — | 80 |
| Otter | — | 6 00 |

NEW YORK.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| FLOUR—Southern | $ 3 15 | @ $ 4 25 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 72 | 73 |
| RYE—Western | 50 | 54 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 51¼ | 52¼ |
| OATS—No. 3 | 32¼ | 32½ |
| BUTTER—State | 20 | 25 |
| EGGS—State | 19 | 19 |
| CHEESE—State | 7¾ | 9½ |

PHILADELPHIA.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| FLOUR—Southern | $ 3 60 | @ $ 4 00 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 72 | 73¼ |
| CORN—No. 3 | 50 | 50¼ |
| OATS—N. 2 | 35 | 35¼ |
| BUTTER—State | 27 | 28½ |
| EGGS—Penns. ft | 18 | 18 |

### POPULAR SCIENCE.

Astronomers say there are 500,000,000 suns.

Lightning is believed to be visible a distance of 150 miles.

A device for stopping a trolley car, which is running at full speed, within the space of three feet, has been invented by a man in Rochester, N. Y.

An application of bruised bean leaves gives almost instant relief from the effects of ivy poison. A decoction of dried bean leaves is also a remedy for the same trouble.

South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length, a labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London.

The most curious thing about the butterfly is the size of the case from which the insect proceeds compared with the size of the insect's body. The case is rarely more than one inch long and a quarter of an inch in thickness; the butterfly covers a surface nearly four inches square.

In 1845 Biela's comet was split in two and in 1872 it failed to appear when and where it should have done. Evidently it had been smashed up and prediction was made that there would be a great meteoric shower composed of the remains of the lost comet. This prediction was fulfilled.

It is averred that bees can tell the time of day. A St. Louis gentleman made an experiment to test this instinct by placing a lump of sugar out of doors at noon for several successive days to attract the bees from a hive near by. He discovered that they were on hand punctually to meet him.

Winged ants always fly in companies, sometimes very numerous. When Colonel Augustus Frazer, on October 6, 1813, was watching the battle of the Pyrennes from the mountain called Pena de Aya he and his officers were suddenly surrounded by such a cloud of ants that their view of the battle was cut off and they were compelled to seek another station.

During the summer of 1891 a fisherman captured a specimen of the spiny boxfish on the coast of California, near San Pedro. He preserved it in alcohol, and offered it for sale. The price asked was so unreasonable high that Professor Eigenman, who describes and figures it in the Proceedings of the National Museum, merely took notes of it, but it has since been obtained by the said museum, and he redescribes it. This is the first occurrence on the Pacific Coast of America.

In the cold air freezing machines now employed on board ships for the transport of meat from Australia, New Zealand and America the meat is placed in large chambers, the walls of which are double, the interspace being filled with wood charcoal as a nonconducting material. A jet of intensely cold air is delivered into the chamber at each stroke of the piston of the expansion cylinder, and the temperature of the chamber is thus kept at or near the freezing point during the whole voyage.

### Beetles With Search Lights.

A young Mexican, carrying a perforated box which resembled an old-fashioned lantern, strolled along West Fifty-ninth street one evening recently and stopped in front of the Hotel Pomeroy.

From the tin lantern came a beautiful yellowish green light, such as no candle could possible give. A number of gentlemen were sitting on the hotel porch, and the boy with the lantern stepped up to them and said:

"Mexican bugs, sirs. Fifteen cents apiece, two for a quarter."

He then threw back his coat and disclosed several large beetles secured to his vest by light threads tied about their bodies.

Each beetle carried two powerful searchlights on the dorsal surface of its thorax, placed so as to throw the light directly in front of its eyes. When the beetles were left undisturbed for a little while, the light dwindled away to a mere point, but it glowed again when they were touched with the finger. The tin box contained fully fifty more specimens. It was their combined light which illuminated the novel lantern. The young Mexican took several of the beetles from the box and made them parade up and down the walk to display their lights to better advantage. At the same time their cousins, the fireflies, were glowing among the trees over in Central Park.

The sales were rapid, and soon every one was asking how long they would live and what to feed them on.

"Give them ripe fruit," the boy said, "and they will live till cold weather comes." He explained further that his uncle had brought 600 up from the South to sell in New York and Chicago.

The beetle is the Pyrophorus noctilucus of Central America and the West Indies. It belongs to the family of the elateridæ. It is called cucujo, fire beetle and spring beetle. The last name refers to its power to throw itself by a quick movement of its spine to its feet when it is placed on its back.

The light comes from two oval tubercles on the dorsal surface of the thorax and from the under surface of the segments of the body.

In the southern countries the natives sometimes use them as ornaments for the hair. They are also confined in glass vessels and are actually used to light rooms. A single beetle, if held close to the page, will enable one to read fine print.—New York Times.

### Paper-Making Materials.

Almost everything in the vegetable kingdom, with large additions from the animal and mineral, will furnish the raw material for the making of paper. The only question is whether it can be reduced at allowable expense. Horns, hoofs, hides and bones, lime, alum, rosin, soda and soap, divers things from divers places, go into paper. The mining of clay for paper-makers' use is a very considerable industry of itself. The clay adds to the body and finish of the paper, and likewise to the profit. Paper has been made of wood, hay and stubble, of mummies' and hornets' nests. The list of paper-making materials includes about 400 items. It would be easier to catalogue the materials of which paper cannot be made. Almost anything can be used except nails, needles and pearl buttons, feathers, pigiron and syntax, the only question being the cost of reducing the stuff to pulp.

In the ages B. C. the "reeds" lorded it over the paper-maker, and even for 800 of the years of our Lord the papyrus roll held its own. Then for ten centuries the lowly and despised rag was king. But kings are a little passee, and now wood is "boss," or at least divides the empire. The supply of "paper reeds" is exhausted, the supply of rags will not begin to equal the demand; a substitute must be found, and for it we go to the forests.

Wood pulp has achieved a mighty revolution in the art of paper-making, and the revolution is not ended. The wasp has used wood paper for immemorial ages, but man has been slow to use it as a fiber. The invention was finally suggested by observing a wasp's nest made of wood transformed into paper. In the search for a substitute for rags, wood has been experimented with in many places and for many years, but to Frederick Gottlob Keller, of Saxony, is due the credit of the invention about 1845.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Re-enforcement."

Text: *"Lord, increase our faith."*—Luke xvii., 5.

"What a pity he is going there!" said my friend, a most distinguished general of the army, when he was told that the reason for my not being present on a celebrated day in Brooklyn was that on that day I had sailed for the Holy Land. "Why do you say that?" inquired some one. My military friend replied, "Oh, he will be disillusioned when he gets amidst the squalor and commonplace scenes of Palestine, and his faith will be shaken in Christianity, for that is often the result." The great general misjudged the case.

I went to the Holy Land for the one purpose of having my faith strengthened, and that was the result which came of it. In all our journeying, in all our reading, in all our associations, in all our plans, augmentation rather than the depletion of our faith should be our chief desire. It is easy enough to have our faith destroyed. I can give you a recipe for its obliteration. Read infidel books, have long and frequent conversations with skeptics, attend the lectures of those antagonistic to religion, give full swing to some bad habit, and your faith will be so completely gone that you will laugh at the idea that you ever had any.

If you want to ruin your faith, you can do it more easily than you can do anything else. After believing the Bible all my life I can see a plain way by which, in six weeks, I could enlist my voice and pen and heart and head and entire nature in the bombardment of the Scriptures and the church and all I now hold sacred. That it is easy to banish soon and forever all respect for the Bible I prove by the fact that so many have done it. They were not particularly brainy nor had special force of will, but they so thoroughly accomplished the overthrow of their faith that they have no more idea that the Bible is true, or that Christianity amounts to anything, than they have in the truth of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" or the existence of Don Quixote's "windmills." They have destroyed their faith so thoroughly that they never will have a return of it.

Fifty revivals of religion may sweep over the city, the town, the neighborhood where they live, and they will feel nothing but a silent or expressed disgust. There are persons in this house to-day who 20 years ago gave up their faith, and they will never resume it. The black and deep toned bell of doom hangs over their head, and I take the hammer of that bell, and I strike it three times with all my might, and it sounds, woe! woe! woe! But my wish, and the wish of most of you, is the prayer expressed by the disciples of Jesus Christ in the words of my text, "Lord, increase our faith."

The first mode of accomplishing this is to study the Bible itself. I do not believe there is an infidel now alive who has read the Bible through. But as so important a document needs to be read at least twice through in order that it may be thoroughly understood, and read in course, I now offer $100 reward to any infidel who has read the Bible through twice and read it in course. But I cannot take such a man's own word for it, for there is no foundation for integrity except the Bible, and the man who rejects the source of truth how can I accept his truthfulness?

So I must have another witness in the case before I give the reward. I must have the testimony of some one who has seen him read it all through twice. Infidels fish in this Bible for incoherencies and contradictions and absurdities, and if you find their Bible you will see interlineations in the book of Jonah and some of the chapters of that unfortunate prophet nearly worn out by much use, and some parts of II Samuel or I Kings you will find dim with finger marks, but the pages which contain the Ten Commandments, and the Psalms of David, and the sermon on the mount, and the book of John the Evangelist, will not have a single lead pencil stroke in the margin, nor any finger marks showing frequent perusal.

The father of one of the Presidents of the United States was a pronounced infidel. I knew it when many years ago I accepted his invitation to spend the night in his home. Just before retiring at night he said in a jocose way, "I suppose you are accustomed to read the Bible before going to bed, and here is my Bible from which to read." He then told me what portions he would like to have me read, and he only asked for those portions on which he could easily be facetious.

You know you can make fun about anything. I suppose you could take the last letter your father or mother ever wrote and find something in the grammar or the spelling or the tremor of the penmanship about which to be derisively critical. The internal evidence of the truthfulness of the Bible is so mighty that no one man out of the 1,600,000,000 of the world's present population or the vaster millions of the past ever read the Bible in course, and read it prayerfully and carefully, but was led to believe it.

John Murray, the famous book publisher of Edinburgh, and the intimate friend of Southey, Coleridge, Walter Scott, Canning and Washington Irving, bought of Moore, the poet, the "Memoirs of Lord Byron," and they were to be published after Byron's death. But they were not fit to be published, although Murray had paid for them $10,000. That was a solemn conclave when eight of the prominent literary people of those times assembled in Albemarle street after Byron's death to decide what should be done with the "Memoirs," which were charged and surcharged with defamations and indelicacies. The "Memoirs" were read and pondered, and the decision came that they must be burned, and not until the last word of those "Memoirs" went to ashes did the literary company separate.

But suppose, now, all the best spirits of all ages were assembled to decide the fate of the Bible, which is the last will and testament of our Heavenly Father, and these memoirs of our Lord Jesus, what would be the verdict? Shall they burn, or shall they live? The unanimous verdict of all is, "Let them live, though all else burn." Then put together on the other hand all the debauchees and profligates and assassins of the ages, and their unanimous verdict concerning the Bible would be, "Let it burn."

Mind you, I do not say that all infidels are immortal, but I do say that all the scapegraces and scoundrels of the universe agree with them about the Bible. Let me vote with those who believe in the Holy Scripture. Men believe other things with half the evidence required to believe the Bible. The distinguished Abner Kneeland rejected the Scripture and then put all his money into an enterprise for the recovery of that hocus pocus "Captain Kidd's treasures," Kneeland's faith for doing so being founded on a man's statement that he could tell where those treasures were buried from the looks of a glass of water dipped from the Hudson River.

The internal evidence of the authenticity of the Scriptures is so exact and so vivid that no man, honest and sane, can thoroughly and continuously and prayerfully read them without entering their discipleship. So I put that internal evidence paramount. How are you led to believe in a letter you received from husband or wife or child or friend? You know the handwriting. You know the style. You recognize the sentiment. When the letter comes, you do not summon the postmaster who stamped it, and the postmaster who received it, and the letter carrier who brought it to your door to prove that it is a genuine letter. The internal evidence settles it, and by the same process you can forever settle the fact that the Bible is the handwriting and communication of the infinite God.

Furthermore, as I have already intimated, we may increase our faith by the testimony of others. Perhaps we of lesser brain may have been overcome by superstition or cajoled into an acceptance of a hollow pretension. So I will this morning turn this house into a courtroom and summon witnesses, and you shall be the jury, and I now impanel you for that purpose, and I will put upon the witness stand men whom all the world acknowledge to be strong intellectually and whose evidence in any other courtroom would be incontrovertible. I will not call to the witness stand any minister of the Gospel, for he might be prejudiced.

There are two ways of taking an oath in a courtroom. One is by putting the lips to the Bible and the other is by holding up the right hand toward heaven. Now, as in this case it is the Bible that is on trial, we will not ask the witness to put the book to his lips, for that would imply that the sanctity and divinity of the book is settled, and that would be begging the question. So I shall ask each witness to lift his hand toward heaven in affirmation.

Salmon P. Chase, chief justice of the supreme court of the United States appointed by President Lincoln, will take the witness stand. "Chief Justice Chase, upon your oath, please state what you have to say about the book commonly called the Bible." The witness replies: "There came a time in my life when I doubted the divinity of the Scriptures, and I resolved, as a lawyer and judge, I would try the book as I would try anything in the courtroom, taking evidence for and against. It was a long and serious and profound study, and using the same principles of evidence in this religious matter as I always do in secular matters I have come to the decision that the Bible is a supernatural book, that it has come from God, and that the only safety for the human race is to follow its teachings." "Judge, that will do. Go back again to your pillow of dust on the banks of the Ohio."

Next I put upon the witness stand a President of the United States—John Quincey Adams. President Adams, what have you to say about the Bible and Christianity?" The President replies: "I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after arising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history or to morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue."

Next I put upon the witness stand Sir Isaac Newton, the author of the "Principia" and the greatest natural philosopher the world has ever seen. "Sir Isaac, what have you to say concerning the Bible?" The philosopher's reply is, "We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy."

Next I put upon the witness stand the enchantment of letters, Sir Walter Scott, and when I ask him what he thinks of the place that our great book ought to take among other books he replies, "There is but one book, and that is the Bible."

Next I put upon the stand the most famous geologist of all time, Hugh Miller, an elder of Dr. Guthrie's Presbyterian church in Edinburgh, and Faraday and Kepler, and they all testify to the same thing. They all say the Bible is from God, and that the mightiest influence for good that ever touched our world is Christianity.

"Chancellor Kent, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically to the judgment and moral sense of mankind."

"Edmund Burke, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "I have read the Bible morning, noon and night, and have ever since been the happier and the better man for such reading."

Next I put upon the stand William E. Gladstone, the head of the English government, and I hear him saying what he said to me in January of 1890, when in reply to his telegram, "Pray come to Hawarden to-morrow," I visited him. Then and there I asked him as to whether in the passage of years his faith in the Holy Scriptures and Christianity was on the increase or decrease, and he turned upon me with an emphasis and enthusiasm such as no one who has not conversed with him can fully appreciate and expressed by voice and gesture and illumined countenance his ever increasing faith in God and the Bible and Christianity as the only hope of our ruined world. "That is all, Mr. Gladstone, we will take of your time now, for, from the reports of what is going on in England just now, I think you are very busy."

The next man I put upon the witness stand is the late Earl of Kintore, and I ask him what he thinks of Christianity, and he replies, "Why do you ask me that? Did you not hear me preach Christ in the Midnight Mission of London?" "Oh, yes! I remember!" But I see many witnesses present to-day in the courtroom, and I call you to the witness stand, but I have only a second of time for any one of you. As you pass along just give me one sentence in regard to Christianity. "Under God it has changed my entire nature," says one. "It brought me from drunkenness and poverty to sobriety and a good home," says another. "It solaced me when I lost my child," says another. "It gave me a hope of future treasures when my property was swept off by the last panic," says another. "It has given me a peace and satisfaction more to me than all the world beside," says another. "It has been to me light and music and fragrance and radiant anticipation," says another. Ah! stop the procession of witnesses. Enough! Enough! All those voices of the past and present have mightily increased our faith.

Again, our belief is re-enforced by archæological exploration. We must confess that good men at one time were afraid of geologist's hammer and chemist's crucible and archæologist's investigation, but now intelligent Christians are receiving and still expecting nothing but confirmation from all such sources. What supports the Palestine Exploration Society? Contributions from churches and Christian benefactors. I saw the marks of the shovels of that exploring society amid the ruins of ancient Jericho and all up and down from the Dead Sea to Cæsarea Philippi. "Dig away!" says the church of God, "and the deeper you dig the better I like."

The discovered monuments of Egypt have chiseled on them the story of the sufferings of the Israelites in Egyptian bondage, as we find it in the Bible—there, in imperishable stone, representations of the slave, of the whips and of the taskmasters who compelled the making of bricks without straw. Exhumed Nineveh and Babylon, with their dusty lips, declared the Bible true. Napoleon's soldiers in the Egyptian campaign pried up a stone, which you may find in the British museum, a stone, as I remember it, representing perhaps two feet of lettered surface. It contains words in three languages. The stone was the key that unlocked the meaning of all the hieroglyphics of tombs and obelisks and walls over and over again the same events which Moses recorded.

The sulphurous graves of Sodom and Gomorrah have been identified. The remains of the tower of Babel have been found. Assyrian documents lifted from the sand and Behistun inscription hundreds of feet high up on the rock echo and re-echo the truth of Bible history. The signs of the time indicate that almost every fact of the Bible from lid to lid will find its corroboration in ancient city disentombed, or ancient wall cleared from the dust of ages, or ancient document unrolled by archæologist.

Before the world rolls on as far into the twentieth century as it has already rolled into the nineteenth an infidel will be a man who does not believe his own senses, and the volumes now critical and denunciatory of the Bible, if not entirely devastated by the book-worms, will be taken down from the shelf as curiosities of ignorance or idiocy. All success to the pickaxes and crowbars and powder blasting of those apostles of archæological exploration. I like the ringing defiance of the old Huguenots to the assailants of Christianity "Pound away, you rebels! Your hammers break, but the anvil of God's word stands."

How wonderful the old book hangs together. It is a library made up of 66 books and written by at least 39 authors. It is a supernatural thing that they have stuck together. Take the writings of any other 39 authors, or any 10 authors, or any 5 authors, and put them together, and how long would they stay together? Books of "elegant extracts" compiled from many authors are proverbially short lived. I never knew one such book which, to use the publisher's phrase, "had life in it" for five years.

Why is it that the Bible, made up of the writings of at least 39 authors, has kept together for a long line of centuries when the natural tendency would have been to fly apart like loose sheets of paper when a gust of wind blows upon them? It is because God stuck them together and keeps them together. But for that Joshua would have wandered off in one direction, and Paul into another, and Ezekiel into another, and Habakkuk into another, and the 39 authors into 39 directions.

Put the writings of Shakespeare and Tennyson and Longfellow, or any part of them, together. How long would they stay together? No book bindery could keep them together. But the cannon of the Scripture is loaded now with the same ammunition with which prophet and apostle loaded it.

Bring me all the Bibles of the earth into one pile, and blindfold me so that I cannot tell the difference between day and night, and put into my hand any one of all that Alpine mountain of sacred books, and put my finger on the last page of Genesis and let me know it, and I can tell you what is on the next page —namely, the first chapter of Exodus; or while thus blindfolded put my finger on the last chapter of Matthew and let me know it, and I will tell you what is on the next page —namely, the first chapter of Mark. In the pile of 500,000,000 Bibles there will be no exception. In other words, the book gives me confidence by its supernatural adhesion of writing to writing.

Even the stoutest ship sometimes shifts its cargo, and that is what made our peril the greater in the ship Greece of the National line when the cyclone struck us off the coast of Newfoundland, and the cargo of iron had shifted as the ship swung from larboard to starboard, and from starboard to larboard. But, thanks be to God, this old Bible ship, though it has been in thousands of years of tempest, has kept its cargo of gold and precious stones compact and sure, and in all the centuries nothing about it has shifted. There they stand, shoulder to shoulder, David and Solomon and Isaiah and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Daniel and Hosea and Joel and Amos and Obadiah and Jonah and Micah and Nahum and Habbakkuk and Zephaniah and Haggai and Zechariah and Malachi and Matthew and Mark and Luke and John and Paul and Peter, all there, and with a certainty of being there until the heavens and the earth, the creation of which is described in the first book of the Bible, shall have collapsed, and the white horse of the conqueror, described in the last book of the Bible, shall paw the dust in universal demolition. By that tremendous fact my faith is re-enforced.

The discussion is abroad as to who wrote those books of the Bible called the Pentateuch, whether Moses or Hilkiah, or Ezra or Samuel, or Jeremiah, or another group of ancients. None of them wrote it. God wrote the Pentateuch, and in this day of stenography and typewriting that ought not to be a difficult thing to understand. The great merchants and lawyers, and editors and business men of our towns and cities dictate nearly all their letters; they only sign them after they are dictated. The prophet and evangelist and apostle were Jehovah's stenographers or typewriters. They put down only what God dictated; he signed it afterward. He has been writing his name upon it all through the vicissitudes of centuries.

But I come to the height of my subject when I say the way to re-enforce our faith is to pray for it. So the disciples in my text got their abounding faith. "Lord, increase our faith." Some one suggests, "Do you really think that prayer amounts to anything?" I might as well ask you, is there a line of telegraphic poles from New York to Washington, is there a line of telegraphic wires from Manchester to London, from Cologne to Berlin? All the people who have sent and received messages on those lines know of their existence. So there are millions of souls who have been in constant communication with the capital of the universe, with the throne of the Almighty, with the great God Himself, for years and years and years.

There has not been a day when supplications did not flash up and blessings did not flash down. Will some ignoramus, who has never received a telegram or sent one, come and tell us that there is no such thing as telegraphic communication? Will some one who has never offered a prayer that was heard and answered come and tell us that there is nothing in prayer? It may not come as we expect it, but as sure as an honest prayer goes up a merciful answer will come down.

During the blizzard of four or five years ago, you know that many of the telegraph wires were prostrated, and I telegraphed to Chicago by way of Liverpool, and the answer after awhile came round by another wide circuit, and so the prayer we offer may come back in a way we never imagined, and if we ask to have our faith increased, although it may come by a widely different process than that which we expected, our confidence will surely be augmented.

Oh, put it in every prayer you ever make between your next breath and your last gasp, "Lord, increase our faith"—faith in Christ as our personal ransom from present guilt and eternal catastrophe; faith in the omnipotent Holy Ghost; faith in the Bible, the truest volume ever dictated or written or printed or read; faith in adverse providences, harmonized for our best welfare; faith in a judgment day that will set all things right which have for ages been wrong.

Increase our faith, not by a fragile addition, but by an infinitude of recuperation. Let us do as we saw it done in the country while we were yet in our teens, at the old farmhouse after a long drought, and the well had been dried, and the cattle moaned with thirst at the bars, and the meadow brook had ceased to run, and the grass withered, and the corn was shriveled up, and one day there was a growl of thunder, and then a congregation of clouds in the sky, and then a startling flash, and then a drenching rain, and father and mother put barrels under every spout at the corners of the house and set pails and buckets and tubs and pans and pitchers to catch as much as they could of the shower. For in many of our souls there has been a long drought of confidence and in many no faith at all. Let us set out all our affections, all our hopes, all our contemplations, all our prayers, to catch a mighty shower. "Lord increase our faith."

I like the way that the minister's widow did in Elisha's time, when, after the family being very unfortunate, her two sons were about to be sold for debt, and she had nothing in the house but a pot of oil, and at Elisha's direction she borrowed from her neighbors all the vessels she could borrow, and then began to pour out the oil into those vessels and kept on pouring until they were all full, and she became an oil merchant with more assets than liabilities, and when she cried, "Bring me yet a vessel," the answer came, "There is not a vessel more." So let us take what oil of faith we have and use it until the supply shall be miraculously multiplied. Bring on your empty vessels, and by the power of the Lord God of Elisha they shall be filled until they can hold no more of jubilant, all inspiring and triumphant faith.

What a frightful time we had a few days ago down on the coast of Long Island, where I have been stopping. That archangel of tempest which, with its awful wings, swept the Atlantic coast from Florida to Newfoundland did not spare our region. A few miles away, at Southampton, I saw the bodies of four men whom the storm had slain and the sea had cast up. As I stood there among the dead bodies I said to myself, and I said aloud, "These men represent homes. What will mother and father and wife and children say when they know this?"

Some of the victims were unknown. Only the first name of two of them was found out —Charley and William. I wondered then and I wonder now if they will remain unknown and if some kindred far away may be waiting for their coming and never hear of the rough way of their going. I saw also one of the three who had come in alive, but more dead than alive. The ship had become helpless six miles out, and as one wave swept the deck and went down on the furnaces till they hissed and went out the cry was, "Oh, my God, we are lost!" Then the crew put on life preservers, one of the sailors saying to the other, "We will meet again on the shore, and, if not, well, we must all go some time."

Of the twenty-three men who put on the life preservers, only three lived to reach the beach. But what a scene it was as the good and kind people of Southampton, led on by Dr. Thomas, the great and good surgeon of New York, stood watching the sailors struggling in the breakers. "Are you still alive?" shouted Dr. Thomas to one of them out in the breakers, and he signaled yes and then went into unconsciousness. Who should do the most for the poor fellows and how to resuscitate them were the questions that ran up and down the beach at Southampton.

How the men and women on the shore stood wringing their hands, impatiently waiting for the sufferers to come within reach, and then they were lifted up and carried indoors and waited on with as much kindness and wrapped as warmly as though they had been the princes of the earth. "Are they alive?" "Are they breathing?" "Do you think they will live?" "What can we do for them?" were the rapid and intense questions asked, and so much money was sent for the clothing and equipment of the unfortunates that Dr. Thomas had to make a proclamation that no more money was needed. In other words, all that day it was resuscitation.

And this is the appropriate word for us this morning as we stand and look off upon this awful sea of doubt and unbelief on which hundreds are this moment being wrecked. Some of them were launched by Christian parentage on smooth seas and with promise for prosperous voyage, but a Voltaire cyclone struck them on one side, and a Tom Paine cyclone struck them on the other side, and a bad habit cyclone struck them on all sides, and they have foundered far away from shore, far away from God, and they have gone down or are washed ashore with no spiritual life left in them.

But, thank God, there are many here to-day with enough faith left to encourage us in the effort at their resuscitation. All hands to the beach! With a confidence in God that takes no denial, let us lay hold of them! Fetch them out of the breakers! Bring gospel warmth and gospel stimulus and gospel life to their freezing souls! Resuscitation! Resuscitation!

## 100 PEOPLE DROWNED.

### Floods in the Orient Result in a Loss of Life and Destruction of Property.

The steamship Peru arrived from China and Japan, bringing news up to September 3rd. The Japan Gazette, under date of August 26th, gives an account of the great flood in Fifu-Ken. The Nagara-Gawa River began to rise about 5 P. M. on August 22nd, and at midnight it had risen ten feet. Many persons were drowned and there is great suffering among the survivors. On the Sakai-Gawa, eighty yards of the bank was destroyed, flooding seven houses, while the bursting of the Funehara bank put the whole of the Matsuye under water. The Gunjo burst its banks and carried away eleven houses besides flooding 200 others. The Tsuho carried away twenty-five houses. The result of inquiries into damage done by floods is as follows:

Embankments burst in sixty places, over 200 houses carried away and over 100 persons drowned. At Yawatka in Gunjo-Gun, a side of the mountain fell away on August 22nd, crushing over fifty persons to death. At Nara the Totsu-Gara has burst its banks and caused a flood which is the greatest since 1889. One hundred and fifty-four persons were drowned in the Gifu-Ken flood and nearly 30,000 persons are receiving relief.

Advices from Saga states that dysentery is prevailing in that prefecture more fiercely than ever, the total number of cases being 2,356 and the number of deaths 477.

At Wakayama dysentery also prevails, there having been 2,468 cases and 416 deaths.

## A FAMILY MURDERED.

### Robbery Supposed to Have Been the Motive of The Crime.

In Harrison township, Ind., the entire family of Denson Wralton was murdered. A neighbor went to the Wralton residence to inquire as to the health of Wralton, who has been ill for several weeks. The front door being locked, he went to the back door. Upon the floor in a puddle of blood lay Mrs. Wralton, wife of Denson Wralton. He hurried to the nearest neighbors, and several of them accompanied him to the house.

In the room adjoining that in which Mrs. Wraltron lay, they found the father and husband dead. In the same room was the three children—two of them dead and the other so seriously injured that she cannot live. The children killed were a little boy, three years old, and his sister, eleven years old. In a front room, Mr. Warlton's mother, aged sixty-three, was found lying on the floor dead. Her left hand was cut off and the left broken.

All of the murdered people had deep, ugly wounds on the foreheads with the exception of the girl, who had been struck on the back of the head. The old lady is said to have had considerable money in the house, having drawn it from the bank during the recent money stringency, and this, it is thought, was the motive of the murders. There is not the slightest clew to the murderer. Bloodhounds arrived from Seymour and will be put on the trail.

The five-year sentence of Charles de Lesseps for complicity in the Panama scandal has been set aside because prosecution was not begun within the time allowed by law.

There is many a wife hungering for an occasional word of approval who will be buried in a rosewood casket.

The man who will deliberately break one of God's commandments, would break down the gate of Heaven if he could.

When a particular man marries a poor housekeeper, it takes a good deal of love on both sides to make their home a happy one.


Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**

**ABSOLUTELY PURE**


### BLUFFING THE SCRAPPERS.

How a Slim Young Man Intimidated the Sports.

"I saw a funny thing in Cheyenne a few weeks ago," said a Detroiter who returned from a Western trip the other day. "I was wandering around town to see the elephant and chance led me into a big saloon where all the scrappers made their headquarters. Back of the saloon was a building where a professor of the manly art gave instructions, and where the 'pugs' thumped each other at exhibitions. They were 'trying out' a new arrival that day and I should say there were forty or fifty tough-looking chaps in the place. Soon after I entered a young man who had come through from Denver in my car dropped in. He couldn't have been over 24 years of age, while he was over six feet tall and his weight only about 120 pounds. He was long-faced, thin and long-legged and reminded you of nothing so much as a boy on stilts. Two men were getting ready to go on when long-legs peeled off his coat, vest, tie and collar, put them in my charge, and climbed upon the platform."

"That was a deli to the crowd?"

"Exactly, and in about a minute they put a man up to punch his head off. They gave long-legs a second and the first thing he did was to take the glasses off the young man's nose. The latter reached for them and said:

"'Excuse me, but I always fight with my glasses on.'

"'But they'll get knocked off or jammed into your face.'

"'Don't you believe it! It's never happened yet, and I don't think it will now.'

"The scrapper over in the other corner couldn't make it out. Here was a man so sure of himself that he was going to put up his dukes with a pair of eye-glasses on his nose. He must, perforce, be a knocker-out from Knockersville, and it was better to retreat than to carry around a broken jaw. He therefore retreated. Several others came forward, but when they saw long-legs seated cross-legged in his corner with those glasses poised so jauntily they didn't want anything of him. Then he got up and said:

"'Gentlemen, there is no limit to weight. I always fight in glasses, as I'm a little near-sighted. I will, however, remove my glass eye and false teeth if deemed best. Will your best man step up here for a couple of rounds?'

"But no one stepped. He waited a minute or two and then pulled off the gloves with a look of disappointment and got into his clothes and we went out together. He didn't look to me at all like a scrapper, and as we walked down the street I said:

"'What sort of a deal were you giving that crowd?'

"'A gigantic bluff,' he answered with a laugh.

"'Are you a fighter?'

"'I never struck a blow in my life, not even in fun.'

"'But suppose one of those scrappers had tackled you?'

"'I should have backed down and asked 'em all up to drink. But there was no danger. I've tried it half a dozen times before, and the glasses always settles 'em.'

"'How about the glass eye and the false teeth?'

"'I simply rung 'em in to help on the bluff. Haven't got a false tooth in my head, and both eyes are perfect. It's a bluff of my own invention and works like a charm. Please don't give it away.'

"And that afternoon," said the Detroiter in conclusion, "when we took the train east there were a hundred sports down at the depot to see long-legs off, and I'm a duffer if they didn't present him with a bottle of wine and give him three cheers and a tiger!"—Free Press.

### Lobsters.

Lobsters often travel in regiments, seeking new feeding grounds. Their migrating armies are always led by the biggest and strongest ones, while the maimed and weakly struggle along behind.


**The True Laxative Principle**

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.


A baby is a blossom on which there are a few thorns.


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.


The Colossus of Rhodes was cast in over 100 pieces and fitted together.


**Deafness Cannot be Cured**

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.


No sympathy is felt for the man who is a fool twice.


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.


Cupid never shows a wrinkle.


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


The youth of the soul is everlasting.


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


European railroads stretch 142,685 miles.


**21 Years of Pain**



I suffered with eczema or salt rheum, in such terrible agony at times that I could not walk about the house. I finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla. The hoped for benefit was noticeable at the outset, and I have taken twelve bottles. I am completely well and feel like a new woman. I can't thank or praise Hood's Sarsaparilla enough." Mrs. Josephine Boyce, 18 Division St., Peekskill, N. Y.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly.

**RISING SUN STOVE POLISH**

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red.

The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

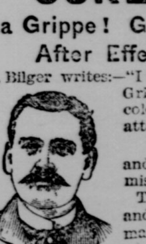

### A Clean Face.

Theatrical people know that oil cleans the skin better than water. Generally other people do not. If actresses undertook to get their make-up off with water, they would need soft soap and a scrub-brush to do it, and the skin would inevitably come with it. They used once cocoa butter; now they use cocoa oil, which is a better preparation of the same thing. Drug stores keep it. Some keep it fresh, and some keep it rancid. Take care not to patronize the second class, and in cocoa oil you will have the most delightful of all emollients for the oil bath. If you want to see how effective it is, come in from a railway journey on a hot day, when the windows have been up, and you have had as much benefit of the smoke and soot as the fireman. Take the most vigorous bath you can devise or endure, then spread some cocoa oil on your face, and wipe it off. The blackened towel will tell the tale of failure for the bath and triumph for the oil.—Boston Gazette.


DR. KILMER'S

**SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME.**

**La Grippe! Grippe! Grippe! After Effects Cured.**



Mr. Bilger writes:—"I had a bad attack of the Grippe; after a time caught cold and had a second attack. It settled in my Kidneys and Liver and Oh! such pain and misery in my back and legs! The physicians' medicine and other things that I used made no impression, and I continually grew worse until I was a Physical wreck and given up to die. Father bought me a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT, and before I had used all of the second bottle I felt better, and to-day I am just as well as ever. A year has passed and not a trace of the Grippe is left.

**Swamp-Root Saved My Life.**

D. H. Bilger, Hulmeville, Pa., Jan. 10th, 1893.

At Druggists 50 cents and $1.00 size. "Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., - Binghamton, N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer's PARILLA LIVER PILLS Are the Best 42 Pills, 25 cents. — All Druggists.

**Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies —OR— Other Chemicals**



are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S **BreakfastCocoa** 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.

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**"German Syrup"**

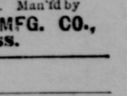
Justice of the Peace, George Wilkinson, of Lowville, Murray Co., Minn., makes a deposition concerning a severe cold. Listen to it. "In the Spring of 1888, through exposure I contracted a very severe cold that settled on my lungs. This was accompanied by excessive night sweats. One bottle of Boschee's German Syrup broke up the cold, night sweats, and all and left me in a good, healthy condition. I can give German Syrup my most earnest commendation."

**$10 A Day Free!**

Enclose in a letter containing your full name and address, the outside wrapper of a bottle of Smith's Bile Beans (either size). If your letter is the first one opened in the first morning mail of any day except Sunday $5 will be sent you at once. If the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th or 6th, $1. Ask for the SMALL size. Full list mailed to all who send postage for it (2 cts.). Address J. F. Smith & Co. No. 255 Greenwich St., New York.

"Not a gripe in a barrel of them"

**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 JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., WALTHAM, MASS.

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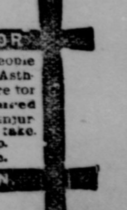
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