

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Nativity."

TRXT: "And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger."-Luke ii., 16.

The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud, chanted a peace anthem, until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and en-cored the Hallelujan chorus. Come, let us go into that Christmas scane as though we had never before worshiped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italian of Somith and English pronounce it diff. and Spanish and English pronounce it difthe solution of the solution o pale face against the soft cheek of Christin the night of the Nativity. All the great penters have tried on canvas to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night of the world's his-tory. Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna and Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the Oid Book, which we had put into our hands when we were intents and that we how to have under our we had put into our hands the under our infants, and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

beefs when we die. Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethle-hem barn without going past the camels, the mule, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the in-fant Lord. Some of the old painters repre-sent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the newborn babe. And well might before the newborn babe. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came among other things to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that He should, during the first few days and nights of His life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts?

Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a wornout horse on a towpath, nor a herd freezing in the poorly built cow pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the beeves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox and rabbit or pigeon or dog in the horrors of vivisection but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes. They surely have as much right in this world as we have. In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was, the fish and fowl created the fifth day, and the quadrupeds the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were predecessors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occu-pied. What an army of defense all over the pied. What an army of defense all over the and are the faithful watchdogs. And who can tell what the world owes to the horse and amel and ox for transportation? And robin and lark have, by the cantatas with which they have filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance.

Standing, then, as 1 imagine now I do in that Betalehem night, with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry look out how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding . Remove that saddle from that raw Shoot not for fun that bird that is month. back. too small for food. Forget not to put water in the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far sorth in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat of transfiring builterfue and crasshooper. that scene where boys are torturing a cat of transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old roble, for her nest is a mother's cradie, and under her wing there may be three or four musicians of the sky in training. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world when He said "Con-sider the tibological world when He said "Behold the fowls of the air," and the quad-rupefial world when He slices in one place a lion and in another rupedial world when He allowed Himself to be called in one place a lion and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle pen have mercy on the suffering stockyards that are preparing meat for our American households. Behold, also, in this Bible scene, how on that Christmas night God honorai child-hood. Christ might have made His first what to our world in a cloud, as He will de-scend on His next visit in a cloud. In what a chariot of illumined vapor He might have rolled down the sky, escorted by mounted mounted with lighting for drawn sword. cavalry, with lightning for drawn sword. Elijah had a carriage of fire to take Him up: why not Jesus a carriage of fire to fetch Him down? Or over the arched bridge of a rainbow the Lord might have descended. Or Christ might have had His mortality built up ou eart 1 out of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start, without the introductory feebleness of infancy. No, no! Childhood was to be hon-ored by that event. He must have a child's light fimbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair, and baoyaood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God1 May the re-flection of that one child's face be seen in all infentile faces. Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A on hand it they have a child in the house. A thrope, a crown, a scepter, a kingdom un-der charge. Be careful how you strike him across the bead, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and mil-lenial, and a bundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and rs-echo. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a master-piece of Jehovab. is only an immort piece of Jehovah. billy in himotex. It is only a master-piece of Jehovah.
It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves, in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called tha at-tention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ's curative sympathies a two of an of the site set in the midst of the squabbling disciples to teach the lesson of humility. We are informed that wolf and leopard and lion shall be yet so domesticated that a hittlechild shall lead them. A child decided Waterioo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields, when if the old road had been followed, the Prushin general would have come up too hate to save the destinies of Europe. And today the child is to decide all the great battle, make all the leave, settle all the des-tines and usher in the world's salvation or dad all heaven, behold the child's to there any fevetox so oft as a child's eye? Is there any make so wavy as a child's eye? Is there any fevetox so that in this Hible night sense fod honores science. Who are the three instit ho boors, not ignoranuses, but Caspar, Belthasar and Melchior, men who have all that was to be known. They was the issanc Newtons and Herschels and Far-radays of this it miss. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astronomy. They had studied stara, studied metal, studied physiology, studied It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnifi-cent astronomy. They had studied stars, studied metals, studied physiology, studied everything. And when I see these scien-tists bowing before the beautiful babe I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes and all the Loy-den jars and all the electric batteries and all the observatories and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that wayah-

ready. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, that bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest phy-sicians? Omitting the names of the living lest we

should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like our own Joseph C. Hutchinson and Rush and Valentine Mott and Abererombie and Aberaethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the Gospels and Agassiz, who, standing with Gospels, and Agassiz, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said, "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." To-day the greatest doctors and lawyers of Brooklyn and New 1 ork and of this land and of all other lands revere the Christian religion, and are not ashamed to

say so before juries and legislatures and senay so before juries and legislatures and sen-ates. All geology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All astronomy will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem. Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shep-herd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say, "we are not dressed good "No," they say, "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes you are; come in." Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night.

The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. The old shepherds with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing—our United States pasture.

fields and prairies, about forty-five million sheep--and all their keepers ought to follow the shepherds of my text, and all those who toil in fields, all vine dressers, all orchard-ists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history God had been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messians of re-form and literatures and alcourages, and law the fields. Nearly all the messans of Po-form and literature and eloqueace and law and benevolence have come from the fields. Washington from the fields. Jefferson from the fields. The presidential martyrs, Gar-field and Lincoln, from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields.

Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of tea merchants desiring to sall that one bushel of wheat we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when He woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and He will, while the world lasts, Continue to honor the fields. Behold, also, that on that Christmas night

God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary's being Unere at all. When the villagers, on the morning of December 26, awoke, by di-vins arrangement, and in some unex-plained way, the child Jesus might have been found in some confortable cradle have been found in some confortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words, "Mother." In all agas God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother, St. Bernard had a good

mother, Samuel Badgett a good mother, Doddridge a good mother, Walter Scott a good mother, Benjamin West a good

In a great audience, most of whom were In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the eptire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all mother-hood be consecrated? When you hear some one, in sermon or oration, speak in the ab-stract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tears while you say to yourself, "That was my mother." The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother," and the old man in his dying dream calls "Mother! mother?" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surnot whether she was brought up in the sur-roundings of a city, and in affinent home, and was dressed appropriately with refer-ence to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old time cap and great round spectacles, and aprons of her own make, and knit your socks with her own medies, seated by the broad fireplace, with great black logs ablaze on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna, here would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to sooth pain, and was there anyone who could so fill up a room with peace and purity and so fill up a room with peace and purity and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten or twenty or fifty years ago come and open the old Bible as you used to read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old, when you wished us a merry Christmas or a happy New Year. But, no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough and aches enough and bereavements enough while you

HOW BISMARCK RESIGNED.

Another and Dramatic Version of the Historic Scene.

A Swiss paper receives the following nteresting particulars on the subject of Prince Bismarck's resignation from a man who is alleged to be initiated into Berlin Court secrets as no other has been, and whose information has always proved correct:

"On Saturday, March 15, 1890, toward 8 o'clock in the morning, while the Prince was still in bed, he was informed that the Emperor was waiting to see him in Count Herbert Bismarck's apartments in the office of the Secretary of State. When the Prince entered the room the Emperor received him with the following words, spoken in a tone of the most vehement reproach: 'You a short time ago forbade the Ministers to make reports directly to me, but I absolutely wish that my Ministers present themselves personally to me. Your Majesty,' answered the Prince, 'by virtue of the law I alone am authorized and charged to make direct reports to your Majesty; this is absolutely necessary if the proceedings of the Government are to have a firm and united character. If, within the last few weeks, some Ministers have got into the way of making reports to your Majesty, it is in opposition to the law which gives this right alone to the Chancellor of your Majesty. Bat as soon as your Majesty orders me I will yield to your wishes and propose a change in the law.' 'Also in the workingmen's question.' continued William II., still in an excited tone, 'my plans meet with your persistent opposition. I look to the measures which I consider useful being carried out thoroughly.' 'I do not oppose the improvements which your Majesty thinks of introducing,' was the reply, 'but my years of experience tell me that some of them need certain modifications which are absolutely necessary, and I shall have the honor of submitting them to your Ma-'No, no; no modifications,' interiesty. rupted the Emperor, 'I wish my orders to be carried out just as I give them.' The severity of this expression of his will at last exhausted the Prince's calmness. 'I think I can perceive that my services are not fortunate enough to please your Majesty,' he said, 'and that some thoughts exist of getting rid of me.'

"The Emperor here made a confirma-tory gesture with his hand; if it was unknowingly, it was not less significant. 'In that case there is nothing else for me to do but to hand your Majesty my resignation. I would only like to beg your Majesty to let me remain in office till May, so that I may personally defend the Military bill in the Reichstag. I fear my successor would find it difficult to break the opposi ion in Parliament and carry the bill.' While the Chancellor was speaking the Emperor shook his head several times, and said at last, 'No, no.' The prince bowed without saying a word, and waited for a sign from the Emperor to withdraw. After a few painful moments of silence the Emperor said, still most excited: "There is still a word to be said about your mysterious negotiations with Dr. Windthorst, 1 know you receive him in your house, and I

The Labrador Duck.

It will surprise many readers to be told that a large and strikingly marked duck, which within fifty years was moderately common upon the Northern Atlantic coast, is believed now to have become extinct. A lad shot one in New York on the Chemung River Dec. 12, 1878, and none have been seen since.

The last one known to have been seen before that time was killed at Grand Manan in April, 1871. The one killed in 1878 was eaten before any naturalist heard of its capturea costly meal, as, according to Dr. Cones, \$200 had been vainly offered for a pair of skins. The head and a portion of the neck were preserved.

The history of the duck in question, the Labrador duck or the pied duck. is made the subject of an article by Mr. William Dutcher in a recent number of the Auk. Only thirtyeight specimens are known to be extant in all the museums of the world -twenty-seven in America and eleven in Europe. Yet it is only a short time since specimens might have been secured with comparative ease.

One of our older ornithologists, Mr. George N. Lawrence, of New York, writing in January, 1891, says: "About forty or more years ago it was not uncommon to see them in Fulton Market. At one time I remember seeing six fine males, which hung there till they spoiled for want of a purchaser. They were not considered desirable for the table, and collectors had a sufficient number, a pair being at that time considered enough to represent a species."

Another ornithologist, Mr. G. A. Boardman, of Calais, Maine, says that fifty years ago, when he began to collect birds, he had no difficulty in getting a pair of Labrador ducks. which was all he wanted, but that thirty years afterward, when he tried to procure specimens for some New York friends, his collectors all along the coast reported that the birds were gone.

Unlike the great auk, the Labrador duck was a good flier, and was especially persecuted by gunners. One fact of popular interest connected with the bird is that Daniel Webster shot a pair on the Vineyard Islands, and presented them to Audubon, who in turn presented them to Professor Baird.

It is not improbable, as suggested by Mr. Dutcher, that other mounted specimens may yet be discovered in out-of-the-way places. It would not be very wonderful if some reader of 'this article should have the good fortune to turn an honest penny for himself, and at the same time serve the cause of science by finding in some seashore cottage or elsewhere a skin of this now famous bird .--- Youth's Companion.

Reward of Bravery. Patrick McX----- is a great admirer

A Professor's Disloct

A college professor and his daughter sat at a hotel table with the narrator of the story. In the course of conversation the professor, wishing to express negation, made use of the objectionable form "none."

"Father," said the daughter, energetically, "you shouldn't say 'nope; you should say no."

"I suppose so, my dear," acquiesced the father. "It is the force of habit makes me say 'nope.' "

"Why, father, have you always said 'nope?'" inquired the young lady. The father reflected for a moment. A dreamy smile lit up his features, and he gently and peacefully mur-mured, "Yep."-St. Louis Republic.

A Daguerreotype's Endurance.

A remarkable example of the enduring qualities of the daguerreotype is to be found in the old graveyard at Waterford, Conn. In the headstone that marks the grave of a woman who died more than forty years ago her portrait is inlaid, covered with al movable shield. The picture is almost as perfect as when it was taken.

A goop man is one who lives right whether he believes in religion or not.

A LIAR is a man who knows all the facts about something that never occurred

\$100 Reward. \$100.

\$100 Reward. \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to that science has been able to cure in all its science has been able to cure in all its further that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh of the only positive cure now known to the medkal fraternity. Catarrh being a con-stitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh being a con-stitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh being a con-structure is the only positive cure now known to the medkal fraternity. Catarrh being a con-structure is the only positive cure how known to the medkal fraternity. Catarrh being a con-structure is the only positive cure is taken in-ternally, acting directly upon the blood and strong the patient strength by building up the owner, The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers that they offer One Hum-dred bollars for any case that it fails to cure. E. J. CHENERY & Co., Toledo, O. Stold by Druggists. 752 The golden calf never becomes a cow that

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gives milk.

MALARIA cured and cradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which in-riches the blood, tones the nerves, sids diges-tion. Acts like a charm on persons in general iii health, giving new energy and strength.

People very often get rich by minding their own business.

DE. SWAN'S PARTILES Cure female weaknesses; his T-Tableis cure chronic constipation. Sam-ples free. Dr. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis.

The worst robbers are not those who carry elubs

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and 5: trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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BROWN'S Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsis, Ma-laria, Biliousness and Genera' Debi ity. Gives Strength, alds Digostion, tones the nervo-creases appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

No man can go right who does not look

Where the love is little the trust is little.

Ifamileted with sore syssues DrIssac Thomp.

'sEyeWater.Druggistesell at 255 per bottle



" How do I look ?" That depends, madam, upon how you feel. If you're suffering from functional disturbances, irregularities or weaknesses, you're sure to "look it." And Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the remedy. It builds up and invigorates the system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. It's a legitimate medicine, not a beverage; purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and made especially for woman's needs. In the cure of all "female complaints," it's guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold so. Think of that, when the dealer says something else (which pays him better) is "just as good."

"Times have changed." So have methods. The modern improvements in pills are Dr. Pierce's Ples ant Pellets. They help Nature, in stead of fighting with her. Sick and nervous headache, biliousness, costiveness, and all derangemente of the liver, stomach and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

Many a life has been lost because of the taste of codliver oil.

If Scott's Emulsion did nothing more than take that taste away, it would save the lives of some at least of those that put off too long the means of recovery.

It does more. It is halfdigested already. It slips through the stomach as if by stealth. It goes to make strength when cod-liver oil would be a burden.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 130 South 5th Avenue, New York. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-laver cil-all drugguts everywhere do. \$1.



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trated with over 400 wonder-, in 12 colors and ton feet in and P. O. of 5 agents or those lustrated Biography FR EM-

CATARR CATARR COLD IN HI

AYFEVER)

SIR HEART TROMPSON, the

most noted physician of Eng-

land, says that more than

half of all diseases come from

errors in diet.

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s-take

were here. Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are com-ing. Keep a placeright beside you at the banquet.

Slow footed years: More awifuly run Into the gold of that unsetting sun: Homesick we are sor thes, Caim ian i Depoted the sea.

Docking Horses' Talls,

Fashion seems to have performed a complete revolution in its orbit, and has brought in once more in full force the cruel and absurd practice of docking horses tails, says an exchange. Just at present the custom is in full force, and the unfortunate animals appear with the shortest possible tails. As a question of beauty, it must be conceded that there is a loss instead of a gain. The horse's glory, like that of a woman, is in his The abbreviated representatives hair. of the flowing tails are a poor apology for the sweeping locks that should grace the animal. The proportions of the members are descroyed by removing the tail. It throws the horse out of balance, so that his long neck and heavy head seem out of proportion., It produces the effect of the horse pitching forward on his nose. The animal when docked looks harmonious from no point of view. The loss of the tail as a weapon against flies and other insects that so torment the horse, peculiarly sensitive in his skin, is one of the greatest injuries done him in the docking process. Again, however humanely the process of amputation can be conducted, it is certain

that it is generally an occasion of great cruelty, and that ignorance is the cause of the infliction of great suffering.

One consolation underlies the matter. It is that fashion is perpetually changing and that a new generation of horses may be spared the infliction. Tac horse with docked tail, as he grows old, will descend to ignoble uses, and when the once fashionably mutilated creature appears in the lower roles of commercial work, the cultured rider may be willing to accept nature as the exponent of beauty unadorned. -- New York News.

forbid these meetings.' But now the Chancellor, who the whole time had kept his temper with the greatest trouble, broke out and said: 'I know quite well that for some time I have been surrounded by spies and talebearers, who watch every step I take. It is true, and again I say it is true, that I have invited Dr. Windthorst in order to discuss things with him. But it is not only my right, it is my duty, to have communication with skilled politicians, whether they be members of Parliament or not, and nobody, not even your Majesty, will very! " be able to prevent me from doing so." After these words, spoken in the greatest excitement, the Emperor dismissed his Chancellor with a simple movement of the head.

How to Pop Corn.

The rice corn is by many considered the best variety for popping, and while it is certainly an excellent kind we have recently come across a dark blue, almost black variety, which we think surpasses it. This kind has larger ears than the rice, with smooth kernals of good size, and pops out much larger. To secure the best results discard the old-fashioned corn-popper and use a deep iron kettle. The fire must be a very hot one, of fine dry wood, burned to a mass of coals and embers. Have ready the shelled corn, which has been freed from chaff by pouring from one pau to another so that the chaff is blown away by the air. Place the kettle over the fire and put in half a cup of lard and about half a teaspoonful of salt. When the lard is melted put in two cupfuls of corn and stir briskly until it begins to pop; then cover the kettle, shaking it by the bail to prevent burning the corn. When the popping has some-what subsided, remove the cover and stir with a long-handled spoon until all is popped. Turn quickly into a pan, as there is danger of scorching if left in the kettle. This quantity should make at least a heaping milk pan full after it is

popped. To make popcorn balls, boil two cups of the best molasses until it hardens in water; add a pinch of soda, stir well and pour over the popcorn, mixing it evenly with a large spoon. When cool enough to handle, press into balls. The balls may be made by using sugar instead of molasses, boiling it with a little until it hardens in water. Flavor and use the same as the molasses .-- [American Agriculturist.

Origin of the Baton.

The inventor of the leader's baton, recent investigators assert, was Lully, the celebrated Italian violinist, the composer of the celebrated "Miserere," written for the funeral of Minister Sequier. Among the ancients the musical leader Among the address the musical leader beat the time either by a movement of the foot, which was called the "pedarius," or by tapping the hollow of the left hand with the finger of the right hand. This was called the "manuductor."

Lully, not knowing how to impart the sentiment of the measure to his orchestra of violinists, armed himself with a baton, which was six feet long. With the end of this he stamped the floor vigorously. One day, however, he hit, not the floor, but his foot. He neglected the wound,

personal bravery, and never fails of WHO SUFFERS with his liver, constitution, bilious ills, poor blood or dizzine s-take Beecham's Pills, Of druggists, 25 cents. to insist that men of intrepidity are entitled to great favors and privileges.

He was told the story of a murderer who had died bravely on the gallows, taking the whole matter with smiles and gay words.

"An' sure," said Patrick, "whin a man has died on the gallows as brave as that, the giver'ment should pardhon him on the sphot for his brav-

Lifetime of Saloonists.

The average lifetime for proprietors of beer saloons is 51.35: proprietresses of beer saloons, 51.95; brewers, 42.33. Inquiry has shown that the male proprietors of wine rooms live but forty-nine years, and women who keep wine rooms but forty-seven -Medical Record.

Chronic Rheumatism

And serious disorder of the liver and stomach, have oubled me for more than ten years, during which time I have used almost every medicine recon ed, without finding any relief whatever, until I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. This has done me more good than anything else that I have ever taken, and I take pleasure in recommending it in the highest terms. It has been worth its weight in gold to me." FREDERICK MILLER, Limcrick Centre, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1: six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

German Syrup

"I have been a great sufferer from Asth-Asthma. ma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my

friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine,

Boschee's German Syrup. I am con-Gentle, fident it saved my Refreshing life. Almost the first dose gave me great Sleep. relief and a gentle re-

freshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Outario."

1 Hand



- THE BEST -

