The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's 3unday Sermon.

Subject: "Busy is Heaven."

TEXT: "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."-Revelation viii., 1.

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the center from which all good influences start. It is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charloted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll, and the trumpets to cound and the voices to beart. wheels ceased to roll, and the trumpets to sound, and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reigned in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and the processions halted. The hand of arrest was put upon all the splendors. "Stop, heaven," cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour"

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets for there are no faller. impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows nor sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place, I am certain. "There was silence in heaven for half

And first of all we may learn that God and all heaven honored silence. The longest and widest dominion that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there had not been a sound. world making was a later day occupation.

For unimaginable ages it was a mute universe. God was the only being, and as there was no one to speak to there was no utterance. But that silence has been all broken up into worlds, and it has become a noisy universe. Worlds in upheaval, worlds in configuration, worlds in configuration, worlds in revolution. If geologists are right—and I believe they are—there has not been a moment of silence since this world began its travels, and the crashings, and the splittings, and the uproar, and the hubble as were in progression.

bub are ever in progress.

But when among the supernals a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned, "He answered not a word." Toat silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Oftentimes, when we are assailed and misrepresented, the mightlest thing to say is nothing, and the mightlest thing to do is nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves sat right accomplish nothing but themselves set right accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or social or political injustice.

Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer was the patient silence. The famous Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea, accomplished as much by his silent patience as by his pen and tongue. He had astama that for twenty-five years brought him out of his couch at two o'clock each morning. four sons and daughters dead. The remaining child by sunstroke made insane. The ing child by sunstroke made insane. The afflicted man said, "At this moment there is not an inch of my body that is not filled with agony." Yet, he was cheerful, trium-phant, silent. Those who were in his presence said they felt as though they were in the gates of heaven.

Oh, the power of patient silence! Eachy-lus, the immortal poet, was condemned to death for writing something that offended the people. All the pleas in his behalf were of no avail, until his brother uncovered the arm of the prisoner and showed that his hand had been shot off at Salamis. That silent plea liberated him. The loudest thing on earth is silence if it be of the right kind and at the right time. There was a quaint old hymn, spelled in the old style, and once sung in the courches;

The race is not forever got By him who fastest runs.

Nor the Batiel by those propell

That shoot with the longues guns.

My friends, the tossing Sea of Galilee seemed most to offend Christ by the amount of noise it made, for He said to it, "Be still." Heaven has been crowning kings and queens unto God for many centuries, yet heaven never stopped a moment for any such occurrence, but it stopped thirty minutes for the coronation of Silence. "There was silence in heaven for half an bour."

Learn also from my text that heaven must be an eventful and active place, from the fact that it could afford only tairty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or whole week or whole year for celestial consideration. If Grotius was right and this silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that scene was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks.

After fearful besiegement of the two fortresses of Jerusalem—Antonio and Hippicus—had been going on for a long waile, a Roman soldier mounted on the shoulder of another soldier hurled into the window of the temple a firebrand, and the temple was all aflame, and after covering many sacrifices to the holiness of God, the building itself became a sacrifice to the rage of man. The hunger of the people in that city during the besiegement was so great that as some outlaws were passing a doorway and inhaled the odors of rood, they burst open the door, threatening the mother of the household with death unless she gave them food, and she took them aside and snowed then it was her own child she was cooking for the ghast-

Mount Zion because the temple being gone there was nothing for them to do. Six thousand people in one cloister were cousu ned. There were one million one hundred thousand dead, according to Josephus. Grotius toinks that this was the cause of silence in eaven for half au hour. If Mr. Lord was right and this silence was during the Dioce-tian persecutions, by walen eight hun ired and forty-four thousand Christians suffered death from sword and fire and banisament and exposure, way did not heaven listen throughout at least one of those awful year:? No! Thirty minutes! The fact is that the celestiai programme is socrowded with spec-tacle to at it can afford only one recess in all

eternity and that for a short space.

While there are great choruses in which all heaven can join, each soul there has a story of divine mercy peculiar to itself and it must be a so.o. How can heaven get through with all its reclitatives, with all its cantos, with all its grand marches, with all its victories? Eternity is too short to utter all the praise. In my text heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches, when there are many to take part, we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly enough to let the one hundred and forty-four though and get through each with his own story, and then the one hundred and forty-four million, and then the one hundred and forty-four trillion. eternity and that for a short space.

to hunt up; so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see; so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained; so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity

How busy we will be kept in having cointed out to us the heroes and heromes that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow fever and cholera doctors who died, not flying from their posts; the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazarettos; the railroad engineers who staid at their places in order to save the train though

they themselves perished.

Hubert Goffin, the master miner, who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine, just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one jerk o' the rope would have lifted him into safety, put a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child in the bucket and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying, "Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost, but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right galues for all neaven. "Is that Jesus?" "Yes." lery;" and then giving the command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth we will want to see them the court of the control of the contr

quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour. You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowldge, more of intercommunica-

tion, more of worship.

There is not so much difference between Brooklyn seventy-five years ago, when there were a few houses down on the East river and the village reached up only to bands street, as compared with what this great city is now-yea, not so much difference be-tween New York when Canal street was far up town, and now when Canal street is far down town, than there is a difference between wast heaven was when my text was written and wast heaven is now. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with toat, and if we now have no time to spare we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an

My subject also impresses my with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven are measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past an 1 the millions of ages to come not one is especially measure I off in the Bible. The alf hour of my text is made immortal. The only part of eternity that was ever measured

by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text.

Oh. the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the haif hours. Tell me the history of your haif hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate. Look out for the fragments of time.

They are pieces of eternity.

It was the half hours between shoeing It was the half hours between shoeing hours state that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith; the half hours between professional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher; the half hours between his duties as schoolmaster that made Salmon P. Chase chief justice; the half hours between shoe lasts that made Heary Wilson vice president of the United States; the half hours between canal boats that made James A. Garfield

The baif hour a day for good books or bad books, the half hour a day for prayer or indoience, the half hour a day for heiping others or blasting others, the half hour before you go to business and the half hour after your return from business-tiat makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the fidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and heli. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain

The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there; the half hour when I decided to become a prescher of the Gospel; the half hour when I first realized that my son was dead; the half hous I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn; the half hour in which I entered Jerusaiem, the half hour in which I ascenced Mount vary; too haif hour in which I stool on Mars hul; the half nour in which the dedicatory prayer of this temple was made, and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life. You may forget the name of the exact years or most of the important events of your existence, but those half hours, like the half hour of my text, will

I do not query what you will do with the Twentieth century. I do not query what you will do with 1892, but what will you do with the next half hour? Upon that hinges your destiny. And during that some of you will receive the Gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty min-

utes of your earthly existence.

Far back in history a great geographer stood with a sailor looking at a globe that represented our planet, an I he pointed to a place on the globe where he thought there was an undiscovered continent. d scovers1 continent was America. The geographer who pointed where he thought there was a new world was Martin Behaim, the took them aside and snowed then it was er own child she was cooking for the ghast-repast.

Six hundred priests were destroyel on the crown of the world's geography. Oh, ye who have been sailing up and down the rough seas of sorrow and sin, let me point out to you another continent, yea, another world, that you may yourselves flad a rapturous world, and that is the world a half hour of which we now study. Ob, set sail for it! Here is the ship and here are the

In other words, make this half hour, be-In other words, make this half hour, beginning at twenty minutes to twelve by my watch, the gran test half hour of your life and become a Christian. Pray for a regenerated spirit. Louis XIV, walle walking in the garden at Versailles, met Mansard, the great architect, and the architect took off his hat before the king. "Put on your hat," said the king, "or the evening is damp and cold." And Mansard, the architect, the rest of the evening kept on his nat. The dukes cold." And Mansard, the architec, the rest of the evening kept on his nat. The dukes and marquises standing with bare heads before the king expressed their surprise at Mansard, but the king said, "I can make a duke or a marquis, but God only can make a Mansard." And I say to you, my hearers, God only by His convincing and converting grace can make a Christian, but He is ready this

spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches, when there are many to take part, we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly enough to let the one hundred and forty-four thouse and get through each with his own story, and then the one hundred and forty-four million, and then the one hundred and forty-four billion, and then the one hundred and forty-four trillion.

to Not only are all the triumphs of the past be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we will know of Him after ever asting study of the Deific. If my text only once into a scroll and look through the circle between, and the picture becomes more intense, so

had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be so many friends thing that we can come nearer to grasping, more impressive when we take only thirty minutes of it at a time. Now we have something that we can come nearer to grasping, and it is a quiet heaven. When we discourse about the multitudes of heaven it must be almost a nervous shock to those who have all their lives been crowded by many peo-

ple and who want a quiet heaven.

For the last thirty-five years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes thought for a few weeks after I reach heaven I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm with a few friends and for some little while try comparative solitude. Then there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no whose hearing is a content of the crash of the eternal orchestra, and they feel like saying, as a good woman in Hudson, N. Y. ing, as a good woman in Hudson, N. Y, said, after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of heaven. "That must be a great heaven, but what will become of my poor Yes, this half hour of my text is a still experience.

Just under the hair along His forehead is the mark of a wound made by a buuch of twisted brambles, and His foot on the throne has on the round of His instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the raim of the last band. But what a their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth that amounts to anything can be kept of the paim of the left hand. But what a countenance! What a smile! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Way. He looks as if He had redeemed a world! But come on one of the paim of the left hand. But what a countenance! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Way. He looks as if He had redeemed a world! But come on one of the paim of the left hand. But what a countenance what a scar of the paim of the left hand. But what a countenance! What a smile! What a simple what a countenance who was a simple what a countenance who was a simple what a He had redeemed a world! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr row, Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the House of Many Mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning spiendor for toat is the wall of heaven insper dor, for that is the wall of heaven, jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson, or the Ala-bama, or the Rhine, or the Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." That is the casef river of heaven—so bright, so wide, so

deep. But you ask, "Where are the asyiums for the old?" I answer, "The inuabitants are all young." "Where are the hospitals for the lame?" "They are all azile." "Where are the infirmaries for the blin i and dear?" "They all see and hear." Where are the almhouses for the poor?" "They are all multimillionaires." "Where are the inebriate asylu ns?" "Why, there are the incornate asymmas? "Why, there are no saloons." "Where are the grave-yards?" "Why, they never die." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see those interminable streets built by the Architect of the universe into homes, over the threshold of which sorrow never steps, and out of whose windows faces, once pale with carthly sterness now look. once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with immortal hearth. "On, let me go in and see them?" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those there was would never consent to let you come up. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suf-fer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to the earth before this half hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you can-not endure the pomp and splendor and reso-nance when this half hour of silence is ended. The day will come when you can see heaven in full beast, but not now. I am now only showing you neaven at the dullest half

conquerors taking down from the blue halls of heaven the trumosts of victory. Remember, we are mortal yet, and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the suent heaven for more than half an hour. Hark! the clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike and the half hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down till your work is done! Shoulder a little longer your bur leas! Figat a little longer your pattles! Weep a little longer your griefs! And then take heaven, not in its dullest half hour, but in its mightiest po.np. and instead of taking it thirty minutes take it world without

strike then into symphony,

But how will you spen I the first half hour of your neavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration ba-fore the throne in worship of Him wao made it possible for you to get there at all, I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in race ving your re-ward if you have been faiteful. I have a strangely beautiful book containing toe pictures of the maiais struck by the English Government in honor of great battles; these modals pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army on great occasions, the royal family present; the Crimean medal, the Victoria cross, the Waterloo

In your first half hour in beaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of heaven, and receive the insignia while you are announced as the victor over the droughts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the structure of the Stock Exchange. the temptations of the Stock Exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over do nestic infericities, victor over me-chanic's snop, victor over the storehouse, victor over home worriments, victor over physical distresses, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin an i death an i hei. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the pressure of all the galleries saintly, angene and divine!

Thy saints in all this giorion: war Shall conquer though frey die. They see the triumou trom afar, And seize it with their eye.

A Curious Wager.

A wager was made in 1806 in the Castle Yard, York, England, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead as to which should succeed in assuming the most singular character. Umpires were selected, whose duty it was to decide upon the comparative absurdity of the costumes in which the two men were to appear. On the appointed day Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with bank-notes of various values, his coat and vest being entirely covered with them. Besides these he had a row of fiveguinea pieces down his back, a netted purse of gold around his head and a placard on his back bearing the legend "John Bull." Waitehead came on the scene dressed like a woman on one side, one-naif of his face painted and a silk stocking and slipper on one foot and leg. The other half of his face was biackened so as to resemble an African on the corresponding side of his body he wore a gaudy, long tailed linen coat; his leg on that side being incased in a half a pair of leather breecaes and a boot with a spur, He wore a wig of sky-blue braided down his back and tied with yellow, red and orange colored ribbons. One would naturally fancy that he presented the most singular and ludicrous appearance, but tae u spires must have thought differently, as they awarded the stakes, some \$100, to Hodgson .- St. Louis Republic.

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A Texas man has three buttons worn by

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## "August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. I had a fullness after eating, and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. Sometimes a deathly sickness would overtake me. I was working for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. I used August Flower for two weeks. I was relieved of all trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I have gained twenty pounds since my recovery. J. D. Cox, Allegheny, Pa. @

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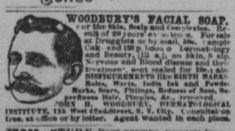
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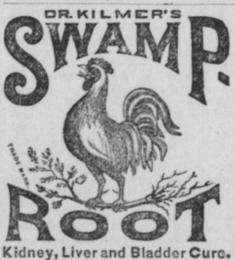
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It's the big, old - fashioned pill that makes the most disturbancebut it's one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets that does the most good. Mild and gentle, but thorough and effective-the smallest, cheapest and easiest to take. They cleanse and regulate the liver, stomach and

## Catarrh-Remove the Cause.

I was afflicted from infancy with Catarrh, and for ten years with eruptions on my face: . I was attended by the best physicians, and used a number of Blood remedies with no permanent relief. MY LIFE BECAME A BURDEN TO ME, for my case was declared incurable. I saw S. S. S. advertised, and took eight bottles, which cured me entirely, and I feel like a new person.—Miss Josie Owen, Montpelier, Ohio.

I was the victim of the worst case of Catarrh that I ever heard of. I was entirely deaf in one ear, and all the inside of my nose, including part of the bone, sloughed off.
No sort of treatment benefite I me, and physicians said "I would never be any better" As a last resort I took Swift's Specific, and it entirely cared me and restored my hearing. I have been well for years, with no sign of return of the disease - Mrs. JOSEPHINE POLHTIE, Due West, S. C. S. S. Cures Catarrh, like it does other Blood diseases, by eliminating the poison which causes it. Treatise on Blood and Skin mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATTANTA, GA.



The Trade Rats of Arizons.

had a rather singular experience with

trade rats, known also as mountain

rats. As the nights were cold the

miner took his ore-sack to replenish

his rather hard bed. Having neg-

lected to come to town for several

weeks his supply of beans had given

out, and he had come down to a diet

of straight bacon. Considerably out

of humor, he started in to pull his

bed to pieces one morning, and in re-

moving the sacks was agreeably sur-

prised to find three pounds of beans,

with a little coffee mixed, which the

trade rats ha, brought from the

Senator and stored in his bed. The

rats are native Americans and very

different from their imported Norway

cousins. They are called trade rats

because they generally leave some

article in exchange for what they take

away. The miner states that he

never killed a trade rat; that these

rodents habitually steal from one

cabin and carry their plunder

into an adjoining one; that on one

occasion he spilled a couple of quarts

of corn on the floor of his cabin and

the next morning found the rats had

stored away every grain of it in a pair

of saddle-bags hanging upon the wall.

He also states that the rats have

thick caudal appendages about three

inches in length, which they keep

constantly throwing up and down,

striking the floor with each downward

movement with the regular, measured

stroke of a musical professor marking

time. They carry off plugs of to-

bacco, tooth-brushes, combs, and

brushes-in fact, anything which

they can manage to move.-Prescott

A FRESH stream of lava is issuing from the base of the great cone of Mount Vesuvius.

Courier. -

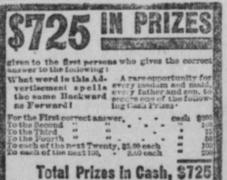
A miner near the Senator recently

Rheumatism.

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