REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sanday Sermon.

Subject: "Religion's Refuge."

TEXT: "A goodly cedar, and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing."-Ezekiel xvii., 23.

The cedar of Lebanon 'is a royal tree. It stands six thousand feeet above the level of the see. A missionary counted the concen-tric circles and found one tree thirty-five hundred years old — long rooted, broad branches, all the year in luxuriant foliage. The same branches that bent in the hurri-cane that David saw sweeping over Leb-anon, rock to-day over the head of the American traveler. This monarch of the forest, with its leafy fingers, plucks the hon-ors of a thousand years and sprinkles them upon its own uplifted brow, as though some great hallelujah of heaven had been planted upon Lebanon and it were rising up with all The cedar of Lebanon 'is a royal tree. upon Lebanon and it were rising up with all its long armed strength to take hold of the hills whence it came. Oh, what a fine place for birds to nest in!

In hot days they come thither-the eagle, the dove, the swallow, the sparrow and the raven. There is to many of us a complete fascination in the structure and habits of birds. They seem not more of earth than heaven-ever vacillating between the two. No wonder that Audubon, with his gun, tramped through all of the American forhave spent years in finding the track of a bird's claw in the new red sandstone. There is enough of God's architecture in a snipe's bill or a grouse's foot to confound all the universities. Musiclans have, with clefs and bars tried to catch the sound of the nightin-gale and robin. Among the first things that a child notices is a swallow at the eaves, and grandfather goes out with a handful of crumbs to feed the snow birds.

The Bible is full of ornithological allusions. The birds of the Bible are not dead and stuffed, like those of the museum, but mage. "Behold the fowls of the air," says Christ. "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy set as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down," exclaims Obadiah. "Gavest Thou the goodly wings unto the peacock?" says Job. David describes his desolation by saying, "I am like a pelican of the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert; I watch and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop." "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her ap-pointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their

pointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judg-ment of the Lord"—so says Jeremian. Ezekiel in my text intimates that Christ is the cedar, and the people from all quar-ters are the birds that lodge among the branches. "It shall be a goody cedar, and under it shall deeil all four of every wing." branches. "It shall be a goodiy cedar, an under it shall dweil all fowl of every wing. As in Ezekiel's time, so now-Christ is a goodly cedar, and to Him are flying all kinds of people—young and old, rich and poor, men high soaring as the eagle, those fierce as the raven, and those gentle as the dove. "All fowl of every wing." First, the young may come. Of the eigh-teen hundred and primety incomes that

teen hundred and ninety-two years that have passed since Christ came, about six-teen hundred have been wasted by the good in misdirected efforts. Until Robert Raikes came there was no organized effort for sav-ing the young. We spend all our strength ing the young. We spend all our strength trying to bend old trees, when a little pres-ure would have been sufficient for the sapling. We let men go down to the very bot-tom of sin before we try to lift them up. It is a great deal easier to keep a train on the track than to get it on when it is off. The experienced reinsman checks the flery steed at the first jump, for when he gets in full swing, the swift hoofs clicking fire from the pavement and the bit between his teeth, is momentum is irresistible. It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop. There are two opposite destinies. If you are going to heaven, you had botter take the straight New Orleans. What is to be the history of this multitude of young people around me to-day? I will take you by the hand and show you a glorious sunrise. I will not whine about this thing, nor groan about it, but come, young men aud maidens, Jesus wants you. His hand is love His voice is wants you. His hand is love His voice is music, His smile is heaven. Religion will put no handcuffs on your wrist, no hopples on your feet, no brand on your forshead. I went through the heaviest snowstorm I went through the heaviest snowstorm I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large, round eye had not lost any of its luster. Loved ones stood all around the bed trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up, and one protect of her them either for the or mother mearer to her than either father or mother was frantic with grief. I said: "Fanny, how do you feel?" "Oh!" she said, "happy, happy! Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy." As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of grief. I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl, "Good night; we shall meet again on the other side of the river." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the coffin. There was in all that crowded church but one really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny. Oh, I wish that now my Lord Jesus would go through this audience and take ail these flowers of youth and garland them on His brow. The cedar is a fitrefuge for birds of brightest plumage and swiftest wing. See, they fly! they fly! "All fowi of every wing." Again, I remark that the old may come. Again, I remark that the old may come. You say, "Suppose a man has to go on crutches; suppose he is blind; suppose he is deaf; suppose that nine-tenths of his life has been wasted." Then I ans wer: Come with crutches. Come, old men, blind and dea", come to Jesus. If you would sweep your hand around before your blind eyes, the first thing you would touch would be the cross. It is hard for an age! man or woman to have It is hard for an age1 man or woman to have grown old without religion. There taste is gone. The peach and the grape have lost their flavor. They say that somehow fruit does not taste as it used to. Their hearing gets defective, and they miss a great deal that is said in their presence. Their friends have all gons and everybody seems so strange. The world seems to go away from them and they are left all alone. They begin to feel in the way when you come into the room where they are, and they move their chair nervonsly and say, "I hope I am not in the way." Alas! that rather an i mother should ever be in the way. When you were sick and they sat up all night rocking you, singing to you, administering to you, did they think that you were in the way? Are you tired of the old people? Do you snap them up quick and sharp? You will be cursed to the bone for your ingrati-tude and unkindness! will be cursed to the bone for your ingrati-tude and unkindness! Oh, how many dear old folks Jesus has put to sleep! How sweetly He has closed their eyes! How gently folded their arms! How Me has put His hand on their silent hearts and said: "Rest now, tires pilgrim. It is all over. The tears will never start again. Hush! hush?" So He gives His be-loved sleep. I think the most beautiful ob-ject on earth is an old Christian—the hair white, not with the frosts of winter, but the blossoms of the tree of life. I never feel sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the giories of the eternal world are about to burst? They are going to the goodly cedar. Though their wings are heavy with age, God shall renew their strength like the eagle, and they shall make their nest in the cetar. "All fewl of every wing." tude and unkindness! ture .- Washington Star. Swel of every wing." Again, the very bad, the outrageously sinful, may come. Men talk of the grace of God as though it were so many yards long and so many yards deep. People point to the dying thief as an encouragement to the sinner. How much better it would be to point to our own case and any "if God ested point to our own case and say, "If God saved us He can save anybody." There may be those here who never had one earnest word

said to them about their souls. Consider me as putting my hand on your shouller and looking in your eye, God has been good to you. You ask, "How do you know that? He has been very hard on me." "Where did you come from?" "Home." "Then you have a home. Have you ever thanked God for your home! Have you endter?" "Yes." "Have you ever thanked God for your children? Who keeps them safe? Were you ever sick?" "Yes." "Who made you well? Have you been feed every day? Who feeds you? Put your hand on your pulse. Who makes it throb? Listen to the respiration of your lungs. The heips said to them about their souls. Consider

your pulse. Who makes it throb? Listen to the respiration of your lungs. The heips you to breath? Have you a Bible in the nouse, spreading before you the future life? Who gave you that Bible?" Oh, it has been a story of goodness and mercy all the way through. You have been one of God's pet children. Who fondled you and caressed you and lov ed you? And when you went astray and wanted to come back, did Heever retuse? I know of a father who, after his son came back the fourth time, said, "No; I forgave you three times, but I will never forgive you again." And the son went off and died. But God takes back His children the thousandth time as cheerhandkerchief I strike the dust off a book, God will wipe out all your sins.

Again, all the dying will find their nist in this goodly cedar. It is cruel to destroy a bird's nest, but death does not hesitate to destroy one. There was a beautiful nest in the next street. Lovingly the pirents brooded over it. There were two or three little robins in the nest. The scarlet fever thrust its hands into the nest, and the birds thrust its hands into the hest, and the bruss are gone. Only those are safe who have their nests in the goolly cedar. They have over them "the feathers of the Almighty." Oh, to have those soft, ward, eternal wings stretched over us! Let the storms beat and the branches of the cedar toss on the wind— ne dearcer. When a storm comes you can no danger. When a storm comes, you can see the birds flying to the woods. Ere the storm of death comes down, let us fly to the goodly cedar.

goodly cedar. Of what great varieties heaven will be made up. There come men who once were hard and cruel and desperate in wickedness, yet now, soft and changed by grace, they come into glory, "All fowl of every wing." And here they come, the children who were reared in loging theme circles flocking through These are white and came from northern homes; these were black and ascended from southern plantations; these were copper colored and went up from Indian reserva-tions—"All fowl of every wing." So God gathers them up. It is astonishing how easy it is for a good soul to enter heaven.

A prominent business man in Philadelphia went home one afternoon, lay down on the lounge and said: "It is time for me to go." He was very age). His daughter said to him, "Are you sick?" He said: "No; but it is time for me to go. Have John pus, it in two of the morring concers, that my friends. two of the morning papers, that my friends may know that I am gone. Good-by;" and as quick as that God had taken him.

It is easy to go when the time comes, There are no ropes thrown out to pull us ashore; there are no ladders let down to pull us up. Christ comes and takes us by the hand and says, "You have had enough of this; come up higher." Do you hurt a fily when you pluck it? Is there any rudeness when Jesus touches the cheek, and the red rose of health whitens into the lily of immoral purity and gladness?

When autumn comes and the giant of the woods smites his anvil and the leafy sparks fly on the autumnal gale, then there will be woods smites his anvil and the leafy sparks fly on the autumnal gale, then there will be thousands of birds gatoering in the tree at the corner of the field, just before departing to warmer climes, and they will call and sing until the brances drop with the melody. There is a better clime for us, and melody. There is a better clime for us, and by and by we shall migrats. We gather in the branches of the gooliv cesar, in prep-aration for departure. You heard our voices in the opening song; you will hear them in the closing song-voices good, voices bad, voices happy, distressfu --"All fowl of every winz." By and by we shall be gone. If all this andience is saved, as I hope they will be I see them entering into life. Some

WHERE PIE IS KING.

NEW YORK INDUSTRY.

ceries Daily Turned into Palat, in-chief; "I am very busy just now, and Tickling Pies,-The Business.

they of it that 150,090 pies disappear

Yorkers eat 5,000 miles of pie, and in Bedlam.-[Argonaut. five years consume enough to make a belt around the earth, if the pies were laid side by side in a straight line. If a year's pies were piled one on top of the other they would make a tower 1,500 miles high, beside which the Eiffel tower

would pale into insignificance. This tower at wholesale would be worth over

of the earth at a single sitting. In one of the great establishments which I visited it was surprising to note the really automatic pracision with which every branch of the business was conducted. The entire building is divided into separate departments. In one the manufacture of mince meat is carried on, in another the fruit is prepared, in its desolation like the last rose of while in a third is made the immense quantity of dough used. Miss Caffrey, who pares the apples for this establish-ment, is a wonder. With an ordinary paring machine she peels nearly 7,000 apples, or twenty-seven barrels daily, an I with movements so rapid, that it re-

w them. The various fruits are prepared by oung women by boiling, sweetening and flavoring to taste, and this taste is as near that of the average public as it be a single life now almost run. On the is possible for them to guess. This is corner of Broadway and Seventeenth the most important labor performed, and street, two blocks below, is another busithose young women are paid good wages ness edifice standing in the place of a for accurate tastes.

pie prepared, their amalgamation takes bachelor brother of the maiden sister place as follows:

In the room where the pies are made tary residence on Broadway. are several long tables, at which stand a crust. He passes it along to a man who observed passing in or out of the resineatly covers it with a top crust. A tray Union Squares, is as secluded and quiet into a subterranean passage, where the the far West or the centre of Philadelovens are. There in the gloomy vault men with the skill of jugglers insert and M withdraw from the hot recesses 400 pies Mr. Ogden Goelet, lived in this house every fifteen minutes.

The trays are hoisted to the ground death his maiden sister was left undisfloor, where they are divided 'among turbed in the old family home, and it will wagons from which they are distributed not be touched until her death. Then it

'Well, what do you want? " "Your life." 'My life?" "Yes; I want to kill you." "Very odd," said the duke, sitting back FACTS AND FIGURES OF A GREAF, and calmingly gazing at the intruder. "Not at all, for I am Dionysius," said the stranger; "and I must put you to death." "Are you obliged to perform Hundreds of Tons of Fruit and Gro- this duty to-day?" asked the commanderhave a large number of letters to write. It would be very inconvenient to-day?" New Yorkers like pie. So fond are The visitor looked hard during a moment's pause. "Call again," continued down over half a million throats every the duke, "or write and make an appoint-day in the year." "You'll be ready?" "Without In New York alone there are twelve fail." was the reply. The maniac, companies devoted entirely to the manu- awed, doubtless, by the stern old soldier, facture of this commodity, and so great backed out of the room without further is their output that in one year New words, and half an hour later was safe in

Only One Residence on Broadway.

From Bowling Green to Central Park, as Broadway runs, is a distance of nearly four and one-half miles. Yet, in all this distance along the greatest thoroughfare \$4,000,000, and its weight would be in America, there stands but one buildabout 74,934,239 pounds, enough to in- ing which is distinctively and solely a flict dyspepsia on the combined armies family residence. I refer to the old Goelet homestead on the northeast corner of Broadway and Nineteeath street.

Several years ago there was a second old-time residence on Broadway, further down, nearly opposite the United States Hotel. It was known as the Colclesse house. But that has at last passed away and the Goelet homestead stands alon summer.

Dire tly opposite, across Broadway, i. the massive pile of the Lord & Taylo: building, which has taken the place of the old Adam Badeau Markei. On the opposite side of Nineteenth street stands the great carpet house of the Sloanes. quires an exceedingly quick eye to foi- Adjoining the old residence on the north towers the dead, blank wall of the Goelet business block, speaking in dumb eloquence of the fate which awaits the homestead lot-a fate held in abeyence residence long since gone, but which was The several component parts of the the home during his life time of the who is the lonely occupant of this soli-

People whose business calls them row of men dressed in garments of spot- through Nineteenth street daily somoless white. The dough is brought to times catch a passing glimpse of the misthem in large buckets. One man at the tress of the Goelet House as she sits at further end deftly cuts the crusts. The a second-story window. Sometimes an next lightly snatches up a tin pie pan old colored woman with bent form and and lays therein the under crust, which gray hair is seen hovering around her is invariably rolled heavier than the top aged mistress. But seldom is any one dips from a row of oaken tubs, filled with dence or working round about. The life the prepared fruits, the necessary filling, of Miss Goelet, in that solitary house on and then it goes on to a fourth, who Broadway, midway between Madison and is soon filled with pies and down it goes as though it was spent in the jungles of

Miss Goelet's brother, the father of during the whole of his lifetime. At his

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to earn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a con-stitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken in-ternally acting directly upon the blood and ireatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken in-ternally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby de-stroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution ai-d assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hun-dred Dollars for any case that it falls to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Chess matches by telephone are very popu lar in Englrud.

MANY persons are broken down from over-work or hou-enold cares. Brown's Iron Bit-ters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, te-moves excess of bile, and cures malaria. A spendid tonic for women and children.

A lady in Stonington, Conn., has slept 30, COU consecutive nights in one house.

"I have in my employ a man who has been a victum of periodic headaches for years, has tried all kinds of treatment, and I have tried variou remedies on him. Your Bradycrotine he ps him more than anything ever did." O. D. Kingsley, M.D., White Pialns, N. Y. 53 cts

If you have a Jonah among your friends don't sit down and cry about it; be a whale.

LADIES neeling a tonic, or shidren who want building up, should take Brown's from Bitters. It is pleasent to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Billo whees and Liver Com-plaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness.

"I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED with an affecion of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."-Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piketon, Ky. Sold only in

Artificial ice ponds are now being intro-uced into England.

BERCHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache, dis-ordered liver and act like magic on the vital argans. For all by all drugs sets.

Greenland has no cats.



ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys. Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and ac-



MRS. LEBOY G. COVILLE. lady writes a letter for publication believing it will interest many suffering from Rheumatism,

From the Chenango Union, Norwich, N. Y. McDonough, Chenanjo Co., N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer, Binghamton, N. Y.

Kind Sir:- I had been troubled for years with that terrible disease Rheumatism and last Spring, a year ago, I was confined to my bed and could scarcely move or stir. Could not bear to have any one walk across the room or make any noise of any kind. Was also troubled with Female Weakness and was completely used up. I had doctored with the best Physicians I could get, but grew worse all the time. Having read of your Remedies I at last made up my mind to try them. I had very little faith for I thought, perhaps, they were no better than lots of others that I had used before without any benefit. But thanks be to God and also to you. I tried them and found it to my benefit. I only took two bottles of your Swamp-Root and one of Female Remedy and used one bottle of your U. & O. Anointment and was completely cured.

It is now over one year since I was troubled and yet I have not felt a single touch or return of the old complaints. I think I was better before I had taken one-half of the first bottle. I now believe and have more faith in you than any other doctor on earth.

If this will be of any benefit to you or others, you can publish it and if need be I can prove it by more than twenty good and reliable people in this vicinity.

God bless you and yours, and with great respect, Mrs. Leroy G. Coville.

[The preceding testimonial was set up in this office from the original letter written by Mrs. Covilie. EDITORS OF UNION.]

Five thousand dollars is offered to any one who will prove any portion of this testimony untrue. Hundreds of similar letters are received daily by the proprietors of Swamp Root.

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP.

DERCHA TOLOGICAL

ACCONES OF BINGHAMTON, NY

have had it hard; some have had it easy. Some were brilliant; some were dull. were rocked by pious parentage; others have had their infantile cheeks scalael with the tears of woe. Some crawlei, as it were, into the kingdom on their hands an 1 knews, and some seemed to enter in chariots of flaming Those fell from a ship's mast; the were crushed in a mining disaster. They are God's singing birds now. No gun of huntsman shall shoot them down. They gather on the trees of life and fold their wingson the branches and for away from frosts and winds and night they sug un-til the hills are flooded with joy, and the skies drop music, and the arches of pearl send back the echoes-"All fowl of every wing."

Behold the saints, beloved of God, Washed ary their robes in Jesus's blood. Brighter than angels, lo! they shine Their glories splended and sublime.

Through tribulation great they came: They have the cross and scoraed the sname; Now, in the heavenly tem vie biest; With God they dweit; on Him they rest.

While everiasting angels roll Eternal love shall reast their soul. And scanes of blas, forever new Rise in succession to their view.

China's Universal Pig.

In China \$5 a month is a fair support for a family. That is about what the average workman earns. However, this ncome is added to in certain small ways. First is the universal pig, which is the popular domestic animal. He, or rather she, sleeps in the vestibule and, when the house is too small to possess this luxery, in this living room. The pig recognizes her name and displays in her intelligence the interested results of centuries of training. She litters twice a year. Of her offspring, the males are fattened and sent to the market and the females are sold or kept for breeding purposes. The pig is fed at every meal of the family; the rest of the day it forages for itself in the streets, fields, drains and on the beach. At low tide hundreds are often seen devouring seaweed, dead fish a d the flotsam and jetsam of the sea. The wife and children gather driftwood, edible sea moss, sea fungus and seaweed, small shellfish the size of a pea or bean, mushrooms and tree mushrooms. aromatic leaves for flavoring purposes, dead branches, dry leaves, dead grass and grass roots, cow dung and animal droppings. What they do not care to use they sell for a few copper cash or barter with neighbors and tradesmen for rice and vegetables. In this manner a woman and several children will provide all the food for a family and leave a small surplus for a rainy day. Children four years of age will hunt up the pig when he is lost, lead the water buffalo or tend a herd of sheep with almost the same success as a grown man. They work in the garden, bring water from the wells, destroy locusts, caterpillars and slugs, pull out the weeds, and in every way show themselves excellent horticulturists in mina-

THE Italians, finding Argentine does not welcome immigrants from their country and the United States manifesting a disposition to close its doors to them, are now spying out the ground in Aus-tralia with a view of flooding that continent with Italy's surplus population. Recout discussions in the Australian press do not encourage the idea.

apiece.

The quantity of material used for this work is enormous. Each day there are consumed 40 barrels of flour, 1,200 quarts of milk, more eggs than 8,000 hens could lay in a day, 3,000 pounds of lard, 100 dozen pineapples, 4,000 pounds of sugar, 40 barrels of apples, 100 bushels of berries in their season, together with large quantities of raisins and flavoring extracts. In the use of the latter lies the secret of the business.

There are many other minor departments. In one seven women are employed in washing tin plates. There are \$5,000 worth of these lost every year. The tins are not wiped but dried on wire racks by hot air. In yet another is the carpenter shop, where three men are engaged in making sideboards, pie racks and the like, which are given to large customers, and may be considered as the advertising end of the business. In the stables are sixty-five wagons and as many horses, where hostlers, wagon greasers and others each fulfill their duties as a part of the great whole. In all 200 persons are employed. To feed the horses one mouth takes 1,500 bushels of oats and 200 bales of hay.

All hands get to work at 2 o'clock in the morning, and the drivers leave shortly after 4, and must cover their routes by noon. They collect the money and turn it in on their retura, credit being given to large houses only. Pies have their seasons of triamph

and defeat like everything else, but apple is always a standard. In Dacember, January, and February mince pie is monarch. It is a square meal in itself, being full of meat for the hungry, spice for the timid and brandy for the thirsty. On the day before last Christmas this company used ten tons of mince meat for the Christmas trade. In March, April and May the pieites want custard and rhubarb. During June, July and August berry pies are largely in demand. In the ripened fullness of the year the public taste yearns for the luscious yellow pumpkin, and there is also a brief run on peach. All the other varieties are sandwiched in as the caprices of irregular digestion may suggest. -- [New York Press.

The Iron Duke's Presence of Mind.

sat writing at his library-table quite alone, his door was suddenly opened without a knock or announcement of any for Monticel'o. His strings are perpen-sort, and in stalked a gaunt man, who dicular, and he contrives within that stood before the commander-in-chief height to give his strings the same length with his hat on and a savage expression as in a grand piano-forte, and fixes the of countenance. The duke was, of three unisons to the same screw. It course, a little annoved at such an un- searcely gets out of tune at all, and then, ceremonious interruption, and, looking for the most part, the three unisons are up, he asked: "Who are you?" "I am tuned at once."-New Orleans Pica-Dionysias," was the singular answer. yune.

to the marts where the pie eaters throng. will also disappear to give place to a These wagons are veritable perambu- business edifice worthy of its surroundlating pantries, especially constructed ings. The ground on which the residence with innumerable shelves, giving to each stands is worth nearly a million of dolpie its own place. The contents of the lars-certainly three-quarters of a miluniform coverings of the hidden sweets lion, at the lowest estimate. In leaving are revealed by a private mark made by their aunt undisturbed in the only homo the "top crust man," which is baked in. she has ever known, the Goelet brothers Pie is made in three sizes, 5, 71 and 9 surrender a possible income of forty or inches in diameter, selling to restaurants fifty thousand dollars a year, and that at 44, 74, and 15 cents respectively, to sum represents the rental of that old be in turn retailed at 5, 10 and 20 cents house on Broadway .-- New Yorz Advertiser.

A Human Rat Ferret.

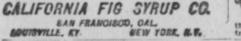
"There lives a man in our town " who is responsible for the death of so many rats that the wienerwarst peddlers may well regard him as their patron saint. By day he follows his humble calling as an expressman, and does not give evidence in actions or appearance of his sanguinary disposition. With the approach of night he becomes a different man. While by day he is a Dr. Jekyll to the innumerable colonies of rats, at night he is to them a Mr. Hyde. Night after night, regardless of the weather, he saunters forth with four assistant terriers, each of whom is a battle scarred, midnight hero of back alleys. From 8 o'clock until after 12 he walks up and down the alleys in the business section of the city and gives up his being to joyful contemplation of his rat killers at work. When he sees four black shadows cut swiftly through the darkness and hears the dying squeak he knows that his self-imposed mission has been forwarded somewhat to success. Inasmuch as he has been killing rats in this fashiop for several years, it may readily be seen that his record is up in the thousands. He is a tall, powerfully-built man of middle age, and habitually wears a faded black cap, the visor of which he pulls down quite over his blue eyes. He takes as much pride and enjoyment in his work as his four assistants do in the aggregate and vows that he will keep it up until he has killed 100.000 of the rodents .--- [Kansas City Times.

Inventor of the Grand Piano.

It is noteworthy that John Isaac Hawkins, an Englishman, the inventor of ever-pointed pencils, and an engineer by profession, began the manufacture of up-right pianos in Philadelphia in 1800. He took ont a national patent in that year for his instrument, which he named portable grand," and which created uite a furore in that city at the time. Thomas Jefferson happened to see one of Hawkin's "portable grands" in 1800, while visiting Philadelphia, which he speaks of in the following letter to his daughter: "A very ingenious, modest and poor young man in Philadelphia has One day, as the Duke of Wellington invented one of the prettiest improvements in the piano-forte that I have ever seen, and it has temped me to engage one

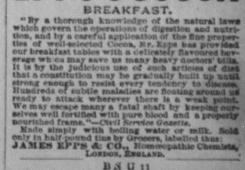
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