CRIMINAL STATISTICS.

How It Is Divided Among the Races in New York City.

New York City has a foreign born population of 647,000 out of a total of 1,800,000. The foreigners are: Germany, 230,000; Ireland, 200,000; Russia, 55,000; Italy, 50,000; Great Britain, 49,-200; Austria, 29,000; France, 11,000; Canada and Newfoundland, 9,000; other nationalities, 14,000.

In arriving at the important point as to the number in each race who commit murder and felonious assault as gathered from the police records of eight months past we find that:

One Italian in 574 commits a felonious assault and one in 12,222 a murder. One Irishman in 3,636 commits a felonious assault and one in 13,333 a mur-

One German in 5,476 commits a fe-lonious assault and one in 32,857 a mur-

One Russian in 3,235 commits a felonious assault and one in 55,000 a mur-

One Frenchman in 3,666 commits a felonious assault and one in 11,000 a

One Englishman in 3,266 commits a felonious assault and one in 49,000 a

One Austrian in 3,625 commits a feonious assault and there were no murrs among 29,000.

One North American-Britisher in 9,000 commits a felonious assault. No murder recorded among 9,000. One Spaniard in 500 commits a felonious assault, while one Hungarian in

4,333 is guilty of this offense. Neither race furnishes a murder. One American in 7,185 commits a felonious assult and one in 35,294 a mur-

The Chinese Have Few Words.

There are said to be but 450 words in the Chinese language, all monosyllabic. These, with different accents and intonations, are expanded into 1,250 words. Each word has many different meanings, some as many as 40.

Discretion Wins Many a Fight. "I have met the best tennis players in the land, but I have never

been beaten." "How wonderfulj Why don't you enter the tournament?" "I never play."

THE reason that an undertaker is rarely a melancholy man is because he can always bury himself in the busi-

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn 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 known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood an a mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Do lars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of test moniais. Address

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

A flower grows wherever a kind word is spoken.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidney, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

While one woman is quiet the other ninety-nine are asking her why she is.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach disorders, the Brown's Iron Bitters—the Best Tonic. It rebuilds the Blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.

When gossip beats the drum of the ear the tongue tells the tune.

We Cure Rupture. No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price \$1; by mail, \$1.15.

No sympathy is felt for the man who is a

For impure or thin Blood, Weakness, Malaria, Neuralgia, Indigestion and Biliousness, take Brown's fron Sitters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young persons strong; pleasant to take.

Some men pray without thinking and some think without praying.

Beecham's Pills with a drink of water mornings. Beecham's - no others. 25 cents a box. When young hearts break they knit again

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists seil at 25c, per bottla A verse may find him whom a s rmon flies,

Shooting Pains



swelling of my limbs have caused me great suffering. In the spring I was completely worn out and ate hardly enough to keep me alive. I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the swelling has subsided, the shooting pains are gone, I have good appetite, am better every way." Mrs. A. G. OMAN, 34 Newman Pt., So. Boston. Hood's Cures

Get the Genuine! GREASE Sold Everywhere!

QOITRE CURED SEND for PREE Circular.



REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Bold Challenge."

TEXT . " Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."—Romans

"This is the last sermon I shall ever reach," said Chr.stmas Evans on the 13th of June, 1838. Three days afterward he expired. I do not know what his text was pired. I do not know what his text was, but I know that no man could choose a bet-ter theme—though he knew it was the last time he should ever preach-than the subject found in this text.

Paul flung this challenge of the text to the feet of all ecclesiastical and civil authority. He feared neither swords or lions, earth nor Diocletian slew ancounted thousands under his administration, and the world has been full of persecution, but all the perse-cutors of the world could not affright Paul. Was it because he was physically strong? Oh, no. I suppose he was very much weak-ened by exposure and maltreatment. Was it because he was lacking in sensitiveness? No. You find the most delicate shades of feeling playing in and out his letters and sermons. Some of his communications burst into tears. What was it lifted Paul into this triumphant mood? The thought of a Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted a Saviour interceding.

exalted, a Saviour interceding. All the world has sang the praise of Prin-cess Alice. One child having died of a con-tagious disease, she was in the room where another was dying, and the court physician said to her, "You must not breath the breath of this child, or you yourself will die." But seeing the child mourning because of the death of her brother, the mother stooped down and in swoother bissed the little down and in sympathy kissed the little one, caught the disease and perished. All the world sang the heroism and the self-sacrifice of Princess Alice, but I have to tell you that when our race was dying the Lord Jesus stooped down and gave us the kiss of His everlasting love and perished that we might live. "It is Christ that died."

Can you teil me how tender hearted Paul could find anything to rejoice at in the horrible death scene of Calvary? We weep at funerals; we are sympathetic when we see a stranger die; when a murderer steps upon the scaffold we pray for his departing spirit, and how could Paul—the great hearted Paul—find anything to be pleased with at the funeral of a God? Besides that Christ had only recently died, and the sorrow was fresh in the memory of the world, and how in the fresh memory of a Saylour's death could Paul fresh memory of a Saviour's death could Paul

It was because Paul saw in that death his own deliverance and the deliverance of a race own deliverance and the deliverance of a race from still worse disaster. He saw the gap into which the race must plunge, and he saw the bleeding hands of Christ close it. The glittering steel on the top of the execution-er's spear in his sight kindled into a torch to light men heavenward. The persecutors saw over the cross five words written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, but Paul saw over the cross of Christ only one word—"expiation!" He heard in the dying groan of Christ his own groan of eternal torture taken by another. Paul said to himself, "Had it not been that

Christ volunteered in my behalf, those would have been my mauled hands and feet, my gashed side, my crimson temples."

Men of great physical endurance have sometimes carried very heavy burdens—300 pounds, 400 pounds—and they have still said: "My strength is not yet tested. Put on more weight." said: "My strength is not yet tested. Put on more weight." But after awhile they were compelled to cry out: "Stop! I can carry no more." But the burden of Carist was illimitable. First, there was His own burden of hunger and thirst and bereave-ment and a thousand outrages that have been hespe') upon Him, and on top of that burden were the sorrows of His poor old mother, and on the top of those burdens the crimes of the rufflans who were executing

"Stop!" you cry "It is enough. Christ can bear no more." And Christ says, "Roll on more burdens, roll on Me the sins of this entire nation, and after that roll on Me the sins of the inhabited earth, and then roll so sins of the inhabited earth, and then roll so Me the sins of the 4000 years past, so far as those sins have been forgiven." And the angels of God, seeing the awful pressure, ery: "Stop! He can bear no more." And the blood rushing to the nostril and lip seems to cry out "Enough! He can endure no more." But Christ says: "Roll on a greater burden, roll on the sins of the next 1900 years, roll on Me the agonies of heil, ages on ages, roll on Me the agonies of hell, ages on ages, the furnaces and the prison houses and the tortures." That is what the Bible means when it says, "He bore our sins and

earried our sorrows."
"Now," says Paul, "I am free, That suffering purchased my deliverance. God never collects a debt twice. I have a receipt in full. If God is satisfied with me, then what do all the threats of earth and hell amount do all the threats of earth and hell amount to? Bring on all your witnesses," says Paul. "Show all your force. Do your worst against my soul. I defy you. I dare you. I challenge you. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." Oh, what a strong argument that puts in the hand of every Christian man! Some day all the past sins of his life come down on him in a flery troop, and they nound away at the vate of troop, and they pound away at the gate of his soul, and they say: "We have come for your arrest. Any one of us could overcome you We are 10,000 strong. Surrender."
And you open the door, and single handed and alone you contend against that troop. You fling this divine weapon into their midst. You scatter those sins as quick as you can

"It is Christ that died." Why, then, bring up to us the sins of our past life? What have we to do with those obsolete things? You know how hard it is for a wrecker to bring up anything that is lost near the shore of the up anything that is lost hear the shore of the sea, but suppose something be lost half why between Liverpool and New York. It cannot be found; it cannot be fetched up. "Now," says God, "your sins have been cast into the depths of the sea." Mid-Atlantic! All the machinery ever fashioned in foundries of darkness and launched from the doors of eternal death, working for 10,000 years, cannot bring up one of our sins for goors of eternal death, working for 10,000 years, cannot bring up one of our sins forgiven and lorgotten and sunken into the depths of th sea. When a sin is pardoned, it is gone. It is gone out of the books; it is gone out of the memory, it is gone out of existence. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

From other tragedies men have come away exhausted and persons and sleepless but

exhausted and nervous and sleepless, but there is one tragedy that soothes and calms there is one tragedy that soothes and calms and saves. Calvary was the stage on which it was enacted, the curtain of the night falling at midnoon was the drop scene, the thunder of falling rocks the orchestra, angels in the galleries and devils in the pit the spectators, the tragedy a crucifixion. "It is Christ that died." On, triumphant thought! If you go through the picture gallery of Versailles, you will find a great change there. I said to a friend who had been through those galleries, "Are they as they were before the French war?" and I was told there was a great change there, that all that multitude of pictures which represented Napoleonic triumphs had been taken away, and in the trames were other pictures repand in the trames were other pictures representative of German success and victory. Oh, that all the scenes of satanic triumph in our world might be blotted out, and that the whole world might be a picture gallery representing the triumphant Jesus! Down with the monarchy of transgression! Up with the monarchy of our King! Hail! Jesus, hail!

But I must give you the second cause of Paul's exhilaration. If Christ had staid in that grave, we never would have gotten out of it. The grave would have been dark and dismal as the conciergerie during the reign of terror, where the carts came up only to take the victims out to the scaffold. I do not wonder that the ancients tried by embalimment of the body to resist the dissolution of death.

The grave is the darkest, deepest, ghastliest chasm that was ever opened if there be no light from the resurrection throne streaming into it, but Christ staid in the tomb all Friday night and all Saturday, all Saturday night and a part of Sunday morning. He staid so long in the tomb that He might fit it for us when we go there. He tarried two whole nights in the grave, so that He saw how important it was to have plenty of light, and He has flooded it with His own

It is early Sunday morning, and we start up to find the grave of Christ. We find the morning sun gilding the dew, and the shrubs are sweet as the foot crushes them. What a beautiful place to be buried in! Wonder they did not treat Christ as well when He was alive as they do now that He is dead. Give the military salute to the soldiers who stand guarding the dead. But hark to the crash—an earthquake! The soldiers fall back as though they were dead, and the stone at the door of Christ's tomb spins down the hill, flung by the arm of an angel. Come forth, O Jesus, from the darkness into the sunlight! Come forth and breathe the perfume of Joseph's garden.

Christ comes forth radiant, and as He steps out of the excavation of the rock I look down into the excavation, and in the dis-

tance I see others coming hard in hand and troop after troop, and I find it is a long procession of the precious dead. Among them are our own loved ones—father, mother, brother, sister, companion, children, coming up out of the excavation of the rock until the last one has stepped out into the light, and I am bewildered, and I cannot understand the scene until I see Christ wave His

hand over the advancing procession from the rock and hear Him cry: "I am the resurrection and the life. He who believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And then I notice that the long dirge of the world's woe suddenly stops at the archangelic than the life or the rock of the r hand over the advancing procession from the shout of "Come forth!"
Oh, my friends, if Christ had not broken

out of the grave you and I would never come out of it! It would have been another case of Charlotte Corday attempting to slay a tyrant, herself slain. It would have been another case of John Brown attempting to free the slaves, himself hung. It would have been Death and Christ in a grapple and Death the victor. The black flag would have floated on all the graves and mausoleums of the dead, and heli would have conquered the forces of heaven and captured the ramparts of God, and satan would have come to coronation in the palaces of heaven, and it would have been devils on the threne and

sons of God in the dungeon. No! no! no! When that stone was rolled from the door of Christ's grave, it was hurled with such a force that it crashed in all the grave doors of Christendom, and now the tomb is only a bower where God's children take a siesta, an afternoon nap, to wake up in mighty invigoration. "Christ is risen," Hang that lamp among all the tombs of my dead. Hang it over my own resting place. Christ's suffering is ended: His work is done. The darkest Friday afternoon of the world's history becomes the brightest Sunday morning of its resurrection joy. The Gool Friday of bitter memories becomes the Easter of glorious transformation and resur-

Ye mourning saints, dry every tear For your departed Lord. Behold the place. He is not here. The tomb is all unbarred.

I give you the third cause of Paul's exhilaration. We honor the right hand more than we do the left. If in accident or battle we must lose one hand, let it be the left. The eft hand being nearer the heart, we may not do much of the violent work of life with that hand without physical danger, but he who has the right arm in full play has the mightiest of all earthly weapons. In all ages and in all languages the right hand is the symbol of strength and power and honor. Hiram sat at the right hand of Solomon. Then we have the term, "Is he a right hand man." Lafayette was Washington's right hand man. Marshal Nev was Napoleon's right hand man. And now you have the meaning of Paul when he speaks of Christ who is at the right hand

That means He is the first guest of heaven, He has a right to sit there. The hero of the universe! Count His wounds; two in the feet, two in the hands, one in the side-five wounds. Oh, you have counted wrong. These are not half the wounds. Look at the severer wounds in the temples. Each thorn

an excruciation.

If a hero comes back from battle, and he takes off his hat or rolls up his sleeve and shows you the scar of a wound gotten at Ball's Bluff or at South Mountain, you stand in admiration at his heroism and patriotism but if Christ should make conspicuous the five wounds gotten on Calvary—that Water-loo of all the ages—He would display only a-small part of His wounds. Wounded all over, let Him sit at the right hand of God. He has a right to sit there. By the request of God the Father and the unanimous suffrage of all

'Victory:"
The oldest inhabitant of heaven never saw Christ tool The oldest inhabitant of heaven never saw a grander day than the one when Christ took His place on the right hand of God. Hosanna! With lips of clay I may not apprepriately utter it, but let the martyrs under the altar throw the cry to the elders before the throne and they can town it to the choir on the sea of glass until all heaven shall lift it—some on point of scepter, and some on string of harp, and some on the tip of the green branches. Hosanna! hosanna!

A fourth cause of Paul's exhiliration

Hosanna! hosanna!

A fourth cause of Paul's exhiliration
After a clergyman had preached a sermon in
regard to the glories of heaven and the
splendors of the scene an aged woman said.
"If all that is to go on in heaven, I don't
know what will become of my poor head."
Oh, my friends, there will be so many things
going on in heaven I have sometimes wondered if the Lord would not forget you and
em!

Perhaps Paul said sometimes, "I wonder God does not forget me down here in An-tioch, and in the prison, and in the ship wreck. There are so many sailors, so many wreek. There are so many sailors, so many wayfarers, so many prisoners, so many heart-broken men," says Paul, "perhaps God may forget me. And then I am so vile a sinner. How I whipped those Christians! With what vengeance I mounted that cavalry horse and dashed up to Damascus! Oh, it will take a mighty autorney to plead my cause and get me free." But just at that moment there came in upon Paul's soul something mightier than the surges that dashed his ship into Melita, swifter than the horse he rode to Damascus. It was the swift and overwhelming thought of Christ's intercession.

My friends, we must have an advocate. My friends, we must have an advocate. A poor lawyer is worse than no lawyer at all. We must have one who is able successfully to present our cause before God. Where is He? Who is He? There is only one advocate in all the universe that can plead our cause the last judgment, that can plead our cause before God in the great tribunal.

cause in the last judgment, that can plead our cause before God in the great tribunal. Sometimes in easthly courts attorneys have specialties, and one man succeeds better in patent cases, another in insurance cases, another in criminal cases, another in land cases, another in will cases, and his success generally depends upon his sticking to that specialty. I have to tell you that Christ can do many things, but it seems to me that His specialty is to take the bad case of the sinner and plead it before God until He gets eternal acquittal. Oh, we must have Him for our advocate.

But what plea can He make? Sometimes an attorney in court will plead the innocence of the prisoner. That would be inappropriate for us. We are all guilty! Guilty! Unclean! unclean! Christ, our advocate, will not plead our innocence. Sometimes the attorney in court tries to prove an alibi. He says. "This prisoner was not at the scene. He was in some other place at the time." Such a plea will not do in our case. The Lord found us in all our sins and in the very place of our iniquity. It is impossible to prove an alibi. Sometimes an attorney will plead the insanity of the prisoner and say he is irresponsible on that account. That plea will never do in our case. We sinned against light, against knowledge, against the dictates of our own

consciences. We knew what we were doing. What, then, shall the plea be?

The plea for our eternal deliverance will be Christ's own martyrdom. He will say: "Look at all these wounds. By all these sufferings I demand the rescue of this man from sin and death and hell. Constable, knock off the shackles—let the prisoner go free." "Who is he that condemneth! It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

But why all this gladness at the faces of

But why all this gladness of the faces of these sons and daughters of the Lord Althese sons and daugnters of the same thinking of. A Saviour dead; a Saviour risen; a Saviour exalted; a Saviour interceding. "What." A Saviour dead; a Saviour risen; a Saviour exalted; a Saviour interceding. "What." say you, "is all that for me?" All, all! Never let me hear you complaining about anything again. With your pardoned sin behind you, and a successful Christ pleading above you, and a glorious heaven before you, how can you be despondent about anything?

"But," says some man in the audience, "all what is "e" good and very true for those who are inside the kingdom, but how about those of us who are outside?" Then I say, Come into the kingdom, come out of the prison house into the glorious sunlight of God's mercy and pardon, and come now.

It was in the last day of the reign of terror—the year 1793. Hundreds and thousands had perished under the French guillotine. France groaned with the tyrannies of Bobes pierre and the Jacobine Club. The last group of sufferers had had their lecks shorn by Monchotte, the prison barber, so that the neck might be bare to the keen knife of the guillo-

The carts came up to the prison, the poor wretches were placed in the carts and driven off toward the scaffold, but while they were going toward the scaffold there was an out-ery in the street, and then the shock of fire-arms, and then the cry: "Robespierre has failed! Down with the Jacobins! Let France be free!" But the armed soldiers rode in be free!" But the armed soldiers rode in upon these rescuers, so that the poor wretches in the carts were taken on to the scaffold and

But that very night these monsters of per-But that very night these monsters of per-secution were seized, and Robespierre perished under the very guillotine that he had reared for others, all France clapping their hands with joy as his head rolled into the executioner's basket. Then the axes of the excited populace were heard pounding against the gates of the prison, and the poor prisoners walked out free. My friends, sin is the worst of all Robespierres. It is the tyrant of tyrants. It has built a prison house for our soul. It plots our death. It house for our soul. It plots our death. It has shorn us for the sacrifice; but, blessed be God, this morning we hear the axes of God's graelous deliverance pounding against

the door of our prison.

Deliverance has come. Light breaks through all the wards of the prison. Revolution! Revolution! "Where sin abounded, grace does much more abound that where-as sin reigned unto death even so grace may reign unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Glorious truth! A Saviour dead; a Saviour risen; a Saviour exalted; a Saviour interceeding!

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



BAD woman is the best helper the devil has on THERE are too

like to tell bad news. THE only people who live right are those

who love right. sugar-coated pills always have poison

in them. THERE is no poorer man than the rich man who never gives.

THE head is never regenerated until God gets into the heart. THE devil has a tight grip on the man whose god is money.

No one ever found the cross who did not take a burden to it. If all Christians would keep wide

awake no sinner could sleep. THE only hard step that can be taken for Christ is the first one. As LONG as the saloon stays open

the gates of hell cannot be shut. One use God makes of a good man is to prove that the devil lies.

EVERYTHING in the Christian's life that is not good dishonors God. KNOWLEDGE can help us toward

God, but it cannot bring us to Him. If you want your children to love Jesus show them His face in your life. WHENEVER the devil comes in sight of Heaven he begins to hate himself.

No honor can be conferred upon the memory of a good man by a monu-No gift is precious in God's sight

that does not have a grateful heart be-The devil's cause prospers most

when Christians quarrel among them-IF there is any selfishness in a man,

It will be sure to crop out when he is

hungry. THE serpent's head is to be bruised, no matter how big or how little it may look.

THERE is no religion in saying that other people are not as good as they ought to be.

generally take a good deal of wind out of his crow.

only way by which we can ever become truly rich.

EVERY prayer that goes to the throne in the name of Christ is sure to be answered.

FELLOWSHIP with Christ cannot be | 664 enjoyed by those who seek happiness in their own way.

THE best lighted streets are traveled the most. Wear a smile if you want to be useful.

A good thing to do on cloudy days is to try to push the clouds away from somebody else's windows. "Love is not puffed up." in which

sense it differs from some people who

occupy front seats in church. If it were not for the bread and butter question it wouldn't be so hard for some folks to be religious,

GIVE some highly respectable men their way in this world, and the

devil would never be cast out. THERE is no use in looking for a

A curious ancesthetic used in China ias recently been made known. It is btained by placing a frog in a jar of lour and irritating it by prodding. Unler these circumstances it exudes a iquid which forms a paste with the lour. This paste, when dissolved in vater, has well-marked anæsthetic properties. After the finger has been immersed in the liquid for a few minites it can be cut to the bone without any pain being felt.

A Boy's Composition.

The following composition was written by a 10-year-old nephew of Josh Billings when the teacher gave him "Dogs and Cars" for a subject: "Dogs and cats allways fite ech uther when tha git a chance, but a dog an't no match for a kat because a kat kin make her tail biggern a ball club and run up a tree while the dogs gettin

Fabrics Made of Stone and Glass.

In Russia there has for a long time xisted a tissue manufactured from the fiber of a peculiar filandrous stone from the Siberian mines, which by some secret process is shredded and spun into a fabric, which, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of so durable a nature that it will never wear out. This is probably what has given an enterprising manufacturer the idea of producing spun glass dress lengths. The Muscovite stuff is thrown into the fire when dirty, whence it is withdrawn absolutely clean and ready for use, but the spun glass silk is simply brushed with a hard brush and soap and water, and is none the worse for being either stained or soiled. This material is to be had in white, green, illac, pink, and yellow, and bids fair to become very fashionable for evening iress. It is an Austrian who is the inventor of this material, which is rather costly. Table cloths, napkins-nay, even window curtains, are manufactured thereof.

The New Bread

As endorsed and recommended by the New-York Health Authorities.

Royal Unfermented Bread is peptic, palatable, most healthful, and may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort even by those of delicate digestion, which is not true of bread made in any other way.

To make One Loaf of Royal Unfermented Bread: i quart flour, i teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder,* cold boiled potato about the size of large hen's egg, and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about as soft as for pound-cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required-more or less, according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, 4% by 8 inches, and 4 inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise to fill the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes' baking, to prevent crusting too soon on top. Bake immediately after mixing. Do not mix with milk.

* Perfect success can be had only with the Royal Baking Powder, because it is the enly powder in which the ingredients are prepared so as to give that continuous action necessary to raise the larger bread loaf.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the "Royal." Its leavening strength has been found superior to other baking powders, and, as far as I know, it is the only powder which will raise large bread perfectly.

Cyrus Edson, M. D. Com'r of Health, New-York City.

Breadmakers using this receipt who will write the result of their experience will receive, free, the most practical cook book published, containing 1000 receipts for all kinds of cooking. Address

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK. \$

DR. KILMER'S



CURED ME.

Doctors Said I Could Not Live. POOR HEALTH FOR YEARS.

Mr. Willcox is a practical farmer and Postmaster in the village where he resides, and is well known for miles around. He writes:-"I had been in poor health for a long time, Four years ago the crisis came, and a number of our best physicians said I would not live a year. I began using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure; then my doctor said it might help me for a time, but I would not be here a year hence. My difficulties, aggravated by Rheumatism, were so bad I could not get either hand to my face. I continued the medicine nearly a year, and now I am as well as any man

of myage-sixty-eight years. Swamp-Root Saved My Life Cutting off a rooster's spurs will generally take a good deal of wind out of his crow.

Giving as God wants us to is the only way by which we can ever be-

Dr. Kilmer's U & O Anointment Cures Piles Trial Box Free. - At Druggists, 50 cents.

Boschee's German Syrup is more successful in the treatment of Consumption than any other remedy prescribed. It has been tried under very variety of climate. In the bleak, bitter North, in damp New England, in the fickle Middle States. in the hot, moist South-every-where. It has been in demand by every nationality. It has been employed in every stage of Consumption. In brief it has been used revival in the church where the by millions and its the only true and members prefer to sit ten feet apart | reliable Consumption Remedy.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS

CLINCH RIVETS.

ough and durable. Millions now in use. All coughs, uniform of associed, put up in boxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send 60c, in tamps for a box of 100, assorted sizes. Man'id by JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO.,

BN U 34

YOU WANT THEM TO PAY THEIR

OWN WAY, even if you merely keep them as a diversion. In order to handle Fowls judiciously, you must know
something about them. To meet this want we are
selling a book giving the experience (Only 25c,
of a practical poultry raiser for Only 25c,
itwenty-five years, it was written by a man who put
all his mind, and time, and money to making a success of Chicken raising—not as a pastime, but as a
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