A King's Dreadful Deed.

Not long ago there was terrible excitement at the royal court of Annam. The King, Thanh-Tai, who is now 14 years old, was missing! Etiquette requires that the Annamese King shall never leave the royal grounds. He is a kingly prisoner. And that the King should not only be absent from the palace, but that no one should know where he was, constituted an event of such direful consequence that the whole court was in dismay.

But the young potentate was not hard to find. Though he was a king, he was a boy; and it is natural for a boy, when he has some money in his pocket, to want to go out and spend it.

That was exactly what the King of Annam had done. Entirely alone, he had started on a "shopping" expedition through the streets of Hue. Of course no one knew him, because he had never shown his face in public. He was simply a boy, like any other boy; and this was exactly what he wanted.

But he was treated with great respect by the shopkeepers, because he seemed to have plenty of money. Curiously enough, the thing which seemed to attract him most was a head-shearing machine, or hair-clipper, and when the frightened nobles of the court discovered him at last, it was with this singular implement in his possession. No doubt he intended to amuse himself by shearing the heads of all his dependents.

In fact, he had already begun an attempt to experiment with it on the heads of several small street boys. who were proving rebellious subjects, when the courtiers approached him, prostrating themselves upon the ground and making alarmed outcries.

Thanh-Tai was restored to the palace, but the aged regents of the kingdom at once sent in their resignations. They could no longer serve a monarch who had so disgraced himself. It was with the utmost difficulty that M. de Lanessan, the French resident and real ruler of the country, could restore peace and order at the court.

The King no longer goes out shopping, but he retains his hair-clipper as a souvenir of a happy day of freedom with the street boys. - Youth's Companion.

Sheep-Shearing Machines.

So many trials of sheep-shearing machines have resulted in failure that the belief has become fixed that shearing by machinery is entirely impracticable. This idea seems to be a mistaken one, as machines operated by home power are in successful operation in England and in Australia. It is said that a flock of 200 sheep will warrant to purchase of one of these machines. New York World.

To the Right Spot



Sarsaparilla, 1 bad cough for y two years on after the coming on after the grip. I tried physicians, went twice to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, but all did no good. I got a bottle of Itood's Sarsaparilla and it Dexter Curtis. gave me relief at once. I took' six bottles and know I am much better every day." Dexten Curtis, Madison, Wis. Get Hood's' tecause

Hood's Sarsa Cures

"August Flower"

"I am ready to testify under oath that if it had not been for August Flower I should have died before this. Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I employed three of our best doctors and received no benefit. They told me that I had heart, kidney, and liver trouble. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. August Flower cured me. There is no medicine equal to it." LORENZO F. SLEEPER, Appleton, Maine.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Week-Day Religion."

TEXT: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him." -Proverbs iii., 6. There has been a tendency in all lands and ages to set apart certain days, places and occasions for especial religious service, and to think that they formed the realm in which re-

ligion was chiefly to act. Now, while holy days and holy places have their use, they can never be a substitute for continuous exercise of faith and prayer.

of faith and prayer.

In other words, a man cannot be so good a Christian on Sabbath that he can afford to be a worldling all the week. If a steamer start for Southampton and sail one day in that direction and the other six days sail in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? Just as soon as the man will get to heaven who sails on the Sabbath day toward that which is good, and the other six days of the week sails toward that other six days of the week sails toward the world, the flesh and the devil. You cannot eat so much at the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence all the rest of

Genuine religion is not spasmodic, does not go by fits and starts, is not an attack of chills and fever—now cold until your teeth chatter, now hot until your bones ache. Genuine religion marches on steadily up steep hills and along dangerous declivities, its ever ever on the averlasting hills every ever on the averlasting hills every every on the averlasting hills every every control of the several starts. its eye ever on the everlasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed.

I propose, so far as God may help me, to how you how we may bring our religion in-

to ordinary life and practice it in common things—yesterday, to-day, to-morrow.

And, in the first place, I remark, we ought to bring religion into our ordinary conversation. A dam breaks, and two or three villages are submerged, a South American earthquake swallows a city, and people begin to talk about the uncertainty of human life, and in that conversation think they are engaging in religious service when there may be no religion at all. I have noticed that in proportion as Christian experience is shallow men talk about funerals and deathbeds and hearses and tombstones and epi-

If a man have the religion of the gospel in its full power in his soul, he will talk chiefly about this world and the eternal world and very little comparatively about the insignficant pass between this and that. Yet how seldom it is that the religion of Christ is a welcome theme! If a man full of the gospel of Christ goes into a religious circle and begins to talk about sacred things, all the conversation is husbed, and things become exceedingly awkward. As on a summer day, the forest full of sorg and chirp and carol, mighty chorus of bird harmonies, every branch an orchestra, if a hawk appears in the sky, all the voices are hushed, so I have sometimes seen a social circle that professed to be Christian silenced by the appearance of the great theme of God and religion.

Now, my friends, if we have the religion of Christ in our soul, we will talk about it in an exhibarant mood. It is more refreshing than the waters, it is brighter than the sun-shine, it gives a man joy here and prepares him for everlasting happiness before the throne of God. And yet, if the theme of religion be introduced into a circle, every-thing is silenced—silenced unless perhaps an aged Christian man in the corner of the room, feeling that something ought to be

said, puts one foot over the other and sighs heavily and says, "Oh, yes; that's so!' My triends, the religion of Jesus Christ is net something to be groaned about, but something to talk about and sing about, your face irradiated. The trouble is that men pro-fessing the faith of the gospel are often so inconsistent that they are alraid their conversation will not harmonize with their life. We cannot talk the gospel unless we live the gospel. You will often find a man whose entire life is full of inconsistencies filling his conversation with such expressions as, "We are miserable sinners," "The Lord help us," "The Lord bless you," interiarding their conversation with such phrases, which are Weil, I find God dee He is shaping him for mere canting, and canting is the worst kind

If a man have the grace of God in his heart dominant, he can talk religion, and it will seem natural, and men, instead of being re-pulsed by it, will be attracted by it. Do you not know that when two Christian people talk as they ought about the things of Christ and heaven God gives special attention, and He writes it all down. Malachi iii., 16, "Then they that feared the Lord talked one to the other, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was writ-

But I remark again, we ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary employments. "Oh," you say, "that's a very good theory for a man who manages a large business, who has great traffic, who holds a great estate—it is a grand thing for bankers and for shippers—but in my thread and noe-dle store, in my trimming establishment, in my insignificant work of life, you cannot apply those grand gosple principles." Who told you that? Do you not know that a faded leaf on a brook's surface attracts Gol's attention as certainly as the path of a blaz-ing sun, and that the moss that creeps up the side of the rock attracts God's attention as certainly as the waving tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon cedar, and that the crackling of an alder under a cow's hoof sounds as loudly in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration, and that the most insignifi-cant thing in your life is of enough importance to attract the attention of the Lord God Almighty?

My brother, you cannot be called to do anything so insignificant but God will help you in it. If you are a fisherman, Christ will stand by you as He did by Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. Are you a drawer of water? He will be with you as at the well curb when talking with the Samaritan woman. Are you a custom house officer? Christ will call you as He did Matthew at the receipt of custom. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank and could abscond with a hundred thousand hard dollars. And yet there are men who profess the religion of Jesus Christ who do not bring the religion of the gospel into their ordinary occupations and employ-

There are in the churches of this day men who seem very devout on the Sabbath who are far from that during the week. A counare far from that during the week. A country merchant arrives in this city, and he goes into the store to buy goods of a man who professes religion, but has no grace in his heart. The country merchant is swindled. He is too exhausted to go home that week; he tarries in town. On Sabbath he goes to some church for consolation, and what is his amazement to find that the man who carries around the noor how is the very one who around the poor box is the very one who swindled him. But never mind. The deacon has his black coat on now and looks solemn

That man does not realize that God knows every dishonest dollar he has in his pocket, at that God is looking right through the iron wall of his money safe, and that the day of judgment is coming, and that "as the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatchoth them not, is so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." But how many there are who do not bring the religion of Christ into their everyday occupation. They think religion is for Sundays.

Suppose you were to go out to fight for

and "Old Hundred" are not worth much if we do not sing all the week. A sermon is of little account if we cannot carry it behind the counter and behind the plow. The Sabbath day is of no value if it last only 24 to have one's eyesight. We must see a man with St. Vitus's dance before we learn what a grand thing it is to have one's eyesight.

have been Paul's traveling companion, if I had some great and resounding work to do, then I should put into application all that you say." I must admit that the romance and knight errantry have gone out of life.

There is but very little of it left in the world. The temples of Rouen have been changed into smithles. The classic mansion at Ashland has been cut up into walking sticks. The muses have retreated before the emigrant's ax and the trapper's gun, and a Vermonter might go over the Alleghany and the Rocky mountains and see neither an Oread

nor a Sylph.

The groves where the gods used to dwell have been cut up for firewood, and the man who is looking for great spheres and great scenes for action will not find them. And yet there are Alps to scale and there are Hellesponts to swim, and they are in common life. It is absurd for you to say that you would serve God if you had a great sphere, If you do not serve Him on a small scale, you would not on a large scale. If you cannot stand the bite of a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk?

Our national government does not think it

Our national government does not think it belitting to put a tax on pins and a tax on buckles and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, oh Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that compathrough your appl. This might tion that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction.

A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers, rowing up the Ganges, were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to

conquer these small troubles.

Suppose a soldier should say, "This is only a skirmish, and there are only a few enemies—I won't load my gun; wait until I get into some great general engagement." That man is a coward and would be a coward in any sphere. If a man does not serve his country in a skirmish, he will not in a Waterioo. And if you are not faithful going out against the single-handed misfortunes of this life you would not be faithful when great disasters with their thundering artillery came rolling down over the soul.

This brings me to another point. We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our trials. If we have a bereavement, if we lose our fortune, if some great trouble blast like the tempest, then we go to God for comfort, but yesterday in the little annoyances of your store or office, or shop or fac-tory, or banking house, did you go to God

for comfort? You did not.
My friends, you need to take the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ into the most ordi-nary trials of your life. You have your misfortunes, you have your anxieties, you have your restings, "Oh," you say, "they don't shape my character. Since I lost my child, since I have lost my property, I have been a very different man from what I was," My hypothesis to the little was a little was." brother, it is the little annoyances of your life that are souring your disposition, clipping your moral character and making you ess and less of a man.

You go into an artist's studio. You see him making a piece of sculpture. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?" With his mallet and his chisci he goes click, click, elick! and you can hardly see from stroke to stroke that there is any impression made upon the stone, and yet the work is going on. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I must make it in this way, stroke by stroke." until after awhile every man that enters the

He is shaping him for time and shaping him for eternity. I say, "O Lord, why not with one tremendous blow of calamity shape that man for the next world?" God says, "That's not the way I deal with this man it is stroke after stroke, annoyance after annoyance, irritation after irritation, and after awhile he will be done and a glad spectacle for angels and men.'

Not by one great stroke, but by ten thousand little strokes of misfortune are men fitted for heaven. You know that large for-tunes can soon be scattered by being paid out in small sums of money, and the largest estate of Christian character is sometimes entirely lost by these small depletions.

must bring the religion of Jesus Christ to help us in these little annoyances. Do not say that anything is too insignificant to affect your character. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may destroy a temple. A queen got her death by smelling of a poisoned rose. The scratch of a sixpenny nail may give you the lockjaw. Columbus, by asking for a piece of bread an i a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, came to the discovery of a new world. And there is a great connection between trifles and im-mensities, between nothings and every-

Do you not suppose that Gol cares for your insignificant sorrows? Way, my friends, there is nothing insignificant in your life, How dare you take the responsibility of saying that there is? Do you not know that the whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one violet? I say: "What are you care of one violet? I say: "What are you doing down there in the grass, poor little violet? Nobody knows you are here. Are you not atraid nights? You will die with thirst. Nobody cares for you. You will suffer; you will perish." "No," says a star. "Til watch over it to-night." "No," says the cloud. "I'll give it drink." "No," says the sun, "Til warm it in my bosom." And then the wind rises and comes bending down the grain and sounding its psalm through the forest, and I say, "Whither away, O wind, on such swiit wing?" and it answers, "I am going to cool the cheek of that violet." And then I see pulleys at work in the sky, and the clouds are drawing water, and I say, "What are you doing there, O clouds?" They say, "We are drawing water for that violet." And then I look down into the grass, and I say, "We are drawing water for that violet." And then I look down into the grass, and I say, "Can it be that God takes care of a poor thing like you?" and the answer comes up, "Yes, yes, God clothes the grass of the field and He has God to the grass of the field and He has God to the grass of the field and He has God to the grass of the field and He has God to the grass of the field and He has God to the grass of the field and He has God to the grass of the field and He has God to the grass of the field and He has you?" and the answer comes up, "Yes, yes. God clothes the grass of the field, and He has never forgotten me, a poor violet. On, my friends, if the heavens bend down to such insignificant ministry as that, I tell you God is willing to bend down to your care, since He is just as careful about the construction of a spider's eye as He is in the conformation of flaming galaxies.

Plato had a fable which I have now nearly has his black coat on now and looks solemn and goes home talking about that blessed sermon! Christians on Sunday. Worldings during the week.

That man does not realize that God knows

That man does not realize that God knows a king and did his work. Anotherspirit came and took the body of a post and did his work. After awhile Ulysses came, and he said: "Why, all the fine bodies are taken, and all the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me." And some one replied, "Ah, the best one has been left for you." Ulysses seid, "What's that?" And the reply was, "The body of a common man, doing a common work and for a common reward," A good fable for the world and just as good fable for the church.

But, I remark again, we ought to bring the

hours.

"Oh," says some one, "if I had a great sphere, I would do that. If I could have lived in the time of Martin Luther, if I could have been Paul's traveling companion, if I have been Paul's traveling companion, if I what a grand thing it is to have the use of what a grand thing it is to have the use of all our physical faculties. In other words, all our physical faculties. In other words, we are so stupid that nothing but the misiortunes of others can wake us up to an apprelation of our common blessings

We get on board a train and start for Bos We get on board a train and start for Boston and come to Norwalk bridge, and the "draw" is off and crash! goes the train. Fifty lives dashed out. We escape. We come home in great excitement and call our friends around us, and they congratulate us, and we all knell down and thank God for our escape while so many perished. But tomorrow morning you get on a train of cars for Boston. You cross that bridge at Nor. for Boston. You cross that bridge at Nor-walk; you cross all the other bridges; you get to Boston in safety. Then you return home. Not an accident, not an alarm. No

In other words, you seem to be more grateful when 50 people lose their lives and you get off than you are grateful to God when you all get off and you have no alarm at all. Now, you ought to be thankful when you escape from accident, but more thankful when they all escape. In the one case your gratitude is somewhat selfish; in the other it is more like what it ought to be. In other words, you seem to be more grate. more like what it ought to be,

Oh, these common mercies, these common blessings, how little we appreciate them and how soon we forget them! Like the ox grazing, with the clover up to its eyes, like the bird picking the worm out of the furrow —never thinking to thank God, who makes the grass grow and who gives life to every living thing from the animalculæ in the sod to the seraph on the throne. Thanksgiving on the 27th of November, in the autumn of the year, but blessings hour by hour and day by day and no thanks at all.

I compared our indifference to the brute, but perhaps I wronged the brute. I do not know but that among its other instincts it may have an instinct by which it recognizes the divine hand that feeds it. I do not know but that God is through it holding commu-nication with what we call "irrational crea-The cow that stands under the willow by the water course chewing its cud looks very thankful, and who can tell how much a bird means by its song? The aroma of the flowers smell like incense, and the mist arising from the river looks like the smoke of a morning sacrifice. Oh, that we were as responsive!

If you were thristy and asked me for a drink and I gave you this glass of water, your common instinct would reply, "Thank you."
And yet, how many chalices of mercy we get hour by hour from the hand of the Lord, our Father and our King, and we do not even think to say, "Thank you." More just to men than we are just to God.

Who thinks of thanking God for the water cashing up in the well to say the say.

gushing up in the well, loaming in the cas-cade, laughing over the rocks, pattering in the shower, clapping its hands in the sea? Who thinks to thank God for that? Who thinks to thank God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer day? Who thinks to thank God for this wonderful physical organism, this sweep of vision, this chime of harmony struck into the ear, this crimson tide rolling through arteries and veins, this drumming of the heart on the march of immortality?

I convict myself and I convict everyone of you while I say these things, that we are unappreciative of the common mercies of life. And yet if they were withdrawn, the heavens would withhold their rain and the earth would crack open under our feet, and desolation and sickness and won would stalk desolation and sickness and woe would stalk across the earth, and the whole earth would

become a place of skulls.

Oh, my friends, let us wake up to an preciation of the common mercies of life. Let every day be a Sabbath, every meal a sacrament, every room a holy of holies. We all have burdens to bear; let us cheerfully bear them. We all have battles to fight; let us courageously fight them.

If we want to die right, we must live right, on go home and attend to your little sphere little sphere of duties. You cannot do my work; I cannot do your work. Negligence and indolence will win the hiss of everlasting scorn, while faithfulness will gather its garlands and wave its sceptre and sit upon its throne long after the world has put on ashes and eternal ages have begun their

Mummies as Bric-a-brac.

It is estimated that the number of bodies embalmed in Egypt from B. C. 2000, when mummification is supposed to have been first practised, to A. D. 700, when it ceased, amounts to 420 .. 000,000. Some Egyptologists, who extend the beginning of the art to a much earlier date, estimate the number of mummies at 741,000,000. These mummies are very productive to the Egyptians.

The modern traveler is not content to collect merely beads and funeral statues and such small game. He must bring home an ancient Egyptian. The amount of business done of late years in this grim kind of bric-a-brac has been very considerable.

Mummies, however, are expensive hobbies, only to be indulged in by the wealthy. From \$300 to \$500 was at

The P'anyu Chehsien personally examined this tiny candidate, and found that the child could write a concise essay on the subject that had been given him, although, of course in an infantile scrawl. It is observed by a local commentator that it now remains only for the Literary Chancellor to "pass" the prodigy ere he can be styled as "having entered the portals of the Dragon's gates"-that is, obtained the degree of "Siu-ts'al," or licentiate. - London News.

Queen Victoria leads a busy sife, despite the number of ministers and servants she has. During the summer she drives down from Windsor Castle about 9 o'clock and breakfasts at Frog-Suppose you were to go out to fight for your country in some great contest, would you go to do the battling at Troy or at Springfield? No, you would go there to get your swords and muskets. Then you would go out in the face of the enemy and contend for your country. Now, I take the Sabbnth day and the church to be only the armory where we are to get equipped for the great battle of life, and that battlefield is Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. "Antiooh," and "St. Martin's" fable for the church.

But, I remark again, we ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary blessings. Every autumn the President of the United States and the governors make proclamation, and we are called together in our churches to give thanks to God for His goodness. But every day ought to bethanks giving day. We take most of the bleasings of life as a matter of course. We have had ten thousand blessings this morning for which we have not thanked God. Before the castle with messages and letters, and about 1.30 the Queen drives back in time for luncheon.



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Dr. H. a. moth

Gets Ideas from His Feet.

Various are the ways of starting a picture, but surely none more curious than that of a New York artist when he starts to paint a batch of water colors. He takes a long strip of paper, wets it, daubs color upon it in surfaces as large as a dollar, and then walks over it in a pair of French sabots, or wooden shoes. After he has rambled around it for a time, mixing and distributing the color. subjects will suggest themselves out of accidental blots of green, blue, brown and yellow, and he will cut the paper into various lengths and elaborate these suggestions into complete pictures.

A New York policeman has resigned because the commissioners wanted him to sacrifice about six inches of his mustache.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Choney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any ooligation made by their firm.

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Ha'l's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and induous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle, Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

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

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

At the beginning of the Christian era the relative values of gold to silver were as one

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.

There are in the world 261 blind asylums and training schools, with 11,780 inmates.

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Traces of prehistoric city have been dis-covered not far from Zanzibar, in Africa.

Beecham's Pills instead of sloshy miners waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cts. a box European railroads st. etch 142,685 miles.



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Brings comfort and improvement and Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasure.

in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kid-neys, Liver and Bowels without weak-ening them and it is perfectly free from

every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Floral Emblems.

An ingenious person has been pondering the subject of floral badges, and makes these suggestions, to which we add others of our own to carry out the idea.

For the First Lord of the Admiralty, docks; for a doctor, cyclamen and self-heal; for an oculist, eyebright and iris; for a tailor, Dutchman's breeches; for a broker, stocks and bull-rush; for a philosopher, sage; for a cook, butter-and-eggs; for a land agent, groundsel: for a butcher, lambkill; for a policeman, beet; for a shepherd, phlox; for a musician, thyme; for an acrobat, capers; for a jockey, speedwell; for a woodcutter, hardtack; for a newspaper humorist, chestnut; for a shoemaker, lady'sslipper; for an honest man, lilac; and for a rogue, hemp.

No sympathy is felt for the man who is a

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Dropsical Swelling, Cold as Ice. LIFE WAS A BURDEN.

"Swamp-Root" saved my life after I had suffered everything but dear I send you my pho-tograph and this des-cription of my case and you can use it if

shoes. Exertion com-pletely exhausted me; death seemed so very near. The swell-ings have gone and all my troubles have disc

appeared. My health is "SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME." Teil doubting ones to write me I will tell them all about it." Mrs. R. J. Cutsinger, Jan. 15, 1883. Marietta, Sheiby Co., Ind. At Druggists 50c cents and \$1.00 Size.

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