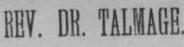
SENATE PAGES.

Bright Lads Who Get Good Pay and Have Easy Work.

Of all the 110 appointments under the Sergeant-at-arms of the Unit d States Senate, those of the pages only can be said to be nonpolitical. With the beginning of the extra session several of the pages will go out of office owing to the fact that they have reached the age limit. No boy can be appointed a page of the Senate who is not 12 years of age, and no boy can continue as a page who is 16 years of age at the beginning of a session of Congress. It is a lucrative position, and few of the boys are not sorry when their term has ended. Usually four of the boys who are graduated from the page's position at the beginning of a session are appointed riding pages. Their selection depends upon their records for efficiency and faithfulness. The page on the floor of the Senate draws \$2,50 a day during the session of Congress. The riding page receives \$2.50 a day the year round and has a horse to ride. His duties keep him out of doors a great part of the time, carrying messages between the Capitol and the departments. The position is considered more desirable than that of a page. Speaking of their work the Washington Star says: "The page's life is a p'easant one. He must be 'on duty at 9 o'clock each morning, but the serious business of the day does not begin until noon, when the Senate meets. Before that time he arranges the files of the Congressional Record and the bills and reports on the desks of the Senators, who have been assigned to him. These are sixteen pages and eightyeight Senators, so none of the pages has very much to do. The morning hours are not all working hours. There is a gymnasium in the basement of the Capitol, furnished specially for their use. They exerc.se their arms and their chests there every morning; their legs get enough exercise through the day."

The Dog Held Fast to the Basket.

A little girl and a big Newfoundland dog came through Steuben Park the other day. The little girl was carrying papa's dinner and the big dog was caring for both. The little girl thought she would teach her companion to be useful, so as they entered the park she placed the handle of the dinner basket in his He trotted along quite mouth. proudly, and when he came to the sparkling fountain and the cool-looking pool beneath it the noble animal resisted the temptation to drop the basket for the pleasures the waters offered him. He was too true! He'd take care of that basket if the pool froze over! Well, he would just wade through. He'd take the basket with him where it would be safe. So he walked carefully through and cooled papa's dinner in sparkling cool water.



The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Suaday Sermon.

Subject: "The Gardens of the Sea."

TEXT: "The meeds were wrapped about my head."-Jonah ii., 5.

"The Botany of the Bible ; or, God Among the Flowers," is a fascinating subject. I hold in my hand a book which I brought from Palestine, bound in olive wood, and within it are pressed flowers which have not only retained their color, but their aroma. Flow-ers from Bethlehem, flowers from Jerusa-lem, flowers from Gethsemane, flowers trom Mount of Olives, flowers from Bethany, flowers from Siloam, flowers from the valley of Je-hoshaphat, red anemones and wild mignonette, buttercups, dalsies, cyclamens, camo-mile, bluebells, ferns. mosses, grasses and a mile, bluebeile, ferns, mosses, grasses and a wealth of flora that keep me fascinated by the hour, and every time 1 open it it is a new revelation. It is the New Testament of the fields. But my text leads us into another realm of the botanical kingdom. Herein ender the source of sore

Having spoken to you in a course of ser-Having spoken to you in a course of "The mons about "God Everywhere"-on "The Astronomy of the Bible; or, God Among the Stars;" "The Ornithology of the Bible; or, God Among the Birds;" "The Ichthyology God Among the Birds;" "The Ichthyolog of the Bible; or, God Among the Fishes of the Bible; or, God Among the Fishes; "The Mineralogy of the Bible; or, God Among the Amethysts;" "The Conchology of the Bible; or, God Among the Shells;" "The Chronology of the Bible; or, God Among the Centuries"—I speak now to you about "The Botany of the Bible; or, God in the Gardens of the Sea." Although I purposely take this morning for consideration the least observed and least appreciated of all the botanical products of the world, we shall find the contemplation very absorbing. In all our theological seminaries where we

make ministers there ought to be professors to give lessons in natural history. Physical science ought to be taught side by side with revelation. It is the same God wno inspires Physical page of the natural world as the page of the the Scriptural world. What a freshening up it would be to our sermons to press into even a fragment of Mediterranean seathe weed 1 awiully dry if we imitated our blessed i ord, and in our discourse, like Him, we would let a lily bloom, or a crow fly, or a hen brood her chickens, or a crystal of salt flash out the preservative qualities of religion. The trouble is that in many of our theo-

logical seminaries men who are so dry themsalves they never could get people to come and hear them preach are now trying to teach young men how to preach, and the student is put between two great presses of dogmatic theology and squeezed until there is no life left in him. Give the poor victim at least one lesson on the botany of the Bible.

That was an awful plunge that the recreant prophet Jonah made when, dropped over the gunwales of the Mediterranean ship, he sank any fathoms down into a tempestuous sea. Both before and after the monster of the deep swallowed him, he was entangled in seaweed. The jungles of the deep threw their cordage of vegetation around him. Some of this sea-weed was anchored to the bottom of the watery abysm, and some of it was afloat and swallowed by the great sea monster, so that, while the prophet was at the bottom of the deep aiter he was horribly imprisoned he could exclaim and did exclaim in the words of my text, "The weeds were wrapped about my head

Joanah was the first to record that there are growths upon the bottom of the sea as well as upon land. The first picture I ever owned was a handful of seawceds pressed on a page, and I called them "the shorn locks of Neptune." These products of the deep, whether brown or green or yellow or pur-ple or red or intershot of many colors, are papa's dinner in sparkling cool water. most fascinating. They are distributed all He ducked his head, but he never let over the depths and from Arctic to Autarctic. go of that basket committed to his That God thinks well of them I conclude of them. Sometimes these water plants are 400 or 700 feet long, and they cable and the basket dry, and trotted the sea. One specimen has a growth of 1500 feet On the northwest shore of our country is a seaweed with leaves thirty or forty feet long, amid which the sea otter makes his ho resting himself on the buoyancy of the leaf and stem. The thickest jungles of the tropics are not more full of vegetation than the depths of the sea. There are forests down there and vast prairies all abloom, and God walks there as he walked in the Garden of Eden "in the cool of the day." Ob, what entrancement, this subsqueous world the God given wonders of the seaweed! Its the God given wonters of the beautout hirthplace is a palace of crystal. The cradie that rocks it is the storm. Its grave is a sarcophagus of beryl and sapphire. There is no night down there. There are creatures of God on the bottom tors declared my case of the sea so constructed that, strewn all along, they make a firmament besprent with stars, constellations and galaxies of impos ing luster. The sea feather is a lamplighter. The gymnotus is an 'electrician, and he is surcharged with electricity and makes the deep bright with the lightning of the sea. gorgunia flashes like jeweis. There are Th sea anemones ablaze with light. There are the starfish and the moonfish, so cailed because they so powerfully anggest stellar and lunar illumination Oh, these midnight lanterns of the ocean caverns; these processions of flame over the white floor of the deep; these illuminations toree miles down under the sea: these gorgeously upho'stered castles of the Al-mighty in the underworld! The author of the text felt the pull of the hidden vegetation of the Mediterranean, whether or not he ap of the Mediterranean, whether or not he appreciated its beauty, as he cried out, "The weeds were wrapped about my head." Let my subject cheer all those who had friends who have been buried at sea or in our great American lakes. Which of us brought up on the Atlantic coast has not had kindred or friend thus sepulchered? We had the useless horror of thinking that they were denied proper resting place. We said : "Oh, if they had lived to come ashore and had then expired! What an alleviation of our trouble it would have been to put them in some beautiful family plot, where we could have planted flowers and trees over them." Why, God did better for them than we could have done for them. They were let down into beautiful gardens. Before they had reached the bottom they had gariands about their brow. In more elaborate and, adorned place than we could have afforded them they were put away for the last slumber. Hear it, mothers and fathers of sailor boys whose ship went down in our last August hurricane! There are no Greenwoods or Laurel Hills or Mount Auburns so beautiful on the land as there are banked and terraced and scooped and hung in the depths of the sea. The bodies of our foundered and sunken friends are girdled and canopied and housed with such glories as attend no other Necropolis. They were swamped in lifeboats, or they struck on Goodwin sands or Deal heach or the Skerries, and were never heard of, or dis appeared with the City of Boston, or the Ville de Havre, or the Cymbria or were run down in a fishing smack that put out from New-foundland. But dismess your previous gloom about the horrors of ocean entombment. When Sebastopol was besieged in the Anglo-French war, Prince Mentchikof, comthe manding the Russian navy, saw that the only way to keep the English out of the har-bor was to sink all the Russian ships of war bor was to sink all the Russian ships of wat in the roadstead, and so 100 vessels sank. When, after the war was over, our American engineer, Gowan, descended to the depths in a diving bell, it was an impressive spec-

ones were buried in the gardens of the ses.

fenced off by hedges of corallin The greatest obsequies ever known on the land were those of Moses, where no one but The sublime report of that God was present. The sublime report of the entombment is in the book of Deuteronom which says that the Lord buried him, and of those who have gone down to slumber in the deep the same may be said, "The Lord buried them." As Christ was buried in a garden, so your shipwrecked friends and those who could not survive till they reached port were put down amid iridescence--"In the midst of the garden there was a sepulcher.

It has always been a mystery what was the particular mode by which George G. Cook-man, the pulpit orator of the Methodist Church and the chaplain of the American Congress laft this life a for an indication. Congress, left this life after embarking for England on the steamship President, March 11th, 1841. The ship never arrived in port. No one ever signaled her, and on both sides of the ocean it has for fifty years been ques-tioned what became of her But this I know about Cookman—that whether it was iceberg or conflagration midsea or collision he had more garlands on his ocean tomb than if, expiring on land, each of his million friends had put a bouquet on his casket. In the midst of the garden was his sepulcher. But that brings me to notice the misnomer

to go to Tarshish when God told him to go to Ninevab, but he made a mistake when he to Ninevan, but he made a histor what can be a styled as weeds these growths that enwrapped him on the day he sank. A weed is something that is useless. It is something you throw out from the garden. It is something to the control of the something to be control of the control. be grubbed out from among the cotton. is something unsightly to the eye. It is an invader of the vegetable or floral world.

But this growth that sprang up from the depth of the Mediterranean or floated on its surface was among the most beautiful things that God ever makes. It was a water plant known as the red colored alga and no weed at all. It comes from the loom of infinite beauty. It is planted by heavenly love. It is the star of a sunken firmament. It is a It lamp waich the Lord kindled. It is a cord by which to bind whole sheaves of practical suggestion. It is a poem all whose cantos are rung by Divine goodness. Yet we all make the mistake that Jonah made in regard to it and call it a weed.

'The weeds were wrapped about my head." Ab, that is the trouble on the land as on the We call those weeds that are flowers. Pitched up on the beach of society are chil dren without home, without opportunity for anything but sin, seemingly without God. They are washed up helpless. They are called ragamufflns. They are spoken of as the rakings of the world. They are waifs. They are street arabs. They are flotsam and jet-sam of the social sea. They are something to be left alone, or something to be troi on, or something to diverge the source of the social sea. or something to give up to decay. Nothing but weeds. They are up the rickety stairs of that garret. They are down in the cellar of that tenement house. They swelter in sum-mers when they see not one blade of green grass, and shiver in winters that allow them not one warm soat or shawl or shoe

Such the city missionary found in one of our city rookeries, and when the poor woman was asked if she sent her children to school she replied: "No, sir, I never did send 'em to school. I know it, they ought to learn, but I couldn't. I try to shame him sometimes (it is my husband, sir), but he drinks and then beats me-look at that bruise on my face-and I tell him to see what is comin' to his children. There's Peggy goes sellin' fruit every night in those cellars in Water street, and they're hells, sir. She's learnin all sorts of bad words there and don't get back till 12 o'clock at night. If it wasn't for her earnin' a shillin' or two in them places. I should starve. Oh, I wish they was out of the city. Yes, it is the truth. I would rather have all my children dead than on the street, but I can't help if.'

Another one of those poor women found by a reformatory association recited her story of want and woe and looked up and said, "I felt so hard to lose the children when they died, but now I'm glad they're " Ask any one of a thousand such en on the streets, "Where do you live?"

open the wonders of God's workings in tha great deep and never for human deva-tation Oh, the marvels of the water world ! These so-called seaweeds are the pasture fields an i the forage of the innumerable animals of the deep. Not one species of them can be spared deep. Not one species of them can be spare 1 from the economy of nature. Valleys and mountains and plants miles underneath the waves are all covered with flora and fauna. Sunken Alps and Apennines and Himalayas A continent of Atlantic and Pacific oceans. A continent that once connected Europe and America, so that in the ages past men came on foot across from where England is to where we now stand, all sunken and now covered with the growths of the senas it once was covered with growths of the land. England and Ireland once all one piece of

land, but now much of it so far sunken as to make a channel, and Ireland has become au make a channel, and freamly has become at island. The islands, for the most part, are only the foreheads of sunken continents. The sea conquering the land all along the coasts and crumbling the hemispheres wider and wider become the subaqueous do Thank God that skilled minions. Thank God that skilled hy-drographers have made us maps and charts of the rivers and lakes and seas and show i something of the work of the eternal Gol in the water world. Thank God that the great Virginian, Lien-

tenant Maury, lived to give us "The Physical Geography of the Sea," and that men of genius have gone forth to study the so-called weeds that wrapped about Jonah's head and have found them to be coronals of beauty. and when the tide receded these scientists have wadea down and picked up divinely pictured leaves of the ocean, the naturalists, Pike and Hooper and Walters, gathering them from the beach of Long Island Sound, and Dr. Blodgett preserving them from the shores of Key West, and Professors Emerson

and Gray finding them along Boston harbor, and Professor Gibbs gathering them from Charleston harbor, and for all the other triumphs of algology, or the science of sea-

Why confine ourselves to the old and backneyed illustrations of the wonder workings of God, when there are at least five great seas full of illustrations as yet not marsha every root and frond and cell and color and movement and habit of oceanic vegetation erying out : "God! God! He made us. He clothed us. He adorned us. He was the

God of our ancestors clear back to the first sea growth, when God divided the waters which were above the firmament from the waters which were under the firmament and shall be the God of our descendants clear down to the day when the sea shall give up its dead. We have heard His command, and we have obeyed. 'Praise the Lord, dragons and all deeps.'"

There is a great comfort that rolls over upon us from this study of the so-called sea-weed, and that is the demonstrated doctrine of a particular providence. When I find that the Lord provides in the so-called seaweed the pasturage for the thronged marine world, so that not a fin or scale in all that oceanic aquarium suffers need, I conclude He will feed us, and if He suits the alga to the animal life of the deep He will provide the food for our physical and spiritual needs. And if He clothes the flowers or the deep with richness of robe that looks bright as fallen rainbows by day, and at night makes the underworld look as though the sea were on fire, surely He will clothe you, "O ye of

little inith !! And what fills me with unspectable de-light is that this God of depths and heights, of ocean and of continent, may, throng Jesus Christ, the divinely appointed means, be yours and mine, to help, to cheer, to pardon, to save, to imparadise. W at matters who in earth or hell is against us if He s for us? Omnipotence to defend us, omnipresence to companion us and infinite love to enfold and uplift and enrapture us. And when God does small things so well,

seemingly taking as much care with the coil of a seaweed as the outbranching of a Lebanon cedar, and with the color of a vegetable growth which is hidden fathoms out of sight as He does with the solierino and purple of a summer sunset, we will be deter-mined to do well all we are called to do, though no one see or appreciate us. Mighty God! Roll in upon our admiration and holy appreciation more of the wonders of this submarine world. My joy is that after we

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

No Company Could Make Him Pay for More than He Sent.

A man rushed into a telegraph office, seized a telegraph blank and a pen, and by propping himself against the counter managed to write the following message:

"Kate: I won't be home till morn-HARRY." ""What'll that cost?" said the man, handing the mes-age through the porthole to the manipulator of elec-

tricity. "Let me see: eight words, 25 cents."

"Twenty-five cents, eh? How much for ten words?"

"The same price; anything not exceeding twelve will cost you a quarter," answers the operator, making a spring to muzzle an instrument that was sputtering as if it had delirium tremens.

"I'm bound to have the worth of my money out, then," said the man, bracing himself against the counter as he traced on a blank this clear message:

" 'Incomprehensibility, manufacturers, transcendentalism, Constantinople, concavoconvex. Massachusetts, assassination, Pennsylvania, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, imperturbability,

philoprogenitiveness.' "There, string that on your wire, and send her," said the man, with a look of vengeance in his eye.

The operator counted the words. but volunteered the information that there was no sense in the message, and that the dictionary must have been ransacked for the longest words. "I know there's no sense in it, but Kate'll understand it, all the same. She'll know I'm on a spree, anyway, when I send a message at this hour, whether it's sense or not. 1 made 'em long on purpose, to break the back of your machine. Shovel 'em in and start the crank. I'm for a good time. Never mind the expense. Here's your quarter."

And the man ran out and hailed a passing cab. -Tid-Bits.

How's This !

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for ny case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by

any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Che-ney for the last 15 years, and believe him per-fectle honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obliga-tion made by the r firm. Where & THEAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Oblo.

Queen Victoria always had a mania for white stockings, and when colored hose first came to be generally worn she actually prohibited them in court circles. On one occasion a royal princess was dismissed from the presence chamber because she wore a pair of black silk stockings with a colored gown. The venerable lady was obliged to give in at last, however, and colored stockings have been generally worn in the Queen's household for several years. Now, however, that white is so much in fashion, white stockings have appeared again, which so pleases the sovereign that she herself ordered twenty-five pairs for Princess Mays trousseau. -- Vogue.

Doesn't Like Colored Stockings.

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

A baby is a blossom on which there are a ew thorns.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME

Of Kidney and Liver Complaint,

Inflammation of the Bladder.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Gentlemen:--"It affords me pleasure to give rou a recommendation for Dr. Kilmer's

smail bottles. It has nearly removed the ef-fect of the

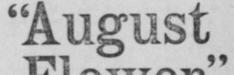
RHEUMATISM of about 7 years stand-

hing, also a severe weak-ness of my back and kidneys of about 10 years' standing and has helped a severe INFLAMMATION

of the bladder, which I am sure SWAMP-The all the **HOOT** will entirely W. R. CHILSON. cure me of in a short time. I purchased the medicine of S. G. Stone, the Druggist here in Butler, Ind." W. R. Chilson, March, 7, 33, At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 Size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free-Consultation free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., - Binghamton, N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer's PARILLA LIVER PILLS Are the Best. 42 Pills, 25 cents. - All Druggists.





faithful care. He did not tarry long either, but came out, shook himself along "feeling better, thank you."-Utica Observer.



roubles brought on by overheating the blood and then drinking cold water. I became restess at night and my ood distressed me. I grew worse and doc-

Coole incurable. Medicines failed to help me until upon recommendation I took Hood's arsaparilla. My heart trouble has subsided and I am free from pain. I can now eat heartily without distress, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla The past year I have been able to work, some thing I had not been able to do for two years previous. I glad y recommend Hood's Sarsa parilla." A. P. COOLEY, Franklin Falls, N. H. N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Nausea, Sick Headache Indigestion, Billousness. Sold by all druggists.

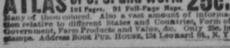
"MOTHERS" FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY,

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886 .- My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars. DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bot e. Book "To Mothers " mailed free, BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,

ATLANTA, GA TOR BALK BY ALL DRUGGISTS.







One hundred buried ships! But it is that way nearly all across the Atlantic Ocean. Ships sunk not by command of admirals, but by the command of cyclones. But they all had sublime burial, and the sur-roundings amid which they sleep the last sleep are more imposing than the Tal Mabal, the mausoleum with walls incrusted with precious stones and built by the great mogul of India over his empress. Your departed One hundred buried ships! But it is that

will answer, "I don't live nowhere." They will sleep to-night in ash bar-rels, or under outdoor stairs, or on the whar!, kicked and bruised and hungry. Who cares for them? Once in a while a city missionary, or a tract distributor, or a teacher of ragged schools will rescue one of them.

but for most people they are only weeds. Yet Jonah did not more completely mis-represent the red alga about his head in the Mediterranean than most people misjudge these poor and foriorn and dying children of the street. They are not weeds. They are immortal flowers. Down in the deep sea or woe, but flowers. When society and the church of God come to appreciate their eternal value, there will be more C. L. Braces and more Van Meters and more angels of mercy spending their fortunes and their lives

in the res Hear it. O ve philanthropic and Christian and merciful souis-not weeds, but flowers. I abjure you as the friends of all newsboys lodging houses, of all industrial schools, all homes for friendless girls, and for the many reformatories and humane asso tions now on foot. How much they have already accomplished | Out of what wretch-edness, into what good homes! Of 21,000 of these picked up out of the streets and sent into country homes only tweleve children turned out hadly.

In the last thirty years a number that no man can number of the vagrants have been lifted into respectability and usefulness and a Christian life. Many of them have homes a Christian life. Many of them have homes of their own. Though ragged boys once and street girls, now at the head of prosperous families, honored on earth and to be giorious in heaven. Some of them have been Governors of States. Some of them are ministers of the gospel. In all departments of life those who were thought to be weeds have turned out to be flowers." One of those rescued lads from the streets of our cities wrote to another, saying : "I have heard you are studying for

saying: "I have heard you are studying for the ministry. So am L" My hearers, I implead you for the news-boys of the streets, many of them the bright-est children of the city, but with no chance. Do not step on their bare feet. Do not, when they steal a ride, cut behind. When the parent is three cents, once in a while size the paper is three cents, once in a while give them a five cent piece and tell them to keep the change. I like the ring of the letter the newsboy sent back from Indiana, where he had been sent to a good home, to a New York newsboy's lodging house: "Boys, we should show ourselves that we are no fools, that we can become as respectable as any of the countrymen, for Franklin and Webster and Clay were poor boys once, and even George Law and Vanderbilt and Astor. And now, boys, stand up and let them see you have got the real stuff in you. Come out here and make respectable and honorable men, so they can say. 'There, that boltor and once a newsboy.'" My hearers, join the Christian philanthropists who are enanging organ grinders and bootblacks and news-boys and street arabs and eigar girls into se who shall be kings and queens unto d forever. It is high time that Jona's God forever. finds out that that which is about him is not

weeds, but flowers. As I examine this red alga which was about the recreant prophet down in the Mediterranean depths, when, in the words of my text, he cried out. "The weels were wrapped about my head." and I am led thereby to further examine this submarine thereby to further examine this substants world. I am compelled to exclaim. What a wonderful God we have! I am glad that, by diving bell, and "Brooks' deep sea sounding apparatus," and ever improving machinery, we are permitted to walk the floor of the ocean and report the wonders wrought by the great God. Study these gardens of the sea. Easier and easier shall the profounds of the ocean be-

easier shall the profounds of the ocean be come to us, and more and more its opulence

are quit of all earthly come back to this world and explore what we cannot now fully investigate

If we shall have power to soar into the atmospheric without fatigue I think we shall have power to dive into the squeous without peril, and that the pictured and tessellated sea floor will be as accessible as now istothe traveler the floor of the Alhambra, and all the gardens of the deep will then swing open to us their gates as now to the tourist Charsworth opens on public days its cascades and statuary and conservatories for our entrance. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." You cannot make me believe that God hath spread out all that garniture of the deep merely for the polyps and crustacea to look

And if the unintelligent creatures of the Mediterranean an 1 the Atlantic o --- an He surrounds with such beautiful grasses of the deep, what a beaven we may expect for our uplifted and ransomed souls when we are unchained of the flesh and rise to realms beatific! Of the flora of that "sea of glass but I shall always be giad that, when the prophet of the text, flung over the gunwales of the Mediterranean ship, descended into the boiling sea, that which he supposed to be weeds wrapped about his head were not weeds, but flowers.

And am I not right in this glance at the botany of the Bible in adding to Luke's mint, anise and cumin, and Matthew's tares, and John's vine, and Solomon's cluster of cam-phire, and Jeremiah's baim, and Job's bulrush, and Issiah's terebinth, and Hosea's thistie, and Ezekiel's cedar, and "the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," and the "rose of Sharon and lily of the valley," and the frankincense and myrrh and cassia which the astrologers brought to the manger at least one stalk of the alaga of the And now I make the marine doxology of

David my peroration, for it was written about forty or fifty miles from the place where the scene of the text was enacted: "The sea is His, and He made it, and His hands formed the dry land. Oh, come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel be-fore the Lord, our Maker. For He is our God, and we are the people of His pasture." Amen.

Rebuking the Court.

Gambetta, prior to the overthrow of the empire, was in the act of addressing the court in behalf of a prisoner, when suddenly he perceived that the presiding judge was visibly dozing. He paused for a minute, and then, bringing down his fist with a terrible thump on the desk in front of him, he shouted in his most resonant and clarion-like voice: "As I was saying before the awakening of the court!" 'This apostrophe was immediately punished by the indignant judge suspending the young lawyer from practicing his profession for a period of two months. Less energetic, yet equally effective, was Maitre Rousse, who, having likewise observed that the presiding magistrate was indulging in a nap, suddenly stopped talking. The prolonged silence, which lasted for four minutes, had the effect of wakening the judge, and, as soon as he opened his eyes, Maitre Rousse made a profound bow and resumed his speech. as follows: "As I was saying, Messieurs de la Cour, at your last audience," laying special stress on the word "last." The reproof was so delicate that everybody smiled, even including the judge himself.

WALDING, KINYAN & MARVIN, Wholesal Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Ha l's Catarth Cure is taken internally, act-ing directly upon the blood and mucous sur-faces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

No sympathy is left for the man who is a fool twice

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