Reminder of a Great Fight.

The Franco-German war of 1870-71 was one of the short, bloody and de-eisive wars of history. Within a couple of weeks of the appearance of Emperor Napoleon at the head of his troops, the strength of the French army was broken and the long disputed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine were occupied by the German army. Then came the sur-render of Sedan, where Napoleon, with 90,000 men, gave himself up. The capitulation of Strasburg, the fall of Metz and the siege of Paris crowded one another in that year of 1870, so disastrous to French arms.

The fighting throughout was terrific and the loss heavy. In the fight of Mars-la-Tour the German loss was nearly 16,000 men, and the French upward of 17,000. In the Gravelotte battle, where 400,000 combatants were engaged, the Germans lost 20,000 men, of whom 900 were officers. In half an hour the Prussian Guard lost 8,000 men The French loss was a little over 11,000,

Numerous scenes of this great struggle have been put on canvas.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

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

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Traces of prehistoric city have been discovered not far from Zanzibar, in Africa.

If your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, good for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's Iron B.tters will cure you, make you strong, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite—tones the nerves.

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

Beecham's Pills with a drink of water mornings. Beecham's - no others. 25 cents a box.

No sympathy is felt for the man who is a

Ladlee needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria Indigestion, Bilousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

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

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Nervousness

Cupid never shows a wrinkle.

And gastric dyspepsia caused me much suffering for years. About a year ago I had the grip. I had no appe_ tite, could not breathe easily when lying down and could not sleep. People said I looked like a walking ghost. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and one bottle brought on an appet te and enabled me to est without any distaking six bottles I have Mrs. Rumrill.

not had any fits, can breathe easily and sleep. In short I call myself perfectly well. I would

Hood's Sarsa Cures

not now be alive but for Hood's Sarsaparilla. MRS. SUSIE C. RUMHILL Royalton, Vt. Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effi-

\$10 A Day Free!

Enclose in a letter containing your full name and address, the outside wrapper of a bottle of Smith's Bile Beans (either size). If your letter is the first one opened in the first morning mail of any day except Sunday \$5 will be sent you at once. If the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th or 6th, \$1. Ask for the SMALL size. Full list mailed to all who send postage for it (2 cts.). Address J. F. Smith & Co. No. 255 Greenwich St., New York. "Not a gripe in a barrel of

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies Other Chemicals W. BAKER & CO.'S BreakfastCocoa

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Ingleside -:- Ingleside -:-



REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Pompell and Its Lesson.

TEXT: "Thou hast made of a defensed city aruin,"-Isaiah xxv., 2.

of many centuries-Vesuvius. Giant son of burning until, perhaps, it may be the very torch that will kindle the last conflagration and set all the world on fire. It eclipses in violence of behavior Cotopaxi and Ætna and Stromboli and Krakatoa. Awful mystery. Funeral pyre of dead cities. Everlasting paroxysm of mountains. It seems like a chimney of hell. It roars with flery reminiscence of what it has done and with threats of worse things that it may yet do. I would not live in one of the villages at its base for a

On a day in December, 1631, it threw up ashes that floated away hundreds and hundreds of miles and dropped in Constantino-ple, and in the Adriatic sea, and on the Apennines, as well as trampling out at its own foot the lives of 18,000 people. Geologists have tried to fathom its mysteries, but the heat consumed the iron instruments and drove back the scorched and blistered ex-plorers from the cindery and crumbling brink. It seems like the asylum of maniac

At one time far back its top had been a fortress, where Spartacus fought and was surrounded and would have been destroyed had it not been for the grapevines which clothed the mountainside from top to base, and laying hold of them he climbed hand under hand to safety in the valley. But for centuries it has kept its furnace burning as we saw it that night on our arrival in November of 1889.

Of course the next day we started to see some of the work wrought by that frenzied mountain. "All out for Pompeii!" was the cry of the conductor. And now we stand by the corpse of that dead city. As we entered the gate and passed between the walls I took off my hat, as one naturally does in the presence of some imposing obsequies. That city had been at one time a capital of beauty and pomp. The home of grand architecture, ex-quisite painting, enchanting sculpture, unrestrained carousal and rapt assemblage. A high wall twenty feet thick, three-fourths of it still visible, encircled the city. Of those walls, at a distance of only 100 yards from each other, towers rose for armed men who watched the city. The streets ran at right angles and from wall to wall, only one street

In the days of the city's prosperity its towers glittered in the sun; eight strong gates for ingress and egress; Gate of the Seashore, Gate of Herculaneum, Gate of Yesuvius being perhaps the most important. Yonder stood the Temple of Jupiter, hoisted at an imposing elevation, and with its six corinthian columns of immense girth, which ood like carved icebergs shimmering in the light. There stands the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Yonder see the Temple of Hercules and the Temple of Mercury, with altar, of marble and bas-relief, wonderful enough to astound all succeeding ages of art, and the Temple of Æsculapius, brilliant with

Yonder are the theatres, partly cut into surrounding hills, and glorified with pictured walls, and entered under arches of imposing masonry, and with rooms, for captivated and applaudatory audiences seated or standing in vast semi-circle. Yonder are the costly and immense public baths of the city. ngs of all skilfully intermingled hues, and walls uphoistered with all the colors of the setting sun, and sofas on which to recline for slumber after the plunge.

der are the barracks of the celebrated Yonder is the summer home of Sallust, the Roman historian and Senator, the architecture as elaborate as his character was corrupt. There is the residence of the poet Pansa, with a compressed Louvre and Luxembourg within his walls. There is the home of Lucretius, with vases and antiqui-ties enough to turn the head of a virtuoso. Yonder see the Forum, at the highest place in the city. It is entered by two triumphal arches. It is bounded on three sides by

Yonder, in the suburbs of the city, is the home of Arrius Diomed, the mayor of the auburbs, terraced residence of billionaire-dom, gardens, fountained, statued, colonnaded, the cellar of that villa filled with bottles of rarest wine, a few drops of which were found 1800 years afterward. Along the were found 1800 years afterward. Along the streets of the city are men of might and women of beauty formed into bronze that many centuries had no power to bedim. Battle scenes on walls in colors which all time cannot efface. Great city of Pompeii! So Seneca and Tacitus and Cicero pronounced it

Stand with me on its walls this evening of August 23, A. D. 79. See the throngs pass-ing up and down in Tyrian purple and gir-dles of arabesque, and necks enchained with precious stones, proud official in imposing toga meeting the slave carrying trays a-clink with goblets and a-smoke with delicacies from paddock and sea, and moralist musing over the degradation of the times passes the profligate doing his best to make them worse. Hark to the clatter and rataplan of the hoofs on the streets paved with blocks of basalt See the verdured and flowered grounds sloping into the most beautiful bay of all the earth-the bay of Naples.

earth—the bay of Naples.

Listen to the rumbling chariots, carrying convivial occupants to halls of mirth and masquerade and carousal. Hear the loud dash of fountains amid the sculptured water nymphs. Notice the weird, solemn farreaching hum and din and roar of a city at the close of a summer day. Let Pompeii sleep well to-night, for it is the last night of peacetal slumber before she falls into the deep well to-night, for it is the last hight of peace-ful slumber before she falls into the deep slumber of many long centuries. The morn-ing of the 24th of August, A. D. 79, has ar-rived, and the days roll on, and it is 1 o'clock in the afternoon. "Look!" I say to you, standing on this wall, as the sister of Pliny said to him, the Roman essayist and naval commander, on the day of which I speak, as she pointed him in the direction in which I

she pointed him in the direction in which I point you.

There is a peculiar cloud on the sky; a spotted cloud, now white, now black. It is Vesuvius in awful and unparalleled eruption. Now the smoke and fire and steam of that black monster throat rise and spread, as, by my gesture, I now describe it. It rises, a great column of flery, darkness, higher and higher, and then spreads out like the branches of a tree, with midnights enterwrapped in its foliage, wider and wider. Now the sun goes out, and showers of pumice stone and water irom furnaces more than seven times heated, and ashes in avalanche after avalanche, blinding and scalding and suffocating, descend north, south, east and west, burying deeper and deeper in

and suffocating, descend north, south, east and west, burying deeper and deeper in mammoth sepulcher, such as never before or since was opened, Stabiæ, Herculaneum and Pompeii. Ashes ankle deep, girdle deep, chin deep, ashes overhead.

Out of the houses and temples and theatres and into the streets and down to the beach fled many of the frantic, but others, if not suffocated of the ashes, were scalded to death by the heated deluge. And then came heavier destruction in rocks after rocks, crushing in homes and temples and theatres. No wonder the sea receded fram the beach as though in terror, until much of the ripping was wrecked, and no wonder that when they lifted Pliny the elder from the salicioth on which he was resting, under the agitations of what he had seen, he suddenly expired.

For three days the entombment proceeded. Then the clouds lifted, and the cursing of that Apollyon of mountains subsided. For

A flash on the night sky greeted us as we left the rail train at Naples, Italy. What was the strange illumination? It was that wrath now in the museums of Italy. About 450 of now in the museums of Italy. About 450 of those embalmed by that eruption have been recovered. Mother and child, noble and an earthquake. Intoxicated mountain of recovered. Mother and child, noble and Italy. Father of many consternations. A volcano, burning so long, and yet to keep on and natural after 1700 years of burial. That woman was found clutching her adornments

when the storm of ashes and fire began, and for 1700 years she continued to clutch them.

There at the soldiers' barracks are sixtyfour skeletons of brave men, who faithfully four skeletons of brave men, who faithfully stood guard at their post when the tempest of cinders began, and after 1700 years were still found standing guard. There is the form of gentle womanhood impressed upon the hardened ashes. Pass along, and here we see the deep ruts in the basaltic pavements worn there by the wheels of the charicas of the first century. There over the ots of the first century. There, over the doorways and in the porticoes, are works of art immortalizing the debauchery of a city. which, notwithstanding all its splendors, was

a vestibule of perdition

Those gutters ran with the blood of the gladiators, who were prizefighters of those ancient times, and it was sword parrying sword, until, with one skilful and stout plunge of the sharp edge, the mauled and gashed combatant recied over dead, to be carried out amid the huzzas of enraptured spectators. We staid among those suggestive scenes after the hour that visitors are usually allowed there and staid until there was not a footfall to be heard within all that city except our own. Up this silent street and down that silent street we wandered. Into that windowless and roofless home we went and came out again onto the pavements that, now for-

saken, were once thronged with life.

And can it be that all up and down these solemn solitudes, hearts more than 1800 years ago ached and rejoiced, and feet shufyears ago acheo and rejoiced, and reet sautified with the gait of old age or danced with childish glee, and overtasked workmen carried their burdens, and drunkards staggered? On that mosaic floor did glowing youth clasp hands in marriage vow, and cross that threshold did pallbearers carry the beloved dead, and gay groups once mount those now skeletons of staircases?

While I walked and contemplated the city seemed suddenly to be thronged with all the population that had ever inhabited it, and I seard its laughter and groan and unclear ness and infernal boast as it was on the 23d of August, 79. And Vesuvius, from the mild light with which it flushed the sky that sumner evening as I stood in disentombed Pomflame and rock with the lava and darkness and desolation and woe with which mor than eighteen centuries ago it submerged Pompeii, as with the liturgy of fire and storm he mountain proclaimed at the burial, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

My friends, I cannot tell what practical suggestion comes to your mind from this walk through uncovered Pompeli, but the first thought that absorbs me is that, while art and culture are important, they cannot save the morals or the life of a great town. Much of the painting and sculpture of Pom-peli was so exquisite that, while some is kept on the walls where it was first penciled, to be admired by those who go there, whole wagon loads and whole rooms full of it have been transferred to the Museo Borbonico at Naples, to be admired by the centuries.

Those Pompeiian artists mixed such durability of colors that, though their paintings were buried in ashes and scorize for 1700 years, and since they were uncovered many with more than the modern ingenuities of of them have remained there exposed to the Carlsbad. Notice the warmth of those and rains and winds and winters and summers cient tepidariums, with hovering radiance of roof, and the vapor of those caldariums, with decorated alcoves, and the cold dash of their frigidariums, with floors of mosaic and could stand all that? And yet many of the glad to say, benign and salutary and grant their frigidariums, with floors of mosaic and could stand all that? And yet many of the glad to say, benign and salutary and grant from the color is as tresh and vivid and tory power on the same day that pandemonium becomes a church. But there are, I am glad to say, benign and salutary and grant from the color is as tresh and vivid and tory power on the same day that pandemonium becomes a church. specimens of Pompeian art show that the city was sunk to such a depth of abomination that there was nothing deeper. Sculptured and petrified and embaimed abomination. There was a state of public morals worse gelization is the thought. Accustomed as a state of public morals worse gelization is the thought. Accustomed as a state of public morals worse gelization is the thought. There was a state of public morals worse gelization is the thought. Accustomed as than belongs to any city now standing under are religious pessimists to dwell upon statis-

Yet how many think that all that is necessary is to cultivate the mind and advance the knowledge and improve the arts. Have you the impression that eloquence will do the elevating work? Why, Pompeil had Cicero half of every year for its citizen. Have you the idea that literature is all that is necessible to the complaint and despondency with "Te the impression that eloquence will do the elevating work? Why, Pompeii had Cicero half of every year for its citizen. Have you the idea that literature is all that is necessary to keep a city right? Why, Sallust, with a pen that was the boast of Roman literature had a mansion in that doomed city. Do sary to keep a city right? Why. Sallust, with a pen that was the boast of Roman literature, had a mansion in that doomed city. Do you think that sculpture and arr are quite ing when a great tidal wave of salvation will sufficient for the production of modern and are a great tidal wave of salvation will sufficient for the production of good morals? Then correct your delusion by examining the statues in the Temple of Mercury at Pompeil, or the winged figures of its Parthenon, and the colonnades and arches of this house

By all means have schools and Dusseldorf and Dore exhibitions and galleries where the genius of all the centuries can bank itself up in snowy sculpture, and all bric-a-brac, and all pure art, but nothing save the brac, and all pure art, but nothing save the religion of Jesus Christ can make a city moral. In proportion as churches and Bibles and Christian printing presses and revivals of religion abound is a city pure and clean. What has Buddhism or Confucianism or Mohammedanism done in all the hundreds of years of their progress for the ele-vation of society? Absolutely nothing. Peking and Madras and Cairo are just

Peking and Madras and Cairo are just what they were ages ago, except as Christianity has modified their condition. What is the difference between our Brooklyn and their Pompeii? No difference, except that which Christianity has wrought Favor all good art, but take best care of your churches, and your Sabbath schools, and your Bibles, and your family altars.

Yea, see in our walk through uncovered Pompeii what sin will do for a city. We

Yea, see in our walk through uncovered Pompeii what sin will do for a city. We ought to be slow to assign the judgment of God. Cities are sometimes afflicted just as good people are afflicted, and the earthquake, and the cyclone, and the epidemic are no sign in many cases that God is angry with a city, but the distress is pent for some good and kind purpose, whether we understand it or not. The law that applies to individuals may apply to Christian cities as well, "All things work together for good to those that love God."

But the greatest calamity of history came

But the greatest calamity of history came upon Pompeii not to improve its future condition, for it was completely obliterated and will never be rebuilt. It was so bad that it needed to be buried 1700 years before even its ruins were fit to be uncovered. So Sodom and Gomorrah were filled with such turpitals to that they were rest only turned under tude that they were not only turned under, but have for thousands of years been kept under. The two greatest cemeteries are the cemetery in which the sunken ships are buried all the way between Fire Island and Fastnet Lighthouse, and the other cemetery is the expectation of dead cities.

desert shall be there, and their house shall be full of doleful creatures."

The next tomb I kneel before in this cemetery of cities is Nineveh. Her winged lions are down, and the slabs of alabaster have crumbled, and the sculpture that represented her battles is as completely scattered as the dust of the heroes who fought them. Perhaps I put my knee into the dust of her Sardanapalus as I stoop to read her epitaph (Zephaniah ii., 14.) "Now is Nineveh desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the Nations, both the cormorant and the bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it." And while I read it I hear an owl hoot and a hyena laugh.

The next entombed city I pass has a monument of fifty prostrate columns of gray and (Me.) Journal.

1700 years that city of Pompeii lay buried and without anything to show its place of doom. But after 1700 years of obliteration a workman's spade, digging a well, strikes some antiquities which lead to the exhumation of the city. Now walk with me through some of the streets and into some of the houses and amid the ruins of basilica and temple and amphitheatre.

From the moment the guide met us at the gate on our departure, the emotion I felt was indescribable for elevation and solemniy and sorrow and awe. Come and see the petrified bodies of the dead found in the city, and glyphic entablature, but they are dead and

buried never to rise.

But the cemetery of dead cities is not yet filled, and if the present cities of the world forget God and with their indecencies shock the heavens let them know that the God who on the 24th of August, 79, dropped on a city of Italy a superincumbrance that staid there seventeen centuries is still alive and hates sin now as much as He did then and has at His command all the armament of destructor with which He welcook their injusteur. tion with which He whelmed their iniquitous

It was only a few summers ago that Brook-lyn and New York felt an earthquake throb that sent the people affrighted into the streets and that suggested that there are forces of nature now suppressed or held in check, which easier than a child in a nursery knocks down a row of block houses could prostrate a city or engulf a continent deeper than Pompeii was engulfed. Our hope is in the mercy of the Lord continued to our

It amazes me that this city, which has the quietest Sabbaths on the continent and the best order and the highest tone of morals of any city that I know of, is now having brought into as near neighborhood as Coney Island carnivals of pugilism as debasing as any of the gladiatorial interests of Pompeit. What a precious crew that Coney Island Athletic Club is, under whose auspices these orgies are enacted! What a degradation to the adjective "athletic," which ordinarily suggests health and muscle developed for useful purpose? Instead of calling it an a thletic club they might better style it "The Ruffan Club For Smashing the Human Visses"

Vile men are turning that Coney Island, which is one of the finest watering places on all the Atlantic coast, into a place for the all the Atlantic coast, into a place for the offscouring of the earth to congregate, the low horse jczkeys and gamblers, and the pugilists and the pickpockets, and the bloats regurgitated from the depths of the worst wards of these cities. They invite delegates from universal loaferdom to come to their carnival of knuckles. But I do not believe that the stability of the coarse that the pugilism contracted for and adver-tised for next December will take place in

our neighborhood.

Evil sometimes defeats itself by going one step too far. You may drive the hoop or a barrel down so hard that it breaks. I will not believe that the international prize fight will take place on Long Island or in the State of New York until I see the rowdy rabble rolling drunk off the cars at Flatbush avenue and with faces banged and cut and bleeding from the imbruting scene. Against this infraction of the laws of the State of New York I lift solemn protest. The curse of Almighty God will rest upon any community that con-sents to such an outrage. Does any one thirk it cannot be stopped, and that the constabulary would be overborne? Then let Governor Flower send down there a regiment of State militia, and they will clean out the

Warned by the doom of other cities that have perished for their ruffianism, or their cruelty, or their idolatry, or their dissolute-ness, let all our American cities lead the right way. Our only dependence is on God and Christrian influences. Politics will do nothing but make things worse. Send politics to moralize and save a city, and you send smallpex to heal leprosy or a carcass to re-lieve the air of malodor. For what politics will do I refer you to the eight weeks of stultification enacted at Washington by our

American senate.

American politics will become a reforma tics of evil and dolorous facts, we want some one with sanctified heart and good digestion

roll over all our cities. Show how Pompeli buried will become Pompeli resurrected. Demonstrate the fact that there are millions of good men and women who will themselves no rest day nor night until cities that are now of the type of the buried cities of Italy shall take type from the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of

heaven. I had a devancing morn.

I make the same proclamation to-day that Gideon made to the shivering cowards of his army. "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Close up the ranks. Lift the gospel standard. Forward into this Armageddon that is now opening and let the word don that is now opening and let the word run all along the line: Brooklyn for God! All our cities for God! America for God! The world for God! The most of us here gathered, though born in the country, will

die in town.
Shall our last walk be through streets where sobriety and good order dominate, or grogshops stench the air? Shall our last grogshops stench the air? Shall our last look be upon city halls where justice reigns, or demagogues plot for the stuffing of bailot boxes? Shall we sit for the last time in some church where God is worshiped with the contrite heart, or where cold formalism goes through unmeaning genuflexions? God save the cities! Righteousness is life; iniquity is death. Remember picturesque, terraced, templed, sculptured, boastful, God defying and entombed Pompeii!

Heating by Electricity.

In some of the hotels in the West a system of heat regultion which is certainly novel is carried out. For instance, a guest occupying Room 156 asks for heat. The order is transmitted to a peculiar person, the typewriter of the hotel generally. She goes to a switchboard and connection is given electrically with that room, allowing heat to pass into it. The occupant of the room is, perhaps, particular. A hot-blooded person wishes merely to keep from freezing; another wants a high temperature. Each can have his Fastnet Lighthouse, and the other cemetery is the cemetery of dead cities.

I get down on my knees and read the epitapheology of a long line of them. Here lies Babylon, once called "the hammer of the whole earth." Dead and buried under piles of bitumen and broken pottery and vitrefied brick. And I hear a wolf howl and a reptile hiss as I am reading this epitaph (Isalah xiii, 21), "The wild beast of the desert shall be there, and their house shall be full of doleful creatures."

The next tomb I kneel before in this cemulation.

Keep from freezing; another wants a high temperature. Each can have his wish, for a thermostat with a pointer is on the wall, and the room will keep itself automatically as desired. The regulation is seventy degrees, but it can be departed from as stated.—Hardware.

His Dog Stopped the Leak.

His Dog Stopped the Leak.

One of the few dogs worth having is owned by Silas Holbrook, of East Harpswell. Starting out from the wharf in a boat with his master the other day the dog noticed that the plug was out of the bottom of the boat and the water was coming in. After calling attention to the trouble he placed his paw over the hole and kept the water out until his master found the plug and replaced it.-Lewiston

THE ROYAL Baking Powder surpasses all others in leavening power, in purity and wholesomeness, and is indispensable for use wherever the best and finest food is required.

All other Baking Powders contain ammonia or alum.

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

ANNALS OF ENGLAND.

1602. The first tramways laid down with wooden rails. 1603. Union of the crowns of Eng-

land and Scotland under James I. 1607. American colonization begun at Jamestown, Va., by Smith and oth-The first Baptist Church 1608.

formed in London by a regular organi-1611. The King James version of the Bible completed and printed.

The death of Shakspeare occurred at Stratford-on-Avon. 1618. The African gold coast acquired by original settlement. 1622. New Brunswick acquired by original settlement.

"Ship money question" between the King and Parliament be-1642. The civil war between Charles

I. and Parliament began. 1649. Massacre of Drogheda. Ireland terrorized by Cromwell.

1653. The monarchy overthrown and Cromwell's protectorate estab-

1655. Jamaica acquired by contest and capitulation. 1660. The monarchy re-established by the recall of Charles II. from exile. The Royal Society received a liberal charter and organized.

1663. The Public Intelligencer, newspaper, began to be printed.

1665. The "Great Plague" devastated London and the provinces. 1667. The Newmarket races established by King Charles II.

Important ports established in South Africa. 1678. The "Popish Plot" of Titus Oates created a panic.

1679. The habeas corpus act passed and put into operation.' 1688. Flight of James II. from the kingdom. William and Mary estab-1690. Battle of the Boyne. Defeat and flight of James II.

Skeletons in the Sand. A chastly discovery was made a few days ago by a fisherman on President's island, two miles south of Memphis, Tenn. Six human skeletons were found on the sand bar opposite Jacksonmount Park. Their identity is a mystery, but river men believe they are some of the crew and passengers of the ill-fated steamer Gold Dust, which burned a few years ago. The skeletons were found six feet apart, imbedded in the sand

The Rugged Child

is largely an "outdoor" product. Fresh air and exercise usually pro- duce sound appetite and sound sleep. Sickly children obtain great benefit from

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites, a fat-food rapid of assimilation and almost as palatable as milk.

"German Syrup

I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Karlysville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

IAND Your YOUR Strength RUNDOWN SYSTEM

BUILT UP AND Renewed REORGANIZED.

A few bottles of S. S. s. will do it. If you are troubled with a depress-feeling, and lack of energy, your right, and needs purifying.
Will thoroughly clear away all impurities and impart new vigor and life to the whole system.

SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

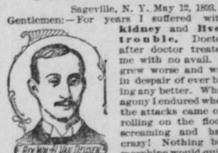
An interesting portion of the deadletter office is the room in which an ac-cumulation is made of those articles on which an insufficient amount of postage is paid, or which have been incompletely or wrongly addressed. It is a most heterogeneous collection, ranging in kind from skulls to confectionery, and in value from 1 cent to \$1,000. Sales of these articles are held annually, after they have been held for claim for over two years, and after

Uncle Sam's Auction House.

every effort has been exhausted to find the owners, the parcels become matters of public investment. Most of the packages contain articles of too small value to be sold separately, so parcels containing the contents of reveral packages are made up and sold at an average price of 60 cents each. The attempt is made to have the articles in each package worth that amount. The sale is held in December, before the holiday season, and continues for about a week. The proceeds, like the money found in unclaimed letters, is delivered

to the third assistant postmaster gen-eral for deposit in the United States

Miracles Not Ended Yet. WHAT A MINISTER SAYS OF SWAMP-ROOT.



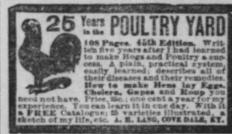
kidney and liver trouble. Doctor me with no avail. grew worse and was in despair of ever being any better. What agony I endured when the attacks came on, rolling on the floor, screaming and half crazy! Nothing but

morphine would quiet me. It seemed death would be a relief from my suffering. My stomach was in a terrible condition, food, what little I ate, distressed me, my complexion was yellow; bowels o stipated; I was only able to walk as far as the front porch. A friend recommended your Swamp-Root. I began to take it at once.

Swamp-Root Cured Me.

After passing off from my system a fearful amount of poisonous matter, imagine my joy to find I was decidedly better. My improvement after that was rapid and uninterrupted and in six months I was completely cured. Rev. Wm. H. Van Deusen.

At Druggists, 50 cent and \$1.00 Size. "Invalide Guide to Health" free Commitation free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., - Binghamton, N. Y.



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