Prompt Reply.

Some business is best done quickly and with few words. Other business, of a more delicate nature, is commonly entered upon in a more leisurely manner. Now and then, however, a man is found who makes no such distinction.

Farmer Jones sought an interview with Widow Brown. He had long prided himself upon his short-horn cattle; she was, in her way, as proud of her poultry and pigs.

"Widow Brown," said he, "I am a man of few words but much feeling. I possess, as you know, between three and four hundred head of cattle. have saved up eight hundred dollars or so, and I've a tidy and comfortable home. I want you to become my wife. Now, quick's the word with me; I give you five minutes to decide!'

"Farmer Jones," said Widow Brown, "I am a woman of few words-I'll say nothing of my feelings. I possess, as you know, between three and four hundred head of poultry and about ten score of pigs. I have nigh twelve hundred dollars well invested-my late husband's savings and my own earnings. I tell you I wouldn't marry you if it were a choice between that and going to the scaffold. Sharp's my word, and I give you three minutes to clear off my premises!"

Passing of the Alligator.

The alligator is threatened with speedy extermination. He grows slowly, but he grows as long as he lives. and a twelve-footer is said to be about 75 years old. Over 2,500,000, according to an estimate from Florida, have been killed in the last dozen years.

An evil thought is the mother of an evil act.

Electric Wires.

Some writer very aptly likens the nerves to electric wires, and the general working of their system to that of electric cars. A man who "slips his trolley" like Mr. Jeremiah Enev. 1812 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md., will need something better than even a galvanic battery to set him all right. Mr. Eney found that something in the following way. "I suffered," he says, "a long time with neuralgia in the head. I gave St. Jacobs Oil a fair trial and am entirely cured." In this way the great remedy acts as a motorman to restore broken wires, and set the system to perfect action.

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S SUCCESS is pronounced. All the cigarette dudes are stuck on "Nicotine."

Grass and Clover Seed.

The largest grawer of Grass and Clover Seed in the world is Salzer, La Crosse, Wis. Over 50 hardy varieties, with lowest prices! Special low Ireight tosNew York, Pa. and the East.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 14c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will recoive eleven packages grass and clover sorts and his mamma.n farm seed catalogue; full of gool things for the farmer, the gardener and the citizen.

REV. DR. TALMAGE. THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Festivity."

TEXT: "Come, for all things are nou ready."-Luke xiv., 17.

It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so im-portant that all the clocks of the castle were stopped, so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most significant of all. She was greeted to the gate with floating islands and torches, and the thunder of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into perfect enchantment. Then she was introduced in a dining hall the luxuries of which astonished the world. Four hundred servants waited upon the guests, The entertainment cost \$5000 each day. Leicester made that great supper in Kenilworth Castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French embassadors at Hampton Court. The best cooks in all the land prepared for the banquet. Purveyors went out and traveled all the kingdom over to find spoils for the table. The time came. The guests were kept dur-ing the day hunting in the King's park so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening, to the sound of the trumpeters, they were introduced into a hall hung with silk and cloth of gold, and there were tables a-glitter with imperial plate and laden with the rarest of ments and ablush with the costliest wines, and when the second course of the feast came it was found that the articles of food had been fashioned into the shape of men, birds and beasts, and groups dancing, and jousting parties riding against each other with lances. Lords and princes and embassadors, out of cups filled to the brim, drank the health first of the King of England and next of the King of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared that great supper in Hampton Court.

But I have to tell you of a grander enter-ainment. My Lord, the King is the bantainment. queter. Angels are the cupbearers. All the redeemed are the guests. The halls of eternal love, frescoed with light and paved with joy and curtained with unfading beauty, are the banqueting place. The harmonies of eter-nity are the music. The chalices of heaven are the plates, and I am one of the servants ning out with both hands filled with invitations, scattering them everywhere, and, oh, that for yourselves you might break the seal of the invitation and read the words written in red ink of blood by the tremulous hand of a dying Christ, "Come now, for all things are ready."

There have been grand entertainments where was a taking off-the wine gave out, or the servants were rebellious, or the light failed. But I have gone all around about this subject and looked at the redemption which Christ has provided, and I come here to tell you it is complete, and I swing open the door of the feast, telling you that "all

things are now ready." In the first place, I have to announce that the Lord Jesus Christ Himself is ready. Cardinal Wolsey came into the feast after the first course. He came in booted and spurred. and the guests arose and cheered him. But Christ comes in at the very beginning of the feast-aye, He has been waiting 1894 years for His guests. He has been standing on His mangled feet, He has had His sore hand on His punctured side, or He has been pressing His lacerated temples-waiting, waiting. It is wonderful that He has not been impatient and that He has not said. "Shut the and let the laggard stay out," but He has been waiting.

No banqueter ever waited for his guests so patiently as Christ has waited for us. To prove how willing He is to receive us. I gather all the tears that rolled down His cheeks in sympathy for your sorrows: I gather all the drops of blood that channeled His brow, and His back, and His hands and pen! Hundreds of neor gather all the groans that He uttered in idnight chill, and in mountain hunger, and in desert loneliness, and twist them into one ry-bitter, agonizing, overwhelming. I gather all the pains that shot from spear and spike and cross, jolting into one pangremorseless, grinding, excruciating. I take that one drop of sweat on His brow, and un-der the gospel giass that drop enlarges until I see in it lakes of sorrow and an ocean of agony. That being standing before you now, emaciated and gashed and gory, coaxes for your love with a pathos in which every word is a heart break and every sentence a martyrdom. How can you think He trifles? Ahasuerus prepared a feast for 180 days, but this feast is for all eternity. Lords and princes were invited to that. You and I and all our world are invited to this. Christ is ready. You know that the banqueters of olden time used to wrap themselves in robes prepared for the occasion, so my Lord Jesus hath wrapped Himself in all that is beautiful. See how fair He is! His eye, His brow, His cheek, so radiant that the stars have no brilliancy compared with it. His face reflect-ing all the joys of the redeemed, His hand having the onnipotent surgery with which He opened blind eyes and straightened erooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven and swung the twelve gates, which are the twelve pearls. There are not enough cups in heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or trumpets to peal forth the praises of this one altogether fair. Oh, thou flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of heaven! Oh, blissful dayoreak, let all people clap their hands in thy radi-ance! Charge Come war and spice and ance! Chorus: Come, men and saints and cherubim and scraphim and archangel-all ance! heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus : Roll Him through the heavens in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosannas, under arches of coronation, along by the great towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus: "Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory, world without end?" I have a word of five letters, but no sheet white enough on which to write it and no pen good enough with which to inscribe it. Angels ready to bear the tidings, angels pen good enough with which to inscribe it. Give me the fairest leaf from the heavenly Give me the fairest leaf from the heavenly records—give me the pencil with which the angel records his victory—and then, with my hand strung to supernatural ecstasy and my pen dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in capitals of love, "J-E-S-U-S." It is this one, infinitely fair, to whom you are invited. Christ is waiting for you, waiting as a banqueter waits for the delayed guest—the means smoking, the beakers brimming, the minatrels with beakers brimming, the minstrels with fingers on the stiff string, waiting for the clash of the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting for you as a mother waits for her son who went off ten years ago, dragging her bleeding heart along with him. Waiting Oh, give me a comparison intense enough, hot enough, importunate enough to express my meaning—something high as heaven and deep as hell and long as eternity! Not hopdeep as hell and long as cternity! Not hop-ing that you can help me with such a com-parison, I will say, "He is waiting as only the all sympathetic Christ can wait for the coming back of a lost soul."

re was a man on a Hudson River boat to whom a tract was offered. With indignation he tore it up and threw it overboard. But one fragment lodged on his coat sleeve, and he saw on it the word "eternity," and he found no peace until he was prepared for that great future. Do you know what pas-sage it was that caused Martin Luther to see sage it was that caused Martin Lutnerto see the truth! "The just shall live by faith." Do you know there is one—just one—pas-sage that brought Augustine from a life of dissipation? "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." It was just one passage that converted Hedley Vicars, the great soldier, to Christ. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

Do you know that the Holy Spirit used one passage of Scripture to save Jonathan Edwards? "Now, unto the King, eternal, mmortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory." One year ago on Descriptions Device and for even text. Edwards? Saviour, be glory." Thanksgiving Day I read for my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." And there for His mercy endureth forever." And there is a young man in the house to whose heart the Holy Spirit took that text for his eternal redemption. I might speak of my own case. I will tell you I was brought to the peace of the gospel through the Syro-Phœnician woman's cry to Christ, "Even the dogs eat of the rumbs that fall from the Master's table, ready Do you know that the holy spirit almost

always uses insignificant means? Eloquent sermons never save anybody. Philosophical sermons never save anybody. Metaphysical sermons never save anybody. But the minister comes some Sabbath to his pulpit worn out with engagements and the jang-ling of a frenzied doorbell. He has only a a text and two or three ideas, but he says : "O Lord, help me. Here are a good many people I may never meet again. I have not much to say. Speak Thou through my poor lips." And before the service is done there lips." And before the service is done there are tearful eyes and a solemnity like the hand and say. "Come !" Old man, who has judgment.

The great French orator, when the dead King lay before him, looked up and cried, "God only is great" and the triumph of his eloquence has been told by the his-torians. But I have not heard that one soul was saved by the oratorical flourish. Worldly critics may think that the early preaching of Thomas Chalmers was a masterpiece. But Thomas Chalmers says he never began to preach until he came out of the sickroom,

vited men to Jesus. There were wise salves, there were excel- thy feet foul with hell and thy laughter the There were wise saives, there were excel-lent ointments. I suppose, in the time of Christ for blind and inflamed eyes. But Jesus turned His back upon them and put the tip of His finger to His tongue, and with the spittle that adhered to the finger He anoint-ter the borror of the street! Oh, Mary Magdalene, look to Jesus! Mercy for thee, poor lost wait of the street! Self-righteous man, thou must be born again, or thou canst not see the kingdom of God! ed the eyes of the blind man, and daylight poured into his blinded soul. So it is now that the spirit of God takes that humble prayer meeting talk, which seems to be the

not know what words of the Scripture lesson I read may save your soul. Perhaps the spirit Again, the church is ready. O man, if I could take the curtain off these Christian now. This is the hour of the reader of the re of God may hurl the very text into your heart, "Come, for all things are now ready." hearts, I could show you a great many anxie-ties for your redemption. You think that old man is asleep because his head is down and his eves are shut. No; he is praying fo your redemption and hoping that the words spoken may strike your heart. Do you know the air is full of prayer? Do you know that prayer is going up from Fulton street prayer meeting and from Friday evcaing prayer meeting, and going up every hour of the day for the redemption of the people? And if you should just start toward the door of the Christian church, how quickly it would fly

significant instrumentality the spirit of God the angel sent to you would shout upward employs for man's conversion? "He is coming !" and the angel poising higher in the air would shout it upward, "He is coming !" and it would run all up the line of light from wing to wing and from trumpet to trumpet until it reached the gate, and then it would flash to "the house many mansions, ' and it would find out your kindred there, and before your tears of re-petenance had been wiped from the cheek and before you had finished your first praver your kindred in glory would know of it your kindred in givry would know of it, and another heaven would be added to their joy, and they would cry: "My prayers are answered; another loved one saved. Give me a harp with which to strike the joy. Saved! Saved! Saved!" If I have shown you that "all things are ready." that Christis ready, that the Holy.

ready," that Christ is ready, that the Holy Spirit is ready, that the church is ready, that the angels in glory are ready, that your glorified hundred are ready, then with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul I ask you if you are ready? You see my subject throws the whole responsibility upon yourself. If you do not get into the King's banquet it is because you do not accept the invitation. You have the most importunate invitation. Two arms stretched down from the gross socked in blood from about to the cross soaked in blood from elbow to finger tip, two lips quivering in mortal anguish, two eyes beaming with infinite love. saying. "Come, come, for all things are now R told you that when the Queen came to sul.

Kenilworth Castle they stopped all the clocks, that the finger of time might be pointed to that happy moment of her arrival. Oh, if the King would come to the castle of soul, you might well afford to stop all the clocks, that the hands might forever point to this moment as the one most bright, most blessed, most tremendous. Now, I wish l could go around from circle to circle and in vite every one of you, according to the invi-tation of my text, saying, "Come !"

been wandering sixty or seventy years, thy sun has almost gone down. Through the dust of the evening stretch out your withered hand to Christ. He will not east thee off, old man. Oh, that one tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek! After Christ has fed thee all thy life long, you not think you can afford to speak one word in His praise?

Come, those of you who are farthest away from God. Drunkard, Christ can put out territy it will be found that the most souls have been brought to Christ not by the Bossuets and Massillons and Bourdaloues. but by humble men, who, in the strength of God and believing in the eternal spirit in for thee, oh, thou chief of sinners! Harlot,

very saliva of Christian influence, and anoints day is far spent. The cliffs begin to slide the eyes of the blind and pours the sunlight their long shadows across the plain. Do you of pardon and pance upon the soul. Oh, my friend, I wish we could feel it more to which you were invited—and the King

and more that if any good is done it is by the sits with His hand on the door of the ban power of God's omnipotent spirit. I do not queting room, and He begins to swing it know what hymn may bring you to Jesus. I do sout? It is half way shut. It is threefourths shut. It is only just ajar. Soon it will be shut.

'Come, for all things are now ready,

While God invites, how blest the day: How sweet the gospel's charming sound! Come, shmer, hase, oh, haste away, While yet a pardoning God is found.

Interesting Ordnance Experiments. The Armstrong Company, of England, has shown some very interesting experiments with the latest ordnance. A six-inch gun was fired four

times in twenty seconds, an eight-inch gun three times in thirty seco nds. / bealth, giving new energy and strength.

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



His Case Hopeless.

NEW YORK MERCURY: Swell mar-An office-seeker applied to Josiah riages are the order of the times. Quincy, ex-Assistant Secretary of in our earlier days brides were espous-State, for a place in the State De-partment. "What did you tell Mr. ed under the sheltering parental roof, but now the ceremony is performed Quincy?" asked a Senator to whom with royal pomp and circumstance in the office-seeker, discouraged by his churches. The more fashionable the lack of success, applied for assistance. place the more it is sought by mar-"I told him God only knew what I riage contractors. The fact is, great had done for the party at the last wedding displays are simply vulgar. election," replied the would-be Con-Marriage should be private and inex-"You did, ch?" said the Senaspensive and without ostentation. tor; "well, you might as well go back As matters now go, the parties to home. Any man who tells Josiah marriage makes themselves show peo-Quincy that God knows more than he ple in the presence of a gaping, gossipdoes will get no position in the State ing audience. Displays are evidences Department." of barbarism, not civilization.

It Reminded Her.

The young man was prematurely of the world by making up its mind gray and was not a little proud of it. as to what kind of government it "Looks quite poetic, don't you wants and remaining in that fame of think?" he could not forbear asking mind four or five consecutive weeks. of the young woman he was calling

"It does reminu me of a certain poem, I must admit," said she.

"And what poem is that?" "When the frost is on the pump-

kin."

THE Brazilian theory of self-government seems to be bang up.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hail's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitu-tions disease requires a constitutional trate medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitu-tional disease, requires a constitutional treat-ment. Hal's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous sur-faces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the pa-tient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Do lars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo. 0. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A miner may be ever so well off, but he can't help getting in a hole occasionally.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach diaror Dyspensis, indigestion and Momand dis-orders, use Brown's Iron Bitters-the Best Tonic. It rebuilds the Biood and strengtheus the muscles. A splendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.

The Hawaiian difficulty-How to prononnee the Oneen's name

As a SIMPLE VET EFFECTIVE REMEDY for Throat Affections, "Bronen's Bronchial Troches" stand first in public favor. They are absolutely unrivalide for the alleviation of all Throat ir-ritations caused by Colds or use of the voice.

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Malaria cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enr ches the blood, tones the nerves, aids direction. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill

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

Teacher-What happened when

the man killed the goose that laid

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goose was cooked.

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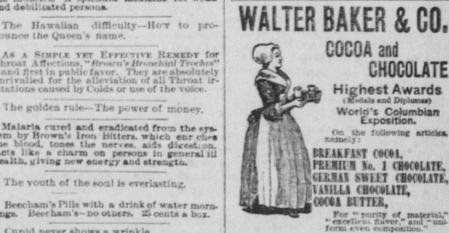
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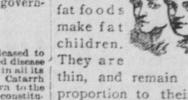
thin, and remain thin just in proportion to their inability to assimilate food rich in fat.



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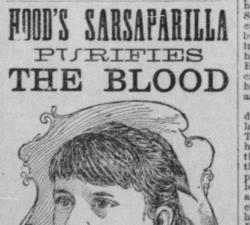
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Gold alloyed with 20 per cent. of aluminum takes on a brilliant ruby tint.





SALT RHEUM Broke out on our little girl's face. Her hands swelled and blisters formed and later broke open. The itching and burning sensation was terrible. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured her. It

Hood's Sarsa parille Cures Is like a miracle. Her blood has become puri-fied and her flesh soft and smooth." Mas. ANNA L. CLARK, 401 E. 4th St., Duluth, Minn. Hood's Pills cure liver ills, billousness, consti-

pati.n, jaundice, sick headache. 25 cents

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A few hottles of S.S. S. will do it. If you are troubled with a depress-troubled with a depress-troubled with a depress-troubled with a depress troubled with a depress will thoroughly clear away all im-purities and impart new vigor and life to the whole system.

"I have used your medicine often for the past eight years, and feel safe in saying that it is the best general health restorer in the world." F. H. GIBSON, Batesville, Ark.

Our Treatise on SWIFT EPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, 8a. Bow the knee and kiss the Son, Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Bow the knee and kiss the Son. Come and welcome, sinner, come. Again, the Holy Spirit is ready. Why is it that so many sermons drop dead—that Chris-tian songs do not get their wing under the people—that so often prayer goes no higher than a hunter's "hollo?" It is because there is a link wanting—the work of the Holy Spirit. Unless that spirit give grappling hooks to a sermon and lift the prayer and waft the song, everything is a dead failure. That spirit is willing to come at our call and lead you to eternal life, or ready to come with the same power with which he unborsed Saul on the Damascus turnpike, and broke down Lydia in her fine store, and Hifted the s000 from midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost. With that power the spirit of God now beats at the gate of your sou. Have you not noticed what conciv and in-

that man room at the sacrament. Bring the silver bowi for his baptism. Give him the right hand of Christian fellowship. Bring him into all Christian associations.

would sav:

Oh, you wanderer on the cold mountains, come into the warm sheepfold. I let down the bars and bid you come in. With the shepherd's crook I point you the way. Hun-dreds of Christian hands beckon you into the church of God. A great many people do not like the church, and say it is a great mass of hypocrites, but it is a glorious church with all its imperfections. Christ bought it, and hoisted the pillars, and swang its gates, and lifted its arches, and cured it with upholstery crimson with crucitixion carnage. Come into it.

We are a garden walled around, Chosen and made recallar ground, A lattle spot inclosed by grace Out of the world's wild wilderness.

Again, the angels of God are ready. A great many Christians think that the talk about angels is fanciful. You say it is a very good subject for theological students who good subject for theological students who have just begun to sermonize, but for elder men it is improper. There is no more proof in that Bible that there is a God than there are angels. Why, do not they swarm about Jacob's ladder? Are we not told that they conducted Lazarus upward; that they stand before the throne, their faces covered up with their wings, while they cry, "Holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty?" Did not David see thousands and thousands? Did not one angel slav 185,000 men in Sennanot one angel slay 185,000 men in Senna-cherib's army? And shall they not be the chief harvesters at the judgment?

There is a line of loving, holy, mighty angels reaching to heaven. I suppose they reach from here to the very gate, and when an audience is assembled for Christian worship the air is full of them. If each one of you has a guardian angel, how many celes-tials there are here! They crowd the place, they hover, they flit about, they rejoice. Look, that spirit is just come from the throne! A moment ago it stood before Christ and heard the doxology of the glorified. Look! Bright, immortal, what news from the golden city! Speak, spirit blest! The response comes melting on the air, "Come, The

ready to drop the benediction, angels ready to kindle the joy. They have stood in glory —they know all about it. They have felt the joy that is felt where there are no tears and by that is left where there are no tears and no graves; immortal health, but no invalid-ism; songs, but no groans; wedding bells, but no funeral torches; eyes that never weep. hands that never blister, heads that never faint, hearts that never break, friendships that are never weakened.

that are never weakened. Ready, all of them! Ready, thrones, prin-cipalities and powers! Ready, seraphim and cherubim! Ready, Michael the Archangel! Again, your kindred in glory are all ready for your coming. I pronounce modern spiritualism a fraud and a sham. If John Milton and George Whitefield have no better business than to crawl under a table and rat-tis the leaves they had better stay at home tie the leaves, they had better stay at home in glory. While I believe that modern spirin glory. While I believe that modern spir-itualism is bad because of its mental and domestic ravages, common sense, enlight-ened by the word of God, teaches us that our friends in glory sympathize with our re-

torpedo was driven satisfactorily with cordite as a powder. There was a search light which would keep its

beam upon an object no matter how violently the vessel rolled. A teninch thirty-ton gun, when it was fired, opened the breech screw by the recoil and wound up a spring, which when released, would close the breech again. A 47-100 field howitzer anchored itself after the first discharge by driving a spade-shaped plate into the the golden eggo Dick Hicks-His

ground, after which its recoil was met by a jacket which surrounds it. A quick-firing field gun, which anchors itself in a similar manner, fired five rounds of scrapnel in fifty-three sec-

onds. A fifteen-pounder mountain howitzer could be taken to pieces so that no part of it would weigh more than 200 pounds. It was screwed together in five minutes. A six-inch gun, with light portable disappearing mountings for a siege train, could be taken apart so that no portion weighed more than three tons, ten hours being required to mount it. A six-inch naval gun fired five rounds in sixty-nine seconds, each time at a different range and target. A plate of special steel designed for a shield received rifle and Gatling gun fire at 100 yards range without a single penetration, while the plate hitherto used was penetrated at every shot, the Gatling gun almost cutting it in two.-Chicago Herald.

Horace Greeley and His Bride.

"When Horace Greeley was first married and brought his wife home on a visit a sugar party was given in their honor on a neighboring farm. All the guests had arrived, and we were looking out; watching for the belated bride and groom. At last we saw something appearing in the distance. As this same object came nearer, we discovered it was the old white horse of the Greeleys, slowly picking his way through the mud. On his back sat the bride in a brilliant yellow frock, with a green velvet belt, and behind her, wrapped in his famous white overcoat, sat the already famous editor. It was the funniest sight I ever saw, and set us off in fits of laughing. I remember," concluded my informant, laughing again at her recollection. "that I simply lay down and rolled upon the floor in a spasm of mirth." Mr. Greeley came home every year, and after a day or two on the farm, would start to walk miles and call on people. He was never known to knock at a farmhouse door. No matter whether he knew the inmates or not. he would push open the door, walk right in, sit down by the fireplace and fall to discussing crops and other topics dear to the farmer's heart. Everybody was glad to welcome this gentle, brusque intruder.-Press and Printer.

The huge guns of modern navies can only be fired about seventy-five times before they are worn out.

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