#### REV. DR. TALMAGE.

#### The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

### Subject: "After the Battle."

TEXT: "And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa."—I Samuel xxxi., 8.

Some of you were at South Mountain or Shiloh or Ball's Bluff or Gettysburg on Northern or Southern side, and I ask you if there is any sadder sight than a battlefield after the guns have stopped firing? I walked across the field of Antietam just after the conflict. The scene was so sickening I shall not describe it. Every valuable thing had been taken from the bodies of the dead, for there are always vultures hovering over and around about an army, and they pick up the watches, and the memorandum books, and the letters, and the daguerreotypes, and the hats, and the coats, applying them to their own uses. The dead make no resistance. So there are always camp followers going on and after an army, as when Scott went down into Mexico, as when Napoleon marched up toward Moscow, as when Von Moltke went to Sedan. There is a simi-

lar scene in my text. Saul and his army had been horribly cut to pieces. Mount Gilboa was ghastly with the dead. On the morrow the stragglers came on to the field, and they lifted the latchet of the helmet from under the chin of the dead, they picked up the swords and bent them on their knee to test the temper of the metal, and they opened the wallets and counted the coin. Saul lay dead along the ground, eight or nine feet in length, and I suppose the cowardly Philistines, to show their bravery, leaped upon the trunk of his carcass and jeered at the fallen slain and whistled through the mouth of his helmet. Before night those cormorants had taken everything valuable from the field. "And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three

sons fallen in Mount Gilboa." Before I get through to-day I will show you that the same process is going on all the world over, and every day, and that when men have fallen satan and the world, so far from pitying them or helping them, go to orselessly to take what little there

is left, thus stripping the slain.

There are tens of thousands of young men every year coming from the country to our great cities. They come with brave hearts and grand expectations. The country lads sit down in the village grocery, with their feet on the iron rod around the redhot stove, in the evening, talking over the prospects of the young man who has gone off to the city. Two or three of them think that perbaps he may get along very well and succeed, but the most of them prophesy failure, for it is very hard to think that those whom we knew in boyhood will ever make any great success in the world.

But our young man has a fine position in a dry goods store. The month is over. He gets his wages. He is not accustomed to have so much money belonging to himself. He is a little excited and does not know exactly what to do with it, and he spends it in some places where he ought not. Soon there come up new companions and acquaintances from the barrooms and the saloons of the city. Soon that young man begins to waver in the battle of temptation, and soon his soul goes down. In a few months or few years he has fallen. He is morally dead. He is a mere corpse of what he once was. The harpies of sin snuff up the taint and come on the field. His garments gradually give out. He has pawned his waten. His health wn, down! Why do the low fellows of

Sold to get oreal. Where is the wardrobe? Sold to get rum. Where are the daughters? Working their fingers off in trying to keep the family together. Worse and worse until everything is gone. Who is that going up the front steps of that house? That is a creditor, hoping to find some chair or bed that has not been levied wors. been levied upon. Who are those two gen-tlemen now going up the front steps? The one is a constable; the other is the sheriff. Why do they go there? The unfortunate is why do they go there? The unfortunate is morally dead, socially dead, financially dead. Why do they go there? I will tell you why the creditors and the constables and the sheriffs go there. They are, some on their own account and some on account of the law, stripping the slain.

ex-member of Congress, one of the most eloquent men that ever stood in the House of Representatives, said in his last moments: "This is the end. I am dying—dying on a borrowed bed, covered by a borrowed about the stood of the said o rowed sheet, in a house built by public charity. Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, where I shall not be crowded, for I have been crowded all my life." Where were the jolly politicians and the dissipating comrades who had been with him, laughing at his jokes, applauding his eloquence and plunging him into sin? They have left. Why? His money is gone, his reputation is gone, his wit is gone, his clothes are gone—every-thing is gone. Why should they stay any

thing is gone. Why should they stay any longer? They have completed their work. They have stripped the slain.

There is another way, however, of doing the same work. Here is a man who, through his sin, is prostrate. He acknowledges that the same words. Now is the time for you ery on either side of the road changed from ery on either side of the road changed from eardens to deserts, and the June air became poor soul. Now is the time to go and tell how swearing John Bunyan, through the grace of God, afterward came to the Celestial City. Now is the time to go to that man and tell him how profligate Newton came, through conversion, to be a world renowned preacher of rightcousness. Now is the time to tell that man that multitudes who have been pounded with all the flails of sin and dragged the control of through all the sewers of pollution at last have risen to positive dominion of moral

you do not tell him that, do you? No. You say to him, "Loan you money? No. You are down. You will have to go to the dogs. Lend you a dollar? I would not lend you five cents to keep you from the gallows. You are debauched! Get out of my sight, now! Down! You will have to stay down!"

Don't remember them, eh? I'll make you re member them." And then he takes all the past and empties it on that deathbed, as the mailbags are emptied on the postoffice floor. The man is sick. He cannot get away from

Then the man says to satan: "You have Then the man says to satan: "You have deceived me. You told me that all would be well. You said there would be no trouble at the last. You told me if I did so and so you would do so and so. Now you corner me and hedge me up and submerge me in everything evil." "Ha ha!" says satan. "I was only fooling you. It is mirth for me to see you suffer. I have been for thirty years plotting to get you just where you are. It is hard for get you just where you are. It is hard for you now; it will be warse for you after awhile. It pleases me. Lie still, sir. Don't flinch or shudder. Come, now, I will tear off from you the last rag of expectation. I will rend away from your soul the last hope. I will leave you bare for the beating of the storm. It is my business to strip the slain."

You are hastening on toward the consum-mation of all that is sad. To-day you stop and think, but it is only for a moment, and then you will tramp on, and at the close of this service you will go out, and the question will be, "How did you like the sermon?" And one man will say, "I liked it very well," and another man will say, "I didn't like it at all," but neither of the answers will touch the tremendous fact that if impenitent you the tremendous fact that if impenitent you are going at thirty knots an hour toward shipwreck. Yea, you are in a battle where you will fall, and while your surviving relatives will take your remaining estate and the cemetery will take your body the messengers of darkness will take your soul and come and go about you, stripping the slain.

Many are crying out, "I admit I am slain; I admit it." On what battlefield, my brothers? Ex what weapon? "Poluted imagina.

ers? By what weapon? "Poluted imagina-tion," says one man; "Intoxicating liquor," says another man; "My own hard heart," says another man. Do you realize this? Then I come to tell' you that the omnipo-tent Christ is ready to walk across this battlefield and revive and resuscitate and resur-rect your dead soul. Let Him take your d and rub away the numbness, your head and bathe off the aching, your heart and stop its wild throb. He brought Lazarus to life, He brought Jairus's daughter to life, He rought the young man of Nain to life, and the graph of the can only you to life. When the Philistines came down on the

leld, they stepped between the corpses, and they rolled over the dead, and they took away everything that was valuable. And so it was with the people that followed after the armies at Chancellorsville and at Pit\*sburg Landing and at Stone River and at Atlanta stripping the slain, but the Northern and Southern women—God bless them!—came on the field with basins and pads and towels and lint and cordials and Christian en-couragement, and the poor fellows that lay there lifted up their arms and said, "Oh, how good that does feel since you dressed it!" And others looked up and said, "Oh, how you make me think of my mother!" And others said, "Tell the folks at home I died thinking about them." And another looked up and said, "Miss won?" you sing looked up and said, "Miss, won't you sing me a verse of 'Home, Sweet Home,' before I And then the tattoo was sounded, and the hats were off, and the service was read, "I am the resurrection and the life." And in honor of the departed the muskets were loaded and the command given, "Present—fire!" And there was a shingle set up at the head of the grave, with the epitaph of "Lieutenant — in the Fourteenth Massachusetts regulars," or "Captain — in the Fifteenth regiment of South Carolina volunteers." And so now, across this great field of moral and spiritual battle, the angels of God come walking among the slain, and there was voices of comfort and voices of hope and voices of resurrection and voices of

One night I saw a tragedy on the corner

heaven.

of Broadway and Houston street. A young is failing him. His credit perishes. He is too poor to stay in the city, and he is too poor to pay his way home to the country. enough so that you could see he had an inthe city now stick to him so closely? Is it to help him back to a moral and spiritual life? Oh, no. I will tell you why they stay. They are Philistines stripping the slain.

Do not look where I point, but yonder stands a man who once had a beautiful home in this city. His house had elegant furniture, his children were beautifully clad, his name was synonymous with honor and usefulness, but evil habit knocked at his front door, knocked at his back door, knocked at his parlor door, knocked at his bedroom door. Where is the plano? Sold to pay the tent. Where is the hatrack? Sold to meet the butcher's bill. Where are the carpets? Sold to get bread. Where is the wardrobe? Sold to get rum. Where are the daughters? Working their fingers off in trying to keep. telligent forehead, stout chest; he had a weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. In answer to your father's petition and your mother's prayer I have been sent of the Lord out of heaven to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a scraph breathes on it. lute of heaven when a scraph breathes on it.
"No, no," said the bad angel; "come with
me; I have something better to offer. The
wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching
carousal; the dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgences; there
is no God to frown on the temples of sin
where I worship. The skies are Italian The
paths I tread are through meadows, daisied
and primrosed. Come with me."

The young man hesitated at a time when
besitation was ruin and the had angel

hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upspreading wings through the startight up-ward and away until a door flashed open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history, for, the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a path-way which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at last. The bad angel, leading the way, opened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky

he has done wrong. Now is the time for you to go to that man and say, "Thousands of people have been as far astray as you are and got back." Now is the time for you to go to that man and tell him of the omnipotent grace of God, that is sufficient for any poor soul. Now is the time to go add to hope the sufficient for any poor soul. Now is the time to go add to hope the sufficient for any hope soul. Now is the time to go add to hope the sufficient for any hope less grief, and the fountains, that at the hopeless grief, and the fountains, that at the start had tossed with wine, poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" and the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" and the answer was, "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain."

And then the man began to try to pull off him the folds of something that had wound

him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad now! Down! You will have to stay down!"
And thus those bruised and battered men are sometimes accosted by those who ought to lift them up. Thus the last vestige of hope is taken from them. Thus those who ought to go and lift and save them are guilty of stripping the slain.

In m round and round, and he said to the bad angel, "What is it that twists me in this awful convulsion?" and the answer was, "That is the worm that never dies." And then the than an said to the bad angel: "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of Broadway and Houston street; I trusted it all, and why have you thus do trusted it all, and why have you thus de-ceived me?" Then the last deception fell off trusted it all, and why have you thus decived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul. I watched my chance for many a long year. When you he sitated that night on Broadway, I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha, ha! You are here. Come, let us fill these two chalices of fire and drink together to darkness and woe and death. Hail, hail!" Oh, young man! will the good angel sent forth by Christ or the bad angel sent forth by charces and do for such a man? Why, he fetches satan do for such a man? Why, he fetches satan do for such a man? Why, he fetches applied in the inapt, disagreeable and harrowing things in his life. He says: "Do you remember all those lapses in conduct? Do you remember all those lapses in conduct? Do you remember all those opprobrious words and thoughts and actions?"

Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth by charce for many a long year. When you hesitated that night on Broadway, I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha, ha! You are here. Come, let us fill these two chalices of fire and drink together to darkness and woe and death. Hail, hail!" Oh, young man! will the good angel sent forth by christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your destiny, as above the Apennines eagle and condor fight mid-sky. This hour may decide your destiny.

The visit of the 103 farmers from the far Northwest to North Carolina has proved to be full of results, as over fifty have bought farms, while twenty-seven bought town lots.

WOMEN AND CRIME.

#### Few of the Fair Sex Among New York's Prisoners.

In the official reports made by the Police Department a separate record is kept of the felonies. These form a relatively small percentage when compared with the total number of arrests, and a peculiar thing about them is that very few women are among the prisoners. According to the official report of the last quarter, of 1,681 arrests in New York for felonies only 92 were women, while 1.589 were men.

Of the ninety-two women, fiftymore than half-were charged with erime of larceny; fourteen were charged with an offense which is made a felony by statute, attempted suicide; eight were charged with felonious assault, usually against another woman; three with burglary, one with bigamy, one with perjury, and one with forgery, rare among

women. In the total of arrests thirty-six different crimes are represented, and in the case of twenty-two of these there were male offenders only. At the head of the list was the odious crime of arson, and lower down were blackmail, bribery, counterfeiting, extortion, passing counterfeit money, robbery and embezzlement. In respect to the last charge it has became a fact so well known as to be universally admitted that with the increasing number of girls and women employed in stores, shops, offices and public departments in New York there has been no corresponding increase in the number of financial breaches of trust. Embezzlements by women are so rare as to be practically unknown, and the standard of honesty has been greatly raised by their employment in offices and busi-

ness houses generally. There are some things about the felony record of the police department which do not appear upon the surface. Thus the number of arrests and prosecutions for bigamy are four times more numerous among men than among women. If novelists are to be believed, duplicity and deceit are much oftener characteristic of women than of men. Yet for the statutory legal crime of false pretenses there were no arrests among women in the last quarter, and it is fondly to be hoped that there was no occasion for any.

The homicide record of the last quarter was not so large as usual. It included thirty-four male and four female prisoners. There were no arrests for murder, and it is very rare in New York that a woman is charged with that offense, in its highest grade, though the victims of premeditated murderous assaults are in the great majority of cases women, not men.

#### Last English Decapitation.

The last occasion of decapitation for high treason in England was, I fancy, that of Thistlewood and his four companions for the Cato street conspiracy. I take the following from Thornbury's "Old Stories Retold"

"Exactly a quarter of an hour after the last man was hung the order was given to cut the bodies down. The heads were then haggled off with brutal clumsiness with a surgeon's knife. The mob expressed loudly their horror and disgust, more especially when the turnkey who exhibited the heads dropped that of Brunt. 'Hallo, butter fingers!' shouted a rough voice from the rolling crowd below. The day had gone by for such useless brutality." This horrible scene was enacted on May 1, 1820.

#### The American Eagle.

The probabilities are that in the near future the officers of the United States Army will take on another designation of rank in the shape of metallic eagles, to be worn on the front of their hats. The question is ander advisement among the head officials of the War Department, and it is understood that the project is very favorably regarded by many of them. Some of the army officers are urging it on the ground that in European countries the officers wear on their hats the colors of their sovereigns. They hold that it is a plain and unmistakable evidence of nationality, as well as of rank and military service, and that as the eagle is the national American emblem it can be adopted to the benefit of the service.

#### Composer and Organ Grinder.

Mascagni, the Italian composer, recently had an experience with an organ grinder who was playing the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" under his window at so rapid a pace that the writer of the music was driven frantic. Rushing into the street, Mascagni seized the handle of the instrument and turned it at the proper tempo, explaining to the astonished grinder that he was the famous composer and ought know how to render his own work. The next morning the organ grinder appeared with a huge placard on his back inscribed: "Pupil of the cele-brated Mascagni."

#### Her Explanation.

That was a delightfully ingenuous and budlike remark that a certain young girl made at a reception the other evening.

You say you don't know who any of those young men are," some one said to her; "but I notice they seem to know who you are."

"Oh" said she, "that's easy enough to understand-there aren't so many of me to know as there are Queen Victoria's Wit.

There are some interesting stories of Queen Victoria's young days in the February number of the Windsor Magazine. When but a mere child (says Mr. Alfred T. Story, in an article on "The Queen's Tutors") her majesty used to delight George IV. by her quick wit. One day when staying at the royal lodge the king entered the drawing room leading his little niece by the hand. The band was stationed as usual in the adjoining conservatory. "Now, Victoria," said his majesty, "the band is in the next room and shall play any tune you please; what shall it be?' "Oh, uncle," replied the princess with great readiness, "I should like 'God Save the King' better than anything else."

A similar instance of childish quickness is related in regard to the queen's

early studies in music. Being one day required to practice at the pianoforte, she objected, desiring to know why it was necessary to spend so much time in the drudgery of running up and down scales. She was told that there was no royal road to music, and that she must practice like other children. The little autocrat did not agree with this, and quietly locked the piano and put the key in her pocket, saying: "There, you see! There is no must in the matter." Having made her point, however, she was soon prevailed upon to reopen the instrument, and so proceed with her lesson.

# THE SECOND LIFE.

PURGATORY AND PARADISE COM-PARED BY A MAN WHO HAS SEEN BOTH.

A Miracle Worked in the Rural Recesses of Borodino Creates a Seasation.

(From the Ecening News, Syraquse, N. Y. Albert Applebee was a very sick man. He had been ailing for months and had been compelled to remain bome, unable to attend to his business. His friends stood or sat about the few small stores in the village of Borodino and discussed his sad condition. Applebee was a carpender, and a good one too, but since his strange malady overtook him he had not shown any dispotion to do any work. Life had lost its charms for him, he became a misanthrope and lost in everything. His friends advised him and the local doctors tried their skill on him but it was of no avail. Although they no doubt diagnosed his case correctly, he grew worse despite their efforts.

But he recovered and it has made such a stir in the small town that a News reporter was sent out to Borodino to investigate. He drove over and found Mr. Applebee hard at work on the roof of a house he was building.

"Well, it was just this way," began the carpenter, who is a good-looking man of about fifty summers. "In the fall of 1890 I had a siege of grip. It was a pretty rough time for me as I was very sick and I never expected to go out again except feet first in a coffin. But I recovered after a long sickness but was left with an ailment which was quite us and inu had scrofula in my head for two years and a half or over and there was a sickening dis-charge from my right ear. I took about every medicine known to the medical frater-

nity but could get no benefit.
"I was also troubled with a severe pain in the stomach and indigestion, which made me feel that life was not worth living. Last fall feel that life was not worth living. Last fall I began taking a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which were recommended by a friend whose wife had read of them in some of the country papers. But I gave it a trial and was surprised to find that it benefited me. I tried more and persevered and at last, thank God, I was cured. My ear has discontinued discharging and for the past three months I have been perfectly well. I make these statements merely because I think the world should be acquainted with this remarkable remedy."

Several of Mr. Applebee's neighbors were seen by the reporter and they in turn expressed their considence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after seeing the wonderful change they had wrought on him. One said the cure was simply wonderful as the man was a total

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contains all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c, per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Tracing up a man's ancestors is nothing compared with tracing the neighbor who last borrowed the rake last summer.

#### When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, beadaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and \$1 bottles by all leading

Many a man sets up for a public bene'actor who never thinks it worth while to give his wife a word of encouragement.

### A Bright Eye

is the sign of good health and an alert mind. Strange that it should almost always depend on the state of the dige-tion, but it does. A Ripans Tabule taken after meals gives the little artificial help most grown people need. The man who said "it take, a thief to

catch a thief" knew what he was talking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Roof cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Famphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. K.

Love needs no definition. Men and women loved long before there were dictionaries.

I want every man and woman in the United St-tes interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these dispases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 381, and one will be sent you free.

The mote that is in every human eye may to reduced by care and prayer.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. A centleman's clo hes don't always fit him, but they are always paid for,

A'rs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teet ling, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, alians tain, cures wind cells, 25c, a bottle You can never get rid of a difficulty by funning away from it.

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

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

Accidental Humor.

I heard the other day an amusing tale of a certain well-known English no bleman, who had imported two emus with the hope of breeding from them. and on leaving his estate for town left also strict infunctions that the greatest care should be taken of the lady emu, if she produced the desired egg or eggs. The egg arrived in due course, but, as artists have found before now, the lady declined to "sit." The steward, however, was an ingenious man, and thought of a substitute, but his powers of composition were by no means on a par with his inventiveness, and he announced the interesting event to his master in the following terms:

"The emu has laid an egg, but we were in a great difficulty, as she would not sit on it. I did what I thought was best, and in your lordship's absence I have placed the egg under the biggest goose on the estate."-Pall Mall Gazette.

#### The Dog in Law.

Dogs have not the same property value here that they have in England and this is so notwithstanding the fact that dogs are property here and they are not property in England. This seeming paradox may be explained from the fact that according to the old English laws felony was punishable by death. If dogs had been property then, to steal a dog would have been a felony, punishable by death. It was not considered right that a man should die for a dog, and therefore dogs were held by the courts not to be property. There are foolish dog laws in nearly every city and town in the United States based on the presumption that dogs are not property, but such laws would not stand investigation and the interpretation of the higher courts. A dog catcher who seizes dogs and puts them to death is acting without warrant of law, whatever the local ordinance, for property cannot be taken from a citizen without giving him an opportunity to be heard in a court of law and before a jury. The owners of fine dogs are usually so careful of them that the dog catchers and pound keepers have small chance to capture them.

"Why do you oppose Mr. Dinsmore's attentions to Susie?" said Mrs. Cawker to her husband. "Because I am extremely anxious for her to marry him," was the reply.-Harlem Life.

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Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple. He has tried it in over eleven hundred

cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book. A benefit is always experienced from the

first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken. Waen the langs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them: the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label. If the stomach is foul or bilious it will

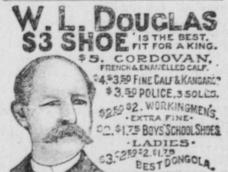
cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Doso, one tablespoonful in water at bed-time. Sold by all Druggista. Tennyson at Home.

Tennyson was never "at home" except to such cherished friends as his neighbor, the late Prof. Tyndall. Access to his study was consequently denied to nearly all callers, and even the presence of those who obtained the privilege of entre there was sometimes irksome to the poet, whose part in the conversation usually consisted of monosyllables, as I remember to have once happened during my stay, but he could be very gracious to callers when in 'he mood. On the other hand, Sir Edwin Arnold, in his "Reminiscences" of the poet, says: "Albelt you saw 'Private Road' painted on the first rod of his domain, and 'Private Grounds' inscribed upon the first boundary of his fence, he did not like country people to pass him on the road without recognizing him."-The Gentleman's Magazine.



Consumption kills balls. It is more deadly than any of the
much dreaded epidemics. It is a stealthy, gradual, slow
disease. It penetrates
the whole body. It
is in every drop of
blood. It seems to

Medical Discovery fights in the right. It will cure 68 per cent, of all cases if to during the early stages of the disease. That makes digestion good and assimilation quick and thorough. It makes sound, healthy flesh. That is half the battle. That makes the "Discovery" good for those who have not consumption, but who are lighter and less robust than they ought to be.



SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes All our shoes are equally satisfactory They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
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The prices are uniform, --- stamped on sole.
From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.



I would not speak of it at Were it not for the fact That I know a remedy.

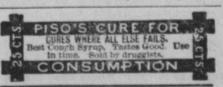
I had the same experience. Every now and then. And always at a time Most inopportune,
One of those little pimple-like blotches
Would appear on my face
And annoy me
Beyond expression.

I haven't had one for six months now, That protects me.
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You have seen the advertisement-1 am pretty sure. Ripans Tabules

Is the name—three dozen in a box!
Swallow one after dinner.
Or just before bed time.
About once a week and
You will be annoyed no more.
But more beautiful! If you
Would believe that possible.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE unsurpassed for milk, butter, beef and beauty. FOR SALE by J. W. MOPRIS, Hagerstown, Md.



# Scott's Emulsion

is not a secret remedy. It is simply the purest Norway Cod-liver Oil, the finest Hypophosphites, and chemically pure Glycerine, all combined into a perfect Emulsion so that it will never change or lose its integrity. This is the secret of Scott's Emulsion's great success. It is a most happy combination of flesh-giving, strengthening and healing agents, their perfect union giving them remarkable value in all

## WASTING DISEASES.

Hence its great value in Consumption, wherein it arrests the wasting by supplying the most concentrated nourishment, and in Anæmia and Scrofula it enriches and vitalizes the blood. In fact, in every phase of wasting it is most effective. Your doctor will confirm all we say about it. Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.