### REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Woman's Opportunity."

Text: "She shall be called woman."-Genesis ii., 23.

God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm; woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switz-erland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this dis-tinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can waight the dust of dismonds but where are weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your woman is world? Tool come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swartby, iron typed, thunderbolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John, the disciple, and Matthew Simpson, the bishop, and Henry Martyn, the missionary?

The heart of those men were so large that

after you had rolled into it two hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne of the eter-nal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual; I deny to woman the throne af-fectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm. and when either of them is out of it. No house he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown thrasher should fly or how deep a trout prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want wo-

There had never been such good order at the polls, and the righteousness triumphed. Men have not made such a wonderful moral success of the ballot box that they need fear women will corrupt it. In all our cities man has so nearly made the ballot box a failure, the scene Sisera took to his feet and so the scene Sisera took to his feet and got to the mountains. It seems that miliate the two sexes at the thought of what would enact or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you that the best rights that woman can own she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been so high that all the thrones of earth pited on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which the ballot box and the congressional assem-blage and the legislative hall. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our treat-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the Pres principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the bal-lot when Lord Bacon wrote and Newton philosophized and Alfred the Great governed and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judg-

How many men there have been in high political station who would have been in-sufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right and a wife's prayer that sounded louder the clamor of partisanship? The right of suffrage as we men exercise it seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come ip to the ballot box and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine or a sotthe offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will

throb through the eternities.

have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already First, she has the right to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and then tarry a compara-tively little while, but she, all day long, govcrus it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is with in her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only caim harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world are a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses, Gains. Misrepresentations. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. ants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get Tumbles. Defaications. ics. Catastrophes. O woman, thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry

Your abode may be humble, but you can, of demeanor, gild it with splendors such There are abodes in every city—humble, two stories, four plain, unpapered rooms, undesirable neighborhood, and yet there is a max who would die on the threshold rather than surrender. Why? It is home. Whenever surrender. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough erib there are the chantings of angels as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence, but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested and their mother sang and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, frater-

nal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth and length and prendth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes and trembling voice and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly acros dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English Empire, but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the Nation's anathema, but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest iden of a queen you do not think of Catherine of Russia or of Anne of England or Marie Theresa of Germany, but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the Thanksgiving banquet, some-times to the grave, but always together soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your even-ing prayers, tolling for you with needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her, and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap, and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and iss the sod that covers her, crying, "Mother! mother!" Ah! she was the queen —she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot box? Compared with this bunzling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition orto say, "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is that if a woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep thouse he ought to be allowed to ambroider. mon councilmen and sheriffs and constables and mayors and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of fashion and dissipation, going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the victors and an insult to that. God who made should plunge as to try to seek out the height and depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is on, down through a frivolous and dissipated on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation.
Your dominion is home, O woman! What

man to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapaction of incapacities of that State, increased a procession, and by prayer and Christian songs shut up more places of dissipation than were ever counted. ity.

I was in New Zealand last year just after the opportunity of suffrage had been conferred upon women. The plan worked well. There had never been such good order at the polls, and the righteousness triumphed.

Men have not made such a wonderful moral. has so nearly made the ballot box a failure, the scene Sisera took suppose we let women try. But there are got to the mountains. It seems that some women, I know, of most undesirable they did not know how to contend against the contend ag try—having no homes of their own or for-saking their own homes—talking about their so very intangible. These men found that themselves are fit neither to vote nor keep house. Their mission seems merely to hua regiment was brought out all armed to disperse the women. They came down in any one of us might become. No one would battle array, but, oh, what poor success! for want to live under the laws that such women that regiment was made up of gentlemen, and gentlemen do not like to shoot women with hymnbooks in their hands. Oh, they found that gunning for female prayer meet ing was a very poor business. damage was done, although there was threat of violence after threat of violence all over I really think if the of the East had as much faith in God as their sisters of the West had and the same reck lessness of human criticism. I really believe grogshops of our cities would be closed, and Away down below it are there would be running through the gutters of the streets Burgundy and cognac Woman Heidsick and old port and Schiedam schnapps and lager beer, and you would save your fathers and your husbands and your sons first from a drunkard's grave and ondly from a drunkard's bell. To this battle for home let all women rouse them-seives. Thank God for our early home. Thank God for our present home. God for the coming home in heaven.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the lounge to rest. The children said play Children always want to play more And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land-not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them graw there. And I walked forth, and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When do they put on workingman's garb again and delve in the mine and swelter at the But neither the garments nor the forge? robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the kills where it would be about to take orders, relinquished most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I the idea and opened a butcher shop saw castles and towns and battlements, but on Court street. He is a finely edunot a mansoleum nor monument nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great

chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivery and gold, but no tear did I see or sign hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree and I said, "What am I and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the ling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them, but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery shouted, "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said, "Are we are here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here," and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout, "Home! kome!

MONEY IN ORGAN GRINDING. Skillful Organ Grinders Make from \$5 to \$10 a Day.

Reliable statistics show that more money is paid to the organ grinders who furnish street music to New Yorkers than is paid for the grand opera season at the Metropolitan Opera House. In fine weather a single organ grinder frequently makes as high a \$10 a day, and sometimes the amount he receives exceeds this figure.

Two hundred and fifty licenses have been issued in New York this year to organ grinders. The license is \$1 a year, and an ordinance passed two years ago limits the number of our street musicians to 300. But the law is not very rigidly enforced, and the actual number of organs about town at present far exceeds this

Like all other professions, that of the organ grinder at times suffers from depression, but on the whole it is surprisingly profitable. The most profitable audiences are usually found in saloons, and next to these the organ grinder prefers the fashionable neighborhoods.

The most enthusiastic audiences are to be found, however, in the crowded streets on the East side. An enterprising Italian can usually manage to play before as many as 300 audiences in a single day, and sometimes he plays much oftener.

The manufacture of hand organs has also grown into a very important industry. A single piano organ mounted on wheels is sold from \$150 to \$250. The organ builder usually rents organs out by the day. It seldom happens that the ambitious musician is at first able to buy an organ for himself. The large organs are rented out for \$1 and the smuller ones for 50 cents a day.

A new cylinder of tunes for an organ costs about \$10. The grinder, however, seldom feels called upon to change his repertory.

The cheapest organs-those which play one or two tunes, such as Home, Sweet Home " and "Yankee Doodle''-are usually sold to blind members of the profession, or to the very poor-looking old women who sit all day long in some sheltered door-

The next step in the procession is to own one of the box-like organs which the organ grinder carries about with him. These are usually supplied with a stout stick, which is used as a supporting leg, while the Italian's two legs complete the tripod.

These organs make a very heavy load to carry about all day, and a more popular form is the organ mounted on a small wagon. These are often made up by using a child's express or toy wagon. The most improved form in hand organ construction is the regular piano organ mounted on a specially prepared

At present the street music of New York is supplied entirely by these noisy instruments. About two years ago a law was passed doing away with all street music. The street band disappeared at this time, and so did the familiar organ grinder's monkey, but public opinion restored the street organ.

The Italians are a very frugal people, and in time the organ grinder usually accumulates enough money in a short time to buy an organ for himself. After this point is reached the Italian's fortune is practically assured.

As in every other business there are some unsuccessful organ grinders, but the percentage of such is said to be very small.

In many cases, however, the organ is used simply as an excuse for begging. The organs used for this purpose usually play only very dismal unes which, it is supposed, will put the passerby in a proper spirit for ulmsgiving.

In more than one instance it has been found that a forlorn looking child has been borrowed to sit beside the organ to excite sympathy. Some of the most profitable organs are those which are decorated with a tin cup at the well known "I am blind" sign In some cases a stock of shoestrings or of lead pencils is added to the outfit.

## Butchering Saved His Life.

A Brooklyn man, who had studied for the priesthood, and was just on Court street. He is a finely educated man, but he wears a white apron and cuts up meat from 6 in the morning until 8 in the evening, and has never been heard to complain about the life. When he made the sudden change he feared that he had contracted consumption from overstudy and a general weakening of the system, brought about by confinement and hard work. He took matters into his own hands, and decided that a butcher shop was the best place for a man with weak lungs. There may be something in his idea, for to-day he is fat and strong, and looks as if he would live for more than the allotted three score and ten.

## The Dog Understood.

Professor Owen, a noted English scientist, tells a story of a dog named Lion, who accompanied him and his master on a walk once on the coast of Cornwall. The master picked up a piece of seaweed covered with minute animals, and Mr. Owen observed to his companion: "If this small piece contains so many treasures, how rich must the whole plant be. How I should like to have one!" The dog instantly leaped into the water and returned with a plant of seaweed, which he laid at Professor Teach the Boys to Work.

Somebody says, let every farmer who has boys provide them with a workshop. We say, let every father have a workshop, or work-room, or work bench where the boys may gratify their longing for tools, and incarnate their restless activity in "something to do." It should be made pleasant, attractive and comfortable. If room enough, there can be a workbench and vise, a shaving horse and perhaps a small foot-lathe, two or three planes, augers of different sizes, a few chisels, drawingknife, saw and ham-

For those who cannot afford the whole, a part would answer; and to those who can, other tools might be added, the cost of the tools being but a trific compared with the advantages gained, one of which is real progress in practical education. It has been said the best inheritance a man can leave his children is not money to maintain them, but the ability to help and take care of themselves.

A young man who can at any time mend sofa, chair, rocker, sled, harness or tin ware, set the clock, repair an umbrella, whitewash a wall, paper a room, and do a hundred other small jobs, will get through the world far more comfortably and thriftily than one who is constantly obliged to send for a mechanic.

Besides all this, and greater still, is the moral influence of tools in furnishing boys something cheerful to do in stormy weather or leisure hours, and thus weakening any temptation to attend those places of diversion which so often lay the foundation of life-long harm to character.

British Horsewomen.

England boasts some hard riding women, who are quite brave, enduring, and stoical on the hunting field as men. At a recent hunt one fox ran thirty miles in three hours, and three women out of seven were in at the finish.

### A Slave From Boyhood,

(From the Red Wing, Minn., Republican) "I am now twenty-four years old," said Edwin Swanson, of White Rock, Goodhue County, Minn., to a Republican representative, "and as you can see I am not very large of stature. When I was eleven years old I became afflicted with a sickness which baffled the skill and knowledge of the physician. I was not taken suddenly ill but on the contrary I can hardly state the exact time when it began. The first symptoms were pains in my back and restless nights. The disease cid not trouble me much at first, but it seemed to have settled in my body to stay and my bitter experience during the last thirteen years proved that to be the case. I was of course a child and never dreamed of the suffering in store for me. I complained to my parents and they concluded that in time I would outgrow my trouble, but when they heard me groaning during my sleep they became thoroughly alarmed. Medical rapidly worse and was soon unable to move about and finally became confined continually to my bed. The best doctors that could be had were consulted, but did nothing for me. I tried various kinds of extensively advertised patent medicines with but the same

'For twelve long years I was thus a sufferer in constant agony without respite, abscesses formed on my body in rapid succession and the world indeed looked very dark to me. About this time when all hops was gone and nothing seemed left but to re-sign myself to my most bitter fate my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, in sheer desperation I concluded to make one more attempt-not to regain my health (I dare not to hope so much)

but if possible to ease my pain. "I bought a box of the pills and they reemed to do me good. I felt encouraged and continued their use. After taking six boxes I was up and able to walk around the house. I have not felt so well for thirteen years as during the past year. Only one school here. You can tell, though, by year have I taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills these that I am no spring chicken, and I am able now to do chores and attend to light duties.

Do I hesitate to let you publish what I have said? No. Why should I: It is the truth and I amonly too glad to let other sufferers know my experience. It may help those whose cup of misery is as full to-day

as mine was in the past."
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They luild up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Echenectady, N. Y.

It takes some people a whole lifetime to find cut that no dollar is big enough to give

an hour's happiness, Physicians indor-e Ripans Tabules by pre-scribing the remedies they contain, but in form not so convenient, inexpensive and ac-curate as in Ripans Tabules.

There is no place like home, and that is why so many men spend their evenings down

Get Hindercorns and Use it If / you want to know the comfort of no corns. It takes them out perfectly. 15c. at druggists. Hate is two poins with poison tirs-one toward your enemy the other toward your-

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle The man who becomes a successful hypocrite has to work at it every day in the week.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure or Consumption.—Mrs Frank Mores, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894. Some men will "bet you ten dollars" when they are at the end of their argument.

S. K. Coburn, Mgr., Clarie Scott, writes: find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remed Druggists sell it, 75c.

A dead beat that is hatched from laziness is of few days and full of trouble,

The Reviving Powers of Park er's Gisser Tonic make it the need of every home. Stomach troubies, colds and all distress yield to it. Cupid is a physician who never takes his

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle. There are two sides to every question, top and bottom; and the man on the bettom side is liable to be crushed.

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#### A JOLLY OLD SCHOOLBOY.

Martin Van Buren Stevens Goes to a University at Seventy Years.

There are many quaint people in attendance at the Kansas State University at Lawrence, but probably the most interesting of these is a law student who is at least 70 years old. His name is Dr. Martin Van Buren Stevens. This is his second year at the university, and he expects to graduate this spring and become a full-fledged

The doctor's life has been one of interesting experiences. Wilkesbarre, Pa., was the place of his birth. At the age of 30 he married a Pennsylvania girl and enlisted in the Fifth New Hampshire regiment, company D. He received the degree of bachelor of arts in Oberlin College, in Ohio, and doctor of medicine at the Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio, in 1871. His first wife having died, he married again, this time selecting a Michigan girl, a niece of "Fighting Jim Richardson." At one time he studied theology and preached, but he soon gave it up and studied phrenology under Fowler, of New

In a cozy little house on the bill this queer old man lives. He keeps everything about the place scrupulously clean. One warm meal a day he considers sufficient. The other two he carries to school with him in a small shoe box. Very little meat passes his lips in fact, he might almost be called a vegetarian. "People eat entirely too much," he says.

Last year he was somewhat conspicadvice was sought but to no avail; I grew uous on account of the number of badges and emblems he wore on the front of his coat. There were badges of the G. A. R., Christian Endeavor, a seven-inch phrenological badge, Y. M. C. A., a medical society, and C. L. S. C. Another of his peculiarities is that he carries a watch which is fully four inches in diameter. He winds it with

a pair of six-inch nippers. Dr. Stevens has been in every State and Territory of the United States. Every summer he goes out on a lecturing tour and tells the people all about phrenology, physiology and physiog-

When the reporter asked him his age he said rather bashfully: "O, I never tell people my age because they might think I was too old to be going to school here. You can tell, though, by and he stroked his long white beard.

"I am registered up at the university as 44 years. I don't feel old, though, for I neither drink liquor, use tobacco nor swear. I always pay my honest debts and never worry. Worry kills people."

All the students like him, for he is a jolly old fellow, and acts as young as the most of them. When asked if he thought of getting married again, he smiled and said: "I shouldn't wonder. A man is never too old to marry."-Kansas City Star.

## 130,000 LOST CHILDREN.

Restored to Their Parents by the Bell. man of Liverpool.

man, is to retire from the service of the city, after a public career extending over a period of sixty years. He was ordinarily a member of the old dock police force. It is said that at one time the office of bellman was worth to the person who held it about £500 per annum. In addition to making public proclamations, it was part of the bellman's duty on all civic occasions to walk before the Mayor of Liverpool with a portion of the regalia. It was Mr. George's distinction in that capacity during his long period of office to walk before fifty-three Mayors. In these later days the office of bellman has become practically a sinecure. The duties which he had to discharge have become obsolete, and other means of announcement have superseded that of the bellman. Up to the present, however, to the bellman's house in Greek street are taken lost and strayed children who may be found wandering about uncared for in the streets of Liverpool. During his long tenure of office, Mr. George has received from police officers at the bellman's house the custody of no fewer than 130,000 stray children, whom he restored to their parents. Latterly this was the old bellman's chief emolument, each parent paying 6d. for the recovery of the lost children, and £25 a year was granted to Mr. George from the corporation.

Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in time. Sold by druggists.

The Tramp's Opportunity. Queer things happen in this world.

A tramp took refuge in an old graveyard in Georgia, and prepared for a sound night's rest between two graves. About the hour when churchyards are supposed to "yawn," he was awakened by a strange noise, and, on looking up he discovered an escaped convict in the act of filing his shackles. As the tramp stood up, the convict, in superstitious terror, fell upon his knees, whereupon the tramp arrested him, delivered him over to the authorities at the camp near by, and received a reward of \$20.-Atlanta Constitu-

Automatic Air Brake.

An English inventor by the name of Roberts has invented an automatic air brake in which the weight of the train supplies the power to set the brakes.



recovering from the illness atbirth, or who suffer from the effects of disorders. derangements and displacements of the wo-

manly organs, will find relief and a permanent cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Taken during pregnancy, the "Prescription"

MAKES CHILDBIRTH EASY

by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening 'labor." The painful ordeal of child-birth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

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## KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

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 cleven 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. Head the label. If the stomach is foul or bilious it will

cause squeamish Jeelings at Arst. No change of diet ever necessary. Est the bert you can get, and enough of it. Dosc, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

# Francis George, the Liverpool beli-nan, is to retire from the service of the CAN MAKE MONEY STEADY WORK HOME SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW

Any Man, Woman, Boy or Girl can make \$10 to \$21 a week. The work is very simple and can be donin your home, in any part of the country. No experence necessary. Any person with common senson make money casiny. You can commence at once, Even if you only work a few hours each evening you can make plen y spending money. Package containing full particulars sent free to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps for postage, esc. SIDNEY MFC. CO.,

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