

The Wisconsin Red Oak. The Wisconsin red oak has for several years taken high rank in furniture and finishing factories on account of its softness, adaptability to shop work, its lively color and figure. When plain sawed it commands higher prices than any oak, although quarter sawed white oak is more expensive. According to the Northwestern Lumberman this red oak belt in Wisconsin is not wide, and at the rate the timber is being cut off it will probably not last more than six or seven years. In the northwestern part of the State, which is not yet opened up by railroads, there is a heavily timbered area which contains much red oak, but it will soon be traversed by a railway from Duluth.

Torpedo Boats.

About 1871, the first torpedo boat was built by the Thornycrofts, of London: it was fifty feet long and had a speed of sixteen and a quarter knots an hour.

The Early Birds.

It's the early birds that catch the worm, saith the proverb, but what a foolish worm it is to get up so early and be caught. Some of our farmers are the early birds. They go forth at dawn to catch up, as they call it, and they catch something else. Tramping through wet grass and stubble on cold, damp, frosty mornings like these, and going thus all day thereafter, brings to scores of them that were not looking for it. They come home in the evening to suffer all night with rheumatism. Now, while men must work, they need not suffer. Why should they when a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil will keep them all right? A good rub at night with it will so strengthen and heal the muscles they will resist the influence of the cold and dampness, and a man will be cured before he knows it. Let this be tried for a while, and if the man is not cured it is only because he hasn't the patience to rub the pain out.

No one expects that his grave will be neglected.

No man can have a good head and a bad stomach.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY. I, FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay for each and every ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every BOTTLE of CHENEY'S CURE that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.

Keeps Men Poor. The clerk might be "bossed" if he had the head for it. The brain is the seat of the intellect.

Why You Should Use Hindercorns. It takes out the corns, and then you have comfort, surely a good exchange.

No woman cares to know why she loves a man.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind, etc.

We are often able because we think we are able.

I could not get along without Pisco's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Mottrox, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '91.

All the gestures of children are graceful.

FITS STOPPED free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORE. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$3.00 trial bottle free. Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The wounds made by a friend never heal.

Money spent in Parker's Glycer Tonic is well invested. It subdues pain, and brings better digestion, better strength and health.

A pretty woman is never forgot herself.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation Free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

By searching the old learn the new.

Health

Built on the solid foundation of pure, healthy blood is real and lasting. With rich red blood you will have no sickness.

When you allow your blood to become thin, depleted, robbed of the little red corpuscles which indicate its quality, you will become tired, worn out, lose your appetite and strength, and disease will soon have you in its grasp.

Purify, vitalize and enrich your blood, and keep it pure by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye. \$1. All druggists.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 50c per box.

ITCHING PILLS MYERS' Solid Expectorant. It will do for you what no other medicine can. Price 50c per box.

If your wife is overworked,

Do all you can to lighten her household cares. Begin to-morrow by sending home a package of

Hecker's Buckwheat.

It means for her a half hour more sleep in the morning. A buckwheat breakfast can be prepared in a moment you know.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "An Angelic Rescue."

Text: "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?"—Genesis xxii. 7.

Here are Abraham and Isaac, the one a kind, old, graceful, affectionate father, the other brave, obedient, religious son. From his bronzed appearance you can tell that this son has been much in the fields, and from his shaggy dress you know that he has been watching the herds. The mountains are his school, and he has learned the air has painted his cheek ruddy. He is twenty or twenty-five or, as some suppose, thirty-three years of age, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times, and the fact that a son never is anything but a boy to a father. I remember that my father used to come into the house when the children were home on some festive occasion and say: "Where are the boys? Where are the boys?" He was twenty-five and thirty and thirty-five years of age. So this Isaac is only a boy to Abraham, and this Abraham is old to Isaac.

Well, the dear old man had borne a great deal of trouble, and it had left its mark upon him. In hieroglyphics of wrinkle the story was written from forehead to chin. But now his trouble seems all gone, and we are glad that he is very soon to rest forever. If the old man shall get demented, Isaac is strong enough to wait on him. If the father get him of oversight, Isaac will lead him by the hand. If the father become destitute Isaac will earn him bread. How glad we are that the ship that has been in such a stormy sea is coming at last into the harbor.

Are you not rejoiced that glorious old Abraham is through with his troubles? No, no! A thunderbolt! From that clear eastern sky there drops into that father's tent a voice with an announcement enough to turn black hair white and to stun the patriarch into instant annihilation. God said, "Abraham!"

The old man answered, "Here I am," God said to him: "Take thy son, thy only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah and offer him there as a burnt offering." In other words, say him; cut his body into fragments; put the fragments on wood; set fire to the wood and let Isaac's body be consumed to ashes. "Cannibalism! Murder!" I hear one object. "Not so," said Abraham. I hear him soliloquize: "Here is the boy on whom I have depended. Oh, how I loved him! He was given in answer to prayer, and now must I surrender him? O Isaac, my son! Isaac, how shall I part with you? But then it is always dark places before, and God got me out in dark places before, and God got me out. I will implicitly do as God has told me, although it is very dark. I can't see my way, but I know God makes no mistakes, and I will implicitly do as God has told me." "I am Him I commit myself and my darling son."

Early in the morning there is a stir around Abraham's tent. A beast of burden is fed and saddled. Abraham makes no disclosure of the awful secret. At the break of day he says, "Come, come, Isaac, get up! We are going off on a two or three days' journey." I hear the ax hewing and splitting amid the wood, until the sticks are made the right length and the right thickness, and they are fastened on the beast of burden. They pass on. There are four of them—Abraham, the father, Isaac, the son, and two servants. Going along the road, Isaac looks up into his father's face and says: "Father, what is the matter? Are you not well? Has anything happened? Are you tired? Lean on my arm." Then, turning round to the servants, the son says, "Ah, father is getting old, and he has had trouble enough in other days to kill him!"

The third morning has come, and it is the day of the tragedy. The two servants are left with the beast of burden, while Abraham and his son Isaac, as was the custom of good people in those times, went up on the hills to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood is taken off the beast's back and put on a pile of coal. Abraham has in one hand a pair of oxen or a lamp and in the other a sharp, keen knife. Here are all the appliances for sacrifice, you say. No, there is one thing wanting. There is no victim—no pigeon, no heifer or lamb. Isaac, not knowing that he is to be the victim, looks up into his father's face and asks a question which must have cut into the heart of the father. "My father," the son said, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" The father's lip quivered, and his heart faint, and his knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind and soul shiver in sickening anguish. He struggles to gain equipoise, for he does not want to break down. And then he looks into his son's face with a thousand rushing tenderesses and says, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb."

The twain are now at the foot of the hill, the place which is to be famous for a most tragic occurrence. They gather some stones out of the field and build an altar three or four feet high. Then they take this wood of Isaac's back and sprinkle it over the stones, so as to help and invite the flame. The altar is done—it is all done. Isaac has helped to build it. With his father he has discussed whether the top of the table is even and whether the wood is properly prepared. Then there is a pause. The son looks around to see if there is not some living animal that can be caught and butchered for the offering. Abraham tries to choke down his fatherly feelings and suppress his grief in order that he may break to his son the terrific news that he is to be the victim.

Abraham looked more beautiful than on that day to his father. As the old man ran his emaciated fingers through his son's hair he said to himself, "How shall I give him up? What will his mother say when I come back without my boy? I thought I would have been the comfort of my declining days. I thought he would have been the hope of age to come. Beautiful and loving, and yet to die under my own hand. O God, is there not some other sacrifice that will do for me? Take my life and spare his! Pour out my blood and save Isaac for his mother and the world!" But this was an inward struggle. The father controls his feelings and looks into his son's face and says, "Isaac, must I tell you all?" His son said, "Yes, father; I thought you had something on your mind. Tell it." The father said, "My son, Isaac, thou art the young man, if he was twenty or thirty years of age, smite into the dust his infirm father? He could have done it." Ah, Isaac knew by this time that the scene was typical of a Manah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's necks and wailed out the parting. A wild and matchless scene of the wilderness! The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. The cry, "My son, my son!" The answer, "My father, my father!"

Do not compare this, as some people have, to Agamemnon willing to offer up his daughter, Iphigenia, to please the gods. That is nothing comparable to this wonderful obedience to the true God. You know that victims for sacrifices were always bound, so that they might not struggle away. Rawlins, the martyr, when he was dying for Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith who held the manacles, "Fasten those chains tight now, for my flesh may struggle mightily." Isaac's arms were fastened, his feet are tied. The old man, rallying all his strength, lifts him on to a pile of wood. Fastening a thong on one side of the altar, he makes span the body of Isaac, and fastens the thong at the other side of the altar, and another thong, and another thong, and there is the lamb flickering in the wind

readily to be put under the brushwood of the altar. There is the knife, sharp and keen. Abraham—struggling with his mortal feelings on the one side and the commands of God on the other—takes that knife, cuts the fat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, comes up to the side of the altar, puts a parting kiss on the brow of his boy, takes a message from him for mother and home, and then lifts the glittering weapon for the plunge of the death stroke—his muscles knitting for the work—the hand begins to descend. It falls! Not on the heart of Isaac, but on the arm of God, who arrests the stroke, making the wilderness quake with the cry, "Abraham, Abraham, lay not thy hand upon the lad, nor do him any harm!"

Well, what are you going to get out of this? There is an aged minister of the gospel. He says, "I should get out of it that the father and the son are both dead, it seems reasonable to you or not, go ahead and do it. Here Abraham couldn't have been mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinctly that it was not certain whether he called Sarah or Abimelech, or somebody else, with divine articulation, divine intonation, divine emphasis, he said, 'Abraham!' Abraham rushed blindly ahead to do his duty, knowing that things would come out right. Likewise do so yourselves. There is a mystery of your life. There is some burden you have to carry. You don't know why God has put it on you. There is some persecutor or some trial, or somebody else, who God allows it. There is a work for you to do, and you have not enough grace, you think, to do it. Do as Abraham did. Advertise to give up anything, and perhaps you will have to give up anything. 'Jehovah-jireh'—the Lord will provide." A capital lesson this old minister gives us.

Out of your house is an aged woman, the light of heaven in her face. She is half way through the door. She has her hand on the pearl of the gate. Mother, what would you get out of this subject? "Oh," she says, "I should learn that it is the man's part that God comes to the relief. You see, the altar was ready, and Isaac was fastened on it, and the knife was lifted, and just at the instant of the plunge God stopped the proceedings. So it has been in my life of seventy years. Why, sir, there was a time when the four was all out of the house, and I set the table at noon and had nothing to eat on it, but five minutes of I had a loaf of bread came. The Lord will provide. My son was very sick, and I said, 'Dear Lord, you don't mean to take him away from me, do you?' 'Pass, Lord, don't take him away. Why don't your neighbors have three or four sons?' This is my only son. This is my Isaac. Lord, you won't take him away from me, will you?" I have seen the custom in those times, we had made the grave clothes, and we were whispering about the last exercises, and I looked and I saw some perspiration on his forehead. At that moment I broke down, and he spoke to us so naturally that I know he was going to get well. He did get well, and my son Isaac, whom I thought was going to be slain and consumed of disease, was found to be all right. And I bless your souls, that's been so for seventy years, and if my voice were not so weak, and if I could see better, I could preach to you younger people a sermon, for though I can't see much I can see that when you get into a tough place and your heart is breaking, if you will look a little farther into the woods, you will see, caught in the branches, a substitute and a savior. My son, God will provide Himself a lamb."

Thank you, mother, for that short sermon. I could preach back to you for a minute or two and say, never do you fear! I wish I had had a son as good as yours. I wish I had had a mother like yours. Whatever happens, no harm will ever happen to you. I was going up a long flight of stairs and I saw an aged woman very old and with a cane, creeping on up. She made but very little progress, and I felt very exasperated, and I said to her, "Wife, mother, that is no way to go upstairs." And I threw my arms around her, and I caught her in my arms, and she was on the landing at the top of the stairs. She said, "Thank you, thank you. I am very thankful." O mother, when you get through this life's work and you want to go upstairs and rest in the home that God has provided for you, you will not have to climb up, the two arms that were stretched on the cross will have thrown you into annihilation. He who has hoisted with a glorious lift beyond all weariness and all struggle. May the God of Abraham and Isaac be with you until you see the Lamb on the hilltops.

Now, the aged minister has made a suggestion, and this aged woman has made a suggestion. I will make a suggestion. Isaac going up the hill makes me think of the great sacrifice. Jesus, the only son of God, the "only" I build a fearful emphasis. O Isaac! O Jesus! But this last sacrifice was a more tremendous one. When the knife was raised, the father cried, "Stop!" and he stood arrested. Sharp, keen and tremendous it cut down through nerve and artery until the blood sprayed the faces of the executioners, and the midday sun dropped a veil of gloom over his face because it could not endure the spectacle. O Isaac of Mount Moriah! O Jesus of Mount Calvary! Better could God have thrown away into annihilation a thousand worlds than to have sacrificed His only Son. It was not one of the ten sons; it was His only Son. If he had not given up Him, you and I would have perished. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Great God, break my heart at the thought of that sacrifice. Isaac the only, typical of Jesus the only.

I have been told that the cathedral of St. Mark stands in a quarter in the center of the city of Venice, and that when the clock strikes 12 at noon all the birds from the city and the regions round about the city fly to the square and settle down. It came to my mind: A large hearted woman, passing one noonday across the square, saw some birds shivering in the cold, and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them. The next day, at the same hour, she scattered more crumbs of bread among them, and so on from year to year until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice, and now, at the first stroke of the bell at noon the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has struck 12 the square is covered with them. How beautifully suggestive Christ comes out to feed thy soul to-day. The more hungry you feel yourself to be the better it is. It is noon, and the gospel clock strikes 12. Come in! Come in! Come in! As doves to the window! All the air is filled with the liquid chine: Come! Come! Come!

Richest Man in the World. Barnato, the originator of the Kaffir boom, is now estimated to be worth \$50,000,000, nearly all of which has been made in South African mining stocks during the past two years. The nominal capital of his bank was originally \$12,000,000 in \$5 shares. They were opened at from \$15 to \$20 premium, and the capital of the bank is now valued at about \$45,000,000. Barnato was formerly a circus employe.

CABLE SPARKS.

The cholera in Honolulu is on the decrease and the scare is rapidly dying out.

A ministerial crisis exists in Venezuela and four cabinet ministers have resigned. Rumors are current at Honolulu that another filibuster expedition against the islands is contemplated.

Japanese troops have restored order at Seoul, Corea, and are now guarding the palace. The safety of the Queen is assured.

It is reported in Moscow that one hundred persons were drowned near the village of Ozer by the caving of a large raft on the river Oka, Russia.

The Manchester (England) Cotton Spinner's Association has passed a resolution providing that all cotton shipped direct from New Orleans or Galveston to Manchester shall have preference at the cotton sales.

It is announced in Paris that the heart of Koskisko, the Polish poet, and general under Washington, will be transferred from Vesia to the Polish Museum in the Chateau Rapperswil, near Zurich.

A bill was introduced in the lower house of the Danish Parliament to authorize the appointment of twenty paid consuls for Denmark, including one at New York, Chicago, New Orleans and Rio de Janeiro.

It is said that the anti-European party in Japan is seriously agitating against the decision of the government to evacuate the Liao-Tung peninsula, declaring that the evacuation will cause political complications of a grave nature.

Edgar Saltus, the well-known American author, was married at the English Embassy Church, in Paris, to Miss Elsie Welsh Smith, a granddaughter of John Welsh, of Philadelphia, formerly United States minister to London.

The Kucheng commission has found that 140 Coloured took part in the massacre of missionaries at Hwasung. Of these 59 persons have been put on trial and 45 have been convicted. Thirty-two cases are awaiting the veroy's decision.

The At as Line steamer Alene has reached Jamaica and reports that she was fired upon by a Spanish cruiser off Cape May, Cuba. The leaders of the insurgent movement in this country are preparing to seek the recognition of the republic by the United States.

CHICAGO IS "BROKE."

Fire and Police Departments Must Be Cut Down to Practical Abolition. The city of Chicago is "broke." It is now proposed to cut the Fire and Police Departments from one-third to one-half and scale down other branches of the public service to an extent that will practically amount to their temporary abolition.

On the authority of Comptroller Wetherell it was stated that there is no other way out of the embarrassment. The city is running behind at the rate of \$1,000,000 a year, and has a floating debt of \$6,000,000 accumulated during six years.

MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various commodities. Columns include item names (e.g., FLOUR, WHEAT, OATS, RYE, HAY, TOMATOES, PEAS, CORN, CATTLE, HOGS, POTATOES, BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, CHICKENS, TOBACCO, BEEF, MUSKRAT, FURS), prices per unit, and exchange rates for Gold and Silver.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD. IMPERIAL GRANUM. Is unquestionably a most valuable FOOD in sick room, where either little one or adult needs delicate, nourishing diet!!

\$3 a DAY SURE. SEND your name and address and we will show you how to make a day, absolutely sure, we turn back and touch you from work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will send the business full; remember we guarantee a clear profit of 25 to 50 percent; we write at once.

ONE HUNDRED PAGE BOOK. We offer, embracing the PRACTICAL EXPERIENCES of

Nothing to complain of—the woman who uses Pearline. Nothing to complain of in the washing and cleaning line, anyway. And certainly the proprietors of Pearline can't complain. If you only knew how many women, every day, are making up their minds that the old, wearing, tearing, tiresome way of washing doesn't pay! It's growing bigger than ever—the success of Pearline; though it has to fight not only against all kinds of poor imitations, but against a sort of superstition that anything which can save so much labor must be harmful in some way.

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

Royal Baking Powder. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

CURIOUS ISLANDERS.

The Cave Dwellers of Bering Straits Are Without Equals.

In Bering Straits, thirty miles off Port Clarence and the shores of Alaska, there are about two hundred of the most curious islanders that ever were seen. The island or rock they inhabit is about half a mile wide and a little more than that distance long, and the islanders are cave dwellers and live on whale blubber, seal and walrus meat. One abode is built over and under the other and to the right and left, giving them a strange and motley appearance, not unlike the recesses inhabited by bald eagles. There are narrow caves excavated into the side of the crumbling volcanic rock, and in the bottom of each is some short, native grass, forming a bed in which to sleep. At the mouth of the cave and just in the interior fires are lighted, and here they warm themselves in the winter. Skins of different kinds are also suspended outside to keep out the snow and cold. In the summer the hardy natives leave their holes and live in odd houses made of poles, constructed near at hand on the edge of the cliff.

These strange people are usually as strong and vigorous as can be found anywhere. Moreover, they are entirely contented and happy. They have no government, no chief, and no need of laws. Living in families and setting forth every day in their kials for the whale, seal and walrus, they return each night to their caves, or poltenks, caring nothing for the outside world.

Odd to relate, however, the prestige of the native is determined by the clothes he wears. As these consist of skins and constitute the wealth of the islanders, it will be seen that they are not in this respect so much unlike civilized people. But the man with more clothes than anybody else has no more authority. He is respected for his sagacity, but that is all.

Austria's National Bank. The Bank of England rightly has the reputation of being one of the mightiest powers in the world of finance. But there are other institutions in Europe whose capital and transactions are not to be sneezed at even by the Rothschild aggregation. In its last monthly report the Austro-Hungarian Bank at Vienna states that the value of its notes in circulation is \$29,408,000 gulden (\$290,000,000), and that it has gold and silver to the amount of 340,405,000 gulden.

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies hair, promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore gray hair to its youthful color. Cures itching scalp, dandruff, etc., and is sold by all druggists.

Money in Chickens.

Money in Chickens. IF YOU KNOW HOW. To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor thieving suffer and die of the various Maladies which afflict them when in a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from this book.

Nothing to complain of—the woman who uses Pearline. Nothing to complain of in the washing and cleaning line, anyway. And certainly the proprietors of Pearline can't complain. If you only knew how many women, every day, are making up their minds that the old, wearing, tearing, tiresome way of washing doesn't pay! It's growing bigger than ever—the success of Pearline; though it has to fight not only against all kinds of poor imitations, but against a sort of superstition that anything which can save so much labor must be harmful in some way. Beware of cheap imitations, be honest—and if