Peculiar Connecticut Towns.

The peculiar condition of some of the Connecticut towns has attracted attention. For example: The town of Lisbon, Conn., is nine miles long and six miles wide and contains 548 inhabitants and 137 voters. But there are in the town eight schoolhouses and five justices of the peace, and while it has no postoffice it receives its mail as follows: The northern portion of the town from South Canterbury, the eastern portion from Jewett City, the southern portion from Greenville, and the western portion from Versailles.

Cyclopean Building.

The best examples of cyclopean building are at Baalbec. There are stones in the Baalbec walls thirty feet above the level several of which are sixty feet long, twenty-four feet thick, and sixteen broad, each stone weighing over 2,500 tons, all cut, dressed, and brought from distant quarries.

New York Sunday Fishermen.

It is estimated that more than 75,0 fishermen go out of New York eve Sunday, and that they spend on an a erage of $2 each on the sport.

If It Only Helped a Little

It would be worth 50 cents. One hour's freedom from the terrible irritating itch of tetter is worth more than a whole box of Tetterine cost. It will cure—sure, and it's the only thing that will cure. 50 cents at drug stores, or by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

The man who sets out for a gold mine, o often leaves his fortune behind him.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

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

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

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Tol[illegible] O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The oldest married couple in the United States are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mandel of Cape Porpoise, Mass. She is 98 and he is 101 years of age, and they have been married 77 years.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Jim Stevenson of Lexington, Ky., has an immense hand. From the wrist to the tip of the middle finger it measures eleven inches, and the thumb nail is as big as half a dollar.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The finest rubies come from Burmah, beryls from Russia, and turquois from Persia.

Chew Star Tobacco - The Best.

Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

In 1843 there were only 350,000 spindles for yarn spinning in Russia. Now there are 5,000,000.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Sawdust which has been allowed to rot is said to make excellent fertilizer

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lotz, 1205 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

Many a loud amen is nothing more than a brag by the man who makes it.

Rheumatism

Caused Great Suffering—A Well Man Since Taking Hood's.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism and have been a great sufferer with this disease and also with stomach and heart troubles, but thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla I am now a well man. My wife has been cured of kidney disease by Hood's Sarsaparilla." AUG. SCHUMMA, 317 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Osman Digma a Scot.

Osman Digma, who for years has been giving the British trouble on the Upper Nile, is, according to the Pall Mall Gazette, really a Scotchman named George Nisbet. He was born in Rouen of a Glasgow father, who in 1848 emigrated to Egypt, where he died. His widow married a Turk named Osman, who adopted her son and made him heir to his slave business. George Nisbet took the name of Osman Ali, and after being educated at the military academy, where he was the intimate friend of the late Arabi Pasha, became a slave trader. The harm done to his business by the English and French interference in Egypt, and the fall of Arabi Pasha, turned him against his former countrymen. He must be over 60 years of age now.

Cane with a History.

Major M. M. Clothier, of Whatcom, Wash., has a hickory cane, cut at Plymouth Rock, Mass., in 1621, by Nathaniel Pierce, who came over in the Mayflower. The cane has been passed down to the eldest son or daughter or many generations, and came to Major Clothier from his grandmother, Sarah Mason, who made the 1,700-pound cheese which was given to President Jefferson.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Cleanses the scalp and puts new life into the hair. Restores the lost [illegible] gray hair [illegible] to its youthful color.

WEEKLY SERMONS.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on Ornithology of the Bible.

"Burden Bearing" is the Title of the Second of the New York "Herald's" Competitive Sermons—Preached by the Rev. W. S. Perkins, Meriden, Conn.

TEXT: "Bear ye one another's burdens." Gal. vi., 2.

Every one is a burden bearer, having his load of want, suffering and responsibility.

Some appear so fortunate that we doubt whether they share in the sorrows of mankind. They have wealth, friends, health, wisdom and virtue. What can their burden be? They have at least a responsibility commensurate with their blessings; and, perhaps, if we knew more of their lives, seemingly so blessed, we would find that they also have a burden, all the heavier because borne in secret.

Men often think that if they could change their circumstances, even slightly, they would escape trouble, but this is an illusion. The sick recover health, the poor become rich, the lowly gain the coveted positions of honor, and their common testimony is that having gained these advantages their burdens are no less heavier. In fact, the normal condition of man is that of a burden bearer. We "are born into trouble as the sparks fly upward."

How can this fact of burden bearing be reconciled with our belief in a heavenly Father? Some contend that all suffering is due to sin; that if man had not sinned he would have had no burden. Jesus, however, repudiates this thought. For when the Jews asked Him, Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? He answered, Neither. Much suffering comes indeed as the punishment of sin, but some suffering has its source in the exercise of our holiest affections, as that of a mother bearing the burden of an unfortunate or wayward child.

In seeking further for a solution to this problem we find that the really great men of the world bear its heaviest burdens, so that, it is said, "a man's greatness may be measured by his sufferings." Burden bearing enables a man to do two things—to test his strength and by using to increase it. And what splendid characters have thus been developed! Widows in poverty giving their all! Martyrs of the sick room showing marvelous patience! Heroes of the faith made such by their struggles with unbelief! Did not God intend such results? Then that is the reason why He sometimes lays on men such heavy burdens.

This leads up to the explanation of burden bearing suggested in the text—"Bear ye one another's burdens." The picture of the world's sorrow is very dark, but it has in it a bit of blue sky, through which faith looks up and beholds the eternal goodness.

Burdens are put upon men that they may help one another bear them. Without suffering how could we realize our dependence upon God or feel the need of human sympathy and love? No opportunity would be given to help a fellow man in trouble or to sigh in pity over misery beyond our relief.

Grant, then, that the chief reason why men have burdens is that they may help one another, how great is the duty laid upon us. In the fulfilment of that duty two ways are suggested. Those that are able may take the burden from weaker shoulders and bear it themselves, St. Paul says, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." Or strength may be given to those upon whom the burden is laid to bear it themselves. The latter is the more effective aid. A word of instruction, an act of kindness or an expression of sympathy is sometimes all that is needed.

A teacher once refused to take the advice of the committee and expel a bad boy from school. The boy, knowing of his teacher's confidence, began to do better, and continued with such perseverance that he afterward became eminent. He was thrice elected Governor of New York and once to the United States Senate. He was also under one President Secretary of War and under another Secretary of State. A word of encouragement proved to be the turning point in the life of William L. Marcy. How many may have failed because of the lack of such a word?

There is an Eastern legend that runs thus: In a forest near a great city a golden ball was let down out of heaven every day at noontime, and whoever should touch this ball, it was said, would acquire certain wonderful virtues. So many tried to reach it. But it was always lifted just above them. One day there was in the crowd waiting for the descent of the ball an old man and a little boy. And the old man said to the others: "If to-day none of us can reach the ball, let us lift up this child so that he may touch it and receive the blessing." Acting on this counsel, when the tallest of them could not reach the ball, they stood together and lifted up the boy till, with his tiny hand, he touched the golden ball and, lo! not the boy only, but every person forming the living pyramid felt the thrill and received the magic gift.

So it is, my friends, in life. When men stand together, shoulder to shoulder, bearing one another's burdens, then God bestows upon them His best blessings.

W. S. PERKINS.

Pastor St. Paul's Church, Universalist, Meriden, Conn.

GOD AMONG THE BIRDS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on Ornithology of the Bible.

TEXT: "Behold the fowls of the air."—Matthew vi., 26.

My text is an extract from the Sermon on the Mount, and perhaps it was at a moment when a flock of birds flew past that Christ waved His hand toward them and said: "Behold the fowls of the air." That is, study their habits. Examine their colors. Notice their speed. See the hand of God in their construction. They are almost human, for they have their loves and hates, affinities and antipathies, understand joy and grief, have conjugal and maternal instincts, wage wars, and entertain jealousies, have a language of their own and powers of association.

Thank God for birds, and skies full of them. It is useless to expect to understand the Bible unless we study natural history. They were at the creation placed all around on the rocks and in the trees and on the ground to serenade Adam's arrival. They took their places on Friday, as the first man was made on Saturday. Whatever else he had or did not have, he should have music. The first sound that struck the human ear was a bird's voice.

As a bird first heralded the human race into the world, now a bird will help the human race back to the world that had slipped a sea that had overwhelmed everything. Noah stands on Sunday morning at the window of the ark, in his hand a cooing dove, so gentle, so innocent, so affectionate, and he said: "Now, my little dove, fly away over these waters, explore, and come back and tell us whether it is safe to land. It was a bird that told them when to take possession of the resuscitated planet. So the human race were saved by a bird's wing; for, attempting to land too soon, they would have perished.

Isaiah compares the desolations of banished Israel to an owl and bittern and cormorant among a city's ruins. Would the prophet illustrate the fate of fraud, he points to a failure at incubation, and says: "As a partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days and at his end shall be a fool." The quickest way to amass a fortune is by iniquity, but the trouble is about keeping it. Every hour of every day some such partridge is driven off the eggs of partridges are too tedious. Become rich in the old-fashioned way, if a man can by the false- as by ten years of hard labor, why not tell it, and if one counterfeit check will bring the dollars as easily as a genuine issue, why not make it?

But yonder in this Bible sky flies a bird that is speckled. The prophet describing the church, cries out: "Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her." So it was then; so it is now. Holiness picked at. Consecration picked at. Benevolence picked at. Usefulness picked at. A speckled bird is a peculiar bird, and that arouses the antipathy of all the beaks of the forest. The church of God is a peculiar institution, and that is enough to evoke attack of the world, for it is a speckled bird to be picked at. The inconsistencies of Christians are a banquet on which multitudes get fat. They ascribe everything you do to wrong motives. Put a dollar in the poor box, and they will say that he dropped it there only that he might hear it ring. Invite them to Christ, and they will call you a fanatic. Let there be contention among Christians, and they will say: "Hurrah! the church is in decadence." Christ intended that His church should always remain a speckled bird.

Disaster, failure in business, disappointment, bereavement, is God's way of shaking us out of our comfortable nest in order that we may learn to fly. You who are complaining that you have no faith or courage or Christian zeal have had it too easy. You never will learn to fly in that comfortable nest. Like an eagle, Christ has carried us on His back. At times we have been shaken off, and when we were about to fall He came under us again and brought us out of the gloomy valley to the sunny mountain. Never an eagle brooded with such love and care over her young as God's wings have been over us.

Across what oceans of trouble we have gone in safety upon the Almighty wings. From what mountains of sin we have been carried and at times have been borne up far above the gunshot of the world and the arrow of the devil. When our time on earth is closed, on these great wings of God we shall speed with infinite quickness from earth's mountains to heaven's hills, and as from the eagle's circuit under the sun, men on the ground seem small and insignificant as lizards on a rock, so all earthly things shall dwindle into a speck and the raging seas of death so far beneath will seem smooth and glassy as a Swiss lake. Oh, the goodness of God in showing the birds how to build their nest! What carpenters, what masons, what weavers, what spinners the birds are! Out of what small resources they make what an exquisite home, curved, pillared, wreathed. Out of mosses, out of sticks, out of lichens, out of horse hair, out of spiders' web, out of threads swept from the door by the housewife, out of the wool of the sheep in the pasture field. Upholstered by leaves actually sewed together by its own sharp bill. Cushioned with feathers from its own breast. Mortared together with the gum of trees and the saliva of its own tiny bill. Such symmetry, such geometry of structure.

Surely these nests were built by some plan. They did not just happen so. Who draughted the plan for the bird's nest? God. And do you not think that if He plans such a house for a chaffinch, for an oriole, for a bobolink, for a sparrow, He will see to it that you always have a home? "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Whatever else surrounds you, you can have what the Bible calls "the feathers of the Almighty." Just think of a nest like that, the warmth of it, the softness of it, the safety of it—"the feathers of the Almighty." No flamingo outflashing the tropical sunset ever had such brilliancy of pinion; no robin redbreast ever had plumage dashed with such crimson and purple and orange and gold—"the feathers of the Almighty." Do you not feel the touch of them now on forehead and cheek and spirit, and was there ever such tenderness of brooding—"the feathers of the Almighty."

So also in this ornithology of the Bible God keeps impressing us with the anatomy of a bird's wing. Over fifty times does the old Book allude to the wing—"wings of a dove," "wings of the morning," "wings of the wind," "sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings," "wings of the Almighty," "all fowl of every wing." What does it all mean? It suggests uplifting. It tells you of flight upward. It means to remind you that you, yourself, have wings. David cried out, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove that I might fly away and be at rest." Thank God that you have better wings than any dove of longest and swiftest flight. Caged now in bars of flesh are those wings, but the day comes when they will be liberated. Get ready for ascension. Take the words of that old hymn, and to the tune unto which that hymn is carried sing:

Rise my soul and stretch thy wing,
Thy better portion trace.

Up out of these lowlands into the heavens of higher experience and wider prospect. But how shall we rise? Only as God's Holy Spirit gives us strength. But that is coming now. Not as a condor from a Chimborazo peak, swooping upon the affrighted valley, but as a dove like that which put its soft brown wings over the wet locks of Christ at the baptism in the Jordan. Dove of gentleness! Dove of peace!

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love
And that shall kindle ours.

OMAHA'S QUEER EPIDEMIC.

More Than 10,000 Persons Afflicted With a Strange Skin Disease.

All the physicians in Omaha, Neb., are puzzled as to the nature of an epidemic throughout the city. The disease develops in small eruptions which cover the body. The eruptions are highly inflamed and finally scale off, like scurvey. The disease was first noticed about three weeks ago and since then has spread with great rapidity. More than 10,000 persons have been affected.

Every barber shop in the city is provided with a salve which is designed to ally the inflammation. The city Health Department has received numerous reports, which indicate that the disease is prevalent in the public schools. It is the general opinion of physicians that the disease is caused by some germ that settles on the skin, and this is about all that they can say about it. It is not regarded as serious.

BRANDING ARMY HORSES.

J. G. Shortall, of Chicago, After General Miles For the Latter's Order.

John G. Shortall, President of the Humane Society, of Chicago, Ill., is after General Miles with a sharp stick because of the General's recent order for a resumption of the old practice of branding army horses and mules.

"Considering the abundant means at their command, the men who have charge of the Government animals should be competent to take care of them without having to recourse to the fiend-like brand," says Mr. Shortall, "and branding by means of the sizzling iron is at best but a barbarous contrivance. It is a form of brutality even less honorable than vivisection."

Mr. Shortall is looking for some law by which the branding may be prevented.

Feeding Horses to Hogs.

Horses have become so cheap in the neighborhood of Fort Scott, Kan., that a stockman has found it profitable to buy them, slaughter them, and feed the flesh to his hogs. An attempt to stop the practice demonstrated that there is no law which prohibits it.

Marched Over Sherman's Route.

A regiment of United States Infantry has lately been traversing, for the purposes of a practice march, the route used by Sherman's army between Atlanta and Chickamauga.

Restoring Independence Hall.

The w[illegible]ndence Hall to it[illegible]mmenced.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Light-houses, from a theatrical point of view, always indicate breakers ahead.

Kate—I think that Cholley has something on his mind. Polly—If he has, he must be good at balancing.—Somerville Journal.

Friend—Well, Ethel, how do you like married life. Ethel (enthusiastically)—It's simply delightful. We've been married a week, and have had eight quarrels, and I got the best of it every time.

"Mein Fraulein, I love you!" said an impecunious German youth at a Hamburg ball. "Excuse me—yonder is my business manager," replied the young lady, pointing with her fan to her father.

Clara—How under the sun did Edith happen to marry Mr. Awkward? Dora—He was the bane of her life at every ball she attended, and I presume she married him to keep him from wanting to dance with her.

"I wonder," said a young lady, "why Hymen is always represented as carrying a torch?" To which an old bachelor sneeringly responded: "To indicate that he always makes it warm for people who marry."

Women somehow get over childish notions that men never outgrow. Some men celebrate the anniversary of every birthday as long as they live, while women abandon the childish custom almost as soon as they grow up.

"What did her father say when you told him that you wanted to marry his daughter, Rivers?" "Well, Banks, he didn't absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very serious condition." "What was it?" "He said he would see me hanged first."

His Fellow Feeling.—Paterfamilias—Look here, Dick, you're been a bit wild yourself in your day and I'd like some advice. What am I to do with Harry? The young rascal exceeds his allowance every month. Cousin Dick—Increase it.—Chicago Journal.

Seeker—I observe that Professor Stagg has been lecturing on "How to Become a Christian Athlete." I wonder what that means? Sageman—That's an easy one. A Christian athlete is one who is continually jumping from one religion to another.

Mrs. De Pink—I am amazed, sir, that you should propose to my daughter. Why, she has only just left boarding school, and you have not known her a week! Young Man—True, madam; but I have known you for some time, and everybody says your daughter takes after you.

The Londoner—Our universal providing houses are so large that a small boy has been known to outgrow the suit he bought in the rear of the shop while walking to the street door. The Chicagoan—Huh! We have got department houses so big in Chicago that the floorwalkers all have to use bicycles.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Madam," said a young lady to her preceptress at boarding school, "Mr. Bellfair has come to take me out to drive. May I go, madam?" "You know, miss, that our rules do not allow it, unless you are engaged. Are you engaged to Mr. Bellfair?" "N—no; not exactly; but if you let me go, I shall be by the time we get back."

"Do you believe in a third party?" asked old Dimming (referring to the political situation) of his daughter's beau, as all three sat in the parlor. "Well," replied the young man, who had not called to discuss politics, "I wouldn't have thought of asking you to retire; but since you mention it, Mr. Dimmick, I will say that it is the general belief that two are company."

"I don't believe I quite understand your contention," said the judge to the bicyclist; "it seems that the prisoner is a house-mover; that he was moving a small frame house at the time of the trouble; and that you ran into the house. I can't see what offense he has committed." "But, your honor," protested the bicyclist, "I rang my bell when I was half a block away, and he paid no attention to it."—Detroit Journal.

Female Anti-Saloon Crusade.

The statute of limitations has barred prosecution upon a charge of malicious destruction of property made against a number of women of Lathrop, Mo., who joined in a successful effort to drive a saloon from the place. As many as thirty were arrested; everybody present at the time of the damage was summoned to court. The prosecuting attorney of the county strove for two years to procure a conviction of somebody; reporters in numbers besieged everybody concerned; but not one of the women weakened or betrayed the secret. Twelve knew who was guilty of breaking the first window of the saloon, but they covenanted with one another to keep the knowledge a secret, and they have kept their word.

Birds' Eggs.

Next to that of the British museum the largest collection of birds' eggs is that belonging to a lawyer named Nehr Korn, in Braunschweig, Germany. He intends soon to issue a catalogue of his collection, with fifty colored plates depicting the more valuable specimens, of many of which no other sample is known to exist.

The misery of it is awful.

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You'll feel it is worth its weight

BOOK COLLECTING.

Prizes Occasionally Discovered by Indefatigable Bibliophiles.

The thrilling adventures of book-collectors continue to be told, and perhaps even to be believed, but they certainly have now an ancient and obsolescent air. These wonderful prizes which any book lover used to pick up on the Paris quais must be very mysteriously concealed in these days to escape the eyes of emissaries of the bookworm. Books priced at a shilling, and worth £100, do not grow any longer on every catalogue. So the dear old stories of the excitement of the chase, the cunning approach, the assumed indifference, the crafty closing on the quarry, and at last the flushed and triumphant escape with the rare book, will probably not amuse our children as they did our grandfathers.

But there still undoubtedly remains what Miss Anna Blackwell, writing in Chamber's Journal, calls the "Providence of Book Hunters." Rare coincidences, lucky accidents, now and then an astonishing find, do still occasionally occur in the world of the book-collectors. Thus, a curious reader lately ran upon Richardson's statement that in his youth he wrote something in the style of "Tommy Potts." Leslie Stephen, a great authority on the eighteenth century, had never heard of Tommy Potts. Just at that moment a bookseller's catalogue came out with record of "The Ballad of Tommy Potts" (about 1700-1715). In a rare "Life of Richard III." in a library one sheet was missing. The librarian deplored this to a chance caller, who instantly produced his own copy with the sheet in duplicate. These are the latter-day miracles of book-collecting.

Writing on this theme, Andrew Lang tells the following:

"The bibliophile Jacob bought Louis XIV.'s 'Tartuffe,' red morocco, royal arms, and all, from a bookseller's wife, for a couple of francs. He then gave it to a friend, when, behold! the poor husband arrives, asking for the volume, or for a proper price, perhaps £150. The new owner would not pay, or restore, and let him be a warning example. Such bargains as this are not honest. Yet, when an English collector purchased, for three shillings, a set of first editions of Alfred de Musset from a lady bookseller, and then offered to raise the price, the seller said: 'No; we like our customers to get a bargain now and then.' This was the chivalry of book selling.

A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly.

"For nine weeks I was in bed suffering with inflammation and congestion of the ovaries. I had a discharge all the time. When lying down all the time, I felt quite comfortable; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would come back.

"Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying $1 per day for doctor's visits and 75 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to woman it is!"—MRS. JENNIE L. SMITH, No. 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 209. This quarter-sawed oak writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 9-inch beveled plate glass in top and a deep drawer below. Artistic French legs; also finished in mahogany.

$3.95 is our special price for this $10 desk.

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