REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The March Homeward."

Text: "Pursue; for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without fail recover all."—I Samuel, xxx., 8.

overtake them, and without fail recover all."—I Samuel, xxx., 8.

There is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding good-bye to their families, and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors, flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenseless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronzed warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved and kisses thrown until the armed men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get through with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their way home, no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout of the child. Oh, what long stories they will have to tell their families, of how they dodged the battle-ax! and then will roll up their cleeve and show the half-healed wound. With glad, quick step they march on, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheeks turn pale, and their lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry. Alas! the curling smoke above the ruin tells the tragedy. The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village, and carried the mothers and the wives and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance at each other, and they burst into uncon-

swarthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance at each other, and they burst into uncontrolable weeping; for when a strong warrior weeps, the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear him to pieces. They "wept until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in the air, cries: "Fursue, for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." Now the march becomes a "double-quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step farther. They are left there. But the other four hundred men under David, with a sort of panther step, march there. But the other four hundred men under David, with a sort of panther step, march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half-dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him, and compel him to tell the whole story. He says: "Yonder they went, the captors and the captives," pointing in the direction. Forward, ye four hundred brave men of fire! Very soon David and his enraged company come upon the Amalekitish host. Yonder they see their own wives and children and mothers, and under Amalekitish guard. Here are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a banquet. The cups are full, the music ing a banquet. The cups are full, the music is roused, the dance begins. The Amalekitish host cheer and cheer and cheer over their victory. But, without note of bugle or warning of trumpet, David and his four hundred men burst upon the scene, suddenly as Robert Bruce hurled his Scotchmen upor the revelers at Bannockburn. David and his men look up, and one glance at their loved ones in captivity and under Amalekitish guard throws them into a very fury of determination; for you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Ah, there are wives and conferen. An, there are lightnings in their eye, and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind. Amidst the upset tankards and the costly viands crushed underfoot, the wounded Amalekites lie (their blood ming-

Ziklag seem very insipid in the com-parison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now after so long an absence; to come to him now after so long an absence; but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkle across the scarred face. And then the empty tankards are set up, and they are filled with the best wine from the hills, and David and his men, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the sisters, drink to the overthrow of the Amalekites and to the rebuilding of Ziklag. So, O Lord, let thine enemies perish!

Now they are coming home, David and his men and their families—a long procession.

Men, women and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—everything now in

ling with their wine) shricking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men win the vic

tory than they throw their swords down into the dust-what do they want with

swords now!--and the broken families

together amidst a great shout of that makes the parting scene in

jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—everything now in the hands of David and his men. When they come by the brook Besor, the place where staid the men sick and incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all kinds of treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely, the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for this pale-faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is a handful of gold for the wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said: "These men did not fight." David, with a magnanimous heart, replies: "As his part is that goth down to the battle, so shall his paxt be that tarrieth by the stuff."

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey, and be gone weeks and

me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey, and be gone weeks and months, and come back and see his house untouched of incendiary, and have his family on the step to greet him, if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekitish disasters, and there are Amalekitish disasters, and there are Amalekitish disasters, that sometimes come down upon one's home, making as devastating work as the day when Ziklag took fire. There are families in my congregation whose homes have oeen broken up. No battering-ram smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no flame leaped amidst the curtains; but so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged te that house are concerned, the home has departed. Armed diseases came down upon the quietmerriment that once belonged to that house are concerned, the home has departed. Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scarlet fevers, or pleurisies, or consumptions, or undefined disorders came and seized upon some members of that family, and carried them away. Zikłag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Zikłag in ashes! Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh, how giad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamboat or rail car and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the door bell, and, behold! it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalekitish Death, which has devastated a thousand other households, had blasted yours. You go about weeping amidst the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble hearts stopped, and the closed, and the noble hearts stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you weep until you have no more power to weep. Ziklag in

shes!
A gentleman went to a friend of mine in be city of Washington, and asked that brough him be might get a consulship to ome foreign port. My friend said to him: "What do you want to go away from your cautiful home for, into a foreign port?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six hildren are dead! I must get away, sir. can't stand it in this country any longer." liklag in askes!

as it once was;" and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills, expecting only beauty and loveliness, you find only devastation and wee. Ziklag in ashes!

In Ulster County, New York, the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptied the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their own number was affianced to a minister of Christ, who had come to take her to his home. With hands joined, amidst a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, because they had all been taken for the bridal hour. The dead minister of Christ is brought to another village. He had gone out from them less than a week before in his strength; now he comes home lifeless. The whole church bewailed him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed with messages of salvation. Little children were lifted up to look at him. And some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with their weeping. Another village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize his triumph. A hundred lights blown out in one strong gust from the open door of a sepulcher. Ziklag in ashes!

I preach this sermon to-day, because I want to rally you, as David rallied his men, for the recovery of the loved and the lost. I want not only to win heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me. I feel that somehow I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city. I have on other Sabbaths used other inducements. I mean, to day, for the sake of vafiety, hoping to reach your heart, to try another kind of inducemen

I remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory, you must travel the same way they went. No sooner had the half-dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed had gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented; we must repent. They prayed; we must pray. They trusted in Christ; we must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life; we must live a religious life. They were in some things like ourselves. I know, now that they are gone, there is a halo around their some things like ourselves. I know, now that they are gone, there is a halo around their names; but they had their faulta. They said and did things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebellious, sometimes cast down. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we are gone, some things in us that are now only tolerable may be almost resplendent. But as they were like us in deficiencies, we ought to be like them in taking a supernal Christ to make up for the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus, they would have all perished; but Christ confronted them, and said: "I am the way," and they took it.

I have also to say to you that the path that

I have also to say to you that the path that these captives trod was a troubled path, and that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While these captives were being taken off, they said: "Oh, we are But the men who had charge of them said: "Stop this crying. Go on!" David and his men also found it a hard way. They bad to travel it. Our friends have gone into glory, and it is through much tribulation that we are to enter into the kingdom. How our loved ones used to have to strugglet how their loved ones used to have to struggle! how their old hearts ached! how sometimes they had a tussle for bread! In our childhood we wondered why there were so many wrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crows feet" on their faces were the morks of the black raven of trouble. Did you never hear the old people, seated by the evening sand, talk over their early trials, their hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disapover their early trials, their hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disappointments, the empty flour barrel when there were so many hungry ones to feed, the sickness almost unto death, where the next dose of morphine decided between ghastly bereavement and an unbroken home circle? Oh, yes; it was trouble that whitened their hair. It was trouble that shook the cup in their hands. It was trouble that washed the lustre from their eyes with the rain of tears until they needed spectacles. It was trouble that made the cane a necessity for their journey. Do you never remember seeing your old mother sitting, on some rainy day, looking out of the window, her elbow on the window-sill, her hand to her brow—looking out, not seeing the falling shower at all (you well knew that she was looking into the distant past), until the apron came up to her eyes, because the memory was too much for her?

"Oft the big, enbidden tear, Stealing down the furrowed cheek, To'd in eloquence sincere, Tales of woe they could not speak.

"But this scene of weeping o'er
Past this scene of toil and pain.
They shall feel distress no more
Never, never weep again."

They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again."

"Who are these under the altar?" the question was asked; and the response came:
"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends went by a path of tears into glory. Be not surprised if we have to travel the same pathway.

I remark, again, if we want to win the society of our friends in heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and a path of tribulation, but we will also have to positively battle for their companionship, David and his men never wanted sharp swords and invulnerable shields and thick breast-plates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurled them into the battle with ten-fold courage and energy. They said: "We must win it. Every thing depends upon it. Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword. We must win it." And I have to tell you that between us and coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are Jeparted there is an Austerlitz, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will slay David. And yet is not devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us. David will either alay the Amalekites, or the Amalekites will slay David. And yet is not the fort to be taken worth all the pain, all the peril, all the besiegement! Look! who are they on the bright hills of heaven yonder! There they are, those who sat at your own table, the chair now vacant. There they are, those whom you rocked in infancy in the cradle, or bushed to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. There they are, their brow more radiant than ever before you saw it, their lips waiting for the kies of heavenly greeting, their cheek roseate with the health of eterns; summer, their hands beckoning you up the steep, their feet hounding with the mirth of heaven. The pallor of their last sickness gone out of their face, never more to be sick, never more to cough, never more to be if through Christ you can take that fort, and whether you will rush in upon them—victors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will rush in upon them—victors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will rush in upon them society. Up strike harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much further on toward that heavenly reunion.

If this morning while I speak you could

union. If this morning while I speak you could hear the cannonade of a foreign navy coming through the Narrows, which was to deepoil our city, and if they really should succeed in carrying our families away from us, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from Springfield or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out; and we would

urge on, and, coming in front of the foe, we would look at them, and then look at our families, and the cry would be: "Victory or death!" and when the amunition was gone, we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet or under the breech of the gun. If you would make such a struggle for the getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends! Oh, yes! we must join them. We must sit in their holy society. We must sing with them the song. We must celebrate with them the song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in heaven that David and his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends for a few years on earth than we to get our departed!

You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead! They have only neved. If you should go on the 2d of May to a house where one of your friends lived, and found him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret

inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are richer now than they once were, and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware; they now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Living, are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of heaven? Ob, yes, they are living?

Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he

erick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept scated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could find ease in no other position! Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when, on his couch, he tossed in physical tortures? No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all death does to a Christian-cures him. I know that what I have said implies that they are lively. There is no question about that. The only question this morning is whether you will ever join them.

There is no question about that. The only question this morning is whether you will ever join them.

But I must not forget those two hundred men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step farther. Their feet were sore; their head ached; their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that, they were broken-hearted because their homes were gone. Ziklag in ashes! And yet David, when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them. He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I look over this audience this morning, and I find at least two hundred who have fainted by the brook Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step farther, as though you could never look up again. But I am going to imitate David, and divide among you some glorious trophies. Here is a robe: "All things work together for good, to those who love God." Wrap your neck a string of pearls, made out of crystalized tears: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O ye fainting ones by the brook Besor, dip your blishered feet in the running stream of God's ing ones by the brook Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running stream of God's mercy. Bathe your brow at the wells of sal wation. Soothe your wounds with the bal-sam that exudes from trees of life. God will not utterly cast you off. O broken-hearted man, O broken-hearted woman, fainting by

man, O broken-hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor.

A shepherd finds that his musical pipe is bruissed. "He says: "I can't get any more music out of this instrument: so I will just break it, and I will throw this reed away. Then I will get another reed, and I will play music on that But God says He will not cast you off because all the music has gone out of your soul. "The bruised reed He will not break." As far as I can tell the diagnosis of your disease, you want Divine nursing, and it is promised you: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." God will see you all the way through, O troubled soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death, you will find it to be as thin a brook as Besor; for Dr. Robinson says that, in April Besor dries Dr. Robinson says that, in April Besor dries up, and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placid as the Kentucky minister who went up to God, saying, in the dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate, and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the death-bed. Tell her there is not a word of truth in it, for I am there now, and Jesus is with me, and I find it a very happy way; not because I am a good man, for I am not; I am nothing but a poor, miserable sinner; but I have an Al-mighty Saviour, and both of His arms are

mighty Saviour, and both of His arms are around me."
May God Almighty, through the brood of the everlasting covenant, bring us into the companionship of our loved ones who have already entered the heavenly land, and entered the presence of Christ, whom, not having seen, we love, and so David shall recover all, "and as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Some savage tribes think books speak to the readers. Caribs and Guiana Indians so believed, and some Esquimaux, seeing a priest read from the Evangelists, thought that he heard the voice of the book and repeated it to them. Tribes in Africa, South America and Oceanica thought the reader was conversing with the book. and Weddell said a Fuegian put the book to his ear in order to hear the sound of the voice that spoke to the reader. In West Australia books and letters are thought to reveal hidden secrets, and are called "speaking papers." It was inexplicable to them that the person receiving a letter announcing the sending of a number of sheep should be able by it to detect a lost one. Some Cochin China Baunois were likewise astonished at finding that a demand for double fees for carrying a letter was defeated by the letter itself, the writer having announced the payment of the sum. A California Indian, being detected in the theft of one out of a number of loaves of bread which he was carrying to a missionary, adopted the plan of hiding the note under a stone the next time so that it | capital. - New York Times. should not see him eat the bread, Canadian Indians, Brazilians and Peruvians thought books and letters were spirits of live beings.

THE search for the sunken British frigate Hussar is to be prosecuted anew in the spring by the same parties who failed to locate the spot last fall. They claim to have received some new pointers.

THE largest electric plant in the world will soon be put in operation-London is to be illuminated by electricity, and a contract for the immense undertaking has already been made.

A London Judge ordered a Quaker to leave the court, and would not hear his testimony, because he refused to

A family at Augusta, Mel, claim to have been made quite ill by an electric light which shines directly in their

Remember, in arranging belts, to the slack side on top; it is the proper, as well as philosophical way have a belt run.

Where a heater is used, a pump is more economical as boiler feed than an injector; but an injector is always preferabl where there is no heater.

The number of muscles in an elephant's trunk, according to London medical authorities, is 33, 122, and he has use for each and every one of them.

in the case of a girl there who is gradually losing her power of speech without any apparent cause. She can't now talk above a whisper, and it is expected that in a year short time she will be entirely speechless.

Philadelphia and New York factories formerly supplied San Francisco with soap. Now there are twelve soap factories in San Francisco, and besides supplying the home market, they send 15,-000 boxes a year to Asiatic Russia, Japan and the Hawaiian and Society Islands.

There are several factories in North Carolina manufacturing pine needles into useful material; one factory produces daily 1,500 pounds of pine-leaf hair and curled pine straw, sold to furniture and carriage manufacturers for stuffing cushions, chairs, etc. The fiber is also converted into carpets and mat-

The last five years have seen everything improved but the telephone. Induction troubles the taker and listener as much as ever, and few of the other annoyances have been lessened. For short distances it is invaluable, but on the whole it is merely a substitute for something that is very much wanted, and is a good opening for inventive talent,

for the prevention of the intrusion of snakes into dwellings. Before all the doors and around the house two wires are laid, which are isolated from each other and connected with an induction apparatus. Should a snake attempt to crawl over the wires he receives a shock of electricity which either kills or frightens him into a hasty retreat,

should be but eighty feet in diameter and man to come down with it. He would then be but seven 52,800ths of an inch tall, and an army of 26,400 men standing in single rank and shoulder to shoulder could stand on an inch line, and their General, in reviewing them on a horse suited to his proportions, would occupy about an hour in riding along the line at a brisk gallop.

and others against giving proprietary foods to infants and invalids without knowing of what they are composed. The last report of the Dairy Commissioner of New Jersey contains valuable information on this subject, showing that while some of them are what they purport to be, the greater portion are misrepresented. One article of which mention is frequently made contains fifteen per cent. of alcohol.

As Russia is a close competitor with us in growing wheat it is interesting to learn the actual cost of producing this grain in that country. A Russian agri-cultural expert gives a somewhat aston-ishing account of the cost of wheat growing in the province of Riga. With such prices as he gives, the statement of the Russian Minister of Agriculture, that wheat growing, as a rule, has not paid at recent prices, seems almost in-credible. He states that three acres of wheat costs him less than \$20 to grow. while the produce, 19 bushels per acre, realized \$35, leaving a profit of \$15 on the three acres, after paying rent and all other expenses. The low cost of production is accounted for by the wages paid to laborers, regular hands getting only 12 cents a day, and extra men, in summer, 20 cents a day for 14 hours' work. exclusive of mealtimes. As for horses' keep, it is put lown at 10 cents a day, grass land being free, so that horses cost nothing during the summer. The carting and spreading of fertilizer are put at 18 cents an acre, two plowings at 27 cents each, harvesting at 18 cents, and thrashing at 33 cents. The heaviest amounts are those charged for rent and taxes, 77 cents an acre, and for seed \$1.41. Management, repairs of buildings, re-pairs and renewal of machinery are all charged in the total, but not interest on

Strange Pets on Shipboard.

The story is told of Captain Curling, a retired sea captain of Thomaston, that always went to sea with the Captain's ship, and were famous in two great cities—New York and Liverpool. They were even allowed the privilege of the Captain's private cabin, and took their naps on a Turkish rug in front of his berth. It is said that he rarely allowed them out of his sight, and even when discharging or receiving cargoes on the big New York or Liverpool wharves these strange pets followed him wherever he went. Strange as it may seem, not long after the death of these pets the Captain retired from the busy life of a shipmaster, not, however, on account of their loss.—Lesei to (Mc.) Journal.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

The natural juices of every loaf of bread contain ten per cent. of alcohol. The Julien electric car in New York now runs thirty-six miles, making three round trips, without rechanging its bat-

sleeping rooms.

Medical men in Nebraska are interested that in a very short time she will be en-

A German paper reports that a novel use of electricity has been made in India

Suppose the earth to be reduced till it

The Medical Record warns physicians

An oculist gives warning that it is injurious to rub the eyes while they are inflamed by the cutting winter winds and the dust raised thereby, and equally so to bathe them and go out immediately again in the air, as then there is danger of catching a cold. Most of the eye troubles at that season, he says, are caused by imprudence in rubbing or bathing. In rubbing the eyes the tear line from the outside to the nose should be followed, though the ma ority pass the fingers from the inside out, which, he asserts, affects the sight and causes "crow's feet."

Cost of Growing Wheat in Russia,

when master of a great merchantman sailing between New York and Liverpool, there might have been seen, in calm weather or rough weather, cavorting on the decks of his ship, two famous pets, a buck and doe. These pets always went to sea with the Captain's ship, and were famous in two great



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