THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Christ the Village Lad."

TEXT: "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him."—Luke ii., 40. About Christ as a village lad I speak. There is for the most part a silence more than eighteen centuries long about Christ between infancy and manhood. What kind of a boy was He? Was He a genuine boy at all, or did there settle upon Him from the start all the intensities of martydom? We have on this subject only a little guessing, a few surmises, and here and there an unimportant "perhaps." Concerning what bounded that boyhood on both sides we have whole libraries of books and whole galleries of canvas and books and whole galleries of canvas and

But pen and pencil and chisel have with we exceptions passed by Christ the village id. Yet by three conjoined evidences I hink we can come to as accurate an idea of what Christ was as a boy as we can of what

Christ was as a man.

First, we have the brief Bible account. Then we have the prolonged account of what Christ was at thirty years of age. Now you have only to minify that account somewhat and you find what He was at ten years of age. Temperaments never change. A sanguine temperament never becomes a phlegmatic temperament. A nervous temperament never becomes a lymphatic temperament. Religion changes one's affections and ambitions, but it is the same old temperament acting in a different direction. As Christ had no religious change, He was as a lad what He was as a man, only on not so large a scale. When all tradition and all art and all history represent Him as a blonde with golden hair I know He was in boyhood a blonde.

We have beside an avisionized to the was Christ was as a man.

We have, beside, an uninspired book that was for the first three or four centuries after Christ's appearance received by many as inspired and which gives prolonged account of Christ's boylood. Some of it may be true, most of it may be true, none of it may be true. hood. Some of it may be true, most of it may be true, none of it may be true. It may be partly built on facts, or by the passage of the ages, some real facts may have been distorted. But because a book is not divinely inspired we are not therefore to conclude that there are not true things in it. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" was not inspired, but we believe it although it may contain mistakes. Macaulay's "History of England" was not inspired, but we believe it although it may be been marred with many errors. may have been marred with many errors. The so-called apocryphal Gospel in which the boyhood of Christ is dwelt upon I do not be-lieve to be divisely. lieve to be divinely inspired, and yet it may present facts worthy of consideration. Because t represents the boy Christ as performing miracles some have overthrown that whole apocryphal book. But what right have you to say that Christ did not peform miracles at ten years of age as well as at thirty? He was in boyhood as certainly divine as in manhood. Then while a lad He must have had the power to work miracles at had the power to work miracles, whether He did or not work them. When, hav-ing reached manhood, Christ turned had the power to work miracles, whether He did or not work them. When, having reached manhood, Christ turned water into wine that was said to be the beginning of miracles. But that may mean that it was the beginning of that series of manhood miracles. In a word, I think that the New Testament is only a small transcript of what Jesus did and said. Indeed, the Bible declares positively that if all Christ did and said were written the world would not contain the books. So we are at Christ did and said were written the world would not contain the books. So we are at liberty to believe or reject those parts of the apocryphal Gospel which say that when the boy Christ with His mother passed a band of thieves He told His mother that two of them, Dumachus and Titus by name, would be the two thieves who afterward would expire on crosses beside Him. Was that more wonder-ful than some of Chirst's manhood pro-Or the uninspired story boy Christ made a fountain

that the boy chrise made a foundament of the spring from the roots of a sycamore tree so that his mother washed His coat in the stream—was that more unbelievable than the manhood miracle that changed common water into a marriage beverage? Or the uninspired story that two sick children were recovered by bathing in the water where Christ had washed? Was that more wonderful than the manhood miracle by which the woman twelve years a complete invalid should have been made straight by touching the fringe of Christ's coat?

In other words, while I do not believe that any of the so-called apocryphal New Testament is inspired, I believe much of it is true; just as I believe a thousand books, none of which are divinely inspired. Much of it was just like Christ. Just as certain as the man Christ was the most of the time getting men out of trouble, I think that the boy Christ was the most of the time getting boys out of trouble. I have declared to you this day a boys' Christ. And the world wants such a one. He did not sit around moping over what was to be, or what was. From the way in which natural objects enwreathed themselves into his sermons after He had become a man I conclude there was not a rock or a hill or a cavern or a tree for miles or a hill or a cavern or a tree for miles around that He was not familiar with in childhood. He had cautiously felt His way down into the caves and had with lithe and agile limb gained a poise on many a high tree top. His boyhood was passed among grand scenery as most all the great natures have passed early life among the mountains. They may live now on the flats, but they passed the receptive days of ladhood among the hills. Among the mountains of New Hampshire, or the mountains of Virginia, or the mountains of Kentucky, or the mountains of Switzerland, or Italy, or Austria, or Scotland, or mountains as high and rugged as they, many of the world's thrilling biographies began. Our Lord's boyhood was passed in a neighborhood twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea and surrounded by mountains five or six hundred feet still higher. Before it could shine on the village where this boy slept the sun had to climb far enough up to look over hills that held their heads far aloft. From yonder height His eye at one sweep took in the mighty scoop of the valleys and with another sweep took in the Mediterranean Sea, and you hear the grandeur of the cliffs and the surge of the great waters in His matchless sermonology. One day I see that divine boy, the wind flurrying His hair over His sun browned forehead, standing on a hill top looking off upon Lake Tiberias, on which at one time according to profane history are, not four hundred, four thousand ships. Authors have taken pains to say that Christ was not affected by these surroundings, and that He from within lived outward and independent of circumstances. So far from that being that ever walked the carth, and if a pale invalid's weak finger could not touch His robe without strength going out from Him, these mountains and seas could not touch His robe without strength going out from Him, these mountains and seas could not they to chards, terraces, vineyards, cactus, syeanores. These outbranching foliages did not have to wait for the floods before their silence was brok

suffered. Through studying the sky between the hills Christ had noticed the weather signs, and that a crimson sky at night meant dry weather next day, and that a crimson sky morning meant wet weather before And how beautifully He made use of in the morning meant wet weather before night. And how beautifully He made use of it in after years as He drove down upon the pestiferous Pharisee and Sadducee by crying out: "When it is evening ye say it will be fair weather, for the sky is red, and in the morning it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering. O, ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the times." By day, as every boy has done, He watched the barnyard fowl at sight of over-swinging hawk cluck her chickens under wing and in after years He said: "O, Jerusalem Jerusalem! How often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing?" By night He had noticed His mother by the plain candle light which, as ever and anon it was snuffed and the removed wick put down on the candlestick, beamed brightly through all the family sitting room as His mother was mending His garments that had been torn during the day's wanderings among the rocks or bushes, and wanderings among the rocks or bushes, and years afterward it all came out in the years afterward it all came out in the simile of the greatest sermon ever preached: "Neither do men, light a candle and put it under a bushel but in a candlestick and it giveth light to all who are in the house. Let your light so shine." Some time when His mother in the autumn took out the clothes that had been put away for the summer He noticed how the moth miller flew out and the coat dropped apart ruined and useless, and so twenty years after He enjoined: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust can corrupt." His boyhood spent among birds and flowers they all caroled and bloomed again fifteen years after as He cries out: "Behold the fowls of the air." "Consider the lilies." A years after as He cries out: "Behold the fowls of the air." "Consider the lilies." A great storm one day during Christ's boyhood blackened the heavens and angered the rivers. Perhaps standing in the door of the carpenter's shop He watched it gathering louder and wilder until two cyclones, one sweeping down from Mount Tabor and the other from Mount Carmel, met in the valley of Esdraelon and two houses are caught in the fury and crash goes the one and triumphant stands the other, and He noticed that one had shifting sand for a foundation and the other.

shifting sand for a foundation and the other an eternal rock for basis; and twenty years after He built the whole scene into a peroration of flood and whiriwind that seized His audience and lifted them into the heights of sublimity with the two great arms of pathos and terror, which sublime words I render, asking you as far as possible to forget that you ever heard them before: "Whosoever heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the first house upon a rock; and the rain descended. the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fells and great was the fall. ouse; and it fell; and great was the fall

Yes, from the naturalness, the simplicity. the freshness of His parables and similes and metaphors in manhood discourse I know that He had been a boy of the fields and had bathed

metaphors in manhood discourse I know that He had been a boy of the fields and had bathed in the streams and heard the nightingale's call, and broken through the flowery hedge and looked out of the embrasures of the fortress, and drank from the wells and chased the butterflies, which travelers say have always been one of the flitting beauties of that landscape, and talked with the strange people from Damascus and Egypt and Sapphoris and Syria, who in caravans or on foot passed through His neighborhood, the dogs barking at their approach at sundown. As afterward He was a perfect man, in the time of which I speak He was a perfect boy, with the spring of a boy's foot, the sparkle of a boy's eye, the rebound of a boy's life and just the opposite of those juveniles who sit around morbid and unelastic, old men at ten. I warrant He was able to take His own part and to take the part of others. In that village of Nazareth I am certain there was what is found in all the neighborhoods of the earth, that terror of children, the bully, who seems born to strike, to punch, to bruise, to overpower the less muscular and robust. The Christ who afterward in no limited terms denounced hypocrite and Pharisee, I warrant, never let such muscular and robust. The Christ who afterward in no limited terms denounced hypocrite and Pharisee, I warrant, never let such juvenile villain impose upon less vigorous childhood and yet go unscathed and undefended. At ten years He was in sympathy with the underlings as He was at thirty and thirty-three. I want no further inspired or uninspired information to persuade me that He was a splendid boy, a radiant boy, the grandest, holiest, mightest boy of all the ages. Hence I commend Him as a boy's Christ. What multitudes between ten and fifteen years have found Him out as the one just suited by His own personal experience to help any boy.

But having shown you the divine lad in the fields, I must show you Him in the mechanic's shop. Joseph, His father, died very early, immediately after the famous trip to the Temple, and this lad not only to support Himself but support His mother, and what that is some of you know. There is a royal race of boys on earth now doing the same thing. They wear no crown. They have no purple robe adroop from their shoulders. The plain chair on which they sit is as much unlike a throne as anything you can imagine. But God knows what they are doing and through what sacrifices they go, and through all eternity God will keep paying them for their filial behavior. They shall get full measure of reward, the measure pressed down, shaken together and running over. They have their example in this boy Christ taking care of His mother. He had been taught the carpenter's trade by His father. The boy had done the plainer work at the shop while His father had put on the finishing touches of the work. The boy also cleared away the chips and blocks and shawings. He helped hold the different pieces of work while the father joined them. In our day we have all kinds of mechanics and the work is divided up among them. But to be a carpenter in Christ's boyhood days meant to make plows, yokes, shovels, wagons, tables, chairs, sofas, houses, and almost everything that was made. Fortunate was it that the boy had learned the trade, for, when the head of the family dies, it is a grand thing to have the child able to take care of himself and help take care of others. Now that Joseph, His father, is dead and the responsibility of family support comes down on this boy, I hear from morning to night His hammer pounding, His saw vacillating, His hand on His side, from the exhaustion. Now He goes forth in the morning loaded with implements of work heavier than any modern kit of tools. Under the tropical sun He swelters. Lifting, pulling, adjusting, cleaving, splitting and down. While yet a boy He knew it all, He felt it all, He suffered it all. The boy

very easy among the vast throng coming and going to lose a child. More than two million people have been known to gather at Jerusalem for that national feast. You must not think of those regions as sparsely settled. The ancient historian Josephus says there were in Gaillee two hundred cities, the smallest of them containing fifteen thousand people. No wonder that amid the crowds at the time spoken of Jesus the boy was lost. His parents, knowing that He was mature enough and agile enough to take care of Himself, are on their way home without any anxiety, supposing that their boy is coming with some of the groups. But after a while they suspect He is lost and with flushed cheek and a terrorized look they rush this way and that, saying: "Have you seen anything of my boy? He is twelve years of age, of fair complexion and has blue eyes and auburn hair. Have you seen Him since we left the city?" Back they go in hot haste, in and out the private houses and among the surrounding hills. For three days they search and inquire went. complexion and has blue eyes and auburn hair. Have you seen Him since we left the city?" Back they go in hot hasse, in and out the private houses and among the surrounding hills. For three days they search and inquire, wondering if He has been trampled under foot of some of the throngs or has ventured on the cliffs or fallen off a precipice. Send through all the streets and lanes of the city and among all the surrounding hills that most dismal sound: "A lost child!" A lost child!" And lo, after three days they discover Him in the great Temple, seated among the mightest religionists of all the world. The walls of no other building ever looked down on such a scene. A child twelve years old surrounded by septuagenarians, He asking His own questions and answering theirs. Let me introduce you to some of these ecclesiastics. This is the great Rabbin Simeon! This is the venerable Hille! This is the famous Shammai. These are the sons of the distinguished Betirah. What can this twelve year lad teach them or what questions can He ask worthy their cogitation? Ah, the first time in all their lives these religionists have found their match and more than their match. Though so young, He knew all about the famous Temple under whose roof they held that most wonderful discussion of all history. He knew the meaning of every golden candlestick, of every embroidered curtain, of every sacrifice, of every golden candlestick, of every embroidered curtain, of every crumb of shew bread, of every drop of oil in that sacred edifice. He knew all about the knew all about the world, for He made it. He knew all about this world, for He made it. He knew all about this world, for He made it. He knew all about this world, for He made it. He knew all

about heaven, for He came from it. He knew all about heaven, for He came from it. He knew all about this world, for He made it. He knew all worlds, for they were only the sparkling morning dewdrops on the lawn in front of His heavenly palace. Put these seven Bible words in a wreath of emphasis: "Both hearing them and asking them questions." I am not so much interested in the questions they asked Him as in the questions He asked them. He asked the questions not to get information from the doctors, for He knew it

formation from the doctors, for He knew it already, but to humble them by showing them the height and depth and length and breadth of their own ignorance. While the radiant boy thrusts these self-conceited philosophers with the interrogation point, they put the foreinger of the right hand to the temple as though to start their thoughts into more yigor, and then they would look upward and then they would wrinkle their brows and then by absolute silence or in positive words. and then they would wrinkle their brows and then by absolute silence or in positive words confess their incapacity to answer the inter-rogatory. With any one of a hundred ques-tions about theology, about philosophy, about astronomy, about time, about eternity, He may have balked them, disconcerted them, flung them flat. Behold the boy Christ asking, questions and listen when your child aske questions and listen when your child asks questions. He has the right to ask them. The more he asks the better. Alas for the stu-pidity of the child without inquisitiveness! It is Christilke to ask questions. Answer them if you can Do not ask? them if you can. Do not say: "I can't be both-ered now." It is your place to be bothered with questions. If you are not able to answer, surrender and confess your incapacity, as have no doubt did Rabbin Simeon an Hillel and Shammai and the sons of Betirah when that splendid boy, sitting or standing there with a garment reaching from neck to ankle, and girdled at the waist, put them to their very wit's end. It is no disgrace to say: "I don't know." The learned doctors who "I don't know." The learned doctors who environed Christ that day in the Temple did not know or they would not have asked Him any questions. The only being in the universe who never needs to say: "I do not know" is the Lord Almighty. The fact that they did not know sent Keppler and Cuvier and Columbus and Humboldt and Herschel and Morse and Sir William Hamilton and all the other of the world's mightiest natures into their life-long explorations. ton and all the other of the world's mightiest natures into their life-long explorations. Telescope and microscope and stethoscope and electric battery and all the scientific apparatus of all the ages are only questions asked at the door of mystery. Behold this Nazarone lad asking questions, giving everlasting dignity to earnest interrogation.

But while I see the old theologians standing around the boy Christ I am impressed as nover before with the fact that what theology most wants is more of childish simplicity.

most wants is more of childish simplicity.
The world and the church have built up immense systems of theology. Half of them try to tell what God thought, what God planned, what God did five hundred million years before the small star on which we live was created. I have had many a sound sleep under sermons about the decrees of God and the eternal generation of the Son and dis-courses showing who Melchisedek wasn't, and was created. I have had many a sound sleep under sermons about the decrees of God and the eternal generation of the Son and discourses showing who Melchisedek wasn't, and I give a fair warning that if any minister ever begins a sermon on such a subject in my presence I will put my head down on the pew in front and go into the deepest simmber I can reach. Wicked waste of time, this trying to scale the unscalable and fathom the unfathomable while the nations want the bread of life and to be told how they can get rid of their sins and their serrows. Why should you and I perplex ourselves about the decrees of God? Mind your own business and God will take care of His. In the conduct of the universe I think He will somehow manage to get along without us. If you want to love and serve God, and be good and useful and get to heaven. I warrant that nothing which occurred eight hundred quintillion of years ago will hinder you a minute. It is not the decrees of God that do us any harm, it is our own decrees of sin and folly. You need not go any further back in history than about 1936 years. You see this is the year 1829. Christ died about thirty-three years of age. You subtract thirty-three from 1839 and that makes it only 1836 years. That is as far back as you need to go. Something occurred on that day under an eclipsed sun that sets us all forever free if with our whole heart and life we accept the tremendous proffer. Do not let the Presbyterian Church or the Methodist Church or the Lutheran Church or the Baptist Church or any of the other evangelical churches spend any time in trying to fix up old creeds, all of them imperfect, as everything man does is imperfect. I move a new creed for all the evangelical churches of Christendom, only three articles in the creed and no need of any more. If I had all the consecrated people of all denominations of the earth on one great plain, and I had voice loud enough to put it to a vote that creed of three articles would be aloopted with a unanimous vote and a thundering aye that wou

But you go to tinkering up your old creeks and patching and splicing and interlining and annexing and subtracting and adding and explaining and you will less time and make yourself a target for earth and hell to shoot at. Let us have creeks not fashioned out of human ingenuities but out of scriptual phraseology, and all the guns of bombardment blazing fron all the port holes of infidelity and perdition will not in a thousand years knocked off the Church of God a splinter as big as a cambric needle. What is most needed now is that we gather all our theologies around the boy in the Temple, the elaborations around the simplicities, and the profundities around the clarieties, the octogenarian of scholastic research around the unwrinkled cheek of twelve year juven-

escence. "Except you become as a little child you can in no wise enter the kingdom;" and except you become as a little child you cannot understand the Christian religion. The best thing that Rabbin Simeon and Hillel and Shammai and the sons of Betirah ever did was in the Temple, to bend over the lad, who first made ruddy of check by the breath of the Judean hills and on His way to the mechanic's shop where He was soon to be the support of His bereaved mother, stopped long enough to grapple with the venerable dialecticians of the Orient "both hearing them and asking them questions." Some referring to Christ have exclaimed Ecce Deus! Behold the God. Others have exclaimed Ecce homo! Behold the man. But to-day in conclusion of my subject I cry, Ecce adolescens! Behold the Boy. Except you become as a lit

CAVE DWELLERS.

Explorer Schwatka Among the Wild Tribes of Mexico.

Lieutenant Schwatka arrived at Deming, New Mexico. In Southern Chihuahua his party found cliff and cave dwellers, wild as any of the Mexican tribes that Cortez encounany of the Mexican tribes that Cortez encountered. The abodes they live in are exactly like the old abandoned cliff dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico. Upon the approach of white men the people climb to their caves or cliffs by the aid of notched sticks if the cliffs are too steep. They can, however, ascend vertical stone faces if there are the slightest cavices for their flavors and toos.

They are usually tall, lean and well formed.

They are usually tall, lean and well formed. Their skin is of a black-red color, more like the African's than the Indian's.

Lieutenant Schwatka says that nothing has heretofore been known about these people except by the half-Indians of the Mexican mountains. He estimates the cave and cliff dwellers to number from 3000 to 12,000. They are armed only with bows, arrows and stone hatchets.

M. FERRY INSULTED.

A Wild Scene in the French Chamber of Deputies.

An exciting scene occurred in the Chamber of Deput es at Paris when Ferry rose to speak on the Education budget. The members of the Right rose as one man, and shouted and shrieked until they became hoarse. Ferry remained standing in his place, coolly waiting for an opportunity to be heard, but his enemies kept up the cry: "The blood of the Tonquin dead choke you!" while insults of the coarsest nature were hurled at him fast and thick.

When the angry deputies had quieted down somewhat from sheer exhaustion, Paul de Cassagnac, the famous duelist rose, and, with a contemptuous nod in the direction of the ex contemptuous nod in the direction of the ex-Premier, said: "Let us submit to this inflic-tion. Let us listen to this bourgeois, this Ven-dean deputy." Then facing the President, who was all the time shouting "Order! Order?" he said: "We swallow our disgust, Mr. President. Let him talk." Ferry then seded with his speech.

JUSTICE GRAY'S MARRIAGE.

He Weds a Daughter of the Late Justice Matthews.

Justice Gray of the United States Supreme Court and Miss Jeannette Matthews, daughter of the late Justice Stanley Matthews, were married a few evenings ago in Washington at the residence of the bride. The house was elaborately decorated with flowers, and the bridal couple, during the performance of the ceremony, stood in the front parlor, surrounded by a semicircle of palms. The Rev. Dr. Leonard of St. John's, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Hamlin of the Church of the Convenant officiated, and read the service of the Episcopal Church.

Those present were Mrs. Stanley Matthews, Paul and Eva Matthews, Justice and Mrs Miller, Mrs. and the Misses Wood, Justice and the Misses Strong, Justice and Mrs. Field, Mr. and Miss Waite, and Miss Lucy Corkhill. The ushers were Win. C. Eudicott, Jr., and

After the marriage supper was served in the dining-room and late in the evening the bridal couple left for a country place in the neighborhood of Boston, where they will re-main until July, when they go to Europe.

THOUSANDS BUTCHERED.

Western Abyssinia Made a Desert by the Conquering Mahdists.

Missionary letters to the Anti-Slavery Society say that the Mahdists have made Western Abyssinia a desert. Whole flocks and herds have been de-

stroyed, thousands of Christians have been thrown into slavery, thousands of others have been butchered an hundreds of the noblest inhabitants have been taken to Mecca as slaves in violation of treaties.

MRS. CLEVFLAND was received with tremendous applause on one occasion during the centennial ball.

"WILL the educated woman marry?" asks the Baltimore American. Just ask her and see if she will.

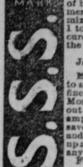
s i	THE MARKETS.
1	
5	23 NEW YORK.
80	Boeves 3 75 @ 4 8734
6	Milch Cows, com. to good 25 00 @45 00
7	Calves, common to prime 2 50 @ 5 50
38	Sheep 5 06 @ 5 70
ì	Lambs 6 10 @ 8 00
盛	Hogs-Live 4 70 @ 5 70
蠼	Dressed 61/4 8
8	Flour-City Mill Extra 4 30 @ 4 50
	Patents
S	Wheat—No. 2 Red 81%@ 82% Rye—State 49 @ 51
໘	Barley-Two-rowed State 85 @ 87
3	Corn-Ungraded Mixed 3934@ 4234
覆	Oats-No. 1 White
я	Mixed Western 26 @ 30
20	Hay-No. 1 8234@ 90
覆	Straw-Long Rye 70 @ 75
ä	Lard-City Steam @ 6.50c
醤	Butter-Elgin Creamery 18 @ 1816
闘	Dairy, fair to good. 141/6 161/4
引	West, Im. Creamery 11 @ 15
8	Factory 51/@ 121/ Cheese—State Factory 8 @ 11
8	Cheese—State Factory 8 @ 11 Skims—Light 7%@ 9
91	Western @ 9
1	Eggs-State and Penn 14%@ 15
9	BUFFALO.
	Steers-Western 3 00 @ 4 30
8	Sheep-Medium to Good. 4 00 68 4 95
84	Lambs—Fair to Good 4 00 @ 5 00
81	Hogs-Good to Choice Yorks 4 25 of 4 85
8	Plour-Family 5 00 @ 5 25
9	Wheat-No. 2 Northern 77 @ 78
	LOTD-No. 3. Vollow OR 972/
	Oats-No. 2 White
	BOSTON,
-	Ploye Series Wheat Date & co or a se

Steamer Yellow..... No. 2 White....

WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.

For Cure of STRAINS STRAINS Cures

PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY WITHOUT RETURN OF PAIN. ATDRUGUISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE THE CHAS A-VEGELER CO. BALTO MO.



30 A 8T

In 1883 I contracted Blood Polson of had type, and was treated with inercury, potash and sareaparilla mixtures,growing worse all the time. I took 7 small bottles S. S. S. which cured me entirely, and no sign of the dreadful disease has returned. J. C. NANCE, Jan. 10, '89. Hobbyville, Ind.

My little niece had white swelling Ey little niece had white swelling to such an extent that ahe was confined to the bed for a long time. More than 20 pieces of bone came out of her leg, and the doctors said amputation was the only remedy to save her life. I refused the operation and put her on S.S.S. and she is now up and active and in as good health as any child. Miss ARKHE GERSLING. Feb. 11, '89. Columbus, Ga. Rock on Blood Discourses.

Book on Blood Diseases sent free. Swift Specific Co. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.



mention this paper. Springfield, Mass. PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS,
Late Principal Examiner,
U. S. Pension Bureau, Art'y
D. C., successfully prorecutes claims-original,
increase, re-rating, widows, children's and dependeat relatives. Experience: 8 years in last war, is
years in Fension Bureau, and attorney since then.

FRAZER AXLE BEST IN THE WORLD GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD GREASE

WANTED Every one to investigate; \$5 partial for people with limited means. Send stamp for partial for people with limited means. tor people with limited means. Send stamp for par-ticulars. TYLER & CO., Kansas City, Mo.

HOME STUDY, Bock-keeping, Business Forms thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars tree Bryaut's College, 457 Main St., Bufalo, N. Y.

Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Helder Ce., Holly, Mich.



The most cortain and safe Pain REMEDY in the world that instantly steps the most excruciating pains. It is truly the great CONQUEROR OF PAIN, and has done more good than any

known remedy.

For SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN in the CHEST or SIDES, HEAD-ACHE, TOOTHACHE, or any other EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications set like magic, cassing the PAIN to IMSTANTLY STOP.

For CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COLD in the CHEST, RHEUNATISM, REURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, PAINS In the Small of the Back, etc., more extended, longer continued and repeated applications are necessary to effect a cure.

All INTERNAL PAINS (in the Bowels or Stomach), CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, NAUSEA, VOMITING, HEARTBURN, DIARRHEA, COLIC, FLATULENCY, FAINTING SPELLS. are relieved instantly and QUICKLY CURED by taking internally as directed. Sold by Drugglsts. Price, 59c.

Great Liver & Stemach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KID-NEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEAS-ES, LOSS of APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, INDI-GESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION of the BOWELS, PILES and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or DELETER-TOUS DRUGS.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price 25c. per box, or, on receipt of price, will be sent by mail. 5 boxes for One Dollar. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., N. X



10 cents for sample bottle, sent prepaid.

Address DR. KOEHLER & CO.. Bethlehem, Pa.

Be Dr. Koehler's "Pavorite Colic with success. It is set colic medicine I have ever sen.

ISAAC MOOG, Horse Dealer,

Brooklyn, New York.

Brooklyn, New York.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, PENSION WILL GET YOUR W. L. DOUGLAS



Best in the world. Examine his 85.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
\$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
\$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
\$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
\$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
\$2.00 GOOD-WEAR SHOE.
\$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

\$3 SHOE GENTLEMEN.

W. L. DOUCLAS \$3 & \$2 SHOES LADIES

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting. W. L. Douglas' \$3.00 Shoe, shown in cut below, made of fine Calf, on lasts modelled for the foot; smooth

CAUTION W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price are staraged on the bottom of all shoes advertised by him before leaving his factor; this protects the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If your dealer offers you shoes without W. L. DOUGLAS' name and price stamped on them, and says they are his shoes, or just as good, do not be deceived thereby. Dealers make more profit on unknown shoes that have no reputation. Buy only those that have W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price stamped on the bottom, and you are sure to get full value for your money. Thousands of dollars are saved annually in this country by the wearers of W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES.

If your dealer will not get you the kind or style you want, send your order direct to his factory, with the price enclosed, and they will be sent you by return mail, postage free consequently, no matter where you live, you can always get W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES. Be sure and state size and width you wear; if not sure, send for an order blank giving full instructions how to get a perfect fit.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



ONLY \$1.00, POSTPAID.

IN SPARE MOMENTS INSTEAD OF WASTING YOUR TIME

A few minutes' earnest study of this excellent work each day will result in your knowing German.

Cheapest and Best in Market.

This Book contains 624 Finely Printed Pages of Clear Type on Excellent Paper, and is Handsomely yet Serviceably Bound in Cloth.

It gives English words with the German equivalents and pronunciation, and German words with English definitions. If you know a German word

and desire to know its meaning in English, you look in one part of the Book; while if the English word is known and you want to translate it into German, you look into another part of the Book.

It is invaluable to Germans who are not thoroughly familiar with English, or to Americans who wish to learn German. Consider how easily you can master German with the aid of this Dictionary if a half hour per day is devoted to study, how much benefit can be derived from the knowledge, and hasten to send for this first-class beok.

BOOK PUB. HO. 134 Leonard Street, New York,