

Overreached Himself.
 Railroads have the very sensible rule that passengers are not allowed to stand in the cars if any one objects. The following instance recently occurred showing how even one's rights may be strongly insisted upon:
 "Will you kindly allow me to stand?" asked a gentleman as he got into a railway carriage, which carriage already contained the specified number.
 "Certainly not, sir!" exclaimed a passenger occupying a seat near the door.
 "The way these trains are overcrowded is shameful."
 "As you appear to be the only person who objects to my presence," replied the gentleman, "I shall remain where I am."
 "Then I shall call the guard and have you removed, sir."
 Suing the action to the word, the aggrieved passenger rose, and putting his head out of the window, vociferously demanded the guard. The new comer saw his opportunity, and quietly slipped into the seat.
 "One over the number," said the new comer to the guard, coolly.
 "You must come out, sir, the train's going on," and without waiting for further explanation the guard pulled out the aggrieved passenger, who was left wildly gesticulating on the platform.—British Weekly.

The winter colony of Americans in Florence, Italy, was the smallest known for many years.



Mrs. William Lohr

Dyspepsia

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
 "A year ago this last fall I commenced to fall rapidly; lost all appetite and ambition, and barely dragged along with my work. During the winter and spring had to have help from my housework. Physicians did not help me and I got more and more discouraged. I suffered from dyspepsia so that I
Could Not Eat Vegetables
 or meat and at last so that I could not even use butter on my toast. Used to dip the toast in tea and even then it would distress my stomach. In the spring I tried a girl's remedy, my health was so poor. She tried to persuade me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, as a lady for whom she had worked had been greatly benefited by it. She said: 'It will only cost a dollar to try it.'

I Dragged Along
 Until August, when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. In about a week I felt a little better. Could keep more food on my stomach and grew stronger. I took three bottles, am now perfectly well, have gained 25 pounds, am in excellent health. I owe all this to
Hood's Sarsaparilla
 and am glad to let you know that it has done for me." Mrs. WILLIAM LOHR, 131 Van Buren Street, Freeport, Ill.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache.

EVERY MOTHER
 Should Have It in the House.
 Dropped on August, Children, Lovers, to take JOHNSON'S ASTRINGENT LIVER PILLS, Coughs, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Colds, Cramps and Pains. Relieves all Summer Complaints, Cuts and Bruises like magic. Sold everywhere. Price 50c. by mail, 4 bottles Express paid, 2. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

"August Flower"

"What is August Flower for?"
 As easily answered as asked. It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver.—Nothing more than this. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. To-day it has an honored place in every town and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country, and sells everywhere. The reason is simple. It does one thing, and does it right. It cures dyspepsia!

Tutt's Tiny Pills
 The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body or exposure to malarial regions will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the invalid.

Ely's Cream Balm
 WILL CURE
CATARRH
 Price 50 Cents.
 Apply Balm to each nostril.
 ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

FREE Illustrated Publications, with North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, the new States.
NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD
 Now open to settlers. Rates FREE. Address CHAS. B. McLELLAN, Leadville, Colo., or F. B. H., St. Paul, Minn.

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PNEUMONS—Dose all GOLDEN: 10 disabled, 20 for increase, 30 years experience. Write for LITERATURE. W. McCORMACK, 308A WASHINGTON, N. O. CHICAGO, ILL.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Greatest Name of All."

TEXT: "The name which is above every name."—Philippians II, 9.
 Paul is here making rapturous and enthusiastic description of the name of Christ. There are merely worldly names that sometimes thrill you through and through. Such as the name of Henry Clay, or of Jackson, the name of William Wirt to a Virginian, the name of Daniel Webster to a New Englander.
 By common proverb we have come to believe that "there is nothing in a name"; and so parents sometimes at the baptismal altar give titles to their children reckless of the fact that that title, that name, will be a lifetime hindrance or a lifetime help. You have no right to give your child a name lacking either in euphony or moral meaning.
 It is a sin to call a child Jehoiakim or Tighath-pileser—or by anything that is disagreeable. Because you have had an exasperating name yourself is no reason why you should inflict it upon your progeny. And yet how often it is that we see a name full of jargon rattling down from generation to generation simply because a long while ago some one happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and great enterprises sometimes without sufficient deliberation nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by a name. While we may by a long course of Christian behavior get over the misfortune of having been baptized with the name of a despot or a cheat, how much better it would have been if we could have all started life without any such incubrance!

When Paul, in my text and in other passages of Scripture, burst forth in aspirations of admiration for the name of Christ, I want to inquire what are the characteristics of that appellation. "The name which is above every name." In the first place, speaking to you in regard to the name of Christ, I want to tell you it is an easy name. You are sometimes introduced to people with long and unpronounceable names, and you have to listen cautiously to get the names, and you have to hear them pronounced two or three times before you risk trying to utter them, but within the first two years of the child folds its hands and looks upward and says "Jesus."
 Can it be that in all this church this morning there are representatives of any household where the children are familiar with the names of the father and mother and brother and sister, yet know nothing about "that name which is above every name"? Sometimes you forget the name of a quite familiar friend, and you have to think and think before you get it, but can you imagine any friend of intellect by whom you should forget the name of Jesus? That word seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. Down to old age, when the voice is tremulous and uncertain and indistinct, even then this regal word is potent utterance.
 When an aged father was dying one of the children came and said, "Father, do you know me?" and in the delirium of the last sickness he said, "No, I don't know you. Another child came and said, "Father, do you know me?" "No, I don't know you." "I don't know you." Then the village pastor came and said, "Do you know me?" He said, "No; I don't think I ever saw you." Then said the minister, "Do you know Jesus?" "Oh, yes," said the dying man, "I know Jesus, Christ among ten thousand; I know Him, and the One altogether lovely." Yes, for all ages and for all languages, and for all conditions is an easy name.
 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear;
 For would I sound it out so loud
 That heaven and earth might hear.

But I remark further in regard to this name of Christ, that it is a beautiful name. Now you have noticed that you cannot dissociate a name from the character of the person who has it. There are some names, however, that are repulsive to my ear. Those names are attractive to your ear. What is the difference? Why, I happened to know some persons of that name who were cross or sour, or queer or unsympathetic, and the persons who have happened to me of that name were kind and good. Since, then, we cannot dissociate a name from the character of the person who has the name, that consideration makes the name of Jesus unspasmodically beautiful.
 I cannot pronounce the name in your presence, but you think of Bethlehem, of Gethsemane and Golgotha, and you see His loving face, and you hear His tender voice, and you feel His gentle touch. As soon as I pronounce His name in your presence you think of Him who banquished with heavenly hierarchies, yet came down and breathed on the fish which the rough man hauled out of Gennesaret; you think of Him who, though the clouds are the dust of His feet, walked footsore on the road to Emmaus.
 I cannot speak His name in your hearing this morning, but you think of a way of the shining one who restored the centurion's daughter, and who helped the blind man to sight, and who made the cripple's crutch useless, and who looked down into the laughing eyes of the babe until it struggled to go to Him; then, flinging His arms around it, and impressing a kiss upon its beautiful brow, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
 Oh, beautiful name, the name of Jesus, which stands for love, for patience, for self sacrifice, for magnanimity, for everything that is good and glorious and tender and sympathetic and kind! It is aromatic with all odors. It is accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes when I look at that name of Jesus, it seems as if the letters were gleaming crowns, and then they seem to be gleaming crowns. Sometimes that name seems to be twisted out of the straw on which He lay, and then it seems to be built out of the thrones on which His people are to reign. Sometimes I sound that word Jesus, and I hear in it the sob of Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary, and then I speak His name and it is all a ripple with gladness and a ring with beauty. Glorious name!

Take all the glories of bookbinder and put them around the page on which the name is printed. On Christmas morning wreath it on the wall. Let it drip from harp's string and let it thunder out in organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and every sun and sea, and day and night, and earth and heaven acclaim in full chant, "Blessed be His glorious name forever." "The name which is above every name."
 Have you ever heard in a Methodist church, during a time of revival, a score of souls come to the altar and cry out for mercy under the power of just two lines of glorious old John Wesley?
 Jesus, the name high over all,
 In heaven, or earth, or sky,
 To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday-school girl, to the snow-white octogenarian it is beautiful. The aged man comes in from a long walk, and he tremulously opens the door of his home, and he hangs his hat on the old nail, and he puts his cane in the usual place, and he lies on his couch, and he says to his children and to his wife, "You say, 'Why, where are you going, grandfather?' "Oh, he says, "I am going to Jesus," and so the old man faints away into heaven.
 And the little child comes in from play and she flings herself in your lap, and she says, "Mamma, I'm so sick, I'm so very sick," and you put her to bed, and the fever is worse and worse, and some midnight, while you are shaking up the pillow and giving the medicine, she looks up in your face and says, "Mamma, I'm going away from you." You say, "Why, where are you going, my darling?" And she says, "I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek that you take to be the mark of the fever turns white to be only the carnation bloom of blossoms. Oh, was it not beautiful when a little

child heard that her playmate was dying, and she went to the house, and she clambered upon the bed, and she lay playing dead. "Why do you go to bed?" asked the girl, said, "I'm going to Jesus." Then said the little girl that was well as she bent over to give the parting kiss to her dying playmate, "Well, then, if you are going to Jesus, give accounting your eyes to the sight, shading your eyes at the first lest they be extinguished with the insufferable splendor, until after awhile you can look upon the full irradiation, and you will cry out, "My Lord, my Lord, Thou art the Sun that Never Sets."
 But at this point I am staggered with the thought that there may be persons in this house for whom this name has no charm, though it is so easy, though it is so beautiful, though it is so potent, though it is so abundant. Oh, come to-day and see whether there is anything in Christ! I challenge you to test with me this morning whether God is good, and whether Christ is precious, and whether the Holy Ghost is omnipotent.
 Come, my friends, I challenge you. Come, and we will kneel at the altar of mercy. You kneel on the one side of the altar and I will kneel on the other side of the altar of mercy, and we will not get up from our knees until our sins are pardoned and we are able to ascribe all honor and glory to you pronouncing it and I pronouncing it—"the name which is above every name."
 His worth if all the nations knew,
 Sure the whole earth would love him too.

I pray God that He may move upon this assembly now, that we may see Him walking through all these would say that the Holy Spirit may spread His wings over this assembly. Now is your time for heaven. Oh, my friends! meeting once, perhaps never again until the books are opened, what shall I say of the morning that I take Him to be my God? Now is your time for heaven. Come into the kingdom. If you never had an invitation before, I give it to you now.
 I do not ask what your sin has been or what your wandering. That is not pertinent to the question. The only thing is whether you want Christ. Come in, the farthest off. Come, the nearest by. "Where he is, there shall we be," says the apostle. "Is there in all this august assemblage a man who feels he is too wicked to come? You are mistaken. Come now. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."
 O ye who are young, come now! It is no gloomy religion that I preach. It will take no lustre from your eye. It will take no color from your cheek. It will take no spring from your step. I know what I am talking about. I have seen the arrows and the grace in my own heart. It is not a theory with me. I know in whom I believe, and He has been so good a friend to me, I have a right this morning to commend His friendship to all the people.
 Oh, kingdom of the kingdom! Do not say you are too bad. "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts." "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth." How is He going to do—drive you into the kingdom? He will not do it. If you get in at all, it will be because you are drawn in by His love. What does He say? "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth." He was lifted up. What for? To draw! No! lifted up to draw. Oh, come now, come now into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus!

You have heard of that warrior of ancient times who went into battle against Christ. He hated Christ and he went into battle fighting Christ, but in the battle he got wounded, he was struck by the arrow and fell, and as he lay with his face up to the sun and the life blood was oozing away, he put his hand to his heart and took a handful of blood from the wound and held it up to the sun and cried out, "Oh, Jesus! Thou hast conquered."
 And if to-day, my hearer, struck through by the arrow of God's gracious Spirit, you realize the truth of what I have been saying, you would surrender yourself to the Lord Jesus, you would say: "I will no longer fight against Christ's mercy. Lord Jesus, Thou hast conquered." Glorious name. I know not what you will do with it; but I will tell you one thing before I stop—I must tell you, I will tell you one thing here and now, that I take Him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my comfort, my salvation, my heaven. Blessed be His glorious name forever. "The name which is above every name."

Longfellow's First Poem.
 The following has long been accepted as a true account of how Longfellow's precocious poetic ability was discovered: When the great poet was nine years old, and attended school, his teacher one day asked him to write a composition. Little Henry, like most school boys, shrank from the undertaking.
 His teacher said: "You can write words, can you not?"
 "Yes, sir," was the reply.
 "Then you can put words together?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out of doors, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what it is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."
 Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to stand near, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what it was, what it was for, and what would be done with it.
 A half hour had been allowed Henry for his first undertaking in writing a composition. In a half hour he carried in his work all accomplished neatly, and his teacher is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what the boy had done in so short a time. The composition had been written in a poetic form, and was as follows:

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
 And it grew, and it grew,
 And it grew behind the barn,
 And the turnip did no harm.
 And it grew, and it grew,
 Till it could grow no taller;
 Then Mr. Finney took it up
 And put it in the cellar.
 There it lay, there it lay
 Till it began to rot;
 When his daughter Susie wasted it
 And put it in the pot.
 Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
 As long as she was able;
 Then his daughter Lizzie took it
 And put it on the table.
 Mr. Finney and his wife,
 Both sat down to sup;
 And they ate, and they ate,
 Until they ate the turnip up.

Horse Running Forty Miles an Hour!
 Few horses have made a mile dash in less than 1:40; Salvador, in 1890, I believe, made it in 1:35, which is something truly wonderful. Let us analyze these figures: To begin with, it is nearly forty miles an hour—a speed averaged by few railway trains. There are 5280 feet in a mile, so that for every one of the ninety-five seconds he was in making that mile he had to get over fifty-five and three-tenths feet of ground. Just think of the wonderful speed he was moving at—a half a hundred feet for each beat of a man's pulse!—St. Louis Republic.

sons all full. Heaven full. The sun will set afire with its splendor the domes of the temple, and burnish the golden streets into a blaze and be reflected back from the solid pearl of the twelve gates, and it will be noon in heaven. Noon on the river. Noon on the hills. Noon in the valleys. High noon. And then you will look up, gradually recovering your vision to the sight, shading your eyes at the first lest they be extinguished with the insufferable splendor, until after awhile you can look upon the full irradiation, and you will cry out, "My Lord, my Lord, Thou art the Sun that Never Sets."

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An Accommodating Justice.

A Texas journal tells the following story of a justice of the peace who held court on the border line between Texas and Arkansas: A man was brought before him on charges of murder and horse-stealing. Said the Justice: "Do you want to be tried by the Arkansas law or the Texas law? If by the former, I'll set you free for stealing the horse, but hang you for killing the man. If by the Texas law, I'll acquit you for murdering the man, but hang you for stealing the horse."—New York Post.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
 Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of \$100 for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
 Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.
 Notary Public.
 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
 F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
 Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An epidemic of cholera is raging in the East Indies.
When Traveling
 Whether on a pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

I. R. Branham, editor Christian Index, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I have used Bradycytine with unflinching promptness, decided relief for headache." All druggists, 50c. per bottle.
 The progress of science in medicine has produced nothing better for human life than the celebrated Bechman's Pills. 25 cents a box.
 Afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

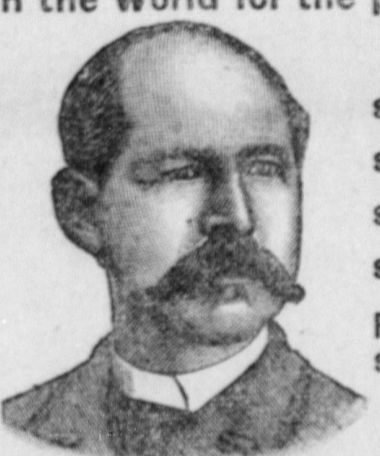
Catarrh—Remove the Cause.

I was afflicted from infancy with Catarrh, and for ten years with eruptions on my face. I was attended by the best physicians, and used a number of Blood remedies with no permanent relief. MY LIFE BECAME A BURDEN TO ME, for my case was declared incurable. I saw S. S. S. advertised, and took eight bottles, which cured me entirely, and I feel like a new person.—Miss JOSIE OWENS, Montpelier, Ohio.
 I was the victim of the worst case of Catarrh that I ever heard of. I was entirely deaf in one ear, and all the inside of my nose, including part of the bone, sloughed off. No sort of treatment benefited me, and physicians said "I would never be any better." As a last resort I took Swift's Specific, and it entirely cured me and restored my hearing. I have been well for years, with no sign of return of the disease.—Mrs. JOSEPHINE POLHILL, Due West, S. C. S. S. S. cures Catarrh, like it does other Blood diseases, by eliminating the poison which causes it. Treatise on Blood and Skin mailed free.
 SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOE

For gentlemen is a fine Call Shoe, made seamless, of the best leather produced in this country. There are no tacks or wax threads to hurt the feet, and it is made as smooth inside as a hand-sewed shoe. It is as stylish, easy fitting and durable as custom-made shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$5.00, and acknowledged to be the Best in the World for the price.

For GENTLEMEN.	For LADIES.
\$5.00 Genuine Hand-Sewed.	\$3.00 Hand-Sewed.
\$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe.	\$2.50 Best Dongola.
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\$2.50 Extra Value Call Shoe.	\$1.75 For KISSSES.
\$2.25 Working-man's Shoe.	For BOYS' & YOUTH'S.
\$2.00 Goodwear Shoe.	\$2 & \$1.75 SCHOOL SHOES.



TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES.
 IT IS A DUTY you owe to yourself and your family, during these hard times, to get the most value for your money. You can economize in your footwear if you purchase W. L. Douglas's Shoes, which, without question, represent a greater value for the money than any other makes.
CAUTION. W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe, which protects the consumer against high prices and inferior shoes. Beware of dealers who acknowledge the superiority of W. L. Douglas's Shoes by attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent, and subject to prosecution by law, for obtaining money under false pretences. W. L. DOUGLAS, 252 W. WASHINGTON ST., WRECHTON, MASS.
 If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage free. AGENTS WANTED. Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealer where I have no agent and advertise them free in local paper.

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Takes hold in this order:
Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Inside Skin, Outside Skin.
 You know whether you need it or not.
 Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by
DONALD KENNEDY, ROXBURY, MASS.

MONEY "MUSHROOMS"
 More money in them for less outlay than any other crop. Any one with a cellar or stable can raise them. Our Primer & Price-list tells the whole story. Free. Send for it. A brick of our celebrated English Mushrooms 50c. per mail, post-paid, for 25c. JOHN GARLAND & Co., Seed Growers, Importers and Dealers, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Gardner's Seeds—New Catalogue for this year ready. Free. Send for it.

\$50.00 A WEEK
 A bright, energetic man or woman wanted to take the sole agency for an article that is needed in every home and indispensable in every office. SELL AT \$100.00 in your city. \$700 in your county. \$1000 in your State. \$2000 in your country. "Business" for the right person. Good jobs are scarce and soon taken. Help of one. J. W. JONES, Manager, Springfield, Ohio.
 Fin's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest
CATARRH
 Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. HAMILTON, Warren, Pa.

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