Subject: "Rizpah on the Rock."

TEXT: "And Rizpah, the daughter Aiah, took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day nor the beasts of the field by night."—II Samuel xxi., 10.

Tragedy that beats anything Shake-spearean or Victor Hugoian. After return-ing from the Holy Land I briefly touched upon it, but I must have a whole sermon for that scene. The explosion and flash of gun-powder have driven nearly all the beasts and birds of prey from these regions, and now the shriek of the locomotive whistle which is daily heard at Jerusalem will for many miles around clear Palestine of cruel claw and beak. But in the time of the text these regions were populous with multitudes of jackals and lions. Seven sons of Saul had been crucified on a hill. Rizpah was mother to two and a relative to five of the boys. What had these boys done that they should be crucified? Nothing except to have a bad father and grandfather. But now that the boys were dead, why not take them down from the gibbets? No. They are sentenced to hang there.

So Rizpah takes the sackcloth-a rough shawl with which in mourning for her dead she had wrapped herself—and spreads that sackcloth upon the rocks near the gibbets, and acts the part of a sentinel, watching and defending the dead. Yet every other sentinel is relieved, and after being on guard for a few hours some one else takes his place. But Rizpah is on guard both his place. But Rizpah is on guard both day and night and for half a year. One hundred and eighty days and nights of obsequies. What nerves she must have had to stand that! Ah, do you not know that a mother can stand anything?

Oh, if she might be allowed to hollow a place in the side of the hill and lay the bodies of her children to quiet rest! If in some cavern of the mountains she might find for them Christian sepulture! Oh, it she might take them from the gibbet of disgrace and carry them still farther away from the haunts of men, and then lie beside them in the last long sleep! Exhausted na-ture ever and anon falls into slumber, but in a moment she breaks the snare and chides herself as though she had been cruel, and leaps up on the rock shouting at wild beast glaring from the thicket and at vuiturous brood wheeling in the sky. The thrilling story of Rizpah reaches David and he comes forth to hide the indecency. The corpses had been chained to the trees. The chains are unlocked with horrid clank, and the skeletons are let down. All the seven are buried, and the story ends:

But it hardly ends before you cry out, "What a hard thing that those seven boys should suffer for the crimes of a father and grandfather! Yes, but it is always so. Let every one who does wrong know that he wars not only, as in this case, against two generations, children and grandchildren, but against all the generations of coming time. That is what makes dissipation and uncleanness so awful. It reverberates in other times. It may skip one generation, but it is apt to come up in the third generation, as is suggested in the Ten Commandments, which say, "Visiting the iniquities of the father upon the children unto the third and

lourth generation." Mind you, it says nothing about the secand generation, but mentions the third and the fourth. That accounts for what you the fourth. That accounts for what you sometimes see—very good parents with very bad children. Go far enough back in the ancestral line and you find the source of all the turpitude. "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." If when Saul died the consequences of his iniquity could have died with him it would not have been so that the father would not have been so that the fourth generation. If when Saul died the consequences of his iniquity could have failed. Disaster has transformed the mistortune and wondered what would become of the would die of a broken heart.

"She will not work," say they, "and she is too proud to beg." But the prophecies shining sluggard into a practical worker—the properties of the she would die of a broken heart.

"She will not work," say they, "and she she would die of a broken heart.

"She will not work," say they, "and she she prophecies have failed. Disaster has transformed the shining sluggard into a practical worker—the prophecies have failed. Disaster has transformed the shining sluggard into a practical worker—the prophecies have failed. sad. Alas, no! Look on that hill a few miles out from Jerusalem and see the

houses and the reformatory institutions where unfortunate children are kept and you will find that nine out of ten had drunken or vicious parents. Yea, day by day on the streets of our cities you find men and women wrecked of evil parentage. They are moral corpses. Like the seven sons of Saul, though corpses. Like the seven sons of Saul, though dead, unburied! Alas for Rizpah, who, not for six months, but for years and years, has watched them! She cannot keep the vultures and the jackals off.

Furthermore, this strange incident in the Bible story shows that attractiveness of person and elevation of position are no se-

person and elevation of position are no security againt trouble.

Who is this Rizpah sitting in desolation?
One of Saul's favorites. Her personal attractions had won his heart. She had been caressed of fortune. With a mother's pride she looked on her princely children. But the scene changes. Behold her in banishment and bereavement—Rizpah on the rock!

ment and bereavement—Rizpah on the rock!
Some of the worst distresses have come to
scenes of royalty and wealth. What porter at the mansion's gate has not let in
champing and lathered steed bringing evil
dispatch? On what tessellated hall has
there not stood the solemu bier? Under what exquisite fresco has there
not been enacted a tragedy of disaster? What curtained couch hath heard
no cry of pain? What harp hath never thrilled
with sorrow? What lordly nature hath no cry of pain? What harp hath never thrilled with sorrow? What lordly nature hath never leaned against carved pillar and made utterance of woe? Gall is not less bitter when quaffed from a golden chalice than when taken from a pewter mug. Sorrow is often attended by running tootmen and laced lackeys mounted behind. Queen Anne yn is desolate in the palace of Henry

Adolphus wept in German castles over the hypocrisy of friends. Pedro I. among Brazilian diamonds shivered with fear of massacre. Stephen of England sat on a massacre. Stephen of England sat on a rocking throne. And everymast of pride has been bent in the storm, and the highest mountains of honor and fame are covered with perpetual snow. Sickness will frost the rosiest cheek, wrinkle the smoothest brow and stiffen the sprightliest step. Rizpah quits the courtly circle and sits on the rock.

Perhaps you look back upon scenes different from those in which now from day.

ent from those in which now from day to day you mingle. You have exchanged the plenty and luxuriance of your father's house for privation and trial known to God and your for privation and trial known botsod and your own heart. The morning of life was flushed with promise. Troops of calamities since then have made desperate charge upon you. Darkness has come. Sorrows have swooped like carrier birds from the sky and barked like jackals from the thicket. You stand amid your slain anguished and woe struck.

Rizpan on the rocs.

No it has been in all ages. Vashti must doff the spangled robes of the Persian court and go forth blasted from the palace gate. Hagar exchanges oriental comfort for the wilderness of Beersheba. Mary, queen of Scots, must pass out from flattery and pomp to suffer ignominious death in the castle of Fotheringay. The wheel of fortune keeps turning, and mansions and hats exchange, and he who rode the chariot pushes the barrow, and instead of the glare of festal lights is the simmering of the peat fire, and in place of Saul's palace is the rock—the cold rock, the desolate rock.

But that is the place to which God comes. Rignah on the rock.

fire, and in place of Saur's palace is the rock—the cold rock, the desolate rock.

But that is the place to which God comes. Jacob, with his head on a stone, saw the shining ladder. I rasel in the desert beheld the marshaling of the flery baton. John on barren Patmos heard trumpeting, and the clapping of wings, and the stroke of seraphic fingers on golden harps, and nothing but heavenly strength nerved Rizoah for her appalling mission amid the scream of wild birds and the stealthy tread of hungry monsters. The grandest visions of giory, the most rapturous experiences of Christian love, the greatest triumphs of grace have come to the tried, and the hard pressed, and the betrayed, and the crushed. God stooping down from heaven to comfort Rizpah on the rock.

Again, the tragedy of the text displays the courage of woman amid great emergen-cies. What mother or sister or daughter would dare to go out to fight the cormorant and jackal? Rizpah did it. And so would you if an emergency demanded. Woman is naturally timid and shrinks from exposure and depends on stronger arms for the achieve-

and depends on stronger arms for the achieve-ment of greet enterprise. And she is often troubled lest there might be occasions de-manding fortitude when she would fail. Not so, Some of those who are afraid to look out of the door after night-fall, and who quake in the darkness at the least uncertain sound, and who start at the slam of the door and turn pale in a thunderstorm, if the day of trial came, would be heroic and invulner-

God has arranged it so that that woman needs the trumpet of some great contest of principle or affection to rouse up her slumbering courage. Then she will stand under the crossfire of opposing hosts at Chalons to give wine to the wounded. Then she will carry into prison and dark lane the message of salvation. Then she will brave the pestilence. Deborah goes out to sound terror into the hearts of God's enemies. Abigail throws herself between a raiding party of infuriated men and her husband's vineyards. Rizpah fights back the vultures from the

Among the Orkney Islands an eagle swooped and lifted a child to its eyrle far up on the mountains. With the spring of a panther the mother mounts hill after hill, crag above crag, height above height, the fire of her own eye outflashing the glare of the eagle's, and with unmailed hand stronger than the iron beak and the terrible claw she hurls the wild bird down the rocks. In the French revolution Cazatte was brought out to be executed, when his daughter threw herself on the body of her father and said:
"Strike, barbarians! You cannot reach my
father but through my heart!" The crowd
parted, and linking arms father and daughter walked out free.

During the siege of Saragossa, Angustina carried refreshments to the gates. Arriving at the battery of Portillo she found that all the garison had been killed. She snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman and first off a twenty six nounder. man and fired off a twenty-six pounder, then leaped on it and vowed she would not leave it alive. The soldiers looked in and saw her daring and rushed up and opened another

tremendous fire on the enemy.

The life of James I. of Scotland was threatened. Poets have sung those times and able pens have lingered upon the story of manly endurance, but how few to tell the story of Catharine Douglas, one of the queen's maids, who ran to bolt the door, but tound the bar had been taken away so as to facilitate the entrance of the assassin! She thrust her arm into the staple. The murderers rushing against it, her arm was shat-Yet how many have since live 1 and died who never heard the touching, self sacrificing, heroic story of Catharine Doug-las and her poor, shattered arm! You know how calmly Mme. Roland went

You know how carmly same, Roland went to execution and how cheerfully Joanna of Naples walked to the castle of Mura, and how fearlessly Mme. Grimaldi listened to her condemnation, and how Charlotte Corday smiled upon the frantic mob that pursued her to the guillotine. And there would be no end to the recital if I attempted to present all the his orical incidents which show that woman's courage would rouse it-

self for great emergency.
But I need not go so far. You have known some one who was considered a mere butterfly in society. Her hand had known no toil. Her eye had wept no tear over misfortune. She moved among obsequious admirers as careless as an insect in a field of blossoming buckwheat. But in 1867 finan-cial tempest struck the husband's estate. Before he had time to reef sail and make things snug the ship capsized and went down. Enemies cheered at the misfortune

shining sluggard into a practical worker— happy as a princess, though compelled to hush her own child to sleep and spread her own table and answer the ringing of her ghastly burdens of those seven gibbets and the wan and wasted Rizpah watching them. for the conflict against misfortune, hunger and poverty and want, and all the other jackals Rizpah scares from the rock

I saw one in a desolate home. Her merciless companion had pawned even the chlidren's shoes for rum. From honorable ancestry she had come down to this. The ancestry she had come down to this. The cruse of oil was empty and the last candle gone out. Her faded frock was patched with tragments of antique silk that she had worn on the bright marriage day. Confident in God, she had a strong heart, to which her children ran when they trambled at the staggering step and qualled under a father's curse. Though the heavens were filled with fierce wings and the thickets gnashed with rage, Rizpah watched faithfully day after day and year after year, and wolf and com-orant by her God strengthened arm were huried down the rocks.

You pass day by day along streets where

tou pass day by day along streets where there are heroines greater than Joan of Arc. Upon that cellar floor there are conflicts as flerce as Sedan, and heaven and hell min-gle in the fight. Lifted in that garret there are tribunals where more fortitude is de-manded than was exhibited by Lady Jane

Grey or Mary, Queen of Scots.

Now I ask, if mere natural courage can do so much, what may we not expect of women who have gazed on the great sacrifice, and who are urged forward by all the voices of grace that sound from the Bible and all the notes of victory that speak from the sky? Many years ago the Forfarshire steamer started from Hull bound for Dundee. After the vessel had been out a little while the winds began to rave and billows rise until a tempest was upon them. The vessel leaked, and the fires went out, and though the sails were hoisted fore and aft she went speeding toward the breakers. She struck with her bows foremost on the rock. The vessel parted. Amid the whirlwind and the darkness all were lost but nine. These clung to men who have gazed on the great sacrifice,

parted. Amid the whirlwind and the darkness all were lost but nine. These clung to the wreck on the beach.

Sleeping that night in Longstone lighthouse was a girl of gentle spirit and comely countenance. As the morning dawns I see that girl standing amid the spray and cumult of contending elements looking through a glass upon the wreck and the nine wretched sufferers. She proposes to her father to take boat and put out across the wild sea to rescue them. The father says: "It cannot be done! Just look at the tumbling surf?" But she persisted, and with her father bounds into the boat. Though never accustomed to plying the oar, she takes one and her father the other. Steady now! Pull away! Pull away!

sinner whom you taught to pray, and the outcast whom you pointed to God for shel-ter, will say: "You did it to them! You did it to Me?"

Again, the scene of the text impresses up-Again, the scene of the text impresses upon us the strength of maternal attachment. Not many men would have had courage or endurance for the awful mission of Rizpah. To dare the rage of wild beasts, and sit from May to October unskeltered, and to watch the corpses of unsheltered children, was a work that nothing but the maternal heart could have accomplished. It readed more could have accomplished. It needed more strength than to stand before opened batter-ies or to walk in calmness the deck of a

There is no emotion so completely unselfish as maternal affection. Conjugal love expects the return of many kindnesses and expects the return of many kindnesses and attentions. Filial love expects paternal care or is helped by the memory of past watchfulness. But the strength of a mother's love is entirely independent of the past and the future, and is, of all emotions, the purest. The child has done nothing in the past to earn kindness, and in the future it may grow up to maltreat its parent, but still from the mother's heart there goes forth inconsumable affection.

Abuse cannot offend it; neglect cannot chill it; time cannot efface it; death cannot destroy it. For harsh words it has gentle

destroy it. For harsh words it has gentle chiding; for the blow it has beneficent ministry; for neglect it has increasing watchfulness. It weeps at the prison door over the incarcerated prodigal, and pleads for pardon at the governor's feet, and is forced away by compassionate friends from witnessing the struggles of the gallows. Other lights go out, but this burns on without extinguishment, as in a gloom-struck night you may see a single star, one of God's pickets, with gleaming bayonet of light guarding the out-posts of heaven.

The Marchioness of Spadara, when the sarthquake at Messina occurred, was caron coming to her senses she found that her infant had not been rescued. She went back and perished in the ruins. Illustration of ten thousand mothers who in as many different ways have sacrificed themselves

for their children.
Oh, despise not a mother's love! If heretofore you have been negligent of such a one, and you have still opportunity for reparation, make haste. If you could only just look in for an hour's visit to her, you would rouse up in the aged one a whole world of blissful memories. What if she does sit without talking much? She watched you for many months when you knew not how to talk at all. What if she has many ailments to tell about? During fifteen years you ran to her with every lit-tle scratch and bruise, and she doctored your little finger as carefully as a surgeon

yould bind the worst fracture.
You say she is childish now; I wonder if to say say is children tow; I wonder it she ever saw you when you were childish. You have no patience t, wait with her on the street, she moves so slowly; I wonder if she remembers the time when you were giad enough to go slowly. You complain at the expense of providing for her now; I wonder what your financial income was from one year to ten years of age. Do not begrudge what you do for the old folks. I care not how much you did for them; they have done

more for you.

But from the weird text of the morning comes the rushing in upon my soul a thought that overpowers me. This watching by Rizpah was an after death watching. I wonder if now there is an after death watch-I think there is. There are Rizpahs have passed death and are still watch-They look down from their supernal ing. They look down from their supernal and glorified state upon us, and is not that an after death watching? I cannot believe that those who before their death were interested in us have since their death become indifferent as to what happens to us,

Not one hour of the six months during which Rizpah watched, seated upon the which Kizpan watched, seated upon the rocks, was she more alert or diligent or armed for us than our mother, if glorified, is alert and diligent and armed for us. It is not now Rizpan on a rock, but Rizpan on a throne. How long has your mother been dead? Do you think she has been dead long dead? Do you think she has been dead long enough to forget you? My mother has been dead twenty-nine years. I believe she knows more about me now than she did when I stood in her presence, and I am no Spiritualist either. The Bible says, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to

Young man, better look out what you do and where you go, for your glorifled mother is looking at you. You sometimes say to yourself, "What would mother say if she knew this?" She does know. You might knew this?" She does know. You might cheat her once, but you cannot cheat her now. Does it embarrass us to think she knows all about us now? If she had to put up with so much when she was here, surely the will not be the less patient or excusatory

Ob, this tremendous thought of my text this after death watching! What an uplifting consideration, and what a comforting thought! Young mother, you who have just lost your babe, and who feel that need of a nearer solace than that which nother knows all about it. You cannot run n and talk it all over with her as you would if she were still a terrestial resident, but it

if she were still a terrestial resident, but it will comfort you some, I think—yea, it will comfort you a gool deal—to know that she understands it all. You see that the velocities of the heavenly conditions are so great that it would not take her a half second to come to your bereft heart.

Oh, these mothers in heaven! They can do more for us now than before they went away. The bridge between this world and the next is not broken down. They approach the bridge from both ways, departing spirits and coming spirits, disimprisoned spirits and sympathizing spirits. And so let us walk as to be worthy of the supernal championships, and if to any of us life on earth is a hard grind, let us understand that if we watch faithfully and trust fully our blessed. watch faithfully and trust fully our blessed Lord there will be a corresponding reward in the land of peacs, and that Rizpah, who once wept on a rock, now reigns on a

Westminster Abbey's Only Mechanic.

George Graham, the only mechanic buried in Westminster Abbey, was the son of William Graham, of Blackstone, in the County of Cumberland, England. At the age of thirteen he went to London and apprenticed himself to Thomas Tompion, a noted clock and watch her father the other. Steady now! Pull away! Pull away! Pull away! Pull away! The sea tossed up the boat as though it were a bubble, but amid the foam and the wrath of the sea the wreck was reached, the exhausted people picked up and saved. Humane societies tendered their thanks. Wealth poured into the lap of the poor girl. Visitors from all lands came to look on her sweet face, and when soon after she launched forth on a dark sea, and Death was the oarsman, duxes and ducheesses and mighty men sat down in tears in Alnwick castle to think they never again might see the face of Grace Darling.

No such deeds of daring will probably be asked of you, but hear you not the howl of that awful storm of trouble and sin that hath tossed ten thousand shivered hulks into the breakers? Know you not that the whole earth is strewn with the shiowrecked—that there are wounds to be healed and broken hearts to be bound and drowning souls to be rescued? So he have gone down, and you come too late, but others are clinging to the wreck, are shivering with the cold, are strangling in the wave, are crying to you for deliverance. Will you not, oar in hand, put out to-day from the lighthous??

When the last ship's timber shall have been rent, and the last Longstone beacon shall have been thundered down in the hurricame, and the last Longstone beacon shall have been thundered down in the hurricame, and the last Longstone beacon shall have been licked up by the tongue of all consuming fire, the crows of eteraal reward shall be kindling into brighter giory on the brow of the faithful. An I Cirist, cointing to the inebriate that you reformed, and the dying maker, and later was taken into partnership, and became famous for the excelleuce of his work. It was, however, his scientific investigations that gave him great prominence. He corrected the variations of the pendulum due to the changes of temperature, by inventing the mercurial bob. The great clock at Greenwich which regulates the time of the world, was made by him in 1727, and, although it has done duty for nearly a century and three-quarters, it is still in use and now could scarcely be surpassed in its mechanical excellence. It is said, notwithstanding the long interval since it was made, that it does not require attention oftener than once The mural arch at Greenwich used by the English Government for the testing of quadrants and other instruments, was the work of his hands. So great was his reputation that when the French Government despatched Maupertius to the polar circle to ascertain the exact figure of the earth, the instruments the navigator used during that voyage were made by George Graham. died in 1751, aged seventy-six, and it was not until four years thereafter that his remains were interred in Westminster

Fruit for Food.

Fruit culture should be quite as closely associated with family use as with market. I have eaten apples all my life, but never learned how to make the best use of them till last winter; it is worth living half a century to find out the real value of the fruit. Now we eat apples half an hour before our meals instead of afterward. We eat all we want before breakfast and before dinner. The result has been so decidedly in favor of the fruit diet that we have very largely dropped meat. The action of the acid is then admirable in aiding diges. tion, while if eaten after meals the apple is likely to prove a burden. We follow the same line in using grapes, pears, cherries and berries.

If disturbed by a headache or dyspepsia in summer, I climb a cherry tree and eat all I can reach and relish. In order to have cherries all summer I cover a dozen trees with mosquito netting to keep off the birds. Currants and gooseberries I find very wholesome eaten raw from the bushes before going to the dining table. Nature has prepared a large amount of food already cooked, exactly fitted for all demands of the human system. Our kitchen cooking never equals nature's. I am by no means a vegetarian or a fruitarian, but I am convinced that we have not yet measured the value of fruit as a diet with milk, eggs and vegetables. Some one being told that such fruit would not give a workman muscular strength, pointed to to his adviser's oxen, saying, "Yet these oxen eat no meat."-American Garden-

Tripe.

We have been challenged to pronounce an opinion on the dietetic virtues of tripe, an article of food which is largely consumed in certain parts of the country, especially during the winter months. Tripe consists of the soft muscular walls and mucous membrane of the stomach of ruminant animals, with a small proportion of delicate omental fat adhering, from which, however, all fibrous portions of the serous covering, or peritoneum, have been removed. From frequent experiments it has been proved that tripe stands high in the list of albuminous substances that are quickly acted on by the gastric juice and reduced to a state of solution, and has, therefore, acquired a reputation for digestibility. But plain boiled tripe in itself is a very insipid article of food, and in order to make it palatable the art of the cook has to be invoked, which, while making it more "savory," causes it often, when so served, to be an offense to the stomach. The usual mode of serving tripe in this country is to boil it with milk and onions, and there can be little doubt that such a combination is not particularly digestible. Tripe is also sometimes fried in batter, but unless very carefully cooked it is apt to become leathery. If only plainly boiled in water it requires a considerable amount of condiments in the shape of salt, pepper and mustard to make it acceptable to the palate. Therefore, tripe as usually cooked, though an excellent dish for strong stomachs, is, owing to the ingredients added to it, not always so suitable for persons of weak estion as has been supposed.—Londor Lancet.

Infinitesimal Penmauship.

John J. Taylor, of Streator, Ili., once wrote 4100 words on the blank side of a postal card. This was sent to a Chicago paper, which heralded the story to piece of pen work ever executed. As a unfailing remedy for Indirection, Sick Headmatter of fact Mr. Taylor's effort has been discounted on several occasions.

"Remember that in Garfield Tea you have an unfailing remedy for Indirection, Sick Head-ache and every attending ill that an abused stomach can make you suffer. Every druggist sells it. 25c., 50c. and \$1." the world as being the most wonderful Beedle the Penman, of Ottery St. Mary, Liverpool, once wrote the following pieces entire, without the slightest abbreviation, all upon a piece of white card board 31x31 inches in size: Goldsmith's "Traveler," "The Deserted Village," "Essay on Education," "Distress of a Disabled Soldier," "The Tale of Azim," "Justice," "Generosity," "Ir-resolution of Youth," "Frailty of Man," son keye-water. Druggists sed at 25c. per bottle

"Friendship" and the "Genius of Love." In the center of the card there was a perfect picture of Ottery Church, all of the shades and lines being formed of parts of the writing. As a kind of tailpiece he added the anthem of "God Save the Queen," embellished it with seventy-two stars, fifty-one crescents and nineteen crosses, finishing the whole by drawing a picture of a serpent which inclosed the whole of the miraculous production. If you wish to ascertain exactly how much Beedle's effort exceded that of Mr. Taylor, count the words in the Goldsmith pieces catalogued above.

A Girl's Headache-Curing Hands.

There is a girl in San Francisco who can cure headaches-cure them without a bit of medicine. She just lays her hand on the aching head and that settles the whole matter. There's something peculiar about the girl's hands. They are white and shapely and very nice to look at, but to touch-ugh! they're as cold as ice. More than that, they are always dripping wet, these strange hands. It's an eerie thing to see a handsome, healthy girl lift her hands and let an icy dew fall from the ends of her fingers. She can do that any time she wants to, and never feels the least annoyed at the awe of the beholders.

She is a tall, handsome young woman, who has never been ill in her life. She is rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, and she isn't the slightest particle like the typical healer. She works in a big, hot factory down town, and she can cure any girl in the place of headache or any kind of pain. She doesn't go through strange evolutions or weird incantations. She just pushes back ber sleeves and lays her cold, wet hands on the aching head. The patient feels a queer, creepy shivery sensation crawling down her back. The cold hands move slowly across the hot forehead of the sufferer, the throbbing pain stops, the twitching of the eyelids ceaser, and the headache is gone.-San Francisco Examiner.

"How I Wrote Ben Hur,"

told by Gen. Lew Wallace, is one scrap from the voluminous and superb programme of eminent writers and interesting articles which The Youth's Companion announces. It retains its place in 550,000 families by the versatility and the instructiveness of its general articles, the high character of all its stories, the brightness of its illustrations. Then it comes every week, and one gets a great deal for \$1.75 a year. The price sent at once will entitle you to the paper to January, 1894. Address The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

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Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, act-ing directly upon the blood and mucous sur-faces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c, per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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