REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Unhorsed."

Text: "And as he journeyed he came near Damascus, and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he felt to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou perse-

The Damascus of Bible times still stands, with a population of 135,000. It was a gay city of white and glistening architecture, its minarets and crescents and domes playing with the light of the morning sun; embow-ered in groves of clive and citron and orange and pomegranate; a famous river plunging its brightness into the scene; a city by the ancients styled "a pearl surrounded by em-

A group of horsemen are advancing upon that city. Let the Christians of the place hide, for that cavalende coming over the hills is made up of persecutors; their leader small and unattractive in some respects, as leaders sometimes are insignificant in per-son-witness the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Archibald Alexander. But there is something very intent in the eye of this man of the text, and the horse he rides is lathered with the foam of a long and quick travel of 135 miles. He urges on his steed, for those Christians must be captured and silenced, and that religion of the cross must

Suddenly the horses shy off and plunge until the riders are precipitated. Freed from the riders, the horses bound snorting away. You know that dumb animals, at the sight of an eclipse, or an earthquake, or anything like a supernatural appearance, sometimes become very uncontrollable. A new sun had been kindled in the heavens, putting out the glare of the ordinary sun. Christ, with the glories of heaven wrapped about Him, looked out from a cloud, and the splendor was insufferable, and no wonder the horses sprang and the equestrians dropped.

Dust covered and bruised, Saul attempts to

get up, shading his eyes with his hands from the severe luster of the heavens, but unsucess-fully, for he is struck stone blind as he cries out, "Who art thou, Lord?" and Jesus an-swered him; "I am the one you have been swered him; "I am the one you have been chasing. He that whips and scourges those ascene Christians whips and scourges It is not their back that is bleeding; it is Mine. It is not their heart that is break eng: it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou per-

From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were rocked down, before whom soldiers turned pale, into whose hand Mediterranean sea captains put control of their shipwrecking craft, and whose epistles are the avant courier of a resurrection day.

I learn from this scene that a worldly fall

sometimes precedes a spiritual uplifting. man does not get much sympathy by off a horse. People say he ought not to have got into the saddle if he could not ride. Those of its who were brought up in the country remember well how the workmen laughed when, on our way back from the brook, we suddenly lost our ride. When in a grand review a general toppied from the stirrups, it became a National merriment.

Here is Paul on horsback—a proud man,

riding on with Government documents in his pocket, a graduate of a most famous school, which the celebrated Dr. Gamaliel had been a professor, perhaps having already at-tained two of the three titles of the school rab, the first; rabbi, the second, and on the way to rabbak, the third and highest title. I know from his temperament that his horse was ahead of the other horses. But without time to think of what posture he should take, or without consideration for his dignity, he is tumbled into the dust. And yet that was the best ride Paul ever took. Out of that violent fall he arose into the apostle-ship. So it has been in all ages, and so it is

You will never be worth much for God and the church until you lose your fortune, or have your reputation upset, or in some way, somehow, are thrown and humiliated. You must go down before you go up. Joseph finds his path to the Egyptian court through Daniel would never have walked among the bronzed lions that adorned the Babylonish throne if he had not first walked among the real lions of the cave. And Paul marshais all the generations of Christendom by fallflat on his face on the road to Damascus.

Men who have been always prospered may be efficient servants of the world, but will be of no advantage to Christ. You may ride majestically scated on your charger, rein in hand, foot in stirrup, but you will never be worth anything spiritually until you fall off. They who graduate from the school of Christ with the highest honors have on their diploma the seal of a lion's muddy paw, or the piash of an angry wave, or the drop of a stray tear, or the brown scoreh of a perse-cuting fire. In 900 cases out of 1000 there is no moral or spiritual elevation until there has been a thorough worldly upsetting.

Again, I learn from the subject that the religion of Christ is not a pusillanimous thing. People in this day try to make us believe that Christianity is something for men of small caliber, for women with no capacity of small caliber, for women with no capacity to reason, for children in the intant class under six years of age, but not for stalwart men. Look at this man of the text! Do you not think that the religion that could capnot think that the religion that could cap-ture such a man as that must have some power in it? He was a logician; he was a metaphysician; he was an all conquering crator; he was a poet of the highest type. He had a nature that could swamp the lead-ing men of his own day, and hurled against the sanhedrin he made it tremble.

He learned all that he could get in the school of his native village; then he had gone to a higher school and there mastered the Greek and the Hebrew and perfected himself in belies lettres, until in after years he astonished the Cretans, and the Corinthhe astonished the Cretans, and the Collaborations from lans, and the Athenians by quotations from their own authors. I have never found anything in Carlyle or Goeth or Herbert Spencer thing in Carlyle or Goeth or heavy thing in Cariyle or Goeth or Herbert spencer that could compare in strength or beauty with Paul's episties. I do not think there is anything in the writings of Sir William Ham-ilton that shows such mental discipline as you find in Paul's argument about justifica-tion and the resurrection. I have not found anything in Milton finer in the way of imag-ination than I can find in Paul's illustrations

drawn from the amphitheater.

There was nothing in Robert Emmet plead-There was nothing in Bobert Emmet pleading for his life, or in Edmund Burke arraigning Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, that compared with the scene in the courtroom when, before robed officials, Paul bowed and began his speech, saying, "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day." I repeat that a religion that can capture a man like that must have some power in it. It is time you stopped talking as though all the brain of the world were opposed to Christianity. Where Paul leads, we can afford to follow.

I am glad to know that Christ has in the different ages of the world had in His discipliship a Mozart and a Handel in music, a Raphael and a Reynolds in painting, an An-

Raphael and a Reynolds in painting, an Angelo and a Canova in sculpture, a Rush and a Harvey in medicine, a Grotins and a Washington in statesmanship; a Blackstone, a Marshall and a Kent in law. And the time will come when the religion of Christ will conquer all the observatories and universities, and philosophy will through her telescope behold the morning star of Jesus, and in her laboratory see "that all things work together for good," and with her geological hammee discover the "Rock of Ages."

Oh, instead of cowering and shivering when the skeptic stands before you and talks of religion asthough it were a pusillanimous thing—instead of that take your New Testament from your pocket and show him the picture of the intellectual giant of all the ages prostrated on the road to Damasous phael and a Reynolds in painting, an An-

while his horse is flying wildly away. Then ask your skeptic what it was that frightened the one and threw the other. Oh, no, it is no weak gospel. It is a glorious gospel. It is an all conquering gospel. It is an omni-potent gospel. It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation.

Again, I learn from the text a man cannot become a Christian until he is The trouble is, we want to ride into the king-dom of God just as the knight rode into castle gate on paifrey, beautifully caparisoned. We wrat to come into the kingdom of God in fine style. No kneeling down at the altar, no sitting on "anxious seats," no crying over sin, no begging at the door of God's mercy. Clear the road and let us come in all pranc ing in the pride of our soul. No never get into heaven that way.

There is no knight errantry in religion, no There is no knight errantry in religion, no fringed trappings of repentance, but an utter prostration before God, a going down in the dust, with the cry, "Unclean, unclean!"—a bewailing of the soul, like David from the belly of hell—a going down in the dust until Christ shall by His grace lift us up as He lifted Paul. Oh, proud hearted hearer, you must get off that horse! May a light from the throne of God brighter than light from the throne of God brighter than the sun throw you! Come down into the

dust and cry for pardon and life and heaven.

Again, I learn from this scene of the text that the grace of God can overcome the per-secutor. Christ and Paul were boys at the same time in different villages, and Paul's antipathy to Christ was increasing. He hated everything about Christ. He was going down then with writs in his pockets to have Christ's disciples arrested. He was not going as a sheriff goes to arrest a man against whom he had no spite, but Paul was going down to arrest those people because he was

glad to arrest them.

The Bible says, "He breathed out slaughter." He wanted them captured, and he wanted them butchered. I hear the click, and clash and clatter of the hoofs of the galloping steeds on the way to Damascus. Oh, do you think that proud man on horseback can ever become a Christian? Yes! There is a voice from heaven like a thunderclap uttering two words, the second word the same as the first, but uttered with more emphasis, so that the proud equestrian may have no doubt as to whom is meant: "Saul! Saul!" That man was saved, and he was a persecutor, and so God can, by His grace, overcome

The days of sword and fire for Christians The days of sword and her for Christians seem to have gone by. The bayonets of Nspoleon I, pried open the "inquisition" and let the rotting wretches out. The ancient dungeons around Rome are to-day mere curiosities for the travelers. The Coliseum, where wild beasts used to such up the life of the markets while the contraction. up the life of the martyrs while the emperor watched and Lolia Paulina sat with emerald adornments worth 60,000,000 sesterces, clap-ing her hands as the Christians died under the paw and the tooth of the lion—that Col-iseum is a ruin now. The scene of the Smithfield fires is a haymarket. The day of fire and sword for Christians seems to have gone by. But has the day of persecution ceased? No. Are you not caricatured for your religion? In proportion as you try to your religion? In proportion as you try to serve God and be faithful to Him, are you not sometimes maltreated?

That woman finds it hard to be a Christian as ber husband talks and jeers while she is trying to say her prayers or read the Bible. That daughter finds it hard to be a Christian with the whole family arraved against her— lather, mother, brother and sister making her the target of ridicule. That young man finds it hard to be a Christian in the shop or factory or store when his comrades jeer at him because he will not go to the gambling

hell or other places of iniquity.

Oh, no, the days of persecution have not ceased and will not until the end of the ceased and will not until the end of the world. But oh, you persecuted ones, is it not time that you began to pray for your persecutors? They are no prouder, no fiercer, no more set in their way than was this persecutor of the text. He fell. They will fail if Christ from the heavens grandly and gloriously looks out on them. God can by His grace make a Renan believe in the divinity of

Jesus and a Tyndall in the worth of prayer.

Robert Newton stamped the ship's deck in derisive indignation at Christianity only a little while before he became a Christian. "Out of my house," said a father to his daughter, "if you will keep praying." Yet at the same altar with the child. at the same altar with the child. And the Lord Jesus Christ is willing to look out from heaven upon that derisive opponent of the Christian religion and address him, not in glittering generalities, but calling him by name: "John! George! Henry!—Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me!"

Again, I learn from this subject that there is hope for the worst offenders. It was particularly outrageous that Saul should have gone to Damascus on that errand. Jesus Christ had been dead only three years, and the story of his kindness and his generosity.

the story of his kindness and his generosity, and his love filled all the air. It was not an old story, as it is now It was a new story.

Jesus had only three summers ago been in Jesus had only three summers ago been in these very places, and Saul every day in Jerusalem must have met people who knew Christ, people with good eyesight whom Jesus had cured of bindness, people who had been dead and who had been resurrected by the Savior, and the people who could tell Paul all the particulars of the crucifixion—just how Jesus looked in the last hour, just how the heavens grew black in the face at how the heavens grew black in the face at

He heard that recited every day by people who were acquainted with all the circumstances, and yet in the fresh memory of that scene he goes to persecute Christ's disciples, impatient at the time it takes to feed the horses at the inn, not pulling at the snaffle, but riding with loose rein faster and faster. Oh, he was the chief of sinners! No outbreak of modesty when he said that. He was a murderer. He stood by when Stephen died and helped in the execution of that good man.

When the rabble wanted to be unimpeded In their work of destroying Stephen and wanted to take off their coats, but did not dare to lay them down lest they be stolen, Paul said, "I'll take care of the coats," and they put them down at the feet of Paul, and he watched the coats, and he watched the horrid mangling of glorious Stephen. Is it a wonder that when he fell from the horse he did not break his neck—that his foot did not catch somewhere in the trappings of the saddle, and he was not dragged and kicked to death? He deserved to die miserably, wretchedly and forever, notwithstanding all his metaphysics, and his eloquence, and his

He was the chief of sinners. He said what was true when he said that. And yet the grace of God saved him, and so it will you. If there is any man in this house who thinks he is too bad to be saved and says, "I have he is too bad to be saved and says, "I have wandered very grievously from God; I do not believe there is any hope for me," I tell you the story of this man in the text who was brought to Jesus Christ in spite of his sins and opposition. There may be some here who are as stoutly opposed to Christ as Paul was. There may be some here who are captive of their sins as much so as the young man who said in regard to his dissipating habits: "I will keep on with them. I know I am breaking my mother's heart, and I know I am killing myself, and I know that when I die I shall go to hell, but it is now too late to stop."

too late to stop."

The steed on which you ride may be swifter and stronger and higher mettled than that on which the Cilician persecutor rode, but Christ can catch it by the bridle and huri

but Christ can catch it by the bridle and huri it back and hurl it down. There is mercy for you who say you are too bad to be saved. You say you have put off the matter so long; Paul had neglected it a great while. You say that the sin you have committed has been among the most aggravating circumstances; that was so with Paul's.

You say you have exasperated Christ and coaxed your own ruin; so did Paul, And yet he sits to-day on one of the highest of the heavenly thrones, and there is mercy for you, and good days for you, and gladness for you, if you will only take the same Christ which first threw him down and then raised him up. It seems to me as if I san see Paul to-day rising up from the highway to Damascus, and brushing off the dust from his cloak, and wiping the sweat of excitement from his brow, as he turns to us and

all the ages, saying, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

Once more, I learn from this subject that there is a tremendous reality in religion. If it had been a mere optical delusion on the road to Damaseus, was not Paul just the man to find it out? If it had been a sham etense, would he not have pricked the? He was a man of facts and arguments, of the most gigantic intellectual na-ture, and not a man of hallucinations. And when I see him fall from the saddle, blinded and overwhelmed, I say there must have been something in it. And, my dear brother, you will find that there is something in re-ligion somewhere. The only question is,

There was a man who rode from Stamford to London, ninety-five miles, in five hours on horseback. Very swift. There was a woman of Newmarket who rode on was a woman of Newmarket who rode on horseback a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Very swift. But there are those nere—aye, all of us are speeding on at tenfold that velocity, at a thousand fold that rate, toward eternity. May Almighty God, from the opening heavens, flash upon your soul this hour the question of your eternal destiny, and oh, that Jesus would this hour overcome you with His pardoning mercy as He stands here with the pathos of a broken heart and sobs into your ear: "I have come for thee. I come with My back raw from bleeding, I come with My beet mangled with the nails. I come with My brow aching from the twisted bramble, I come with My heart bursting for your woes. I can stand it no longer. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest!"



Reefer jackets grow in favor. Albany, N. Y., has two women doc-

Palmistry is said to be a growing society amusement.

A large Methodist church in Detroit, Mich., has a woman as assistant pastor. Eleven of the general fellowships of Chicage University have been won by

Fifty thousand per annum is the marriage dower of the young women of the Vanderbilt families.

There are 100,000 more domestic servants in England this year than there were ten years ago, but it is said the quality has not kept pace with the

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris has received a large increase of income since the death of her husband. She was already rich, as her father-in-law, at his death three years ago, left her an income of \$35,000 a year and the London house.

Florence Nightingale has just celebrated her seventy-third birthday. For many years she has been confined to her house by constant ill health. She makes her home with her brotherin-law, Sir Harry Vernon, in Devon-

Queen Natalie, of Servis, instead of constantly bewailing her woes as formerly, has decided that there is something left in life, and the other evening appeared elegantly dressed at a ball given in Mentone in her honor by Mrs. Meller, an American.

Women as well as men are eligible for the vacant Professorship of French just advertised by the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. By the college charter women are competent to serve on the Board of Governors, Council and Senate at Aberystwyth.

Mrs. Jennie Atchley, of Texas, has 800 colonies of bees, devoted entirely to queen rearing. She is the most extensive breeder of queen bees in the world. She is thirty-eight years old and has eight children, with whose help she does all the work in her apiary.

The will of the late Jane Holmes, one of the richest women in Pittsburg. Penn., among other charitable bequests, gives \$20,600 to the Trustees of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, and \$5000 for the relief of disabled ministers.

Mme. Fateno, wife of the new Japanese Minister to the United States, says: "I like American dress, all except the corset, but I find it extremely difficult to grow accustomed to it. In Japanese attire it is easy to sit on the floor, but one cannot do so gracefully or comfortably in American clothing.

Princess Maud of Wales is particularly fond of assuming an alias and dropping some of the red tape of royalty. Every year she goes to visit her former governess, who lives in Devonshire. Always the sensible princess insists on being called "Miss Mills" and upon being treated as a member of the

Moire antique in the faintest tints is among the newest fabrics for evening wear, some of which are patterned with almost invisible dots, calling for black velvet or other rich black fabrics for garniture. Shot moire is as beautiful as it is novel. Shot satins are exhibited with small flowers scattered over the surface, the flowers in natural colors, the changeable grounds faintly re-

flecting their tones. Miss Laura Yorke Stevenson has the reputation of being Philadelphia's greatest woman scholar. She is the curator of the Archeological and Paleontological Museum of the University of Pennsylyania, and to her energetic labors is due the fact that these museums take their high rank in the museums of the world. Miss Stevenson is also quite well known to the lecture world by her talks upon the subjects

of ancient customs and art. The best dresses are being made with V-shaped open front, which admits of the intervention of a becoming color "ear the face. Handsome guipure dresses in black or white are worn over a plainsilk bodice and skirt. The same dress may be worn over any solor and frequently changed. The guipure gown is naturally in favor for risiting, as the one dress, with one or two underdresses, provides an almost complete change of wardrobe.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

GEESE AND DUCKS.

Geese and ducks should be young, but it is more difficult to judge of the age and quality of the goose than of any other bird. Both geese and ducks should have white, soft fat, yellow feet and tender wings. The windpipe should be brittle, breaking easily when pressed with the thumb and Wild and tame are usually easily distinguishable. One point can always be noted. Tame ducks have thick, yellowish feet, while wild ducks have feet of a reddish tinge. Of the wild ducks the finest is the canvas back, which is distinguished from the others by the feathers of the head being short and smooth, and the head and neck of a deep chestnut color. The bill is entirely greenish black, while that of the red head, which with the mallard ranks next in quality to the canvas back, is dull blue. - New York

HARICOT OF MUTTON.

Two pounds of loin chops, two onions, one bay leaf, one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, one stalk of celery, one zurnip, one carrot, one tablespoonful of flour, half a pint of water or stock, one tablesponful of butter, salt and pepper. Put the butter in a frying-pan, and when very hot, fry the chops brows on both sides; take them up, and add the flour to the butter remaining in the pan; mix, and add the stock or water; stir constantly until it boils. Then put the chops back, add the onions cut into slices, salt pepper, the celery cut into small pieces, and the catsup. Stand over a slow fire to simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Cut the carrot and turnip into slices, then into fancy shapes with vegetable cutters; cover them with boiling water, boil ten minutes; drain and add them, with the bay leaf, to the meat, and allow them to simmer with the meat the full time it is cooking. When done, serve very hot.

SOME FINE PRENCH SAUCES.

Sauces must be served very hot, and to keep them so without letting them boil the stewpan should be placed either in a bain-marie or a saucepan with boiling water. An enamel saucepan is the best in which to make sauces. Never let sauce boil after acids or eggs have been added. Sauce Raifort (cold) -Soak a horseradish for one hour, grate it finely and add an equal quantity of bread crumbs, a lump of sugar (powdered), some salt, pepper and a little vinegar; add four tablespoonfuls of whipped cream and stir all together. Sauce a l'Huile-Take the peel and white from two lemons, cut them in thin slices, place them in a basin with three tablespoonfuls of good salad oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, a few tarragon leaves and a little spice. Mix well together. This sauce is good with grilled fish. Sauce Mayonnaise -Put the yolks of four eggs in a basin, stir in a little salt and pepper (with a wooden spoon), add about sixteen tablespoonfuls of good olive oil. being very careful to put very little in at a time. When the oil is perfectly absorbed, the sauce should be thick and smooth; when nearly finished, add a little tarragon vinegar and a squeeze of lemon. Always stir the same This sauce is generally used with lobster and chicken salads, Beurre d'Anchois-Wash and bone five anchovies, pound them in a mortar, pass them through a sieve, and add one ounce of fresh butter. Sauce Raifort-Put two ounces of butter and two ounces of flour in a stewpan, and stir until the flour is cooked, but not brown. Add half a pint of white stock (or water) and half a pint of boiled milk. Let it boil for fifteen minutes, then add four tablespoonfuls of finely grated horsersdish, with a little salt and a lump of sugar; serve hot, but not boiling. Sauce Verte-Put a teacupful of veal brothin a stewpan with a little lemon juice; pound thoroughly some chervil, tarragon, cress and pimpernel; strain the juice and mix it with four yolks of eggs; add this to the broth, season with pepper and salt, heat up the sauce, but do not let it boil. Sauce au Citron-Take half a pint of fish stock (or water) in a pan, add pepper, salt, chopped parsley, one ounce of butter and the juice of a large lemon; keep hot without boiling. Sauce au Civet (for hares and rabbits)-Partly cook the liver of a hare or rabbit, in butter or lard, put it in a stewpan with half a pint of stock, four onions, a couple of bay leaves and a few mushrooms; let all simmer until the flavo: is good; strain carefully.-New York Herald.

THE DINNER TABLE.

Celery glasses are quite out of date and long and low glass dishes shaped like a scroll are in vogre.

Bouillon cups are made with or without covers; they are low and broad and have handles on each side, One of the latest things in decoration shows a deep border of solid dark green with a vein of gold in small engraved vandykes.

The ornate rococo style with its elaborate ornamentations is relegated to occasions of extreme elegance on account of its costliness. Fern dinners come to match dinner

or luncheon sets, or they are of pierced silver. Growing ferns in tin receptacles are placed in them. Fruit dishes are low or in graceful basket shape; they are of hammered

or filigree silver, of Doulton or Wedgwood, or of cut or gold engraved Low, broad vegetable dishes are fashionable; the newest have the handles formed of twisted ribbons in pale blue,

pink or green. They are new and very

Commercial Importance of Peanuts.

The peanut has a great commercial importance aside from its roasted state. The seeds contain from fortytwo to fifty per cent. of oil, which is easily obtained by cold or warm expression. The first method yields a superior oil, which none but an expert can detect from the true olive oil, and it may be used for the same purposes, both on the table and in pharmacy. In the latter method the beans are but slightly heated before being submitted to pressure, and the yield is much greater; but the color is darker and the odor more pronounced and less agreeable. This second quality of Arachis oil, as it is known, is used for fine soaps, cerates and ointments. Perfumers use it as the basis of their cold creams and pomades; and it is also used for delicate machinery. The west coast of Africa produces an almost incalcuable crop to supply the European demand, Marseilles alone importing in one year over 10,000,000 bushels for use in the manufacture of chocolate, while billions of bushels are yearly carried to London, Hamburg, Berlin and other places for oil. Very large quantities are grown in India, for home uses. Brazil, which is the true botanical home of the plant, does little more than supply her own market. Besides the use of the vines as fodder, a very valuable feeding cake is made of the ground beans. It is exceedingly rich in flesh-forming elements, has an agreeable taste, a moderate amount of oil, and is very digestible. - New York Telegram.

Foretold His Illness.

A rather curious story is going about in connection with the illness of Sir Andrew Clark. The distinguished physician had accepted an engagement to read a paper before a medical society on the day on which, as it subsequently happened, he was taken ill. Some three weeks before the day in question, it is said, that he called upon another well-known medical man and requested him to read the paper for him, as he felt a conviction that he was going to be ill, and peristed in this belief in spite of any attempt to laugh him out of it. It would seem to be either a most remarkable medical prognosis, or a still more curious instance of the verification of a presentiment. - New York Dispatch.

Russian Oil Kings.

The wealthy Russian oil kings, the Nobel Brothers, who have driven American oil out of Eesstern Europe, have no lack of crude petroleum, for the firm itself is said to own fifty oil wells near Baku, and several are plugged down, not being wanted at present. One of these monster wells has suddenly spouted 30,000,000 gallons to the surface, and not long ago the great Droojba fountain rose to the height of 300 feet, and ejected the oil at the rate of 8000 tons a day,-New York Dispatch.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the

remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleas-ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kid-neys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

ويدو و المدار و المدا

NOW comes the season when dainty and delicious cake and pastry are required. Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in their preparation.

For finest food I can use none but Royal.—A. FORTIM, Chef, White House, for Presidents Cleveland and Arthur.

ROYAL BAKING FONDER CO., 506 WALL ST., N. Y.

The Wings a Flying Man Must Have.

M. de Lucy, a French naturalist, has shown that the wing area of flying animals varies from about forty-nine square feet per pound of weight carried in the gnat, and five square feet in the swallow, to only half a square foot in the Australian crane, which weighs over twenty pounds and yet flies well. Supposing that man is possessed of the muscular energy cspable of adopting the latter proportion, then a man weighing 168 pounds would require wings fourteen feet long by three feet wide, or twice the area of an ordinary door, without allowing for the weight of the wings. The simple "flopping" of these wings up and down without any attempt at flight would thoroughly exhaust an ordinary man in a very few moments. As a matter of fact, as experiments with aeroplanes and with many birds prove, man is much too heavy in proportion to his muscular energy ever to hope to fly unaided by either a buoyant vessel or by added power.

CURES OTHERS

M. W. Scott, Esq., of the U. S. Marshall's Office, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "For many years my wife has been a constant sufferer from indigestion, sick healache, nervous prostration and all other complaints that the female sex is heir to, and, after trying many remedies and doctors with but little or no relief, I persuaded her to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery. She was so out of heart, she returned the answer that it would be like all the rest-of no good; but on my account, she



remedy on earth for her sex, and recommends it to all suffering females. She has not been so well in ten years.

I write this without any solicitation and with a free, good will, so that you may let all who may suffer know what it has done for her." Sold by medicine dealers everywhere.

WHY NOT YOU?

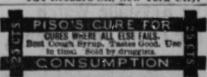
"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT



A DAY EASILY MADE

oured this week in its Manufacture. Address, E. H. WILLIA MSON, 140 Cumberland Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Red Low-Priced GERRAN DICTIONARY published, at the remarkably low price of only *1.90, postpaid This Book con-

BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE. 134 Leonard St., New York City.



One bottle for fifteen cents, Twelve bottles for one dollar, by mail.



Ripans Tabules are the most effective recipe ever prescribed by a physician for any disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels. Buy of any druggist anywhere, or send price to THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, to SPROCE St., New YORK,

What Brings Release From Dirt and Grease? Why, Don't You Know? SAPOLIO!