## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

The Subject: "Recovered Families" O'reached at Little Rock, Ark.).

TEXT: "Then David and the people that were with him lifted up their voice and wept until they had no more power to weep. \*

David recovered all."—I Samuel xxx.,

There is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding goodby to their families and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors, flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenseless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronze warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved and kisses thrown until the armed men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get through with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their way home no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout of the child.

Oh, what long stories they will have to tell their families of how they dodged the bat-tleax, and then will roll up their sleeve and show the half healed wound. With glad, quick step, they march on, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expects a moment to see the dwelling places of their loved ones. They look and as they look their cheek turns and the same of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his triumph. look, and as they look their cheek turns pale, and their lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry. Alas, the curling smoke above the ruin tells the tragedy!

The Amalekites have come down and con-sumed the village and carried the mothers, and the wives, and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy war-riors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncentrollable weeping, for when a strong warrior weeps the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear him to pieces. They "wept until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in air, cries, "Pursue for thou, shall overtake them, and emotion might tear him to pieces. They "weept untilthey had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in air, cries, "Pursue, for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." Now the march becomes a "double quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step farther. They are left there. But the other 400 men under David, with a sort of panther step, march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the than he pointed the way the captors and the way the said gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must trake the same road. They repented. We must repent. They prayed. We must trust in the provide after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented. We must repent. They prayed. We must repent. They prayed. We must repent. They prayed. We must repent. They prayed want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented. We must r tives," pointing in the direction. Forward, ye 400 brave men of fire!

Very soon David and his enraged company

I have also to say to you that the path that fing of trumpet, David and his 400 men burst upon the scene. David and his 400 men burst these captives trod was a troubled path, and that David and his men look up, and one glance at their loved ones in captivity and under Amalekitish guard throws them into a very fury of determination, for you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Ah, there are lightnings in their eye, and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whiriwind! Amid the upset tankards and the costly viands crushed underfoot, the wounded Amalekites lie, their blood mingling with their wine, shrieking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While these captives trod was a troubled path, and then they go over the same difficult way. While these captives trod was a troubled path, and then they go over the same difficult way. While these captives trod was a troubled path, and that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While these captives trod was a troubled path, and then they go over the same difficult way. While these captives trod was a troubled path, and then they go over the same difficult way. While these captives were being taken off they said, "Oh, we are so hungry" But the men who hal charge of them said they wounds with the men who hal charge of them said they wounds with the men who hal charge of them said they wounds with the says for it reads from trees of life. God will not utterly east you off, O broken hearted man, O broken hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor, dip your blistered the weekls of savidation, so they not one so the feet in the running stream of God's mercy, bathe your bow the extudes from trees of life. God will not utterly east you off, O broken hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor, dip your blistered that the seen. The part of the wind that these captives the wounds and the weath your bow the wounds with the wounds at the wounds at the wounds at the win the victory than they throw their swords down into the dust—what do they want with swords now?—and the broken families come together amid a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison. The rough old marking the comparison of the makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now down the can get his child to come to him now down to the can get his child to come to him now down to the can get his child to come to him now down to the Jordan of death you will find it to be after so long an absence, but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkle across the scarred face. And then the empty tankards are set up, and they are filled with the best wine from the hills, and David and his men, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the states administration of the second of the sisters, drink to the overthrow of the trouble that shook the cup in their hands. It Amalekites and to the rebuilding of Ziklag. was trouble that washed the luster from So. O Lord, let Thine enemies perish!

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

This subject is practically suggestive to me.

Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey and be gone weeks and months and come back and see his house untouched of incendiary and have his family on the step to great him if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there is an and his men never wanted sharp swords, and his men never wanted sharp swords.

ashes!

One day, in Ulster County, N. Y., the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptled the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their number was afflanced to altar. One of their number was affianced to a minister of Christ, who had come to take her to his own home. With hands joined, amid a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin hid because they had all been taken. coffin lid, because they had all been taken for the bridal hour. The dead minister of

for the bridal hour. The dead minister of Christ is brought to another village.

He had gone out from them less than a week before in his strength; now he comes home lifeless. The whole church bewailed him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed the messages of salvation. Little children were lifted up to look at him. And some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with their weeping. Another village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize his triumph.

I preached this sermon to-day because I want to rally you, as David railied his men. for the recovery of the loved and the lost. I want not only to win heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me. I feel that somehow I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city. Do you really want to join the companionship of your loved ones who have gone? Are you as anxious to join them as David and his men were to oin their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may and to

I remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory, you must travel the same way they went. No sooner had the half dead Egyptian been resuscitated compel him to tell the whole story. He says, "Yonder they went, the captors and the captors and the captors and the captors and the captors are the captors and the captors are the captors and the captors are the captors ar done. They were sometimes rebellious, sometimes cast down. They were far from Very soon David and his enraged company come upon the Amalekitish host. Yonder they see their own wives and children and mothers, and under Amalekitish guard. Here are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a banquet. The cups are full; the music is roused, the dance begins. The Amalekitish of the dance begins. The Amalekitish host cheer and cheer over their victory. But, without note of bugle or warning of trumpet, David and his 400 men burst.

I have also to say to you that the path that these captives trod was a troubled path, and their eyes with the rain of tears until they Now they are coming home, David and needed spectacles. It was trouble that made his men and their families—a long pro-cession. Men, women and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of sitting on some rainy day looking out of the where staid the raen sick and incompetent apron came up to her eyes because the mem-

Of: the eig. unbidden tear.
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere
Tales of woe they could not speak.

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

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

step to greet him if by telegram he has fore-told the moment of his coming. But there invulnerable shields, and thick breastplates are Amalekitish disasters, there are Amalekitish diseases that sometimes comes down when they came down upon the Amelikites, upon one's home, making as devastating If they had lost that battle, they never would work as the day when Ziklag took fire.
There are families you represent broken up.
No battering ram smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no flame leaped amid the curtains, but so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged to that house are concerned the home has departed.

Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scariet fevers or pieurisies or consumptions or undefined disorders and seized upon some members the world, war with the flesh, war with the risies or consumptions or undefined disor-ders came and seized upon some members of that family and carried them away. Zik-

ders came and seized upon some members of that family and carried them away. Zik-lag in ashes: And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes! Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh, how glad you were when the time came for you went to go aboard the steamboat or railroad and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the doorbell, and, behold! It was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalakitish death, which has devastated a thousand other households, and behold? It was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalakitish death, which has devastated a thousand other households, belonding with the mirth of heaven. The pallor of their last sickness gone out of their face, nevermore to be silek, nevermore to be old, nevermore to weep. Tiking in ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington and asked that through him he might get a consulship to some foreign port. My friend said to him: "What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for into a foreign port?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead. I must get away, six it is maring while I speak you could hear the cannonade of a loreign enemy which was to despoly over they, and if they are all place he started for shell will either slay the Amalekites, or the Ama

across this audience? Why is it that in almost every assemblage black is the predominant color of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron or brown or violet? Oh. no! You say: "The world is not so bright to us as once it was," and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills expecting only beauty and loveliness you find only devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes! families away from you, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every wapon, whether fresh from the armory or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out, and we would look at our families, and the cry would be. "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet or under

armory or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out, and we would urge on, and coming in front of the foe we would look at them and then look at our families, and the cry would be, "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet or under the breech of the gun.

If you would make such a struggle for the getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends? Oh, yes, we must join then! We must sit in their holy society. We must sing with them the song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in heaven that David and his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends for a few years on earth than we to get our departed!

You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on the 2d of May to a house where one of your friends lived and find him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are gicken than they are any afford a other house. The secret is that they are richer than they once were and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware. They now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Living, are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of beaven? Oh. mosphere of the mountains of heaven? Oh,

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

But I must not forget those 200 men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step farther. Their feet were sore; their head ached: their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that they were broken hearted because their homes were gone. Zikiag in ashes! And yet David, when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them! He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I look over this audience of the treasures. I look over this audience this morning, and I find at least 200 who have fainted by the brook Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step farther, as though you could never look up again. But I am going to imitate David and divide among you some glorious trophies. Here is a robe, "All things work together for good to those who love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neck a string of pearis made out of crystallized tears, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." On, ye fainting ones by the brook Besor, dip your blistered ones by the brook Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running stream of God's mercy,

as thin a brook as Basor, for Dr. Robi says that in April Besor dries up and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placid as the Kentucky minister who went up to God, saying in the dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the deathbed. Teil her there is not a word of truth in it, for I am there now, and Jesus is with me, and I find it a very happy way, not because I am a good man, for I am not. I am nothing but a poor, miserable sinner, but I have an Alcolobte Saviour, and both of but I have an Almighty Saviour, and both of

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

## A River "Sea Serpent."

Austin Rice, of East Deerfield, a plain, unimaginative farmer, who for nearly fifty of the seventy years of his life has resided in his quiet home on the banks of the Connecticut River, said a few days ago: "I was near the bridge, a little over a week ago, when I heard what seemed to me like a grunt followed by a splash. I looked into the river, and, not more than twentyfive feet away, I saw a big snake.

"Its head was out of water, and its body raised some six or seven feet. At the neck the snake was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as an ordinary stovepipe. His eyes were as large as those of a horse, and his mouth, which was open, was nearly a foot across. The color of his body was black, and a white stripe around his mouth extended down to his paunch. I followed the snake, trying to keep alongside of him. At one place he started for the bank, and I started away from it. His power of locomotion was so strong that he had no trouble in keeping still in the river against the current. When he got alongside a boathouse where some boys were hammering, he heard the noise and raised himself about ten feet into the air and then fell back in-

to the water and disappeared." Mr. Rice's reputation for veracity among his neighbors and acquaintances is good. -Boston Herald.

Celebrated Christmas 180 Times. Golour McCrain, who died on the Isle of Jura, one of the Hebrides, in the reign of Charles L, is said to have celebrated 180 Christmases during his lifetime. There were records in the McCrain family which proved that the old man was past 180 years of age on the day of his death, which would make his lease of life at least thirteen years greater than any other man who hes lived during the last 3000 years .-

Hard Tack the Remedy.

The dentists of the period, who are nothing if not scientific, raise a note of alarm about the growing tendency to decay of the teeth of the present and the coming generations. Dental caries is said to be increasing in an "extraordinary and alarming" manner. Each succeeding generation shows a poorer quality of teeth. This a writer for The Hospital confirms to some extent by the experience of four generations of his own family. At one extreme was a grandfather at eighty-six, who died less than a score of years ago, with a mouth full of absolutely perfect teeth. At the other is the great-grand-daughter of that old gentlemen, who, at ten years of age, requires six of her teeth "filled" at the present moment. What can be the cause of this very unpleasant and even alarming condition of things? The dentists tell us that "dental caries, marches hand in hand with civilization." If that be so, we can only devoutly wish that civilization would find a more encouraging and comfortable companion. But why does civilization insist upon destroying our teeth? Because, say the dentists "the increasing perfection of the culinary art, by reducing the work of the masticating organs to a minimum," cause both teeth and jaws to atrophy and decay. So, then, it is the cook, the scientific cook of the schools of cookery, who, in the last resort, is at fault. Even our domesticated animals, our cats and dogs, are losing the excellence of their teeth for the same reason, and we shall no doubt soon have dentists among the veterinary surgeons as well as among the more august professors of the art of human medicine. These be uncomfortable prophesyings! Can anything be done?
A little, say the dentists. We must
all go in for brown bread. Whole meal bread alone contains in quantity the flourine which is so necessary for the hardness and permanence of the teeth. Whole meal bread it must be, then, at morning, at noon and at night, if we would avoid the pangs of tooth-ache and the pains of dentistry and save our precious teeth.

### Tunnel Through Buildings.

Railroad companies have constructed tunnels under river beds, and at present workingmen are delving under Blackwell's Island in New York, but the wonder occasioned at this remarkable achievement is not a circumstance when compared to a proposition submitted by the Northwestern L road of Chicago. It proposes to solve the problem of a downtown loop by the adoption of the novel plan of boring a route through the second stories of buildings. The proposed plan pro-vides for the condemnation of a strip forty feet wide through business houses on its right-of-way from the river to the alley north of the First National Bank and then run east to Wabash avenue. Every building in the way of the line-which will be on one side or the other of the alle where one exists-will be tunneled. The structure is arranged so that it rests on its own foundations, entirely independent of the building, leaving the side spaces on each side of the tracks for small structures or booths, similar to an arcade. The rest of the building remains intact. The plan contemplates a two-track structure on the South Side and the stoppage of trains at all street crossings, with electricity as the motive power. North of the river a four-track structure is proposed, the two inner tracks to be used for express trains. The plan, it is admitted, will involve the expenditure of millions, but its adoption, it is claimed, will enhance the value of property and its rents. -St. Louis Re-

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A Bug Six Inches Long. The Hercules beetle is one of the ies of the Coleoptera or beetle fam-States proper, but I understand that a fine specimen is occasionally picked up on the islands off the coast of have two dried specimens of Dynastes, one of which is six and a quarter tip of his upper mandible or "horn" to the end of its body. The head of the "varmint" is jet black, and the upper mandible or pincher is notched and covered with stiff, golden-colored bristles. The under mandible is per-haps an inch shorter than the upper,

and the two form a pair of nippers

that would cause the stag beetle or

common June bug to die with envy .-

Something that is, perhaps, not largest, if not really the largest, known known to everybody, though it has been established for eight or ten ily. They are not found in the United years, is what may be called the sod market. This is located in the broad space where Sixth avenue and Broadway come together just above Thirty-Florida and in the West Indies. I fourth street. The observer will usually find there on pleasant days at this season four or five spring wagons inches in length, measuring from the loaded with sod for sale. It is sold to city householders for renewing front

grass plots or sodded back yards. This sod comes from Astoria and other nearby places on Long Island. It is sold at two cents a square foot delivered at the wagon, or at three cents a foot laid. -New York Sun.

All kinds of insects, so far as known, are afflicted with some para-

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

## What They Are For

Biliousness dyspepsia sick headache bilious headache

St. Louis Republic.

indigestion bad taste in the mouth foul breath loss of appetite

sallow skin pimples torpid liver depression of spirits

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