ASSISTED IMMIGRANTS.

Large Numbers Sent Over by the Tuke Fund.

The Congressional Investigation Committee examined Stephen Wrightington, of Fall River, agent of the State Board of Lunacy and Charity. He testified that since 1873 no head tax had been collected under the State laws. The State Board is under contract with the United States Treasurer for the administration of the immigration laws at Massachusetts ports. Witness was informed that $1,000,000 had been appropriated by the Tuke fund to help emigrants from Ireland to America between 1882 and 1884 and 7,459 such assisted immigrants landed at Massachusetts ports. The local authorities take advantage of the fund to ship paupers from workhouses, and 120 such were returned hence last year. The Mansion House fund was for the importation of Russian Jews from the Crimea. They soon fill our almshouses. Of late years the business of assisting emigrants is practically at an end. Witness thought steamship companies encouraged stowaways to come, for by them steamships can be run cheaper. The State Board has been engaged in detecting and stopping contract labor since last March.

Surprised by the Whites.

A special from St. Martinsville, La., says an encounter between negroes and whites occurred on Tuesday afternoon on Bayou Martin, nine miles above St. Martinsville. The whites had learned that the negroes were arming themselves with rifles which had been secreted in the house of a negro named Albert Nearisse. About 250 whites surprised Nearisse and his brother working in a field. The negroes ran to the house, and tried to barricade it. They were fired on, and compelled to surrender, after Nearisse and a colored boy had been shot. Thirty guns, all new and heavily loaded with buckshot, were found in the cabin. It is not known what was done with the two men captured. Trouble between the whites and blacks is also feared above Breaux Bridge, as the whites have called upon the negroes to surrender their arms, which they have lately been getting together.

GENERAL MARKETS.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

PITTSBURGH.		
BUTTER—Creamery No.1	$ 18	$ 23
Country roll	12	15
CHEESE—Ohio full cream	8½	9
New York	10	10½
FRUITS—Apples, bbl	1 00	2 00
Peaches, box	75	1 00
Damson, plums, bu	1 50	2 00
Grapes, pound	5	8
POULTRY—Chickens, p'r,	40	65
POTATOES—Irish, bbl.	1 50	2 25
Sweets,	3 75	4 00
SEEDS—Clover, country,	4 15	4 25
Timothy	2 25	2 30
Blue grass	1 00	1 25
Millet	1 50	2 00
WHEAT—Old No. 1 red	1 00	1 00
" 2 "	99	1 00
New No. 2 red,	95	96
" 3 "	90	91
CORN—No. 2 yellow ear,	52	53
Mixed ear,	49	50
Shelled mixed,	50	51
OATS—New No. 2 white,	32	33
RYE—New No. 2 Ohio and Pa.,	55	56
FLOUR—Fancy winter pat.,	5 25	5 50
Fancy spring pat's,	5 25	5 50
Clear winter,	4 50	4 75
Rye Flour,	4 00	4 20
HAY—Old Timothy,	16 50	18 50
New	13 50	16 50
Loose, from wagons	18 00	21 00
MIDDLINGS—White,	21 00	25 00
Bran,	15 50	16 00
Chop Feed,	20 00	22 00
BALTIMORE.		
Wheat—No. 2 red,	$ 96	$ 97
Rye	56	58
Corn	51	52
Oats—Western	34	36
Butter	25	31
Eggs		17
Hay—Western	17 00	17 50
CINCINNATI.		
Wheat—No. 2 red,	$ 90	$ 91
Rye		56
Corn	45	46
Oats	25	26
Eggs		15
Pork		14 75
Hay	5 00	6 40
PHILADELPHIA.		
Flour—Family	$ 3 75	$ 4 00
Wheat—No. 2, Red	90¾	90¾
Corn—No. 2, Mixed	54	55
Oats—Ungraded White	33	35
Rye—No. 2	—	58
Butter—Creamery Extra	18	19
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	9	9½

LIVE STOCK.

EAST LIBERTY, PA.

CATTLE.

Included in the sale was a car of prime 1,200 lb. Greene county (Pennsylvania) steers, raised by White & Matthews; at 5.90c, and a car from same county of good 1,300 lbs., belonging to same parties, at 5.35c; prime 1,000 to 1,600 lb. cattle may be quoted at 5.4 to 6c, and, while there was nothing sold at we could hear of at the outside quotation, it could readily have been obtained for the right kind of stock. Good 1,200 to 1,300 lb. averages sold at 5 1-4 to 5.25c; fair 1,000 to 1,100 lb. do. at 4 3-4 to 5c; common 800 to 900 lb. 4 to 4½c; stockers and feeders, 2½ to 3½c, as to quality and condition. Owing to reports of Texas fever a good many country buyers look with suspicion on cattle let at to be shipped here from Chicago or points beyond.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Owing to the very light supply owners had no difficulty in realizing an advance of 15 to 25c per 100 lbs. While there were not any sales that we could hear of sold above 5c, there is no difficulty in realizing 4 65c to 4 75c for prime 100-lb. wethers, fat and smooth. Quoted in the sales were the following: 1 car fair 85-lb. Missouris at 4c; 2 cars good 90-lb. do at 4.30c, deck of good 81-lb. Ohios 4.15c; deck common 75-lb. do, 3.65c; deck of wool Missouris, 85 lbs., with a sprinkling of bucks and stags at 3½c; 1 car fair Illinois, 88 lbs., 3.80c; 1 car Ohios at 3¾c for sheep averaging 80 lbs., and 4.95c for lambs averaging 54 lbs.; 2 cars Western at 4c for sheep and 4.65c for lambs.

HOGS.

The supply was fully 26 car loads above an average for Monday for several weeks past, but with an increased demand the market was active and prices a shade higher, with all pretty well cleared at the close. Philadelphia hogs sold at 6 3-4 to 6 80c; good mixed, 6.60 to 6.65c; good corn-fed Yorkers, 6.40 to 6 1-2c; grassers, 5 1-2 to 6 1-4c.

Wool.

ST. LOUIS.—The wool market firm but unchanged, with a good consumptive demand.
NEW YORK.—Wool less active but strong; medium fleece 28 to 32c; pulled, 20 to 34c; fine, 18 to 22c.
PHILADELPHIA.—Wool quiet, prices firm; XX, Pennsylvania and West Virginia XX and above 29 to 31c; X 29 to 30c; medium, 33 to 34c; coarse, 32 1-2 to 33c; New York, Michigan, Indiana, fine, (or X and XX, 26 to 27c; medium, 33 to 33 1-2c; coarse, 32 to 33c; fine delaine and XX, 32 to 32 1-2c; medium washed combing and delaine, 34 to 35c; coarse do, 32 to 33c; Canada washed combing 32 to 33c; tub washed, 30 to 32c; medium unwashed combing and delaine, 27 to 29c; coarse 26 to 27c; Eastern Oregon, 30 to 32c; Valley Oregon, 15 to 20c; New Mexican and Colorado 15 to 19c.

FIFTIETH CONGRESS.

Six vetoes of private bills were laid before the Senate Thursday and referred to appropriate committees. A bill to amend the eleventh section of the act of February, 1887, authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi river at St. Louis (by striking out the words "stockholders or") was reported by Mr. Vest, from the Committee on Commerce, explained by him and passed. The resolution offered Wednesday by Mr. Edmunds, fixing the daily hour of meeting at 12 o'clock, was taken up and adopted. Mr. Stewart offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Interior for copies of the reports, affidavits and communications on which the Commissioner of the General Land Office based his letter to Mr. Burnes, of the House of Representatives, on the subject of timber depredations. It went over for one day, Mr. Stewart stating that he would then submit a few remarks. Mr. Sherman offered a resolution (which went over till to-morrow) directing the payment of the award to the Abra Silver Mining Company under the convention with Mexico. The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of a preamble and resolution, reported from the Joint Committee on the Library, accepting and returning thanks for a bust of Garibaldi presented to the United States by the Italians of this country. Mr. Evarts took the floor and delivered a eulogy on the life, character and great deeds of the Italian hero and 'liberator.'

In the House, Thursday, on motion of Mr Morrill, of Kansas, the Senate bill was passed authorizing the Leavenworth Rapid Transit Railroad Company to construct a road across the Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Military Reservation. On motion of Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, the Senate bill was passed, declaring that certain water reserve lands in Wisconsin are subject to the provisions of the Act of Congress granting to Railroad companies the right of way through the public lands of the U. S. On motion of Mr. Smith, of Arizona, a bill was passed granting to the Tidal Land and Water Company the right of way through the Fort Lowell military reservation, Arizona. Mr. Crain, of Texas, introduced the joint resolution authorizing the President to veto specific items in appropriation bills. Referred. Mr. Dubois, of Idaho, offered a resolution discharging the Committee on the Judiciary from further consideration of the resolution calling on the Attorney General for a list of pardons granted by the President to persons convicted of unlawful cohabitation in Utah and Idaho. Mr. Culberson, of Texas, Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, stated that there would be a meeting of the committee Friday to consider the matter, and thereupon Mr. Dubois permitted his resolution to go over for the present. The House then resumed the consideration of the conference report on the Army Appropriation bill.

The President sent to Congress a message in reference to the rejection of the Fisheries treaty by the Senate. He recommends immediate legislation conferring upon the Executive the power to suspend by proclamation the operation of all laws and regulations permitting the transit of goods, wares and merchandises in bond across or over the territory of the United States to or from Canada. Legislation is also recommended that will give Canadian vessels navigating our canals precisely the same advantages granted American vessels in Canadien canals and that both be measued by the same rule of discrimination.

Monday the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the report of the Judiciary Committee on the Jackson (Miss.) election, and Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, continued the remarks began by him last Thursday.

In the House, by unanimous consent, the floor was accorded to Mr. Yost, of Virginia, who made an exhaustive speech in favor of the Blair Educational bill, and charged the failure of passage to the Democratic party.

Bound to Hang Him.

A report from Forsyth, Mo., states that Bill Miles, who killed Captain Kinney, the famous Bald Knob chieftain, waived examination and was released on $5,000 bond. The inquest developed facts to prove conclusively that Kinney had been murdered and that it was premeditated and pre-arranged. The excitement is not so high, yet Miles will be closely watched and brought to trial. If he is convicted and sentenced to hang all will be well; but if he is not an outbreak will be inevitable. If the Bald Knobbers were not certain that he will be sentenced to hang he would have undoubtedly been lynched.

Yellow Fever.

At Jacksonville, Fla., sixteen new cases of yellow fever have been reported. There have been two deaths, John J. Hooker, an aged gentleman, formerly of Cincinnati, and Nellie Reiggles. Two recoveries are reported. All cases are promptly segregated, and more vigorous measures than ever are being taken to check the disease. There was a hard rain, and cooler weather is hoped for. Two deaths were reported from Greenland, 10 miles southeast of Jacksonville. There are two other cases at Greenland. The outgoing mails are now fumigated with little delay.

Killed in a Wreck.

A serious collision occurred on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy main line, 60 miles west of Burlington, by a passenger train colliding with a construction train. Road Master G. A. Ross, Dennis Griffin and Patrick Ready were killed, and a number of others, including the engineer of the wrecked engine, were more or less injured, but none seriously.

Two Views of It.

Sweet Girl Graduate (flushing valedictory)—And to you, dear teachers, our hearts will ever go out in warmest love and most grateful remembrance. You have made us what we are; you have smoothed out for us the rough places on the road to the Hill of Knowledge; you have been our educational parents, watching us with solicitude, rejoicing in our successes and sympathizing with us in our failures. Dear teachers, we bid you a tearful adieu!

Same girl (next day)—Yes, indeed, I'm through school, and if I ain't glad I never was over anything, you can just bet your sweet life! I just think they have the horridest set of teachers in that school imaginable. Can't conceive where they got 'em. Must have had 'em made to order. And they are all crosser than ever just before commencement. You're right I'm glad it's all over and my education is finished. Let's go and get some ice cream.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Pin Factories in New England.

It is estimated that pin factories in New England turn out 10,800,000,000 pins yearly, and that other factories in the States bring the number up to 18,000,000,000. This is equal to about one pin a day for every inhabitant of the United States. The question, "Where do all the pins go to?" might be supplemented by another, "What becomes of all the rubber overshoes?" The factories in Naugatuck alone turn out 15,000 pairs of shoes daily, or, counting 300 working days in the year, 4,500,000 pairs. Considering what rubber shoes are made of now-a-days, perhaps it is not remarkable after all.

THE DARK SIDE.

TROUBLE ON EVERY SIDE.

Dr. Talmage Compares the Trials of Earth With the Pleasures of Heaven.

TEXT: *"There was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."*—1. Samuel, xiv, 4.

The cruel army of the Philistines must be taken and scattered. There is just one man, accompanied by his bodyguard, to do that thing. Jonathan is the hero of the scene. I know that David cracked the skull of the giant with a few pebbles well slung, and that three hundred Gideonites scattered ten thousand Amalekites by the crash of broken crockery; but here is a more wonderful conflict. Yonder are the Philistines on the rocks. Here is Jonathan with his bodyguard in the valley. On the one side is a rock called Bozez; on the other side is a rock called Seneh. These two were as famous in olden times as in modern times are Plymouth Rock and Gibraltar. They were precipitous, unscaleable, and sharp. Between these two rocks Jonathan must make his ascent. The day comes for the scaling of the height. Jonathan, on his hands and feet, begins the ascent. With strain, and slip, and bruise, I suppose, but still on and up, first goes Jonathan, and then goes his bodyguard. Bozez on one side, Seneh on the other. After a sharp tug, and push, and clinging, I see the head of Jonathan above the hole in the mountain; and there is a challenge, and a fight, and a supernatural consternation. These two men, Jonathan and his bodyguard, drive back and drive down the Philistines over the rocks, and open a campaign which demolishes the enemies of Israel. I suppose that the overhanging and overshadowing rocks on either side did not balk or disheaten Jonathan or his bodyguard, but only roused and filled them with enthusiasm as they went up. "There was a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

My friends, you have been, or are now, some of you, in this crisis of the text. If a man meets one trouble, he can go through with it. He gathers all his energies, concentrates them upon one point, and in the strength of God, or by his own natural determination, goes through it. But the man who has trouble to the right of him, and trouble to the left of him is to be pitied. Did either trouble come alone, he might endure it, but two troubles, two disasters, two overshadowing misfortunes, are Bozez and Seneh. God pity him! "There is a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

In this crisis of the text is that man whose fortune and health fall him at the same time. Nine-tenths of all our merchants capsize in business before they come to forty-five years of age. There is some collision in commercial circles, and they stop payment. It seems as if every man must put his name on the back of a note before he learns what a fool a man is who risks all his own property on the prospect that some man will tell the truth. It seems as if a man must have a large amount of unsalable goods on his own shelf before he learns how much easier it is to buy than to sell. It seems as if every man must be completely burned out before he learns the importance of always keeping fully insured. It seems as if every man must be wrecked in a financial tempest before he learns to keep things snug in case of a sudden cyroclydon. When the calamity does come it is awful. The man goes home in despair, and he tells his family: "We'll have to go to the poorhouse." He takes a dolorous view of everything. It seems as if he never could rise. But a little time passes, and he says: "Why, I am not so badly off after all; I have my family left."

Before the Lord turned Adam out of Paradise he gave him Eve, so that when he lost Paradise he could stand it. Permit one who has never read but a few novels in all his life, and who has not a great deal of romance in his composition, to say, that if, when a man's fortunes fail, he has a good wife—a good Christian wife—he ought not to be despondent. "Oh," you say, "that only increases the embarrassment, since you have her also to take care of." You are an ingrate, for the woman as often supports the man as the man supports the woman. The man may bring all the dollars, but the woman generally brings the courage and the faith in God.

Well, this man of whom I am speaking looks around, and he finds his family is left, and he rallies, and the light comes to his eyes, and the smile to his face, and the courage to his heart. In two years he is quite over it. He makes his financial calamity the first chapter in a new era of prosperity. He met that one trouble—conquered it. He sat down for a little while under the grim shadow of the rock Bozez; yet he soon rose, and began, like Jonathan, to climb. But how often is it that physical ailment comes with financial embarrassment. When the fortune failed it broke the man's spirit. His nerves were shattered. His brain was stunned. I can show you hundreds of men in New York whose fortune and health failed at the same time. They came prematurely to the staff. Their hand trembled with incipient paralysis. They never saw a well day since the hour when they called their creditors together for a compromise. If such men are impatient, and peculiar, and irritable, excuse them. They had two troubles; either one of which they could have met successfully. If, when the health went, the fortune had been retained, it would not have been so bad. The man could have bought the very best medical advice, and he could have had the very best attendance, and long lines of carriages would have stopped at the front door to inquire as to his welfare. But poverty on the one side, and sickness on the other, are Bozez and Seneh, and they interlock their shadows, and drop them upon the poor man's way. God help him! "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

Now, what is such a man to do? In the name of Almighty God, I will tell him what to do. Do as Jonathan did—climb; climb up into the sunlight of God's favor and consolation. I can go through the churches, and show you men who lost fortune and health at the same time, and yet who sing all day and dream of heaven all night. If you have any idea that sound digestion, and steady nerves, and clear eyesight, and good hearing, and plenty of friends, are necessary to make a man happy, you have miscalculated. I suppose that these overhanging rocks only made Jonathan scramble harder and the faster to get up and out into the sunlight; and this combined shadow of invalidism and financial embarrassment has often sent a man up the quicker into the sunlight of God's favor and the noonday of His glorious promises. It is a difficult thing for a man to feel his dependence upon God when he has ten thousand dollars in the bank, and fifty thousand dollars in Government securities, and a block of stores and three ships. "Well," the man says to himself, "it is silly for me to pray: 'Give me this day my daily bread,' when my pantry is full, and the canals from the West are crowded with breadstuffs destined for my storehouses." Oh, my friends, if the combined misfortunes and disasters of life have made you climb up into the arms of a sympathetic and compassionate God, through all eternity you will bless Him that in this world "there was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

Again, that man is in the crisis of the text who has home troubles and outside persecution at the same time. The world treats a man well just as long as it pays best to treat him well. As long as it can manufacture success out of his bone and brain, and muscle, it favors him. The world fattens the horse it wants to drive. But let a man see it his duty to cross the track of the world, then every bush is full of horns and tusks thrust at him. They will belittle him; they will caricature him; they will call his generosity self-aggrandizement, and his piety sanctimoniousness. The very worst persecution will some time come upon him from those who profess to be Christians.

John Milton—great and good John Milton—so forgot himself as to pray, in so many words, that his enemies might be eternally thrown down into the darkest and deepest gulf of hell, and be the undermost and most dejected and the lowest down vassals of perdition! And Martin Luther so far forgot himself as to say, in regard to his theological opponents: "Put them in whatever sauce you please, roasted, or fried, or baked, or stewed, or boiled, or hashed, they are nothing but asses!" Ah, my friends, if John Milton or Martin Luther could come down to such scurility, what may you not expect from less elevated opponents? Now, the world sometimes takes after them; the newspapers take after them; public opinion takes after them; and the unfortunate man is lied about until all the dictionary of Billingsgate is exhausted on him. You often see a man whom you know to be good and pure and honest set upon by the world, and mauled by whole communities, while vicious men take on a supercilious air in condemnation of him, as though Lord Jeffreys should write an essay on gentleness, or Henry VIII. talk about purity, or Herod take to blessing little children.

Now, a certain amount of persecution rouses a man's defiance, stirs his blood for magnificent battle, and makes him fifty times more a man than he would have been without the persecution. So it was with the great reformer when he said: "I will not be put down; I will be heard." And so it was with Millard, the preacher, in the time of Louis XI. When Louis XI. sent word to him that unless he stopped preaching in that style he would throw him into the river he replied: "Tell the king that I will reach heaven sooner by water than he will reach it by fast horses." A certain amount of persecution is a tonic and inspiration, but too much of it, and too long continued, becomes the rock Bozez, throwing a dark shadow over a man's life. What is he to do then? Go home, you say. Good advice, that. That is just the place for a man to go when the world abuses him. Go home. Blessed be God for our quiet and sympathetic homes. But there is many a man who has the reputation of having a home when he has none. Through unthinkingness or precipitation there are many matches made that ought never to have been made. An officiating priest cannot alone unite a couple. The Lord Almighty must proclaim banns. There is many a home in which there is no sympathy, and no happiness, and no good cheer. The clamor of the battle may not have been heard outside, but God knows, notwithstanding all the playing of the "Wedding March," and all the odor of the orange blossoms, and the benediction of the officiating pastor, there has been no marriage.

Sometimes men have awakened to find on one side of them the rock of persecution, and on the other side the rock of domestic infelicity. What shall such a one do? Do as Jonathan did—climb. Get up the heights of God's consolation, from which we may look down in triumph upon outside persecution and home trouble. While good and great John Wesley was being silenced by the magistrates, and having his name written on the board fences of London in doggerel, at that very time his wife was making him as miserable as she could—acting as though she were possessed with the devil, as I suppose she was; never doing him a kindness until the day she ran away, so that he wrote in his diary these words: "I did not forsake her; I have not dismissed her; I will not recall her." Planting one foot—John Wesley did—upon outside persecution, and the other foot on home trouble, he climbed up into the heights of Christian joy, and after preaching forty thousand sermons, and traveling two hundred and seventy thousand miles, reached the heights of heaven, though in this world he had it hard enough—"a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other."

Again, that woman stands in the crisis of the text, who has bereavement and a struggle for a livelihood at the same time. Without mentioning names, I speak from observation. Ah, it is a hard thing for a woman to make an honest living, even when her heart is not troubled, and she has a fair cheek and the magnetism of an exquisite presence. But now the husband, or the father, is dead. The expenses of the obsequies have absorbed all that was left in the savings bank; and wan and wasted with weeping, she goes forth—a grave, a hearse, a coffin, behind her—to contend for her existence and the existence of her children. When I see such a battle as that open I shut my eyes at the ghastliness of the spectacle. Men sit with embroidered slippers and write heartless essays about women's wages; but that question is made up of tears and blood, and there is more blood than tears. Oh, give women free access to all the realms where she can get a livelihood, from the telegraph office to the pulpit. Let men's wages be cut down before hers are cut down. Men have iron in their souls and can stand it. Make the way free to her of the broken heart. May God put into my hand the cold, bitter cup of privation, and give me nothing but a windowless hut for shelter for many years, rather than that after I am dead there should go out from my home into the pitiless world a woman's arm to fight the Gettysburg, the Austerlitz, the Waterloo of life for bread.

And yet how many women there are seated between the rock of bereavement on the one side, and the rock of destitution on the other—Bozez and Seneh interlocking their shadow and dropping them upon her miserable way. "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side." What are such to do? Somehow, let them climb up into the heights of the glorious promise: "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me." Or get up into the heights of that other glorious promise: "The Lord preserveth the stranger and relieveth the widow and the fatherless." O ye sewing woman on starving wages, O ye widows turned out from the once beautiful home, O ye female teachers, kept on miserably stipend, O ye despairing woman, seeing in vain for work, wandering along the docks, and thinking to throw yourself into the river last night, O ye women of weak nerves and aching sides, and short breath and broken heart, you need something more than human sympathy; you need the sympathy of God. Climb up into His arms. He knows it all, and He loves you more than father, or mother, or husband ever could or ever did; and instead of sitting down, wringing your hands in despair, you had better begin to climb. There are heights of consolation for you, though now "there is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

Again, that man is in the crisis of the text who has a wasted life on the one side, and an illuminated eternity on the other. Though a man may all his life have cultured deliberation and self-poise, if he gets into that position all his self-possession is gone. There are all the wrong thoughts of his existence, all the wrong deeds, all the wrong words—strata above strata, granitic, ponderous, overshadowing. That rock I call Bozez. On the other side are all the retributions of the future, the thrones of judgment, the eternal ages, angry with his long defiance. That rock I call Seneh. Between these two rocks Lord Byron perished, and Alcibiades perished, and Herod perished, and ten thousand times ten thousand have perished. O man immortal, man redeemed, man blood-bought, climb up out of those shadows. Climb up by the way of the Cross. Have your wasted life forgiven; have your eternal life secured. This morning just take one look to the past and see what it has been, and take one look to the future and see what it threatens to be. You can afford to lose your health, you can afford to lose your property, you can afford to lose your reputation; but you cannot afford to lose your soul. That bright, gleaming, glorious, precious, eternal possession you must carry aloft in the day when the earth burns up and the heavens burst.

You see from my subject that when a man goes into the safety and peace of the Gospel, he does not demean himself. There is nothing in religion that leads to meanness or unmanliness. The Gospel of Jesus Christ only asks you to climb as Jonathan did—climb toward God, climb toward heaven, climb into the sunshine of God's favor. To become a Christian is not to go meanly down; it is to come gloriously up—up into the communion of saints, up into the peace that passeth all understanding, up into the companionship of angels. He lives up; he dies up.

O then, accept the wholesale invitation which I make this morning to all the people. Come up from between your invalidism and financial embarrassments. Come up from between a wasted life and an unillumined eternity. Like Jonathan, climb with all your might, instead of sitting down to wring your hands in the shadow and in the darkness—"a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

"They Never Would Be Missed."

The dog next door who has a grudge against the moon.

The man who tells "chestnuts" and laughs at them himself.

The cats in the back yard who have grudges against each other.

The soulful young lady who recites "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

The youth who at the opera hums the air and beats time with his cane.

The man who buttonholes you when you're on the way to catch a train.

The man who invites you to dinner in order that he may read you his verses.

Money Made Keeping Hens.

Hundreds of farmers who never kept an account, would kill every "pesky hen" on the farm, if it was not for the "women folks." The women intuitively know that the hens do not "eat their heads off every six months," but properly kept pay better than any other farm animals.

This is true. A record, simple to keep, so it would be used and show the facts in detail, would prove that every hen paid a profit. They could be made to pay, from one to three dollars each. Mr. James L. Burgess, Nashua, N. H., reported to the Nashua *Telegraph* that his wife made a clean net profit last year, of $36.50 for eggs alone, from only sixteen hens. He thinks her success was largely due, to using Sheridan's Condition Powder, a much advertised preparation to make hens lay.

Do your hens pay like that? Do you want to learn how to make them pay better? Are you in delicate health, and want to commence poultry raising, for the sake of open air employment? If so, get some reliable advice how to do it. A new, enlarged, and much improved edition of that valuable book, the Farmer's Poultry Raising Guide, has just been printed. It contains much very practical information.

Among the many new features, which every person who keeps hens should have, is blank records and accounts for each month of the year. It also contains a long series of very valuable articles, by A. F. Hunter, "How to Make Money With a Few Hens." Of him the Lowell, Mass., Journal says: "The most scientific poultry literature we have read we find under the name A. F. Hunter. He evidently knows what he is talking about." These two features alone, are worth ten times the cost of the book, which the publishers, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., send, postpaid, for only 25 cents in stamps.

There is really no way that persons on a farm or near a large town can secure a cash income, with so little effort, as by keeping a few hens. For such, this book is very valuable. Send to Johnson & Co., for testimonial circular.

G. W. Cudding, of Hingham, Mass., says "I believe the Farmer's Poultry Raising Guide which I received with a large can of Sheridan's Powder (all for $1.25) contains more practical knowledge for a person raising only a few fowls than many poultry books which cost two dollars.

Within the antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the arctic region there are 762 kinds of flowers. Fifty of these are confined to the arctic region. They are really polar flowers. The colors of these polar flowers are not as bright and varied as our own, most of them being white and yellow, as if borrowing these hardy hues from their snowy bergs and golden stars.

Eight States were named from their principal rivers, viz.: Delaware, Ohio, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Colorado, Connecticut, Arkansas.

Cure for Rheumatism.

G. G. Treat, of West Granville Mass., writes of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS:

For rheumatism, neuralgia, pain in the side or back, coughs, colds, bruises and any local weakness, they truly possess wonderful curative qualities. I have recommended them to my neighbors with the happiest results, many of whom but for ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS would be in a crippled condition at home. In every instance where they have been faithfully and properly applied the result has been wonderfully satisfactory.

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you know what was in the air!"

A Babe in the House

Is the source of much sunshine and joy, heightening many a dark cloud and lightening many a heavy load—but joys continual abide only in a healthy body. The Creator with great wisdom has distributed over the earth vegetable remedies for every ill of human kind. This marvelous Laboratory re-casts its secrets to man only to long and wear some labor. Few men have attained greater success than Dr. R. V. Pierce, nor deserved for suffering humanity a greater praise, than the his "Golden Medical Discovery," the infallible remedy for consumption in its earlier stages, as well as for chronic nasal catarrh, scrofula, tumors and all blood disorders.

Printing was introduced into England in 1474.

An Extraordinary Phenomenon.

Nowhere more than the above would apply to the woman who could see her youthful beauty fading away without a pang of regret. Many a woman becomes prematurely old and loses her charms of form and feature through what a little timely advice would show her. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore their organs to a normal state, and make them healthy and beautiful once more. For the ills to which the daughters of Eve are peculiarly liable the "Prescription" is a sovereign remedy. It is the only medicine sold by druggists under a positive guarantee. If in the manufacturer's hands it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be returned. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Sam Jones received $1,000 for preaching a week in Chillicothe, Mo.

"What Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has catarrh so bad it isn't pleasant to be near her. She has tried almost things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that does not make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every time.

Wallop is the suggestive name of a California school teacher.

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If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

True Economy

It is true economy to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, for "100 Doses One Dollar" is original with and true only of this popular medicine. If you wish to prove this, buy a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and measure its contents. You will find it to hold 100 teaspoonfuls. Now read the directions, and you will find that the average dose for persons of different ages is less than a teaspoonful. This is certainly conclusive evidence of the peculiar strength and economy of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it." J. W. WILLIFORD, Quincy, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE LOG CABINS of America have been birthplaces of some of the grandest men. Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, first saw the light of day through the chinks of a Log Cabin. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla also originated in a Log Cabin and stands pre-eminent among the blood purifiers of to-day as Warner's "Tippecanoe" does as a stomach tonic.

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Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers **W. L. Douglas** shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only fine calf $3 Seamless Shoe in the world made without tacks or nails. As stylish and durable as those costing from $4 to $6. Saving to agents and consumers in profits, the middle man's profits, besides the saving of a tack to a foot, makes them as comfortable and well fitting as a hand sewed shoe. Buy the best. Name and price stamped on bottom. W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe, warranted.

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Your fathers and mothers used them. They are the Safest, Purest, and Best Remedy for Liver and Stomach Diseases ever compounded.

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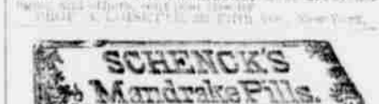

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