tvery Sun Must Set and Careless Youth Cannot Last for Always.

Text: "At evening time it shall be light." Zechariah xiv., 7.

TEXT: "At evening time it shall be Right."

—Zechariah xiv., 7.

While "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above or slivered wave tossing up light from beneath—murky, hurdling, portentous—but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night parade, and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations and the sons of God were abouting for joy.

Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecastle, and the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hoste gazing upon heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flocks affeld, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a-ringing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace; good will toward men."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman campagna! A wull night among the condilleras! Glorious night mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are lighthouses on the coast toward which, I hope, we are all sailing, and blind mariners are we if with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us we cannot find our way into the harbor. My text may well suggest that as the natural evening if often luminous so it shall be light in the sevening of our sorrows—of old age—of the world's history—of the Christian life. "At eventime it shall be light."

the Christian life. "At eventime it shall by light."

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. In numerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet and work with a thousand arms, and the plekax struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its 20 per cent. and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quadrupled in value, and the sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and ease and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderboits of power.

But every sun must set, and the brightest

power.

But every sun must set, and the brightest
day must have its twilight. Suddenly the
sky was overcast. The fountain dried up.
The song hushed. The wolf broke into the
family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harp strings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long established credit! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell. A patent could not be secured for the invention. Stocks sank like lead. The insurance company exploded. "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this plano?" "How much for this library!" "How much for this family picture?" howl of woe came crashing down gh the joyous symphonies, At one

ploded. "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this plano?" "How much for this library?" "How much for this library?" "How much for this family picture?"

Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What have become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the flail and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust weeping, waiting and gnashing their teeth? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say: "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead saying: "There never will be a resurrection?"

Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down—would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dark and how its a motherizer and choking their likes.

were dead? Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dark and howling, smothering and choking their lives out? No! No! No! At eventime it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eternal constellations from the circuit about God's throne poured down an infinite luster. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests and plumes of gold The eternal constellations from the circuit about God's throne poured down an infinite luster. Under their shinling the billows of tropbie took on crests and plumes of gold and jaspar and amethyst and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer air of God's love. The night blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled ail 'the atmosphere with heaven. The soul at every step seemed to start up from its feet bright winged joys warbling heavenward.

"It is good that I have been afflicted,' cries David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." exclaims Job. "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," says St. Paul, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," exclaims John in apocalyptic vision. At eventime it was light. Light from the cross! Right from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous. outgushing, everlasting light!

The text shall also find fulfillment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young—to have the sight clear and the hearing acute and the step elastic and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Midlife and old age will be denied many of us, but youth—we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow. That brawny muscle of the property arm. You have

nied many of us, but youth—we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow. That snow was not always on your nead. That brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm. You have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coasting down the hillside, or threw off your hat for the race, or sent the ball flying sky high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spirits, and broad shoulders for burden carrying, and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path if you fellow it long enough will come under frowning grag and across trembling causeway. Blessed old age if you let it come naturally. You cannot hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains, old rivers, old seas, old stars and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old unless you are older than the mountains and older than the stars.

How men and women will lie! They say they are 40, but they are 30. They say they are 50, but they are 30. They say they are 50, but they are 31 may they are 50, but they are 32 may they are 50, but they are 30. They say they are 50, but they are 30 may they are 50 may they

8 o'clock! 8 o'clock! The shadows fail longer and thicker and faster, Reven o'clock! 8 o clock! The sun has dipped below the horizon. The warmth has gone out of the air. Nine o'clock! 10 o'clock! The heavy dues are failing. The activities of life's day are all hushed. It is time to go to bed. Eleven o'clock! 12 o'clock! The patriarch sleeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's messengers of light have kindled bonfires of victory dil over the heavens. At eventide it is light—light! My text shall also find fulfilment in the latter days of the churche, a few good men, compared with the lostitutions leprous and putrefied.

It is early yet in the history of everything.

It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civilization and Christianity are just getting out of the eradle. The light of marryr stakes flashing all up and down the martyr stakes flashing all up and down the aky is but the flaming of the morning, but when the evening of the world shall come, glory to God's conquering truth, it shall be light, War's sword clanging back in the seabbord; intemperance buried under 10,000 broken decanters; the world's impurity turning its brow heavenward for the benediction, "Biessed are the pure in heart;" the last vestige of selfishness submerged in heaven "essending charities; all China worshiping Or. Absel's Saviour; all India believing in "Blessed are the pure in heart;" the last vestige of selfshness submerged in heaven descending charities; all China worshiping Dr. Abeel's Saviour; ail India believing in Henry Martyn's Bible; aboriginal superstition acknowledging David Brainerd's piety; human bondage delivered through Thomas Clarkson's Christianity; ragrancy coming back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Fry's Redeemer; the mountains coming down; the valleys going up, "holiness" inscribed on horse's bell and silkworm's thread and brown thrusher's wing and shell's lings and manufacturer's shuttle and chemist's inboratory and king's scepter and Nation's Magna Charta. Not a hospital, for there are no srphans; not a prison, for there are no riminals; not an asylum, for there are no riminals; not an almshouse, for there are no supapers; not a tear, for there are no sorrows? The long dirge of earth's lamentation has ended in the triumphal march of redeemed empires, the forest harping it on rine-strung branches, the water chanting it ax. Azg the gorges, the thunders drumming it among the hills, the ocean giving it forth with its organs, trade winds touching the teys and curocitydon's foot on the pedal.

I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed. I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last sabre wound has stopped hurting. I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last sabre wound has stopped hurting. I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last sabre wound has stopped hurting. I want to see John Huss when the last flame of persecution has been extinguished. I want to see John Huss when the last pilgrim has come to the gate of the Celestial City. Above all, I want to see Jesus after the last sahr has his throne and begun to align hallelujah!

You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field. The heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swims in

bee humming, or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadows, silence among the

hills.

Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cooled. The glory of heaven fills all the scene with love and joy and peace. At eventime it is light—light?

eventime it is light—light?

Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how short a winter's day is, and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at 8 and sets at 4. The birth angel and death angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle, and with the other she touches the grave.

I went into the house of one of my parishioners on Thanksgiving day. The little child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and downthe hall. Christmas day came, and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot

with black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."
But I huri away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventime it shall be light! I have seen many Christians die, I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open before us, and from a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad painces, there dash upon us, "Hosanna! Hosanna!"
"Throw back the slutters and let the sun come in." said dying Scoville McCollum, one of my Sabbath-school boys. You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Hugh McKail went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom und cried: "Farewell sun, moon and stars! Farewell all earthly delights!" Then west to the other side of the scaffold and cried: "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Welcome death! Welcome glory!"

A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in his last moments. "I move into the light!" They did not go down doubting and

A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in his last moments. "I move into the light!" They did not go down doubting and fearing and shivering, but their battlecry rang through all the caverns of the sepul chre and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Sing my soul of loss to come

sting? I grave! where is thy victory?"
Sing, my soul, of joys to come.

I saw a beautiful being wandering up and
down the earth. She touched the aged, and
they became young. She touched the poor,
and they became rich. I said, "Who is this
beautiful being, wandering up and down the
earth?" They told me that her name was
Death. What a strange thrill of joy when
the paisied Christian begins to use his arm
again! When the blind Christian begins to
see again! When the deaf Christian begins
to hear again. When the poor pilgrim puts
his feet on such pavement and joins in such
company and has a free seat in such a great
tegaple!

his feet on such pavement and joins in such company and has a free seat in such a great temple!

Hungry men no more to hunger, thirsty men no more to thirst weeping men no more to weep; dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exciamations. Bring them to me, and I will pour them upon this stupendous theme of the soul's disenthrallment? Oh, the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God shouting: Free! Free! Your eye has gazed upon the garniture of earth and heaven, but the eye hat not seen it. Your eye has caught harmonies uncounted and indescribable—caught them trom harp's trill and bird's carol and waterfall's dash and ocean's doxology, but the ear hath not heard it.

How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternity is not long enough to toil it, seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it—the marvels of redeeming love! Let the palms wave, let the crowns glitter; let the anthems ascend, let the trees of Lebanon clap their hands—they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou failest Sing on, praise on, ye hosis of the glorified. And if with your songs you cannot express it, then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation. "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say: "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you."

Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say: "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor." They say: "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We called for the password within says, "I never knew you."

Another group come up to

"The password," They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserved to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus." "Aye, aye," said the gatekeeper, "that is the password! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant for-

At do you wonder that the last hours the Christian on earth are illuminated thoughts of the coming glory? Light in evening. The medicines may be bitter. thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heartranding. Yet light in the evening. As all the stars of night sink their anchors of pearl in lake and river and sea, so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. The Lord is my light and my salvation whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Close the eyes of the departed one ; earth would seem tame to its cachanted vision. Fold the hands: life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been transfigured. Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said, "Light." Coming nearer the expiring moment, he exclaimed, with illuminated countenance, "Light." In the last instance of his breathing he lifted up his hands and cried: "Light! Light!" Thank God for light in the evening.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

JULES VERNE has written seventy-four

Qx an average, the letters received by the Emperor of Germany number 600 a day.

SAMURI MINTURN PECK, the Alabama poet, is running a turkey farm at Tuskaloosa. Governon Flower, of New York, is one of the best amateur trap-shooters in America.

the best amateur trap-shooters in America.
W. A. Demanir, the Mayor of Elwood,
Ind., is only twenty-two years old, and is
probably the youngest mayor in the country.
The Princesses of Siam have such names
as Walat-ulongkorn and Siraponsophon—
which will make Eulalia sound sweeter than
ever.

THE Army of the Potomac, encamped at Boston, elected Major-General Nelson A. Miles, United States Army, President of its

BEV. W. H. FURNERS, pastor emeritus of the First Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, was ninety-one years old a few days ago. He is the oldest living graduate of Harvard Uni-versity and is the only survivor of the class of 1823. BERATOR SHERMAN has moved into his new

residence, which is one of the finest in Washington. It is said to have cost \$150,000. Senator Sherman has made a great deal of money in Washington real estate and still has large holdings there.

Ir is reported that the King of Greece in-tends to abdicate in favor of the Duke of Sparta and retire to his modest summer home on the Island of Corfu. His Majesty finds it impossible to cope with the present financial difficulties of Greece.

Miss Ema Sickels, the Indian philan-thropist, has three proteges, who are won-ders in the musical world. They are the Misses Bluejacket, and they sing like night-ingales. Of real Cherokee origin, they have the richest of copper-colored skin, brightest of black eyes and reddest of lips. The new United States District Attorney for Eastern Wisconsin is a knight and may properly be called Sir J. H. M. Wigam. Or June 14, 1885, he received the official notice that he had been made a knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, receiving the breve sealed with the Pope's seal, the fisherman's ring, and signed by Cardinal Ledochowski.

ring, and signed by Cardinal Ledochowski.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is one of the most regular attendants at the sitting of the British House of Lords. There is an unwritten rule of that body that information on any matter relating to the church should be asked direct of the Archbishop. His Grace therefore considers it his duty to be on hand, and he makes it a rule to be in his place punctually at 4 o'clock.

THE LABOR WORLD.

St. Louis has a huckster's union. Bosrox has a Hebrew carpenters' union. Curcage has 1400 union cloak and suit ent-

CANADIAN K. of L. want alien contract labor Twentx-six labor unions in England have

Farner labor unions have sent delegates to the World's Fair.

Tun Illinois Central has offered its em-ployes stock in the railroad.

FALL RIVER (Mass.) spinners are paid a sum by the union during idleness caused by

MEMBERS of Syracuse (N. Y.) unions will be fined \$5 for marching in any parade in which a non-union band takes part.

The number of convict laborers to be em-ployed in Ohio is limited to five per cent. of the free laborers in the State engaged in the STREET laborers' wages have been advanced

by the city authorities of St. Paul. Minn., from \$1.40 to \$1.50 per day, while their hours were reduced to eight. A Bosron clothing house locked out its hands because they would not deposit a week's wages with the firm. Men have been making \$7.15 a week and women \$5.13.

It is said that in some sections of Berks County, Pennsylvania, farmers have been of-fering \$1.75 per day and boarding to farm hands during haymaking and harvest. Fifty years ago the price of this labor was never more than a dollar a day.

THE scarcity of servant-girls in all the large clies of the Dominion of Canada is creating considerable comment. It is stated that many of these have gone to Chicago, where they were allured by the statements that they would be given work in hotels.

that they would be given work in hotels.

The grades and pay of elevated railroad employes in New York City are as follows: Gateman—First year, \$1.25 a day; after the first year, \$1.55 a day; after the first year, \$2 a day.

Agent and telegraph operator, \$2.25 a day.

Agent and telegraph operator, \$2.25 a day.

Guard—First year, \$1.50 a day; second year, \$1.75 a day; third year, \$1.75 a day; fourth year, \$1.85 a day.

Conductor—First year, \$2.20 a day; third year and afterward, \$2.30 a day;

A Cyclone's Deadly Work. A terrific cyclone struck Stillwater, Minn. on Friday afternoon. Samuel Simonson and Winfield Ahez were killed and several buildings blown down. Many people are injured and some are missing.

Three Helpless Children Burnen. At Durant, Miss., three colored children were locked up in a house by their father and mother, who then went to charch During the absence of the parents the cab n was destroyed by fire and the children cre-

-Seven men attempted to hold up a St. Louis mule car Monday night but were frustrated by the driver's bravery. The car was filled with men and women returning from the races.

At Beatrice, Neb., while Mrs. C. H. Van Artsdale and a domestic, Mary Hogelfeit, were cleaning bedsteads with gasoline the

can exploded and both women were burned -MINNESOTA'S anti-scalpers law is now in effect. Ticket brokers will contest its constitutionality before the Supreme Court.

The only surprising thing about reduction of the time between New York and Chicago is that it has come so late. Twenty hours are ample for a little less than a thousand miles. The waste of time that has deferred until so late a day the arrangement of this new table between the lakes and the seaboard has been at stations where the switching of rolling stock, the transfer of baggage and mails and the appointing of coaches have been done without that dis-patch that has characterized the runsing of the fast expresses. An aver-tge of fifty miles an hour is fairly good, but it is not phenomenal. In fact, the American railway system has scarcely kept pace with the deiervice. Passengers arrived in Chi-rago Saturday who took ship at Queenstown the previous Sunday. All the difficulties of ocean travel aken into account, this is more im pressive than making 1,000 miles in iwenty bours without a mountain range to cross and with no engineering problems of any perplexing nature. The railroads throughout the coun

ry are likely to be stimulated to improvement of their schedules by the new express trains between the lakes and the Atlantic. The Southern serrice, so far as it is controlled in Southern centers, is in urgent need of speeding. The Southern planters ought to insist on better time for the valuable but perishable freights they send to Northern markets. Southern usiness men have everything to gair by bringing South and North more closely together. There has been considerable improvement during the past year in means of communication between Chicago and the Guif; but the manipulation of neither passenger nor fast freight trains is yet what intelligence, energy and a little more outlay of money would easily make it.

The next step for Northern and Eastern, as well as Western and Southern railway management, ought to be popularize the improved service by lowering the rates. Travel is like postal service—the cheaper the stamp the greater the number of letters The lower the railroad ticket the more the thousands that will use it

Woman's Influence tu China.

The laws and social customs of Chine nake a woman's life a most restricted one in every way; and yet, in spite of all disadvantages, in no country is female influence more powerful. The somen of China are the very backbone of the Nation, seeming to be born with a natural sense of honesty which is tonspicuously absent among the men. While the mendacity of Chinamen is proverbial, the women are, as a rule, truthful, and have great strength of tharacter. They make good wives, struggling bravely to restrain their husbands from ramshudrinking, opium smoking and immoderate gambling, vices for some of which most of them have a propensity. They are dutiful daughters and devoted mothers. It is only surprising that there are not more good men to be found among their sons. A Chinaman's most re-deeming quality, however, is the warm affection and respect he generally feels for his mother. Their filial obedience is indeed remarkable. A mandarin some forty years of age will calmly re-mark that he must go here, or that he cannot go there, because his mother has bidden or forbidden him to do so! And woman's influence is not alone confined to the domestic circle. It is well known that Li-Hung-Chang, great man of Chins, consults "Lady Li" on matters of importance, and to her credit let it be said that he is always foremost in favor of progress and a more enlightened way of governing the country. The Empress Downger is also a woman of great intelligence; indeed, when the disadvantages of her education and mode of life are taken deratio that she is one of the most remarkable women of the age. That she is not, however, quite exempt from feminine vanity is shown by the fact that she was not long since admonished by the Board of Censors for dressing too vouthfully. - New York Post.



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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 medica profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weak-

neys, Liver and Bowels without weak-ening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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Vegetarians say it is a popular fal-lacy that meat is needed for strength. One prominent exponent of the faith mals in the world are vegetarian and not carnivorous. It is the ferocity of the lion rather than his strength that makes him formidable. An elephant is a match for several lions, and is a vegetarian. The animals with most speed and endurance—the horse, the reindeer, the antelope and others—are also vegetarians. Dog trainers, says the authority, always feed their trick animals on a strict vegetarian diet, and many hunters do the same thing .-Chicago Herald.

During a cyclone in Oxford. N. C., a two-room dwelling was carried off 200 yards without injuring the occupante

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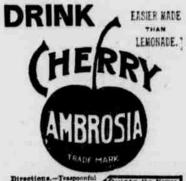
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A guedly apple rorten at the heav;
O, what a goodly outside faischoon
in the
A quicksand of deceit."

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