FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

DAY BY DAY.

"Little by little," the Tempter said,
As a dark and cunning snare he laid
For the young, unwary feet.
"Little by little, day by day,"
I will tempt the careless soul away
Into the broad and flowery way,
Till the ruin is made complete.

"Little by little," sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up the region of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
"Little by little, and day by day."
—*Christian Union.*

MRS. TRIPIT.

Grandmother's Story of How She Overcame Her Foolish Fears.

"Afraid to go up-stairs in the dark," said Bob Morris; "if that isn't just like a girl! Now, that's what I call real downright silly!"

Poor Betty's lips began to quiver, and grandma, seeing there was about to be a shower, said:

"Well, now, children, that reminds me of a story."

Frowns and tears alike disappeared, as the children gathered around Grandmother's Chair, in delighted anticipation, and so she began:

"When I was a little girl I was very foolish and silly—indeed, a great deal more so than Betty—and the evening was a time of great trial to me. My brothers and sisters were all a good deal older than I. And we were no sooner gathered around the fire in the evening, than they would begin to say: 'Oh, Ss, run up and get us some corn to pop!' 'Bring me my slippers, little one,' or 'Run down and get us some apples; there's a good girl!' I was an obliging little thing, and had not the heart to refuse, and so I would go in fear and trembling, and come running back pale and breathless; for all of the dark places—cellar, garret, long shadowy hall and bedroom, had their terrors for me.

"I had never told my fears to any one, for my mother was too busy to have much time to talk quietly with me, and, as for my brothers and sisters, they would have laughed at my troubles.

"That dear old kitchen! I can remember just how pleasant it looked in the winter evenings.

"My mother usually sat knitting or sewing by the light of a candle at a little stand, and the children gathered around the hearth, popping corn, eating butternuts, roasting apples and telling stories.

"To all this I was obliged to say farewell at seven o'clock precisely. Our bedrooms never knew the warmth of a fire, and the bare painted floors were only covered here and there with a strip of rag carpeting for a rug. Having said my prayers at my mother's knees, I bounded no the narrow stairway by the faint light from below, and sprang into bed. The door was left open a little crack until I was supposed to be asleep, then it was closed, and all communication cut off. Children have their trials and discipline as well as grown people.

"'And the door was shut.' For many years I never heard that portion of the parable of the foolish virgins without a vivid picture of that fireside with all light and warmth, and the cold sense of banishment coming over me as them.

"About this time I read a story which took strong hold of my fancy. I do not remember the title, but it was about a boy who was naturally timid, and who determined to overcome his foolish fears and be very brave. The way in which all his hobgoblins melted into thin air, or proved to be some familiar objects seen in a new light, when he marched up to them, was very amusing and encouraging. This story made a deep impression upon me, and I resolved not to be outdone by this boy.

"I now began to discipline myself to go about alone in the dark, and if I saw anything mysterious, to go boldly up to and examine it.

"There was a closet opening out of my room, and one night, after I had gone to bed, I saw that the door was open, and just inside there seemed to be standing a tall, queer shaped old woman. Though I was very much frightened, I hesitated but for a moment, and then jumped up and ran toward the closet, thinking whatever she might be, I would slam the door in her face and shut her in; but as I came near to her, I saw that my old woman was nothing but a big portly rag-bag hanging from a nail, over this hung a stiff 'log cabin sun bonnet' with a long cape, and beneath the bag protruded an old pair of boots.

"Many a laugh did my brothers and sisters have over my old woman,' when I told them about her. Tom named her 'Mrs Tripit,' and said he thought she was remarkably well developed for a lady who fed entirely upon 'cold pieces.'

"A few experiences like this gave me great courage, but the worst was yet to come. One warm summer night, I had been out to play with a friend, and coming home late, had gone to bed tired. It must have been in the middle of the night, that I woke with a start—perhaps from a bad dream — and saw a tall, white object at my bedside. In the dim starlight I could not distinguish the outlines, but it would advance and recede, and then stand still. It was a mysterious appearance, and well calculated to frighten a child, and my first impulse was to cover my head with the bed-clothes, but that I had resolved never to do again.

"'Now is the time to be brave!' I said to myself, and though my heart seemed to stand still, and I grew cold from fear, yet with a resolution which even now I look back upon with wonder, I gathered myself up and sprang at the object. Whatever it was, I determined to do battle. Before I reached the floor, the mystery was made clear to me. There was a terrible crash, and the voice of my mother from below, called: "My child! what has happened?"

"Nothing," I answered, I only fell over a chair, that's all."

"Yes, it was only an old high-backed rocking-chair, over which a sheet had been laid to air, and the summer night wind had gently waved its long folds to and fro, and out of this my fears had conjured a strange and ghostly figure. As I clambered back into bed, half crying with the pain of my bumps and bruises, and half laughing in the excitement of triumph, I resolved that in future the darkness should have no terror for me.

"And how about Mrs. Tripit?" said Bob.

"Well," said grandma, "Mrs. Tripit and I were on very intimate terms for a long time. Many a piece of faded ribbon for my dolls, and many a scrap of bright calico for my patch work, was furnished me by her. And I soon came to regard her in the light of an old familiar friend. But one day, on my return from a visit, I was met by Tom with the announcement that 'he had very sad news for me.' Tom was a regular teaze, and I knew by the twinkle in his eye—in spite of his long face—that it was nothing very serious.

"'Had anything happened to Bella?' (my doll) I inquired.

"'No, Sis,' he said, solemnly. "'It's Mrs. Tripit! You must be prepared to see her greatly changed. It's all the fault of that rascal, the tin peddler; he came here in your absence and has stolen her heart away. And, now, alas! she's but the wreck of her former self!'

"He escorted me to the closet door, and, sure enough, there was poor Mrs. Tripit, sun-bonnet, boots and all, but her once well rounded form was in a state of collapse, and she had a forlorn and dejected look. It was mournful and yet laughable to see.

"'Never mind, Sis,' said Tom, 'she'll pick up and come *round* again, if she has the right kind of diet.' And with that we slammed the door, and ran away laughing heartily—hard-hearted children that we were.

"And now, my dears, it's time for you to go to bed."

"Oh, dear! is that all?" said the children.

"Yes," said grandma, "that is the last I remember of Mrs. Tripit, and with her fiddel away the last bugbear of my childhood."—*Rebecca Hart.*

THE GOLD BASKET.

How Little Vi Was Tempted to Tell a Lie and Didn't.

It was only a fruit-dish of white china, with gilt bands around it; but little Vi admired it very much, and called it "mamma's gold basket."

One afternoon Aunt Emily came to make a call, and mamma brought in the basket filled with nice large Florida oranges. After everybody had eaten an orange, and Aunt Emily had gone, sister Anna set the basket on the kitchen table, and that was the way the trouble began.

Little Vi went out there all alone to play with the cat.

She chased her around and around the room, till by and by kitty, growing tired of the sport, jumped into a chair, and got upon the table.

"Come down! come down!" said little Vi. "You must not smell those oranges with your nose. Come down!"

But Kitty did not come; she was trying to decide whether the beautiful young balls were good to eat. Then Vi caught her by the tail and pulled her backward. She did not do it roughly, but somehow that gold basket got in the way—perhaps kitty's paw touched it, perhaps it was Vi's arm; but, at any rate, the basket was overturned, and down it fell, broken in pieces upon the floor.

Vi started in surprise at the dreadful ruin, and then she stared at the oranges rolling helter-skelter, under the stove.

"Who did that? How did it fall?" thought she.

But next moment it came over her that she herself was to blame.

"Why, I didn't mean to! That pretty, pretty basket! What will mamma say?" Little Vi's forehead was full of wrinkles, her eyes were full of tears. She stood so still that you could almost have heard the fly on the roll-crowed scrape his wings.

"I'll go 'fess mamma I did it, and I'm so sorry. No, I'll her *kitty* did it; I guess kitty did do it. Naughty kitty!"

The little girl moved one foot, and then she stood still again. The clock ticked very loud—you know how loud a clock does tick sometimes—and the fly on the towel gazed at Vi, and she gazed at the fly.

"No, I won't tell mamma anything; I won't go into the parlor at all; I'll go out in the yard, and then mamma will think kitty broke the basket, for kitty will be in here all alone."

Vi took three steps towards the outside door, and then she stood still again, and the clock ticked worse than ever. It seemed as if that clock was watching to see Vi make up her mind, and as if that old fly was watching too.

"*Tick, tock*—if you go and leave the kitty in here alone it will be the same as a lie—*tick, tock*—same as a lie." It wasn't the clock that said that, but it sounded just like the clock.

"*Will* it be the same as a lie, a *truly* lie?" said the child. And then she looked at the fly, who nodded his head and kept nodding it. Vi knew he didn't mean "Yes," but it *seemed* just as if he meant yes. "I will not tell a lie," said Vi, turning her back to the outside door, and putting her foot down hard: "I will *not* tell a lie." And with that she ran into the parlor, for if she walked she was afraid she might not go at all. She ran every step of the way as fast as she could run, and sobbed out:

"O mamma, it wasn't the kitty, it was *me!* But I didn't mean to at all!"

And her mamma kissed her, and said she "knew it was an accident, and she never had loved her little daughter so well in her life as when she came and told the whole truth, like a dear, brave, good little girl; for the truth is better than all the gold baskets in the world."—*Sophie May, in Our Little Ones.*

How Proof-Reading Sounds.

Some writer has produced a poem called "Sounds from the Sanctum." It reads just too pretty, and gives rise to the thought that the author never visited the sanctum when business was in full blast. If he had called about midnight, for instance, he would have seen two saints, one bending over a proof slip, the other holding the copy, and the sounds would have been something like this:

Proof-reader—"Mary flowers without the sunshine fair—comma so—comma—without you—comma do I—full stop—breathe a dark and dismal mai—"

Copy-holder—"Transcribe. No! mail—air."

Proof-reader—"I breathe a dark and dismal air — comma — of flowers—comma."

Copy-holder—"Stop the comma."

Proof-reader—"Alone. As bowers without the sunshine fair—semi colon—confound slug seven, he never justifies his lines—No joy in life—comma—no worms—"

Copy holder—"Worth."

Proof reader—"No warmth I share—comma — and health and vigorous flies—"

Copy-holder—"Blunder! Health and vigor fly—"

Proof-reader—"Health and vigor fly—full stop."

That's about the sound of it when poetry is on deck.—*Des Moines Register.*

—"Is a woman capable of filling an office?" asks an exchange. She is. A woman has just been inquiring after some rejected manuscript in this office, and she filled it completely for the time being.—*Boston Transcript.*

—From New York to San Francisco by rail it is 3,311 miles. In an air-line the distance is about 2,900 miles.

RELIGIOUS READING.

THE UNWORN ANVIL.

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door
And heard the anvil ring its vesper chime;
Then looking in I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered, then, with twinkling eye
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of Paine, Voltaire, was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.
—*Lu R. Case, in Current.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

1895—FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 18—Paul's Farewell	Acts 20: 26-38	
Jan. 25—Paul Going to Jerusalem	Acts 21: 1-14	
Feb. 1—Paul at Jerusalem	Acts 21: 15-26	
Feb. 8—Paul Assaulted	Acts 21: 27-40	
Feb. 15—Paul's Defense	Acts 22: 1-21	
Feb. 22—Paul Before the Council	Acts 23: 1-11	
Mar. 1—Paul Sent to Felix	Acts 23: 12-24	
Mar. 8—Paul Before Felix	Acts 24: 10-27	
Mar. 15—Paul Before Agrippa	Acts 26: 1-18	
Mar. 22—Paul Vindicated	Acts 26: 19-32	
Mar. 29—Review; Service of Song; Missionary, Temperance or other Lesson selected by the school.		

TALMAGE VS. INGERSOLL.

A Large Reward for Bible Victims—Woman and the Bible.

Mr. Ingersoll says the Bible is an impure book. He reads a passage, affects to blush and says: "I can't read more in the presence of this refined audience," and puts the book away. There is much in medical books that can't be read in public; then put those books away. When the Bible deals with the putrefaction of sin, we are to see its harm and not love it. The Bible way of showing sin makes you hate it; the Byronic way makes you love it. Mr. Ingersoll says the Bible is a cruel book. Is it? A cruel book produces cruelty. Where the Scriptures are not practiced the people beat each other. There are 250,000,000 Bibles in circulation. Show me 1,000 victims, show me 600, or 500, or 400, or 200; show me 100, or 60, or 40, or 20, or 5; yes, show 2, show 1. I offer $1,000 for one victim. [Applause.]

Mr. Ingersoll says the Bible is woman's tyrant. It is? Come into the world's picture gallery. Look at Eve, perfect woman; see Deborah, mighty for good; see Abigail, in her beauty and power, stop the armed host—a hurricane stopped at sight of a water-billy, a dewdrop dashing back Niagara. [Applause.] Here is Vashti defying a debauched King's crew; here is Esther saving her nation; here is the woman the perfume of whose ointment has come over the ages; here is Dorcas, the light of blissful fame gilding her needle; here is Lydia, loved of all. Oh, here is a good old woman leaning on a staff, grandmother Lois! Who has more worshipers than any save Christ? A woman, Mary. [Applause.] For whom did Christ perform His first miracle? Woman. For whom did Christ raise the dead? For the sisters of Bethany. For whom was Christ most anxious in His dying hour? A wrinkled old woman, His mother. Ah! the world of meaning—behold thy mother. How the Bible hates women! Ah! no Bible in a land and woman is a beast of burden, a veiled slave. Why does woman go to that Bible in time of trouble? Ah! she knows it says weeping may endure for the night, but joy comes with the morning. All things work together for good to them that love God. That book says: Husband love your wife. Why does she go to that cruel book?

Look at another picture—the woman with loose character brought into the presence of Christ. He, with a sword of sarcasm, splits her enemies from scalp to heel, saying: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." [Applause.] Oh, how the Bible hates women! Oh, women, hold up your hands, let me see your hand-cuffs. I see those gold bracelets flashing—they were put there by fatherly, brotherly, loverly hands. [Applause.] Where is your yoke? Loosen those warm wrappings. I see your golden, carnelian and pearl chains—Christianity put them there. [Applause.] And yet when Ingersoll says the foolish things against the Bible, five hundred idiots clap their hands and say: "that's so." [Laughter.]

Ah, he is false in this, and false in one, false in all.

He says the story that woman was formed from a rib of a man is ridiculous. He gnaws on that rib, and has been doing it for years. If I had an old hound who day after day gnawed on the same old dry rib as if he depended on it for happiness, I would drive him away. Mr. Ingersoll doesn't know that the word rib, translated, means man's side. He doesn't know a word of Hebrew, and yet would translate Genesis. He doesn't know Greek, Latin, German or English, and yet would translate Homer, Virgil, Schiller and Shakespeare. I don't adopt the idea of Matthew Henry, who says women was taken from a man's side because that was near his heart, and I repudiate the doctrine that she was taken from his side so she could reach all his pockets. [Laughter.]

Ah, she was taken from his right side that his good right arm might protect her. That's why a man gets so mad when you talk against his wife. Get out of the striking distance when you talk against a man's wife. [Applause.] From his side at his side—that is her position. Do you remember the bridal couple killed on the train from Bennington, Vt.? There was a collision, the train was burned, and bride and groom perished. The conductor said the bride could have escaped; the doctors said the bride need not have perished. The husband's body was pinioned under the timbers, but only her dress was caught, yet she died—from his side she would not go.

Mr. Ingersoll make mirth of the Bible. Don't think I am opposed to fun. God never made a man who loved fun more than I do. But don't giggle at God. Ah, there is a blasphemous side to fun. On that wrecked train there was a man who said: "Watch me have fun. I will pull the string of this steam brake, and when the people see the train stop they will wonder." "Don't do this," said his companion. But he pulled the string, stopped the train at a dangerous curve, and along thundered the St. Louis express. Crash came the collision, and twenty lives were lost. The man had his joke. Mr. Ingersoll stops the Bible train, the church train, and he thinks it a great joke, yet along comes death, judgment and eternity.

Did you ever read a book, "The Triumphant Death Beds of Distinguished Infidels?" [Laughter.] I never did. There is no such book. All die in stolid indifference or in horror; there has never been an exception. They are not like my friend Alfred Cookman, whose last glad words were: "I am sweeping through the gates into the blessed land." [Applause.] Infidels never go that way. What does infidelity do? In the late war only Christian men and women nursed the wounded, not an infidel, North or South, did so? There is not an institution of learning on earth founded or supported by infidels, save Heidelberg, where murder is taught as a fine art. Christianity has all the others. Infidelity does nothing but fight Christianity. I throw you a ream of paper to write the good done by infidelity—the paper is too much. Take a quire—that is too much—a sheet is too much. Count it on your fingers; count it on one finger—that is too much. [Laughter.] Oh, infidelity, you miserable mischief, crawl into the hole of nothingness. [Applause.]

Gather all the good infidelity has ever done, and it is not worth one loaf to the body of the Sister of Charity who went into that dark alley to-night, poured the medicine from the broken bottle, knelt on the bare floor, and commended the departing spirit to a sympathetic God. Infidelity scrapes no lint for the wounded, has no bread for the hungry, no grave for the dead. The Christ stands and says: "I was hungry, and ye gave me bread; I was sick, and ye nursed me; I was in prison, and ye visited me; I was North, and ye called me home. Inasmuch as ye did this unto the least of mine, ye did it unto me."—*From a Recent Lecture at Louisville.*

IN CAPTIVITY.

How the Discipline of Affliction Illuminates God's Word.

How many portions of God's word have been explained to us by our trials! There is no commentator of the Scriptures half so valuable as a captivity. It unfolds new beauties where all had appeared to be beautiful before; and where formerly there was what we thought a wilderness, it has revealed to us a fruitful field. The old psalms have quavered for us with a new pathos as we sat by our "Babel stream," and have sounded for us with a new joy as we found our captivity turned as the streams in the south. The man who has seen much affliction will not readily part with his copy of the Word of God. Another book may seem to others to be identical with his own; but it is not the same to him, for over his old and tear-stained Bible he has written, in characters which are visible to no eyes but his own, the record of his experience, and ever and anon he comes to Bethel pillars or Elim palms, which are to him the memorials of some critical chapter in his history. How many of us, too, might say with truth that we had never really prayed until God sent us into captivity? Our worship has been outward, formal, cold; a thing of duty, not of sincerity, an affair, shall I say? of luxury rather than of need. But now we have found out what the mercy-seat means, and know that prayer is the surest and sweetest solace in the hour of perplexity. This is God's "end and expectation" in our captivity; and when that is realized is there one among us who would affirm that the result is not worth the price? By such experiences it is that Christians are made; and if we would be great in holiness, we must lay our account with the discipline through which alone that greatness can be given. Nor must we imagine that God is changed toward us while thus He is dealing with us. In all and through all He is working for our good, that at the last He may present us to Himself without spot or wrinkle or any such thing; and whensoever we are apt to suspect Him, He falls back upon His own conscious love to us and says: "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an unexpected end."—*William M. Taylor, in Pulpit Treasury.*

Commendation.

It often costs one quite a struggle to do his simple duty; and when one does his simple duty in spite of his temptations to do differently he deserves credit for his doing. One has no need to live long in this world before finding out this truth. A bright little boy about two and a half years old recently showed that he apprehended it. He was on the eve of doing something that was very tempting to him. "No, my son; you mustn't do that," said his father. The little fellow looked as if he would like to do it in spite of his father's prohibition; but he triumphed over his inclination, and answered resolutely: "All right, papa, I won't do it." There was no issue there, and the father turned to something else. The boy waited a minute and then said, in a tone of surprised inquiry: "Papa, why don't you tell me: 'That's a good boy'?" The father accepted the suggestion, and commended his son accordingly. A just recognition of a child's well-doing is a parent's duty, even though the child's well-doing ought not to hinge on such a recognition. And as with little folks so with larger ones. Just commendation is every one's due. Even our Lord himself has promised to say: "Well done" to every loved one of His who does well."—*S. S. Times.*

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

—A little key may open a box in which lies a bunch of keys.—*Willcox.*

—No sea can drown, no storm can wreck, no abyss can swallow up, the ever-living truth of God.

—As there is much beast and some devil in man, so there is some angel and some God in him; the beast and the devil may be conquered, but in this life never wholly destroyed.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

—I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to use a little but decidedly above the par of the religious world around us. Surely, the way in which we commonly go on is not the way of self-denial and sacrifice and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of.—*Dr. J. W. Alexander.*

—You know how often it is difficult to be wisely charitable; to do good with out multiplying the sources of evil. You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and that therefore it is written, not: "Blessed is he that *feedeth* the poor," but: "Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor." And you know that a little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.—*Ruskin.*

—Little things are often the hardest things. It is comparatively easy to do a momentary deed of daring that will startle everybody; it is not so easy to do little deeds of quiet courage from day to day, unheeded by all and unheeding all. Perhaps you are not called to do the great deed. But you are called every day to do the little deeds, which more surely wear out life and strength in the long run. Be glad that you are called to this; for this is the harder task, and he who is faithful here will not be unfaithful in the easier great things.—*S. S. Times.*

THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

A Word About Those Who Lived Long, Long Ago.

Judge J. R. Swan, who recently died at Columbus, O., a native of the town of Western, in this county, wrote as follows to a friend a few months before his death: "As one grows old (at least I do) one recalls more frequently and vividly the past—with me it is Western—the fishing for minnows and trout with your brother. The school house with its seats made of the outside plank of sawlogs, the bark adhering to the underside, and the auger holes into which the legs were driven showing on top; the enormous fire-place in the school-room; the air loaded with the smell of bread and butter, brought in baskets made by the Indians, the school-house too far off from houses of the children to go home for their dinner. Then the cake filled with coriander seed, which Mrs. and Ann Floyd gave us (when we stopped on our way to school) at General Floyd's. The Barlow knife and the gilt-covered primers of the 'House That Jack Built,' and 'Blue Beard,' and the red Morocco caps for children, these gave full gratification. Then a great event was a keg of oysters brought by sleigh from Albany. Sugar plums, the outside sugar and beautifully colored and the inside sweetened flour or whiting. Barefoot, of course, in summer; but the shoemaker went from house to house in the fall and made our shoes. How pleasant it was to watch the work on our shoes and anticipate the time when they would be finished, and then put the precious things under our pillow the first night! Popguns of alder, whistles of butternut, jewsharps and kites filled the place and were probably quite as enjoyable as the thousand kinds of toys of the present. There were eight children in my father's family then, and my mother made their stockings and winter coats and trousers from wool to completion. Pretty well for a merchant's wife."—*Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

DELIGHTS OF WALKING.

A Few Logical Remarks by a Person Who Believes in Pedestrianism.

For good, honest interchange of thought and sentiment, for sifting a man, and separating the corn from the chaff in his moral, spiritual, and social characteristics; for getting a grip stronger than ever in the way of possessing his heart, I know of nothing that can bring better occasions or wealthier chances to you than walking with him on the King's highway. You shall learn more of a man's heart, his likes and dislikes, his hobbies and idiosyncrasies, his weakness and his strength, in a day's walk than you shall be able to get by a month's riding with him in a diligence or a postchaise. The breeze that winnows your very heart, and sends the chaff of dark and doubtful thoughts from you, leaving the kernel of true grain white and clean, is surely an unspeakable blessing as you tread your way along the crisp and shining upland road. Then you have the bright or ever-changing sky, and gleaming cottage homes here and there sheltered under their warm wings of thatch, covered o'er with golden stonecrop and green moss, all sprinkled daintily with crystal gems of hoary rime and frozen snow. Beyond all this, the exhilarating swing in every step you take, and the glorious joy of freedom you possess, combine to open your heart to him who throws in his lot with you for the time, and jogs along with you with ready wit and responsive reverence, keenness of vision and brightness of heart. What a rare privilege is given to every walker on the King's highway, and through the sweet, shadowy rural lanes and meadows, threaded by silver streams and lined with willow holts, leading therefrom. And yet, how few accept with gratitude and act upon the gift which nature ever extends to them with open hands! What lovely pictures and gleams of lasting joy they who do not go afoot miss forever.—*The Quiver.*

A Valuable Discovery.

A graduate of Yale College, Dr. Sam'l K. Cox, D. D., Practical and Analytical Chemist, Washington, D. C., makes the following official statement: "To the thousands whose systems instinctively shrink from the use of Morphia and Opium, and especially to mothers, who justly dread the evil, and at times, fatal effects of these dangerous drugs, the Red Star Cough Cure must prove a boon. It is not only entirely free from all opiates, poisons, and emetics (a thing which not one cough preparation in ten can boast), but it is altogether an original and most happy combination of the best remedial agents, and is as harmless as it is effective. I base this assertion on careful analyses and numerous practical tests—the latter in every case resulting in a speedy cure.

The Charles A Vogeler Company, Baltimore, Maryland, are the Sole Owners and Manufacturers of this valuable remedy. The Head of the Baltimore Health Department, Dr. James A. Steuart, one of the most eminent physicians in America, says: "It supplants the objectionable and harmful features of other cough mixtures."

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, January 19.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 60	@ 4 50
Native cows	3 00	@ 3 50
Butchers' steers	3 50	@ 4 50
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 15	@ 4 30
Light	3 60	@ 4 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red	61½	@ 62½
No. 3	59	@ 61½
Rejected	40	@ 44
CORN—No. 2	36	@ 36½
OATS—No. 2	25½	@ 26
RYE—No. 2	46½	@ 47
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 50	@ 1 55
HAY—Large baled	8 00	@ 8 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	27	@ 28
CHEESE—Full cream	10½	@ 11
EGGS—Choice	23	@ 24
PORK—Hams	10	@ 10½
Shoulders	5	@ 5½
Sides	6	@ 7
LARD	7	@ 7½
WOOL—Missouri, unwashed	15	@ 16
POTATOES—Nesham'ks	50	@ 55
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	5 25	@ 5 90
Butchers' steers	4 00	@ 4 30
HOGS—Heavy	4 60	@ 4 75
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 25	@ 4 00
FLOUR—Choice	3 10	@ 3 20
WHEAT—No. 2 red	57½	@ 57¾
CORN—No. 2	36	@ 36½
OATS—No. 2	29	@ 30
RYE—No. 2	43	@ 44
BARLEY	55	@ 65
BUTTER—Creamery	29	@ 31
PORK	12 00	@ 12 25
COTTON—Middling	10	@ 10½
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Good to choice	5 25	@ 6 00
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 50	@ 4 75½
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 25	@ 4 00
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 00	@ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	61½	@ 62
No. 3	59	@ 61
No. 2 spring	59½	@ 60½
CORN—No. 2	37	@ 37½
OATS—No. 2	26½	@ 27½
RYE	60	@ 60½
PORK—New Mess	12 00	@ 12 10
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE—Exports	4 50	@ 4 90
HOGS—Good to choice	4 50	@ 4 90
SHEEP—Poor to prime	3 75	@ 5 25
FLOUR—Good to choice	3 75	@ 5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	62½	@ 63½
CORN—No. 2	52½	@ 53
OATS—Western mixed	30½	@ 30
PORK—Standard mess	12 00	@ 12 25
PETROLEUM—United	69	@ 69½

Mr. Peter Mallen, 312 W. Twenty-fourth street, New York, says that he suffered six years with rheumatism and found no relief until St. Jacobs Oil, the sovereign remedy, was applied, which cured him completely.

Laura Clancy, the beautiful young actress whose death and cremation occurred lately, was a spiritualist. Her ashes were, by her request, put in two urns, one of which was to be buried in her sister's grave in Baltimore and the other in her mother's grave in Vermont.

The Health Commissioner, Baltimore, Md., Dr. James A. Steuart, says of Red Star Cough Cure: It combines in an unique and effective manner approved curative agencies which are relied upon by the faculties of the different schools of medicine, with other valuable ingredients. Contains no poisons or opiates.

The fact that the poet is born, not made, relieves our educational system from a serious responsibility.—*Harlem Conjurer.*

Stranger than Fiction

are the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of grateful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that consumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The Discovery has no equal as a pectoral and alterative, and the most obstinate affections of the throat and lungs yield to its power. All druggists.

"I must shake off this bad habit," said a tramp, as he gazed at his tattered coat.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Young Men, Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

To accumulate dollars, my son, you must have some sense to begin with.—*Bardette.*

"What we learn with pleasure we never forget."—*Alfred Mercier.* The following is a case in point. "I paid out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of McBrides, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging-down,' for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

It's very sad to think that the umbrella gets left. We know whereof we speak.—*Boston Post.*

Do You Want to Buy a Dog?

Dog Buyer's Guide, 100 pages, engravings of all breeds, colored plates, price of dogs and where to buy them, mailed for 15c. Associated Fanciers, 237 S. 8th St., Phila., Pa.

"He ain't no violinist, but he can just fiddle a cat off the fence," was the way a country chap put it.

Pile Tumors,

however large, speedily and painlessly cured without knife, caustic or salve. Send six cents in stamps for pamphlet, references and reply. World's Dispensary Medical Ass'tion, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

When the cat sees a flying boot-jack he looks upon it as a off-hensive blight.

Coughs and Hoarseness.—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troche.*" Sold only in boxes. 25 cts.

"You can count on me," as the slow calculator's fingers remarked.

Tutt's Tooth Ache Pills cure in 1 minute. Be clean, sweet breath and beautiful teeth. Use German Corn Remover kills corns & bunions.

A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

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TRADE MARK RED STAR

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A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

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