Weary.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage took for his subject: "The March Homeward," and his text was from 1 Samuel xxx. 8: "Pursue, for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without

fall recover all." Dr. Talmage said: There is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding good-bye to their families and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziking the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors, flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenseless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronzed warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved and kisses thrown until the armed men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get through with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their way home, no somer does the soldier put his head on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the we come of the wife and the shout of the child. O, what long stories they will have to tell their families of how they dodged the battle-axe, and then will roll up their sieeve and show

the half-healed wound. With glad, quick step they march on, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheeks turn pale, and their lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where i Z king? Where are our homes?" they cry. Alas! the curling smoke above the ruin tells the tragedy. The Amalekites have c me down and consumed the village and carried the mothers and the wives and the ch ldren of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy warriors stand for a tex minutes transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they barst into uncontrollable weeping; for when a strong warrior weeps the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear them to pieces. They "wept until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrows turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in air, cries: "Pursue, for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." Now the march becomes a "double-quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook B sor, faint with fatigue and grief. They can not go a step farth r. They are left there. But the other 400 men under David, with a sort of panther step, march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him and compel him to tell the whole story. He says: "Yonder they went the captors and the captives," pointing in the direction. Forward, ye 400 brave men of fire.

Very soon David and his enraged com-

pany come upon the Amalekitish host.

Yender they see their own wives and

children and mothers and under Amale-

kitish guard. Here are the officers of the Amalekitish army bolding a banquet. The cups are full, the music is roused, the dance begins. The Amalekitish host cheer and cheer and cheer over their victory. But, without note of bugle or warning of frampet, David and his 400 men burst upon the scene, suddenly as Robert Brace hurled his Scotcamen upon the revelers at Bannockburn. David and his men look up and one glasce at their loved ones in captivity under Amalekitish guard throw them into a very fury of determination; for you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Ab, there are lightnings in their eye and every linger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind. Amidst the upset tankards and the co tly ylands crushed under foot the wounded Amelekites he (their blood mingling with their wine) shricking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men win the victory than they throw their swords down in the dust!-shat do they want with swords new !- and the broken families come together amidst a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Zullag seem very insip d in comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now after so long an absence, but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkle ncross the scarred face. And then the empty tankar is are set up and they are filled with the best wine from the hills, and David and his men, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the sisters, drink to the overthrow of the Amelek tes and to the rebuilding of Ziklag. So, O Lord, let

thine enemies perish! Now they are coming home, David and his men and their families -a long procession. Men, women and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest-every thing new in the hands of David and his men. When they come by the brook Besor, the place where staid the men sick and incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all kinds of treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for this pale-faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is a handful of gold for this wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors sadl: "These men did not fight." David. with a magnanimous heart, replies: "As his part is that goeth down to battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey, and be gone weeks and months, and come back and see his house untouched of incendiary, and have his family on the step to greet him, if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekitish disasters and there are Amalekitish diseases that sometimes come down upon one's home, making as devastating work as the day when Z klag took fire. There are families in my congregation whose homes have been broken up. No battering ram smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no fisme leaped amidst went by a path of tears into glory. Be the curtains; but so far as all the joy and not surprised if we have to travel the merriment that once belonged to that same nathway. ne bas de-

parted. quietness of the scene-scariet fevers, or pleurisies, or consumptions or undefined disorders came and seized upon some members of that family and carried them away. Ziklag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes on the day when they came down on the enraged, wanting to get tack your loved Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziking in sches! Some of you loved ones in captivity hurled them went off from home. You counted the into the battle with tenfold courage days of your absence. Every day seemed when the time came for you to go aboard each one take a man on point of spear or the steamboat or rail car and start for sword. We must win it." And I have to street where your dwelling was, and in the companionship of our loved once who the night you put your hand on the dose are departed there is an Austorlitz, there bell and, behold! it was wrapped with is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War the signal of bereavement, and you found the signal of bereavement, and you found Amalekitish death, which has devas-

blasted yours. You go about weeping quer us. David will either stay the amidst the desolation of your once happy Amalekites or the Amalekites will stay home, thinking of the bright eyes closed. David. And yet is not the fort to be taken and the noble heart stopped, and the worth all the pain, all the peril, all the gentle hands folded, and you weep until besiegement. you have no more power to weep. Ziklag in ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington and asked that vacant. There they are, those whom you through him he might get a consulship to rocked in infancy in the cradie, or husbed some foreign port. My friend said to him: "What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for, into a foreign port?" "O," he replied, "my home is gone! My radiant than ever before you saw it, their six children are dead! I must get away, lips waiting for the kiss of heavenly sir. I can't stand it in this country any greeting, their cheek roseate with the onger." Ziklag in ashes!

Why these long shadows of bereavement across this audience? Why is it that in bounding with the mirth of Heaven. almost every assemblage black is the predominant color of the apparel? Is it be ness gone out of their cause you do not like saffron or brown or never more to be sick, never not so bright to us as it once was;" and more to be old, never more to weep. They there is a story of silent voices, and of are watching from those heights to see only beauty and loveliness, you find only victors. They know that upon this battle devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes!

church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptied the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their own number was affianced to a minister of Christ who had ome to take her to his home. With hands joined, amidst a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for Heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, b cause they another village. He had gone from them now he comes home lifeless. The whole church bewailed him. The solemn prodren were lifted up to look at him. And friends? some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with others put in the shape of a crown to symblown out in one strong gust from the open door of a sepulchre. Ziking in ashes!

I preach this sermon to-day, because I are alive. Why, had you any idea want to rally you as Davidrallied his men, for the recovery of the loved and the lest. If you should go on May 2 to a house I want not only to win Heaven, but I want | where one of your friends lived and found all this congregation to go along with me. I feel that somehow I have a responsibility | dead. You would inquire next door where in your arriving at that great city. I have

I mean to-day, for the sake of variety. The secret is that they are richer now hoping to reach your hea ; to try another | than they once were and can afford a betkind of inducement. Do you really want | ter residence. They once drank out of to join the companionship of your loved earthenware; they now drink from the ones who have gone? Are you as anxious King's chaice. "Joseph is yet alive," and to join them as David and his men were to Jacob will go up and see him. Living, are join their families? Then I am here, in they? Why, if a man can live in this

I remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory, you must travel the same way they went. No sooner had the half dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented: we must repent. They prayed; we must pray. They trusted in Christ; we must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life; we must live a religious life. They were in some things like ourselves. I know, now that they are gone, there is a halo around their names; but they had their faults. They said and d d things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebellious, sometimes cast down. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we have gone, some things in us that are now only tolerable may be almost resplendent. But as they were like were broken-hearted because their homes us in deficiencies, we ought to be like them in taking a supernal Christ to make up for when he comes up to them, divides the the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus, spoils among them. He says they shall they would have all perished; but Christ have some of the jewels, some of the confronted them, and said: "I am the robes, some of the treasures. I look over way," and they took it. I have also to say to you that the path

it is through much tribulation that we are a tussle for bread! In our childhood we wondered why there were so many wrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crow's feet" on their faces were the marks of the black raven of trouble. Did you never hear the o'd people, seated by the evening stand, talk over their early trials, their hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disappointments, the empty flour barrel when there were so many hungry ones to more music out of this instrument; so I feed, the sickness almost unto death, where the next dose of morphine decided between ghastly ber av ment and an unbroken home circle? O, yes, it was trouble that whitened their tair. It was trouble that washed the luster from their eves with the rain of tears until they needed spectacles. It was trouble that made the cane a necessity for their journey. Po you never remember seeing your old mother sitting, on some rainy day, looking out of the window, her elbow on the window-sili, her hand to her brow-looking out, not seeing the falling shower at all (you well know she was looking into the distant past), until the apron came up to her eyes, because the memory was too much for her!

"Oft the big. unbidden tear, Stealing down the furrowed cheek, Told, in eloquence sincere, Tales of woe they could not speak.

"But, this scene of weeping o'er. Past this scene of toil and pain,

They shall feel distress no more. Never never weep sgain." "Who are these under the altar?" the came: 'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends

I remark, again, if we want to win the society of our friends in Heaven, we will Armed diseases came down upon the not only have to travel a path of faith and of tribulation, but we will also have to positively battle for their compa David and his men never wanted sharp swords and invulnerable shields and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their and energy. They said: "We must as long as a week. O, how glad you were win it. Every thing depends upon it Let home! You arrived. You went up the tell you that between us and coming into

while devil. We have either to con-

Look! who are they on the bright hills of Heaven yonder? There they are, those who sat at your own table, the chair now to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. There they are, their brow more health of eternal summer, their bands beckoning you up the steep, their feet violet? O, no! You say: "The world is to cough, never more to limp, never still feet, and of loved ones gone, and if through Christ you can take that fort,

when you look over the hills, expecting and whether you will rush in upon themdepends whether you will ever join their In Ulster County, N. Y., the village society. Up! Strike harder! Charge hurch was decorated until the fragrance more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much further on toward that heavenly reunion.

If this morning while I speak you could hear the cannonade of a foreign navy, coming through the "Narrows" to despoil our city, and if they really should succeed in carrying our families away from us, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from Springfield or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out, and we would urge on, and, coming in front of the foe, we would look at them had all been taken for the bridal hour. and then look atour families, and the cry The dead minister of Christ is brought to would be: "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone, we would take less than a week before in his strength; the captors on the point of the bayonet or under the breech of the gun. If you would cession moved around to look upon of your earthly friends, will you not make the still face that once had beamed as much struggle for the gaining of the with messages of salvation. Little chil- eternal companionship of your heavenly

O. yes, we must join them. We must sit them the song. We must celebrate with in search of postage stamps. their weeping. Another village emptied them the triumph. Let it never be told on of its flowers-some of them put in the earth or in Heaven that David and his men share of a cross to symbolize his hope, pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends for a bolize his triumph. A hundred lights few years on earth than we to get implies that our departed Christian friends they were dead? They have only moved. him gone you would not think that he was he had moved to. Our departed Christian on other Sabbathsused other inducements. friends have only taken another house. can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of Heaven? O. ve; they are living!

Do you think that Paul is so near dead low as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept scated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when, on his couch, he tossed in physical tortures? No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all leath does to a Christian-cures him. I know that what I have said implies that they are living. There is no question

about that. The only question this moraing is whether you will ever join them. But I must not forget those 200 men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step farther. Their feet were sore, their heads ached, their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that they were gone. Ziklag in ashes! And yet David, it is fairly easy and prettily fills a this audience this morning and I find at least 200 who have fainted by the brook that these captives trod was a troubled Besor-the brook of tears. You feel as it path and that David and his men had to you could not take another step further. go over the same difficult way. While as though you could never look up these captives were being taken off they again. But I am going to imisaid: "O, we are so tired; we are so sick; tate David and divide among you som: we are so hungry!" But the men who glorious trophies. Here is a robe; "All had charge of them said: "Stop this cry- things work together for good to those ing. Go on!" David and his men also who love God." Wrap yourself in that found it a bard way. They had to travel glorious promise. Here is for your neck a it. Our friends have gone into glory, and string of pearls, made out of crystallized tears: "Weeping may endure for a night. to enter into the kingdom. How our loved but joy come h in the morning." Here is ones used to have to struggle! how their a corenet; "Be thou faithful unto death old hearts ached! how sometimes they had and I will give thee a crown of life." O. ye fainting ones by the brook Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running stream of God's merey. Bathe your brow at the wells of salvation! Soothe your wounds with the balsam that exudes from trees of life! God will not utterly east you off. O broken-hearted man, O, broken-hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor.

A shepherd finds that his musical pipe is bruised. He says: "I can't get any will just break it, and I will throw this reed away. Then I will get another reed and I will play music on that." But God says he will not cast you off because all bruised reed he will not break "

As far as I can tell the diagnosis of your disease, you want divine nursing, and it is promised you: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you" God will see you all the way through, C troubled soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death you will find it to be as thin a brook as Besor; for Dr. Robinson save that in April Besor dries up and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placed as the Kentucky minister who went up to God, saying in the dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate, and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the death bed. Teil her there is not a word of truth in it, for I am there now, and Jesus is with me, and I find it a very happy way; not because I am a good man, for I am not; I am nothing but a poor, miserable sinner, but I have an Almighty Saviour and both of His

arms are around me."

May God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, bring us into the companionship of our loved ones who have already entered the heavenly land, be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Testing It by Degrees.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)-"Aren't those very small apples in that barrel, boy? Boy-"Yes'm, on top, but down b

low they're great big fellows." Old Lady-"Isn't that very unusual, to put the small fruit on top!" .

Boy-"Yes'm; but the boss has just bought a motto to hang on the wall: Honesty Is the Best Policy,' and I

notice that the United States st or our troubles will con- Outpoo had arrived at Kingston, Jamesic

YOUNG LADIES' LETTERS. Glance at One of the Writers in All the

Agony of Composition. It is generally admitted that women are better letter-writers than men. Writing a letter is thought to cost them very little trouble; they are sup-

In many cases this is no doubt true. A young lady writing to her intimate in composition. She hastily dates her fore the party," and then dashes at four sheets, and crossed the last page.

She then reads it rapidly over, dots few i's, sprinkles in several extra exclamation points, draws two or three more very black lines under her most and puts it into the envelope. She is again, and add another half-sheet filled with postscripts. Then she returns it to the envelope, seals it, adds a piece of omitted information in very fine writing on the wrong side of the envelope, and the task is accomplished!

Her demeanor, however, when writing a formal note or a business letter is very different. She seats herself with a sigh and a countenance expressive of make such a struggle for the getting back | misery. She dips her pen into the ink a great many times before putting it to paper; she gazes thoughtfully at the ceiling, and bites the tip of the penholder. She gives herself a respite to in their holy society. We must sing with find a blotter, and then another to go

She looks at the morning paper to get the date, and after she has written it down, is seized with the misgiving that perhaps it was yesterday's paper our departed! You say that all this she looked at, and goes back to make sure. She writes nearly a page, and then suddenly decides that the big D of dear is written dreadfully, and that she can't possibly let it go like that. She begins again.

Then she thinks she should have said "My dear" instead of just "Dear," and she tries a third time. This time she succeeds, although she refers twice to the dictionary and once to a book of etiquette, before she has finally signed and sealed and laid the troublesome missive away for the post-office.

She says, when she talks on the subject of letter-writing, that she is a very poor hand at it -except, of course, when she writes to people she likes. and who like her; and that is so easy it doesn't count.-London Tid Bits.

HOME-MADE FURNITURE

Nest-Looking Substitutes for Sofas and Gypsy Tables.

Quite an æsthetic-looking substitute

for a sofa can be cheaply arranged in

room where there is a recess, such as is often seen at one side of a fire-place. Fix in this recess a broad, low shelf; put on it a thick mattress cushion. Cover this with cretonne or chintz in artistic coloring, with a frill along the front. Put a wedge-shaped bolster at each end, covered with the same, and add one or two pretty sofa pillows. It will not be quite as comfortable as a real sota, through lack of springs; but vacant space. A similar seat may be made of a low, long chest, utilized in storing away unseasonable clothes in a house where is little closet room. The mattress cushion should have a broad tape stitched along the back. which might be tacked to the lid of the chest to keep the cushion from slipping forward. A flounce should hang to the ground, and square cushions should be reared against the wall at the back. As such a storage chest would be ience would be caused by the cushion. One of the little or gypsy tables is both a convenience and an ornament in a room; but they are often quite expensive. However, a handy woman can LARD transform the plainest little stand into POTATOES a pretty piece of furniture, and a handy man can make the table himself if he will. The prettiest ones seen HOGS-Packing 65 C 5 C now have straight legs, with a second shelf below; instead of the crossed tripod of the gypsy tables. Very pretty | CORN-No.1 are those with the triangular top. about twenty-four or thirty inches each way, and three legs, one at each corner. An under shelf, also triangular, the music has gone out of your soul. "The is fitted about twelve inches from the ground. This is very handsome if the legs are gilded, and the top and shelf covered smoothly with olive or terra cotta plush. Another handsome style is to paint the legs with black or white enamel paint, and then cover the top and shelf with old gold plush. It will be less expensive and equally pretty if the entire table is enameled, and any lit- HOGS-Good to chaice 5 40 tle scarf may be thrown over the top. A little ingenuity may alter these styles indefinitely.-Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Automatic Turnstiles.

The principle of the automatic boxes, which form such prominent objects at our railway stations, has been applied to doors and turnstiles. A coin of the proper value must be dropped into a slot before the door can be opened, and thus the services of a money-taker are dispensed with. Such doors are applicable to the entrances of exhibitions and entered the presence of Christ, whom, and places of amusement. Their not having seen, we love, and so David special use, however, is for lavatories shall recover all, "and as his part is that and the like. For such cases it is necalways be closed after a person has passed out through them, and that they can not be again opened except by the proper coin. To this end folding doors meeting at the middle, are employed. To the side of each door, and at right angles to it, there is a fixed gate. When the doors are open the two gates close the passage, and when the gates are open the doors are closed. A person wishing to enter an unoccupied apartment finds the doors open and the gates closed. He drops his penny into heard him say that he'd try a new fake | the slot and then pushes open the gates. on the apples just to see how it the doors closing behind him. When worked."-N. Y. Sun. he emerges he opens the doors, and at the same time the gates close behind him. Thus the entrance is always barred.-Boston Budget.

COREA'S GOVERNMENT. An Oriental King Who Is as Intelligen

as He Is Good-Looking. But let me tell you how the King looked. He is a man that would attract attention anywhere; not over five feet high. He weighs, perhaps, not posed to drop into a chair before a over 125 pounds, and his bright, black desk, dip a pen in the ink-stand, and almond eyes sparkle with intelligence. scribble off any number of bright, He has, like most Coreans, a very thin chatty pages almost as readily as they | mustache and straggling chin whiskcould relate the same news by word of ers of black. He has a pleasant smile. good, well-kept features, and his face is oval and the color of a rich Jersey cream. His hands are very small and friend seldom experiences any difficulty delicate, and he has no pompous airs about him. His hair was combed epistle "April somethingth," or simply, in a Corean top-knot, and upon his "Saturday," or "eight p. m., just be head was the royal cap of dark blue color. This was of open work, and I once into her narrative, and scarcely | did not notice that it had the butterfly stops for breath until she has finished flaps of his ministers. His costume was a gown of brilliant red or scarlet satin, which came up close around the neck, and which bore upon the breast a square of embroidery, in gold, of the royal dragon. He stood easily during explosive adjectives, folds it neatly, the talk, and he did not look to be over thirty-two years of age, though I about to seal it, but pauses a moment before this decisive act to pull it out a simple manner, in one of the sweetest voices I have ever heard. His tones were low but impressive, and I down, Hood's sarsavarilla brough; us out of the could see from the expressions which again. It has done more for us than all ther me came and went across his countenance | cines together. | RICHARD HAWKBURST, Austy and from the answers which he made, that he is indeed the King of Corea.

> dinary ability. An Unusual Chance. How to receive four numbers of a six cent paper for two and a half cents a number: Send ten cents before the 1st of April to Refert Bonner's Sons, Publishers, 184 William street, New York City, and they will send you a month's trial subscription of four numbers of the New York Ledger in its new form and artistic make-up.

> -Of the late Lord Chancellor Westbury a London paper tells this story: "In his later life, when he was sitting regularly on the judicial committee of the Privy Council, he met ex-Chief Justice Erle, and asked him why he did not attend. For three very good and sufficient reasons,' said Sir William Erle: 'because I am old, because I am deaf and because I am stupid.' 'These are no impediments,' said Lord Westbury; -- is very old. -- is very deaf. -- is very stupid, and yet we four make an excellent court."

The Best Things Counterfeited. Buyers should insist on having the genuine Baker's Norwegian Cod Laver Oi Jno. C. Baker & Co., Philadelphia.

The girl who eloped with a liveryman was evidently determined to get

Paix from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by tak-ing one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this. A NAVAL engagement—popping the question at sea.—Time.

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS .- The irritation which induces coughing immediately re-lieved by use of "Brown's Brenchial Trocher." Sold only in boxes.

she can't find her pocket Dox't Wheeze and cough when Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar will cure Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Lost in the outskirts-a woman, when

THE culinary work in a monastery is not necessarily done by a Friar.

Pars in the Side nearly always comes from a disordered liver and is promptly reneved by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Don't lorget this.

Turns are always two sides to a case except with an open faced watch.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 22. JATTLE-Shipping steers 6 3 40 4 4 75 Butcher steers. ... 3 10 @ Native cows 200 @ 285 HOGS-Good to choice heavy. 4 50 & WHEAT-No.1 red No. 2 soft DATS-No. 2 FLOUR-Patents, per sack . 2 47 G BUTTER-Choice creamery. HEESE-Full cream PGGS-Cheice BACON-Ham ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE-Shipping steers ... 4 10 @ 4 53 Butchers' steers 3 00 & FLOUR-Choice 3 50 & WHEAT-No. 2 red. OATS-No.1 RYE-No. 1. BUTTER-Creamery

BOGS-Packing and shipping. SAEEP-Fair to choice FLOUR-Winter wheat OATS-No. 8. RYE-Nat ... BUTTER-Creamery

WHEAT-No. 8 red OORN-No. : OATS-Western mixed

2. SEEDS! 20 Packets



TOOT

One Secret of Longevity.

These anxious to prolong this rapid transitory existence of ours beyond the average pan, should foster his digestion, negatively vabstaining from indiscretions in diet, and affirmatively by the use of that peeriess stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, when he experiences symptoms of indi-gestion. The impairment of the digestive function is fatal to vigor. Subdue with the Bitters, also, fever and ague, billousness and constipation.

WHEN a fellow has the rheumat z. he knows what 'tis himself, without rheum-nating over it. - Detroit Free Fress

She Suffered for Six Years.

Wife suffered six years from suppressed menstruction. Has been treated by the best physicians without benefit. Two bottles of Bradfield's Female Regulator relieved her.

W. A. Sommons, McNutt's, S. C.

Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Unperpose cakes in the course of time will batter down any man's at much - N.

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

Aged People

especially hable to attacks of theumatism, o

Hood's Sarsaparilla and that he is a man of more than orsold by all druggists. 61, six for 6. Prepared only
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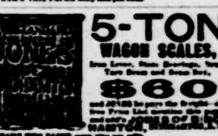
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