

ABOVE ALL NAMES.

Dr. Talmage on the Manifold Beauties of the Name Jesus.

A Name Easy to Speak and of Wonderful Power—Beautiful Alike to Young and Old Christians—All the Earth to Sing Its Praises.

During the European tour of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage the vessel upon which he was a passenger stopped at Queens-town and the distinguished divine took advantage of the opportunity to preach. His subject was "What is in a name?" and his text, Philippians II, 9, "A name which is above every name."

On my way from the Holy Land, and while I wait for the steamer to resume her voyage to America, I preach to you from this text, which was one of Paul's rapturous and enthusiastic descriptions of the name of Jesus. By common proverb we have come to believe that there is nothing in a name, and so parents sometimes present their children for baptism regardless of the title given them, and not thinking that that particular title will be either a hindrance or a help. Strange mistake. You have no right to give to your child a name that is lacking either in euphony or in moral meaning. It is a sin for you to call your child Jehoiakim or Tigliath-Pileser. Because you yourself may have an exasperating name is no reason why you should give it to those who come after you. But how often we have seen some name, filled with jargon, rattling down from generation to generation, simply because some one long while ago happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and enterprises have sometimes with sufficient dignity taken their nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by the significance of a name. There are men who all their life long toil and tussle to get over the influence of some unfortunate name. While we may, through right behavior and Christian demeanor, outlive the fact that we were baptized by the name of a despot, or an infidel, or a cheat, how much better it would have been if we all could have started life without any such incubance. When I find the apostle, in my text and in other parts of his writing, breaking out in ascriptions of admiration in regard to the name of Jesus, I want to inquire what are some of the characteristics of that appellation? And O, that the Saviour Himself, while I speak, might fill me with His own presence, for we never can tell to others that which we have not ourselves felt.

First, this name of Jesus is an easy name. Sometimes we are introduced to people whose name is so long and unpronounceable that we have sharply to listen and to hear the name given to us two or three times before we venture to speak it. But within the first two years the little child clasps its hands and looks up and says "Jesus." Can it be, among all the families represented here to-day, there is one household where the little one speaks of "father" and "mother," and "brother," and "sister," and not of "the name which is above every name?" Sometimes we forget the titles of our very best friends, and we have to pause and think before we can recall the name. But can you imagine any freak of intellect in which you could forget the Saviour's designation? That word "Jesus" seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. When the voice in old age gets feeble and tremulous and indistinct, still the regal word has potent utterance.

Jesus, I love thy charming name, 'Tis music to my ear, 'Tis sweet to sound it forth so loud 'Tis Heaven and earth might hear. Still further, I remark it is a beautiful name. You have noticed that it is impossible to dissociate a name from the person who has the name. So there are names that are to me repulsive—I do not want to hear them at all—while those very names are attractive to you. Why the difference? It is because I happen to know persons by those names who are cross and sour, and snappish, and queer, while the persons you used to know by those names were pleasant and attractive. As we cannot dissociate a name from the person who holds the name, that consideration makes Christ's name so unspokeably beautiful. No sooner is it pronounced in your presence than you think of Bethlehem and Bethlehem and Bethlehem, and you see the loving face, and hear the tender voice, and feel the gentle touch. You see Jesus, the one who, though banqueting with heavenly hierarchs, came down to breakfast on the fish that rough men had just hauled out of Genesareth; Jesus, the one who, though the clouds are the dust of His feet, walked footsore on the road to Emmaus.

Just as soon as that name is pronounced in your presence you think of how the shining one gave back the centurion's daughter, and how He helped the blind man to the sunlight, and how He made the cripple's crutches useless, and how He looked down into the babe's laughing eyes, and as the little one struggled to go to Him, flung out His arms around it and impressed a loving kiss on its brow, and said: "O such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Beautiful name—Jesus! It stands for love, for patience, for kindness, for forbearance, for self-sacrifice, for magnanimity. It is aromatic with all odors and accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes I see that name, and the letters seem to be made out of tears, and then again they look like glowing crowns. Sometimes they seem to me as though twisted out of the rays of which He lay, and then as though they came out of the thrones on which His people shall reign. Sometimes I sound that word "Jesus," and I hear coming through the two syllables the sigh of Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary; and again I sound it and it is all a ripple with gladness and a ringing with benediction. Take all the glories of book history and put them around the page where that name is printed. On Christmas morning wreath it on the wall. Let it drip from harp's strings and thunder out in organ's diapason. Let it come, and it will, as every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea, and day and night,

and earth and Heaven acclaim in full chant: "Blessed be His glorious name forever. The name that is above every name."

Jesus, the name high over all, In Heaven, and earth, and sky. To the repeating soul, to the ex-hausted invalid, to the Sunday school girl, to the snow-white octogenarian, it is beautiful. The old man comes in from a long walk and tremblingly opens the doors, and hangs his hat on the old nail, and sets his cane in the usual corner, and lies down on a couch and says to his children and grandchildren: "My dear, I am going to leave you." And they say: "Why, where are you going, grandfather?" "I am going to Jesus." And so the old man faints away into Heaven.

The little child comes in from play and throws herself on your lap and says: "Mamma, I am so sick, I am so sick." And you put her to bed and the fever is worse and worse until in some midnight she looks up into your face and says: "Mamma, kiss me good-by, I am going away from you." And you say: "My dear, where are you going to?" And she says: "I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek which you thought was the mark of the fever only turns out to be the carnation bloom of Heaven! O, yes; it is a sweet name spoken by the lips of childhood, spoken by the old man.

Still further, it is a mighty name. Bethlehem is a potent name in the commercial world, Cuvier in the scientific world, Irving a powerful name in the literary world, Washington an influential name in the political world, Wellington a mighty name in the military world; but tell me any name in all the earth so potent to awe, and lift, and thrill, and rouse, and agitate, and bless as this name of Jesus. That one word unhorsed Saul and flung Newton on his face on ship's deck, and to-day holds 600,000,000 of the race with omnipotent spell. That name in England to-day means more than Victoria; in Germany, means more than Emperor William; in France, means more than Carnot; in Italy, means more than Humbert of the present or Garibaldi of the past. I have seen a man bound hand and foot in sin, atan his hard task master, in a bondage from which no human power could deliver him, and yet at the pronunciation of that one word he dashed down his chains and marched out forever free. I have seen a man overwhelmed with disaster, the last hope fled, the last light gone out; that name pronounced in his hearing, the sea dropped, the clouds scattered, and a sunburst of eternal gladness poured into his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, defiant of God, full of scoff and jeer, jocosely of the judgment, reckless of an unending eternity, at the mere pronunciation of that name blanch and cower and quake, and pray, and sob, and groan, and believe, and rejoice. Oh, it is a mighty name! At its utterance the last wall of sin will fall, the last temple of superstition crumble, the last juggernaut of cruelty crush to pieces.

That name will first make all the earth tremble, and then it will make all nations sing. It is to be the password on every gate of honor, the insignia on every flag, the battle shout in every conflict. All the millions of the earth are to know it. The red horse of carnage seen in apocalyptic vision and the black horse of death are to fall back on their haunches, and the white horse of victory will go forth, mounted by Him who hath the moon under his feet, and the stars of Heaven for his tiara. Other dominions seem to be giving out; this seems to be enlarging. Spain has had to give up much of its dominion. Austria has been wonderfully depleted in power. France had to surrender some of her favorite provinces. Most of the thrones of the world are being lowered, and most of the scepters of the world are being shortened; but every Bible printed, every tract distributed, every Sunday school class taught, every school founded, every church established, is extending the power of Christ's name. That name has already been spoken under the Chinese wall, and in Siberian snow castle, in Brazilian grove and in Eastern pagoda. That name is to swallow up all other names. That empire is to absorb all other dominations. All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fall. Returning justice lift aloft her scale; Peace o'er the world her olive branch extend. And white-robed innocents from Heaven descend.

Still further: it is an enduring name. You clamber over the fence of the graveyard and pull aside the weeds, and you see the faded inscriptions on the tombstone. That was the name of a man who once ruled all that town. The mightiest names of the world have either perished or are perishing. Gregory VI, Sancho of Spain, Conrad I, of Germany, Richard I, of England, Louis XVI, of France, Catharine of Russia—mighty names once, that made the world tremble; but now, none so poor as to do them reverence, and to the great mass of the people they never mean absolutely nothing; they never heard of them. But the name of Christ is to endure forever. It will be perpetuated in art, for there will be other Bellinis to depict the Madonna; there will be other Michelangelos to represent Christ's baptism; there will be other Rembrandts to show us Christ visiting the spirits in prison; other Giottoes to appal our sight with the crucifixion.

The name will be preserved in song, for there will be other Alexander Pops to write the "Messiah," other Dr. Youngs to portray His triumph, other composers to sing His love. It will be preserved in costly and magnificent architecture, for Protestantism as well as Catholicism is yet to have its St. Marks and St. Peters. That name will be preserved in the literature of the world, for already it is embalmed in the best books and there will be other Dr. Paleys to write the "Evidences of Christianity" and other Richard Baxters to describe the Saviour's coming to judgment.

To destroy the memory of that name of Christ, you would have to burn up all the Bibles and all the churches on earth, and then in a spirit of universal arson go through the gate of Heaven and put a torch to the temples and the towers and the palaces, and after all that city was wrapped in awful conflagration and the citizens came out and gazed on the ruin

even then they would hear that name to the thunder of falling tower and the crash of crumbling wall, and see it wrought in the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of the Lord on high would be happy yet and cry out: "Let the palaces and the temples burn, we have Jesus left!" "Blessed be His glorious name forever and ever. The name that is above every name."

But, above all, and more than all, that name will be embalmed in the memory of all the good of earth and all the great ones of Heaven. Will the delivered bondmen of earth ever forget who freed him? Will the blind man of earth ever forget who gave him sight? Will the outcast of earth forget who brought him home? No! No!

Have you ever made up your mind by what name you will call Christ when you meet Him in Heaven? You know He has many names. Will you call Him Jesus, or the Anointed One, or the Messiah, or will you take some of the symbolic names which on earth you learned from your Bible?

Wandering some day in the garden of God on high, the place abloom with eternal springtide, infinite luxuriance of rose and lily and amaranth, you may look up into His face and say: "My Lord, Thou art the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

Some day, as a soul comes up from earth to take its place in the firmament, and shine as a star for ever and ever, and the luster of a useful life shall beam forth tremulous and beautiful, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord, Thou art a brighter star—a morning star—a star forever."

Wandering some day amid the fountains of life that loss in the sunlight and fall in gush of pearl and amethyst in golden and crystalline run, and you wander up to the round-banked river to where it first tingles its silver on the rock, and out of the chalice of love you drink to honor and everlasting joy, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord, Thou art the fountain of living water."

Some day, wandering amid the lambs and sheep in the heavenly pastures, feeding by the rock, rejoicing in the presence of Him who brought you out of the wolfish wilderness to the sheepfold shore, you may look up into His loving and watchful eye and say: "My Lord, Thou art the shepherd of the everlasting hills."

But there is another name you may select. I will imagine that Heaven is done. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. Heaven has gathered up every thing that is worth having. The treasures of the whole universe have poured into it. The song full. The ranks full. The mansions full. Heaven full. The sun shall set after with splendor the domes of the temple, and burnish the golden streets and be reflected back by the solid pearl of the twelve gates, and it shall be noon in Heaven, noon on the river, noon on the hills, noon in all the valleys—high noon. Then the soul may look up, gradually accustoming itself to the vision, shading the eyes as from the almost insufferable splendor of the noonday light, until the vision can endure it, then crying out: "Thou art the sun that never sets!" At this point I am staggered with the thought that notwithstanding all the charm in the name of Jesus, and the fact that it is so easy a name, and so beautiful a name, and so potent a name, and so enduring a name, there are people who find no charm in those two syllables. O, come this day and see whether there is any thing in Jesus. I challenge those of you who are farther from God to come at the close of this service and test with me whether God is good, and Christ is gracious, and the Holy Spirit is omnipotent. I challenge you to come and kneel down with me at the altar of mercy. I will kneel on one side of the altar and you kneel on the other side of it, and neither of us will rise up until our sins are forgiven, and we ascribe, in the words of the text, all honor to the name of Jesus—you pronouncing it, I pronouncing it—the name that is above every name.

His worth, if all the nations knew, sure the whole earth would love Him too.

O, that God to-day, by the power of His holy spirit, would roll over you a vision of that blessed Christ, and you would begin to weep and pray, and believe, and rejoice. You have heard of the warrior who went out to fight against Christ. He knew he was in the wrong, and while waging the war against the kingdom of Christ an arrow struck him and he fell. It pierced him to the heart, and lying there, his face to the sun, his life blood running away, he caught a handful of the blood that was rushing out in his right hand, and held it up before the sun and cried out: "O, Jesus, Thou hast conquered!" And if to-day the arrow of God's spirit piercing your soul, you felt the truth of what I have been trying to proclaim, you would surrender now and forever to the Lord who bought you. Glorious name! I know not whether you will accept it or not; but I will tell you one thing here and now, in the presence of angels and men. I take Him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my life, my joy, my salvation, my heaven! "Hallelujah! unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen and amen and amen."

The Last of the Burro.

The last even distant relative of Aaron Burr is dead. He was a hatter. He was born in Western New York as long ago as 1816, and went to the metropolis to

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A Meadville (Pa.) man is authority for the statement that a rooster, perched at his home the other day, had two fully developed and perfectly formed wish-bones.

—Queen Victoria's crown, kept with other royal regalia under strong guard at the old tower, and worn only on state occasions, is worth 800,000, metal, gems and decorations included.

—In a Wheeling store where looking-glasses were formerly scattered around rather generously they have all been taken down. "The reason," said a floor walker, "is that the women would always be jammed up in crowds where-where there was a looking glass, and we took them down."

—An instrument called the telegraphophone has been patented, which enables the sender to record his message on a cylinder attached to the receiving instrument, in the absence of any one to hear it, and even to repeat the message back to himself for correction.

—Come in and see the Swimming Match! Admission, Ten Cents." This advertisement, cleverly displayed to catch the public eye, was posted on a board outside a large fair in Brooklyn. When the visitors paid their admission fee, and rushed in, they saw a match floating in a tumbler of water.

—To show the capacity of his stomach a visitor at the Neversink Fire House at Reading, a few days ago, ate a mixture composed of a pound of figs, fifty raw oysters, and a pound of sugar, and topped off the mess with a pound of lard. He said on a wager he would eat a box of wagon grease, but the spectators would let him go no further.

—Frogs are improving with the rest of the world, and are evidently developing a capacity for turning the tables on their persecutors. One of the frogs put into the snake cage at the Worcester (Mass.) Natural History Museum was swallowed, turned swallower and "absorbed" so much black snake that the latter died after being pulled from the living water.

—A writer who contends that old-fashioned out-of-door games are the best form of exercise for children says: Running makes a trim ankle and a shapely leg, and girls should be encouraged to run as often as possible in old-fashioned games of ball or prisoner's base, which, as it used to be played, left few fibers of the body without stretch and refreshment. The dodging, the feints and sudden dashes for base were good practice in tactics, giving a quick eye and foot and limber body.

—A hawk pursued a pigeon into a house at Brunswick, Ga., the other day. The pigeon took refuge under a table in the kitchen. The hawk in entering the door saw a window beyond, and supposing his prey had gone that way darted for the aperture, but, to his horror, found an invisible pane of glass, through which his momentum carried him to the ground beyond, where he lay for some time. "Who throw dat brick?" sang out the cook. The master of the house arrived on the scene just in time to discover "dat brick" was a hawk, and to see him disappear after recovering from his encounter with the window pane.

—A newspaper man went to interview the superintendent of one of the elevated roads of New York a few days ago with a lot of letters complaining that the cars on the road were too cold. "You'll save me a lot of trouble if you'll let me have those letters," said the superintendent, reaching into his desk and taking out a package of documents. "How is that?" "Why, here is a bundle of complaints we have received about the cars being kept too warm. If you'll let me have yours I can send the cold letters to the hot writers and the hot letters to the cold writers, and so make all the growlers answer each other."—Low State Register.

—The modern game of base ball is an American institution and not, as some might believe, an exotic of foreign growth which has come to us from the older civilizations of Europe and the East. The game from which our present sport is derived had its origin and development among the aborigines of the American continent, who played with bat and ball for ages, for ages we know, before the dream of a new world filled the imagination of the Italian adventurer. It is thus American to the core. Of course the game has undergone great modifications, but recent archeological investigations prove the truth of the above statement.

THE NAVAJO BLANKET.

How This Wonderful Indian Coverlet is Woven.

The Navajo tribe of Indians own immense flocks of well-bred sheep and the wool clip averages 1,500,000 pounds annually. A part of this finds its way into the regular market through the quills, but the greater portion is carefully selected for the manufacture of blankets. After being cleaned, carded and dyed by a process known only to themselves, the wool is ready for the loom.

The weavers are important personages, and will only perform the labor of making the blanket, therefore the work of erecting the loom, which contains the loom, derives upon the squaw. The loom is made by planting six rough-hewn poles, about eight feet high, in the earth at regular intervals, forming a small square. On top of these bunches of trees are placed to form a roof and shade from the burning rays of the sun. The center poles form the sides of the room, and about a foot from the top and bottom cross poles, with holes bored through them for the warp, are securely fastened with rawhide thongs.

The warp is made from the fibers of the yucca tree. It is treated in a manner known only to those who prepare it, and the secret will not be divulged to a white man, therefore their blankets can only be duplicated in quality and texture by themselves. Formerly these blankets were made solely for their own use, but since they were conquered by the Government and thrown almost entirely upon their own resources for a livelihood the value of their blankets was impressed upon their minds by traders and has become the leading industry.—San Francisco Chronicle.

PECULIARITIES OF PEOPLE.

Excuse the wizard of electricity, now applied to our visitors at his Meadville Park laboratory. He is a very busy man, and he can not understand why his valuable golden time should be sacrificed to people who simply call to "pay their respects."

Many people will sympathize with Mr. Gladstone in his fondness for lying to his bed in the morning. He says: "I hate getting up in the morning, and I hate it every morning." He will not permit himself to think of current matters in politics after he goes to bed.

Few people know that the poet Whit-ther is color-blind, and has been so for years. He has just passed his eighty-second birthday and seems to be in fairly good health. The weakness of age are upon him, however, and he rarely writes for more than half an hour at a time.

A New Orleans letter-writer says that old Jubal Early, now an annex of the Louisiana lottery, goes strolling about the corridors of the St. Charles Hotel like a ghost of the past. One of his fails is that he will never accept a National bank note with a portrait of General Grant on it.

Mass Transit has drawn the line at "outdoor readings" in his personal aid to the international copyright scheme. He writes that never more will he take part in one of those readings. They are always so irrationally conducted. His objection lies to the tedious extension of the readings beyond the limits of time originally set.

JURAN MANN BLADENBERG, of the thought Supreme bench, is a firm believer in the solar sign. He lost an arm at the battle of Malvern, Va., in May, 1862, and he declares that he and every other soldier who got wounded in the arm in that combat recovered, while all the leg wounds proved mortal. He says he had occasion to take particular notice of that fact.

WALT WHITMAN is the most picturesque character in American literature to-day. His splendid wealth of white hair is a fitting frame for a face of majestic beauty. His magnificent figure is not yet bowed down with the weight of seventy winters. In his youth he described himself as a "rough," and he was in the habit of associating with stage-drivers, and he sometimes handled the reins and drove down Broadway, dressed in outrageous style. But of late years he has settled down into a demure and most respectable character, as the "good, gray poet."

TERMS AND TITLES.

"VANAL" is the same word as "valot," and each is an offshoot of the feudal "vassal."

MANANA is "my lady," and she had been extracted from the Latin "manis" through the French.

"DANDERBEE" is dent de lion (the lion's tooth), and "vinegar" was once its name (sour wine).

"HEAVY" keeps alive the Latin big catulus (weasel), and a verdict is simply a vero dictum (true saying).

A "VILLAIN" before the stigma of disgrace was attached to him, was a lieutenant on the villa of a Roman country gentleman.

AN EARL was an "elder" in the primitive society, while Pope is the case of "papa," and Czar and Kaiser are both "Cassars."

QUEEN at first meant "wife" or "mother," and a survival of its early significance exists in "queen," used now only in a bad sense.

"JIMINY" is a reminiscence of the classical adjuration, O jument, used by the Romans when they called upon the twin Castor and Pollux to help them.

RESCUE is "riding out," borrowed by the French from our own language, and returned to us in a new guise with the drummer's stamp of approval.

"SLEW" sleep has nothing to do with sleep, as some amateur etymologists have asserted, but means clothing sheep, the word coming from the Icelandic slappa, a coat.

There is probably no article made for the market which is so neatly and so cheaply made as the National Biscuits. Every bottle sold makes a permanent friend and herald for the medicine. In these days, when every economical device is used in advertising, this medicine only needs to be known to sell in its market. A few doses will destroy all malaria in the system. Sent by mail for one dollar.

Dr. A. T. SMALLWOOD, Rochester, Pa.

That great manager performed quite a feat who borrowed a loaner from the bank.—Boston Herald.

Do not suffer from each headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pills.

Is the National Biscuit superior to the ordinary good body biscuits? Have been greatly benefited by Carter's Biscuits.

"Baker's" Biscuits are excellent for the relief of Rheumatism or Stomach Trouble. They are exceedingly effective.—Christian World, London, Eng.

The content of some people is so strong that they cannot bear their mistakes when they make them.—Athenian Tribune.

For a Cough or Hoarseness the best medicine is Hale's Honey of Marshmallow and Ter. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

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To soothe the stomach, liver and bowels, and promote digestion, take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills every night. Try them.

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And attacks of it grippe, typhoid fever, scarlet fever or diphtheria, the patient recovers through duty, or the system is weak and debilitated, and the blood poisoned by the result of the disease. What is needed is a good reliable tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has just the disease of strength for the body, and restores and rebuilds the blood which long has been weak.

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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50¢ and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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