PLAGUE OF INFIDELITY.

Dr. Talmage Continues His Sermons on the Ten Plagues.

Infidelity's Attacks on the Bible Answered—The False Charges of Skeptics—Christianity Ever the Friend of Women—Glories For True Christians.

In continuing his series of sermons at Brooklyn on the "Ten Plagues of the Cities," Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in a late discourse took for his subject "The Plague of Infidelity." His text was from Romans iii. 4: "Let God be true, but every man a liar." He said:

That is if God says one thing and the whole human race says the opposite, Paul would accept the Divine veracity. But there are many in our time who have dared to arraign the Almighty for falsehood. Infidelity is not only a plague, but is the mother of plagues.

It seems from what we hear on all sides, that the Christian religion is a huge blunder; that the Mosaic account of the creation is an absurdity; that Adam and Eve never existed; that the ancient flood and Noah's ark were impossibilities; that there never was a miracle; that the Bible is the friend of cruelty, of murder, of polygamy, of all forms of base crime; that the Christian religion is woman's tyrant and man's stultification; that the Bible from lid to lid is a fable, a cruelty, a humbug, a lie; that the martyrs who died for its truth were miserable dupes; that the church of Jesus Christ is properly gazetted as a fool; that when Thomas Carlyle, the skeptic, said, "the Bible is a noble book," he was dropping into imbecility; that when Theodore Parker declared in Music hall, Boston, "never a boy or girl in all Christendom but was profited by that great book," he was becoming very weak minded; that it is something to bring a blush to the cheek of every patriot that John Adams, the father of American independence declared, "the Bible is the best book in all the world;" and that lion-hearted Andrew Jackson turned into a snivelling coward when he said: "That book, sir, is the rock on which our republic rests;" and that Daniel Webster abdicated the throne of his intellectual power and resigned his logic, and from being the great expounder of the constitution and the great lawyer of his age, turned into an idiot when he said: "My heart assures me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. From the time that at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writing, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style or thought to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the scriptures;" and that William H. Seward, the diplomatist of the century, only showed his puerility when he declared: "The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influences of the Bible;" and that it is wisest for us to take that book from the throne in the affections of uncounted multitudes, and put it under our feet to be trampled upon by hatred and hissing contempt; and that your old father was hoodwinked, and cajoled, and cheated, and befooled, when he leaned on this as a staff after his hair grew gray, and his hands were tremulous, and his steps shortened as he came up to the verge of the grave; and that your mother sat with a pack of lies on her lap while reading of the better country and of the ending of all her aches and pains and reunion not only with those of you who stood around her, but with the children she had buried with infinite heartache.

Alas! that for forty and fifty years they should have walked under this delusion and had it under their pillow when they lay a-dying in the back room, and asked that some words from the old book might be cut upon the tombstone under the shadow of the old country meeting house where they sleep to-day, waiting for a resurrection that will never come. This book, having deceived them, and having deceived the mighty intellects of the past, must not be allowed to deceive our larger, mightier, vaster, more stupendous intellects. And, so out with the book from the court room, where it is used in the solemnization of testimony. Out with it from under the foundation of church and asylum. Out with it from the domestic circle. Gather together all the Bibles—the children's Bibles, those newly bound, and those with lid nearly worn out and pages obliterated by the fingers long ago turned to dust—bring them all together and let us make a bonfire of them, and by it warm our cold criticism, and after that turn under with the plowshare of public indignation the polluted ashes of that loathsome, adulterous, obscene, cruel and deathful book which is so antagonistic to man's liberty and woman's honor and the world's happiness.

Now that is the substance of what infidelity proposes and declares, and the attack on the Bible is accompanied by great jocosity, and there is hardly any subject about which more mirth is kindled than about the Bible. It is not healthy to giggle about God, or chuckle about eternity, or smirk about things of the immortal soul.

Now in this sentiment of infidel thinkers I cannot join, and I propose to give you some reason why I cannot be an infidel, and so I will try to help out of this present condition any who may have been struck with the awful plague of skepticism.

First, I cannot be an infidel because infidelity has no good substitute for the consolation it proposes to take away. You know there are millions of people who get their chief consolation from this book. Suppose a man should resolve that he would organize a conspiracy to destroy all the medicines from all the apothecaries and from all the hospitals of the earth. The work is done. The medicines are taken and thrown into the river, or the lake, or the sea. A patient wakes up at midnight in a paroxysm of distress and wants an anodyne. "Oh," says the nurse, "the anodynes are all destroyed; we have no drops to give you, but instead of that I'll read you a book on the absurdities of morphine, and on the absurdities of all remedies." But the man continues to writhe in pain, and the nurse says: "I'll continue to read you some discourses on anodynes, the cruelties of anodynes, the indecencies of anodynes, the absurdities of anodynes. For your groan I'll give you a laugh." Here in the hospital is a patient having a gangrened limb amputated. He says: "O, for ether! O, for chloroform." The doctors say: "Why, they are all destroyed; we don't have any more chloroform or ether, but I have got something a great deal better. I'll read you a pamphlet against James Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anæsthetic, and against Drs. Agnew and Hamilton, and Hosack, and Mott, and Harvey, and Abernethy." "But," says the man, "I must have some anæsthetics." "No," say the doctors, "they are all destroyed, but we have got something a great deal better." "What is that?" "Fun." Fun about medicines. Lie down, all ye patients in Bellevue hospital and stop your groaning—all broken-hearted of all the cities, and quit your crying; we have the catholicon at last! Here is a dose of wit, here is a strengthening plaster of sarcasm, here is a bottle of ribaldry that you are to keep well shaken up, and take a teaspoonful of it after each meal, and if that does not cure you here is a solution of blasphemy in which you may bathe, and here is a tincture of derision.

Infidelity is a religion of "Don't know." Is there a God? Don't know! Is the soul immortal? Don't know! If we should meet each other in the future world will we recognize each other? Don't know! A religion of "don't know" for the religion of "I know," "I know in whom I have believed," "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Have you heard of the conspiracy to put out all the lighthouses on the coast? Do you know that on a certain night next month Eddystone lighthouse, Bell Rock lighthouse, Sherryvore lighthouse, Montauk lighthouse, Hatteras lighthouse, New London lighthouse, Barnegat lighthouse, and the 640 lighthouses on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are to be extinguished? "O," you say "what will become of the ships on that night? What will be the fate of the one million sailors following the sea? What will be the doom of the millions of passengers? Who will arise to put down such a conspiracy?" Every man, woman and child in America and the world. But that is only a fable. That is what infidelity is trying to do, put out all the lighthouses on the coast of eternity, letting the soul go up the "narrows" of death with no light, no comfort, no peace—all that coast covered with the blackness of darkness. Instead of the great lighthouse, a glow worm of wit, a firefly of jocosity. Which do you like the better, O voyager for eternity—the firefly or the lighthouse? What a mission infidelity has started on!

Furthermore, I cannot be an infidel because of the false charges infidelity is all the time making against the Bible. Perhaps the slander that has made the most impression and that some Christians have not been intelligent enough to deny is that the Bible favors polygamy. Does the God of the Bible uphold polygamy, or did he? How many wives did God make for Adam? He made one wife. Does not your common sense tell you when God started the marriage institution he started it as he wanted it to continue? If God had favored polygamy he could have created for Adam five wives or ten wives or twenty wives, just as easily as he made one. At the very first of the Bible God shows himself in favor of monogamy and antagonistic to polygamy. Genesis ii. 24: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." Not his wives, but his wife.

God permitted polygamy. Yes; just as he permits to-day murder and arson and all kinds of crime. He permits these things as you well know, but he does not sanction them. Who would dare to say he sanctioned them? Because the presidents of the United States have permitted polygamy in Utah, you are not, therefore, to conclude that they patronized it, that they approved it when, on the contrary they denounced it. All of God's ancient Israel knew that the God of the Bible was against polygamy, for in the 430 years of their stay in Egypt there is only one case of polygamy recorded—only one. All the mighty men of the Bible stood aloof from polygamy, except those who, falling into the crime, were chastised within an inch of their lives. Adam, Aaron, Noah, Joseph, Joshua, Samuel, monogamists. But you say: "Didn't David and Solomon favor polygamy?" Yes, and did they not get well punished for it? Read the lives of those two men, and you will come to the conclusion that all the attributes of God's nature were against their behavior.

How did Solomon get along with polygamy? Read his warnings in Proverbs, read his self-disgust in Ecclesiastes. He throws up his hands in loathing, and cries out: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." His 700 wives nearly pestered the life out of him. Solomon got well paid for his crimes—well paid. I repeat that all the mighty men of the Scriptures were aloof from polygamy, save as they were pounded and flailed, and cut to pieces for their insult to holy marriage. If the Bible is the friend of polygamy why is it that in all the lands where the Bible predominates, polygamy is forbidden, and in the lands where there is no Bible it is favored?

Another false charge which infidelity has made against the Bible is that it is antagonistic to woman; that it enjoins her degradation and belittles her mission. Under this impression many women have been overcome with this plague of infidelity. Is the Bible the enemy of woman? Come into the picture gallery, the louvre, the Luxembourg of the Bible, and see which pictures are the more honored. Here is Eve, a perfect woman, as perfect a woman as could be made by a perfect God. Here is Deborah, with her womanly arm hurling a host into the battle. Here is Miriam, leading the Israelitish orchestra on the banks of the Red Sea. Here is motherly Hannah, with her own loving hand replenishing the wardrobe of her son Samuel, the prophet. Here is Abigail, kneeling at the foot of the mountain until the 400 wrathful men, at the sight of her beauty and prowess, halt, halt—a hurricane stopped at the sight of a water lily, a dewdrop dashing back Niagara. Here is Ruth, putting to shame all the modern slang about mothers-in-law as she turns her back on her home and her country, and faces wild beasts and exile and death, that she may be with Naomi, her husband's mother, Ruth, the queen of the harvest fields. Ruth, the grandmother of David. Ruth, the ancestress of Jesus Christ. The story of her virtues and her life sacrifice the most beautiful pastoral ever written. Here is Vashti, defying the bacchana of 1,000 drunken lords, and Esther willing to throw her life away that she may deliver her people. And here is Dorcas, the sunlight of eternal fame, gilding her philanthropic needle, and the woman with perfume in a box made from the hills of Alabastron, pouring the holy chrism on the head of Christ, the aroma lingering all down the corridor of the centuries. Here is Lydia, the merchantess of Tyrian purple, immortalized for her Christian behavior.

Here is the widow with two mites, more famous than the Peabodys and the Lenoxes of all ages, while here comes in slow of gait and with careful attendants and with especial honor and high favor, leaning on the arm of inspiration, one who is the joy and pride of any home so rarely fortunate as to have one, an old Christian grandmother, Grandmother Lois. Who has more worshipers to-day than any being that ever lived on earth, except Jesus Christ? Mary. For what purpose did Christ perform his first miracle upon earth? To relieve the embarrassment of a womanly housekeeper at the falling short of a beverage. Why did Christ break up the silence of the tomb and tear off the shroud and rip up the rocks? It was to stop the bereavement of the two Bethany sisters. For whose comfort was Christ most anxious in the hour of dying excruciation? For a woman, an old woman, a wrinkled-faced woman, a woman who in other days had held him in her arms, his first friend, his last friend, as it is very apt to be, his mother. All the pathos of the ages compressed into one utterance, "Behold thy mother." Does the Bible antagonize woman?

If the Bible is so antagonistic to woman how can you account for the difference in woman's condition in China and Central Africa and her condition in England and America? There is no difference except that which the Bible makes. In lands where there is no Bible she is hitched like a beast of burden to the plows, she carries the hod, she submits to indescribable indignities. She must be kept in a private apartment, and if she comes forth she must be carefully hooded and religiously veiled, as though it were a shame to be a woman. Do you not know that the very first thing the Bible does when it comes into a new country is to strike off the shackels of woman's serfdom?

Since you put the Bible on your stand in the sitting room, has the Bible been to you, O woman, a curse or a blessing? Why it that a woman when she is troubled will go to her worst enemy, the Bible? Why do you not go for comfort to some of the great infidel books? No, the silly, deluded woman persists in hanging about the Bible verses, "Let not your heart be troubled," "All things work together for good," "Weeping may endure for a night," "I am the resurrection," "Peace, be still."

Furthermore, rather than invite I resist this plague of infidelity, because it has wrought no positive good for the world, and is always a hindrance. I ask you to mention the names of the merciful and the educational institutions which infidelity founded and is supporting and has supported all the way through; institutions pronounced against God and the Christian religion and yet pronounced in behalf of suffering humanity. What are the names of them? Certainly not the United States Christian commission, or the sanitary commission, for Christian George H. Stuart was the president of the one and Christian Henry W. Bellows was the president of the other. Where are the asylums and merciful institutions founded by infidelity, and supported by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Bible, and yet doing work for the alleviation of suffering? Certainly, if you come to speak of educational institutions it is not Yale, it is not Harvard, it is not Princeton, it is not Middletown, it is not Cambridge or Oxford, it is not any institution from which a diploma would not be a disgrace. Do you point to the German universities as exceptions? I have to tell you that all the German universities to-day are under positive Christian influences, except the University of Heidelberg, where the ruffianly students cut and maul and mangle and murder each other as a matter of pride instead of infamy.

There stands Christianity. There stands infidelity. Compare what they have done. Compare their resources.

Here is infidelity, no prayer on her lips, no benediction on her brow, both hands clenched—what for? To fight Christianity. That is the entire business. The complete mission of infidelity to fight Christianity. Where are her schools, her colleges, her asylums of mercy? Let me throw you down a whole ream of foolscap paper that you may fill all of it with the names of her beneficent institutions, the colleges and the asylums, the institutions of mercy and of learning, founded by infidelity and supported alone by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion and yet in favor of making the world better.

Is infidelity so poor, so starveling, so mean, so useless? Get out, you miserable pauper of the universe! Infidelity standing to-day amid the suffering, groaning, dying nations and yet doing absolutely nothing, save trying to impede those who are toiling until they fall exhausted into their graves in trying to make the world better. Gather up all the work, all the merciful work, that infidelity has ever done, add it all together, and there is not so much nobility in it as in the smallest bead of that sister of charity who last night went up the dark alley of the town, put a jar of jelly for an invalid appetite on broken stand, and then knelt on the bare floor, praying the mercy of Christ on the dying soul.

Infidelity scrapes no lint for the wounded, bakes no bread for the hungry, shakes up no pillow for the sick, rouses no comfort for the bereft, gilds no grave for the dead. While Christ, our Christ, our wounded Christ, our risen Christ, the Christ of this old fashioned Bible—blessed be His glorious name forever! our Christ stands this hour pointing to the hospital, or to the asylum, saying: "I was sick and ye gave me a couch, I was lame and ye gave me a crutch, I was blind and ye physicianed my eyesight, I was orphaned and ye mothered my soul, I was lost on the mountains and ye brought me home; inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to me."

But I thank God that this plague of infidelity will be stayed. Many of those who hear me now by the Holy Ghost upon their hearts will cease to be disciples, and the day will arrive when all nations will accept the Scriptures. The Book is going to keep right on until the fires of the last day are kindled. Some of them will begin on one side and some on the other side of the old Book. They will not find a bundle of loose manuscripts, easily consumed like tinder thrown into the fire. When the fires of the last day are kindled, some will burn on this side, from Genesis toward Revelation, and others will burn on this side, from Revelation toward Genesis, and in all their way they will not find a single chapter or a single verse out of place. That will be the first time we can afford to do without the Bible.

What will be the use of the book of Genesis descriptive of how the world was made, when the world is destroyed? What will be the use of the prophesies when they are all fulfilled? What will be the use of the evangelistic or Pauline description of Jesus Christ when we see Him face to face? What will be the use of His photograph when we have met Him in glory? What will be the use of the Book of Revelation, standing as you will with your foot on the glassy sea, and your forehead chapleted with eternal coronation, amid the amethystine and twelve-gated glories of Heaven? The emerald dashing its green against the beryl, and the beryl dashing its blue against the sapphire, and the sapphire throwing its light on the jacinth, and the jacinth dashing its fire against the chrysoprassus, and you and I standing in the glories of ten thousand sunsets.

Newspaper Ethics.

A newspaper gains neither character nor influence by abandoning good manners. It may indeed make itself disagreeable and annoying, and so silence opposition, as a policeat may effectually close the wood path which you had designed to take. It may be feared, and in the same way as that animal—feared and despised. But this effect must not be confounded with newspaper power and influence. It is exceedingly annoying, undoubtedly, to be placarded all over town as a liar or a donkey, a hypocrite or a sneak-thief. But although the effect is most unpleasant, very little ability is required to produce it. A little paper and printing, a little paste, a great deal of malice and a host of bill-stickers are all that are needed and even the pecuniary cost is not large. The effect is produced, but it does not show ability or force or influence upon the part of its producer.—George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A BIT OF CRITICISM.

Serviceable and Simple Trellis for Blackberry Vines.

I would like to criticise Mr. E. P. Powell's notes on raspberries and blackberries, particularly his method of trellising, which is to run a wire 4½ feet from the ground, supported by stakes at intervals of 20 feet, topping the canes at a height of six feet. In my opinion mine is a far better and simpler method. My plan is to take good fence posts five feet in length, set one at each end of a row, 3½ feet in the ground, leaving 20 inches above ground. I use No. 12 galvanized wire and draw it as tightly as possible. However long the rows may be, a post set firmly at each end is sufficient. After the canes are tied to the wire they form a perfect support, and there no stakes in the way of the hoe. I top my canes at three feet, just the right height to be handy for the pickers. By running the wires 20 inches from the ground they pass

TRELLIS FOR BLACKBERRY VINES.

below the branches so that it is much more convenient to tie them, and less twine is required, while the tops are in better shape for picking. I remove the old canes as soon as the fruit is off, and tie the new ones to the wire to prevent their being twisted off by the wind. I am well aware that a large number of fruit-growers dispense with stakes or wires; but after having used both for three years, I regard them as indispensable, if one wants the crop to be the best. I would not advise anyone to use sawdust as a mulch for anything, as its effects on the soil are not desirable, and it also makes an excellent breeding place for injurious insects. To keep the soil moist, cool and rich each winter I cover a space about two feet wide along the rows with manure, and start the cultivator as soon in the spring as the soil is in fit condition, and continue its use until August. Blackberries require the same treatment if one wants to be sure of a good crop. During the drought at fruiting time in the past season, I noticed that the neglected berries on the wild as well as the tame bushes were drying up, while mine were ripening nicely and in large quantities. Mr. Powell says: "Set this berry in your lowest land;" that would be bad advice for growers in Ohio, for instance, on account of the liability of the vines to winter-kill. I say, set them on the highest land, and thus avoid this danger to a considerable extent.—E. A. Trout, in Rural New Yorker.

GOOD FARM FENCE.

One That Combines Strength, Neatness and Complete Portability.

Below I give a description of what I believe to be one of the best general purpose farm fences, as it combines strength, durability, neatness, cheapness and complete portability. It also can be made either in the field on the posts or in the shop or barn.

For common farm fence I would make it four feet high, or for those who wish a cheap poultry fence I would make it six feet high.

The cost would be about as follows in this section of country:

26 pickets, ⅝x2½ in., 4 ft. long	13
3 strands single No. 12 wire	06
Two-pointed tacks to staple over wires	06
Posts ⅝ in. iron, 4 ft. long, per rod	16
Sag wire, per rod	03
Total cost per rod	32

The posts I would put about twenty feet apart.

Use only three strands of single wire and weave the pickets in and staple over every wire.

The fence is to be made in lengths of five or ten rods, as would be most convenient, unless it is wished as a permanent fence, when it can be made in one continuous length.

The sag wire is only to be stapled to about five pickets near their lower ends and the center carried up and hung over the top of posts. It should be short enough to raise the center of stretch between posts about two inches.

The fence is fastened to posts by a loop of wire wrapped on main wires which the post passes through. The post should extend a little above the center wire and should be driven into the ground about eighteen inches.

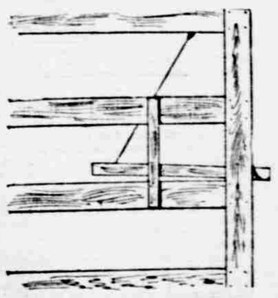
As a poultry fence it will cost about five cents per rod less than as a stock fence.

There is no patent on this fence, so any farmer can take advantage of this and get a good fence cheap.—Clarence Walter, in Farm, Field and Stockman.

FARM GATE LATCH.

One That Can Easily Be Added to the Gates Now in Use.

A home-made latch for farm gates, one that will never get out of order, is easily made and can be added to most gates now being used, is worth having, especially if its construction takes but a few minutes and its operation is automatic and sure. About one foot from the end of the gate nail a cleat on each side, so the latch can slide between



these and on the upper edge of a board. Next cut off a two and one-half foot piece of furring and slide it in for a latch. Drive a light staple in its upper edge and another in the top board and connect the two by a waste piece of bale wire, raising the inner end of the latch an inch or two. The upper staple must be placed at least one foot nearer the end of the gate than its mate in the latch. Then when the latch is forced toward the gate's hinges its inner end is lifted and its own weight forces it back into position. A smooth slot of sufficient size must be cut in the post to receive the latch.—H. S. Eden, in N. E. Homestead.

Judgment in the Dairy.

One peculiarity of cows must be borne in mind by the dairyman. A cow put on short rations immediately falls off in quantity of milk and is not so easily brought back to a full flow again, but it takes a long course of regular feeding to bring her to her best quality and quantity. Poor feeders often milk cows for years without dreaming what they are capable of, either in quantity or quality. To develop the normal, or best possible production, requires months and sometimes years of careful feeding on the food best adapted for milk and butter. This is where care and judgment pay in the dairy.—N. W. Agriculturist.

THE SELFISH HUSBAND.

When He Is Sick He Becomes a Veritable Tyrant.

A thoroughly selfish man is a nuisance under any circumstances, but as an invalid he is intolerable. During his convalescence woe to his wife, if he has one. His couch or easy chair is as a throne, from which he dictates to his household as an absolute monarch to his serfs. No consideration has he for their tired muscles, their brains dazed for lack of sleep, their spirits faint and weary with fruitless endeavors to soothe his causeless irritation. He pets himself, he commiserates his own condition, he sighs as he surveys his attenuated visage in the looking-glass; but not a jot of sympathy, not a grateful word has he for the wasted watchers to whose nursing he owes his life, whose love, stronger than death, has rescued him from the grip of the Destroyer.

Is such a creature worthy of the tender care he thus undervalues and contemns? Well, that is a family question which must be left to the decision of the self-worshiper's noble half, and it is not difficult to guess how she will decide. Somehow or other your exacting, pitiless men generally marry gentle, patient, loving women, and the amount of contumely and ingratitude which a gentle, patient, loving wife will bear uncomplainingly from a "brute of a husband" is beyond all computation. Byron makes his barbaric hero Mazeppa say that "time at last sets all things even;" but we suspect that it will require a goodly portion of eternity to "even up" all things with a selfish husband.—N. Y. Ledger.

Unreasonable.

A father who is fond of telling his little son about the famous men of old time, was talking the other day about one of his favorite heroes, Philip of Macedon.

"I think he should have been called 'Philip the Great,'" he said.

Just at that moment Aunt Sally, the colored servant came in. She caught the last three words.

"Fill up de grate?" she cried. "Why, I'se jes' put a hod o' coal on!"—Youth's Companion.

Lemon Colored People.

If they belong to the Caucasian race, have jaundiced livers. But when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is used the bile seeks its natural channel, and the skin resumes a healthy tint. Nausea, sick headaches, fur upon the tongue, constipation and pain in the region of the liver, also disappear when it is used. Malaria, kidney troubles, rheumatism and dyspepsia succumb to the Bitters.

DIRTLEIGH—"Real estate is the only investment, after all, that a man can depend upon." Sodleigh—"That's so, old man. I've just bought a lot in the cemetery."—Washington Star.

Land in Southern Illinois.

One hundred and fifty thousand acres offered for sale by the Illinois Central R. R. Co. at an average price of $6.00 per acre, adapted to fruit growing or general farming purposes; specially adapted also to raising of sheep. For particulars address E. P. SKENE, Land Commissioner, 78 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

IN Eutaw, Ala., last week ten girl babies were born, while a boy baby has not been born in the town in two months. This causes the editor of the local paper to inquire: "Whither are we drifting?"

"Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." This natural and happy condition of the mind and body is brought about by the timely use of Prickly Ash Bitters. While not a beverage in any sense, it possesses the wonderful faculty of renewing to the debilitated system all the elements required to rebuild and make strong. If you are troubled with a headache, diseased liver, kidneys or bowels, give it a trial, it will not fail you.

"STRIKE when the iron is hot," said the servant girl who made her demand for more wages on ironing day.—Pittsburgh Post.

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar.

THE interest you take in another man's business is never profitable.—Atchison Globe.

Poor little child! She don't look well. She don't eat well. Papa, she needs a box of Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers.

THE average man would sooner pay dues at a gymnasium than saw his own wood for exercise.—N. O. Picayune.

BILIOUSNESS, dizziness, nausea, headache, are relieved by small doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

THE spotted veil suits freckled faces to a dot.—N. Y. Picayune.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, April 13.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$3 35 @	5 85
Butchers' steers	3 00 @	4 70
Native cows	2 40 @	4 65
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	5 25 @	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	98 @	1 00
No. 2 hard	93½ @	94½
CORN—No. 2	64½ @	65
OATS—No. 2	52½ @	53
RYE—No. 2	88 @	90
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 15 @	2 25
Fancy	2 10 @	2 15
HAY—Baled	10 00 @	15 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	28 @	31
CHEESE—Full cream	9½ @	10
EGGS—Choice	11 @	11½
BACON—Hams	8¾ @	9½
Shoulders	4 @	6
Sides	7 @	7½
LARD	6½ @	7
POTATOES	1 00 @	1 20
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00 @	6 00
Butchers' steers	3 00 @	4 75
HOGS—Packing	4 00 @	5 15
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 15 @	6 25
FLOUR—Choice	3 25 @	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 05 @	1 05½
CORN—No. 2	68½ @	68½
OATS—No. 2	54½ @	55
RYE—No. 2	85 @	86
BUTTER—Creamery	32 @	34
PORK	12 40 @	12 50
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00 @	6 00
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 00 @	5 15
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 75 @	6 50
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40 @	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 03½ @	1 03½
CORN—No. 2	67 @	67½
OATS—No. 2	53 @	53½
RYE—No. 2	85½ @	86
BUTTER—Creamery	25 @	31
PORK	12 35 @	12 37½
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 50 @	6 00
HOGS—Good to choice	5 55 @	5 60
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 10 @	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 17½ @	1 18½
CORN—No. 2	77½ @	78½
OATS—Western mixed	57 @	62
BUTTER—Creamery	21 @	35
PORK	12 50 @	14 00

St. Jacobs Oil cures Back Aches, Headache, Toothache, and all ACHES PROMPTLY

Many Witnesses.

100,000 witnesses testify to the virtues of Dr. Tutt's Pills. Wherever Chills and Fever, Bilious Diseases or Liver Affections prevail, they have proven a great blessing. Readers, a single trial will convince you that this is no catch-penny medicine. Twenty years test has established their merits all over the world.

Gains Fifteen Pounds.

"I have been using Tutt's Pills for Dyspepsia, and find them the best remedy I ever tried. Up to that time everything I ate disagreed with me. I can now digest any kind of food; never have a headache, and have gained fifteen pounds of solid flesh."
W. C. SCHULTZE, Columbia, S. C.

Tutt's Liver Pills
GIVE STRENGTH AND HARD MUSCLE.

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It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

ETHEL—"Do you know of anything more delightful than a real true lover?" Maud—"Yes." Ethel—"What?" Maud—"Two of them."—Harper's Bazar.

WHEN the fair skin is disfigured with ugly eruptions, when boils, carbuncles and sores make life miserable, when the whole system feels weak and feeble, and mere existence is painful, do not hesitate but commence at once a use of Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla. It will drive out all blood impurity and make you well and strong.

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COUGHS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, etc., quickly relieved by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. A simple and effectual remedy, superior to all other articles for the same purpose. Sold only in boxes.

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HAVE no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

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HALE'S Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves whooping cough.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE dude's mission is to sap the foundations of society.—Boston Courier.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

A CINCINNATI wife recently put machine oil in her cake instead of lemon extract.

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But there are women who cannot engage in *any* pastime. They are delicate, feeble and easily exhausted. They are sufferers from weaknesses and disorders peculiar to females, which are accompanied by sallow complexions, expressionless eyes and haggard looks.

For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It's the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the makers, of satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for years.

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Cheap imitations should be avoided. They never cure and are often dangerous.

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