THE BURDEN BEARER.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on Worldly Struggles.

The Lord's Help Ever Ready to the Needy—The Struggles of Men in Their Journey Through Life—Comfort in All Bereavement.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. De Witt Talmage took for his subject: "The Burden Bearer," and his text was from Psalms lv. 22: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." He said:

David was here taking his own medicine. If anybody had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet out of his own experience he advised you and me as to the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is a world of burden bearing. Coming into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness and sorrow, but where is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day in all the year when my text is not gloriously appropriate and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text does not fit the occasion: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee." In the far east wells of water are so infrequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water; but there is one well that every man owns, a deep well, a perennial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder he has a burden on the other shoulder. The day I left home to look after myself and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has kept with me all my life: "DeWitt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family; but always God came to the rescue."

"I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in the gift of the people of the county; and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust Him." O, my friends, what we want is a practical religion. The religion people have is so high up you cannot reach it.

I had a friend who entered the life of an evangelist. He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife finally came to severe want. He told me that in the morning at prayers he said: "O, Lord, thou knowest we have not a mouthful of food in the house! Help me, help us!" And he started out on the street, and a gentleman met him and said: "I have been thinking of you for a good while. You know I am a flour merchant. If you won't be offended, I should like to send you a barrel of flour." My friend cast his burden on the Lord and the Lord sustained him.

In the straits of Magellan I have been told there is a place where, whichever way a ship captain puts his ship, he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind and which way to turn they do not know. Some of them may be here this morning, and I address them face to face, not perfunctorily, but as one brother talks to another brother: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee."

First—There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man hurried and perplexed and annoyed in business life, we are apt to say: "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah! that man may not be to blame at all. When a man plants a business he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be it roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been flung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from ambush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust and to what amount of credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop, and a thousand other questions perplex business men until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are plowed in the cheek; and the stocks go up by the mountains and go down by the valleys, and they are at their wits' ends, and struggle like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there have been such rivalries in business as now. It is hardware against hardware, books against books, chandlery against chandlery, imported article against imported article. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such advantage of light, never such a variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window, never so much adroitness of salesmen, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all these severities of rivalry in business, how many men break down! O, the burden on the shoulder! O, the burden on the heart! You hear that it is avarice which drives these men of business through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it. The vast multitude of these business men are toiling on for others. To educate their children, to put the wing of protection over their households, to have something left so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poor house—that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store—the vast majority of that energy. Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business.

Some of us remember when the Central America was coming home from California it was wrecked. President Arthur's father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship, and went down with most of the passengers. Some of them got off into the boats, but there was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand, and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was to go down, that man shouted to a comrade in the boat: "Here, John, catch this gold; there are $3,000; take it home to my mother, it will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world.

Ah! my friend, do you say that God does not care any thing about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities; He knows what mortgagee is about to foreclose; He knows what note you can not pay; He knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves; He knows all your trials from the day you took hold of the first yardstick, down to the sale of the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through.

When loss comes, and you find your property going, just take this Book and put it down by your ledger, and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and, then read of the friendship of Him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

A young accountant in New York city got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out right, he would go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early, before there was anybody in the place, and he knelt down at the desk and said: "O, Lord, Thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me to-day—help me this morning!" The young man arose and hardly knowing why he did so, opened a book that lay on the desk and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that?

O, yes, God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the hod of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder of the wall; He hears the pickax of the miner down in the coal shaft; He knows how the tempest strikes the sailor at masthead; He sees the factory girl among the spindles and knows how her arms ache; He sees the sewing woman in the fourth story and knows how few pence she gets for making a garment, and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God: "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord and He will sustain thee."

Second—There are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted and his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against raillery and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down, he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but one hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had adornments. The character sometimes is so lustrous that the weak eyes of envy and jealousy can not bear to look at it. It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure if you have anything to do for church or state, and you attempt it with all your soul, the lightning will strike you.

The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages, and in all lands, the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." And what makes the persecutions of life worse, is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you have loaned money or have started in business, or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefitted, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of being cynical.

A clergyman of the Universalist church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination and he was anxious to find some one of that denomination and he was pointed to a certain house and went there. He said to the man of the house: "I understand that you are a Universalist. I want you to help me in the enterprise." "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of Universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. "Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world and I have been cheated and slandered and outraged and abused until I believe in universal damnation!" The great danger is that men will become cynical and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. O, my friends, do not let that be the effect upon your souls! If you can not endure a little persecution, how do you think our fathers endured great persecution? Motley, in his Dutch Republic, tells us of Egmont, the martyr, who, condemned to be beheaded, unfastened his collar on the way to the scaffold; and when they asked him why he did that, he said: "So they will not be detained in their work; I want to be ready. O, how little we have to endure compared with those who have gone before us!

Now, if you have come across ill treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ and Luther and Galileo and Columbus and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and Heaven. Budge not one inch though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think that Christ knows all about persecution? Was He not hissed at? Was He not struck on the cheek? Was He not pursued all the days of His life? Did they not expectorate upon Him? Or, to put it in Bible language: "They spit at Him." And can not He understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee."

Third—There are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come and fierce cholera and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God; but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day and week after week and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace!

Then people depend upon their tonics and their plasters and their cordials rather than upon heavenly stimulants. Oh, how few people there are completely well! Some of you, by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to this time; but how you have had to war against physical ailments! Antediluvians, without a medical college and infirmary and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds; but he who has gone through the gauntlet of disease in our time, and has come to seventy years of age, is a hero worthy of a palm.

The world seems to be a great hospital, and you run against rheumatisms and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and scores of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. O, how heavy a burden sickness is. It takes the color out of the sky and the sparkle out of the wave and the sweetness out of the fruit and the luster out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ear roars with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assiduous. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Does your head ache? His wore the thorn. Do your feet hurt? His were crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under a cross. While you are in every possible way to try to restore your vigor, you are to remember that more soothing than anodyne and more vitalizing than any stimulant and more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription of the text: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He will sustain thee." We hear a great deal of talk now about faith cure and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. I do not know but the chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Marvelous things come to me day by day which makes me think that if the age of miracles is past it is because the faith of miracles is past.

A prominent merchant of New York said to a member of my family: "My mother wants her case mentioned to Mr. Talmage." This was the case. He said: "My mother had a dreadful abcess, from which she had suffered untold agonies. All surgery had been exhausted upon her, and worse and worse she grew until we called in a few Christian friends, and proceeded to pray about it. We commended her case to God and the abcess began immediately to be cured. She is entirely well now, and without any surgery." So that case has come to me, and there are a score of other cases coming to our ears from all parts of the earth. O, ye who are sick, go to Christ! O, ye who are worn out with agonies of body, "cast thy burdens upon the Lord and He will sustain thee."

Another burden some have to carry is the burden of bereavement. Ah! these are the troubles that wear us out. If we lose our property, by additional industry, perhaps, we may bring back the estranged fortune; if we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again a reputation for integrity, but who will bring back the dear departed? Alas! me for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will never be used again. Alas! me for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps. Alas! for the cry of widowhood and orphanage. What bitter Maraas in the wilderness, what cities of the dead, what long black shadow from the wing of death, what eyes sunken with grief, what hands tremulous with bereavement, what instruments of music shut now because there are no fingers to play on them! Is there no relief for such souls? Ay, let the soul ride into the harbor of my text.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

Now, the grave is brighter than the ancient tomb where the lights were perpetually kept burning. The scarred feet of Him who was "the resurrection and the life" are on the broken grave hillock, while the voices of angels ring down the sky at the coronation of another soul come home to glory.

Then there are many who carry the burden of sin. Ah, we all carry it until in the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a spectacle it would be if we could tear off the mask of human defilement, or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud and the rapine and the murder and crime of all the centuries! Ay, if I could sound the trumpet of the resurrection in the soul of the best men in this audience, and all the dead sins of the past should come up, we could not endure the sight. Sin, grim and dire, has put its clutch upon the immortal soul, and that clutch will never relax unless it be under the heel of Him who came to destroy the works of the devil.

O, to have a mountain of sin on the soul! Is there no way to have the burden moved? O, yes. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." The sinless One came to take the consequences of our sin! And I know He is in earnest. How do I know it? By the streaming temples and streaming hands as He says, "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." Why will prodigals live on swines' husks when the robe and the ring and the father's welcome are ready? Why go wandering over the great Sahara desert of your sin when you are invited to the gardens of God, the trees of life and the fountains of living water? Why be houseless and homeless forever when you may become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty?

IN THE YOUROUK COUNTRY.

Something About the Lives of a Primitive People.

Each tent has its spinning wheel and its loom, a hole for working the pedals of which is dug in the ground, and all the women of the tribe were engaged in making the far-famed Karamanian carpets. There is the wooden mortar for grinding the roast coffee berries in, the decorated wooden platter in which they cool the same, the wooden water jars made out of the hollowed stems of pine trees. Everything almost they use is of wood, and gayly decorated with rude patterns, according to their fancy. When reaping, a Yourouk uses wooden gloves to protect his left hand from the sickle. When tending his flock, the Yourouk shepherd has a long wooden flute, incased in a carved wooden case made of two bits of wood glued together and strung with ribbons and colored beads across his shoulder, looking for all the world like the African assegai or some other primitive weapon of war. In it he always keeps a long stick with goat's hair at one end to clean it, and and really the weird music that he produces with this instrument, known as the Nai, is very striking and suitable to the surroundings.

In one corner of the tent are the beehives—long trunks of trees hollowed out and the ends stopped with dung cakes. The bees travel with them wherever they go, on the backs of camels, and their honey resembles cakes of soap, for they boil it, wax and all, before eating it. The Yourouks have not the remotest idea of letters, and carry on their transactions with the outer world by means of wooden tallies—four-sided bits of wood, sometimes gayly carved, sometimes plain.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Particular About His Grammar.

Teddy was carefully trained, and all little slips in grammar were daily weeded out of his conversation. Upon one occasion he was sent across the street to the village store on an errand. As he entered the proprietor playfully addressed him with: "Well, my little man, ain't you out rather early this morning?" In a deliberate way peculiar to him, and with all the dignity of his four years, Teddie vouchsafed the reply: "Ain't is an improper contraction, Mister Parker."—Chicago Post.

—It Was Sacred.—First Baggage Smasher (wildly)—"Here, hold on there, Bill. Handle that 'ere trunk carefully." Second Baggage Smasher (almost paralyzed with amazement)—"Hev—hev—ye lost yer wits?" First Baggage Smasher (impressively)—"That—trunk—is—my—wife's."

HE TOOK IT FOR A WORM.

—Golden Days.

An Object of Veneration.

Mose Schaumburg and his clerk, Ike Silverstone, were walking on Austin avenue last Sunday when they met Solomon Schwindlemeyer, who is not on good terms with Mose Schaumburg. Silverstone took off his hat very politely, whereupon Mose said angrily:

"Vat ish den dot, Mister Silverstone? You vas my gierk, and you takes off your hat to a man who has schwindled me my money oudt."

"I dakes off my hat to anypoddy who ish able to schwindle you, Mister Schaumburg. I have great reverence for any man who vas schmart enough to schwindle Mose Schaumburg. Dot is vy I dakes my hat off to Mister Schwindlemeyer. He vas a Napoleon of finance."—Texas Siftings.

Business vs. Society.

Magnus Scott—I wish you would wear all your diamonds at the Bobs-Jones to-night.

Mrs. M. Scott—But, my dear, the occasion does not warrant that.

Magnus Scott—The dence with the occasion. Bobs-Jones knows that De Puyster drew on me to-day.—Jewelers' Circular.

A Questionable Offering.

Mrs. Newwed (handing tramp several biscuits)—Here my poor man, are some of my homemade biscuits. You will find the saw and axe in the woodshed.

Tramp (closely examining the biscuits)—Are they as bad as that, mum?—Jury.

Another Editorial Blunder.

"Laws a mussy," sighed old Miss Leftout, "here's another case of discriminating against us women folk."

"What is it?"

"This yere paper gives special terms to mail subscribers. He can jest bet that sheet never gits this female subscription."—St. Joseph News.

This Is a Mechanical Age.

Mrs. Brown (at Mrs. Smith's tea)—Oh, dear, that dreadful Miss Smith is singing again. I wonder what started her.

Tom Brown (aged seven)—I dropped a nickel down her back when she wasn't looking.—N. Y. Continent.

Little Economies.

Man of Family—Johnny, take this oil can to a tinsmith, and tell him to fit a cover to the spout.

Wife—A raw potato stuck on the spout will do as well.

Man of Family (angrily)—D'ye think I'm a millionaire?—Good News.

Not So Easy.

Arabelia—So, Mr. Scairt has proposed at last! Then it is all settled!

Bertha—Well, no, not exactly; I managed to get him to pop the question; but, somehow, he hasn't the courage to question the Pon.—Puck.

A BIG ADVERTISER.

—The Kings' Jester.

A Precautionary Measure.

Fangle (to his wife)—Oh, by the way, my dear, I invited the minister to take dinner with us to-morrow.

Mrs. Fangle (who is familiar with her husband's language when carving)—Very well, love. I'll have the cook carve the fowls before they are brought to the table.—Judge.

Dirt Cheap.

Auctioneer (at sale of household goods)—Gentlemen, it's a shame to start a portable bathtub like this at half a dollar. It's just as good as new.

Prospective Purchaser—Looks as if it had been in use a long time.

Owner (righteously indignant)—I give you my word, sir, it has never been used at all!—Chicago Tribune.

Keenly Disappointed.

Jack (tenderly)—You are the only woman I ever loved, Mabel.

Mabel—Is that so? (scornfully) Pshaw! I thought you were a man of the world. We will consider the engagement broken, Jack.—Jury.

A Fatal Error.

"I'm discouraged. I thought I could carve my way to the front in humor, but somehow I don't succeed."

"The trouble with you is your tools. You use too many old saws."—Puck.

Particular.

"Don't let me deprive you of your seat," she said, as he rose.

"Don't mention it, madame. It isn't mine, anyhow; it belongs to the road," said he.—Harper's Bazar.

He Was Not In It.

Algie—You seem rather fond of puppies, Miss Smith.

Miss Smith—Yes—but only of four legged ones.—Munsey's Weekly.

Short, But Sensible.

New Arrival—Won't you give me a little advice about starting a garden?

Old Farmer—Yes; don't commence one. Buy your vegetables from me.—Puck.

A Matter of Policy.

Isaacs—Ikenstein made a mistake ven he vent into de cloding pizness.

Jacobs—How?

Isaacs—He opened in a really fireproof puilding.—Puck.

Hadn't Called.

Mrs. Squatter—Who lives in that grand house just builded over beyant?

Mrs. McShantee—Shure it's th' De Fashion's, phawt come from Fift avnoo. It's up town all th' quality do be movin'.

"It's near neighbors they are to yez. Have they called on ye?"

"N-o. I'm towld Mrs. De Fashion don't go much into society now."—N.Y. Weekly.

In Our Climate.

Maud—So you are going to be queen of the May to-morrow. Have you your costume ready?

Pauline—Yes. Papa bought me an extra heavy pair of gum boots, a double thick waterproof, a pair of fur mittens, a pair of three-ply woolen stockings, a pair of ear muffs and a new umbrella.—Jury.

A Good Reason.

"So you haven't made Smudger your partner, after all, eh?"

"No, and I'll tell you why. Smudger was engaged to my wife before I married her, and I don't believe in becoming too friendly with a man who has proved himself to be more wide-awake than I am."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Wanted to Go Out.

A fly was buzzing against the window panes. Little Fanny noticed it and said: "Mozzer, shan't I open the door?"

"Why do you want to open the door, my child?"

"Because I s'pect that fly wants to go out." Texas Siftings.

Obliging.

The Baron—And can I assist, mademoiselle?

Miss Liberty—Certainly. Help me on with my rubbers. Never mind taking off your gloves, I don't care whether you soil the rubbers or not.—Munsey's Weekly.

His Correction.

Wife—I've written something about gossip that I'm going to send to the Ladies' Magazine. [Begins to read.] "All the women who talk about their neighbors—"

Husband—You'd better leave out the word "who" I think.—Boston Herald.

WELL MATCHED.

Near-Sighted Observer—That's the best race I *ever* saw! Those bicyclers have been round the circle three times and that fellow with the striped Jersey hasn't gained an inch.—Puck.

Military Item.

Sergeant (to recruit)—You are a fearful stupid brute. Have you any brothers?

Recruit—Yes, one.

"Is he as stupid as you?"

"Oh, he is much more so."

"For heaven's sake, what is he?"

"Sergeant."—Texas Siftings.

Will Settle Down.

Cora—I hear that young Wrounder has turned over a new leaf, and that his mother hopes now he will settle down.

Harry—Well, he owes me about forty dollars, and I hope he'll settle up.—Light.

A Dismal Outlook.

Tommy Bingo—There is another fellow in the next room with sister.

Featherstone (waiting for audience)—Do you know who he is?

Tommy—No, I don't know who he is, but just before he came she had the big armchair moved in there.—Jury

Acquitted.

"What did the club do when Chappie was caught cheating at cards?"

"Nothing. They said Chappie, as a member of the club, must be a gentleman; that a gentleman would not cheat, and that therefore Chappie was innocent."—Judge.

Obeying the Rules.

Aunt Furby (in city hotel)—Why, you hain't goin' to lock me in, Si, are you?

Uncle Si—Dunno how I'm goin' to help it. I've got to go out for an hour, an' thar's the rule: "Guests must leave their keys with the clerk on going out!"—Puck.

Thirty-Seven if a Day.

Boston Maiden—My father gives me a dollar for every year I am old on my birthdays.

Friend—Isn't that nice?

Boston Maid—Yes; but then one can't do much with twenty dollars.—Judge.

There's the Rub.

Mrs. Parveneer—It is quite a delicate question to know just whom to invite to a party.

Mrs. Upham-Upham—Not at all; the delicacy comes in knowing whom not to invite.—Puck.

An Inference.

Maud—Did George kiss you last night when he left?

Ethel—Certainly he did not; why do you ask?

Maud—Nothing, only he just told me that he liked your cheek.—Jury.

Two Grievous Wrongs.

"George, don't you think it's very wrong to marry for money?"

"Yes, of course; but it's just as wrong to fall in love with one who has none."—Life.

Sufficient Reason.

Minister (on Sunday, to Tommy, who is about to go a-fishing)—Why are you digging worms to-day, my son?

Tommy—'Cause yer can't get many 'thout yer do dig.—Boston Herald

An Embarrassing Question.

She (wistfully)—I think I would make you a good wife

He (a superintendent—mechanically)—Have you had any experience?—Munsey's Weekly.

A Linguistic Dog.

Fair Customer—You say you trained that dog yourself. Can he understand me if I call him in English?

Dealer—Yah. Off you whistle to him.—Good News.

Premature.

He (accepted)—Ah, what happiness! Now I can call you mine, love!

She—Sh! You haven't got through with your interview with papa yet.—Texas Siftings.

Worth His While.

"I hear that Trotter has failed for half a million."

"Luck dog! I'd fail myself for that amount."—Judge.

Out of Sight.

Iceman—Shall I leave ice here this summer, mum? I left it last summer.

Mrs. Phligh—Did you? Well, we didn't find it!—Puck.

Supported By Evidence.

"Gessler? Who was Gessler?" said Mrs. Beckram to her husband.

"He was a tyrant, my dear, and also a life insurance agent."

"What do mean by such nonsense?"

"There is no nonsense about it, Mrs. Beckram, I assure you. Does not William Tell say to Gessler in the third act: 'Ha, tyrant, hast thou not given me assurance of my life?' Your husband, madam, never makes a statement that he is not prepared to support by documentary evidence."—Texas Siftings.

The Wise Japanese.

Mrs. Peppercorn (reading)—One of the idols most revered by the Japanese is that represented by the figure of a woman seated, resting her chin in her hand.

Mr. Peppercorn—Very interesting, my dear. Proves that the Japanese are among the wisest people of the earth.

Mrs. P.—How so?

Mr. P. (impressively)—Because they deify a woman who gives her chin a rest.—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Important Trade Name Decision.

Judge Thayer, of the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis, has recently handed down an opinion, and granted a perpetual injunction against the defendants in the case of The Hostetter Company against the Brueggeman, Reinert Distilling Co., alias "Gold Spring Distilling Co.," prohibiting the advertising, manufacturing or selling of any article of stomach bitters, either in bulk, by the gallon or otherwise, or in any way making use of the name "Hostetter" except in connection with the sale of the genuine bitters, which are always sold in bottles securely sealed; and also prohibiting the sale of any bitters in bulk, though the name "Hostetter" be not used, but the suggestion made to the purchaser that he can put them in the empty Hostetter bottles, and purchasers would not discover the difference. His decision supports The Hostetter Company in the exclusive use of the name "Hostetter" in connection with either the manufacture or sale of stomach bitters in any manner or form whatsoever, and firmly establishes its ownership in the name "Hostetter" as a "TRADE NAME."

SMITH—"I heard you lost fifty dollars on the races yesterday." Johnson—"It is not lost. I know where it is. Green has it."—Detroit Free Press.

DON'T let the worms eat the very life out of your children. Save them with those dainty candies, called Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers.

IT is hard for the young man who is just learning to ride the bicycle to lead an upright life.—Somerville Journal.

DO NOT purge nor weaken the bowels, but act specially on the liver and bile. A perfect liver corrector. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

WHEN a man pulls down the shade and jerks it off the roller he gets a curtain lecture.—Oswego Palladium.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, June 15.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	$4 25	@	5 65
Butchers' steers	3 70	@	4 75
Native cows	2 40	@	4 25
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 85	@	4 02½
WHEAT—No. 2 red	90	@	91
No. 2 hard	88	@	89
CORN—No. 2	51½	@	52½
OATS—No. 2	41½	@	42½
RYE—No. 2	70	@	72
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 15	@	2 25
Fancy	2 10	@	2 15
HAY—Baled	8 00	@	12 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	14	@	16
CHEESE—Full cream	9½	@	10
EGGS—Choice	10½	@	11
BACON—Hams	10	@	10½
Shoulders	6	@	6½
Sides	8½	@	9
LARD	7	@	7½
POTATOES	1 00	@	1 20
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 50	@	6 00
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	4 80
HOGS—Packing	3 80	@	4 50
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 50	@	5 00
FLOUR—Choice	4 00	@	5 00
WHEAT—No 2 red	98½	@	99
CORN—No. 2	51	@	54½
OATS—No. 2	47	@	48
RYE—No. 2	74	@	75
BUTTER—Creamery	23	@	25
PORK	10 40	@	10 50
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 50	@	6 15
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 90	@	4 55
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 40
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	98	@	1 00½
CORN—No. 2	58	@	58½
OATS—No. 2	41½	@	41¾
RYE—No. 2	82	@	83½
BUTTER—Creamery	20	@	25
PORK	10 00	@	10 05
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 00	@	6 25
HOGS—Good to choice	4 75	@	5 25
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 10	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 07½	@	1 09
CORN—No 2	61	@	61½
OATS—Western mixed	44	@	49
BUTTER—Creamery	21	@	27
PORK	10 50	@	12 50

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BILE BEANS SMALL, 40 in each bottle, 2 to 4 a dose.
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