tain a Child of God—The Lord's Superon Over the Smallest Things-Relief in the Rain of Tears-Weeping For Joy.

a recent sermon at Brookly Rev. DeWitt Talmage took the weather his subject. His text was: "Hath he rain s father?" Job, xxxviii. 28. He said:

This Book of Job has been the sub-Some say that the Book of Job is a true the miscroscope; no more when you Why, take all the warm hearts that with as much alacrity as if he did not others that it is an epic poem; others Are not the hairs of your head all ages, and put them together, and that it is a drama. Some say that Job numbered? And if Himalaya has a their united throb would be weak lived 1,800 years before Christ, others God, "hath not the rain a father?" that he never live at all. Some say the author of this book was Job; others David; others Solomen. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity. Now, I have no trouble with the Books of Job or Revelation—the two most to fight their enemies that moment ar trying to repent. They cannot repent mysterious books in the Bible-because of a rule I adopted some years ago. I wade down into a scripture passage as mother, fiying with her starving child, know? By this passage: "Him hath long as I can touch bottom, and sank down and fainted on the God exalted to be a Prince and a when I cannot, then I wade out rocks in the night and her hand Saviour to give repentance," O! it is a I used to wade in it until it was over my head, and then I got drowned. I that just happen so? God is either in and says: "I am a bad man; I have not that just happen so? God is either in and says: "I am a bad man; I have not that just happen so? study a passage of scripture so long as the affairs of men or our religion is sinned against the laws of the land, but it is a comfort and help to my soul; but when it becomes a perplexity and a ter take it away from us, and instead for my services, and I haven't given spiritual upturning, I quit. In other of this Bible, which teaches the doc- those services. O! my sins, God forgive words, we ought to wade in up to our trine, give us a secular book, and let us, heart, but never wade in until it is as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of it thrills all Heaven. An angel over our head. No man should ever expect to swim across the great ocean of

I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your great-grandparents. Perhaps you know where they were born, or where they died. Have you ever studied the parentage of the shower? "Hath the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the universe. To humble and to save Job, God asked him fourteen questions; about the world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightning, and then he arraigns him with the interrogation of the text: "Hath the rain a father?"

With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister how the water should get into the embraced each other, there was a rain, gets through with that kind of sermons cloud, and getting there, how it should a tremendous rain, of tears, and God within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word of four letters: "help!" You all know that the rain is not an orphan. You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would answer the question of my text in the affirmative. Safely housed during the storm, you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill. It first cowes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents, and makes the traveler implore shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was to sleep by the storm. You know is a flying evangel from heaven

-th. You know it is the gospel of ather. You know that God is ather. If this be true, then how wicked is our murmuring about climatic changes.

The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week it was clear weather, but on the Sabbath the country meeting house looked like Noah's ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a drenched pastor, but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather. Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths or hot Sabbaths or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth His ministers to announce salvation also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father."

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods and their clerks hanging idly around the counter, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the "weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining to the store, and came complaining home again. In all that scason of wet feet and dripping garments and impassable streets they never once asked the question: "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or hav all ready for the mow dashed of a shower, spoiled with the rust. How hard it is get darker and blacker, and after to bear the agricultural disappointments. God has infinite resources, but I do not think he has capacity to make weather to suit all farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold; it is too wet, or it is too dry; it is too early, or it is too late. They forget that the God who promised seed time and har-

be written on every barn, on every world. There are people in Blackwell's fence, on every farm house: "Hath the rain a father?" If we only knew what at all the asylums of this land who a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world we would Watts, at 10 years of age, complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English chapel. "Well," could shriek, you could blaspheme, but said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now, I say to you, if you do not like the weather, get up a weather company and have a president, and a secretary, and a treasurer, and a board of directors, and \$10,000,000 of stock, and then provide weather that will suit all of us. There is a farm that is dried up for the lack of rain, and here is a pleasure party going out for a field ex-Provide weather that will suit farm and the pleasure excur-

o, sirs, I will not take \$1 of weather company. There seing in the universe who knows enough to provide for the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath

the rain a father?" My text also suggests God's minute supervision. You see the Divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the rain. of the shower are not flung away by a spendthrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of Heaven. They four kinds of them that God counts, all have an eternal lineage. They are

rain a father?"

"Worlds! worlds!" and how insignifi- resounded. Then there are the filel cant we feel! We stand at the foot of tears. Little children soon get over Mount Washington or Mount Blanc, the loss of parents. They are easily and we feel that we are only insects, diverted with a new toy. But where is and then we say to ourselves: "Though | the man that has come to 30, or 40 or 50 the world is so large, the sun is 1,400,000 times larger." "O," we say, "it is
of no use, if God wheels that great machinery through immensity. He will not Have you never heard an old man in

take the trouble to look down delirium of some sickness call for his on me." Infidel conclusion. Saturn, mother? The fact is we get so used to Mercury and Jupiter are no more calling for her the first ten years of our rounded and weighed and swung by the life we never get over it, and when she hand of God than are the globules on a goes away from us it makes deep sorlilac bush the morning after a shower. row. You sometimes, perhaps, in God is no more in magnitudes than he days of trouble and darkness, when the found Gen. Pulford enjoying a teteral is in minutise. If He has scales to weigh world would say "you ought to be tete with his charming young wife, the mountains. He has balances delicate able to take care of yourself," you while their noble boy-the child of his ject of unbounded theological wrangle. enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You wake up from your dreams finding Men have made it the ring in which to can no more see him through the tele- yourself saying: "O, mother! mother!" feet. The veteran extended his usual display their ecclesiastical pugilism. scope than you can see Him through Have these tears no divine origin? genial welcome, and rose to shake hands history; others that it is an allegory; look up than when you look down, ever best, in all lands and in all

mer came in at midnight and rang the Did you ever see a rain of repentance? alarm bell, not knowing what he was Do you know what it is that makes a doing, but waking up the host in time man repent? I see people going around riving, was it an accident? When, in Do you know, no man can repent until one of the Irish wars, a starving God helps him to repent? How do I parliament, in his last hour, cry out: cannot keep his eye off it, and the preciation of the fact that all the affairs God is the Father of that rain, the Lord, of our life are under a King's command and under a Father's watch. Alexan- In a religious assemblage a man arose der's war horse, Bucephalus, would al- and said: "I have been a very wicked low anybody to mount him when he man; I broke my mother's heart; I bewas unharnessed; but as soon as they came an infidel; but I have seen my caddle and the trappings of the conqueror, he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult | dead." While yet he was standing in in the fact that we are owned by a the audience, a voice from the gallery King? "Hath the rain a father?"

God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text praying for him for a great many years, The rain was a great mystery to the and when, at the foot of the cross, the ancients. They could not understand prodigal on and the praying mother be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops. Modern science portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air denay longer be held in vapor and it falls. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as that they rush miles a minute. But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton and Saussure and other scientists there is an indefinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every rain drop, and God says to-day, as He surprised if My dealings with you are the people all shouted: "Long live the inexplicable." Why does that aged man, decrepit

Again, my subject teaches me that

beggared, vicious, sick of the world and the world sick of him, live on while here is a man in middle life, con secrated to God, hard working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street about everybody's business but per own, have such good health, while he Christian mother, with a flock of ittle ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for Heaventhe mother who you think could not be spared an hour from that householdwhy does she lie down and die with a cancer? Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continuing to presper, while that The Way in Which Male and Female Conman, who has been giving ten per cent. of all his income to God and the church. goes into bankrupter? Before we make stark fools of ourselves let us stop pressing this everlasting "why." Let us worship where we can not understand. Let a man take that one question "why?" and follow it far enough and push it and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is theology fewer interrogation marks the place for trust. If you can not un-

father?" Again, my text makes me think that the rain of tears is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are gorged, and they are thunder- it. ous. They are more portentous than Salvator or Claude ever painted-clouds of poverty, or persecution, or bereavement. They hover over us, and they awhile a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. Others follow and after awhile there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yea, there is a rain of tears. "Hath

that rain a father?" "O," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lachrymal gland-is only a sign of weak also ordained all the climatic changes.

There is one question that ought to Lord's richest benedictions to the Island insane asylum, and at Utica, and were demented from the fact that they have been times in your life when her right hand slightly to an infiniteyou could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding the hand of a dead wife, who had been all the world to plation, began a light airy sort of rehim? The temples livid with excitement, the eye dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud, but no rain. To your Christian comfort, he said: "Don't talk to me comfort, he said: "Don't talk to me about God, there is no God; or if there fact that he had stepped there on the is I hate Him; don't talk to me about God; would He have left me and these

> tain of tears, you find out that it is a tender hearted, merciful, pitiful and all compassionate God who was the father

"O," you say, "it is absurd to think that God is going to watch over tears." No, my friends. There are three or bottles, and eternizes. First there are all the children of a king. "Hath the all parental tears, and there are more of these than of any other kind, because Well, then, I say if God takes notice the most of the race die in infancy, and of every minute raindrop, He will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers men. We look up ward, but there is always a corridor in the most of into the night heavens, and we say: the soul that is silent, though it once Jeweler's Circular. All strangers were debarred together."-M. Qued, in M. Y. World.

compared with the throb of God's When the Christian army was be- eternal sympathy. Yes, God also sieged at Beziers and a drunken drum- is Father of all that rain of repentance.

"Read me the eighth book of Virgil." church of God assembles around, and O! my friends, let us rouse up to an ap- there is a commingling of tears, and long, suffering, merciful and gracious. put on that war horse, Bucephalus, the evil way, and I have surrendered my heart to God; but it is a grief I can never get over that my parents should never have heard of my salvation; I

> said: "Oh! my son, my son!" He looked up, and he recognized her. It was his old mother. She had been

The king of Carthage was dethroned. comes along and says there are two His people rebelled against him. He was driven into banishment. His wife and children were outrageously abused. Years went by, and the king of Carcreases in temperature so the water thage made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage, the best men of the place man's hand, and to be almost quiet in came out bare footed and bare headed, the heavens, are great mountains of and with ropes around their necks, crymist, 4,000 feet from base to top, and ing for mercy. They said: "We abused you and we abused your family, but we cry for mercy." The king of Carthage looked down upon the people from his chariot and said: "I came to bless; I didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce pardon for all the people. Open the gate and said in the time of Job: "If you can not let the army come in." The king

My friends, you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the church. away from your heart; you have been maltreating Him all these years; but He comes back to-day. He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray for His pardon He will meet you with His gracious spirit and He will say: "Thy sins and thy iniquities I will remember no more. Open wide the gate: I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then, all through this audience, from the young man and from the old, there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the Father of that rain!

CAUGHT REDHANDED.

celt la Displayed. The show windows of the largest stores are veritable things of beauty. but a little observation convinces one that the ceaseless throngs on State street do not turn their glances or their steps windowards altogether as a compliment to the window-trimmer's art. It is safe to say that fully one half the men and women who give a look, however fleeting, at the show windows do one such a sense of security to know that a dress is trailing exactly or a cradrop how can you expect to understand vat is perfectly adjusted. The window God's dealings? "Hath the rain a glass is generally most scrupulously polished, and it is just as good as looking at a mirror. And yet nobody seems to acknowledge openly that he or she admires the reflected image in the glass more than the wares displayed behind

An incident amusingly illustrative of this modern symptom of human vanity occurred one day lately in front of one of the large jewelry stores on State street. There sauntered up from the north a young man who was so wellordered in his attire that the lack of conspicuosity about him was almost painful. He eased his gait a trifle as he approached the jeweler's window, until he stood before it. negligently gazing at the window. From the south there had come to the same strip of pavement a damsel whose buds. She spent a brief moment at the

window. In that moment, with an unconscious movement born of custom, she raised same purpose as she.

Then each realised that they were But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead pencil that she owned when he was away from home, with an fountain of tears, and as the sunlight requish smile was observable on the of God's consolation strikes that foun-

cago Tribune. Some Excellent Bearing Cousin Tom-So you are not going to marry him?

Eleanor-No. Cousin Tom-Why not? Eleanor-Well, papa objects to his family general married his present wife he and I object to his character; and be went abroad on a bridge to me he sides that he has not asked me yet - London his beadquarters. Everywhere

DETROIT CELEBRITIES.

Gen. John Pulford, U. S. A., and Capt. Francis Martin, U. S. N.

The Permer Is the Most Hesperste Letter Attended Napoleou's

[Special Detroit (Mich.) Correspondence.]

"Is the general in?" Yes he was in. A neat housemai ashered me into the library and there l old age-prattled on the rug at their carry a lot of rebel lead hidden in his

His friend and comrade, Gen. O. M. Poe, says of Gen. Pulford: "A more gallant man than Gen. Pulford never walked the face of the earth and the records show it. I was in the same brigade with him, although not in the same regiment, but his courage and gallantry was confined by no regimental limits. It was known and recognized through the entire army." Gen. Pulford served through the en-

tire war and it is believed that he is the only man who ever survived being struck by a solid shot from a cannon. At Malvern Hill he was lying on his face with others of his regiment, the Fifth Michigan volunteer infantry, when a solid shot from a rebel cannon half a mile away rebounded in the air 80 feet in front, and fell on him, striking him on the left side of the head. The shock threw him up three feet in the air, split his skull, and pulverized his collar bone. His comrades picked him up, leaned him against a tree, and left him there to die.

A day or two after he disappeared and they telegraphed home to his wife that he was dead and his body missing. Two weeks afterwards he was discovered in Libby prison where he had been tenderly eared for by his fellow prisoners, but he was delirious with pain and attacked everybody who approached don't know whether they are living or

The prison authorities took the first pportunity of exchanging the poor fellow and he was sent to Baltimore where he lay for two months in the hospital, never speaking a word. Suddenly one day he opened his eyes and took up life where it had left him on the

The manacles and chains which had had the captain and his mate, Mr. Mared him while violent were re- tin, then a young man, stepped ashore, moved and the soldier of iron constitution recovered, went back to his regi- gale, caused the ship to slip her anchor ment and lived to have his back broken and both arms partially disabled in the battle of the Wilderness, besides being wounded in the knee at Boydtown plank road.

Gen. Pulford did some harder fighting after the war, when he fought the Forty-fourth congress for the maintenance of his rank in the army and a pension commensurate with his shattered conwas established upon this clause in the "It is considered that he has risked his per

son, as an officer, in double as many engage-

ments and actually commanded a regiment in nore battles than the oldest regiment in the United States army has participated in since its original organization in 1790. It does not often happen that a man lives to read his own obituary even once, but Gen. Pulford has had this ex-

perience twice in the course of his varied life. The first was when he was reported dead on the battle-field of Malvern Hill, the other when he was stricken down with a stroke of paralysis, the result of his wounds, some four years ago. When he recovered it was not deemed best to let him know how



Ill he had been. To this end Mrs. Pulford burned all the papers, and cautioned friends not to talk with him on the sub- the past which are left to adorn the

But one day, when his wife was absent, the general sent for a barber intending to make a toilet that would surprise her on her return. The barber, like the most of his class, was lo-

'Well now, gen'l, you mos' gone off dat time," he said, as he lathered up for a close military shave. "I expect I was, Barnes. Guess I must have been pretty sick."

"You done bin buried and laid out, de papers.' "Is that so?" asked the general with pervous shiver.

"Yes, sah. Dare was seben or eight pieces in de papers tellen how you fit de rebels, and what a great man yoh was

"Barnes," said the general as soon as discovered soon after a visit to this out and buy me some of those papers you were talking about."

When Mrs. Pulford reached home she found the general sitting up flushed forts to discover it. After awhile the with fever. "I never deserved it, Emma," he said: "I did not know I had so many friends.

I really ought to have died."

But any of these fine days the general may be seen walking down Woodward the pocket of a handsome traveling evenue, from his home on Charlotte dress. "Why, it seems to me that evenue, as brisk as any of the younger men about him, and he will entertain eight soldier-visitors during the coming grand army encampment to be held in

Detroit in August, with their wives and | dear," said he sympathetically, "

And he wears his honors like the modest man he is. Few meeting him casually would dream that he was engaged in all the actions of the army of the Potomac, that he had participated in twenty-five engarements and had seen eighteen years of hard service.

There is a chapter of history in every detail of such a life, a lesson of patriothm, which every young man would do well to commit to memory. And it is grease." intensified by the fact that Gen. Pul-ford, was fought so valiantly for the sters and stripes, was born under the our town? Not much. Why, I was on union Jack; is by birth an Englishman, the bus going over to the depot the by adoption as American.

he went he was received as an Ameri-

from entrance to the house, but a diversion was made in favor of the distin-

wife were escorted to seats of honor.

"Purington-from America bound to

This nautical conversation took place

on May 6, 1821, between Capt. Williams,

of the American merchant-man the

Purington, and the British sloop of war

Rosalie, commanded by Capt. Marryat,

the distinguished novelist, who, with

the Vigo, a 74-gun man of war, lay at

anchor in St. James bay, being there

for the purpose of keeping off all ves-

sels coming too near the prison home of

The Purington was, however, per

mitted to stop for the purpose of ob-

taining wood and water, and in defer-

ence to the American flag, but scarcely

than the wind, which was blowing a

and she was blown twenty miles out to

burial of the man who for years had

"He died at Longwood, a part of the

in an interesting chat on this subject,

Frenchmen who remained with him in

March," and several companies of sol-

There had been a great deal of excite-

"Everywhere on the island I heard

is one of the picturesque landmarks of

Lost in a Woman's Pocket.

It is seldom that a woman loses any-

thing in the pocket of her own dress.

but such a thing actually happened to

a very clear-headed and methodical

young woman whose residence is in

Mrs. C. missed her pocketbook, contain-

ing a considerable sum of money. A

were all well known and trustworthy.

Saltimore, but whose comings and go-

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

boundaries of the present.

playing a quickstep."

return to their own country.

guished prisoner of war.

toward him."

the once great Napoleon.

lish nation.

Michigan."

Ship aboy!

"What ship is that?"

Java. In need of water."

"Stay where you are!"

"H-a-1-1-o."

The American Girl's Walet Said to Be guished visitor who was presented with tirely Too Pmail. two tickets. At the entrance carriage after carriage was turned away by the liveried lackeys, but when Gen. Pulford's name was announced there was a his visit recently. stentorian cry: "Room for the Ameri-

can general's carriage," and he and his And he is a true American in purpose and spirit, a member of the Loyal Legion and a loyal lover of "Michigan, my and deformed.

The doctor has devoted fifteen years a torpid liver, or impure bloods to the study of the human figure. He has made measurements of the Mexi-waists with those of American girls. and has come to the conclusion that the average American woman is deformed, that her waist is too small for her body. He had compared the waist measurement with the height, and, as a result of 1,200 measurements, found that the average waist measurement is only 39 per cent of the height. The average waist of the American woman is 34.6 inches. The waist of the Venus de Milo is 47 per cent. of the height. With

is otherwise."

which should be above the waist line are so pressed down by tight clothing as to make women deformed. He called particular attention to the fact that although a woman doubled in

While in Washington Dr. Kellogg measured the waists of twelve little girls in a private school and found the smallest waist was 23 inches. The average was 24 inches; one was 25% inches and one 26% inches, and those waists, he

said, will become smaller as the girls grow older. These restrictions of the waist cause many other deformities, such as hollow chests, drooping and round shoulders. Dr. Kellogg did not see any reason why women shouldn't be as strong as men. The doctor spoke of the Swiss

women who carry heavy burdens on their shoulders up and down hills, and said that they are among the healthiest He showed by diagrams that the same | She don't eat well | Papa, she needs a box evils occasioned in women by tight of Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers.

ABOUT AMBER

She did not return for several hours, How the Submarine Product First Came and young Martin was given an opporto be ford. tunity of seeing the solemn and lonely

storm on the strands of Jutland and been held a prisoner there by the Eng- Scania, although neglected by the first settlers upon them, attracted the eager attention of their sepulcher-building island which is 2,500 feet above the level successors. The submarine product dition. He finally won. His victory of the sea," said Capt. Martin yesterday cast at their feet by the waves served not only for the adornment of their and it has always been thought that Sir persons, living and dead, but for their Hudson Lowe, who was governor of the protection against supposed malefic island, sent him up there to hasten his influences, and, gradually becoming death. He died in a small frame house, known to distant peoples, was bartered and his remains were placed in a plain in the growing trade centres of the wooden coffin and carried to the grave south, for objects fraught with the sigin a rough hearse. The pallbearers nificance of a new era. were the officers of his staff, loval The traffic assumed large proportions.

xile. An English military band preeeded the hearse, playing the 'Dead diers followed. The grave was beneath too, finds of wrought amber and of the self. His own chaplain read a hurried service. The soldiers fired a volley over attending on plentifulness of the second. his grave, and the band marched away Not even in those remote times was it possible at once to have a cake and to ment; the English soldiers could hardly the Etruscans entered the market. Amconceal their joy at the death of their prisoner, as they were now allowed to would have been treated as a distin- conclusively the weapons and impleyears, being born in New York state example, being denoted by the zigzag: in 1800. He has all his faculties at their the sun, by the double spiral character-

family at 159 First street, Detroit, and Review. A Un'que Dressing-Gown.

discovered soon after a visit to this	proper place N. 1. World.			
city, and advertisements were sprinkled plentifully among the newspapers. The	THE GENERAL MARKETS.			
missing pocketbook persistently con-				
tinued to be missing in spite of all ef-	CATTLE-Shipping Steers \$ 425 @ \$50			
forts to discover it. After awhile the	Butchers' steers 270 @ 640			
circumstance of its loss was forgotten.	Native cows 240 @ 251			
	HOGS-Good to choice heavy 185 & 481			
A newly-planned trip necessitated the	WHEAT -No. 2 red 16 0 12			
overhauling of the young woman's	No. 2 hard			
wardrobe, and by the merest accident	CORN-No. 2			
the lost article was found reposing in	OATS-No. 2			
the pocket of a handsome traveling	RYE-No. 1 20 0 11			
	FLOUE-Patents, per sack 115 0 215			
dress "Why, it seems to me that I	Fancy 210 0 215			
felt in that pocket when I was search-	HAY-Raied 130 0 700			
ing," exclaimed its owner, looking at	BUTTER-Choice creamery 11 0 16			
her husband with a why-didn't-you-tell-	CHEESE-Full cream 161 2 10			
	EGGS-Choice			
me expression upon her face. "Yes.	BACON-Hams 9 9			
dear," said he sympathetically, "I	Shoulders 6 @ 64			
know that I felt for it "-N. Y. Times.	** 1 Sides			
	IARD"			
	POTATOES W . ID			
. They Are Different.	ST. LOUIA			
"They are an awfully patient people	CATTLE-Shipping steers 410 @ 5 %			
in this town," he was saving to an ac-				

They Are Different. "They are an awfully patient people in this town," he was saying to an acquaintance is a Park row car. "In what respect?" queried the other. "Why. I've been on these horse cars fifty times when a team got in the way and bothered 'em half to death. I expected to see the driver heave a brickbat, but he always took it as easy as "Yes: I've seen the same thing." "Do you suppose we'd stand that in

the bus going over to the depot the other day when we met Hank Johnston leadin' his red cow to the river. "Git off the face of the globe!" hol-BUTTER-Creamery leved Bill liavnes, the driver. " I won't! says Hank "With that Bill put the horses and CATTLE-Common to prime.
wagon right at him. The cow was FLOUR-Good to choice..... knocked into Joe Turner's hedge fence, WHEAT-No. 1 red with her neck broke, and Hank got so cous-Sa 2 ...

mixed up with the off fore wheel that | OATS-Western mixed he had to have four doctors piece him RUTTER-Creamery.

SUGGESTIVE FIGURE &

Dr. J. C. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Mich, spoke at the Washington high the granter guaranted medicines cost more school to the girls of the school during and are worth more.

He opened his remarks by announcing that he was going to may some very But you won't get the genuine, except unpleasant things about young ladies. through druggists regularly authorized as Notwithstanding their good-looking spents, and at these uniform and long on

such a waist as that a woman could

draw a good big breath The waist of a woman, he said, ought to be larger than a man's, because her liver is larger. He said "a smaller heart but a larger liver," but not pleasing the young ladies by this remark he | tiveness and rheumatism. added: "Only in quantity; in quality it

The doctor said that those organs

fact that although a woman doubled in intence is painful, do not besitate but com-weight the measurement of her waist mence at once a use of Dr. John Bull's Sarsa. didn't increase at all

wore belts.-N. Y. Commercial Adver- has to make a good many flank movements.

The masses of amber thrown by every

To the diffusion of the fossil gum of Jutland from Ligaria to Thrace corresponds an equal surprising plenty of bronze and gold in Scandinavia, where, a willow tree in a spet selected by him objects purchased with it suggests a reciprocal relation, scarcity of the first eat it. About the sixth century R.C. ber occurs in the oldest tombs at Cervetri, and its exchange for bronze wares gan into healthy action, purifies and explains the stamp of Etruscan design enriches the blood, and through it Capt. Martin said that his mind was impressed upon many objects now in cleanses and renews the whole sysgreatly impressed with the lonely spec- the Copenhagen Museum. Although tem. All Blood, Skin, and Scalp tacle and pageant of death under such the materials for their construction Diseases, from a common blotch circumstances. He believes that if were imported, the discovery of the or eruption to the worst Scrofnia, Napoleon had surrendered to Russia he molds in which they were cast proves are cured by it. For Tetter, Saltments of the bronze age in the north to have been of home manufacture. Their Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre or him praised for his fortitude, his cour remarkable beauty and elaboration tell Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, age, and his courtesy to all about him, of an advance in taste ensuing upon the Tumors, and Swellings, it's an uneand many incidents were related of his development of commerce they sprang qualed remedy. sufferings, and the cruelty of Gov. Lowe from, while the system of ornament adopted in them betrays an Oriental Capt. Francis Martin, U. S. N., is a origin. Its elements were probably hale and hearty veteran of ninety-one rooted in religious symbolism—fire. for "Golden Medical Discovery" works best, beyond a slight deafness, and istic of Danish bronze work, although reads historical and biographical books found as well on the pottery of the bee- guarantees it. If it doesn't benefit daily. He lives with his agreeable hive tombs of Mycense Edinburgh or cure, in every case, you have

One of the latest novelties in the way get. of dressing gowns is the Chinese robe. Its simplicity is its chief charm. The goods must be narrow and cut in two straight pieces the length of the figure and sewed to the neck both front and back. A small gore is placed in the breadth next to the back. A straight piece of the goods is then sewed together and placed from the shoulder to the gore to form the sleeves. When ings encompass nearly every civilized made from white or blue crepe lined quarter of the globe. Some time ago with shrimp-pink silk it is a pretty and unique dressing-gown. The half-sleeve, falling back, reveals just enough of a careful search through her own cozy dimpled arm to be enticing, and the soft meet the world as it comes and goes, establishment failed to disclose its fold of the goods elinging to the neck and are not slow in sizing people whereabouts. The household servants presents quite a fascinating effect. If and things up for what they are desired, the front pieces can be crossed, and there were no circumstances that and a silk cord and tassel tied loosely even suggested theft. The loss was around the waist jauntily holds it in its

Native cows	2.00	•	3.91	
HOGS-Good to choice heavy	1 55		4.83	l.
WHEAT -No. 2 red	+6		12	
No. 2 hard			9059	
CORN-No. 2	531		24	
OATS-No. 2	8.4		1549	п
RYE-No. 2				В
FLOUE-Patents, per sack	2 15		225	1
Paney			2 35	п
HAY-Raied	3 30		7.00	Н
BUTTER-Choice creamery	26		16	В
CHEESE-Full cream		**	19	ь
EGGS-Choice	26		11	в
BACON-Hems			20	н
Shoulders			-	Į.
-*9 Sides	- 81			
LARD"			79	
POTATOES	- 20		125	1
ST. LOUIA	de =			1
CATTLE-Shipping steers				II.
Butchers' steers	1.00		16	П
HOG5-Packing	2.90		4 40	
SHEEP-Fair to choice	2 50		5 99	E.
PLOUR-Choice	450		4.55	1
WHEAT-No 1 red	577		-	HŁ
OURN-No.1	54		346	н
OATS-No. 2	101		4.	н
RYB-No.1				н
BUTTER-Creamery	16		19	н
PORE	20 50		19 73	н
CHICAGO				и
CATTLE-Shipping steets	450		6.00	н
HOGS-Packing and shipping	330		516	ı.
SHEEP-Fair to choice	4 100		52	н
FLOCE-Winter wheat	4.00		5 20	ŀ
WHEAT-No. 3 red	- 31		91	l.
CORS-No. 1	18		5800	
OATS-No.2	17		-	Е
ETE-No. 2			260	E
		-		

475 . 5 16

... . .. 10540 1/Es

You Don't Got What You Want, if you expect to buy Dr. Pierce's genuine medicines at less than the regular prices. You can buy econterfeits, imitations, distions, and substitutes, from manthorism dealers, at what are called "cut prices," but

If you do get the genuine, they're the cheaper medicines you can buy, for they're guaranteed in every case to benefit or cure.

faces, he said, most of them are crippled | Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery (the remedy for all diseases arising from Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription (the

remedy for woman's chronic weaknesses Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, 50 cents per bettie. The centine guaranteed medicines can be had only at these prices. But remember

in buying them, you pay only for the good you

get. There's value received, or there's a

Miss CLINTON- Why does that young man ape the English? Miss Tuile- Bo cause he is a monkey, I presume "-Wash ington Ster.

Picknichers.

Excursionists on the "briny," yachtmen, commercial tourists, sommerce in the tropics, mariners, miners, emigrants to the far West, provide yourselves betimes with the finest defense against fatigue, the of fects of a wetting malaria, unaccontinued diet and exposure in existence. The world knows it as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. severeign for dyspopsia, billiousness, cos-

"I want to the camp at Framingham. Even the tents were warlike." "How was that?" "Why, they were made of drilling." Lowell Citizen

Wars the fair skin is disfigured with ugly cruptions, when boils, carbuncles and sores make life miserable, when the whole system feels weak and feetile, and more exparilla. It will drive out all blood impurity and make you well and strong.

Many men tie their horses very carefully, but let their tongues run loose. - Ham

Do Nor suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pilis will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill. Don't whistie until you're out of the

woods. And then, if you forget to, no will be mad about it. N. Y. Herald. BEAUTY marred by a bad complexion may be restored by Gleun's Suiphur Scap Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

Dogs and men both have summer pants but a deg has a fit sometimes - Richmond Recorder

Foon little child! She don't look well

THOSE who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a dose.

Wirr do they say 'sure as a gun!" Because a gun is cock-sure "-Puck



blood poisons of every name and

nature, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's a medicine that starts from the beginning. It rouses every orrheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils,

Don't think it's like the sarsaparillas. They claim to be good for the blood in March, April, and May. equally well at all seasons. And it not only claims to do good-it your money back.

You pay only for the good you

"German

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he Hereditary often coughs enough

Consumptionhis stomach. Whenever he has taken a DO TOU WANT TO EARN GOLD, Cold of this kind he uses Boschee's MIST & FATOR 150 5th 5th 1 Car. German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

The Soap Cleans Most

is Lenox.



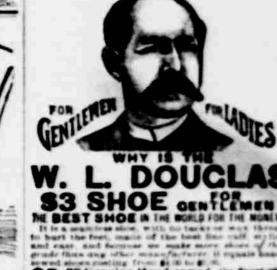
ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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