WORK FOR ALL.

Dr. Talmage Offers Suggestions For Great Deeds.

Helping Humanity Out of Great Perils—Shapeing the Destiny of Young Men—How to Observe the Golden Rule—Good Advice Generally.

At a late camp meeting at Ocean Grove, N. J., Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached to a great throng from the text: "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits. Daniel, ii. 32. He said:

Antiochus Epiphanes, the old sinner, came down three times with his army to desolate the Israelites, advancing one time with 102 trained elephants, swinging their trunks this way and that, and 62,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry troops and they were driven back. Then, the second time, he advanced with 70,000 armed men and had been again defeated. But the third time he laid successful siege until the navy of Rome came in with the flash of their long banks of oars and demanded that the siege be lifted. And Antiochus Epiphanes said he wanted time to consult with his friends about it, and Popilius, one of the Roman ambassadors, took a staff and made a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes, and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle; whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Hebrews had submitted to the invader, but some of them resisted valorously, as did Eleazr when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out, although he knew he must die for it, and did die for it; and others, as my text says, did exploits.

An exploit I would define to be a heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement. "Well," you say, "I admire such things, but there is no chance for me; mine is a sort of humdrum life. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight, I also could do exploits." You are right, so far as great wars are concerned. There will probably be no opportunity to distinguish yourself in battle. The most of the brigadier-generals of this country would never have been heard of had it not been for the war.

Neither will you probably become a great inventor. Nineteen hundred and ninety-nine out of every two thousand inventions found in the patent office at Washington never yielded their authors enough money to pay for the expenses of securing the patent. So you will probably never be a Morse or an Edison or a Humphrey Davy or an Eli Whitney. There is not much probability that you will be the one out of the hundred who achieve extraordinary success in commercial or legal or medical or literary spheres. What then? Can you have no opportunity to do exploits? I am going to show that there are three opportunities open that are grand, thrilling, far-reaching, stupendous and overwhelming. They are before you now. In one, if not all three of them, you may do exploits. The three greatest things on earth to do are to save a man, or save a woman, or save a child. During the course of his life almost every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires, is ground between two millstones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demolition. It may be a financial, or a moral, or a domestic, or a social, or a political exigency.

You sometimes see it in court rooms. A young man has got into bad company and he has offended the law, and he is arraigned. All blushing and confused, he is in the presence of judge and jury and lawyers. He can be sent right on in the wrong direction. He is feeling disgraced, and he is almost desperate. Let the district attorney overhaul him as though he were an old offender; let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him, because he cannot afford a considerable fee; let the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case, and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he lives seventy years, for seventy years he will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than its predecessor.

Why doesn't his father come and help him? His father is dead. Why doesn't his mother come and help him? She is dead. Where are all the ameliorating and salutary influences of society? They do not touch him. Why did not some one long ago in the case understand there was an opportunity for the exploit which would be famous in Heaven a quarter of a million years after earth has become scattered ashes in the last whirlwind? Why did not the district attorney take that young man into his private office and say: "My son, I see that you are the victim of circumstances. This is your first crime. You are sorry. I will bring the person you wronged into your presence and you will apologize and make all the reparation you can and I will give you another chance."

Or that young man is presented in the court room and he has no friends present and the judge says: "Who is your counsel?" And he answers: "I have none." And the judge says: "Who will take this young man's case?" And there is a dead halt and no one offers, and after a while the judge turns to some attorney who never had a good case in all his life, and never will, and whose advocacy would be enough to secure the condemnation of innocence itself. And the professional incompetent crawls up beside the prisoner—helplessness to rescue despair, when there ought to be a struggle among all the best men of the profession as to who should have the honor of trying to help that unfortunate.

So there are commercial exigencies. A very late spring obliterates the demand for spring overcoats and spring hats and spring apparel of all sorts. Hundreds of thousands of people say: "It seems we are going to have no spring and we shall go straight out of winter into warm weather, and we can get along without the usual spring attire." Or there is no autumn weather, the heat plunging into the cold, and the usual clothing which is a compromise between summer and winter is not required. It makes a difference in the sale of millions and millions of dollars of goods, and some over sanguine young merchant is caught with a vast amount of unsalable goods that will never be salable again at prices ruinously reduced. The young merchant with a somewhat limited capital is in a predicament.

What shall the old merchants do as they see the young man in this awful crisis? Rub their hands and laugh and say: "Good for him. He might have known better. When he has been in business as long as we have, he will not load his shelves in that way. Ha! Ha! He will burst up before long. He had business to open his store so near to ours anyhow." Sheriff's sale! Red flag in the window: "How much is bid for these out of fashion spring overcoats and spring hats, or fall clothing out of date? What do I hear in the way of a bid?" "Four dollars." "Absurd. I can not take that bid of $4 apiece. Why, these coats when first put upon the market were offered at $15 each, and now I am offered only $4. Is that all? Five dollars, do I hear? Going at that! Gone at $5," and he takes the whole lot. The young merchant goes home that night and says to his wife: "Well, Mary, we will have to move out of this house and sell our piano. That old merchant that has had an evil eye on me ever since I started has bought out all that clothing and he will have it rejuvenated and next year put it on the market as new, while we will do well if we keep out of the poor house." The young man, broken spirited, goes to hard drinking. The young wife with her baby goes to her father's house, and not only is his store wiped out, but his morals and his prospects for two worlds—this and the next.

But there is another way. That young merchant who found that he had miscalculated in laying in too many goods of one kind is standing behind the counter, feeling very blue, and thinking how his young wife will have to be put in a plainer house than she ever expected to live in, or go to a third-rate boarding house. An old merchant comes in and says: "Well, Joe, this has been a hard season for young merchants, and this prolonged cool weather has put many in the doldrums, and I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, for just after I started in business I once got into the same scrape. Now, if there is anything I can do to help you out I will gladly do it. Better just put those goods out of sight for the present, and next season we will plan something about them. I will help you to some goods that you can sell for me on commission, and I will go down to one of the wholesale houses and tell them that I know you and will back you up, and if you want a few dollars to bridge over the present I can let you have them. Be as economical as you can, keep a stiff upper lip, and remember that you have two friends, God and myself. Good morning!" The old merchant goes away and the young man goes behind his desk, and the tears roll down his cheeks. It is the first time he has cried. Disaster made him mad at everything, and mad at man and mad at God. But this kindness melts him, and the tears seem to relieve his brain, and his spirits rise from 10 below zero to 80 in the shade, and he comes out of the crisis.

There sometimes comes exigencies in the life of a woman. One morning a few years ago I saw in the newspaper that there was a young woman in New York, whose pocketbook containing $17.33 had been stolen, and she had been left without a penny at the beginning of winter, in a strange city, and no work. And although she was a stranger, I did not allow the nine o'clock mail to leave the lamp post on our corner without carrying the $37.33; and the case was proved genuine.

When such a case comes under your observation how do you treat it? "Get out of my way, we have no room in our establishment for any more hands. I don't believe in women anyway; they are a lazy, idle, worthless set. John, please show this person out of the door." Or do you compliment her personal appearance and say things to her which if any man said to your sister or daughter you would kill him on the spot? That is one way, and it is tried every day in the large cities, and many of those who advertise for female hands in factories, and for governesses in families, have proved themselves unfit to be in any place outside of hell. But there is another way, and I saw it one day in the Methodist book concern in New York, where a young woman applied for work and the gentleman in tone and manner said in substance: "My daughter, we employ women here, but I do not know of any vacant place in our department. You had better inquire at such and such a place, and I hope you will be successful in getting something to do. Here is my name and tell them I sent you." The embarrassed and humiliated woman seemed to give way to Christian confidence. She started out with a hopeful look that I think must have won for her a place in which to earn her bread. I rather think that considerate and Christian gentleman saved a woman.

But good men and good women are not in that kind of business. Alas for that poor thing! Nothing but thread of that sewing girl's needle held her, and the thread broke.

I have heard men tell in public discourse what a man is; but what is a woman? Until some one shall give a better definition I will tell you what woman is. Direct from God, a sacred and delicate gift, with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound. Fashioned to refine and soothe and lift and irradiate home and society and the world. Of such value that no one can appreciate it, unless his mother lived long enough to let him understand it, or who in some great crisis of life, when all else failed him, had a wife to reinforce him with a faith in God that nothing could disturb. Speak out, ye cradles, and tell of the feet that rocked you and the anxious faces that hovered you! But as the geographers tell us that the depths of the sea correspond with the heights of the mountains, I have to tell you that a good womanhood is not higher up than bad womanhood is deep down. The grander the palace, the more awful the conflagration that destroys it. Now I should not wonder if you trembled a little with a sense of responsibility when I say there is hardly a person in this house but may have an opportunity to save a woman.

If, for instance, you find a woman in financial distress and breaking down in health and spirits trying to support her children, now that her husband is dead or an invalid, doing that very important and honorable work—but which is little appreciated—keeping a boarding house, busy yourselves in trying to get her more patrons, and tell her of divine sympathy. Yea, if you see a woman favored in fortune and with all kindly surroundings, finding in the hollow flatteries of the world her chief regalement, living for herself and for time as if there were no eternity, strive to bring her into the kingdom of God, as did the other day a Sabbath school teacher who was the means of the conversion of the daughter of a man of immense wealth, and the daughter resolved to join the church, and she went home and said: "Father, I am going to join the church, and I want you to come." "O, no," he said, "I never go to church." "Well," said the daughter, "if I were going to be married would you not go to see me married?" And he said, "O, yes." "Well, said she, "this is of more importance than that." So he went and has gone ever since, and loves to go.

There is another little exploit you can do, and that is to save a child. A child does not seem to amount to much. It is nearly a year old before it can walk at all. For the first year and a half it cannot speak a word. For the first ten years it would starve if it had to earn its own food. For the first fifteen years its opinion on any subject is absolutely valueless. And then there are so many of them. My! what lots of children! And some people have contempt for children. They are good for nothing but to wear out the carpets and break things and keep you awake nights crying. Well, your estimate of a child is quite different from that mother's estimate who lost her child this summer. They took it to the salt air of the seashore and to the tonic air of the mountains, but no help came, and the brief paragraph of its life is ended. Suppose that life could be restored by purchase, how much would that bereaved mother give? I am glad that there are those who know something of the value of a child. Its possibilities are tremendous. What will those hands yet do? Where will those feet yet walk?

Come, chronologists, and calculate the decades on decades, the centuries on centuries, of its lifetime. O, to save a child! Am I not right in putting that among the great exploits? But what are you going to do with those children who are worse off than if their fathers and mothers had died the day they were born? There are tens of thousands of such. Their parentage was against them. Their name is against them. The structure of their skulls against them. Their nerves and muscles contaminated by the inebriety or dissoluteness of their parents; they are practically at their birth laid out on a plank in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, in an equinoctial gale, and told to make for shore. What to do with them is the question often asked. There is another question quite as pertinent and that is what they are going to do with us? They will, ten or eleven years from now, have as many votes as the same number of well born children, and they will hand this land over to anarchy and political damnation just as sure as we neglect them. Suppose we each one of us save a boy or save a girl. You can do it. Will you? I will.

On the English coast there was a wild storm, and a wreck in the offing, and the cry was: "Man the lifeboat!" But Harry, the usual leader of the sailors' crew, was not to be found, and they went without him, and brought back all the shipwrecked people but one. By this time Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said: "Why did you leave that one?" The answer was: "He could not help himself at all, and we could not get him into the boat." "Man the lifeboat!" shouted Harry, "and we will go for that one." "No," said his aged mother, standing by, "you must not go, I lost your father in a storm like this, and your brother Will went off six years ago, and I have not heard a word from Will since he left, and I don't know where he is, poor Will, and I cannot let you also go, for I am old and dependent on you." His reply was: "Mother, I must go and save that one man, and if I am lost, God will take care of you in your old days." The life boat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life, and started for the shore. And as they came within speaking distance Harry cried out: "We saved him, and tell mother it was brother Will."

How shall we get ready for one or all of these three exploits? We shall make a dead failure if in our own strength we try to save a man or woman or child. But my text suggests where we are to get equipment. "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." And while you are saving strangers you may save some of your own kin.

O, yes, my friend, let us start out to save someone for time and eternity, some man, some woman, some child. And who knows but it may, directly or indirectly, be the salvation of one of our own kindred, and that will be an exploit worthy of celebration when the world itself is shipwrecked, and the sun has gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil, and all the stars are dead!

DUTIES OF A CHAPERON.

An Institution About Which There Is a Great Deal of Humbug.

The chaperon is almost universally recognized as an indispensable feature of social life. That there is a great deal of humbug about the institution is not to be doubted, nor is it often denied, for it is forever receiving additional proof. With nice girls as her charges, it is not to be supposed that the chaperon has a particularly arduous task. A willful girl can circumvent her chaperon whenever she wishes to enjoy more liberty than the modern duenna is willing to grant. All chaperons are not equally worthy of being intrusted with the care of a young girl. There is the frivolous, flirtatious young married woman, who rejoices in her husband's absence as an opportunity to renew the delightful times of her girlhood. Such a one is only too ready to chaperon any party of young ladies for the sake of being once more one of the gay set from which she had been supposed to be willing to retire when she married a man older than herself, and presumably jealous of his wife. But the last person in the world fitted for faithfully discharging the duties of the chaperon's responsible office is the woman who is no longer young, be she wife or widow, and who, crazy for the attentions of young men, knows of no other way to attract them to herself than to pretend to chaperon a party of bright and interesting girls. The young ladies attract the gentlemen, and the chaperon makes off with them herself. She inveigles young and easy-going men into all sorts of philopena forfeits and little bets on the outcome of games of billiards or lawn tennis. And whether the bets be payable in candy or champagne, she sees that they are paid to the uttermost farthing. Woe to the young man upon whom she fastens for the evening; he will not be able to escape from her clutches until he has treated her to at least one "Queen Charlotte," not to speak of anything quite so plebeian as a bottle of beer.

It is sometimes considered very smart to outwit the chaperon. Once in a while a chaperon will be found ready and willing to help a wild girl to outwit her mother. It is a popular thing to laugh at the severity of parental control and to mock at its restrictions, but the girl who will willingly enter into a conspiracy to deceive her loving, self-sacrificing, although too-exacting mother, is not worthy of respect. If she could but know just what the very young men who take advantage of her willingness to deceive her parents really think of her, she might well hesitate before giving them additional cause to think lightly of her. But what shall be said of the chaperon who takes the young girl under her "protection," (heaven save the mark) giving express promise to the mother that she will take her place while with the girl, and then deliberately make opportunities for the girl to do just what the mother had forbidden, even planning the lie that is to still further wrong the unsuspecting parent? A chaperon that will take a young man for a dummy and with her charge depart nominally for a walk, but really for a row with an objectionable young man for the fourth party, returning to the mother's side without him, is an untrustworthy woman. There is this fact that all young girls should remember when they are intimate with married women; they need not be surprised if, when any trouble comes, any little breeze, any misunderstanding, to have the married woman slide out of all in the most nonchalant manner in the world, leaving the young girl as a scapegoat and one on whom the discredit most certainly will fall. It's so every time.—San Francisco News-Letter.

—First Fair One—"How could you ever have captured that burglar all alone?" Second Fair One—"Why, I put my arms around him and hugged just as tight as I could. And he never stirred. In fact, he seemed to like it."—Buffalo Express.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

A PERNICIOUS WEED.

Chess or Cheat Is Utterly Worthless as a Forage Plant.

Chess or cheat (*bromus secalinus*) is well known as a pernicious weed of wheat fields. It was probably brought to this country with wheat seed. It is worthless as a forage plant. The common observation of farmers that a wheat field contains more chess than wheat and that wheat has turned into chess is entirely without foundation.

Wheat will produce nothing else but wheat, chess nothing but chess. If one finds an abundance of chess in his field it is either because his ground was well stocked with seed or he sowed it with his wheat.

M. D. L. Howard, of Freeport, Ill., sends me some large seeds to show transition stages between chess and wheat. He feels confident that wheat

CHESS OR CHEAT (BROMUS SECALINUS).

can turn into chess. His transition stages show that in one specimen of cheat the chaff is partially removed, while the third is an imperfect kernel of barley with part of the chaff removed. Some years ago Dr. Beal, of Lansing, Mich., made some experiments to settle this question. From wheat he was never able to get anything else but wheat. The only way to destroy the weed is not to allow it to seed if it is in your meadow. A proper rotation with corn will remove it, since it is an annual or winter annual. In sowing wheat use only clean seed.—Prof. L. H. Pammel, in Orange Judd Farmer.

LIGHT SHIPPING CRATE.

A Coop That Has Given Satisfaction to All Who Have Used It.

For shipping choice-bred fowls at any season of the year there is no more satisfactory coop, or one more easily and cheaply made, than the one illustrated. Before the slats are nailed on the frame is neatly covered with some thin, strong, cotton cloth like cheesecloth. The bottom and top of the crate is not covered with the cloth, and sep-

CONVENIENT POULTRY-SHIPPING CRATE.

arate three-cornered pieces are nailed on the ends. By covering the ends with cloth it makes fewer slats necessary and lessens the weight. The cloth keeps drafts from the birds, and shields them from the excitement which many strange sights would create. The bottom is tight, twenty by twenty-six inches, and the top is six by twenty-six inches. The connecting uprights are eighteen inches long and three inches broad. A rope handle to carry it by is put through holes bored in the top. The crate is made into two compartments by a cloth partition across the middle. Each compartment will accommodate a fowl, or for short distances two fowls. If dry this crate need not weigh over ten pounds.—American Agriculturist.

HEALTHFUL LIVING.

An Important Point Which Many Farmers Seem to Overlook.

Much has been written with reference to healthful modes of living. The farmer has been warned against too free use of the pork barrel over and over again; and while it seems to be true that our pork eaters are as healthy and long lived as our beef eaters are, it is nevertheless true that a steady pork diet is not the best diet. If we were to be asked to lay down general rules for healthful methods of living on the farm we should say: First, a good, comfortable house with large, airy rooms; a strict regard for cleanliness about the premises, that is that all decaying matter should be scrupulously removed from any location that is near the house; good drainage; frequent bathing; as much labor saving in all departments in the house and out of it as possible, and a variety of foods. The chicken is frequently drafted for the farm table, perhaps too frequently, for fowl is hard to digest. Fresh beef in summer is not practicable unless bought of the butcher. But—stating again what has been stated many times—the sheep furnishes an easy means by which the farmer can supply himself with fresh meat at any time of the year. With a flock of sheep one can be slaughtered at any time, and what is not needed of the carcass for home consumption can be disposed of. This feature of the benefits of sheep husbandry alone is enough to commend sheep breeding to the farmer.—Western Rural.

DRAINING ORCHARDS.

Fruit Trees Are Greatly Benefited by Artificial Drainage.

We have had occasion at different times to witness the advantages of good drainage to apple orchards, and the injury which the trees receive by water-soaked roots. Wet feet are not good for them. Large bearing trees have

been sometimes greatly improved by artificial drainage where standing in soils and subsoils liable to be heavily soaked by rains. The tile has been laid two and a half or three feet below the surface; and to escape the danger of the pipe becoming filled with the small roots, it has been placed midway between the two rows of trees, a rod distant from each, as shown in the annexed cut, the tile being in the portion of soil especially filled with the small fibers, that were particularly benefited by it.—Country Gentleman.

In the September Wide Awake There is good history, biography and travel (see "The Prince Imperial" and "Stanley's Bananas"), outdoor sport and indoor ethics (see "Two Fishermen," "The Margaret-Patty Letters" and "All Because a Bluebird Sang"), curious natural history (see "How I tended Silk-worms," "An Odd Set," and "Two Acquaintances of Mine"), fanciful tale and the higher sort of fairy story (see "Peterkin and Pollikin go to the Fair," and "A Tale of the Black Forest"), practical art-lessons (see "Drawing the Child-Figure"), a masterly serial (see Margaret Sidney's "The Peppers Grown Up"), a fine array of short stories (see Mrs. Bates's "Red Lilies," Mrs. Sherwood's "Sovereign of '45," Clarissa Porter's "Aunt Betsey's Cap Box," etc.), pages of original anecdotes, and pictures and poems galore; among them Hassam's drawings of "Gossamer Girls," and Mrs. Mary E. Blake's "Masquerade" are especially delighting.

$2.40 a year; 20 cents a number. A sample (back number) for 5 cents. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Publication Postponed.

Wife—What are you writing?

Col. Rungood (war veteran)—A magazine article, showing that Gen. Fightwell did not win half the battles he is credited with. It's about done now.

"All ready for the printer?"

"Oh, I won't print it until after he is dead."—N. Y. Weekly.

Have You Sympathy for the Wretched? Then never refuse a medicum to the dyspeptic unless it be the obstinate individual who refuses or neglects to avail himself of the great recuperant of digestion and assimilation, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only knocks dyspepsia into a cocked hat, but soon gives malaria constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble a Waterloo defeat.

SHE had good cause.—"I heard that Lillie has cast Mr. Comofen off because he put on too many frills." "Yes! That's ruff."—Brooklyn Eagle.

THOUGHTLESS mothers are they who will not give sickly children Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. They remove the worms, and the child grows strong.

THE editor's waste basket is proof that he is always prepared for the worst.—Boston Courier.

IT is no longer necessary to take blue pills to rouse the liver to action. Carter's Little Liver Pills are much better. Don't forget this.

IT is no breach of logic to conclude that the man with the rum blossom is a bloming chump.—Washington Star.

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

MANY a reputed wag turns out to be merely a scalawag.—Boston Courier.

A CRUSTY employer believes that a laborer is worthy of his ire.—Yonkers Gazette.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 31.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers	$4 45	@	5 25
Butchers' steers	3 70	@	4 00
Native cows	2 00	@	2 65
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 15	@	5 15
WHEAT—No. 2. red	91	@	91¼
No. 2 hard	89½	@	91
CORN—No. 2	55	@	56¾
OATS—No. 2	27	@	27½
RYE—No. 2	77	@	82
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 30	@	2 40
Fancy	1 90	@	1 95
HAY—Baled	5 50	@	6 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	16	@	17
CHEESE—Full cream	9	@	9½
EGGS—Choice	11	@	12
BACON—Hams	9	@	10
Shoulders	5¾	@	6½
Sides	7	@	7½
LARD	6½	@	7¼
POTATOES	30	@	40
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 90	@	5 75
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	5 00
HOGS—Packing	4 80	@	5 40
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 75	@	4 65
FLOUR—Choice	4 00	@	5 00
WHEAT—No 2. red	97	@	98¾
CORN—No. 2	58	@	58½
OATS—No. 2	29	@	29¼
RYE—No. 2	82	@	83
BUTTER—Creamery	18	@	19
PORK	10 00	@	10 70
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	5 60	@	6 10
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 75	@	5 20
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 50	@	5 25
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 30	@	5 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red	99½	@	1 00
CORN—No. 2	63	@	63½
OATS—No. 2	88	@	89
RYE—No. 2	94	@	94½
BUTTER—Creamery	18	@	20
PORK	10 10	@	10 12½
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 00	@	5 70
HOGS—Good to choice	5 10	@	6 15
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 50	@	5 75
WHEAT—No. 2. red	1 07¼	@	1 10
CORN—No. 2	74½	@	75
OATS—Western mixed	33	@	38
BUTTER—Creamery	15½	@	20
PORK	10 50	@	12 00

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—**August Flower the Remedy.**

Have You Tried It? —IF NOT,— Try It Now! Go to your Druggist, hand him one dollar, tell him you want a bottle of . . . . PRICKLY ASH ★ BITTERS ★ The BEST MEDICINE known for the CURE of All Diseases of the Liver, All Diseases of the Stomach, All Diseases of the Kidneys, All Diseases of the Bowels. PURIFIES THE BLOOD, CLEANSES THE SYSTEM, Restores Perfect Health.

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POLITICS is not discussed to any great extent at summer resorts, but it is a generally established fact that on the moonlit end of the piazza the third party is always unpopular.—Baltimore American.

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THE reason why a fly is generally moonarch absolute of a bald head is because there is no heir apparent.—Philadelphia Times.

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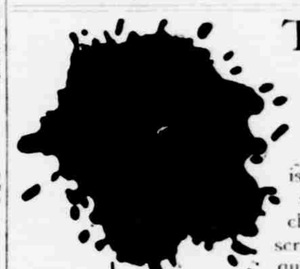

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