

THE CORN-CRIB OF EGYPT

Dr. Talmage Draws Lessons From His Summer Tour.

People Should Rejoice in Their Good Fortunes and Not Forget Their Needy Neighbors—Many Plain Truths Plainly Told.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 30, 1891.—The cabled reports of meager harvests in Europe, and the memory of the vast crops of ripening grain which Dr. Talmage saw during his recent tour in the west, have combined to turn his thoughts back to that patriarchal time when all the world sent to Egypt to buy corn and to suggest a Gospel lesson. His text is Genesis 43: 3, "Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you."

This summer, having crossed eighteen of the United States, north, south, east and west, I have to report the mightiest harvests that this country or any other country ever reaped. If the grain gamblers do not somehow wreck these harvests, we are about to enter upon the grandest scene of prosperity that America has ever witnessed. But while this is so in our own country, on the other side of the Atlantic there are nations threatened with famine, and the most dismal cry that is ever heard will I fear be uttered, the cry for bread. I pray God that the contrast between our prosperity and their want may not be as sharp as in the lands referred to by my text. There was nothing to eat. Plenty of corn in Egypt, but the ghostly famine in Canaan. The cattle moaning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully white with hunger. Not the failing of one crop for one summer, but the failing of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table, and so little appreciated: the product of harvest field, and grist-mill, and oven; the price of sweat, and anxiety, and struggle—bread! Jacob, the father, has the last report from the flour-bin, and he finds that everything is out; and he says to his sons: "Boys, hook up the wagons and start for Egypt, and get us something to eat."

The fact was, there was a great corn-crib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present time paying between 70 and 80 per cent of their products to the government. No wonder in that time they had a large corn-crib, and it was full. To that crib they came from the regions round about—those who were famished—some paying for corn in money; when the money was exhausted, paying for the corn in sheep and cattle, and horses and camels, and when they were exhausted, then selling their own bodies and their families into slavery.

The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot, and burst into tears. The fact was, that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the corn-crib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview: "Now, you need not come back here for any corn unless you bring something better than money—even your younger brother Benjamin." Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son—a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart break. The keeper of this corn-crib, nevertheless, says to these elder sons: "There is no need of your coming here any more for corn unless you bring Benjamin, your father's darling." Now Jacob and his family very much needed bread; but what a struggle it would be to give up this son. The Oriental is very demonstrative in their grief, and I hear the outwailing of the father as these elder sons keep reiterating in his ears the announcement of the Egyptian lord, "Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you." "Why did you tell them you had a brother?" said the old man, complaining and chiding them. "Why, father," they said, "he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea he would make any such demand upon us as he has made." "No use of asking me," said the father; "I can not, I will not give up Benjamin." The fact was that the old man had lost children; and when there has been bereavement in a household, and a child taken, it makes the other children in the household more precious. So the departure was adjourned, and adjourned, and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder moaned the cattle, and wider open cracked the earth, and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out to his sons, "Take Benjamin and be off!" The elder sons tried to cheer up their father. They said: "We have strong arms and a stout heart, and no harm will come to Benjamin. We'll see that he gets back again." "Farewell!" said the young men to the father, in a tone of good cheer. "F-a-r-e-w-e-l-l!" said the old man; for that was more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

Well, my friends, this world is famine-struck of sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It is hunger-bitten. The fact that it does not, cannot, feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. All the world honored him—did everything for him that the world could do. He was applauded in England and applauded in the United States. He roused up nations into laughter. He had no equal. And yet, although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satisfying his soul, he sits down and writes: "I never in my life put on a new hat, that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining and thought all who had the choice would keep indoors, that the sun did not burst forth in its

strength and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow-bone broken, though my friend got up unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune without making his instead, than in an incredible space of time—I think thirteen months—I earned for him twenty thousand pounds, and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a beggar, everyone in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread." That was the lament of the world's comedian and joker. All unhappy. The world did everything for Lord Byron that it could do, and yet in his last moment he asks a friend to come and sit down by him and read, as most appropriate to his case, the story of "The Bleeding Heart." Torrigiano the sculptor, executed after months of care and carving, "Madonna and the Child." The royal family came in and admired it. Everybody that looked at it was in ecstasy; but one day, after all that toil, and all that admiration, because he did not get as much compensation for his work as he had expected, he took a mallet and dashed the exquisite sculpture into atoms. The world is poor compensation, poor satisfaction, poor solace. Famine, famine in all the earth; not for seven years, but for six thousand. But, blessed be God, there is a great corn-crib. The Lord built it. It is in another land. It is a large place. I want to make three points. Every frank and common sense man will acknowledge himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sins? Have them pardoned, you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a bar for the admission of all, without respect to character? Be not deceived. I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the corn-crib of heavenly supply; and a voice from within says: "Are you alone?" The sinner replies: "All alone." The voice from within says: "You shall not see my pardoning face unless your divine brother, the Lord Jesus, be with you." O, that the point at which so many are disappointed, there is no mercy from God except through Jesus Christ. Coming without him, we are rejected. Peter put it right in his great sermon before the high priests, when he thundered forth: "Neither is there salvation in any other. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we may be saved." O, anxious sinner! O, dying sinner! O, lost sinner! all you have got to do is to have this Divine Benjamin along with you. Side by side, coming to the gate, all the storehouses of heaven will swing open before your anxious soul. Am I right in calling Jesus Benjamin? O, yes. Rachel lived only long enough to give a name to that child, and with a dying kiss she called him Benjamin. Afterward Jacob changed his name, and he called him Benjamin. The meaning of the name she gave was "Son of My Pain." The meaning of the name the father gave was "Son of My Right Hand." And was not Christ the Son of My Pain? All the sorrows of Rachel in that hour, when she gave her child over into the hands of strangers was nothing compared with the struggle of God when He gave up His only Son.

My text also suggests the reason why so many people do not get any real comfort. You meet ten people; nine of them are in need of some kind of condolence. There is something in their health or in their state or in their domestic condition that demands sympathy. And yet the most of the world's sympathy amounts to absolutely nothing. People go to the wrong crib or they go in the wrong way. When the plague was in Rome a great many years ago there were eighty men who chanted themselves to death with the litanies of Gregory the Great—literally chanted themselves to death, and yet it did not stop the plague. And all the music of this world cannot halt the plague of the human heart. I come to some one whose ailments are chronic, and I say, "In heaven you will never be sick." That does not give you much comfort. What you want is a soothing power for your present distress. Look children, have you? I come to you and tell you that in ten years perhaps you will meet those loved ones before the throne of God. But there is but little condolence in that. One day is a year without them, and ten years is a small eternity. What you want is a sympathy now—present help. I come to those of you who have lost dear friends and say: "Try to forget them. Do not keep the departed always in your mind." How can you forget them when every figure in the carpet, and every book, and every picture, and every room, calls out their name. Suppose I come to you and say by way of condolence: "God is wise." "O!" you say, "that gives me no help." Suppose I come to you and say: "God, from all eternity, has arranged this trouble." "Ah!" you say: "that does me no good." Then I say: "With the swift feet of prayer go direct to the corn-crib for a heavenly supply. You go, you say: 'Lord, help me; Lord, comfort me.' But no help yet. No comfort yet. It is all dark. What is the matter? It is all dark. You ought to go to God and say: 'Here, O Lord, are the wounds of my soul, and I bring with me the wounded Jesus. Let his bereavements for my bereavements, his loneliness for my loneliness, his heart-break for my heart-break. O, God! for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ—the God, the man, the Benjamin, the brother—deliver my agonized soul. O, Jesus of the weary foot, ease my aching head. O, Jesus of the aching head, heal my aching heart. O, Jesus of the Bethany sisters, roll away the stone from the door of our grave.' That is the kind of prayer that brings help; and yet how many of you are getting no help at all, for the reason that there is in your soul, perhaps, a secret double. You may never have mentioned it to a single human ear, or you may have mentioned it to some one who is now gone away, and that great sorrow is still in your soul. After Washington Irving was dead, they found a little box that contained a braid of hair and a miniature, and the name of Matilda Hoffman, and a memorandum of her death, and a remark something like

this: The world after that was a blank to me. I went into the country but found no peace in solitude. I tried to go into society, but I found no peace in society. There has been a horror hanging over me by night and by day, and I am afraid to be alone."

I go further, and find in my subject a hint as to the way heaven opens to the departing spirit. We are told that heaven has twelve gates, and some people infer from that fact that all the people will go in without reference to their past life; but what is the use of having a gate is not sometimes to be shut? The swinging of a gate implies that our entrance into heaven is conditional. It is not a monetary condition. If we come to the door of an exquisite concert, we are not surprised that we must pay a fee, for we know that fine earthly music is expensive; but all the oratorios of heaven cost nothing. Heaven pays nothing for its music. It is all free. There is nothing to be paid at that door for entrance; but the condition of getting into heaven is our bringing our Divine Benjamin along with us. Do you notice how often dying people call upon Jesus? It is the usual prayer offered—the prayer offered more than all the other prayers put together—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." One of our congregations, when asked in the closing moments of his life, "Do you know me?" said: "Oh, yes, I know you. God bless you. Good-by. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" and he was gone. Oh, yes, in the closing moments of our life we must have a Christ to call upon. If Jacob's sons had gone towards Egypt, and had gone with the very finest equipage, and had not taken Benjamin along with them, and to the question they should have been obliged to answer: "Sir, we didn't bring him, as father could not let him go; we didn't want to be bothered with him," a voice from within would have said: "Go away from us; you shall not have any of this supply. You shall not see my face because your brother is not with you." And if we come up toward the door of heaven at last, though we come from all luxuriance and brilliancy of surroundings, and knock for admittance, and it is found that Christ is not with us, the police of heaven will beat us back from the bread house, saying: "Depart, I never knew you." If Jacob's sons, coming toward Egypt, had lost everything on the way; if they had expended their last shilling; if they had come up utterly exhausted to the corn-crib of Egypt, and it had been found that Benjamin was with them, all the store houses would have swung open before them.

My friends, you see it is either Christ or famine. If there were two banquets spread, and to one of them, only, you might go, you might stand and think for a good while as to which invitation you had better accept; but here it is feasting or starvation. If it were a choice between oratorios, you might say: "I prefer the 'Creation,'" or "I prefer the 'Messiah.'" But here it is a choice between eternal harmony and everlasting discord. O, will you live or die? Will you start for the Egyptian corn-crib, or will you perish amid the empty barns of the Canaanitish famine? "Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

Then and Now.

Hannibal Hamlin's first trip to Washington was filled with variety. From his home he traveled to Portland by stage-coach. From Portland he went to Boston by boat then to Norwich by rail, from the latter place he crossed the Sound to Greenport, from there he took the Long Island Railroad to New York, from the latter place he again took the railway to Philadelphia, from that point he made the best of his way by boat and stage-coach to Baltimore, and from the Monumental City at last reached the capital by rail. Arriving in Washington after this tedious journey, he found it to be a straggling, dilapidated, and overgrown village of less than 20,000 inhabitants. The streets of magnificent houses which now accommodate the two hundred and odd thousand residents of the place were then utilized as cow pastures.

HUMAN DEVILS.

Fiendish Work of the Apache Indians When Unchecked.

The devilish nature of the Apache can not be appreciated except by those who have seen the work of these inhuman savages on one of their raids. Last week two poor fellows were killed near Tombstone and the report simply said they were badly mutilated. This means very little to the ordinary reader, but to any Apache hunter it brings up visions of devilish work that are seared into one's brain.

I remember a fearful case, of which I was an eye-witness in the spring of 1865. It happened that I was in command of a company of California volunteers, stationed near the Old Mexican line. One day with several men I rode towards the ranch of Pedro Sevadra, five miles from our camp. On the way we heard shots and soon a Mexican came tearing along on a horse. He said old Chief Cochise had attacked Sevadra's ranch with a large force. We spurred on, but arrived too late. The ranch house was in flames, while all about was the worst sight imaginable could conceive. Pegged out on the ground were the dead bodies of four Mexican women stripped naked. The Apaches had dismembered them while they were still living, but had thrust lances through their hearts when they heard us approaching. Near by were the bodies of two little children whose heads had been smashed to a jelly against the log by the side of which their bodies were lying. The only living person about the ranch was Sevadra, who had been tortured in the worst way by the savages. He had always been good to them, and they knew he was a brave man, but the devils shot an arrow through his kidneys in order that he might die a lingering death. He lived in terrible agony for two days. His wife was the only one about the ranch who escaped. She concealed herself, and was missed by the Indians when they ransacked the place.

These Apaches were never punished for this or any other of their outrages in Arizona for twenty years. The squaws did most of the worst work in torture and mutilation, and deserved no mercy when captured, although their sex served them when surprised by the regular troops.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LATE NEWS OF THE MARKETS

Items of Interest to Dealers and Agriculturalists.

News From the Great Cattle and Sheep Ranges and the Markets Where These Products Are Sold—Marketable Notes.

About 500,000 bushels of wheat is expected to be harvested from the Dairymple farm near Casselton, N. D.

Ten thousand tons of hay will be put up on the Beckwith & Quinn ranch in Uinta county, Wyoming. Of this 1,000 tons will be alfalfa and the balance red top.

About the best hog deal which has come to light comes from Sloan, Ia. About a month ago H. Holloway, an extensive hog dealer of Whiting, run short of old haw, and in order to fill orders went to Sloan and contracted with Olson & Evans for eighty acres of uncut timothy at \$1 per acre. Mr. Holloway put his men in the meadow immediately inside of a line of twenty-four hours had it cut, baled and on the road to Omaha and Council Bluffs, where he sold it at \$20 per ton, clearing over \$1,000 in the deal.

Philadelpia Record: It is predicted by a prominent bank president in New York that early in September government 4 1/2 per cent bonds will be selling at 98. If this should prove true it would be the first time a bond of the United States had sold below par since the economic period of the civil war. Not more than \$18,000,000 of these bonds have, up to this time, been presented for extension at 2 per cent, and it is estimated that not less than \$25,000,000 will be taken up by the treasury department.

The live stock men of Kansas City are considerably exercised over what they allege is a discrimination against Kansas City by the railroads in live stock rates, the rates being made to favor St. Louis and Chicago. The Kansas City rate from Skidmore, Mo., to Kansas City is a carload of stock is \$30; to Chicago, \$33, and to St. Louis, \$22.50. From Skidmore to St. Louis it is 300 miles; to Kansas City but 100, and the proportion of mileage to Chicago is still greater. The attention of the interstate commission will be called to the discrimination.

The demand for wool at Boston continues and some large sales are reported. The volume of business is good. Ohio fleeces have been selling at 20c for X, and at 31c for XX and XXX, and above; Michigan X at 27c. Combing and X of Maine fleeces are steady and in demand at previous prices. Territory, Texas and California wools are selling mostly at 60c for clean and fine; 57c for fine medium; 53c for medium. Unwashed combing wools are in steady demand at 25c for one-quarter and 27c for three-quarters. Pulled wools are steady at 30c to 45c as to quality, for supers, and 22c to 25c for extra. Australian fine.

Many of the white settlers who located on the Crow Creek and Winnebago reservation in 1885, afterwards being driven off, have been putting in their claims for losses sustained at that time to a special agent appointed for that purpose. The special agent has discovered many instances where the claimants have padded their accounts, and three of them, T. H. Haight, L. W. Harvey and James E. Hainstock, are now under \$1,000 bonds each at Huron to appear before the next United States grand jury for this offense. The special agent is determined that the Sioux mode of putting claims in against the government shall not be permitted in this case, where white men are the claimants.

In Germany the troops are not at all pleased with the prospect of a wheat bread diet. They are accustomed to the rye and they like it, and German military men are already discussing with some apprehension the probable effect on the health and strength of the men. At any rate, while the grain crisis continues, the attitude of the German press is notably less assertive and even the gross stories which French papers have printed about the Kaiser fall to provoke any serious rejoinders in the manufacturing districts of Germany the high price of wheat is chiefly felt, and the demand for the abolition of the corn duties come hardest from the people that work for bread.

The stockmen of Texas should appreciate the Live Stock Journal which dishes up good wholesome advice every week, which if taken would be dollars in their pockets. This week it delivers itself of the following wisdom: The farmer who holds his wheat and the cattleman who holds his beef will both be well paid for the delay. The markets can handle one-third more beef after the hot weather is over. Don't hurry your stuff on the market when it is not wanted. Prices will be better in the fall. Those who are suffering about hard market should remember that we are now passing through one of the worst money stringencies ever known. There can be no boom in anything until money is easier. There are not too many beef cattle at the moment. The market can not be expected to take all the beef and a big lot of half-fat cattle at once. Market only the fat cattle and use some judgment and system in sending them in and the market will be all right.

The abundant rains have made all nature smile, and the cattle, after the severe hardships of the past winter, now wear a peaceful and contented look as they lie in the shade, converting the succulent grasses into valuable beef and milk. The calves frolic and pass the happy hours unmindful of the change which the next few months may bring in their surroundings. Will they then be standing humped up in the howling blizzard with tightening hides and staring coats vainly endeavoring to digest enough straw and corn stalks to keep up the unequal fight for life? I think not. Those who are suffering such folly and cruelty, but let time and opportunities pass and such sights are only too common. Straw and corn stalks should be accompanied with some laxative food; almost anyone can sow a little rye or turnips or both, straw shed can be erected at a little cost and thus summer be continued into winter to the comfort of the stock and profit of the owner.

A private letter from Mr. A. M. Kitchen now traveling in Europe says: "This is the hardest country for news I ever struck. The people don't seem to know whether they are eating horse, cow or dog meat and for that matter don't seem to care much. The range in prices is from 5c to 75c per pound. I asked our landlord in Paris what he paid for meat and I give you the prices as he gave them to me. Prime beef, 70c; No. 1, 60c; No. 2, 45c; No. 3, 30c. Mutton sells from 25c to 40c per lb. I saw a mule for \$180.00. The mule, donkey and dog meat is much cheaper and is sold in the poorer parts of the city. The country through which we traveled from Paris down to Naples is a regular garden spot. Not a piece of land that it is possible to work stands idle and from what I judge in looking through the car windows the crops are very fair. I have noticed as we go south from Paris the cattle seem to grow whiter until you don't see anything but white cattle from Rome to Naples. They are large white horns that would measure in the neighborhood of four feet across and look as though they would from 1,400 to 1,600 lbs."

THE DISGRACED BARONET.

A Fellow-Traveler Found Cramming One of the Most Delightful Men.

In the spring of 1888 the writer, says a correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, while returning on the English steamer Costa Rican, Capt. Watson, from Mexico to the United States on an official leave of absence, encountered among his fellow-passengers Lieut.-Col. Sir William Gordon Cumming, who has been the object of so much controversy in the social world. The passengers consisted of a party of English gentlemen, among them a lord or two, an American gentleman and his wife, who were returning from a bridal tour in the West Indies, and myself.

Among my commissariat was a young tiger which I had secured in the Mexican mountains and which soon became an object of interest to the passengers and of some anxiety to the crew. Upon liberating the animal from its cage, by permission of the captain, a tall, soldierly looking gentleman, with sandy hair and a clean-shaven face, bearing the impress of exposure to tropical sun, approached me and desired to know how, when, and where the animal was captured.

This led to an informal acquaintance, he introducing himself simply as Gordon Cumming and gave me his card, upon which was written "Lieut.-Col. Sir William Gordon Cumming." At that time I was not informed of the significance of this name in the military and social world.

During the voyage I was considerably in the gentleman's society, and a more affable and interesting traveling acquaintance I have rarely met. The other passengers formed quite a staid and methodical party, and usually retired early, while Cumming insisted upon my sharing the cabin and his companionship usually until midnight, sipping huge tumblers of brandy and soda—an intrinsically English concoction, to the virtues of which I became gradually inured.

He proved a delightful raconteur and indulged in graphic descriptions of incidents relating to Woolsey's campaign in the Sudan, and only incidentally and with extreme modesty told his own personal connection therewith, omitting entirely any reference to the dash and intrepidity displayed by him in that historic campaign, and which made him one of the idols of the English army.

He was present at the conflict in which the heroic soldier, traveler and author, Capt. Bursary, lost his life; and it was reserved for the colonel of a crack English regiment (one of the passengers) to describe how Cumming, with his own sword, cut down one of Bursary's fiercest assailants.

Gordon Cumming is one of the most thoroughly traveled of Englishmen, and his account of the Russians at the gates of Herat and his description of Russian and Afghan methods of warfare evinced a thorough diplomatic as well as military knowledge of a strategic situation that may again attract universal attention. As a raconteur Cumming was facile princeps the leader of the company, and his personal anecdotes of Disraeli, Labouchere, the radical leader, Parnell and other notables, were replete with humor, kindness and grace of expression.

Among the well-known Americans abroad he admired the genius of James Gordon Bennett, but deprecated the hostility of the latter's newspaper to the aristocratic party of England.

In his references to America and Americans he was singularly free from that mental obliquity that seems to characterize the average Englishman in his estimate of us, and, to quote his expression, "The only difference between an English and an American gentleman was one of environment."

In several recent newspaper articles he is represented as one that excites hostility by an extreme hauteur and reserve of manner. This is entirely foreign to the impression he made upon me. It seemed that all insular prejudices common to Englishmen had been eliminated by the contact of travel, and in all essentials he was a thorough "homme du monde."

There was an ease, dash and bonhomie about him that savored more of the adventurous soldier than of the exclusive and aristocratic Englishman. He was frank, jovial and manly, and was evidently an ardent admirer of women; and yet in the light of his present misfortunes it occurs to me that with all his savoir faire and knowledge of the world he would have been an easy victim to any concerted conspiracy that might have been formed against him, but that this Scottish baronet—a hero of the Sudan—this man of almost regal station and the possessor of abundant wealth—should have descended to the role of a common cheat is so widely divergent from the course of human action as to be almost impossible of belief.

Weight of 141,120 Flies.

A southern grocer, being greatly annoyed by flies, distributed twenty-one sheets of sticky fly-paper about his store. In the evening he gathered them up, and noticing how much heavier they were, concluded to weigh them. He accordingly placed the twenty-one sheets with their loads of dead flies upon the scales; they tipped the beam at exactly seven pounds. Then he placed twenty-one fresh sheets on the scales and found that they weighed but four pounds and four ounces. Thus the flies were shown to weigh two pounds and twelve ounces. He next commenced to figure on the matter, and found there were twenty flies to each square inch of the fly-paper; each sheet had 836 square inches and 6,720 flies; the twenty-one sheets containing in all 141,120 flies. Thus it is plain that one can easily ascertain the exact weight of a single fly; for if 141,120 flies weigh two pounds and twelve ounces it is easy to calculate what one would weigh.

The son of General Isidro Urtecho, Commander-in-Chief of the Nicaraguan army, is the only foreign cadet at West Point. He is a man of 20, tall and active, with swarthy skin and flashing black eyes. He is a nephew of Minister Guzman, the Nicaraguan representative at Washington.

Something New at the Circus.

Jinks—Been to the circus, eh? See anything new? Blinks—Yes. The children who laughed at the clowns were new.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. Sold by druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.

The census reports the number of communicants of the Roman Catholic church in this country as 6,230,645, but states that the seating capacity of the churches of this denomination is but 3,735,792. This discrepancy is accounted for by quoting Archbishop Corrigan's statement that "the same space is used over and over again by different worshippers at different hours."

How a Student Makes Money.

DEAR READERS.—I am able to pay my board and tuition, wear good clothes and have money in my pocket by spending my odd hours and vacations plating jewelry and tableware and selling plates. I have made \$20 per day, never less than \$4. I paid \$5 for my plater to H. K. Delno & Co., Columbus, O. Any one can make my experience by writing there for circulars. A STUDENT.

The most unhappy period of marriage, according to French divorce statistics, is for the period extending from the fifth to the tenth year. After that the figures drop rapidly. Only 28 per cent of couples seek divorce between the tenth and twentieth years of union. Only one couple in 100 seeks to cut the knot after the period of over thirty and under forty years.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

Each week a different three-inch display is published in this paper. There are no two words alike in either ad, except one word. This word will be found in the ad. for Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, Little Liver Pills and Wild Cherry Bitters. Look for "Crescent" trade-mark. Read the ad carefully, and when you find the word send it to them and they will return you a book, beautiful lithographs and sample free.

The famous pearl necklace belonging to the French actress, Leonide Leblanc, has recently been sold for 280,000 francs. Leading ladies may well ask for fancy salaries when they are prepared to make such costly jewelry displays.

FITZ—All Fitz stopped free by Dr. Kline's GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No risk after \$2.00 trial bottle. MARVELLOUS CURES. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Write for it. Send to Dr. Kline, 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A woman living in Portsmouth, O., was recently attacked and severely injured by an owl. It pounced upon her while she was in the chicken yard and clawed her savagely about the arms and shoulders before it could be driven away.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere, 25c.

Jacob Kahn, a Philadelphian, recently escaped a horrible death by reason of his thinness. A switch engine drawing five freight cars knocked him down and passed over him, but by hugging the ties closely he came out of the ordeal without injury.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Fishes have put in an appearance on Long Island sound. They swoop down upon the wealthy divers, along the shores, and have secured much booty. They have rakish sail boats in which they make good their escape. Here's the white squadron's real chance.



Taken in time, even Consumption yields to the wonderful effects of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It won't make new lungs—but it will make diseased ones healthy when nothing else will. There's reason for it, too. Consumption is Lung-ferofula. For every form of scrofula, and all blood-taints, the "Discovery" is a positive cure. It's the most potent strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and flesh-builder known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and all lingering Coughs, it's an unequalled remedy. It's a guaranteed one. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. You've everything to gain from it—nothing to lose.

It's especially potent in curing Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, is absolutely pure and it is soluble. No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.