[illegible] FROM HEAVEN,

[illegible] Talmage Discourses to the People at Long Branch.

[illegible] Supply of Manna to the Israelites—Provision Made By the Lord For Spiritual Emergencies—The Gospel Offered to All.

In a late sermon at Long Branch Rev. Dr. DeWitt Talmage discoursed on the spiritual application for ordinary and extraordinary [illegible] His text was Joshua v. 12: "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land." He said:

Only those who have had something to do with the commissariat of an army know what a job it is to feed and clothe five or six hundred thousand men. Well, there is such a host as that marching across the desert. They are cut off from all army supplies. There are no rail trains bringing down food or blankets. Shall they all perish? No. The Lord comes from Heaven to the rescue, and he touches the shoes and the coats which in a year or two would have been worn to rags and tatters, and they become storm proof and time proof, so that, after forty years of wearing, the coats and the shoes are as good as new. Besides that, every morning there is a shower of bread, not sour and soggy, for the rising of that bread is made in Heaven and celestial fingers have mixed it and rolled it into balls, light, flaky and sweet as though they were the crumbs thrown out from a heavenly banquet. Two batches of bread made every day in the upper mansion—one for those who sit at the table with the King and the other for the marching Israelites in the wilderness.

I do not very much pity the Israelites for the fact that they had only manna to eat. That was, I suppose, the best food ever provided. I know that the ravens brought food to hungry Elijah, but I should not so well have liked those black waiters. Rather would I have the fare that came down every morning in buckets of dew—clean, sweet, God-provided edibles. But now the Israelites have taken the last bit of it in their fingers and put the last delicate morsel of it to their lips. They look out and there is no manna. Why this cessation of Heavenly supply? It was because the Israelites had arrived in Canaan, and they smelled the breath of the harvest fields, and the crowded barns of the country were thrown open to them. All the inhabitants had fled, and in the name of the Lord of Hosts the Israelites took possession of every thing.

Well, the threshing floor is cleared, the corn is scattered over it, the oxen are brought around in lazy and perpetual circuit until the corn is trampled loose; then it is winnowed with a fan, and it is ground and it is baked, and, lo! there is enough bread for all the worn out host. "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

The bisection of this subject leads us, first, to speak of especial relief for especial emergency; and, secondly, of the old corn of the Gospel for ordinary circumstances.

These Israelites crossing the wilderness had not received bread from heaven. [illegible] bakeries there would first have been a long line of dead children half buried in the sand; then there would have been a long line of dead women starving for the jackals; then there would have been a long line of dead men unburied, because there would have been no one to bury them. It would have been told in the history of the world that a great company of good people moved out from Egypt for Canaan and they never heard of, as thoroughly lost in the wilderness of sand as the City of Boston and the President were lost in the wilderness of waters. What use would it have been to them that there was plenty of corn in Canaan or plenty of corn in Egypt.

What they wanted was something to eat right there, where there was not so much as a grass blade. In other words, an especial supply for an especial emergency. This is what some of you want. The ordinary comfort, the ordinary direction, the ordinary counsel, do not seem to meet your case. There are those who feel that they must have an omnipotent and immediate supply, and you shall have it.

Is it pain? Is it physical distress through which you are to go? Does not Jesus know all about pain? Did he not suffer it in the most sensitive part of head and hand and foot? He has a mixture of comfort, one drop of which shall cure the worst pain in man. Is it the same grace that cured Robert Hall when, after writhing upon the carpet in physical tortures, he cried out: "O! I suffered terribly, but I did not cry out while I was suffering, did I? I did not cry out?" There is no such nurse as Jesus—his hand the gentlest, his foot the lightest, his arm the strongest. His is a special pang especial help.

Is it approaching death now? Is it long, shadowing beforehand that you know it is coming, because your breath is short, and the voice is faint, and the cheek is pale? Have you been speculating your capacity or incapacity to endure widowhood or childlessness or a disbanded home, and cried: "Can I endure it?" O, worried soul, you will wake up midst all your troubles and find around about you the sweet consolation of the Gospel as thickly strewn as was the manna around about the British encampment! Especial grace for especial distress.

Or is it a trouble past, by you absent? A silent nursery? A vacant chair opposite you at the table? A sigh upon a broken family circle never to be reunited? A choking sense of loneliness? A blot of grief so large that it extinguishes the light of the soul, and puts out bloom of flowers, and makes you reckless as to whether you live or die? Especial comfort for this especial trial. Your appetite has grief for every thing else. O, try a little of this wilderness manna: "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. As a woman forget her sucking child, so she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Or is it grief of a dissipated companion? You are those who have it, so I am speaking in the abstract, but to point. You may not whisper it, perhaps to your most intimate friend; but you see your home going away gradually from you, and unless things change it will be entirely destroyed.

Your grief was well depicted by a woman, preaching at a woman's meeting in Ohio, when her intoxicated husband staggered up to the platform, to her overwhelming mortification, and the disturbance of the audience, and she took a protruding bottle from his pocket, and held it up before the audience and cried out: "There is the cause of my woe! There are the tears and the life blood of a drunkard's wife!" and then, looking up to Heaven, she cried out from both hearts, O Lord! how long, O Lord! how long!" The audience, overwhelmed, cried: "Do wonder I feel strongly on this subject? Sisters, will you help me?" And hundreds of voices responded: "Yes, yes, we will help you." You stand, some of you, in such a tragedy to-day. You can not even ask him to stop drinking. It makes him cross, and he tells you to mind your own business. Is there any relief in such a case? Not much as I found in the rigmarole of Pharisaic ordinarily given in such cases. There is a relief that drops in manna from the throne of God. O, lift up your fervent soul in prayer and you will be competent comfort! I do not know what words the soothing influence will come but I know that for especial grief there is especial deliverance. I take you two or three passages; try them. Take that which best fits your soul: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "All things work together for good to them that love God." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

But after fourteen thousand six hundred consecutive days of falling manna—Sundays excepted—the manna ceased. Some of them were glad of it. You know they had complained to their leader, and wondered that they had to eat manna instead of onions. Now the fare is changed. Those people of that army under forty years of age had never seen a cornfield, and now, when they hear the leaves rustling and the tassels waving and the billows of green swing over the plain as the wind touched them, it must have been a new and lively sensation.

"Corn!" cried the old man, as he opened an ear. "Corn!" cried the children, as they counted the shining grains. "Corn!" shouted the vanguard of the host, as they burst open the granaries of the affrighted population, the granaries that had been left in the possession of the victorious Israelites. Then the fire was kindled, and the ears of corn were thrust into it, and, fresh and crisp and tender, were devoured by the hungry victors; and bread was prepared, and many things that can be made out of flour regaled the appetites that had been sharpened by the long march. And the manna ceased on the morning after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

Blessed be God, we stand in just such a field to-day, the luxuriant grain coming above the girdle, the air full of the odors of the ripe old corn of the Gospel Canaan. "O!" you say, "the fare is too plain." Then I remember you will soon get tired of a fanciful diet. While I was in Paris, I liked for a while the rare and exquisite cookery; but I soon wished I was home again, and had the plain fare of my native land. So it is a fact that we soon weary of the sirups and the custards and the whipped foam of fanciful religionists, and we cry: "Give us plain bread made out of the old corn of the Gospel Canaan." This is the only food that can quell the soul's hunger.

There are men here who hardly know what is the matter with them. They have tried to get together a fortune and large account at the bank, and to get investments yielding larger percentages. They are trying to satisfy their soul with a diet of mortgages and stocks. There are others here who have been trying to get famous, and have succeeded to a greater or less extent: and they have been trying to satisfy their soul with the chopped feed of magazines and newspapers. All these men are no more happy now than before they made the first thousand dollars: no more happy now than when for the first time they saw their names favorably mentioned. They can not analyze or define their feelings; but I will tell them what is the matter—they are hungry for the old corn of the Gospel.

The infidel scientists of this day are offering us a different kind of soul food, but they are of all men the most miserable. I have known many of them, but I never knew one of them who came within a thousand miles of being happy. The great John Stuart Mill provided for himself a new kind of porridge, but yet, when he comes to die, he acknowledges that his philosophy never gave him any comfort in days of bereavement, and in a roundabout way he admits that his life was a failure. So it is with all infidel scientists. They are trying to live on telescopes and crucibles and protoplasms, and they charge us with cant, not realizing that there is no such intolerable cant in all the world as this perpetual talk we are hearing about "positive philosophy," and "the absolute," and "the great to be," and "the everlasting no," and "the higher unity," and "the latent potentalities," and "the cathedral of the immensities." I have been translating what they have been doing, and I will tell you what it all means—it means that they want to kill God! And my only wonder is that God has not killed them. I have in other days tasted of their confections, and I come back and tell you to-day that there is no nutriment or life or health in any thing but the bread made out of the old corn of the Gospel. What do I mean by that? I mean that Christ is the bread of life, and taking Him, you live and live forever.

You say: "That is such a simple Gospel!" I know it is. You say you thought religion was a strange mixture of elaborate compounds. No; it is so plain that any abecedarian may understand it. In its simplicity is its power. If you could, this morning, realize that Christ died to save from sin and death and hell, not only your minister and your neighbor and your father and your child, but you, it would make this hour like the judgment day for agitations, and, no longer able to keep your seat, you would leap up crying: "For me! For me!"

You have noticed that invalids can not take all kinds of food. The food that will do for one will not do for another. There are kinds of food which will produce, in cases of invalidism, very speedy death. But you have noticed that all persons, however weak they may be, can take bread. O, soul sick with sin, invalid in your transgressions, I think the Gospel will agree with you! I think if you can not take any thing else, you can take this. Lost—found! Sunken—raised! Condemned—pardoned! Cast out—invited in! That is the old corn of the Gospel.

There is another characteristic about bread, and that is you never get tired of it. There are people here seventy years of age who find it just as appropriate for their appetite as they did when, in boyhood, their mother cut a slice of it clear around the loaf. You have not got tired of bread and that is a characteristic of the Gospel.

Old Christian man, are you tired of Jesus? If so, let us take His name out of our Bible, and let us with pen and ink erase that name wherever we see it. Let us cast it out of our hymnology and let "There Is a Fountain" and "Rock of Ages" go into forgetfulness. Let us tear down the communion table where we celebrate His love. Let us dash down the baptismal bowl where we were consecrated to Him. Let us hurl Jesus from our heart and ask some other hero to come in. Let us say: "Go away, Jesus; I want another companion, a better friend, than Thou art." Could we do it? The years of your past life, old man, would utter a protest against it. And the graves of your Christian friends would charge you with being an ingrate, and your little grandchildren would say: "Grandfather, don't do that. Jesus is the one to whom we say our prayers at night, and who is to open Heaven when we die. Grandfather, don't do that."

I notice, in regard to the article of food, you take it three times a day. It is on your table morning, noon and night; and if it is forgotten you ask: "Where is the bread?" Just so certainly you need Jesus three times a day. O, do not start out without Him; do not dare to go out of the front door; do not dare to go off the front steps without having first communed with Him. Before noon there may be perils that will destroy body, mind and soul forever. You can not afford to do without Him.

Then, at the apex of the day, at the tiptop of the hours, equidistant from morning and night, look three ways. Look backward to the forenoon; look ahead to the afternoon; look up to that Saviour who presides over all. You want bread at noon. You may find no place in which to kneel amidst the cotton bales and the tierces of rice, but if Jonah could find room to pray in the whale's belly most certainly you will never be in such a crowded place that you can not pray. Bread at noon. When the evening hour comes and your head is buzzing with the day's engagements, and your whole nature is sore from the abrasion of rough life, and you see a great many duties you have neglected, then commune with Christ, asking His pardon, thanking Him for His love. That would be a queer evening repast at which there was no bread.

This is the nutriment and life of the plain Gospel that I recommend you. I do not know how some of our ministers make it so intricate and elaborate and mystifying a thing. It seems as if they had a sort of mongrelism in religion—part humanitarianism, part spiritualism, part nothingarianism—and sometimes you think they are building their temple out of the "Rock of Ages," but you find there is no rock in it all. It is stucco. The Gospel is plain. It is bread. There is no fogs hovering over this river of life. All the fogs hover over the marsh of human speculation. If you can not tell when you hear a man preach whether or not he believes in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, it is because he does not believe in it. If, when you hear a man preach, you can not tell whether or not he believes that sin is inborn, it is because he does not think it is congenital. If, when you hear a man talk in pulpit or prayer meeting, you can not make up your mind whether or not he believes in regeneration, it is because he does not believe in it. If, when you hear a man speak on religious themes, you can not make up your mind whether or not he thinks the righteous and the wicked will come out at the same place, then it is because he really believes their destinies are conterminous.

Do not talk to me about a man being doubtful about the doctrines of grace. He is not doubtful to me at all. Bread is bread and I know it the moment I see it. I had a corn field which I cultured with my own hand. I did not ask once in all the summer: "Is this corn?" I did not hunt up the Agriculturist to get a picture of corn. I was born in sight of a corn field, and I know all about it. When these Israelites came to Canaan and looked off upon the fields, the cry was: "Corn! corn!" And if a man has once tasted of this Heavenly bread, he knows it right away. He can tell this corn of the Gospel Canaan from "the chaff which the wind driveth away." I bless God so many have found this Gospel corn. It is the bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger.

But alas for the famine struck! Enough corn, yet it seems you have no sickle to cut it, no mill to grind it, no fire to bake it, no appetite to eat it. Starving to death, when the plain is golden with a magnificent harvest!

I rode some thirteen miles to see the Alexander, a large steamship that was beached near Southampton, Long Island. It was a splendid vessel. As I walked up and down the decks and in the cabins, I said: "What a pity that this vessel should go to pieces, or be lying here idle!" The coast wreckers had spent $30,000 trying to get her off, and they succeeded once; but she came back to the old place. While I was walking on deck every part of the vessel trembled with the beating of the surf on one side. Since then I heard that that vessel, which was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, was sold for $3,500 and knocked to pieces. They had given up the idea of getting her to sail again. How suggestive all that is to me! There are those here who are aground in religious things. Once you started for Heaven, but you are now aground. Several times it was thought that you had started again heavenward, but you soon got back to the old place, and there is not much prospect that you will ever reach the harbors of the blessed. God's records, I fear, will pronounce you a hopeless case. Beached for eternity! And then it will be written in Heaven concerning some one of your size, and complexion, and age, and name, that he was invited to be saved, but refused the offer, and starved to death within sight of the fields and granaries full of the old corn of Canaan.

THE JAMAICA NEGRO.

He Is Not as Progressive as His Brother in the United States.

Let us begin by saying that we believe that the faults of the negro, at any rate in Jamaica, are in great measure the natural result of his conditions of existence. The absolute requirements of every human being are there so easily supplied that when a man has, as is the case with almost all individuals of the negro race, no personal ambition which stimulates him to improve his position, either for his own sake or that of his children, there is little wonder if steady and continuous hard work is peculiarly distasteful, and special effort is hardly ever heard of. Sufficient house shelter is very easily provided; the climate is so genial that clothing, except for decency or ornament, may be of the lightest and least expensive description; and, as we mentioned above, the fertile soil yields food supplies to the very minimum of exertion.

The negroes in general, though they have a large enough share, of natural quickness, have, as a race, only the intelligence of children, and their failings are the failings of children. They are quick enough to look after their immediate personal interest, but their mutual jealousy makes them unable to combine for a settled purpose. They do not commit great crimes, but they are inveterate pilferers, and have little regard for truth. Legislative enactments have made them responsible men and women. They have the full privileges of men and women, and philanthropists have impressed upon them that they are in every way the equals of the white race.

And yet, how could it reasonably be expected that, in the course of the very short period which has elapsed since slavery was abolished, this negro race, which started from the lowest physical and mental degradation, should, almost by itself, have developed its intelligence and its morale as a race, beyond that of forward children? There might have been such a reasonable expectation if there had been a larger white population in Jamaica, and the negroes had been generally mixed with it in every-day affairs; but the negroes outnumber the whites more than thirty-fold, they of necessity live altogether by themselves, and there have been no special circumstances to favor the strengthening of the mental fiber of the race.—Blackwood's Magazine.

—Tweedle—"And you are going to star in a play of your own next season? Have you arranged for your support?" Tweedle—"Yes, I am to marry a wealthy widow."—Chicago Post.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BENEFICIAL INSECTS.

Those Are Your Friends, Farmers, and You Should Know Them.

Moths, Butterflies and Caterpillars.—The beautiful insects with scale-bearing wings, which we call moths and butterflies are, with but very few exceptions, plant feeders, and so while they may not be injurious unless the plants which they despoil are valuable, they are not beneficial. No one need fear, then, that in killing a moth or butterfly or a caterpillar—the larva that will produce either a moth or a butterfly—he is destroying a friend. There is just one exception to this. In case a caterpillar or chrysalis—the pupa of a moth or butterfly—appears dark and discolored, it should be protected, not destroyed. In this case the insect is being destroyed by parasites, the

FIG. 1.

Ichneumon flies or Chalcids described in a previous article. To preserve it means to breed perhaps hundreds of tiny friends, that will destroy a host of these same enemies in the future. Thus we often see the green cabbage butterfly discolored. Instead of the usual green color, it is dark. It is parasitized, and should not be killed. By preserving it, we often rear hundreds of parasites. These will become valuable friends.

Of the Diptera, or two-winged flies, we have both predaceous and parasitic families. Thus this order furnishes us with some of our best friends, as well as with some of our worst enemies. The same order that gives us the Hessian fly, wheat midge, wheat bulb-worm, onion maggot and apple maggot, also gives us the robber flies, Syrphus flies and Tachina flies.

Asilidæ or Robber Flies.—These flies, as their name indicates, are fierce and strong, and possess a very powerful

FIG. 2.

sucking beak. There are two types. One of these (figure 1) is usually gray or dark—occasionally yellow—with a long, tapering abdomen. The other (figure 2) is robust and usually covered with yellow hairs, so that it much resembles the bumble bees. The robber flies possess a courage worthy of their name. I have seen one of the first type attack and overcome the fierce strong tiger beetle. Indeed, they do not fear to

FIG. 3.

grasp and suck the juices from the honey bee. In the South, both types are often discovered capturing and dining on the honey bee that has just returned from the field laden with honey. Thus they often do no small harm; yet I believe that even in the South their benefits exceed their injuries.

Syrphidæ, or Syrphus Flies.—The Syrphus flies (Fig. 3) are beautiful, often yellow banded flies, that fly with exceeding rapidity, and often remain poised in the air as if held by some invisible hand; but upon the least disturbance they dart off like a flash of light to some other position. They are found about flowers in company with bees and wasps, which they often mimic in a wonderful manner. This mimicry, no doubt, often preserves them. It deceives the bird that would swallow the fly, except that the fear of a sting restrains it. These flies lay their scores of eggs in the midst of plant lice. From these eggs hatch a conical maggot (Fig. 4), which varies in color from drab to brown. It is often seen extending its pointed mouth end about for lice, and when one of them is secured, it is raised up and sucked bloodless to be cast away, when another is quickly grasped and destroyed. The capacity of these maggots for lice is marvelous. To see them devour the liquid contents of louse after louse, one would suppose that they would burst. Yet they grow and thrive, and soon mature, when more eggs are laid, and the round of useful service is repeated. These Syrphus fly maggots are one of the many important agents in keeping in check the devastating lice, which multiply with such frightful rapidity. Except for such restraints the plant lice would soon destroy all vegetation, and agriculture would be impossible.

FIG. 4.

The Tachina Flies.—These flies (Fig. 5) are closely related to and much resemble in form, size and color the common house fly. Their habits, however, are very different. They are true parasites. They fasten their eggs on caterpillars often in considerable numbers. Thus we frequently find the army-worm, cut-worms and silk moths bearing about many of their eggs. The maggots which hatch from these eggs eat into their host and destroy it. The present season the cut-worms have been very serious pests in various parts of the country. In digging them out of the ground, to convey them to my breeding cases, I find that they are being destroyed in considerable numbers by these Tachina flies. The latter pupate in a seed-like cocoon, and in digging for cut-worms I have found many of these puparium, as they are called. These indicate that many of the destructive cut-worms have gone to feed these very serviceable parasitic flies. While these Tachina flies are not so common and important as the Hymenopterous or four-winged parasites, yet they do immense service.—A. J. Cook, in Rural New Yorker.

FIG 5.

In warm weather whitewash and carbolic acid should be applied freely to the interior of all hen-houses as well as nests and roosts. We usually whitten up every thing about the poultry quarters every three weeks the year around. A white building is more attractive than a dingy one. The fowls like it, and this alone is a good reason for keeping it so.

Are your horses good ones, strong, active, willing and gentle? If not, did you ever think that your team is one of the "leaks on the farm," that are often referred to? A poor team is an actual loss to the farmer.

Prospecting a Case.

"It seems to be a perfectly clear case against you," said the reporter. "Why not make a clean breast of it and let me publish your confession?"

"Confession!" exclaimed the indignant prisoner. "I have nothing to confess! I am an innocent man, sir! But if—if—o'pesin' I did have a confession to make, what's the best figger your paper would pay me for it?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Use of Quinine.

There is no questioning the fact that quinine is a valuable medicine as a tonic, antiperiodic and anti-pyretic, and that the discovery has greatly lessened the cause of medicine. Still in a majority of cases its use is not altogether satisfactory as it frequently deranges the system, producing headache, dizzy feelings, convulsions and sometimes even paralysis. It was the endeavor of the eminent Dr. John Bell of Louisville, Ky., to invent a substitute for quinine, something that would have all the good qualities of quinine, and yet be entirely free from its evil tendencies. How admirably he succeeded is evidenced by the estimation in which his remedy Smith's Tonic Syrup is held by the people; where it is best known everybody uses it in place of quinine and it never fails to give the very best of satisfaction. In cases of chills and fever it is absolutely a safe and certain cure.

BOTTLED INDIGNATION—First Flask—"I'm broke." Second Flask—"That is just what I expected. The last time I saw you, you were full."—Drake's Magazine.

If Guilty of Assault and Battery

Upon your stomach with blue pill, podyphyllin or other rasping purgatives, positively despair of helping your liver. Violence committed upon your inner man will do no good. Real help, prompt and thorough, is to be found in the wholesome antibilious medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is, moreover, productive of happy results in malarial disease, rheumatism, dyspepsia, nervousness and kidney troubles.

MISS BEACON—"This waltz is divine! Do you ever dance the lanciers, doctor?" Dr. Boylston—"No; but I sometimes lance the dancers."—Boston Budget.

Its Excellent Qualities

Commend to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye, and to the taste and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

"STRUCK the right note at last!" exclaimed the persistent author, when he received his first five-dollar bill from the publishers.—Puck.

WILLISTON, FLORIDA, Oct. 18th, 1880.
Messrs. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & CO.,
Rochester, Pa. *Gents:*—Since my first order for your Antidote, in 1866, I have kept the medicine constantly in stock. It is unquestionably the best medicine for chills I ever saw. I know of one case of eight months' standing which was cured permanently by *one dose*, after all other remedies had failed. I have never known it fail to cure in a single instance. Yours truly,
J. B. EFFERSON.

THE oyster will remain at the seashore all summer; but the clam will be most in society.—N. O. Picayune.

INVALIDS, aged people, nursing mothers, overworked, wearied out fathers, will find the happiest results from a judicious use of Dr. Sherman's Prickly Ash Bitters. Where the liver or kidneys are affected, prompt action is necessary to change the tide toward health, ere the disease becomes chronic—possibly incurable, and there is nothing better to be found in the whole range of *materia medica*. Sold everywhere.

THE melon trust has been squashed and the soda water apparatus trust has fizzled out.—Philadelphia Ledger.

MY wife had been so long afflicted with chills her health became very bad. Quinine did not agree with her, and I concluded to give her Smith's Tonic Syrup, and to my astonishment two bottles made her perfectly well.—P. C. Lee, Bigbee Valley, Miss.

"AFTER being discharged, I am lead into bad company," as the bullet remarked when it lodged in a tramp.—Jester.

THE peculiarity of Dobbins' Electric Soap is that it acts right on the *dirt and stains* in clothes and makes them *pure as snow*, at the same time it *preserves the clothes*, and makes them keep clean longer. Have your grocer order it.

STUDENT medals are all right; but if a student meddles with too many things his studies will be interfered with.—Texas Siftings.

MUST not be confounded with common cathartic or purgative pills. Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

"I'M having a 'gallus' time," said the old bachelor, as he mended one of his suspenders.—N. Y. Journal.

NEGLECTING a child troubled with worms may cause it to have epileptic fits. Horrible! Give it Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers at once and save the child.

THERE may be "sermons in stones," but don't imagine, friend, that there are "rocks in religion."—Harvard Lampoon.

CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

IN Texas it is unlucky to find a horseshoe if a horse happens to be attached to it.—Yenowines News.

ARE as small as homœpathic pellets, and as easy to take as sugar. Everybody likes them. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

AVOID exposure to the damp air. That would even take the snap out of a ginger cookie.—Binghampton Republican.

FLANNEL next the skin often produces a rash, removable with Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 25c.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 19.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$3 25	@	$4 55
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	3 80
Native cows	2 80	@	3 00
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	5 30	@	5 45
WHEAT—No. 2 red	94	@	95
No. 3 hard	91	@	92
CORN—No. 2	67	@	67½
OATS—No. 2	25	@	25½
RYE—No. 2	69	@	70
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 50	@	2 60
Fancy	2 10	@	2 15
HAY—Baled	5 00	@	6 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	14	@	17
CHEESE—Full cream	9	@	9½
EGGS—Choice	10	@	11
BACON—Hams	10	@	11
Shoulders	5	@	6½
Sides	7	@	8
LARD	6½	@	6¾
POTATOES	90	@	1 20
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 75	@	4 30
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	3 80
HOGS—Packing	5 65	@	5 90
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	4 75
FLOUR—Choice	5 00	@	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	95	@	96
CORN—No. 2	66½	@	67
OATS—No. 2	27½	@	28
RYE—No. 2	65	@	67
BUTTER—Creamery	15	@	18
PORK	11 25	@	11 50
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CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	4 90
HOGS—Packing and shipping	5 20	@	5 90
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	4 75
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 00	@	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 00	@	1 01
CORN—No. 2	68	@	69½
OATS—No. 2	27½	@	28½
RYE—No. 2	61	@	61
BUTTER—Creamery	16	@	20
PORK	11 00	@	11 25
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 00	@	5 20
HOGS—Good to choice	4 60	@	4 90
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 40	@	5 30
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 05	@	1 05½
CORN—No. 2	54	@	54½
OATS—Western mixed	44	@	47
BUTTER—Creamery	16	@	22
PORK	12 00	@	12 50

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