An Enemy Baffled.

There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives because they are born with a tendency to biliousness. With this enemy they are constantly battling with ineffectual weapons. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will baffle it. Mere purgatives will not reform a disordered condition of the liver indicated, not by constipation alone but by sick headaches, yellowness of the skin and eye balls, furred tongue and uneasiness, more particularly upon pressure upon the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives, which gripe and weaken the intestines, and substitute this world famous anti bilious cordial, which likewise removes malarial, stomatchic and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness. As a lazative of the bowels, painless but effectual, it improves appetite, sleep and the ability to digest and possesses the additional advantage of a standard tonic.

A Kansas policeman walks so little that he has worn only one pair of shoes in the last three years.

Not from a Financial Standpoint.

"I do not recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy from a financial standpoint, for we have others in stock on which we make a larger profit," says Al. Maggini, a prominent druggist of Braddock, Pennsylvania, "but because many of our customers have spoken of it in the highest praise. We sell more of it than of any similar preparation we have in the store." For sale by all druggists.

Two hundred and eighty-nine bull fights have taken place in Spain during the present year.

Draw Your Own Conclusion.

Mr J. O. Davenport, manager of the Fort Bragg Redwood Co., Fort Bragg, California, has this to say of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy: "I used it for a severe cold and cough and obtained immediate relief. In the Fort Bragg Redwood company's store we have sold large quantities of Chamberlain's medicines." For sale by all druggists.

The town of Forsythe, Mo., is fifty years old and never had a church.

From Newberg.

C. F. Moore & Co., prominent druggists of Newberg, Oregon, say: "Since our customers have become accustomed with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, we sell but little of any other kind. Chamberlain's medicine's all give good satisfaction." For sale by all druggists.

The Fayette City, Pa., News contains the following unique advertisement: J. G. Stanforth, undertaker, eighteen years experience. In that time I have buried over 2,000 persons. My motto is Live and Let Live. Good goods and low prices to everyone.

An Invaluable Remedy for Colds.

Sheriff Hardman, of Tyler county, West Virginia, was almost prostrated with a cold when he began useing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. In speaking of it he says: "It gave me almost instant relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for colds." For sale by all druggists.

A Maiden, Mass., woman recently ended a letter with the following sentence: I had two pigs, seven hens and five children baptized last week.

A Cure for Croup.

If your children are subject to croup always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at hand. It is a prompt and certain cure. If given as soon as the croupy cough appears it will prevent the attack. For sale by all druggists.

Marshy N. Lyles, a colored woman of Sytvania, Georgia, who is now over 70 years of age, started to school for the first time a few days ago.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

I have sold and used in my family for several years Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy and have found it one of the most useful and satisfactory remedies I ever handled.—C. H. Lewis, druggist, Salt Lake City, Utah. For sale by all druggists.

Black patches shaped like stars, crescents, horseshoes and even like coaches and horses were worn by the ladies of the court of Anne.

I have been bothered with catarrh for about twenty years; I had lost sense of smell entirely, and I had almost lost my hearing. My eyes were getting so dim I had to get some one to thread my needle. Now I have my hearing as well as I ever had, and I can see to thread as fine a needle as ever I did- my sense of smell is partly restored, and it seems to be improving all the time. I think there is nothing like Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh. Mrs. E. E. &rimes, Rendrill, Perry Co., O.

In the wine districts of France, Spain and Italy grapes are still trodden with the bare feet under the idea that the wine is better.

Nearly 7,000 Russian convicts have been sent to Sibera since April.

Health brings happiness. Take Simmon's Liver Regulator for stomach, liver and kidney troubles.

The Metropolitan tabernacle, London, has twenty-six mission stations.

I used Simmon's Liver Regulator for indigestion with immediate relief.—O G. Parks, ex-mayor, Macon, Ga.

The pig has a place on the farm that no other animal can fill as well; a work that he fills in the most perfect sense, and with fair management will always return a good profit.

SEVEN SEVENTEEN SEVENTY

BileBeans

Small

Guaranteed to cure Bilious attacks, Sick Headache and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 25c. For sale by druggists.

Picture "7, 17, 70" and sample dose free. J. F. SMITH & CO., Proprietors, NEW YORK.

Advice to Young Women.

"One of the Greatest Blemishes of the Fair Sex" is the subject of a quaint warning addressed to the reader of "The Young Ladies' Conduct," a wise and witty essay on behavior, published in London in 1722. The book is one of the first written specially for women.

"Above all," the writer urges, "avoid Anger, which is a professed Enemy to Reason, Prudence, and Advice. This Passion once let loose and encouraged soon grows domineering, and quarrels with the most trivial things in Nature. A drop of Rain falling on the Angry Person's Garments is Cause enough to Raise a Tempest in the Mind that Reason cannot quell.

"There is a Consideration I should think has Weight sufficient to allay this Passion, that is, that there is nothing so pernicious to the Fair, and puts so bad a Face upon them. It gives an ill natured Cast to the Eye, and a disagreeable Sourness to the whole Countenance; it makes the Lines too strong, and flushes the face worse than Brandy; I have seen it overspread the face with heat Spots, as a Lady has been chiding of her Servant for the Breaking of a Glass, or Pinning her Manteau awry; and indeed never knew any Angry Woman to preserve her Beauty long.

"Be careful, then, to nip this unruly Passion in the Bud; suffer not yourself to be made uneasy for Trifles, so will you sooner stifle your Anger upon greater Occasions; to get such a Conquest over the Heart will be a Triumph worthy of yourselves. Anger is the very Death of Beauty, Grace, and Virtue. Consider, Ladies, how far you are addicted to this unbecoming habit and reclaim yourselves by the contrary Virtues of Patience, Meekness, and Forbearance."

Hustling Things at Jackson Park.

Since the last map of the World's fair grounds and buildings at Jackson park, Chicago, was printed nearly six months ago many important changes have taken place. Almost every day indeed adds to the magic growth of that wonderful enterprise. Many new buildings which have been provided for have sprung up. New schemes of transportation about the grounds have been devised. Additional concessions upon the Midway plaisance have been granted. The scheme for a railway entrance at the southwest corner of the park has been perfected. The pier at the south inlet has been extended from 1,200 feet to 2,500. Its width has been increased, and for the convenience of passengers a movable sidewalk 2,500 feet long has been located on the pier.

HOW'S THIS.

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co, Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O., Walding, Kinnan & Marvin wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Willie's mamma—I am glad to hear you reading your Sunday school lesson for once in your life, Willie, without being told to do it. Willie(absorbed in the good book)—Go-lo! Wouldn't old Goliath have been a bully feller to play center in a football game!

The Plain Truth

Is good enough for Hood's Sarsaparilla—there is no need of embellishment or sensationalism. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. If you have never realized its benefits, a single bottle will convince you it is a good medicine.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

The bane of the mutton market is poor, ill-fed and undeveloped sheep. If one has a bunch of wethers to be marketed it will pay him pretty nearly as well to give them away at home as to pay the expense of shipping, commission, yardage, etc. Fill them up, fat them well, condition them for the end they are to be put to.

Simmon's Liver Regulator is the foe of malaria, as it throws off the bile and prevents its accummulation.

The largest number of sheep held by one owner in New South Wales is 550,000 head, and there are 330,000 owned by the Mombia Pastoral Company. There are nine owners who each hold more than 200,000 sheep.

Coughs and colds kept off by taking Simmon's Liver Regulator to regulate the system.

Now is the season to be looking after those spring litters. Be sure that the sows and boar are in a good, thrifty condition before breeding them.

Why suffer with dyspepsia, biliousness or any disease of the liver when you can be cured by Simmon's Liver Regulator.

Better feed fattening hogs in a good grass pasture even if it is necessary to feed on the ground, rather than to feed in a close pen.

One *Small* Bile Bean every night for a week arouse Torpid Livers. 25c. per bottle.

Distressing Symptom.

Burglar Bill—Wot a fine thing it'd be to hev about $60,000,000!

Holdup Jake—Gosh! Wouldn't it?

"Ther'd be a heap o' satisfaction givin a million away wunst in awhile."

"Wot!"

"I say it'd be a heap o' satisfaction givin away a million er two now and then, w'er you felt like it, y' know."

(With tears in his eyes) "Bill, ye're losin yer nerve!"—Chicago Tribune.

Worth It.

Briggs—Fine suit of yours.

Griggs—Yes; business suit.

Briggs—How much.

Griggs—Nothing.

Briggs—Don't mean to say you got it for nothing?

Griggs—Yes; I did. My employer gave it to me.

Briggs—What for?

Griggs—For minding my own business.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Modern Finance.

Mr. Cleque (president of the Plumbers and Gasfitters' National bank)—Maria, I'm ruined!

Mrs. C.—Ruined! How?

Mr. C.—That rascally bookkeeper has stolen a pitiful $20,000.

Mrs. C.—Oh, well, dear, you'll never miss it.

Mr. C.—Miss it! miss it! No, but it's going to lead to an investigation.—Detroit Tribune.

Where Some Talent Goes.

Foreigner—You say your country is well adapted to the development of talent. Do your artists and literary men meet with success?

The American Citizen—Well, I should say so. You ought to read the advertising matter they get up.—Chicago News-Record.

The Sower

Has no second chance. The first supplies his needs—if he takes the wise precaution of planting

Ferry's Seeds

Ferry's Seed Annual, for 1893, contains all the latest and best information about Gardens and Gardening. It is a recognized authority. Every planter should have it. Sent free on request.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Ex Governor Gracelon of Maine, now 85 years old, is rather spry for his age. He is passionately fond of horses.

The great vegetable substitute for pills is Simmon's Liver Regulator. Cures sick headache.

THE SWORD OF DIVINE JUSTICE.

Its Work Is Not So Apparent as the Evidences of Divine Love.

"Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts." This is a prophecy of the sword of divine justice unsheathed against him who "bore our sins in his own body upon the tree." Though the sword had seemed to sleep, it was not averted; the penalty due to transgression must fall either upon the actual transgressor or a competent substitute. Justice must have its course as well as mercy.

In reading the moral history of the world the evidences of divine justice do not lie upon the surface, as do the evidences of divine love. There are reasons for this. First, this life of probation is eminent for gracious remedial agencies. The love of God occupies the foreground; the air is sweet with the incense of salvation; the firmament is illumined with the bright beams of the sun of righteousness; the harmonies of the Gospel are chanted in inspired songs; the notes of welcome, welcome to Jesus, resound through all the earth.

Whenever the eye surveys the world of matter or of mind the love of God is visible; turn where you will, go where you may, conspicuous over all are the evidences that God is love. Then in this world crime but seldom meets with its immediate retribution. After its commission there follows a gracious series of provisions, promises and appeals. While for these and other reasons the divine justice is not so apparent as his mercy, yet many events in the moral history of the universe prove that it is inevitable.

From incidental allusions in the Scripture we learn how it fell upon the angels who kept not their first estate, "who left their own habitation, and whom he hath reserved in chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day."

It was shown toward the disobedience of the first man and woman in Eden. They had feasted upon the beauties of God's creation; his smile greeted them continually; every creature bowed before them in willing submission. But they yielded to sin, and at once the holy God looked upon them with displeasure, and his justice pronounced sentence for their guilt.

God looked down from heaven and saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and the voice of justice called from deep unto deep until the mighty waters swept over mountain and plain, destroying every living thing save those within the ark. As we gaze upon that bow of matchless beauty after the summer rain, what is its testimony of God? Is it of his love only? No. It speaks forever of his hatred of sin and his wrath against it. What hallowed associations were woven with the history of Jerusalem, city of God! There David touched his sacred lyre; there was the gorgeous temple; there were the rich treasures of centuries. Yet because of its rebellion and sin it must be said even of the city of his love, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

But all these instances are as nothing when we approach the deep, tender, overwhelming mystery of the cross of Jesus. "The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." Can we ever again treat lightly or count as matter of little consequence that toward which the displeasure of God is so just, so deep, that it could only be atoned for by such stupendous sacrifice? Eternal are the distinctions between right and wrong. God has pledged his throne to the right. Never will he suffer evil to triumph. "This, this is the God we adore," whose name was revealed in majesty and glory in the days of old as "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and to the fourth generation."—Christian Advocate.

Signs of Sin.

When I look for the signs of sin, I see it in the spirit of contempt, in the spirit of inhumanity, the spirit that does not recognize the bond of a common brotherhood or the existence of a common nature, the spirit that divides mankind into cliques and classes, the spirit that perverts motives, misinterprets actions, puts false constructions upon character, delights in gossip, the spirit of unkindness and injustice, sometimes of bitterness, sometimes of malignity, the spirit that loves to paint the world worse than it is, men as degraded, women as vile, and chooses to believe that a devil is at the bottom of all goodness—that spirit is the one stubborn sign of sin.—O. B. Frothingham.

The King's Country.

A friend of Mr. Spurgeon was sick. The great preacher sympathized with him in his affliction, to which a loving and appreciative reply was made. Mr. Spurgeon was so impressed by the spirit and beautiful utterances of the letter that he said his friend "must have gone far into the King's country, and been much in the light of the King's countenance."

The King's country! Blessed country! Accessible to all the King's sons and daughters. Happy those who have an inheritance in the land, and happier those who have gone far into the country and are basking in the light of the King's countenance.—Christian Herald.

Short Sermons.

I find that doing the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about his plans.—George Macdonald.

Do well the little things now, so shall great things come to thee by and by asking to be done.—Persian Proverb.

I have never found a thorough, pervading, enduring morality but in those that feared God.—Joubert.

The virtue of a man ought to be measured not by extraordinary exertions, but by his everyday conduct.—Pascal.

Religion is a chain of gold which attaches humanity to the throne or rather to the heart of God.—Fournier.

Put up in neat watch-shaped bottles, sugar coated, *Small* Bile Beans. 25c. per bottle.

Four ex-Presidents of Venezuela are now living in Paris in exile—General Guzman Blanco, Dr. Palacio, Dr. Pulido and General Urdaneta.

They increase appetite, purify the whole system and act on the liver, Bile Beans *Small*.

Osman Pasha's daughter is said to be the only poetess in Turkey, and she does not write for the papers.

Guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks and Constipation, *Small* Bile Beans.

General "Pat" Collins of Boston says he wants no office, and is recommending no one for a place.

To aid digestion take one *Small* Bile Bean after eating. 25c. per bottle.

Senator Proctor of Vermont proposes to erect an elegant marble mansion in Washington.

Prevent and cure Constipation and Sick-Headache, *Small* Bile Beans.

Rosa Bonheur will receive $60,000 for her "Horses Thrashing Corn" from an American dealer.

Cure for Colds, Fevers and General Debility, *Small* Bile Beans. 25c. per bottle.

An Eminent Silver Manufacturer.

The men and women who are employed as clerks in large establishments are provided, as a class, with a larger degree of intelligence than most wage earners, and possess as good a fund of general information as most people. Now and then, however, one meets with a salesman or saleswoman who fails to come up to the requirements in the particulars mentioned, or who endeavors to cover up the deficiency by assuming a knowledge when they have it not, if the misquotation may be pardoned.

Friday a lady who is well known in society circles and who is afflicted to an exasperating degree with nearsightedness visited one of the big houses here that deals in everything from thread to thermometers to purchase some of the silverware which she had noticed advertised at attractively moderate prices. Entering the department devoted to silverware, she was waited on by a young saleswoman, and after finding what she desired inquired, after attempting to decipher the trademark:

"Who is the maker of this ware?"

"Oh, the same," cheerily responded the clerk.

"The same!" repeated the customer. "Probably you do not understand me. I mean what is the name of the manufacturer of these forks and spoons?"

The young woman gazed at her interlocutor commiseratingly for a moment and then remarked in a pitying tone:

"Why, madam, there is only one manufacturer of silverware—Sterling!"—Washington Post.

A Road That Runs Itself.

Chauncey M. Depew is responsible for the following story:

A day or two after I sailed for Europe a man went into my office and said:

"I want to see Chauncey Depew."

"He has gone to Europe," said the colored porter.

"Well, I want to see Mr. Duval."

"He has gone to Europe."

"Then I want to see Cornelius Vanderbilt."

"He is in Newport."

"Oh! Guess I want to see W. K. Vanderbilt."

"He also is in Newport."

"So? Then may I see Vice President Clarke?"

"He is at Albany."

"Vice President Hayden."

"He is out of town."

"I should like to see Vice President Webb."

"He is in Europe."

"Is Superintendent Toucey in?"

"He is up the road."

"How about General Passenger Agent Daniels?"

"He has gone to Cape May."

"Who in thunder is running this road anyhow?"

"I guess it do be running itself."—New York World.

Photographs in Egyptian Tombs.

The art of exploring the gloomy recesses of Egyptian tombs has made progress since Belzoni, groping near the coffin of King Cheops in the pyramid, "burglariously broke the coffin lid," as Byron says. Mr. Flinders Petrie, writing on the problem by what light the work of making the ancient inscriptions in these close and confined repositories of the dead was performed, takes occasion to observe that in our latter day excavations there is no need to invoke the electric light, a very small amount of reflected sunshine being enough to work by.

Mr. Petrie has himself taken photographs at Gizeh which require far more light than is needed by a painter or a sculptor, by means of four successive reflections of sunshine from common sheets of tin plate, such as biscuit tin lids, and he feels certain therefore that with larger reflectors there would be no difficulty whatever in lighting any part of the king's tombs more brightly than by small lamps, though the lamps that the ancient Egyptians used were, in his opinion, like our slight lights—feeble, but smokeless, and capable of being used in the form of "a large raft of floating wicks."—London Spectator.

Lane's Geyser Clock.

The most curious and unique clock in the United States, or in the world for that matter, was constructed by Amos Lane of Amedee. Lane's curious clock, which, by the way, is all face, hands and lever, is attached to a geyser which shoots upward an immense column of hot water every thirty-eight seconds exactly. This spouting never varies the tenth of a second in its time; therefore a clock properly harnessed to it cannot do otherwise than keep correct time. The lever mentioned above in connection with the hands and face of the clock is so placed as to be fairly hit by the shooting column of water, and every time the lever is struck it moves the hands forward exactly thirty-eight seconds. Lane's only trouble was to properly divide these thirty-eight second strokes into hours. During the time he was employed in constructing his novelty it is said that he often quietly wished that old Dame Nature had geared this particular geyser so as to spout every half minute exactly.—St. Louis Republic.

Passing a Plate in a Church.

There was a very large congregation, and the rector seeing that there was only one alms dish made signs to a rustic from the chancel entrance to come to him, and bade him go into the rectory garden through a glass door into the dining room, where there had been a slight refection before the service, bring a dish from the table, take it down one side of the north aisle and up the other and then bring it to the clergyman at the place from which he started. The rustic disappeared, reappeared with the dish, took it as he was ordered and presented it to the people on either side of the aisle, and then approaching the rector whispered in his ear: "I've done as yer told me, sir. I've taken it down yon side of the aisle and up t'other—they'll none of 'em 'ave any." No order had been given to empty the dish, and it was full of biscuits!—Dean Hale's "Memories."

He Declined a Baronetcy.

George Peabody spent his money alike for England and America, and his seventy-five years of life gave him ample opportunity to give vent to his instincts of benevolence. Like Peter Cooper, he did not wait for death to come before he parted with his surplus fortune. Peabody was American born, and to his glory he declined the offer of a baronetcy from the queen. Far more grateful to the good man was the resolution of thanks passed by the congress of the United States. That was a distinction, coming from the whole people, of which he was justly proud.—New York World.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala., "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior. ②

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

A LONG CONVENTION FIGHT.

An Interesting Nominating Contest in Carlisle's Old District.

This is pre-eminently a year of deadlocks and prolonged contests in party conventions, the national conventions excepted, in the west especially a body which convenes and nominates a congressman after only twenty or thirty ballots is thought to be a rather tame affair. Since Congressman Carlisle, of the Sixth Kentucky district, was promoted to the United States senate the contest for his seat has been vigorous indeed, and the last Democratic convention only reached a nomination on the 372d ballot.

A. S. BERRY.

June 21, 1890, W. W. Dickerson was elected to the vacancy left by Mr. Carlisle, and the next November he was elected to the full term in the Fifty-second congress. When it was announced that he was not in it for re-election a struggle began for the succession, nearly every one of the eight counties having its favorite son. The third day of the convention opened with but four candidates, and there was such a rapid changing of votes before the counting was announced that a decision seemed as far off as ever.

When the delegates from Boone county asked leave to withdraw for consultation, one of them, John Lassing, shouted that they would like to see "the committee on stuff," which raised a laugh of course. The 371st ballot resulted in a tie—36½ for Hallam, 36½ for McCain. Then the convention took a freak—one of those peculiar stampedes to which such bodies are liable—the remarkable result being that both the preceding favorites were left out and the ballot resulted—for Berry, 42; for Baker, 31. Then came the general love feast and everybody's pledge to vote the ticket.

Hon. A. S. Berry, of Newport, the nominee, has made several attempts to go to congress, but Mr. Carlisle's popularity was too much for him. He was also a candidate against Governor Buckner when the latter got the nomination. Colonel Berry has always been prominent in the politics of his district, and at the present time is the mayor of Newport. He is over six feet tall, and is a handsome man noted for considerable ability, who will probably make his mark in congress, his nomination being equivalent to election. He is a man of great means, and made much of his money in the Newport and Cincinnati ferry.

BLONDIN STILL WALKING.

The Famous Tight Rope Artist Agile in Old Age.

Old folks who read and wondered when Blondin crossed the chasm of Niagara on a tight rope thirty-three years ago will be pleased to learn that the acrialist is still alive and vigorous. But they will be amazed to learn that he is now giving exhibitions in England, some of them almost as wonderful as his Niagara performance. At the Botanical gardens of Manchester recently he walked a clear stretch of 188 feet on a rope eighty-eight feet above the ground, carried his son over and back, took a little stove out to the central part of the rope, cooked an omelet and lowered it to the ground—all the old tricks he did in the United States nearly forty years ago. Yet he is sixty-eight years old. He was literally born without fear and without capacity for getting giddy. Every one laughed at his reply to the interviewer in 1859 who asked, "Was it not really very dangerous?" "To be sure. The rope might have snapped."

BLONDIN.

He was born in the south of France, and his name is Jean Francois Gravele. At twenty-seven he was noted in the provinces, and the famons Ravel engaged him for an American tour. When his name was signed Ravel said: "Pub! That will never do for the billboard. Ha! I see. Blue eyes—light hair. Henceforth you are Blondin." And so he has since been J. F. Blondin. The Niagara performance made him champion of the world, and he could command his own price. He grew very rich and retired, but has recently given occasional exhibitions to preserve his standing in the profession.

His father was a gymnast, and he began rope walking at four years of age; but, he says, rope walkers are born—not made. None of his children was born that way, and so none of them has been trained to it. He has a small museum of trophies, but he values none so highly as that presented by the citizens of Niagara Falls in honor of his carrying a man across the gorge on a tight rope on Aug. 19, 1859. He crossed Niagara many times after that, but the first time made him the world's king in that line.

A Spiteful Remark.

Belle—Does Nell expect to have many wedding presents?

Estelle—I guess so. At any rate she will if she has off from every man to whom she has been engaged.—Somerville Journal.

Incurable.

"Scribblesby is getting absentminded."

"How do you know?"

"He borrowed my lead pencil and handed it back to me before he thought."—Washington Star.

Ambiguous.

Dudely—I would like to look at some collars, please. Fourteen inches.

Furnisher—Did you have reference to the height or the length?—Texas Siftings.

THE SECRET OF LIBERTY.

It Is Found in Obeying God's Law as Taught by the Gospel of Christ.

I will walk at liberty, for I seek thy precepts.—Psalms cxix, 45.

This is a profound saying, a stroke of inspiration which leads this Hebrew psalmist to lay bare the secret of all liberty, and by contrast the root of all bondage, in the soul of man. He perceives that there is a wide reaching, a universal divine law; he perceives that sorrow and pain and bonds come from violation of that law, and then he grasps the happy truth that by obedience to it we become free. At least twenty-five centuries have passed away since this sentence was written, but the world has not got beyond the truth of it, and it cannot, for that truth is eternal freedom by conformity to divine law. This is the great principle enshrined in the text.

Liberty, freedom, enlargement, are found in obedience to God's law. There is a noble confidence in the psalmist's words. He knew perfectly well that the service of God might cost him much. Already he had endured affliction because of well doing, and yet he has such trust in God that he is persuaded that day by day, ever increasingly, he should walk a free man, at liberty because he sought the divine precepts. The human idea of liberty, pushed to the extreme, is this: Let the law die; anarchy is freedom. The divine idea is obey. Great peace have they that love God's law, and nothing shall offend them!

The words of the text anticipate one of the wisest sayings of a heathen teacher, who declared that "to serve the gods was to reign." Probably our judgment is convinced. We see plainly that to obey is to be free, but, alas, there is a practical difficulty—a chasm before us which we cannot ourselves bridge over. We are in this dismal case, that while we are persuaded that to serve God is good we do not love his law, and we cannot obey it. There are those who, partially awakened, have resolutely set out on the way of well doing; they are grieved to find that it is a bondage to them; the conscience and (the bent of) the heart are not at one.

Where does help lie? There is but one answer, and that answer is, the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This gracious Saviour does not come to see us free from the law of obedience (to do that would be to put at defiance the government of God), but he comes to save us from the final consequences of our sin. He comes to pardon, to strengthen us by his spirit, to shed abroad the love of God in our hearts. He begins by freely forgiving, and thus putting away that sense of guilt which is to those who feel it a fetter upon the soul, and this forgiveness is obtained by that cross which is the supreme manifestation at once of the righteousness and love of God. That victorious cross conquers the old repugnance, breaks down the enmity, brings a new atmosphere unto our spirit, so that we begin to love what God loves and to hate what he hates. We walk at liberty, for we seek his precepts. The Christian man comes to see, not only that God's will is right, but further, that it is blessed.—From a Sermon by Rev. E. Medley in Christian Inquirer.

Grind Your Pepper.

Pepper caster! Forsooth! What do you take me for? Shall I smell a withered flower in a herbarium, and think of the odor of the fresh violets of the fields? I want my pepper ground, sir, and ground before my eyes—and what is more, I want to grind it. I "will have mustard with my beef," as becomes an Anglo Saxon. I will it that my pepper shall be fine or coarse, little or big grained, according to my humor.

Do you know the difference between grossel and petit sel? Why, on that depends the nicety of French cookery, and how may I do it? Why, with my pepper mill on the table. You object to machinery on the table? Dismiss, then, your horrible, brutal, revolving, cruel caster—one of the indecencies of American dinners, relegated now to third rate restaurants where dredgers are in use. It's such a nice little bit of mechanism.

You turn a screw and the pepper comes out in impalpable powder. You loosen a screw and out pours the pepper of a precise molecule. You assort your atoms of pepper to your food. And above all, use a little pepper for a table condiment. Let the same makers take all the black variety. It is true that the Prince of Arabia used white pepper only on his cream tarts.—Gargantua's Gastronomies.

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Judge Nelson's Decision.

Speaking of patent medicines, the Judge says: "I wish to deal fairly and honestly with all, and when I find an article that will do what it is recommended to do, I am not ashamed to say so. I am acquainted with Dr. Vanderpool, (having been treated by him for cancer and have used his blood medicine, known as the S. S. S.) Headache and Liver Cure, and while I am seventy-five years old, and have used many pills and other remedies for the blood, liver and kidneys, I must say that for a kidney tonic in Bright's disease, and as an alterative for the blood or to correct the action of the stomach and bowels it is a very superior remedy and beats anything I ever tried.

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