TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"Hissed Off the Stage" the Brooklyn Preacher's Theme.

The Never-Ending Drama of Every-Day Life and the Characters It Develops—Why Some Succeed and Others Miserably Fail.

In a recent sermon delivered by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, he announced as the subject of his discourse "Hissed Off the Stage," taking the following as his text:

Men shall clap ther hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place.—Job, xxvii, 23.

This allusion seems to be dramatic. The Bible more than once makes such allusion. Paul says: "We are made a theater (or spectacle) to angels and to men." The theater is so old that no one can fix the date of its birth. Archilochus, Simonides and Solon, who wrote for it dithyrambics, lived about 600 or 700 years before Christ. It is evident from the text that some of the theater-goers were known in Job's time, because in the text he describes an actor hissed off the stage. The impersonator comes on the boards, and, either through lack of study of the part he is to take or inaptness or other incapacity, the audience are offended, and express their disapprobation and disgust first by over-applause, attempting by great clapping of hands to drown out what he says; and that failing to stop the performer, they put their tongue against their teeth and make terrific sibillation until he disappears behind the curtain. "Men shall clap their hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place."

My text suggests that each one of us is put on the stage of this world to take some part. McCullough, the actor recently buried, was no more certainly appointed on any occasion to appear as Spartacus, or Edwin Forrest as King Lear, or Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilies, or John Kemble as Macbeth, or Cooke as Richard III, or Kean as Othello, than you and I are expected to take some special and particular part in the great drama of human and immortal life. Through what hardship and suffering and discipline these artists went year after year that they might be perfected in their parts, you have often read. But we, put on the stage of this life to represent charity and faith and humility and helpfulness—what little preparation we have made, although we have three galleries of spectators, earth and heaven and hell. Have we not been more attentive to the part taken by others than to the part taken by ourselves, and while we needed to be looking at home and concentrating on our own duty, we have been criticising the other performers and saying "that was too high" or "too low" or "too feeble" or "too extravagant" or "too tame" or "too demonstrative," while we are making ourselves a dead failure and preparing to be ignominiously hissed off the stage? Each one is assigned a place; no supernumeraries hanging around the drama of life to take this or that or the other part, as he may be called upon. No one can take our place. We can take no other place. Aye, it is not the impersonation of another; we ourselves are the real Merchant of Venice, or the real Shylock, the real filial Cordelia or the real cruel Regan, the real Portia or the real Lady Macbeth. The tragedian of the playhouse, at the close of the third scene of the fifth act, takes off the attire of Gonzalo, or Edward Mortimer, or Henry V., and resigns the character in which for three hours he appeared. But we never put off our character, and no change of apparel can make us any one else than that which we eternally are.

Many make a failure of their part in the drama of life through dissipation. They have enough intellectual equipment and good address, and geniality unbounded. But they have a wine closet that contains all the forces for their social and business and moral overthrow. So far back as 959 King Edgar of England made a law that the drink-cups should have pins fastened at a certain point in the side, so that the indulger might be reminded to stop before he got to the bottom. But there are no pins projecting from the sides of the modern wine cup or beer mug, and the first point at which millions stop is at the gravelly bottom of their own grave.

Dr. Sax, of France, has recently discovered something which all drinkers ought to know. He has found out that alcohol in every shape, whether of wine, or brandy or beer, contains parasitic life called bacillus potumaniæ. By powerful microscopes these living things are discovered, and when you take strong drink you take them into your stomach, and then into your blood, and getting into the crimson canal of life they go into every tissue of your body, and your entire organism is taken possession of by these noxious infinitesimals. When in delirium tremens a man sees every form of reptilian life, it is only these parasites of the brain in exaggerated size. It is not a hallucination that the victim is suffering from. He only sees in the room what is actually crawling and riating in his own brain. Every time you take strong drink you swallow those maggots, and every time the imbiber of alcohol in any shape feels vertigo or rheumatism or nausea, it is only the jubilee of these maggots. Efforts are being made for the discovery of some germicide that can kill the parasites of alcoholism, but the only thing that will ever extirpate them is abstinence, to which I would before God swear all these young men and old.

America is a fruitful country, and we raise large quantities of wheat and corn and oats, but the largest crop we raise in this country is the crop of drunkards. With sickle made out of the sharp edges of the broken glass of bottle and demijohn they are cut down, and there are whole swathes of them, whole winrows of them; and it takes all the hospitals and penitentiaries and graveyards and cemeteries to hold this harvest of hell. Some of you are going down under this evil and the never-dying worm of alcoholism has wound around you one of its coils, and by next New Year's Day it will have another coil around you, and it will, after awhile, put a coil around your tongue, and a coil around your brain and a coil around your lungs, and a coil around your heart; and some day this never-dying worm will, with one spring, tighten all the coils at once, and in the first twist of that awful convulsion you will cry out "Oh, my God!" and be gone. The greatest of dramatists, in the tragedy of the Tempest, sends staggering across the stage Stephano, the drunken butler; but across the stage of human life strong drink sends kingly and queenly and princely natures staggering forward again; the footlights of conspicuity, and then staggering back into failure, till the world is impatient for their disappearance, and human and diabolic voices join in hissing them off the stage.

Many also make a failure in the drama of life through indolence. They are always making calculation how little they can do for the compensation they get. There are more lazy ministers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, artists and farmers than have ever been counted upon. Community is full of laggards and shirkers. I can tell it from the way they crawl along the street, from their tardiness in meeting engagements, from the lethargies that seem to hang the foot when they lift it, to the hand when they put it up, to the words when they speak.

Two young men in a store. In the morning the one goes to his post the last minute or one minute behind. The other is ten minutes before the time, and has his hat and coat hung up and is at his post waiting for duty. The one is ever and anon in the afternoon looking at his watch to see if it is not most time to shut up. The other stays half an hour after he might go and, when asked why, says he wanted to look over some entries he had made to be sure he was right, or to put up some goods that had been left out of place. The one is very punctilious about doing work not exactly belonging to him. The other is glad to help the other clerks in their work. The The first will be a prolonged nothing and he will be poorer at sixty than at twenty. The other will be a merchant prince.

Indolence is the cause of more failures in all occupations than you have ever suspected. People are too lazy to do what they can do, and want to undertake that which they can not do. In the drama of life they don't want to be a common soldier carrying a halberd across the stage, or a falconer, or a mere attendant, and so lounge about the scenes till they shall be called to be a Macready or a Junius Brutus Booth. They say, "Give me the part of Timon, of Athens, rather than that of Flavin, his steward." "Let me be Cymbeline, the King, rather than Pisano, the servant." After awhile they, by some accident of prosperity or circumstances, get in the place for which they have no qualification. And very soon, if the man be a merchant, he is going around asking his creditors to compromise for ten cents on the dollar. Of, if a clergyman, he is making tirades against the ingratitude of churches. Or, if an attorney, by unskillful management he loses a case in which widows and orphans are robbed of their portion. Or, if a physician, he by malpractice gives his patient rapid transit from this world to the next. Toward the end of life these people are out of patience, out of money, out of friends, out of everything. They go to the poor-house or keep out of it by running in debt to all the grocery and dry goods stores that will trust them. People begin to wonder when the curtain will drop on the scene. After awhile, leaving nothing but their compliments to pay their doctor, undertaker and Gabriel Grubb, the grave digger, they disappear. Exeunt! Hissed off the stage.

Others fall in the drama of life through demonstrated selfishness. They make all the rivers empty into the sea, all the roads of emolument end at their door, and they gather all the plumes of honor for their brow. They help no one, encourage no one, rescue no one. "How big a pile of money can I get?" "How much of the world can I absorb?" are the chief questions. They feel about the common people as the Turks felt toward the Asapi, or common soldiers—considering them of no use except to fill up the ditches with their dead bodies while the other troops walked over them to take the fort. After awhile this prince of worldly success is sick. The only interest society has in his illness is the effect that his probable decease may have on the money markets. After awhile he dies. Great newspaper capitals announce how he started with nothing and ended with everything. Although for sake of appearance some people put handkerchief to the eye, there is not one genuine tear shed between Central Park and the Battery or between Brooklyn Heights and Brooklyn Hill. The heirs sit up all night while he lies in state, discussing what the old fellow has probably done with his money. It takes all the livery stables within two miles to furnish funeral equipage, and all the mourning stores are kept busy in selling weeds of grief. The stonecutters send in proposals for a monument. The minister at the obsequies reads of the resurrection, which makes the hearers fear that if the unscrupulous financier does come up in the general rising he will try to get a corner on tombstones and graveyard fences. All good men are glad that the moral nuisance has been removed. The Wall street speculators are glad because there is more room for themselves. The heirs are glad because they get possession of the long-delayed inheritance. Dropping every feather of all his plumes, every certificate of all his stock, every bond of all his investments, every dollar of all his fortune, he departs, and all the rolling of Dead March in Saul, and all the pageantry of his interment, and all the exquisiteness of sarcophagus, and all the extravagance of epitaphology can not hide the fact that my text has come again to tremendous fulfillment: "Men shall clap their their hands at him and shall hiss him out of the place."

You see the clapping comes before the hiss. The world cheers before it damns. So, it is said, the deadly sap tickles before it stings. Going up is he? Hurrah! Stand back and let his galloping horse dash by, a whirlwind of plated harness and tinkling headgear and arched neck. Drink deep of his Maderia and Cognac. Boast of how well you know him. All hats off as he passes. Bask for days and years in the sunlight of his prosperity. Going down, is he? Pretend to be nearsighted so that you can not see him as he walks past. When men ask you if you know him, halt and hesitate as though you were trying to call up a dim memory, and say: "Well, y-e-e-s, yes, I believe I once did know him, but have not seen him for a long time. Cross a different ferry from the one where you used to meet him, lest he ask for financial help. When you started life he spoke a good word for you at the bank. Talk down his credit now that his fortunes are collapsing. He put his name on two of your notes; tell him that you have changed your mind about such things and never indorse. After awhile his matters come to a dead halt, and an assignment or suspension or Sheriff's sale takes place. You say: "He ought to have stopped sooner. Just as I expected. He made too big a splash in the world. Glad the balloon has burst." Ha! ha! Applause as he went up, sibilant derision when he came down. "Men shall clap their hands at him, and hiss him out of his place." So high up amid the crags the eagle flutters dust into the eyes of the roebuck, and then with eyes blinded it goes tumbling over the precipice, the great antlers crashing on the rocks.

Now, compare some of these goings out of life with the departure of men and women who in the drama of life took the part that God assigned them and then went away honored of men and applauded of the Lord Almighty.

It is about fifty years ago that in a comparatively small apartment of the city a newly married pair set up a home. The first guest that was invited in that residence was the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Bible given the bride on the day of her espousal was the guide of that household. Days of sunshine were followed by days of shadow. Did you ever know a home that for fifty years had no vicissitude? The young woman who left her father's house for her young husband's home started out with a parental benediction and good advice she will never forget. Her mother said to her the day before the marriage: "Now, my child, you are going away from us. Of course as long as your father and I live you will feel that you can come to us at any time. But your home will be elsewhere. From long experience I find it best to serve God. It is very bright with you now, my child, and you may think you can get along without religion, but the days will come when you will want God, and my advice is to establish a family altar, and, if need be, conduct the worship yourself." The counsel was taken and that young wife consecrated every room in the house to God.

Years passed on and there were in that home hilarities, but they were good and healthful, and sorrows, but they were comforted. Marriages as bright as orange blossoms could make them and burials in which all hearts were riven. They have a family lot in the cemetery, but all the place is illuminated with stories of resurrection and reunion. The children of the household that lived have grown up, and they are all Christians, the father and mother leading the way and the children followed. What care the mother took of wardrobe and education and character and manners! How hard she sometimes worked! When the head of the household was unfortunate in business she sewed until her fingers were numb and bleeding at the tips. And what close calculation of economies, and what ingenuity in refitting the garments of the elder children for the younger, and only God kept account of that mother's sideaches and headaches and heartaches, and the tremulous prayers by the side of the sick child's cradle and by the couch of this one fully grown. The neighbors often noticed how tired she looked, and old acquaintances hardly knew her in the street, but without complaint she waited and toiled and endured and accomplished all these years.

The children are out in the world, an honor to themselves and their parents. After a while the mother's last illness comes. Children and grandchildren, summoned from afar, come softly into the room one by one, for she is too weak to see more than one at a time. She runs her dying fingers lovingly through their hair, and tells them not to cry and that she is going now, but they will all meet again in a little while in a better world, and then kisses them good-by and "Good bless and keep you, my dear child!" The day of the obsequies comes, and the officiating clergyman tells the story of wifely and motherly endurance, and many hearts on earth and in Heaven echo the sentiment, and as she is carried off the stage of this mortal life there are cries of "faithful unto death, she hath done what she could, while overpowering all the voices of earth and Heaven is the plaudit of the God who watched her from first to last, saying: "Well, done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But what became of the father of this household? He started out as a young man in business and had small income, and having got a little ahead, sickness in the family swept it all away. He went through all the business panics of forty years, met many losses and suffered many betrayals, but kept on trusting in God, whether business was good or poor, setting his children a good example, giving them the best of counsel, and never a prayer did he offer for all those years but they were mentioned in it. He is old now and realizes it can not be long before he must quit all these scenes; but he is going to leave his children an inheritance of prayer and Christian principles which all the defalcations of earth can never touch, and, as he goes out of this world, the Church of God blesses him, and the poor ring his door-bell to see if he is any better. And his grave is surrounded by a multitude who went on foot and stood there before the procession of carriages came up, as some say there will be no one to take his place, and others say, "Who will pity me now?" and others remark, "He shall be held in everlasting remembrance." And as the drama of his life closes, all the vociferations, and bravos and encores that ever shook the amphitheaters, and the Drury Lanes, and the Covent Gardens, and the Haymarkets, and the Coliseums of earthly spectacle, were feeble and tame compared with the long, loud thunders of approval that shall break from the cloud of witnesses in the piled-up gallery of the heavens. Choose ye between the life that shall close by being hissed off the stage, and the life that shall close amid the acclamations supernal and archangelic.

O men and women on the stage of life many of you in the first act of the drama, and others in the second, and some of you in the third, and a few in the fourth, and here and there one in the fifth, but all of you between entrance and exit, and I quote to you as the peroration of this sermon, the most suggestive passage that Shakspeare ever wrote, although you never heard it recited. The author has often been claimed as an infidel and atheist, so the quotation shall be not only religiously helpful to ourselves, but grandly vindicatory of the great dramatist:

"In the name of God, amen. I, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the County of Warwick, gentleman, in perfect health and memory (God be praised), do make this my last will and testament in manner and form following: First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting." Then follow the bequests and the signature, "By me, William Shakspeare." "Witnesses to the publishing hereof, F. Collyns, Jesse Shaw, John Robinson, Hamnet Sadler, Robert Whattcott."

A Lesson to Unciviil Persons.

[Chicago Times.]

Jennie Jones is a pretty young lady, residing at Highland, Ulster County, N. Y., and is a dressmaker by trade. About a year ago, while employed in New York, she befriended an old lady, who had lost her pocket-book, by loaning her a small amount, and also assisted her across the street. Miss Jones gave her name and place of residence to the lady whom she had befriended, at her request, and thought no more of it. A day or two ago Miss Jones received a letter from a Buffalo lawyer, stating that, by the death of a wealthy lady of that city, she was heiress to fifty thousand dollars. The lady who bequeathed the money was the person whom Miss Jones assisted.

A Pleasing Story of a Horse.

[Santa Clara (Cal.) Journal.]

Judge Billings is the possessor of a young horse on which his little son has been in the habit of riding in driving the family cow to and from the pasture. A few days since the boy rode to the pasture, let out the cow, and not taking hold of the horse soon enough, it turned away and went after the cow, driving her home as usual. The next morning the horse was saddled and bridled and brought out and sent after the cow, to see if it would return with the cow to the pasture, and, sure enough, it drove the cow home as usual.

Possibility of a Mistake.

[Boston Herald.]

The driver of a street-car in Omaha shot and killed a man who was caught trying to steal the money-box. This arming of car-drivers as a protection against robbers wouldn't do in Eastern cities, for the driver might make a mistake and shoot the conductor.

THE ROUND UP.

Closing Days of the Cattle Convention—More Resolutions.

ST. LOUIS, November 28.—A large number of delegates to the convention of the National Cattle and Horse Growers' Association left for home Thursday evening, and the attendance yesterday morning was much reduced. Judge Carroll, of Texas, called the convention to order at 10:30.

Harry M. Taylor, of New Mexico, by unanimous consent, reopened the Indian question by the introduction of the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, Almost continued disturbances have existed between the frontiersmen and the Indians on reservations outside the Indian Territory; and

WHEREAS, All the interests of humanity and the material prosperity of the great West, including Mexico and British Columbia, demand that these disturbances be equitably overcome.

Resolved, That it is the sense of the National Cattle and Horse Growers' Association of the United States that the true policy of the General Government is to buy all of the reservations now occupied by roving and uncivilized Indians of the United States and open up said lands to settlement.

Resolved, That each individual Indian be granted 320 acres of land in the unoccupied portion of the Indian Territory, to be paid for out of the proceeds of the sale of lands above mentioned, and the balance of said proceeds to be devoted to the support of said Indians and the education of their children.

Resolved, That as these Indians are the best armed people on the frontier, the law against the sale of firearms and munitions of war be more strictly enforced and the penalty for its violation be largely increased.

Resolved. That in our judgment the conduct of Indian affairs should be placed in the hands of the military department of the United States.

Judge Carroll, of Texas, favored the resolution, but amended it to strike out the reference to the unoccupied portion of the Indian Territory.

The amended resolution was adopted and the convention adjourned.

FIRE AT DODGE CITY.

A Destructive Fire—$150,000 Worth of Property Destroyed.

DODGE CITY, KAN., November 28.—A fire broke out about seven o'clock last evening in the Junction saloon on Front street from a cause at present unknown. One entire block was burned, causing a total loss of about $150,000. The principal losses were as follows: Junction saloon, Sheridan & Co., proprietors, $400; no insurance. Opera house saloon, Cary & Wright proprietors, loss $7,000, light insurance; Duin & Kirkpatrick, furniture store, loss about $5,000, small insurance; York, Parker & Draper, merchandise company, loss $25,000, insurance, $12,000; E. R. Garland's drug store, loss $4,000, small insurance; F. S. Durand, jewelry store, loss $1,000; Charles Hine, restaurant, loss $8,000; F. C. Zimmerman, hardware store, loss $15,000, no insurance; A. G. Tuck, jeweler, loss $4,000; St. James saloon, Atkinson & Warren, proprietors, loss $2,500; Long Branch saloon, Drake & Harris, proprietors, loss $4,000; Bond & Webster, druggists, loss $12,000, fully insured; R. M. Wright & Co., mercantile store, loss $40,000, insured one-half; James & Whitelaw, attorneys, loss $500; Cunnbaugh & Fitzgerald, real estate agents, loss $500; George Hinkle, saloon, loss $350; Odd Fellows lodge, $700; *Cowboy* office, newspaper, $400; Strange & Swarmersby, dry goods, $350; James Kelly, buildings, $7,000; T. L. McCarty, druggist, $1,500. The above list was taken on the grounds immediately after the fire. It is difficult to obtain the correct amount of insurance, but it is estimated at about $60,000. Several buildings were saved by the bucket brigade. There is no fire engine in the city.

A CONVICT ESCAPES.

A Notorious Life Convict Makes His Escape from the Joliet Penitentiary.

JOLIET, ILL., November 28.—A notorious criminal, named A. N. McAlister, alias Peoria Dan, escaped from the Joliet penitentiary at five o'clock this afternoon, or is at present hiding within the walls. The entire force of guards and police of the city are now on duty, searching the city and endeavoring to recapture the escaped convict. It is thought that McAlister effected his escape by going over the walls with a rope which he had contrived to manufacture, and as he had friends in the city was probably supplied with citizen's clothes on the outside. Since McAlister's imprisonment he has been employed in the main engine rooms at the prison as engineer and has not been under as strict surveillance as the other prisoners, consequently he had better opportunity to plan and effect his escape. The murder for which McAlister was convicted was one of the most sensational in the State. It resulted from a quarrel in a Peoria bagnio and for this McAlister received a life sentence. He was received at the penitentiary here February 26, 1876. Previous to conviction McAlister had served three terms in this institution; first having been convicted of larceny; second for burglary; third for robbery. While serving the second term he was pardoned by Governor Palmer. The escaped convict is about forty-six years of age, five feet four inches high, of light complexion, light hair and weighs 175 pounds. He is of round, chubby build, large head, bald on top, full face rather pale and slow-motioned. He is one of the best known men on the Illinois Central canal, and will probably seek employment somewhere as an engineer.

Jumping a Claim.

KANSAS CITY, MO., November 28.—A special to the Kansas City *Times* says: For six months past Thomas McGoffin and Harrison Sherman, living near Alma, Wabaunsee County, Kan., have been having a dispute over a quarter section of land in the Kansas reservation. Sherman, having knowledge of the fact that the law had not been complied with, jumped a claim, which very much enraged McGoffin. Yesterday morning McGoffin started for Alma and was compelled to go through the premises of Sherman, meeting that party as he passed by. Here the dispute was renewed and Sherman struck McGoffin several times. McGoffin ordered him to desist, but he refused to take warning, and drawing a revolver from his pocket McGoffin fired two shots, killing Sherman instantly, the balls taking effect in the breast. A farmer named Rives witnessed the act, but was unable to prevent the tragedy. A short time after the affair McGoffin was arrested and a preliminary examination was held and he was bound over to the district court.

Robbed a Church.

BOSTON, November 28.—When the priests of the French Catholic Church, on Freeman Place, went into church this morning to celebrate mass, they found that thieves had broken into the sacred edifice and stolen the silver used in the communion service, valued at from $400 to $500. They had also robbed the altar of a number of costly ornaments making a total loss of over $1,000. The entrance was gained by forcing a small window. The church sets in from the street some distance and the noise would not be noticed. The robbery is supposed to have been committed shortly after midnight as two men were seen leaving that locality about one o'clock.

A New Trial Wanted.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., November 28.—A few minutes before midnight the Sangamon Circuit Court jury returned a verdict of guilty against George Short for the murder of Samuel Noyer at Mechanicsburg on the 21st of last August, and fixed the penalty at twenty years in the penitentiary. Noyer and Short had engaged in a quarrel when Short stabbed Noyer fatally with a knife. It was a sad affair, from the fact that Noyer's wife died a short time before his death and left a family of nine small orphan children in destitute circumstances. It was shown that in this particular quarrel Noyer was the aggressor, and the sentence is considered a severe one.

MATTER OUT OF PLACE.

The Various Mechanical Uses of Common Dirt and Dust.

There is as much truth as wit in the old saying that dirt is only matter out of place. The slag from our great furnaces, once a positive obstruction and burden, is now used for concrete walls, railway ballast, foundation stones and the finest spun glass. Coal tar, which was a similar dead weight on the hands of the gasmakers, is made to yield up its rich stores of carbolic acid, naphtholine, benzole and paraffine, from which are obtained the most delicate scents of perfumery; and more valuable still are the rich aniline dyes it contains, now used in producing the most brilliant colors of our woolen and silk goods. Sawdust produces sugar, a regular article of manufacture in Norway, oxalic acid, charcoal and potash come from the same source. Cotton seed, heretofore thrown away, is used to fatten cattle in this country and in England. Nature's largest lumber room is, however, required for her dust. Were the atmosphere free from it, we would have no reflected light, and our days would be passed beneath a sky of inky blackness, and in an atmosphere which would give back but a dull glimmer, without glitter or color. More than this, without dust we should probably have no fog, no clouds and no rain. This is the utilization of dust which Nature makes, but man has never followed or approached the example. Dust carries its clouds of disease-breeding matter all over the world; we breathe and live in an atmosphere of carpet-sweepings, emanations from the human skin, coal dust from the stove, iron filings, pollen, wood and leaf fibers, grindings of stone, siftings of earth and vegetable mould, etc., etc. And, if we did not kick up enough dust of our own, arctic observations of meteoric dust show that more than five hundred million tons of impalpable powder falls uniformly and steadily over the whole earth annually. Truly, "the world's infectious."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Draft Horses of France.

While some people in America call *all* horses imported from France Normans, *it is a fact* that there is no breed in France called by that name by the French people; the name, Norman, therefore, is *purely* American. The principal breeds of France are known as Percherons and Boullanais. The Percherons are the *most highly prized of all* French races, and *all* departments of France go to the Perche for stallions to improve their local breeds. The Percheron stud book of France, published *under the authority of the French Government*, is the *only* stud book of draft horses that *is or ever has been* published in France, and now contains the pedigrees of about 5,000 animals. But some importers are offering certificates from France of Norman draft horses that may mislead people who do not understand the French language into believing these records of origin. Not one of them issued contains a pedigree. They are furnished at the request of American buyers by the secretary of one of the French Agricultural societies, who says there is no intention of publishing them in stud book form, as they have no pedigrees and are of no value whatever. It is a well known fact that what a man gives for a horse over from $500 to $800—the price of a good grade—is paid for purity of blood; and where the seller is not able to give the recorded pedigree of the animal sold as evidence of additional value, he has no right to ask it. With these facts before him, *no intelligent man* will buy a horse imported from France unless he is recorded with his pedigree in full in the Percheron Stud Book of France.

"PREPARED chalk," says a medical journal "is a remedy for dyspepsia." Wouldn't hotel milk do just as well?—*Philadelphia Call.*

From the National Capital.

The Washington *Post* says: We admire the stand taken by numerous eminent physicians in changing the mode of treatment of coughs and colds, and publicly endorsing Red Star Cough Cure because it is efficacious, free from dangerous ingredients and without morphia or opium. This excellent remedy costs but twenty-five cents.

IT is the man who can't raise the wind who does the most blowing.—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

HOW OFTEN is the light of the household clouded by signs of melancholy or irritability on the part of the ladies. Yet they are not to be blamed, for they are the result of ailments peculiar to that sex, which men know not of. But the cause may be removed and joy restored by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which, as a tonic and nervine for debilitated women, is certain, safe and pleasant. It is beyond all compare the great healer of women.

ETERNAL indigestion is the price of pie.—*Lowell Citizen.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A BABY does not dissemble. He always hollers when he feels holler.—*Goodall's Sun.*

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

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, November 30.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 25	@	4 37½
Native cows	2 80	@	3 10
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	3 80
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 30	@	3 60
Light	2 90	@	3 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	68	@	68½
No. 3 red	60	@	60½
No. 2 soft	79	@	80
CORN—No. 2	26	@	27
OATS—No. 2	22½	@	22½
RYE—No. 2	48	@	50
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 90	@	2 00
HAY—Large baled	4 00	@	5 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	25	@	26
CHEESE—Full cream	10	@	11
EGGS—Choice	19	@	20
BACON—Ham	9	@	10
Shoulders	4	@	4½
Sides	5	@	5½
LARD	6	@	6½
WOOL—Missouri unwashed	15	@	16
POTATOES—New	39	@	45
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	5 25
Butchers' steers	3 25	@	4 25
HOGS—Packing	3 50	@	3 75
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 75	@	3 25
FLOUR—Choice	4 00	@	4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	93	@	93½
CORN—No. 2	25	@	26½
OATS—No. 2	27½	@	28½
RYE—No. 2	51	@	51½
BUTTER—Creamery	22	@	25
PORK	9 00	@	10 00
COTTON—Middling	8	@	9
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 50	@	6 00
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 70	@	3 90
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 75	@	3 60
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 75	@	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	91	@	92
No. 3	77	@	77½
No. 2 spring	84	@	84½
CORN—No. 2	41	@	42
OATS—No. 2	27	@	28
RYE—No. 2	59	@	61
BUTTER—Creamery	14	@	22
PORK	9 75	@	9 80
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Exports	3 80	@	5 05
HOGS—Good to choice	3 85	@	4 15
SHEEP—Common to good	3 55	@	4 15
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 00	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	94	@	94½
CORN—No. 2	55	@	55½
OATS—Western mixed	31½	@	37
BUTTER—Creamery	9	@	27
PORK	9 87½	@	10 25
PETROLEUM—United	89	@	90½

Politics Too Rank for Him.

A lady on Fifth Avenue, New York, quickly summoned a doctor:

"Oh, doctor, my husband is nearly dead. He attended a caucus last night. He made four speeches and promised to be with his fellow citizens again to-day. But oh, doctor, he looks nearly dead."

"Has he been in politics long?"

"No, only last year. He worked hard for James McCaulay's election."

"He will get well, madam! He has a stomach for any disease, if he worked for him!"

Political life, of short or long duration, is very exhausting, as is evident from the great mortality which prevails among public men. Ex-U. S. Senator B. K. Bruce, who has been long in public life, says:

"The other day, when stepping into a car at a crossing, I found Dr. —— within, who eyed me up and down in a surprised way, remarking:

"'Why, Senator, how well you look!'

"'Well, I feel pretty well,' I answered."

The doctor uttered an incredulous reply, when the Senator frankly told him, in answer to an inquiry, that it was Warner's safe cure which accomplished for him what the profession had failed to do. Senator Bruce says his friends are very much astonished at this revelation of power.—*The Globe.*

"Overwhelmingly Defeated.

"OH, where shall rest be found!" asks the poet. In the dictionary; look among the R's.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

"Consumption Cure"

would be a truthful name to give to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the most efficacious medicine yet discovered for arresting the early development of pulmonary disease. But "consumption cure" would not sufficiently indicate the scope of its influence and usefulness. In all the many diseases which spring from a derangement of the liver and blood the "Discovery" is a safe and sure specific. Of all druggists.

"WHAT I Told My Wife" is the title of a new book. It is almost needless to say that it is fiction.—*Puck.*

THE Northern Pacific Railroad Company issue several illustrated pamphlets and sectional land maps for free distribution which contain valuable information concerning the rich agricultural and grazing country traversed by the line through Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. The publications contain a synopsis of the United States land laws by which Government lands can be secured free under the homestead pre-emption and timber culture acts and the terms of sale of railroad lands, the rates of fare and freight rates on emigrant movables and household goods and much other information. They are mailed free to any address by addressing Chas. B. Lamborn, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

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ALL the rage—A mad dog.—*Washington Hatchet.*

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Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.

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American (Indian).

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Lawyers. I have been afflicted with catarrh for 20 years. It became chronic, and extended to my throat, causing hoarseness and great difficulty in speaking. I also, to a great extent, lost the sense of hearing and of taste. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm all dropping of mucous has ceased and my voice and hearing have greatly improved.—JAS. W. DAVIDSON, Attorney at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

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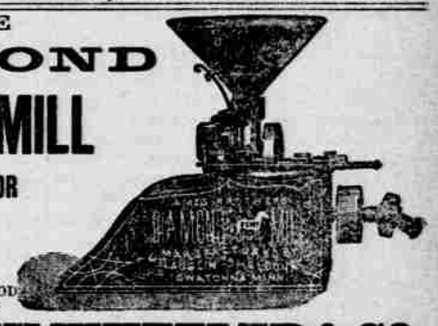

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