REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject of Discourse: "A December Christ."

TEXT: *"When they had heard the King they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east went before them, till it stood over where the young child was."*—St. Mathew, ii.

At this season all Christendom celebrates the incarnation. Step down out of the comfortable surroundings in which you are into a chill December night in Bethlehem. Two slain people hoteled in a village barn after a walk of thirty miles, too long for one in poor health. No lords of state waiting in antechamber as at the birth of other kings, messenger mounted at the doorway ready to ride the advent from city to city, no kingly medical attendance, no satin lined cradle to receive the infantile guest, but a manger-born in a hostelry called the House of Bread. One night with diamonded finger pointing to the place, the Door of Heaven swung wide open to look out, from orchestral baton dripping overtures of the Messiah, minstrels of God standing on the lowest doorstep of Heaven to announce glory and good will. Soon after the white bearded astrologers kneel and from leathern pouch chink the shekels, and from open sack exhale the tufts of frankincense and rustle out the bundles of myrrh. The loosened star, the escaped doxology of celestials. Our world, a lost star, and another star rushing down the sky that night to beckon it home again. All that scene will yet make all nations keep Christmas. Now, are there not some new lessons coming from this old story? Lessons not hackneyed by oft repeated? Oh, yes. Notice, first of all, it was a sidereal appearance. Lo, the star went before them. Why not a black cloud in the shape of a hand or a finger pointing down to the sacred birthplace? Oh, a cloud means trouble. The world had had trouble enough. Why not a shaft of lightning quivering in the sky and striking down to the sacred birthplace? Lightning means destruction—writhing, all-consuming destruction, and the world had had destruction enough. It was a star. That means joy, that means good cheer, that means hope, that means ascendancy. A star! That means creative power, for did not the morning stars sing together when the portfolio of worlds was opened! A star! That means defence, for did not the stars in their course fight against Sisera and for the Lord's people? A star! That means brilliant continuance, for are not the righteous to shine as the stars forever and ever? Day-star on high. Morning star of the Redeemer. That unusual appearance in the sky that night may have been a strange conjunction of worlds. You know astronomers calculated long years before it occurred the transit of Venus, and they can see a thousands years ahead and can tell you what will be the conjunction of worlds in the year 1986, and so they can calculate backward, and Christian astronomers go into a calculation and they find that in what we call the year one there was a strange appearance in the Heavens; and the infidel, rejecting the Bible and despising Christianity, he goes into the same calculation; and he is compelled to declare that in the year one there was a strange appearance in the Heavens. The Chinese record, made up, of course, entirely independent of the Word of God, declares that in what we call the year one, there was a strange appearance in the Heavens. That, after all, it may have been a meteoric appearance, such as you and I have sometimes witnessed. I stood on the plain and I saw in the western heavens, some years ago, a meteor flash with such brilliancy and precision that I thought then that if I had been on a hill as high as that of Bethlehem I could have calculated within a few yards the place where it alighted. In the University of Iowa and in the British Museum there are fragments of rock that have been hurled off from meteors as they went trailing their glory on the sky. So it does not seem to me at all improbable, this sidereal, or, if you will, this meteoric appearance on that Christmas night. Oh I am so glad that it was not a cloud of threat but a star of hope that shone that night. I do not wonder that the dying college student when he caught a glimpse of that star, took his pen, and the light seemed flashing from his fingers and the star seemed pouring its lustre from his lips while Kirk White wrote those immortal words:

When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train
Could fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark, hark to God, the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem
Once on the raging sea I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
And rudely blew the wind that tossed
My foundering bark.
Deep low within my vitals froze
Death struck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

People are sorry that Kirk White died after writing that. It was enough for a lifetime to have written it, and no wonder when he completed it the glories of Heaven swallowed him up.

I notice also in that scene that other worlds seemed to adore our Lord and Master. Bright star of night, wheel on in thine orbit. "No," says the star, "I must come nearer, I must bend, I must watch to see what they will do with Jesus." Another world in worship. That star bowed in obedience. I sometimes hear people talk as though the few thousand miles of this world of ours were all of the Saviour's dominion; but I suppose all the millions and billions and quadrillions of worlds are inhabited—perhaps not by such creatures as we are, but by such creatures as God designed, and all these worlds are the Saviour's realm. Only one disloyal world in the universe You know that the great organ of the universe with its stops, its keys, its pedals, its pipes, had a complete harmony save one injured pedal, save one broken key, the *vox humana* of the human race. This disloyal world. You know that however grand an instrument, if there is one broken key it spoils the harmony. And Christ is to mend this broken key, and restore this injured pedal, and the world will be in accord, and all worlds will be in accord. Isle of Wight, larger in comparison with the British Empire than our world is compared with Christ's dominion. That Christmas night astronomy surrendered to Christ. Our planet for Christ. The solar system for Christ. Worlds ablaze and worlds burned out—all worlds for Christ. Minutest and keenest microscope cannot see the one side of Christ's dominion, and farthest-reaching telescope cannot see the other side of Christ's dominion. But I will tell you how the universe is bounded. It is bounded on the north and south, and east and west by God, and God is Christ, and Christ is God, and that God is ours. Oh, my friends, does it not enlarge your ideas of a Saviour's dominion to realize that all the worlds are only so many sparks struck from His anvil? That the worlds are so many fleecy flocks following the one shepherd? That all the islands of light in immensity are a great archipelago of Christ's dominion?

But I notice also in this science that I have spoken of the fact that it was the profound and the learned men of the world who came to Christ. The Bible says the wise men of the East. We call them the magi, the astrologers, the alchemists, and we pronounce their names with a depreciating accentuation Do you know who they were? They were the most splendid and magnificent men of the century. They knew all that was known. Do you not recognize the fact that astrology is the mother of astronomy? Do you not recognize the fact that alchemy is the mother of chemistry? And you do not despise the mother because you admire the child. Why these astrologers spent their lives in studying the stars; 2,350 years before Christ was born these astrologers studied the procession of the equinox and calculated the orbit and return of the comets. Professor Smith says he thinks they understood the distance between the sun and the earth. You find not only that in Job, but you have suggested to you that other men in his day knew that the world was not flat, but globular—Isaiah knew it; as though it were a modern discovery, or within a few centuries, that the world is round. Isaiah knew it. He says of God: "He sitteth on the circle of the earth." After the world has progressed in study hundreds of years it may get up to the point where the ancients began to forget. I believe that the lost arts may be as great as the living arts. Now was it with those alchemists? Why, they spent their lives in the study of Melchior, an octogenarian. The three wisest men of all the century at the feet of Christ. So it is now. The brainiest men of this century are Christians. Who was the greatest metaphysician of America? Jonathan Edwards, the Christian. Who was the greatest astronomer of the world? Herschel, the Christian. Who was the greatest poet the world has ever seen? Job Milton, the Christian. Who wrote the mightiest treatises on law they have ever been written? Blackstone, the Christian. Why is it that in every college and university they have a chapel? This is the place where the wise men bow at the manger. Come, now, let us have it settled in ounces and in inches. People say that the men who believe in Christianity are small-brained men. Let us find the largest brain ever known in America. By post mortem examination distinguished men have metals and gases and solids and liquids, and they filled whole libraries with their discoveries. They understood embalmment as no men in our time understand embalmment. And they were very wise men. They were not only among wise men, but they were the three wisest men. Caspar, a young man; Balthazar, a man of middle age, and been measured and their intellectual capacity has been calculated, and the size of the brain has been found out. Let us find the largest brain ever known in America, and find out then what that brain thought of Christ. We have found it. It is the brain weighing some sixty-three ounces. What did that man in his lifetime think of Christ? In his dying moment he said: "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." Almighty God, whatever I do, accept me at the last for Christ's sake. This night I shall be in joy unutterable." So Daniel Webster bowed at the manger. So the mighty men of the East are followed by the mighty men of the West.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that it was the winter season that God assigned for the nativity of His Son. Had it been the month of May, that is the season of blossoms; had it been the month of June, that is the season of roses; had it been the month of July, that is the season of great harvests; had it been the month of September, that is the seasoned of ripened orchards; had it been the month of October, that is the season of upholstered forests; but it was December, when all the flowers outdoors are dead and all the crops that have not been gathered are perished, and there are no ripening fruits on the hill, and the leaves are driven over the bare earth. In the closing days of December, to show that this Christ is for people in sharp blasts, for people of frosted hopes, for people under dark skies, for people with the thermometer below zero, for people snowed under. Christ heard in His memory the wind whistling around the Bethlehem caravansary, and He is in sympathy with those who in their poverty hear the shutters clatter on a cold night. That was the Christ Washington and his army worshipped when they lay down without blankets in the December snow. That was the Christ that the Pilgrim Fathers appealed to when the *Mayflower* wharfed at Plymouth Rock, and for years after that December landing the graves dugged were more in number than the houses built. Not a fair weather Christ, but a December Christ. Oh, the world wants to be solaced and soothed and lullabied in the arms of sympathetic omnipotence and no mother ever with more tenderness put her foot on the rocker of a cradle to hush a sick child than the tenderness of this Christ comes to our invalid world, and He rocks it into placidity and quiet with the words: "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Oh, ye burden bearers, oh, ye persecuted and tired and heartbroken, I declare to you a December Christ.

But here is a fact which many seem to forget, perhaps all forget—my subject impresses me with the fact that Christ was born amid the sheep, and the cattle, and the horses, and the camels that He might be the alleviation of the whole brute creation. Mercy for overdriven, underfed, poorly sheltered, outraged brute creation. Do you think that the Christ who compared Himself to a dove has no indignation at the cruelties of a pigeon shooting? Do you think that the Christ who compared Himself to a lamb has no indignation at the rough tying and the contortion of the sheep and the hanging of their neck over the sharp edge of the butcher's cart, and the cattle train from Omaha to New York, with no water in summer time, —1,500 miles of agony? Do you think that the Christ who said: "Go to the ant," does not notice the transfixed insects? Do you think that the Christ whose tax was paid by the fish does not notice the tossing of a fin in the fish market? Do you think that the Christ who said: "Behold the fowls of the air," hath no sympathy with the brute creation that cannot articulate its grief? Christ, born in a stable that He might be the Saviour, not only of the human race but the alleviation of all the pangs and hardships of the brute creation.

In the millenial time a child is to lead a lion and to play with a cocatrice only because brute and reptile will have no more outrages to avenge. The Lamb of God gave its first bleat amid the tired flocks of Bethlehem. The white horse of eternal victory stabled in a barn. When you tread on the brute creation you tread on God. Christ born amid the beasts that He might sympathize with the beasts, and help the beasts, and thunder His indignation and His wrath against men who abuse the beasts.

Finally notice also, in this wonderful story of the text three Christmas presents brought to Christ. Just three. Gold, myrrh, frankincense. Gold brought to Christ. What does that mean? It means the affluence of the world is going to be surrendered to Jesus. For lack of money no more asylums limping on their way like the invalids they support, or feeling their slow way like the blind whom they shelter. Millions of dollars for Christ there are now thousands of dollars. Railroad companies owned by Christian stockholders and controlled by Christian directors and carrying freights and passengers at Christian prices. Bank of England, Bourse of France and U. S. Treasury, all the world's moneyed institutions for Christ. The gold for Christ. No other meaning to it. The gold no more paid the way for Mary and Joseph and the divine refugee in Egypt than the gold shall pay the way for Christ all 'round the world. The gold for Christ, the silver for Christ, the jewels for Christ. Our great round, beautiful world like a solitaire set on the bosom of Christ. All His, and He is worthy. But the second Christmas present was the myrrh. Why the myrrh? The cattle snuffed it, but did not eat it. It was too bitter. Why the myrrh? Why this pungent gum resin of Abysinnia brought for Christ? It meant bitterness. Bitterness of betrayal, bitterness of persecution, bitterness of days of suffering and nights of anguish. Myrrh. That is what they put into His cup when He was dying. Myrrh. That is what the women wrapped in the shroud of the crucified Christ. Myrrh. Aye, says the psalmist, "all thy garments smell of myrrh." Oh the heighth, the depth, the length, the breadth of a Saviour's sorrow. No wonder the wise men brought myrrh. But there was one other thing they brought. They shook out from the sack the frankincense. Clear up to the rafters of the barn the perfume rose and it floated out to the furthest room, where the hostler and the camel drivers were placed, and it floated out into the open air, and people passing by that night wondered and said, who could have broken a box of alabaster at that place by accident? Frankincense. That was what they put on the censers in the ancient temple and burned it. Frankincense. That means worship. Frankcense. That is what we shake out from our souls this day until the nostrils of Christ once crimsoned with the hemorrhage of the cross are filled with the perfume of a world's adoration. Frankincense. That is to fill all the homes and all the churches and all the nations and all the worlds. From deepest cellar of stalactite cave clear up to the silver rafters of the sunlit dome. Frankincense. Put it in the song, and the sermon, and the prayer. Frankincense. No wonder they brought it. No wonder they put it down at the feet of Christ. But do you know how these censers were employed, and how the frankincense was burned? Here is a metal pan, and here is the handle by which it is held. This metal pan is filled with living coals. On the top of it is put a perforated cover. The frankincense is brought to the temple in a square box. The frankincense is taken out and sprinkled over the coals, and then the perforated cover is put on, and they wait for the beginning of the service. When they are all ready all the covers are lifted from all the censers and the ancient temple was filled with the perfume. It floated up amid the arches, it dropped amid the altars. On the top of the temple it arose in a column to the throne of God. And so it is to-day. I have two censers. Here is the censer of earthly frankincense and here is the censer of heavenly frankincense. First of all, the censer of earthly frankincense. Come, people of God, and put on it your thanks—thanks for the mercies of the past year, thanks for the mercies of all the years—individual mercies, family mercies, national mercies. Bring on more censers! Then let the perfume float up to the throne of God. Allelnia, alleluia. Amen! But here is the other censer—the censer of Heavenly frankincense. Let all the redeemed bring their thanks and put them on this censer. Let the cherubim bring theirs, let the seraphim bring theirs, let the one hundred and forty and four thousand bring theirs, let all the eternities bring theirs, and then I take these two censers and I swing them before the throne of God and the Lamb, and then I clash them together in one great alleluia unto him to whom the wise men of the East brought their gold and myrrh and frankincense, in the star that they saw in the East went before them.

TEMPERANCE.

The Beer Glass.

This glass, so frequently seen upon the bar, By the youth who is tempted to venture so far, And which causes fond mothers to shed many a tear, Is filled to the brim with lager beer. Now the youth who toils and sets all day, And at sunset pay, receives his hard-earned spen Should never be tempted to it m d it for beer, Just because must akes him feel so queer. You such in your childhood shirk to sp a foe, And ever be ready appr eak the word No; When "co oached by a friend (?) to one ly me, take a drink," Just stop th short moment and solemn- of all ink. "Money is the root is one evil they say;" The glass day, branch which toils night and To destroy the young man's future good name, And lead him to crime, degradation and shame. Beware of the beer glass, young man!

—*Barnesville (Ohio) Republican.*

The Influence of the Saloon.

What would be thought of the medical administration which, in the time of a great epidemic, concerned itself chiefly in providing additional hospital accommodations, and paid no attention to the origin and mode of prevention of the prevailing disease? In the case of the saloon in society the facts are continually in evidence. Our police courts are mainly occupied with the petty offenses which spring directly or indirectly from drink. Through them drift the myriad wrecks which strew the path of progress. In them is exhibited, every day and all day, the extent, depth, paralyzing influence, of the saloon. It is bad enough in politics, but its social effects, especially among the poor, are as those of a pestilence. The cruder element of the community is brutalized and retarded in its growth by this influence. Another element, that of the physically or intellectually feeble (always considerable, and increasing with the growth of competitive pressure), is condemned to a wretched fate by the same instrumentality. The people who have not the energy of mind or body to form clear and practical purposes, or to put them in operation if formed, are the easiest victims of the saloon. As a rule they are sensitive, often morbidly so. They brood over their weakness and their failure. Naturally prone to depression, they become jaundiced and desponding. From that state of mind to the craving for any kind of stimulant the transition is natural and swift, and the saloon does the rest. There are thousands of families doomed to indigence, disappointment, misery, through life, that might have lived at least in decent poverty and with self-respect, but to-day are plunged in hopeless ruin by drink, and are sinking out of sight in the quicksand.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Saloon Going.

The saloon is going. Of the seventeen cities of Massachusetts which held election last week, thirteen voted "no license." Fall River, New Bedford, Haverhill, Gloucester, Springfield, Waltham, Northampton, Brockton and Cambridge, all of which voted for license last year, have this year joined the ranks of temperance cities. The liquor dealers of the State are greatly alarmed over the prospect and are holding secret meetings to advance their interests. Their Protective Association has issued a circular which says: "Immediate and active work is absolutely necessary by the liquor element of Massachusetts to fight the enemy." Speaking of the result of last week's election the *Boston Traveller* says: "It is not only in the highest degree gratifying, but it is decidedly significant of the growth of an anti-saloon sentiment and a conviction on the part of the people that prohibition can be made to prohibit. It will encourage the friends of temperance in the cities where elections are yet to be held to make a supreme effort to free the municipalities of Massachusetts srom the curse and power of the saloon."—*New York Observer.*

Moral Heroism.

A hereditary taint or natural craving for some stimulant is no reason to justify its indulgence; rather the contrary, as illustrated in a morbid desire to steal. The desire or inclination we may feel to take what does not belong to us is the best possible reason why we should be on our guard to resist the first impulse in that direction. Natural inclinations are often our worst enemies when they are allowed to dominate our lives. All our natural susceptibilities are to be watched and dreaded like so many lions in our path, or infectious diseases, to which our bodies are liable when we are unprotected, or willfully go where these diseases are prevalent. To have a holy horror for the poisonous effects of alcoholic beverages in the stomach is the best guarantee that we are secure from the allurements of the gilded saloon, and the fatal effects of alcoholic poison to carry us down to a drunkard's doom.—*Demorest.*

The Alternative.

We have seen that the progress of civilization brings men into more intimate relations, that closer contact quickens activity, that increased activity refines the nervous system, and that a highly nervous organization invites intemperance and at the same time renders its destructive results swifter and more fatal. Thus the very progress of civilization renders men the easier victims of intemperance. We have also seen that under regulation the liquor traffic increases much more rapidly than the population. The alternative, then, seems simple, clear, certain, that civilization must either destroy the liquor traffic or be destroyed by it.—*Our Country.*

Seventy-six per cent. of the total number of arrests in San Francisco are for drunkenness.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Venezuela has had a shower of blue and red hailstones.

Shark meat is openly sold in the Havana fish market, according to a correspondent in that city.

There is a blind boy in Brooklyn who takes dictation on a type writer faster than any known expert in the possession of good eyesight.

California intends to beat the cheap labor of Spain in raisin growing, by labor-saving machinery which will stem, grade, pack in boxes and fan the fruit by steam power, at one running.

The Invincible Armada, fitted out by Spain in 1588 against England, was the most formidable fleet ever seen up to that time. This armament consisted of 129 ships, 3,000 cannon and 30,000 men, with 34,000 additional land forces.

A well digger at Cave Spings, Mo., after digging down twenty feet, came upon a cave which had been explored for a quarter of a mile, and is said to be particularly interesting and beautiful on account of its abundant stalactites and stalagmites.

Soundings recently made in Crater Lake, Oregon, by Captain Dutton of the United States Geological Survey, show that it is the deepest body of fresh water on the continent. The lowest depth reached was 1,996 feet, and it is believed that the greatest depth has not yet been sounded.

There was no exact enumeration of the inhabitants at the beginning of the French and Indian War (1754) in the colonies, but Mr. Bancroft, the historian, estimates the number as follows: Massachusetts, 207,000; New Hampshire, 50,000; Connecticut, 136,000; Rhode Island, 40,000; New York, 96,000; Virginia, 284,000. The total number in the United States was 1,425,000 persons.

When Commodore Perry had fought the victorious battle on Lake Erie, and his eye saw at a glance that victory was secure, he wrote in pencil on the back of an old letter, resting the paper on his navy cap, the following dispatch to General Harrison: "We have met the enemy and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop. Yours, with great respect and esteem, O. H. Perry."

The most dangerous whirlpool on the New England coast is that near Deer Island Point, opposite Eastport, in Passamaquoddy Bay. At times, when the tide backs up against a strong wind, a great roaring is heard; the whirlpool, fully an acre in extent, swells up to the height of twenty feet, like a great hill of yeast; then, falling back, forms a deep, black, infernal-looking bowl. The fishermen in the neighborhood shun the whirlpool as they would the sulphurous pit.

Six Sons Dead by Violence.

Silas Case is a farmer living in Searcy County, Ark., in a rough log cabin situated in a gulch in the Boston Mountains, and surrounded by a clearing of many acres in extent, from which he has earned a living for his wife and nine children—seven sons and two daughters. All these children grew up, but only one son is living and only he and the two daughters are beneath the old roof-tree which sheltered them in infancy. For more than half a century Case has dwelt in this mountain retreat. The nearest neighbor is five miles distant. The nearest town is eighteen miles away. One strikes the railway after a journey of 160 miles through a virtual wilderness, the wild and rugged country being interspersed here and there with small settlements. Case himself is a splendid specimen of manhood. He is sixty-seven years old, but straight as an arrow, brave as a lion and strong as a giant. He is a dead shot with the rifle, and his cabin is stored with the skins of bears and deer which have fallen before his unerring aim. In the war with Mexico he led a company, and in the war of the rebellion he began as a private and ended as Captain on the side of the Union. After hostilities ceased he returned to his cabin, content to end life in isolation and solitude.

A strange fatality has attended his children. Two of his boys were killed by guerillas during the war. In 1880 the revenue officers raided a "moonshine" distillery in the Boston Mountains. The "moonshiners," though surprised, showed fight, and several were wounded, among them two of the Case boys. They succeeded in hiding in the underbush and thus escaped capture. One died from the effects of the wound five months after; the other died in Texas from the same cause a year later. In 1884, in a fight on Calf Creek, another of the boys was fatally stabbed, dying in a few days. Recently the father received word from Colorado City, Texas, that the son who accompanied his ill-fated brother to the State named had been shot and killed in a quarrel with a man on a ranch sixty miles beyond the town. Thus six have perished by violent means. The only surviving son is living quietly with his father. He has a violent temper, and only by shunning intercourse as much as possible with his fellowman can he hope to escape the fate which has overtaken his brothers.

Most Valuable Square Mile in the World.

The district under charge of the Metropolitan police of London, is no less than thirty miles in diameter, and embraces a superficial extent of about 700 square miles, while the city and its liberties only cover a single square mile.

But no other square mile in the world is the centre of business interests so important, or contains such a mass of valuable property in the shape of bullion, cash, and convertible securities. The area of the city is merely a mile; but there are about fifty miles of streets to be patrolled, and many of them during the daytime are crowded to excess, while after business hours they are relatively deserted.

Banks, warehouses, and offices are locked up, or left in the care of a solitary watchman or housekeeper. Nevertheless, even of a night some 50,000 souls are supposed to sleep in the city, which, after all, is considerably more than the population of many a flourishing provincial town. The metropolitan district has a population of some 4,000,000; and, including the business-men who come up from their suburban or country residences, it may be said to send all its adults into the city each working day.

In other words, there is a daily influx of about 1,000,000, chiefly of busy men. The rising tide of incessant traffic must be directed, especially where it comes in rushes or breaks into eddies, as at the great railway stations or on the bridges —about the banks, the Mansion House, or the Stock Exchange.

Where He Was Great.

Miss Duffy—"I hear that you are engaged to young Solder, the plumber."

Miss Puffy—"It is a fact, Jane."

"It always struck me that he was a cold, callous creature."

"Well, Jane, I confess that he does not do very much cooing, but on billing he cannot be surpassed."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A poplar tree was recently cut down near New Middletown, Ind., that measured twenty-seven feet in circumference. The tree made 12,000 shingles, 1,000 rails, 600 feet of lumber and twenty-five cords of stove wood.

Many Dakota farmers this year raised flax for fuel, a ton of flax being considered more valuable for heating purposes than ton of soft coal.

A single fact is worth a ship load of argument. This may well be applied to St. Jacobs Oil, which is more efficacious than all other liniments. Mr. John Gregg, a well-known citizen of Watsonville, California, found it to be indispensable as a cure for rheumatism. Price, fifty cents.

A LARGE and sound Missouri pumpkin, recently cut open, was found to be filled with thrifty vines and leaves. The seeds had sprouted and sent out vines, though there were no signs of decay, the meat being sound and sweet.

An ounce of discretion is better than a pound of knowledge. Why not spend twenty-five cents for a bottle of Red Star Cough Cure, and save a large doctor's bill?

A BIG wolf attacked a little eight-year-old girl as she was driving the cows to water, near Comstock, Minn.; but one of the cows charged the wolf, tossed it in the air, and then the farmer's dog came to the rescue, and the wolf fled.

Another Life Saved.

About two years ago a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physicians that he must die. They said his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new departure." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and took it according to directions. He began to improve at once. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to-day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his life.

THE United States Supreme Court decides that a criminal cannot be extradited for one offense and tried for another.

"Frailty, thy Name is Woman."

—*Hamlet.*

That she is frail, often in body,
"'Tis true, 'tis true 'tis a pity,
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best restorative tonic for physical frailty in women, or female weaknesses or derangements. By druggists. Price reduced to one dollar.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S dessert service of old Sevres—the finest in the world—is valued at $200,000.

We ought not to be too anxious to encourage untried innovation, in cases of doubtful improvement. For a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been before the public and passed through the severest test, and is pronounced the most reliable remedy for that disagreeable malady. Thousands of testimonials of its virtues. 50 cents per bottle. By druggists.

CONNECTICUT raised 11,725,000 pounds of tobacco in 1886 against 13,000,000 pounds in 1885.

Hints to Consumptives.

Consumptives should use food as nourishing as can be had, and in a shape that will best agree with the stomach and taste of the patient.

Out-door exercise is earnestly recommended If you are unable to take such exercise on horseback or on foot, that should furnish no excuse for shutting yourself in-doors, but you should take exercise in a carriage, or in some other way bring yourself in contact with the open air.

Medicines which cause expectoration must be avoided. For five hundred years physicians have tried to cure Consumption by using them, and have failed. Where there is great derangement of the secretions, with engorgement of air-cells, there is always profuse expectoration. Now Piso's Cure removes the engorgement and the derangement of the secretions, and consequently (and in this way only) diminishes the amount of matter expectorated. This medicine does not dry up a cough, but removes the cause of it.

When it is impossible from debility or other causes to exercise freely in the open air, apartments occupied by the patient should be so ventilated as to ensure the constant accession of fresh air in abundance.

The surface of the body should be sponged as often as every third day with tepid water and a little soft-soap. (This is preferable to any other.) After thoroughly drying, use friction with the hand moistened with oil, Cod-Liver or Olive is the best. This keeps the pores of the skin in a soft, pliable condition, which contributes materially to the unloading of waste matter from the system through this organ. You will please recollect we cure this disease by enabling the organs of the system to perform their functions in a normal way, or, in other words, we remove obstructions, while the recuperative powers of the system cure the disease.

We will here say a word in regard to a cough in the forming stage, where there is no constitutional or noticeable disease. A cough may or may not foreshadow serious evil; take it in its mildest form, to say the least, it is a nuisance, and should be abated.

A cough is unlike any other symptom of disease. It stands a conspirator, with threatening voice, menacing the health and existence of a vital organ. Its first approach is in whispers unintelligible, and at first too often unheeded, but in time it never fails to make itself understood—never fails to claim the attention of those on whom it calls.

If you have a cough without disease of the lungs or serious constitutional disturbance, so much the better, as a few doses of Piso's Cure will be all you may need, while if you are far advanced in Consumption, several bottles may be required to effect a permanent cure.

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Improve the good opportunities that are offered you and you will receive more money for your labor. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you, free, full information showing how you can make from $5 to $25 and upwards a day and live at home, wherever you may be located. You had better write to them at once. A number have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required; Hallett & Co. will start you. Both sexes; all ages. Grand success attends every worker. Send your address at once and see for yourself.

If you feel as though water was gathering around the heart (heart-dropsy) or have heart-rheumatism, palpitation of the heart with suffocation, sympathetic heart trouble—Dr. Kilmer's OCEAN-WEED regulates, corrects and cures.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. Send for book of cures.

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ROCHESTER, Aug. 31, 1886.

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