How to Escape Trouble.

We often receive letters from discontented people, who want to know "some good place to go to" where they can find every thing to suit them. The search after such a place is, of course, vain. It is doubtful if any one ever found contentment in looking after it in a change of locality. The fact is, a man must grapple with the circumstances which surround him, and "conquer a peace," or else go without it. Contentment depends on the state of the mind; and it is no use to try to run away from a discontented mind, because the mind always goes along. Men have sought to escape trouble in that way for ages, and have always failed. After all their changes of residence in search of contentment, they have one after another come to the same conclusion:

"Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind."

—N. Y. Ledger.

—The Corbin Deer Park, near Newport, N. H., was recently inclosed with a wire fence, and many partridges were found dead in consequence of striking the wires in their flight. The distance around the park is about thirty miles. In many places ledges and rocks have been removed by blasting and the ground leveled, in order that the fence might be built so near the ground that animals can not escape.

Helpless 40 Days

The great agony caused by rheumatism is indescribable, and the gratitude of those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla and are cured is often beyond expression. The following is from a well-known Wisconsin farmer, and is endorsed by the editors of the Neillsville, Wis., Times as entirely true:

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N. B. If you make up your mind to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to take any other.

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AN IMPERIAL WORD.

Come Stands at the Front and Rear Gates of the Bible.

It Beckons, It Prays, It Weeps and It Destroys—Sermon By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

Dr. Talmage chose the following text for his sermon last Sunday: "Come." Gen. vi., 18. "Come." Rev. xvii, 17.

Imperial, tender and all-persuasive is this word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times it is found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible, as in my first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's Ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible, as in my second text, inviting the postdiluvians into the ark of a Saviour's mercy.

"Come," is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its scepter. It is an ocean into which empties ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons. All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of the church and from the seraglios of sin, from the gates of Heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accrescent of all power. It is the heiress of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the Heavens will be heard in its cadences, or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and profligate. It is the mightiest of solitants either for good or bad.

To-day I weigh anchor and haul in the planks, and set sail on that great word, although I am sure I will not be able to reach the further shore. I will let down the fathoming line into this sea and try to measure its depths, and, though I tie together all the cables and cordage I have on board, I will not be able to touch bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word—"Come." The dictatorial and commandatory in religion is of no avail. The imperative mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people savingly impressed. They may be coaxed, but they can not be driven. Our hearts are like our homes; at a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our door would land the assailant in prison. Our theological seminaries, which keep young men three years in their curriculum before launching them into the ministry, will do well if in so short a time they can teach the candidates for the holy office how to say with right emphasis and intonation and power that one word—"Come!" That man who has such efficiency in Christian work, and that woman who has such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right, went through a series of losses, bereavements, persecutions and the trials of twenty or thirty years before they could make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "Come."

You must remember that in many cases our "Come" has a mightier "Come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics, of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census, or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "Come." "Come and click wine-glasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gaming table." "Come enter with me this doubtful speculation!" "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay bout through underground New York." If in this city there are 20,000 who are down in moral character, then 20,000 fell under the power of the word "come." I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said: "Give me back my husband." And the barkeeper pointing to a maudlin and battered man drowsing in the corner of the bar room, said: "There he is. Jim wake up; here's your wife come for you." And the woman said: Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow? Is that the clear eye? Is that the noble heart that I married? What vile drug have you give him that you have turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off of him. Uncoil those serpent folds of evil habits that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim was he, as millions of others have been, of the word "Come!"

Now we want all the world over to harness this word for good as others have harnessed it for evil, and it will draw the five continents and the seas between them; yea, it will draw the whole world back to the God from whom it has wandered. It is that wooing and persuasive word that will lead men to give up their sins. Was skepticism ever brought into love of truth by an ebullition of hot words against infidelity? Was ever the blasphemer stopped in his oaths by denunciation of blasphemy? Was ever a drunkard weaned from his cups by the temperance lecturer's mimicry of staggering step or hiccough? No. It was: "Come with me to church to-day and hear our singing;" "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you will be sure to admire;" "Come with me into associations that are cheerful and good and inspiring;" "Come with me into joy such as you never before experienced."

With that word which has done so much for others I approach you to-day. Are you all right with God? "No," you say. "I think not; I am sometimes alarmed when I think of Him; I fear I will not be ready to meet Him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come, then, and have it made right. Through the Christ who died to save you, Come! What is the use in waiting? The longer you wait the further off you are and the deeper you are down. Strike out for Heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the Princess Alice with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was an awful sacrifice of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat, and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out: "Oh, that I had a bigger boat!" Thank God I am not thus limited, and that I can promise room for all in this Gospel boat. Get in; get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of pardoning God. Room in Heaven.

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggles of life I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in this world—the prosperities or the adversities, the conspicuities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others the envies and jealousies are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction.

Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success: one reaches it and the other 499 are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success! The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp full of annoying insects. On the other hand, the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who has nothing to start with, and after awhile for a family as well, and carry this on until the children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business and the uncertainty of crops and the fickleness of tariff legislation with an occasional labor strike and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unhonored. What we all need, whether up or down in life or half-way between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word—"Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources give out, and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with needle and saw, or axe, or yardstick, or pen, or type, or shovel, or shoe-last, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency, no one need be left in the lurch.

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury Lane, London, in an humble home where every particle of food had been given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies and found a kettle on the fire ready for the tea. The benevolent lady said: "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had none in the house?" And the daughter in the home said: "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said 'what is the use of doing so when we have nothing in the house?' she said 'my child, God will provide; thirty years He has already provided for me, through all my pain and helplessness, and He will not leave me to starve at last. He will send us help, though we do not yet see how.' We have been waiting all the day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things the world may call coincidences, but I call them Almighty deliverances, and, though you do not hear of them, they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of Christendom.

But the word "Come," applied to those who need solace, will amount to nothing unless it be uttered by some one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility of giving this Gospel call among a great many. Those who have lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health.

Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother, or companion, or child, or friend. What multitudes of us to-day are alive and in good health and buoyant in this journey of life, who would have been broken down or dead long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say: "Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug, or the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experience, and say "Come!"

What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to condole! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in the snow-storm on a prairie of the far West. Night coming on and after he was almost frantic, not knowing which way to go his sleigh struck the rut of another sleigh and he said: "I will follow this rut and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses, but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost, and, as is the tendency of those who are confused in the forest or on the moors, they are both moving in a circle and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peering through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round, for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out, or be strong enough to lead others with an all-persuasive invitation.

"But," says some one, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'come' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for six thousand years, sometimes through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets, and at last through the culmination of all tragedies on Golgotha, can any one think that God will not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son, and lay out parks white with statues, and green with foliage, and all a-sparkle with fountains, and then not allow his son to live in the house, or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of Gospel mercy and will He then refuse entrance to His children? Will a Government at great expense build life-saving stations all along the coast and boats that can hover unhurt like a petrel over the wildest surge, and then when the life-boat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing not allow the drowning to seize the life-line or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the cost of His only Son's assassination escape for a sinking world, and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

"But," you say. There are so many things I have to believe and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt, that I am kept back." No! no! You need believe but two things—namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners and that you are one of them. "But you say, "I do believe both of those things." Do you really believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed from death into life. Why, then you are a son or a daughter of the lord Almighty. Why, then, you are an heir or an heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah! Prince of God Why do you not come and take your coronet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet hard down and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages. I challenge the universe for one instance in which a man in the right spirit appealed for the salvation of the Gospel and did not get it. Man alive! Are you going to let all the years of your life go away with you without your having this great peace, this glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you going to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at your feet because you are too indolent or too proud to stoop down and pick it up? Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackle? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a Gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No: no! As the one word, "Come," has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then send down in an avalanche of power many of these Gospel "Comes." "Come thou and all thy house into the ark;" "Come unto me all you who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" "Come, for all things are now ready;" "Come with us and we will do you good;" "Come and see;" "The Spirit and the bride say, 'Come,' and let him that heareth say, 'Come,' and let him that is athirst come." The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells, well tuned and rightfully lifted and skillfully swung, in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent, or Copenhagen can forget them. Now, it seems to me that in this sabbath hour all Heaven is chiming and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky saying "Come!" Yea; all the towers of Heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of Apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming, "Come, Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chiming, "Come!" Pardon for all, and peace for all, and Heaven for all who will come.

When Russia was in one of her great wars, the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting: "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked: "Who says 'Peace?'" And the sick soldier turned on the hospital mattress and asked: "Who says 'Peace?'" And all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question "Who says 'Peace?'" Then the messenger responded: "The Czar says 'Peace.'" That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches. So to-day, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry: "Peace between earth and Heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and pardoning Lord!"

AN AUTHOR'S CHILD.

How Mrs. Muloch Craik Found a Daughter on a Country Road.

Every woman in the land has bowed down before "John Halifax, Gentleman;" but how many know much of the life of the woman whose brain-child he was? There is in it a little romance that I am sure many will like to read. Married to a gentleman who was a cripple, Mrs. Muloch Craik lived an idyllic life at a beautiful country home, a few miles from a county town. She heard one day, quite incidentally, that a baby had been found on a stone at the crossroads, that it had been taken to the Town Hall, and that all the gentry about were going to look at it, because it was such a sweet, little child. So, following the example of her neighbors, she went too. Looking up into the sweet, sympathetic face of the famed authoress, the little baby smiled and put out its wee hands.

Dinah Muloch Craik could not resist this, and so she determined to take the child for her very own. Quickly it was wrapped up, and it became her baby. Devoted to it, she was yet determined as it grew older it should never have its heart hurt by being told the story of its birth and adoption; so, as soon as the little girl was able to understand, it was lovingly whispered to her that she had been found on the large stone which stood in the center of the Hall, and which always was decorated with flowers, and that God had put her there that her mother might find her. As soon as she grew old enough, it became her daily duty to cut the flowers and arrange them to make beautiful this great rock that had been dug up from the cross-roads and brought there. To her it represented the place where the hands of the angels had rested when they laid her down. Curiously enough, the child became very proud of the way in which she had reached the dear mother who cared for her as lovingly and as tenderly as if she were really of her own flesh and blood. Her birthday was the day on which she was found, and when the tenth one came around and a child's party was given her, and was heard asking one little girl: "How old are you?" The other one answered: "I was born nine years ago." "Oh!" answered the baby, "you were born like other children, but I am better than that; I was found just where God had placed me." The childish pride was as amusing as it was pathetic.

The years have gone by, the eyes of the good mother are closed forever to the sights of this world; but the child she cared for lives in the great town of London, and remembers; and when the mother of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and of this girl stands before Almighty God, don't you think that He will say—"As ye have done it unto the least of these, so will I unto you."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Sermons by Telephone.

The attempt made at Christ Church, Birmingham, England, to transmit the church service by telephone to London, Manchester and other distant points has been attended by very fair success. Some of the difficulties which have to be overcome before the people can listen in comfort at their own fireside to the voice of their favorite minister may be gathered from the following description of the experiment by one who took part in it: "When the morning service commenced there was what appeared to be an unseemly clamor to hear the services. The opening prayer was interrupted by cries of 'Hello there!' 'Are you there?' 'Put me on to Christ Church.' 'No, I don't want the church,' etc. But presently quiet obtained, and by the time the psalms were reached we got almost unbroken connection, and could follow the course of the services. We could hear little of the prayers—probably from the fact that the officiating minister was not within voice-reach of the transmitter. The organ had a faint, far-away sound, but the singing and the sermon were a distinct success."—Chicago News.

—The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows.—Talleyrand.

TAXATION IN KENTUCKY.

The Constitutional Convention Decides to Exempt Property

Devoted to Religious Purposes, and Manufacturing Establishments for Five Years.

On the 12th the Convention had up for discussion the following section:

"Sec. 2.—There shall be exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity, and all laws exempting property from taxation, others than the property above mentioned, shall be void. Provided, that household goods and other personal property of the poor, not to exceed two hundred and fifty dollars in value, may be exempted from taxation by general laws."

Shortly after commencing in the morning, Judge De Haven moved that the convention resolve into Committee of the Whole to consider the amendments submitted by Mr. Spalding, leaving the entire question of taxation to the Legislature.

In the debate that folowed pro and con by several speakers on this proposition, the Convention practically decided that it preferred to settle the taxation question to its own satisfaction, rather than leave the knotty problem to the perverse and untrustworthy gentlemen who, the delegates believe, compose the average Legislature.

The morning session of the Convention on the 13th was spent in consideration of the report on revenue and taxation. Early in the session a motion to consider the report section by section was adopted.

Mr. Bennett, of Greenup, in his speech favored taxation of all church and school property, and in urging his views denounced the church in the severest terms. He was particularly violent in his attack upon the Catholic Church. He is a non-religionist, and argued that ministers of the Gospel were guilty of gross immoralities, and the church was but a cloak to hide the rascals in.

No test vote has yet been taken, and it is not probable that one will be taken soon.

Section 2, of the report of the Committee on Revenue and Taxation, relative to exemptions, was variously amended on the 14th in Committee of the Whole, at Frankfort, and then adopted. In effect, the section brings several important items of property within the tax limits and the wording follows closely that of the corresponding section in the Pennsylvania constitution. The final consideration will begin in the convention to-morrow.

The second section of the report on revenue and taxation, as adopted, exempts from taxation actual places of religious worship, parsonages and houses of priests, growing crops and personal property to the amount of $250. It also authorizes the Legislature to pass laws giving cities and towns right to exempt manufacturing establishments for a period of five years. By the adoption of this section it is estimated that the assessable property of the State is increased in the neighborhood of $30,000,000.

General debate was indulged in on the residue of the report on the 15th. There promises to be a strong fight over the section of the report which forbids loaning the aid or credit of the State, or of any county or town, or voting a tax for the benefit of any railroad or other corporation. It is urged that if this is adopted it will cripple the development now going on in Eastern Kentucky, and where railroads are particularly desired. Mr. Hickner, of Clark, spoke to his amendment eliminating the provision from the report. Mr. Bicknum, of Shelby; Mr. Hendrick, of Fleming, and others spoke against it.

Dr. Clardy, of Christian, on the 16th, sent up a petition from his constituency, in which they ask that the report on revision be so changed that it shall require only one ratification by the people to amend the constitution.

The report on revenue and taxation was taken up, and Mr. De Haven, of Oldham, offered a substitute for the sixth section, which provided that municipal property should be taxed for State purposes.

The convention adjourned at 1 o'clock.

The convention, upon reassembling at three o'clock, took up the report on revenue and taxation. The twelfth section as reported prohibited the State or any county, city or political subdivision from becoming a party in or loaning its aid or credit to or imposing any tax for the benefit of any corporation.

Senator Goebel offered an amendment providing that counties and cities and towns may vote credit for the purposes of building bridges. Mr. Goebel made a strong speech in support of his amendment, which was inspired by the recent troubles over the Covington bridge, and which will allow Kenton County, or the city of Covington, to vote an appropriation or tax to build a bridge in competition to the one named. Several opposing speeches were made, but the amendment was adopted.

One introduced by Mr. Applegate, of Pendleton, providing for taxes for the benefit of turnpike corporations, was also adopted.

The section which will do away with the right of any county to vote tax for the purpose of aiding railroad construction was debated at length.

The Convention on the 18th concluded consideration of the report on revenue and taxation, which has been debated for the last nine days. A strong effort was made in the progress of the work on the report to abolish poll-taxes, and forbid them being levied for State, county or municipal purposes, but all propositions to that end were defeated.

At the close of the day's proceedings Governor Buckner offered an amendment, which was in the way of an additional section. Its purport was to tax all municipal property, and again precipitated a fight between the cities and the country. His section was defeated by a decisive vote.

The sections adopted read as follows:

SECTION 13. The General Assembly shall authorize the counties to levy a poll-tax not exceeding two dollars per head. Every act passed by the General Assembly, and every resolution or ordinance passed by any county, city, town or municipal board or local legislative body, levying a tax, shall specify distinctly the purpose for which said tax is levied, and no tax levied and collected for one purpose shall ever be devoted to another purpose.

SEC. 14. The General Assembly shall not impose taxes for the purpose of any county, city, town or other municipal corporation, but may by general laws vest in the corporate authorities thereof respectively the power to assess and collect taxes for all purposes of said corporation.

SEC. 15. The General Assembly may, by general laws only, provide for the payment of license fees for the various trades, occupations and professions, and may by general laws delegate the power to counties, cities, towns, and other municipal corporations, to impose and collect license fees on trades, occupations and professions; but no double taxation shall be imposed except as provided in this section.

A proposition is being seriously considered, and is developing into a strong probability, which is that, in view of the discontent of the people and their disapprobation of the work so far completed, the old constitution be amended by an open clause, the secret official ballot, a prohibition of local and private legislation, and then adjourning

ENTERTAINING TRIFLES.

A MAN in Missouri sues for divorce from his wife because she would not go anywhere with him, but insisted on his remaining at home to take care of things.

A DEFENDANT in a New York court confessed that he was the "most notorious liar in the world. I can't help it. I would rather tell a lie than not."

AN Atchison woman recently fell in love with and married a widower, for no other reason, she says, than that he took such good care of his first wife's grave.

MRS. J. A. McDONALD, of Traverse City, Mich., made her husband a Christmas present a little too realistic to allow of his ever forgetting it. She presented him with triplets, two girls and one boy, each a screaming success.

ONE day in October, just when a New Jersey fisherman had broken his last hook, a school of fish passed along which he estimated to be twenty miles long and two broad, and packed so closely that they crowded each other out of water.

A PIG belonging to Dick Walker, of Jesup, Ga., had the misfortune to meet with an accident which caused the loss of a leg. The humane and ingenious Dick constructed a cork leg for the missing member, and the pig limps contentedly around on it.

JOHN MARKS, an operative in a Newark foundry, was caught on a shaft and whirled around it 8,247 times before any one saw him and had the engine stopped. John did the counting himself and says it's right, though he was somewhat rattled by the speed.

SOMETHING happened at Belle Plains, Kan., the other day which never occurred before and never will again. A woman in that town gave a tramp an old vest, and in a short time he returned and handed her a ten-dollar bill which he found in one of the pockets.

FOUGHT WITH NAPOLEON.

An Old Monk Who Was Once a Soldier of France.

The Trappist Monastery, situated in Kentucky, is the home of those monks upon whom the injunction of perpetual silence is placed. The stories that sift through to the outside world, with more or less romantic detail, concerning the individual monks of La Trappe, are many. There is one told of a brother at Gethsemane, which is old, but full of dramatic suggestion. He was a soldier of Napoleon, so it was said, and after the Emperor's first abdication took the cowl of the "Brown Brothers," and ultimately came to Gethsemane. Forty years he lived in silence, hearing nothing of the world's history, but with one item of curiosity left unquenched. When he came to die and was lifted from his hard couch and laid upon the harder floor, strewn with straw, when all followers of the order must meet extremes, the Abbot, as is customary told him he was at liberty to ask any question he desired. "What became of the Emperor?" the old man asked promptly, and then for the first time learned Napoleon's fate, long years after that restless clay had become dust.—Chicago Journal.

—The summer young man has disappeared for a year, and his sash, gaudy shirt and chip hat are buried with the memories of humidity beneath the autumn leaves. But the winter young man is here with all his mad incongruity of attire. The besetting difficulty of his life seems to lie in his inability to acquire a complete outfit. He parades Fifth avenue on Sunday with a pair of beautiful $20 seal-skin gloves, but he has no overcoat to keep the cold away from his attenuated legs, and his boots are shabby and old. Or if he has the overcoat, his hat is out of keeping. Once in a while he appears in a magnificent fur over-coat, with the seams looking bleak and bare. There is always some preciously or gorgeous bit of apparel, but he never seems to rise to the possession of a complete outfit.—N. Y. Sun.

—Here is a true tale of business life in New York. Once upon a time a young man got employment as a clerk in the establishment of a prosperous merchant, who paid him fairly for faithful services and treated him well according to his worth, so that his mind was contented as time sped along. In the course of years, and in the vicissitudes of fortune, the merchant failed, went out of business, and fell into poverty. In the mean while the clerk, who was of a frugal turn of mind, had saved enough of his income to begin business, whereupon he set up his establishment, took as a clerk the man who had once been his employer, paid him fairly for faithful service, and treated him well, so that both are now contented as time speeds along.—N. Y. Sun.

—Marshal Villars, when about leaving Versailles to take command of the army in Flanders, said to the King: "I leave your Majesty in the midst of my enemies, while I go to combat yours."

—Spearing salmon in Rogue river, Oregon, has furnished rather tame sport to numbers during the past season. Many ranchers are feeding them to their stock hogs.

—Trivyet—I don't see what you want to study anatomy for, Dicer. Dicer—Merely to get at the inside facts.—Inter Ocean.

An Ever-Ready Ticket.

Thousand Mile Books at 2 cents per mile. Good to a Thousand Points. Thousand mile books will be sold by the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. on and after January 20, 1891, at the rate of $20, and will be accepted on all divisions of the C., H. & D. and fifteen other roads, reaching a thousand or more points. The purchase of one of these mileage books assures the passenger not only cheap riding but an ever-ready ticket. They will be good for passage between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Toledo, Buffalo, Salamanca, Ft. Wayne, Peoria, Ann Arbor, Cadillac (Mich.) and innumerable other points. The following roads will accept them between all stations: Buffalo & Southwestern, Chicago & Erie and N. Y., P. & O. Divisions of the Erie R'y, Dayton & Union; Dayton, Ft. Wayne & Chicago, Flint & Pere Marquette, Ft. Wayne, Cincinnati & Louisville, Grand Trunk between Detroit and Buffalo, Indianapolis, Decatur & Western, Lake Erie & Western, Louisville, New Albany & Chicago, Terre Haute & Peoria, Toledo, Ann Arbor and Northern Michigan, Wheeling & Lake Erie and Vandalia Line for continuous passage between Cincinnati and St. Louis.

IN THE CAR.—She (sitting down, though)—"I do so hate to discommode a gentleman." He—"O, you are doing nothing of the kind, madam, I assure you."—Indianapolis Journal.

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

"HAVE you any thing to say, prisoner?" asked the Judge. "No your honor, except that it takes very little to please me."—Philadelphia Times.

You wear out clothes on a wash board *ten times* as much as on the body. *How foolish.* Buy Dobbins' Electric Soap of your grocer and save this useless wear. Made ever since 1864. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

WHEN are Brooklyn people like violin strings? When they cross the bridge.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HAVE no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

"CAN'T you stay for dinner, Mary?" Aunt Mattie said. "No, ma'am. Ma said not, 'less you insisted." She insisted.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 20.			
LIVESTOCK—Cattle—Common	$1 25	@	3 00
Choice Butchers	3 50	@	4 25
HOGS—Common	3 00	@	3 55
Good packers	3 75	@	3 85
SHEEP—Good to choice	4 30	@	5 25
LAMBS—Good Shippers	5 25	@	5 75
FLOUR—Family	3 75	@	4 10
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red		@	98
No. 3 red	95	@	96
Corn—No. 2 mixed		@	52
Oats—No. 2 mixed		@	47
Rye—No. 2	75	@	76
HAY—Prime to choice	10 00	@	10 50
TOBACCO—Medium leaf	10 50	@	14 75
Good leaf	15 00	@	19 00
POVISIONS—Mess pork	10 25	@	10 37½
Lard, prime steam	5 75	@	5 80
BUTTER—Choice dairy	18	@	20
Prime to choice creamery	29	@	30
APPLES—Prime, per bbl	4 00	@	4 50
POTATOES—New, per bbl	3 25	@	3 50
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—Fair to Fancy	3 90	@	5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	99¾	@	1 00
No. 3 red		@	1 05
Corn—No. 2 mixed, new	59	@	60½
Oats—Mixed	49	@	50
PORK—New mess	11 50	@	12 00
LARD—Western steam		@	6 12½
CHICAGO.			
FLOUR—Winter patents	4 60	@	5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	90¼	@	92
No. 2 Chicago spring		@	87½
Corn—No. 2	47¾	@	48½
Oats—No. 2	42¼	@	42½
PORK—Mess	10 12½	@	10 15
LARD—Steam		@	5 72½
BALTIMORE.			
FLOUR—Family	3 60	@	3 85
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2		@	97½
Corn—Mixed		@	58½
Oats—Mixed	49	@	50
LARD—Refined		@	7 50
PORK—Mess	11 50	@	12 00
CATTLE—First quality	4 37	@	4 50
HOGS	5 00	@	5 25
INDIANAPOLIS.			
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red		@	95½
CORN—No. 2		@	48
OATS—No. 2		@	45½
LOUISVILLE.			
FLOUR—Family	4 25	@	5 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red		@	94
CORN—Mixed		@	53
OATS—Mixed		@	47
PORK—Mess		@	11 00
LARD—Steam		@	7 25

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer $100 for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"WHAT have you been doing for the last year?" asked one seedy looking man as he stopped another on the street. "Time," was the laconic reply.—Washington Post.

Confinement and Hard Work

Indoors, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much needful exercise in the open air. They often need a tonic. Where can they seek invigoration more certainly and agreeably than from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic ailments.

BOSSING is cheap nowadays. Any one who can employ a typewriter can be a dictator.—Binghamton Republican.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Like all really good things, they are imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

THERE are better things in this world than money, but it takes money to buy them.—Indianapolis Journal.

It is no longer necessary to take blue pills to rouse the liver to action. Carter's Little Liver Pills are much better. Don't forget this.

CHAPPIE—"How did you get hurt, deah boy?" Cholly—"A shadow fell on me."—Punch.

PEOPLE Are Killed by Coughs that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar would cure. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE girl who wears "shoes like gunboats" should be a fleet-footed creature.

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

"PAPA, can dogs tell time?" "A watchdog can, possibly."—Yale Record.

A *peculiar* fact with reference to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is, that, unlike sarsaparillas and other blood medicines, which are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May, the "Discovery" works equally well *all the year round*, and in all cases of blood-taints or humors, no matter what their name or nature.

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold through druggists.

Why? Because it's sold on a *peculiar plan*, and you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

"Golden Medical Discovery" is a concentrated vegetable extract, put up in large bottles; contains no alcohol to inebriate, no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; is pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children.

The "Discovery" cures all Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, as Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

THE POINT.

"A 1" From a Catholic Archbishop down to the Poorest of the Poor all testify, not only to the virtues of ST. JACOBS OIL, The Great Remedy For Pain, but to its superiority over all other remedies, expressed thus:

It Cures Promptly, Permanently; which means strictly, that the pain-stricken seek a prompt relief with no return of the pain, and this, they say, St. Jacobs Oil will give. This is its excellence.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

Much mischief is done in the treatment of constipation. The common opinion is that all requirements are fulfilled if the medicine forces unloading of the bowels. A great error. Medicine simply purgative, corrects no morbid condition, consequently their use is followed by greater costiveness. A remedy, to be effectual and permanent, must be composed of tonic, alterative, corrective and cathartic properties. These are admirably combined in Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills. They will, in a short time, cure all the sufferings that result from inactive bowels. They give tone to the intestines, stimulate the secretions, and correct imperfect functional action of the stomach and liver.

Tutt's Liver Pills
NEVER DISAPPOINT.
Price, 25c. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

$500 REWARD
will be paid to the agent of any scale company who will say over his own name as agent, that the Jones
5 TON WAGON SCALE, $60
is not equal to any made, and a standard reliable scale. For particulars, address only
Jones of Binghamton, Binghamton, N.Y.

Is Your Child Sick.

S. S. S. gives strength, health and vigor to weak and delicate children.

NEVER WITHOUT IT.

About three years ago my little boy three years old was confined to his bed with what the doctors pronounced inflammatory rheumatism in his left leg. He complained of severe pains all the time, extending to his hips. I tried several remedies but they did him no good. A neighbor whose little son had been afflicted the same way, recommended S. S. S. After taking two bottles my little boy was completely cured, and has been walking one and a quarter miles to school every day since. I keep S. S. S. in my house all the time, and would not be without it. S. J. CHESHIRE, Easton, Ga.

It is perfectly harmless, yet so powerful as to cleanse the system of all impurities.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!
BEARS THIS MARK.

BE UP TO THE MARK

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

This Picture, Panel size, mailed for 4 cents.
J. F. SMITH & CO.,
Makers of "Bile Beans,"
255 & 257 Greenwich St., N. Y. City.

CURE Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Malaria.
BILE BEANS.

—ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures
CATARRH
Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head.
Apply into the Nostrils.——It is Quickly Absorbed.
50c. Druggists or by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.