People of All Races and Climes Are Invited to Drink of the Water of Life.

None Are Too Poor or Too Miserable to Be Welcomed.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Special.-Dr. Talmage preached here to the immense multitude who have come to attend the New York and Pennsylvania exposition, which is being held here Sept. 1 to Sept. 9. It is a combined exposition of cattle, sheep, horses and valuable stock of all kinds from the two states. The sermon was preached on the fair grounds to a great audience of farmers, horsemen, drovers and stock raisers from near and far, as well as citizens from the adjacent cities. Secretary Stanley, of the Young Men's Christian Association of Elmira, presided. Dr. Talmage's text was Genesis 29-8: "And they said, we cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

There are some reasons why it is appropriate that I should accept the invitation to preach at this great inter-state fair, and to these throngs of countrymen and citizens. It is appropriate that I come because I was a farmer's boy, and never saw a city until I was nearly grown, and having been born in the country I never got over it, and would not dwell in cities a day if my work was not appointed there. YOU OLD FARMER OUT THERE! How you make methink of my father! You elderly woman out there with cap and spectacles! How you make me think of my mother! And now while the air is filled with the bleating of sheep, and the neighing of horses and more appropriate text than the one I read. It is a scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields round about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear the bleating coming on the bright air, and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile, Jacob, a stranger, on the interestingerrand of looking for a wife, herdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is: "Jacob kissed Rachael, and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about. But before that scene occurred, Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they post poned the slacking of the thirst of these sheep, and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all Besides that, this stone well's mouth is somewhat heavy and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth, then we water

OH, THIS IS A THIRSTY WORLD! Hot for the head and blistering for the feet and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draught. We wan-der around and find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drouth has dried up the world's fountains, but nearly 19 centuries ago a shepherd with a crook in the shape of a cross and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright and opalescent, and looked to the north and the south and the east and the west, and cried out, with a voice strong and musical, that rangthrough the ages: "Ho, every one that thirst-

Now a great flock of sheep today gather around this gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather—why so many stay thirsty; and while I am wondering about it my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying: "We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

If a herd of swine come to a well

they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well they hook each other back from the water, but when the flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating.

THEY COME TOGETHER PEACEFULLY. We want a great multitude to come around the gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd— they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are opressed for room in church it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. Not so did these Oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came, the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the high-ways and hedges compet them to some in hedges compet them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so torn of the s, some so sick, none so worried,

ne so dying, as to be omitted. You notice that this well of Mesopo a had a stone on it, which must maked before the sheep could stored; and 1 find.

os nus west or salvation of impeliments and obstacles, and he removed in order that the salvation of the the salvation of the

come with so many others. It is to you like when you are dry, coming to a town pump, as compared to sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but it must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish Ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Raehael, and to be drinking out of the fountain where ten thousand sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "O Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet; give me the water of life: I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's

Heart of stone, relent, relent. Touched by Jesus' cross subdued; See his body, mangled, rent, Covered with a gore of blood. Sinful soul, what hast thou done?

Crucified the eternal Son.

Jacob with a good deal of tug and push took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances to your

GETTING UP TO THE GOSPEL WELL. Yea, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now, like Oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the

Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures; but works of art did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author, who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said: "At 4 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile, I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book till the clock struck 4, when he folded up his manuscript, and, by his own hand, concluded his the lowing of cattle, I cannot find a earthly life. There are men here who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy today, to be un happy forever, unless you come to this Gospel-well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Croesus, and of all the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you today. In the far East, there was a king who used once a year to get on the scales, while on the other side of the scales were placed gold and silver and gems; indeed. enough were placed there to balance the king; then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ today steps on one side of the

scales, and on the other side are all

eternity: all are yours.' COME, ALSO, TO THIS GOSPEL WELL, All ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at 15 years of age with that what your view of it is at 40, or 60. or 70. What a great contrast of opinion! Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands, the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A cup of joy a cup of grief. Which has been the earest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently par-taken? What a different place the cemetery is from what it used to be. Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and you ran laughingly up the mound, and you criticised in a light way the epitaph. But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate as you went in with the procession, it is a sad place, and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and overmaster the heart. Oh, you have had trouble, trouble, trouble. God only knows how much you have had. It is a wonder you have been able to live through it. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shattered, and your brain has not reeled. Trouble, trouble. If I could gather all the griefs, of all sorts, from this great audience, and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? 'No," you say, as a Christian man. "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say. "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless real metals."

Well then what do you want. A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "COMFORT, GIVE US COMFORT." For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the gospel. Oh, what a great flock of sheep God will gather around the celestial well. No stone on the well's mouth, while the Shepherd waters the sheep. Then Jacob will recognize Rachael, the shep-herdess. And standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture, your children; and standing on the other side of the well of eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry; you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has been permitted to experience it. Out of that one deep well of heaven, the Shepherd will dip reunion for the be-reaved, wealth for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end we will praise the Lord that on this first autumnal Sabbath of 1891 we were permitted to study among the bleating flocks and lowing herds of this fair ground the story of Jacob and Rachael; the shepherdess at the well of Mesopotania. Oh, plunge your buckets into this great gospal well and let them come up dauping with that takes of

them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears, I couldn't do it."

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

INTERESTING READING

Darling Little Dunce-The Coyote and the Crows--Fight With a Big Kittle--What to Do With a Bad Temper--An Author's Pot Pourri.

A Darling Little Dunce. She did not look at all like a dunce as she sat on the lowest step of the new house that the workmen were finshing inside.

I wondered whose home it might be, and I fancied that the little girl might

know. "Can you tell me who is building

this house?" I asked. "Oh, my papa," she said looking up nto my eyes with the bluest eyes

ever saw. "And who is your papa?" I asked. "Why, he's papa!" she said, with

oving emphasis. "Yes, but what is your papa's name?"

"His name is papa." "But what do other people call him? I urged. "They say Mr.—what?" "I-don't-know," a little cloud

coming over her sunny face. "Can't you recollect what strangers call your papa, gentlemen who ask if he is at home? Don't they ever ask

"Oh, yes; they say, 'Is your papa at home? 'Well, what is your name?" I asked, thinking I might find out what I wanted to know.

"Celeste," was the answer. "Celeste what?"

"Celeste Rosabel Marguerite. That is enough, isn't it? Mamma says I baye almost as many names as a prin-Just as I was turning away, a girl

of about eight years ran out from the nouse opposite. "There's Bessie! P'r'aps, she'll

know. Bessie! Bes-sie!" called the little one at my side. And Bessie came. "Bessie, what's papa's other name

'sides papa?" "Why, Mr. Griffith, of course! What a little dunce you are!"

"Am I a dunce?" and the blue eyes looked up tearfully.
"You are a darling," I whispered, taking the sweet upturned face be-

ween my hands and kissing it. Then the blue eyes smiled again, and the dimples danced back to their places, and I continued my way down own.-Youth's Companion.

The Coyote and the Crows.

Once on a time many crows lived in the edge of some woods. A little out into the plain stood a very large tree with much sand under it. One day acovote was passing, and heard the crows singing and dancing under this tree, and came up to watch them. They were dancing in a circle, and each crow had upon his back a large

the treasures of the universe, and he says: "All are yours—all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all "Crow-friends, what are you doing?" asked the coyote, who was much in-

"Oh, we are dancing with our mothers," said the crows.

"How pretty! And will you let dance, too?" asked the coyote of the too-whit-lah-widdeh crow, [captain of

"Oh, yes," replied the crow. "Go and put your mother in a bag, and come to the dance."

The coyote went running home. There his old mother was sitting in the corner of the fireplace. The stupid coyote picked up a stick and struck her on the head, and put her in a bag, and hurried back to the dance with her.

The crows were dancing merrily, and singing: "Ai mana. Mama! you are shaking, you are shaking!"—The coyote joined the dance, with the bag on his back, and sang as

the crows did: "Ai nana, que-ee-rah, que-ee-rah." Ai nana is an exclamation always used by mourners.

But at last the crows burst out aughing, and said, "What do you bring in your bag?"
"My mother, as you told me," re-

plied the coyote, showing them.
Then the crows emptied their bags, which were filled with nothing but sand, and flew up into the tree, laugh-

The coyote then saw that they had played him a trick, and started home, crying "Ai nana!" When he got home he took his mother from the bag and tried to set her up in the chimney-corner, always crying, "Ai nana, why don't you sit up as before?" But she could not, for she was dead. When he found that she could not sit up any more, he vowed to follow the crows and eat them and eat them all the rest of his life; and from that day to this he has been hunting them, and they are always at war.-C. F. Lummis, in September St. Nicholas.

Fight With a "Big Kittle."

The cougar secures its prey by creeping stealthily behind it until near enough to spring upon and bear it down. It will attack a man in the daytime if it can approach him unseen and is hungry. In an article contributed to "The Big Game of North America," Mr. W. A. Perry describes a fight between a Swedish sailor and a cougar, which took place near the house of the writer's father.

The sailor, Joseph Jorgenson, ran away from a British man-of-war, anchored in a harbour of British Columbia, and made his way to Washington, where he took up a quarter section of government land. One morning he began clearing a spot whereon to build a house. He was vigorously wielding a spade when suddenly his

arm was seized by a cougar's jaws. Joe was very strong, and by a kick in the stomach he forced the beast to fall to the ground. The congar sprang at the man's throat. With his left arm Joe warded off its jaws, while ribs that again felled it to the ground.

and heavy boots Joe beat and kicked the animal until it released his hand. Retreating a short distance, it sprang on his breast and knocked him against a tree. Again he cuffed and kicked it until it let go and retreated.

Joe then happened to see the spade he had been using lying at his feet. He snatched it, and warded off the cougar's spring by a timely thrust. The brute fell at the man's feet, but instantly rose and seized him by the thigh. Concentrating his strength, Joe drove the sharp blade of the spade into the beast's head, and it fell dead at

Bitten and scratched, the blood streaming from a dozen wounds, he reeled home. It was many weeks before he recovered, and when he grew strong he had lost all desire for farming. He shipped on an American coaster as a sailor, saying that he had less fear of the sharks than of the "Big Kitties."

What to Do With a bad Temper. Starve it. Give it nothing to feed

on. When something tempts you to grow angry, do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself; but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up. The person who can and does control tongue, hand, heart in the face of great provocation, is a hero. The world may not own him or her as such: but God does. The Bible says that he that ruleth his spirit is better

that he that ruled his spirit is better than he that taketh a city. What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief; but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it. and pain is given to others as well as to self. That pain too often lasts for daes, even years—sometimes for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler; it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.—Exchange.

Trusted His Opponent.

The person who is truly honest himself is not liable to suspect others of dishonesty.

Two neighboring farmers had a dispute respecting the right to a certain meadow, and they would not compromise the matter. An action of law was accordingly brought to determine it.

On the day appointed for the trial, one of the farmers having dressed him-self in his Sunday clothes, called upon his opponent to accompany him to court. Finding his neighbor at work on the ground, he said to him -"Is it possible you have forgotten that our cause is to be decided, to-

"No," said the other, "I have not forgotton it; but I cannot well spare time to go. I knew you would be there, and I am sure you are an honest man, and will say nothing but the truth. You will state the case fairly, and justice will be done.

And so it proved; for the farmer who went to the judge stated his neighbor's case so clearly that the cause was decided against himself; and he returned to inform his opponent that he had gained the prope Certainly, a better example of the beauty and profit of honesty could not be presented.

Started by Stephen Girard. A characteristic story of Stephen

Girard was that he induced a boy to work for him till he was 21 years old by promising to give him a good start in life afterward. When the time came the young man applied for the promised reward. The eccentric old merchant looked at him for a moment, and then said, gruffly.

"Go and learn a trade." Considerably cast down-he had expected a very different start-the young man turned away, but after some reflection, knowing something of the other's peculiarities, he decided to do as he had bidden and learned the

cooper's trade.

When he had mastered it, a year or so later, he presented himself again, and the old man gave him an order for two barrels. He made them and delivered them, and Mr. Girard examined and praised them.

"Now," he said, "you have a capital that you cannot lose, for you can always fall back on your trade if you meet with adversity," and then he advanced his protege a considerable capital with which to start in business.

An Author's Pot Pourri.

"Author's pot pourri" is a game which is becoming more and more popular. A large number of leaves are to be made of tissue paper of the pale-green shades or, if preferred of a perfect rainbow of colors. After being carefully shaped like a leaf, they are folded down the center and crinkled over a knitting needle; one side is then folded over, and a small cardshaped paper, with a desirable quotation written on it, is gummed to the end. Very light weight paper is the

best for the latter purpose.

When the company is ready for serving, the dish holding the leaves is passed and each guest selects one, and upon reading the quotation gives the name of the author.

If he does this correctly the leaf is

his. If he fails the leaf is returned, and at the next passing of the dish another is selected. Some will soon collect a large bouquet of leaves, and the one having the largest number a pretty prize is given.

Because He Was Fair,

"I like to play with Neddie Myers, mamma, because he is fair. He never tries to cheat playing marbles, like the other boysdo," said Charlie Keech to his mother.

"Then I hope you imitate his good example," responded she.

"I do, mamma. I shouldn't like to not play fair, when he is so fair him-self," said Charlie earnestly. Boys may set a good example in play as well as in work. And a boy with his right he dealt it a blow in the ribs that again felled it to the ground.

Quick as a flesh the baset wised he mine more than if he was to stoop

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SOM Geronimo's Promising Six- Year- Old

Apache Terror There is at present living in Dunan, Ariz., in a state of semi-civilization, a young Apache lad who promises to make trouble some day, says

the San Francisco Examiner. He is no other than the son Geronimo, the willest chief that ever led an Apache raid. The Indians on the reservation are aware of his where abouts, but have made no attempt to claim him. On the contrary they openly assert:

·Let him stay with the white men and learn their cunning; then, when he is old enough, he will come back to

us and be our chief." The boy is about 6 years old, bright as a dollar and as ugly as Satan. He is altogether uncontrollable, and the most vicious child when angered that

He is a queer-looking chap, with a head as large as a man's, immense ears, almost like an animal's, a perfect counterpart of old Geronimo's, while his body and limbs are spare, but muscled like steel.

About two years ago when he was only 4 years of age, a little girl of the family which had adopted him teased him by calling him names. He seized a butcher knife and frightfully wounded her, so that for a long time it was doubtful if she would live. She recovered, but her face is greatly disfigured by the knife wounds which the little wretch made. He was whipped unmercifully for this, but he bore the punishment without a murmur.

About six months ago he got hold of some giant powder and blew up a stable in which were some valuable horses, and after the explosion was seen laughing, like the little fiend he is, at the sufferings of the poor brutes. He chews tobacco like a man, smokes cigarettes like a Kearney street dude and swears like a pirate. He is a perfect terror to the children of his own age, and it will be a miracle if he doesn't become a murderer before he is a dozen years old.

To the cowboys he is a source of endless amusement, and they are fast educating him in every form of depravity. A favorite sport of theirs is to get him in the saloon on Sunday. make him drunk on mixed drinks and then tease him into a state of frenzy. He is a regular little toper, and will drink like a fish, and when drunk is about as ugly a little devil as you can scare up. He will curse the cowboys and fight like the little savage that he

His Indian nature crops out in this, though, for he fights in a peculiarly sneaking Apache way. He will snarl at his tormenters and apparently forget all about it until he thinks his enemy is off his guard, when he will seize a beer glass or any thing else avail? And if, as it sometimes hapthat comes handy, and hurl it with all his puny strength at the man who has angered him.

"Doubtful"—that's the name he goes by-is the curiosity of Duncan. He was captured when he was about 9 months old. It was during the last raid of Geronimo, in which Grant county, New Mexico, and Graham county, Arizona, suffered so severely that, goaded with desperation, the ranchers got together, determined to see if they couldn't rid themselves of the Indian pest, which Uncle Sam's

boys seemed unable to do. One night the Indians crossed the up what stock they could, headed for it is said that he won the queen's favor Carlisle. The news was telegraphed by throwing his new plush cloak into to Clifton, and some of the boys from a muddy place in the roac for her to Copper Camp there came down on an walk on. He fitted out ships and

The cowboys got together and secured mounts for about forty, and they beat about in the Mayflower district. They cut the trail of the Apaches, but not before they had killed wo miners, and followed them rapid-The Apaches doubled and divided into two parties, one crossing above and the other below Duncan and uniting in the hills west of the Gila. The cowboys kept on and struck their trail at Horseshoe Canyon, and after a three days' and three nights' ride came up with them just about dusk in Doubtful Canyon, near Stein's Peak. The fight was a hot one while it lasted. After it was all over Little Doubtful was found hiding like a young quail under a bush and taken back to Duncan, where he is growing up to give Uncle Sam's troops some valuable ex-

About Dyes.

ercise in the future.

Contrary to the commonly received ppinion in regard to the permanency of alizarine dyes, now so much used, a writer in one of the technical papers shows, as the result of special experiments, that they by no means stand the weather test satisfactorily. Of the various colors, blue he finds fades the most, while red and orange stand the best, and brown and yellow come close together as to staying qualities. Two shades of alizarine orange, one a little fuller than the other, were tested, and. mordanted with alum and tartar, the samples, after an exposure to the they could both play the piane, so the weather test for five days, showed no judge suggested that they get up a dance, perceptible change; after ten days the which was done and enough money was color seemed a little fuller, though the .raised to pay both fines.

change is so slight as to be fiardly recognizable, but these same dyes on a chrome and tartar mordant showed. after ten days' exposure, a darker color with less bloom. Alizarine blue, in light shades, after ten days' exposure, looked like a dirty gray; in full shades, as navy blue, the body of color seemed to stay, the sample loosing its bloom, however. In galleine the light shades changed considerably, though not so much as the blue, while in dark shades the change was less pronounced. In alizarine gray the light shades changed considerably, but dark shades only a little. In all these colors the mordant was bichromate of potash and half refined tartar, except in the case of the orange, when alum was employed.—N. Y. Sun.

FOR NOTHING.

Should the House Mother Make a Ma

Self-sacrifice comes natural to wo men says Harper's Bazar. Much of it is born in them, and what is not is ground into them from their childhood by education. For the sake of her home duties a girl gives up amusements and privileges which her brother would never be expected to forego for the like reason. As she grows older, this spirit grows, encouraged by all tradition and outside influence. Often its power masters her altogether. and her life becomes one long devotion to endless labor and acceptance of unpleasant things, that the pleasant part of living may be kept sacred for the rest of the family.

The purely useless side of this entire self-abnegation must sometimes strike the beholder. Such effacing of individuality is not uncommon. And it gives as little real benefit to the family as it does to the individual.

Putting aside the moral effect on the younger members of a family brought up to regard their mother as a machine run for the family service. does the woman who so gives herself for the well-being of her family really accomplishes all she desires? If she works without pause or slackening day in and day out, does she always feel satisfied, with admiring on-lookers, that it is the noblest way to so spend her health and energies? If she renounces all recreation and higher life for herself, and gives up all communion of mind and spirit with her hus band and children, is the reward adequate that is paid to them in a betterkept house, a more bountifully supplied larder, or handsomer clothes?

If over-fatigue causes her to become petulant or complaining, is not the atmosphere of home more greatly injured than the added cleaning and cooking can repair? If she is too worn out to give sympathy and help to the children's joys and sorrows, what do the finer clothes and funiture obtained pens, outraged nature gives way, and others must step into the breach, do their own work and the played-out woman's as well, and take care of her into the bargain, what has she gained by her efforts that she has not lost by the break-down.

A life laid down in a worthy cause is not lost, but gained; but is this cause worthy?

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Walter Raleigh, while yet a young man, fought for years on the side of the Huguenots in the French civil wars, and afterward in the war in and rounding | Ireland. On his return from Ireland. fought against the Great Armada, or fleet, of Spain, when that country tried to conquer England. He was a started for Carlisle. All that night great statesman, a great soldier, a great seaman, and an excellent poet and historian. He is said to have first planted the potato in Ireland. King James L kept him in prison in the tower for more than twelve years, and then released him. In 1618 the same king had this great man put to death to please the King of Spain. When Raleigh was about to be beheaded, he felt of the edge of the axe, and said, "It is a sharp medicine to cure me of all my diseases."

Big Chance for Damages.

Farmer's wife-...Why in the world do you buy such a lot of old broken down cows? Farmer-"Them city folks nex' door is gettin' up an archery club."-Judge.

IN LIFE'S KALEIDOSCOPE. An Indiana man bet his whiskers and lost, but he paid his bet, going right off to the barber's and having his beard re-

There is a man in Winsted, Conn., who belongs to twenty-four secret societies, four volunteer fire organizations, nine military companies and three churches. "We have been offered \$20 to leave the town," says a Georgia editor. "It's the City!
Real Estate is the Basis of all Wealth. first clear money we have made in six years. Lord make us thankful for what we are about to receive."

A Banning Cal., constable arrested two vagrants, who were tried and given \$5 or five days each. They had no money, but

One Pure Baking Powder.

Like Telling a Secret.

A story is told and it is a true story that over seventy per cent. of all the baking powders sold contain either alum or ammonia, and many of these powders contain both. The ill effects upon the system of food raised by alum or ammonia powders are the more dangerous because of their insidious character. It would be less dangerous for the people were it fatal at once, for then such food would be avoided, but their baneful action because imperceptible at first and slow in its advances, is no less certain.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is declared by all authorities as free from alum, ammonia or any other adulterant. Its purity has never been questioned, and while it does finer and better work, it costs no more at retail these

How to Roll an Umbrella. "Certainly, but you don't need any," said a salesman in a Chapel street store recently, to a custome who had just bought an umbrella and who had asked for a rubber ring "But I want to keep the ends of the ribs from spreading when the umbrella is rolled up," and the customer held up for inspection the umbrella he had

"Let me show you," said the sales-man, as he unfastened the band and shook out the folds. Grasping the stick so that his right hand held the ends close to the wood, he began rollng the silk with the curve of his left hand. Whenever he gave the umbrella a turn he kept the ribs in their original position, and when the rolling was complete, he held up the umbrella, and showed that the metal tipe pressed as closely to the stick as if riveted in place.—New Haven Palladium.

RUVEL DUMSKI, an Austrian, aged 41 years, was among the steerage pass who arrived at New York by the steamer Spaarn Dam. On being examined at the barge office it was found that he had in his possession \$10,000. The average amount of money possessed by steerage passengers is between \$5 and \$10.



A DEAD SHOT right at the seat of difficulty, is accomright at the seat of difficulty, is accomplished by the sure and steady aim of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Don't fool around with a pop-gun, nor a "Flint-lock," when this reliable "Winchester" is within reach!

Dr. Sage's treatment of Catarrh in the Head is far superior to the ordinary, and when directions are reasonably well followed, results in a permanent cure. Don't longer be indifferent to the verified claims of this unfailing Remedy.

The worst forms of Catarrh disance.

The worst forms of Catarrh disappear with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its mild, soothing, cleaning and healing properties effect a perfect and permanent cure, no matter how bad the case, or of how long standing. It's a remedy that succeeds where everything else has failed. Thousands of such esses can be reinted out. The the such cases can be pointed out. That's the reason its makers back their faith in

it with money. They offer \$500 reward for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure.
It's a medicine that allows them to take such a risk. Doesn't common sense lead you take such a medicine?

"An advertising fake" you say.
Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee absolute. Wise men don't put money back of "fakes." And "faking" doesn't pay.

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