PURE BLOOD

Is absolutely necessary in order to have good health. The greatest affliction of the human race is impure blood.

There are about 2400 disorders incident to the human frame, the large majority arising from the impure or poisonous condition of the blood.

The best remedy for all blood diseases is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Its remarkable cures are its loudest praise. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story.

No remedy has ever had so marked success, or won such enormous sales.

Scrofula, in its severest forms yields to its potent powers, blood poisoning and salt rheum and many other diseases are permanently cured by it. For a general Spring Medicine to remove those impurities which have accumulated during the winter, or to overcome That Tired Feeling, nothing equals

"I wish to say that three years ago we had a beautiful boy born to us. At the age of 11 months he breathed his last, a victim to impure blood. On Aug. 4, 1891, another boy was born, who at the age of two months became afflicted with the same disease. We believed the trouble was constitutional, and not common sore mouth. I procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and commenced to give it regularly to both mother and baby. Improvement began at once. We have succeeded in eradicating the scrofulous blood from the system, and to-day we are blessed with a nice, fat baby boy, 18 months old—the very

Picture of Health,

all life and full of mischief—thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am a minister in the Methodist Protestant church, and it affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a safe, sure remedy. Even my wife, after taking Hood's, became healthy and fleshy and has the bloom of girlhood again." Rev. J. M. Pate, Brookline Station, Missouri.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

PATENTS Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D.C. No att'y's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

MARRIED LADIES Send 10c for Royal Safeguard. No drugs; no fraud; every lady needs it. Ladies' Emporium, St. Louis, Mo.

Patents, Trade-Marks. Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE SCALPER 24 pages, 5c. All about making money in Grain and Stocks by "scalping the market" on margins of $20 to $1,000. Best method yet. All scalpers make money. Lanning & Co., 118 Quincy St., Chicago.

ZEMINDAR THE GREAT HINDU SEER 238 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY, WHO TOLD the child, lost for 18 years and which had been stolen from the cradle where and whom her parents were. Will foretell correctly all matters pertaining to business, Love, Marriage and Health. Send stamp and this advertisement for full particulars.

The Poor Man's Chance HOMES 100,000 ACRES CHOICE Hardwood Farming lands situated along the line of a new railroad now being constructed in central Wisconsin, and near a through trunk line already constructed, for sale cheap to single purchasers or colonies. Special Inducements given to colonies. Long time and low interest. Send for full particulars to NORTHWESTERN LUMBER CO., EAU CLAIRE, Wisconsin.

CONRATH BLACK RASPBERRY. 14 days earlier than the Gregg, nearly twice as large, absolutely hardy, vigorous grower. A MONEY MAKER. $400.00 PER ACRE. Also 5,000,000 Fruit and Ornamental trees and plants. 800 Acres. Introducers Winter Banana Apple and New Prolific Peach. Write for illustrated Catalogue and Price List. GREENING BROS. Monroe, Mich.

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE **CATARRH** Price 50 Cents. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

FREE IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. FREE ... Warranted 10 Years. 75,000 In Use. OXFORD MFG. CO. 340 DEPT. CHICAGO, ILL. FREE

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT. BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY. The outer or tap sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in digging and in other hard work. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods. COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING. $5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE. $2.$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. $3.$2.50 $2.$1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS. Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes. All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole. From $1 to $3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

Last year we commenced an elaborate plan of advertising ... $40 at $10 ...

... Aermotor Co., Chicago.

PISO'S CURE FOR ... Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A PARROT STORY.

Which Proves Conclusively That Parrots Are Brainy Birds.

Who that has ever owned a parrot with brains would doubt for a moment the truth of this tale? asks Life's Calendar.

Ben Lusbie, who for fifteen years was one of the greatest features of Barnum's circus in the capacity of a "lightning ticket seller," had a wonderful parrot, which had been presented to him by one of the canvasmen of the show, who was at one time a sailor on a steamer plying between Boston and Fernandinno, in the Bahamas.

Lusbie used to have a way of quieting the scrambling mob of ticket purchasers around the ticket wagon by saying: "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen;" "There's plenty of time;" "Don't crowd each other;" "One at a time, gentlemen," and such like expressions. The parrot which was perched upon a safe in the wagon just back of Lusbie, got to learn these little speeches after a season's tour, and often broke out in a piercing squawk with one of them, much to Lusbie's amusement.

The parrot, which was quite a little vagabond, broke loose from her fetters one day, and flew over into a neighboring wood near the circus grounds.

A searching party was made up and they had not proceeded far before they heard a vast racket, apparently made by squawking birds. Hastening to the scene they found poor Poll clinging as best she could to the limb of a dead tree, surrounded by a screaming flock of crows. The parrot had only two or three tail feathers left, and the hostile crows were striking, pecking, and plucking her right and left. Hanging on as best she could, the parrot was shrilly screaming: "One at a time, gentlemen!" "Don't crowd there!" "Take your time!" "There's plenty more left!"

Passengers Pushed the Car.

The motor of a De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, trolley car refused to work the other night at the foot of the incline near Stuyvesant street. One impatient passenger suggested that they push the car up the hill and let it run down the other side without the trolley. All hands then got out and shoved the car to the top of the hill. Then they scrambled aboard and away the car went down the hill at a lively rate. When it reached the bottom the motor was again in working order and the car went along as usual.

He Was Weighted.

They hadn't been married very long and were out-skating.

"John," she said in a tone of extreme solicitude, "whatever you do, be careful not to go near one of those air-holes."

"Oh, it wouldn't be very serious. I can swim under water."

"I don't believe you could now. You know you ate a lot of that bread the new girl made, and if you get into the water you'll sink to the bottom and stay there, sure."

He Prayed, Too.

Hostess—I have been told that the Russians never touch food or drink without making the sign of the cross. Traveler—Well, there are some Russian drinks and a good many Russian dishes that I wouldn't touch without making the sign of the cross and saying my prayers, too. — New York Weekly.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

THE CASE OF MR. LUCRAFT

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE

CHAPTER II.

It took me a fortnight to run down the scale from Hamlet, say to Francis the warder. While I passed through this descending gamut of ambition, my two sovereigns were melting away with a rapidity quite astonishing.

The rent took five shillings; that was paid in advance. Then I was extravagant in the matter of eating, and took three meals a day, finding that not enough to satisfy my vigorous appetite. Once or twice, too, I paid for admission to the pit and saw, with a sinking heart what real acting means. My heart failed, because I perceived that I had to begin all over again, and from the very bottom of the ladder.

Then I had to buy a new pair of boots. It was always a trouble to me, the rapid wearing out of leather.

And then there was something else; and then I began for the first time to become seriously alarmed about the future.

I had one or two things which I could pawn—a watch, a waistcoat, a few odds and ends in the way of wardrobe, and a few books—on the proceeds of them I lived for a whole week; but at last, after spending two pence in the puchase of a penny loaf and a saveloy for breakfast, I found myself not only penniless, but also without the means of procuring another penny at all, because I had nothing left to pawn.

Many a young fellow has found himself in a similar predicament, but I doubt whether anyone ever became so desperately hungry as I did on that day. I recollect that, having rashly eaten up my sausage before 8 o'clock I felt a sinking toward 12; it was aggravated by the savory smell of roast meat which steamed from the cookshops and dining rooms as I walked along the streets. About 1 o'clock I gazed with malignant envy on the happy clerks who could go in and order platefuls of the roast and boiled which smoked in the windows, and threw a perfume more delicious than the sweetest strains of music into the streets where I lingered and looked. And at 2 I observed the diners come out again, walking more slowly, but with an upright and satisfied air, while I—the sinking had been succeeded by a dull gnawing pain—was slowly doubling up. At half past two I felt as if I could bear it no longer. I had been walking about trying different offices for a clerkship. I might as well have asked for a partnership. But I could walk no more. I leaned against a post—it was in Bucklersbury—opposite a dining room where hares, fowls and turkeys were piled in the windows among a boundless prodigality and wealth of carrots, turnips and cauliflowers, till my senses swam at the contemplation. I longed for a caldron in which to put the whole contents of the shop front, and eat them at one Gargantuan repast. My appetite, already alluded to, was hereditary; one of the few things I can remember of my mother was a constant complaint that my father used to eat her out of house and home. To be sure, from other scraps of information handed down by tradition, I have reason to believe that the word eating was used as a figure of speech—the part for the whole—and included drinking. I was good at both, and as a trencherman I had been unsurpassed, as I said above, in the company, the dear old company among whom I have so often eaten beefsteak and fried onions with Juliet. The door of the place opened now and then to let a hungry man enter or a full man go out, and I caught a glimpse of the interior. Dining rooms were not called restaurants in those days. They had no gilding, no bright paint, no pretty barmaids, and no silver-plated forks and spoons. Nor were they brilliant with gas. All London—that is, all working London—dined before 4 o'clock; the clerks from 12 to 2 and the principals, except a few of the big-wigs, from 2 to 4. The cheaper rooms were like one or two places still to be found in Fleet street. There were sanded floors; there were hard benches; you had your beer out of pewter, not plated tankards; there was no cheap claret, and the popular hotel wine was a strong and fiery port. Also, candles stood upon the tables—not wax candles, but tallow with long wicks which required snuffing. They dropped a good deal of mutton fat about the table, and it was not uncommon to find yourself eating a little tallow with your bread, which was not nice even to men of a strong stomach. Finally, you had steel forks, which are just as good, to my thinking, as plated silver, and more easily cleaned.

I stood by the post and watched with hungry eyes. From within I heard voices, stifled voices, as those sent up a pipe, calling for roast beef with plenty of brown—good heavens! Plenty of brown; roast mutton, underdone—I loved my mutton underdone; boiled beef with suet pudding and fat—I always took a great deal of pudding and fat with my boiled beef; roast veal and bacon with stuffing—a dish for the gods; calf's head for two—I could have eaten calf's head for a dozen; with orders pointing to things beyond my hungry imagination—hunger limits the boundaries of fancy—puddings, fish, soup, cheese and such delicacies. Alas! I wanted the solids. I felt myself growing feebler; I became more and more doubled up; I had thoughts of entering this paradise of the hungry, and, after eating till I could eat no longer, calmly laying down my knife and fork and informing the waiter that I had no money. There was a farce in which I had once played where the comic actor sent for the landlord, after a hearty meal, and asked him what he would do in case a stranger, after ordering and eating his dinner, should declare his inability to pay. "Do, sir?" cried the host: "I should kick him across the street." "Landlord," said the low comedian, and it always told—"Landlord," he used to rise up slowly as he spoke, and solemnly draw aside his coat-tails, turning his face in the direction of the sreet door—"landlord, I'll trouble you." I used to play the landlord.

It struck half past three; the dead gnawing of hunger was followed by a sharp pain, irritating and much more unpleasant. The crowd of those who entered had been followed by the crowd of those who came out, and the heaven of hungry men was nearly empty again. I gazed still upon the turkeys and the hares, but with a lackluster eye, for I was nearly fainting.

Presently there came down the street an elderly gentleman, bearing before him, like a Lord Mayor, in a French tale, his enormous abdomen; he had white hair, white eye-brows, white whiskers, and a purple face. He walked very slowly, as if the exertion might prove apoplectic, and leaned upon a thick stick. As he passed the shop he looked in at the window and wagged his head. At that moment I groaned involuntarily. He turned round and surveyed me. I suppose I presented a strange appearance, leaning against the post, with stooping figure and tightly buttoned coat. He had big projecting eyes flushed with red veins, which gave him a wolfish expression.

"Young man," he said, not benignantly at all, but severely, "you look ill. Have you been drinking?"

I shook my head.

"I am only hungry," I said, telling the truth because I was too far gone to hide it. "I am only hungry; that is the matter with me."

He planted his stick on the ground, supporting both his hands upon the gold head and wagging his head again from side to side with a grunting sound in his throat like the sawing of bones.

Grunt! "Here's a pretty fellow for you! Grunt! "Hungry," and he looks miserable." Grunt! "Hungry and he groans." Grunt! "Hungry—the most enviable position a man can be in—and he dares to repine at his lot." Grunt! "What are the lower classes coming to next, I wonder? Aren't you a model of everything that is ungrateful and—grunt!—and flying in the face of Providence? He lived in a land of victuals. London is a gigantic caravan, full of the most splendid things, the most glorious things to eat and drink; it only wants an appetite; and he's got that, and he laments!"

"What is the use of an appetite if you have no money to satisfy it with?"

Grunt! "Is it a small appetite, as a rule, or is it a large appetite?"

"Large," I replied. "It is an awkward thing for a poor beggar like me to have such a devil of a twist. I was born with it. Very awkward just now."

"Come with me, young man," he grunted. "Go before me. Don't talk, because that may interfere with the further growth of your appetite. Walk slowly, and keep your mouth shut close."

He came behind me, walking with his chuckle and grunt.

"So. What a fine young fellow it is!" Grunt! "What room for the development of the Alderman's Arch! What a backbone for the support of a stomach! What shoulders for a dinner table, and what legs to put under it! Heavens! what a diner might be made of this boy if he only had money." Grunt! "Youth and appetite—health and hunger—and all thrown away upon a pauper! What a thing, what a thing! This way, young man."

Turning down a court leading out of Bucklersbury, he guided me to a door, a little black portal, at which he stopped; then stooping to a keyhole of smaller size than was generally used in those days, he seemed to me to blow into it with his mouth; this was absurd, of course, but it seemed so to me. The door opened. He led the way into a passage, which, when the door shut behind us, as it did of its own accord, was pitch dark. We went up some stairs, and on the first landing the old gentleman, who was wheezing and puffing tremendously, opened another door and led me into a room. It was a large room, resplendent with the light of at least forty wax candles. The center was occupied by a large dining table laid for a single person. Outside it was broad daylight, for it was not yet 4 o'clock.

"Sit down, young man, sit down," puffed my host. "Oh, dear! oh dear! Sit down! do! I wish I was as hungry as you."

I sat down in the nearest chair, and looked around the room. The first thing I remarked was that I could not see the door by which we had been admitted. The room was octagonal, and on every side stood some heavy piece of furniture; a table with a glass, a case of book shelves, a sofa, but no door. My head began to go round as I continued my observations. There was no window, either, nor was there any fireplace. Then I felt a sudden giddiness, and I suppose I fell backward on my chair. It was partly the faintness of hunger, but partly it was the strange room, and that old man glaring at me with his great wolfish eyes.

When I recovered I was lying on a sofa, and soft cold fingers were bathing my head, and pressing a perfumed handkerchief to my lips. I opened my eyes suddenly and sat up completely recovered. At the foot of the sofa stood my entertainer.

"Easy with him, Boule-de-neige; make him rest for a moment. Perhaps his hunger has been too much for him."

I turned to see who Boule-de-neige was. He was a negro of the blackest type, an ancient and withered as some old ourang of tropical woods; his cheeks hung in folds, and his skin seemed too much for his attenuated body; his wool was white, and his gums were almost toothless; and his nose so flattened with age to be almost invisible, looking at him as I was looking, in profile. His hands were as soft as any woman's, but icy cold; and his eyes were red and fiery.

"Boule-de-neige, what do you think of him?"

"Him berry fine young man, massa; him beautiful young man; got lubly abbatite, developed, I tink; him las' long time, much longer time dan las' oder young man. Cluck! Him poor trash, dat young man; dam poor trash; use up and go to debbil in a mon'h. Cluck! Dis young man go lubly stumjack, strong as a bull. Cluck-cluck! How mach you tink him eat to-night?"

"We shall see, Boule-de-neige. We will try him with a simple dinner, and then pronounce on his performances Young men do not always come up to their professions. But he looks well, and perhaps, Boule-de-neige—perhaps—ah!" He nodded with a deep sigh.

"What time massa dine himself?"

"I don't know," the old gentleman answered, with another heavy sigh. "Perhaps not till nine o'clock; perhaps not then. It all depends on this youth. Vanish, Boule-de-neige, and serve."

There was evidently something in my host's mind by the way he sighed. Why did it depend upon me? And did Boule-de-neige go through the floor? Did the table sink when he disappeared, and come up loaded with dishes? It seemed so.

I sprang from my couch. The sight and smell of the food brought back my raging hunger.

"Let me eat!" I cried.

"You shall. One moment first—only a single moment. Young man, tell me again and explicitly the nature and extent of your appetite. Be truthful, or, be truthful! Our little tongues should never lie for mutton chop or apple pie. You know the hymn. I hope you have been religiously brought up, and know that hymn."

"I've got a devil of an appetite. What is there to lie about?"

"My dear young friend, there are many kinds of appetites. Yours may be fierce at first and promise great things, and then end in a miserably small performance. I have known such, and mourned to see them. Is it a lasting appetite, now? Is it a steady through a long dinner? Is it regular in its recurrence?"

"You shall see something of my performance," I laughed, insensate wretch "You shall see. I never had a long dinner in my life, because I always made short work of mine. It is steady through a good many pounds of steak, and as regular as a clock."

"That is always something. Steak is as healthy a test as I know. Is it, secondly, an appetite that recovers itself quickly? That is very important. Is it a day-by-day or an hour-by-hour appetite? Is it good at all times of the day?"

"Alas, I wish it were not!"

"Hush, young man, do not blaspheme! Tell me, if you eat your fill now—it is half past four—when do you think you might be ready again?" His eyes glistened like—like a couple great rubies in the candle-light and his hands trembled.

"I should say about eight. But I might do something light at seven, I dare say. Just now I feel as if I could eat a mountain."

"He feels as if he could eat a mountain. Wonderful are the gifts of Providence! My dear young friend, I am very thankful—deeply thankful—that I met you. Sit down, and let me take the covers off for you; I long to see you eat. That is a blessed day—a truly blessed day! I will wait upon you myself. No one else. Boule-de-neige, vanish!"

As he was about to take off the covers he stopped short.

"Stay. You are without occupation?"

"I can get none."

"You are of any trade?"

"I am an actor."

"A bad trade—an un-Christian trade. Actors are vagabonds by Act of Parliament. Actors can never be in a state of grace. I shall be happy in being a humble instrument in removing you from a calling fatal to the Christian warrior. Why did you leave your last situation? No dishonesty? No embezzlement? No tampering with accounts?"

"Sir, I have always been an honest man. And, besides, I have never been tempted by the handling of other people's money."

"Ha! You have not no wife?"

"No sir; I am unmarried."

"You have got no—I trust I am taking to my bosom no deceiver of women. You are not the father of an illegitimate offspring, I hope and pray."

"No sir; I am not."

"Young man, you are about to enter upon a most serious act, perhaps the most serious act of your life, and these questions may appear to you trivial and tedious. As a Christian, and a member of the congregation of Mr. — —. But never mind; you are hungry now, and wish to eat. We will talk after dinner."

He took off the covers. The table was spread with a dozen different dishes, all served up together. Others, I noticed standing with bottles and decanters on a large sideboard. As my generous benefactor removed the silver covers, his face, which had assumed during his questioning an austere gravity, suddenly lit up, and he laughed as the perfume of the hot food mounted to his nostrils. He seemed all at once a different man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOUGH FOR TRAIN ROBBERS.

A St. Louis Policeman's Bandit-Proof Car.

A member of the St. Louis police force has invented what he thinks will be a sure cure for the train robberies which have become epidemic of late. The invention is a device to be placed on top of express cars whereby the messenger, in case of robbery, can take refuge, and at the same time guard the car. He calls it the revolving, automatic steel dome bandit and bullet proof car attachment.

The domes are two in number and are attached to each end of a steel beam, which is centered on a pivot bearing on the center of the car top. Both domes have cranks connecting with a cogged pitman, which extends to the center or stationary cogwheel, from which the propelling power is obtained. The power of one dome is only necessary, but that of both may be used. The domes are made of two sections and slide or work automatically. They are plate steel and are 66 inches high, open and thirty inches when closed, thus escaping low bridges, tunnels, etc., and weighing less than 1,000 pounds.

A man has ample room inside of the dome to accurately use a 16-shot repeating Winchester through portholes in the side. It is designed that the express car will receive a signal from the engineer by whistle or electric bell in case of a signal to stop his train by bandits. The messenger will then enter the dome by means of the rope ladders from the inside, which he pulls up, and have it propelled to the side of the car in readiness when the train has come to a stop. The man or men in the domes have the advantage of seeing everything in motion on either side of the car, and if the engineer is held up by the bandits, the man in the dome can kill the bandits and free the engineer. The port holes in the domes can all be kept closed, except the one in use.

Winchester repeating rifles and cartridges, with a short section of rope ladder are attached to the upper part of the dome by automatic or pulley purchase. When ascending this forces the top of the dome to its full height, where it latches itself ready for action.

The slide door on the bottom of the dome where one enters closes tightly. With the crank the messenger propels himself to any position he desires. The time required to enter the dome from the car ready for action is ten seconds. The domes are made of 1-8 and 3-16 inch thick armor plate steel, and are absolutely bullet proof to the penetration of any rifle. They are absolutely bomb shell, dynamite and fireproof, being 20 to 24 feet above ground, according to grade of road, and 15 feet clear on body of car, having a hole and ladder to escape with if necessary. The cost of the device is said to be reasonable.

From Garbage Comes Light.

While the municipal garbage commission is investigating the subject of disposing of the city's offal in a satisfactory and scientific manner and considering plans by which what is now a cause of enormous expense may be made a source of revenue, the experts have forgotten the scheme of Prof. Forbes, the English electric engineer. He originated a plan by which the garbage of a city may be the means of furnishing the power for its complete electric illumination.

In the summer of 1892 the professor read a paper upon his plan before the electric engineers of the United Kingdom in convention at London. In the following year the National Electric Light Engineers of the United States in convention at St. Louis, spent the entire afternoon discussing the Forbes plan or suggestion. The matter has been discussed at subsequent gatherings and is frequently mentioned in the paper published in the electric light interest.

A mistaken impression prevails in some quarters that the Forbes plan contemplates the chemical conversion of the city's refuse into illuminating gas. What is proposed is to simply use the garbage as fuel. Prof. Forbes having stated in his first lecture on the subject that five tons of average city refuse would equal the steam-producing power of one ton of coal, if used in furnaces such as he outlined the construction of.—New York World.

Paid for a Joke.

An English writer tells the story of his first expense, which he earned by an unpremeditated joke. His father had been for twenty-seven years engaged in a suit in chancery and had just gained his cause. The expenses of the suit, however, had swallowed up the entire estate, the residue being merely three shillings and sixpence. The writer says:

My father ranged the seven sixpence on our breakfast table.

"My boy," said he, "see what comes of going to law in Great Britain! Your mother has told you that I have won my suit in chancery?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, then, look! That is all I get of it," and he pointed grimly at the sixpence.

I opened wide my eyes. "All you get of the whole suit?" I echoed, with a puzzled air, convinced that a suit in chancery was composed, as other suits are, of a coat, waistcoat and trousers. "Why, papa, those are only the buttons!"

It was this deplorable joke that earned me my sixpence, for my father, laughing, tossed me one across the table, and I rushed off with it like a dog pelted with a bone.

In a Position to Know.

"Talk about hard times," said the fat man with the big diamond, "there are business men in this city of whom I have reason to believe that they are starving, or at least, do not have enough to eat at home."

"How do you figure that out?"

"Well, you see, I run a free lunch in connection with my bar."—Indianapolis Journal.

Turkey gobblers and bulls are not supposed to be endowed with an excessive amount of intelligence, but their diagnosis of the red flag is not very far out of the way.

THE TALMAGE SERMON

"A SERAPHIC DIET" THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

The Text Being Selected from Psalms 78:25: "Man Did Eat Angels' Food"—The Ecstatic State in Which We Forget the Necessity for Earthly Food.

SOMEWHAT risky would be the undertaking to tell just what was the manna that fell to the Israelites in the wilderness; of what it was made and who made it. The manna was called angels' food, but why so called? Was it because it came from the place where angels live; or because angels compounded it; or because angels did eat it; or because it was good enough for angels? On what crystal platter was it carried to the door of heaven, and then thrown out? How did it taste. We are told there was in it something like honey, but if the saccharine taste in it had been too strong, many would not have liked it, and so it may have had a commingling of flavors—this delicacy of the skies. It must have been nutritious, for a nation lived on it forty years. It must have been healthful, for it has been so inspiringly applauded. It must have been abundant, because it dismissed the necessity of a sutler for a great army. Each person had a ration of three quarts a day allowed to him, and so fifteen million pounds were necessary every week. Those were the times of which my text speaks, when "man did eat angels' food." If the good Lord, who has helped me so often, will help me now, I will first tell you what is angels' food, and then how we may get some of it for ourselves. In our mortal state we must have for mastication, and digestion, and assimilation, the products of the earth. Corporeity, as well as mentality, and spirituality, characterizes us. The style of diet has much to do with our well-being. Light and frothy food taken exclusively results in weak muscle and semi-invalidism. The taking of too much animal food produces sensuality. Vegetarians are cranks. Reasonable selection of the farinaceous and the solid ordinarily produces physical stamina.

But we have all occasionally been in an ecstatic state where we forgot the necessity of earthly food. We were fed by joys, by anticipations, by discoveries, by companionships that dwindled the dining hour into insignificance, and made the pleasures of the table stupid and uninviting. There have been cases where from seemingly invisible sources the human body has been maintained, as in the remarkable case of our invalid and Christian neighbor, Mollie Fancher, known throughout the medical and Christian world for that she was seven weeks without earthly food, fed and sustained on heavenly visions. Our beloved Dr. Irenaeus Prime, editor and theologian, recorded the wonders concerning this girl. Prof. West, the great scientist, marveled over it, and Willard Parker, of world-wide fame in surgery, threw up his hands in amazement at it. There are times in all our lives when the soul asserts itself, and says to the body, "Hush! Stand back! Stand down!"

I am at a banquet where no chalices gleam, and no viands smoke, and no culinary implements clatter. I am feeding on that which no human hand has mixed, and no earthly oven has baked. I am eating "angels' food." If you have never been in such an exalted state, I commiserate your leaden temperament, and I dismiss you from this service as incompetent to understand the thrilling and glorious suggestiveness of my text when it says: "Man did eat angels' food."

Now, what do the supernaturals live on? They experience none of the demands of corporeity, and have no hindrance or environment in the shape of bone and muscle, and flesh, and hence that which may delectate our palate, or invigorate our poor, dying frames would be of no use to them. But they have a food of their own. My text says so. There may be other courses of food in the heavenly menu that I am not aware of, but I know of five or six styles of food always on celestial tables when cherubim, and seraphim, and archangel gather for heavenly repast; the mystery of redemption; celestialized music; the heavenly picturesque; sublime and colloquy; eternal enterprises; saintly association; Divine companionship; celebrative jubilance. There is one subject that excites the curiosity and inquisitiveness of all those angels. St. Peter says, "Which thing the angels desire to look into." That is why Christ exchanged a palace for a barn? Why did he drop a scepter from his right hand to take a spear into his left side? Why quit the anthem of the worshiping heavens to hear the crooning of a weary mother's voice? Was a straw better than a garland? "Could it not have been done in some other way?" says angel the first. "Was the human race worth such a sacrifice?" says angel the second. "How could heaven get along without him for thirty-three years?" says angel the third. "Through that assassination may sinful man rise into our eternal companionship!" says angel the fourth. And then they all bend toward each other and talk about it, and guess about it, and try to fathom it, and prophesy concerning it. But the subject is too big, and they only nibble at it. They only break off a piece of it. They only taste it. They just dip into it. And then one angel cries: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" And another says, "Unsearchable!" And another says, "Past finding out!" And another says, "Alleluia!" And then they all fill their cups of gold with the "new wine of the kingdom." Unlike the beakers of earth, which poison, these glow with immortal health, the wine pressed from the grapes of the heavenly Eshcol, and they all drink to the memory of manger and cross, shattered sepulchre and Olivetic ascension. Oh, that rapturous, inspiring, transporting theme of the world's ransom! That makes angels' food. The taking of that food gives stronger pulse to their gladness; adds several mornings of radiance to their foreheads; gives vaster circle to the sweep of their wings on mission interconstellation. Some of the crumbs of that angels' food fall all around our wilderness camp to-day, and we feel like crying with Paul, "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" or with expiring Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" or with many an enraptured soul, "None but Christ! None but Christ!" Pass around this angels' food. Carry it through all these aisles. Climb with it through all these galleries. Take it among all the hovels, as well as among all the palaces of the great town. Give all nations a taste of this angels' food.

Now, in the emerald palace of heaven, let the cup-bearers and servants of the King remove this course from the banquet, and bring on another course of angels' food, which is Celestial Music. You and I have seen at some concert or oratorio a whole assemblage to whom the music was a feast. Never anything that they took in at the lips of the mouth was so delightful to their taste as that which they took in at the lips of the ear. I have seen, and you have seen people actually intoxicated with sweet sounds. Oratorios which are always too protracted for those of us who have not had our faculties cultivated in that direction, were never long enough for them; as at 11 o'clock at night the leader of the orchestra gave the three taps of his baton to again start the music, they were as fresh and alert as when three hours before, at 8 o'clock, the curtain first lifted. Music to them is food for body, food for mind, and food for soul. From what I read in my Bible, I think celestialized music a baptism of tears. Since then it has had a pathos and a tenderness that it could not otherwise have obtained. It had to pass under the shadow, and over stormy seas, and weep at sepulchres, and to be hummed as lullaby over the cradle of sick children, before it could mount to its present altitude of heavenly power. No organ on earth would be complete without the stop, "Tremolo," and the stop, "Vox Humana." And so music of heaven would be complete without the "Tremolo" of earthly sorrow comforted, and the "Vox Humana" of earthly sympathies glorified. Just take up the New Testament and find it a note-book of celestialized music. It says Jesus sang a hymn before he went to the Mount of Olives, and if he could sing on earth with Bethlehem humiliation close behind him, and sworn enemies close on both sides of him, and the torments of Golgotha just before him, do you not suppose he sings in heaven? Paul and Silas sang in midnight dungeon, and do you not suppose that now they sing on the Delectable summits? What do the harps, and trumpets, and choirs of Revelation suggest, if not music? What would the millions of good singers and players upon instruments who have taken part in earthly worship do in heaven without music? Why, the mansions ring with it. The great halls of eternity echo with it. The worship of unnumbered hosts is enwrapped with it. It will be the only art of earth that will have enough elasticity and strength to leap the grave and take possession of heaven. Sculpture will halt this side the grave, because it chiefly commemorates the forms of those who in heaven will be reconstructed, and what would we want of the sculptured imitation, when we stand in the presence of the resurrected original? Painting will halt this side the grave, because the colors of earth would be too tame for heaven, and what use to have pictured on canvas the scenes which shall be described to us by those who were the participants? One of the disciples will tell us about the "Last Supper" better than Titian, with mighty touch, set it up in art gallery. The plainest saint by tongue will describe the Last Judgment better than Michael Angelo, with his pencil, put it upon the ceiling of the Vatican. Architecture will halt this side the grave, for what use would there be for architect's compass and design in that city which is already built and garnished until nothing can be added; all the Tuilleries, and Windsor Castles, and St. Clouds of the earth piled up not equaling its humblest residences; all the St. Pauls, and St. Peters, and St. Isaaks, and St. Sophias of the earth built into one cathedral not equaling the Heavenly Temple. But music will pass right on, right up, and right in, and millions in heaven will acknowledge that, under God, she was the chief cause of our salvation. Oh, I would like to be present when all the great Christian singers and the great Christian players of all the ages shall congregate in heaven. Of course, they must, like all the rest of us, be cleansed and ransomed by the blood of the slain Lamb! Alas! that some of the great artists of sweet sound have been as distinguished for profligacy as for the way they warbled, or sang, or fingered the key-board, or trod the organ pedal. Some who have been distinguished bassos, and sopranos, and prima donnas on earth, I fear will never sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, or put the lip of the trumpet with sounds of victory before the throne. But many of the masters who charmed us on earth will more mightily charm us in heaven. Great Music Hall of Eternity! May you and I be there some day to acclaim when the "Hallelujah Chorus" is wakened. As on earth there have been harmonies made up of other harmonies, a strain of music from this cantata, and a strain of music from that oratorio, and a bar from this, and a bar from that, but one great tune, or theme, into which all the others were poured as rivers into a sea, so it may be given to the mightiest soul in the heavenly world to gather something from all the sacred songs we have sung in all the ages, and roll them on in eternal symphony; but the one great theme, and the one overmastering tone that shall carry all before it, and uplift all heaven from central throne to furthest gate of pearl, and to highest capstone of amethyst, will be, "Unto Him who washed us from our sins, in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and the Lamb; to him be glory!" That will be manna enough for all heaven to feed on. That will be a banquet for immortals. That will be angels' food.

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Now, in the emerald palace of heaven, let the cup-bearers and servants of the King remove this course from the banquet, and bring on another course of angels' food—the last course, and the best, the dessert; the culmination of the feast, which is celebrative jubilance. You and I have known people who prided themselves on never getting excited. You have cultivated the phlegmatic. You never saw them cry; you never heard them in a burst of laughter. They are monotonous, and to me intolerable. I am afraid of a man or a woman that cannot cry; I am afraid of a man or a woman who cannot laugh. Christ says in the book of Revelation that such people are to him nauseating and cause regurgitation. (Revelation 3:16.) "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." But the angels in heaven have no stolidity or unresponsiveness. There is one thing that agitates them into holy warmth. We know that absolutely. If their harp be hung up on the panels of amethyst, they take it down, and with deft fingers pull from it the strings a canticle. They run to their neighbors on the same golden street, and tell the good news. If Mariam has there cymbals anything like those with which she performed on the banks of the Red Sea, she claps them in triumph, and there is a festal table spread, and the best of the angels' food is set on it. When is it? It is when a man or woman down in the world who was all wrong, by the grace of God is made all right. (Luke 15:10.) "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Why are they so happily agitated? Because they know what a tremendous thing it is to turn clear around from the wrong, and take the right road. It is because they know the difference between swine's trough with nothing but husks, and a king's banquet with angels' food. It is because they know the infinite, the everlasting difference between down and up. And then, their festivity is catching. If we hear the bells of a city ring, we say: "What is that for?" If we hear rolling out from an auditorium the sound of a full orchestra, we say, "What is happening here?" And when the angels of God take on jubilance over a case of earthly repentance, your friends in heaven will say, "What new thing has happened? Why full diapason? Why the chime from the oldest towers of eternity?" The fact is, my hearers, there are people in heaven who would like to hear from you. Your children there are wondering when father and mother will come into the Kingdom, and with more glee than they ever danced in the hallway at your coming home at eventide, they will dance the floor of the heavenly mansion at the tidings of father and mother saved. Beside that, the old folks want to hear from you. They are standing at the head of the celestial stairs waiting for the news that their prayers have been answered, and that you are coming on to take from their lips a kiss better than that which now they throw you. Calling you by your first name, as they always did, they are saying that you and saying: "There is our son," or, "There is our daughter down in that world of struggle, battling, suffering, sinning, weeping. Why can they not see that Christ is the only one who can help, and comfort, and save?"

Gov. Peck's Misfortune.

Gov. Peck, of Wisconsin is said to have been robbed of a diamond at his first official reception.

ORGANIZE A NEW PARTY.

Bimetallists Moving in the Goal of Free Silver—Call its Friends to Organize.

Washington: A statement, signed by the members of the executive committee appointed by the recent bimetallic conference in Washington, has been issued, declaring the issue upon which the new party, styled "the American bimetallic party," will organize. They assert that the money question is indisputably the dominant issue in the United States. The issue, "is between the gold standard, gold bonds and bank currency on the one side and the bimetallic standard, no bonds and government currency on the other."

The statement is an elaborately specified opposition to the single gold standard and a demand for an immediate return "to the constitutional standard of gold and silver, by the restoration by this government, independent of any foreign power, of the unrestricted coinage of both gold and silver into standard money, at the ratio of 16 to 1, and upon terms of exact equality, the silver coin to be a full legal tender." They are unalterably opposed to the issue of the United States of interest-bearing bonds in time of peace, and demand the payment of all coin obligations of the United States as provided by existing laws, in either gold or silver coin, at the option of the government and not at the option of the creditor.

"No course seems possible but to subordinate for the time being other questions and come together in a new organization to fight the great battle of 1896 on the one great issue on which the prosperity and happiness of the people so largely depend." The call urges immediate organization throughout the entire country and declare that if the conference had authority from the people to name a candidate for president, it would name Jos. C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania.

A committee was appointed to select a provisional national committee. It consists of A. J. Warner, chairman; Hon. W. M. Stewart, United State senate; Henry George, of Georgia; Francis G. Newland, of Nevada; Anson Wolcott, of Indiana, and J. H. McLaurin, of South Carolina.

Toledo High School Burned.

The Toledo high school building, a four-story brick structure, occupying the square bounded by Madison, Adams, Michigan and Tenth streets, Toledo, O., and one of the best appointed educational institutions in this part of the country, was almost completely destroyed by fire. The entire fire department was called out and managed to save the Scott manual training department, which is situated at the north end of the building. The explosion probably was caused by chemicals in the laboratory. The loss is estimated at $150,000.

M. Worth is Dead.

Paris: Charles Frederick Worth, the famous "man dressmaker," is dead. "Monsieur" Worth is in reality plain Mister Worth, an Englishman. He was born in Bourne, Lincolnshire, England, in 1825. He has made a fabulous fortune solely through the fictitious place he held in the business of female garment making.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

About 17,000 miners are now out on the strike in the Pittsburg coal district.

By a fire in the Old Ate mine at White Oak, N. M., eight men were entombed, and there is no doubt of their death from suffocation.

Carey G. Arthur, of Ohio, was found dead in a loaded box car at Richmond. He had been locked in a week and died of starvation.

One hundred employes of the Cleveland Shipbuilding company went out on a strike against a cut of 15 to 25 cents per day. They want $2.50.

Colon, Columbia: The U. S. warship Atlanta has sailed from this port for Bocas del Toro, under orders from Washington. The Raleigh will take her place.

"Aunt" Eunice Conrad, the oldest woman in West Virginia and probably the oldest in the U. S., has just died at her home near Cedarville, W. Va., in her 120th year. She was born Aug. 4, 1775, in Pendleton county, Va., now West Virginia.

Montevideo: It is reported that Admiral De Gama leader of the recent rebellion in Brazil has re-entered Brazil and taken up arms against the government in the province of Rio Grande, with a force of 3,200 men, comprising a naval battalion with 27 naval officers.

Madrid: Captain General Calleja has demanded the recall of the U. S. Consul-General R. O. Williams at Havana. At a cabinet council it was agreed to support the demand. The reason given by Mr. Williams for this action is because he demanded civil trials for three Americans arrested on a charge of aiding the revolution. He also says there is no evidence against them, and he will stand firm.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

	Cattle	Sheep	Lambs	Hogs
Buffalo—				
Best grades	$4 00@4 60	$4 75	$6 00	$4 60
Lower grades	2 00@3 75	3 00	3 50	4 30
New York—				
Best grades	$4 25@5 40	$4 50	$6 00	$4 85
Lower grades	2 85@4 00	3 00	4 50	4 40
Chicago—				
Best grades	$4 50@5 50	$4 50	$4 25	$4 45
Lower grades	2 50@4 00	2 50	3 25	4 10
Detroit—				
Best grades	$4 25@4 75	$4 00	$5 00	$4 30
Lower grades	2 50@4 00	2 00	3 50	4 05
Pittsburg—				
Best grades	$4 25@4 90	$4 10	$4 60	$4 45
Lower grades	3 00@4 10	3 50	3 25	4 10
Cincinnati—				
Best grades	$4 40@4 80	$4 50	$5 00	$4 40
Lower grades	2 50@4 25	3 25	3 00	4 00
Cleveland—				
Best grades	$4 25@4 75	$3 70	$4 80	$4 30
Lower grades	3 25@4 00	2 75	3 25	3 75

GRAIN, ETC.

	Wheat, No. 2 red	Corn, No 2 mix	Oats, No 2 white
Toledo—	55¼@55¾	42¾@43	33 @33¼
New York—	58½@58¾	50 @50½	36¾@37
Chicago—	52½@52¾	43¼@43½	32 @32¼
*Detroit—	55¼@55½	43¼@43½	33¼@33½
Cincinnati—	54½@55	43½@44	33¼@33½
Pittsburg—	54½@54¾	42 @42¼	33¼@33¾
Cleveland—	54 @54½	45 @46	34 @35

*Detroit — Hay, No 1 Timothy, $9 25@9 50. Potatoes, 55@58. Live Poultry, Chickens, 8; Ducks, 9@10; Turkeys, 9@10. Eggs, Fresh, 15; Storage, 11. Butter, Fresh Dairy, 14@16; Creamery, 18@21.

WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW.

NEW YORK—Dun's weekly trade review says: Congressional adjournment and proof that though the rate of exchange rises to and even above the shipping point, gold does not go out, have produced a much better feeling. Prices do not improve and there is on the whole no gain, but some loss in wages, while strikes of 15,000 coal miners near Pittsburg and several thousand building workers, beside strikes in 10 or 12 textile and iron establishments, further lessen purchasing power for the time. But there is anticipation of improved demand for goods in general and many are manufacturing and buying beyond present needs on the strength of it. Cotton has risen one-quarter from the lowest point on record. The rise is due to the belief that acreage will be reduced this year, but stocks in sight are so large as to make a sustained advance difficult. Wheat has risen because of rumored injury to grain in some states. Stocks in sight are enormous and western accounts make the stock of wheat in farmers' hands very large. Corn declined, though receipts are not half last year's and prices are higher. Pork, lard and hogs are a shade higher. Three causes help the iron industry for the time, contraction of another great strike at coke works, reports that Bessemer ore will advance and a moderate increase in demand for products.

A dispatch from Albany, N. Y., says: Charles Tyler, a farmer from Chelsea, Mich., was locked up by police. He had $161 in his pocket and was on his way to New York to purchase green goods. A ticket was purchased for him by Chief of Police Willard and he was sent home.

Disquieting advices continue to come to the naval department from Capt. Cromwell, of the warship Atlanta, at Colon, confirming the impression that the Colombian government is utterly unable to cope with the revolutionists. The U. S. has ample force at the isthmus to protect American interests.