THE BUOY.

By CHARLES GARVICE.

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[CHAPTER VII—Continued.]

Through all these events the screw churned up the water, and the ship sailed west towards the inevitable. The fog still hung thick over the water, and the men at the bows had twice signalled to the bridge that danger lay ahead, and twice the steamer turned aside and vague shadowy forms of fishing-boats drifted past in the mist.

Very few passengers ventured out of the saloons. Only here and there a rubber-clad passenger braved the cold, saw wind and the wet decks and murky air. Among these, one man, in an absurd ulster dragging his heels after the manner of the feminine-looking fools of the doors of Fifth Avenue carriages, slowly paced the deck, silent and bitter with, himself and all the world. His jerk had vanished, his smoking-room bets were declared off—that was something—but at what a fearful cost! He had saved his money and met the one man in the world whom he held in mortal dread—on shipboard, too, and an officer of the ship, in whose hand all their lives were held—shut up on a ship with a man who he felt sure in his cowardly little soul would not hesitate to throw him into the sea. The situation was more horrible than any he had read in the wildest French novel. That nothing of the kind could happen never entered his head. His mind was completely unstrung by terror and remorse. At any moment his wife might burst out upon deck and insist upon her rights. He felt sure she had gone to Paris and was now returning to New York for no purpose except to establish in some way her position as his wife.

He walked to and fro on the deck not far from the bows. It was not the best place, but since he came up from the saloon the pilot, dressed in oil-cloth the color of gold, had come out upon the bridge, and he dared not pass under the bridge to reach the quarter part of the deck. Nor did he dare to go below and pass through the saloon, for he must in so doing pass his wife's state-room door, and he dared not meet her alone. He was practically in a trap and he must keep to the farther end, nearest the bow, and stay there until chilled to the bone in the bitter wind and searching fog. Seeing a man at the extreme end of the bows standing like an old-gold statue and dripping at every angle, he went towards him and stood at the rail, looking down at the curling foam above the ship's forefoot.

How swiftly the enormous mass swept through the water—nearer and yet nearer, every second, to the land—to exposure and misery. Even as he stood there the ship was in sight of her port, a near port to his disgrace.

Suddenly there came over the gray water a faint moan.

The oilcloth-clad figure beside him started and leaned forward, as if to listen. Again that moan—far away, blood-chilling in its mystery. To the young man it seemed the despairing cry of some lost soul.

Again it spoke. To his fevered imagination it was as the cry of a child perishing of neglect—the moan of starvation, misery and despair. His heart seemed to go free, and he slipped on the wet deck and fell down, a limp mass, by the rail. The yellow mariner kicked him aside with an oath, and shouted some strange words hoarsely towards the affrighted sailors on deck and officers on the bridge.

Below, the big bell clanged, and the engineers sprang and with fierce, wondrous efforts pulled at the valves, that the mighty engine stopped all be lost. An instant's silence in the engine-room, and then the bell clanged twice. Reverse! reverse for dear life! The ponderous fink motion strained under the stress of the small engine that puffed and roared to force it over. It was done, and then through the mighty cylinders rushed again the insistent steam. Every eccentric turned to guide the power in a new direction, and the whole awful force of the engine, 5,000 horses straining as one frantic beast, was bent to resist the terrific momentum of the ship, lest disaster overwhelm all.

The ship shook in the sea, and every heart on board seemed to stop with chilling suspense.

On the bridge the Captain stood with blanched face, expectant, resolute, fearful, yet confident in his immense machine. His heart seemed to keep time with the revolutions of the straining screw.

She slowed—stopped.

By his side stood his pilot, confounded with alarm and astonishment.

"Thought you said, Johnson, we were twenty miles south of Nantucket, and here we are right on the land."

"I dunno; I give it up. I must be breakin' up. Assume get down. I'll never take tiller again. I don't know what it means. I don't know where we be. Hark! What's that?"

"It's the buoy. We have passed to starboard of it."

"No. Listen. It's a fish-horn."

A number of passengers had come out of the saloon and were talking loudly on the deck.

"Keep quiet below."

The people meekly obeyed, and then through the awesome stillness of a steamer at rest at sea there came a faint note over the water through the blinding mist, then another note on the other side.

"Why, we've run into a fleet of boats. Call 'em, Captain."

No need to suggest this, for the Captain had his hand on the rope, and the great whistle roared in short, blatant notes. A moment later the safety-valve moved and the dull roar of escaping steam drowned all other sounds.

That's signal enough. The fishermen will know we have stopped, and will come aboard. Mr. Ruthers, see that soundings are taken at once, and keep your men on the lookout for boats."

The officer addressed went down to the deck and prepared to take soundings. More passengers came on deck, looked white and scared, and talking together in whispers. Presently the boilers were relieved, and the escaping steam stopped. Then through the silence came the sound of oars.

Some people are like a camera; they see only what is directly before them, without regard to its focus, and the dry plates they call their minds are incapable only of reporting one fact at a time. Mademoiselle recognized that Mal Johnson was in some way her rival. She saw through her device her husband had used to bring the girl into his mother's family that he might win her for himself. That he had not succeed did not do this girl's heart; that he had no legal right she hoped to prove when they reached New York. On board ship she had no legal rights, and that, she felt, must not prove them, and, enraged at what she considered an affront put upon her by the girl, she went directly to the one wish that was uppermost in her heart—that this girl would be revenged on the woman who had lured away her husband. She had already stabbed her through the Judge's wife. She would stab her herself, let the consequences be what they might.

The Judge knocked at Miss Johnson's state-room door. No response. He knocked again. Still no answer. Becoming alarmed, he tried the handle of the door. There was a faint moan within, and he boldly opened the door.

In the lounge lay the girl, white and still, her wavy black hair streaming on the floor.

"Mal! Mal! Are you ill?"

She opened her eyes slowly and smiled in a pained, wan way, and then closed them again.

"What is it, my child? Are you sick? Shall I send for the doctor?"

She neither opened her eyes nor spoke, but slowly shook her head.

The Judge opened the port, and the raw, cold mist drifted in and the steamer's fog-horn filled the room. Again by the sea his heart was wrenched. This child, who had become so dear to him was stricken prostrate, and he must in so doing pass his wife's state-room door, and he dared not meet her alone. He was practically in a trap, and he must keep to the farther end, nearest the bow, and stay there until chilled to the bone in the bitter wind and searching fog. Seeing a man at the extreme end of the bows standing like an old-gold statue and dripping at every angle, he went towards him and stood at the rail, looking down at the curling foam above the ship's forefoot.

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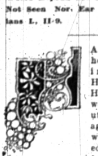
TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A TALK WITH THE BEREAVED AND FAINT-HEARTED.

The Glories and Attractions of the World Beyond the Sales—"Eye Hath Not Seen, Nor Ear Heard"—Corinthians I., II-9.



I AM going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Hallelujah! Heaven! Heaven!" These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended into the world, God for ever, and is it not natural, as well as Christianly appropriate, that our thoughts be most directed toward that glorious residence of which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen.

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor, the world had in that city all that could be desired. Built on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From the harbors of the position of which whole kingdoms had been abandoned, war-galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of any world. Hydraulic machinery, such as modern invention can not equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. Add to this all people assembled in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticos, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Colossal statues and temple beautified the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from aperatures at the side, there rushed waters of every hue as the sea in the tropical qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra-cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials the "Corinthiarii" paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no base defiled. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, and towers, and temples one thousand slaves awaiting at one shrine, and a citadel so impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence, Corinth stood and defied the world.

Now it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives away among pictures, and sculpture, and architecture; and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no lower in which it had not glittered, and no grave in that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that, and say, "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Perseus are not pure. These statues of Hercules and Mercury are not exquisite. Yon citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that frozen gate. You Corinthians, think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds, and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is heaven; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate, that after all the nations had been gathered to heaven, there will be a room for each soul, one hundred feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is adequate to the glories of that blessed home. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetic calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were sick, when you went out in the morning, how you rounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later—perhaps these very summer days—your face a glow upon the cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. Perhaps you were harp-strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise God for the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases fit past generations come down to us, and the air that we breathe is not pure like those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health on earth, compared with that which those enjoying before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne, off which flies the shadow of the dark. See her step now and hear her voice now! Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all its glory! Health of body, health of spirits, immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health in the very air. Health in the light. In all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches.

So, John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing. Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing—empires passing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America pressing into line. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory, all crowns are lifted, and all anthems flung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high," and some "Hosanna to the Son of David," and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted; and there come up surges after surges of "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the ocean of God's everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping-stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding-bell. Every day is a jubilee. Every hour a rapture, and every moment an ecstacy. "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it."

I remark, further, we can get no idea of the harmonies of heaven. If you have ever been across the sea, and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What then will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have been long separated? After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look from the way we turned, and we have to come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when you stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the full life of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we have to part. It is good-by, good-by. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail-car window, and at the steamboat wharf—good-by. Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way—"good-by;" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Good-by! Ah! that is the saddest word that ends the disheartening tangle; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Good-by! good-by! But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the doors of many mansions—but no good-by. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join with them—little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle—little feet to dance in the eternal glee—little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven—don't cry;" and the next day they went to the grave-yard, and they laid the body of the mother down into ground; and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and, looking down at the body of her mother, said, "Is this heaven?" She knew no idea what heaven is. This is the grave here—it is darkness, here—but there is merry making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives, some angelic messenger is sent to show it to its mansion. These are the martyrs that perished in the Smithfield fires. These are the slain of the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus! "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying negro boy. "I am going to see Jesus." "But," said the mistress, "suppose you will see Jesus." "Oh! you mean what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from heaven?" "What then?" "I should follow him," said the dying negro boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment, and then he said: "Massa will follow him." "But, if there can be no hell?" On to stand in his presence! That will be heaven. Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross—to go round amid all the groups of the redeemed, and shake hands with prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion. We can not imagine it now, our loved ones, only so far away. When we are in trouble, and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on the heights of the Delaware and Hudson to listen for their voices, but don't seem to hear. We say, "I sit with the child; is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear, but no answer comes back, save the echo, "Ones! Ones!" Ah, but we shall hear them. They are dead and exhilarated forever; but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and find that the departed dead are living, and that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion! Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it, nor has our heart, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Again, we can in this world get no idea of the song of heaven. You know there is nothing more inspiriting than music. In the battle of Waterloo, the Highlanders were giving way, and you were glad to hear that the bagpipe music had ceased playing. To send a quick dispatch, telling them to play with strides spirit, a bottle marsh. The music changed, they started, the Highlanders rallied, and they dashed on till the day was won. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to the hosts of God's congregation lifted upon the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes that we heard in the memories of our past? Why, some of them were cradle-songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. Tiny drops of holy tears are in them. Some now—by voices that were aged and broken in the music—voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and wail. I hear my mother sing the songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting homes joined in the chorus, and Scotch kirk and Sailor's Bethel and Western cabins, until the whole land seemed filled the Psalm of all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches.

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"Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the ocean of God's everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping-stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding-bell. Every day is a jubilee. Every hour a rapture, and every moment an ecstacy. "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it."

I remark, further, we can get no idea of the harmonies of heaven. If you have ever been across the sea, and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What then will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have been long separated? After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look from the way we turned, and we have to come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when you stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the full life of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we have to part. It is good-by, good-by. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail-car window, and at the steamboat wharf—good-by. Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way—"good-by;" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Good-by! Ah! that is the saddest word that ends the disheartening tangle; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Good-by! good-by! But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the doors of many mansions—but no good-by. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join with them—little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle—little feet to dance in the eternal glee—little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven—don't cry;" and the next day they went to the grave-yard, and they laid the body of the mother down into ground; and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and, looking down at the body of her mother, said, "Is this heaven?" She knew no idea what heaven is. This is the grave here—it is darkness, here—but there is merry making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives, some angelic messenger is sent to show it to its mansion. These are the martyrs that perished in the Smithfield fires. These are the slain of the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus!" "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying negro boy. "I am going to see Jesus." "But," said the mistress, "suppose you will see Jesus." "Oh! you mean what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from heaven?" "What then?" "I should follow him," said the dying negro boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment, and then he said: "Massa will follow him." "But, if there can be no hell?" On to stand in his presence! That will be heaven. Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross—to go round amid all the groups of the redeemed, and shake hands with prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion. We can not imagine it now, our loved ones, only so far away. When we are in trouble, and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on the heights of the Delaware and Hudson to listen for their voices, but don't seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear, but no answer comes back, save the echo, "Ones! Ones!" Ah, but we shall hear them. They are dead and exhilarated forever; but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and find that the departed dead are living, and that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion! Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it, nor has our heart, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is heaven; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate, that after all the nations had been gathered to heaven, there will be a room for each soul, one hundred feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is adequate to the glories of that blessed home. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetic calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were sick, when you went out in the morning, how you rounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later—perhaps these very summer days—your face a glow upon the cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. Perhaps you were harp-strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise God for the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases fit past generations come down to us, and the air that we breathe is not pure like those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health on earth, compared with that which those enjoying before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne, off which flies the shadow of the dark. See her step now and hear her voice now! Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all its glory! Health of body, health of spirits, immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health in the very air. Health in the light. In all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches.

So, John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing. Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing—empires passing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America pressing into line. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WHERE THE BALL WENT.

Lost Spheres in a Cricket Match Found in a Spectator's Pocket.

Cricket balls have been lost in many curious ways, such as by being struck into a pocket, ten inches deep, of somebody birds' nests, down chimneys and steeples, and it is likely that last Saturday added one more instance to this class of singular events, says the Leeds (Eng.) Mercury. Ingrow, on their own ground, were playing Wilsden—the leaders in the West Bradford league—and when J. Smith (good) of the latter team hit a stroke a ball to square-leg. The ball went to the boundary, passing under a seat which was filled by spectators. Seeing that it was a boundary hit, the spectators began to look for the ball, but they could not find it. Then some of the cricketers joined in the search, but the ball could not be found, though they made a close scrutiny of all the holes or crevices in the wall—into which it was wittily suggested they should send a ferret. Eventually the search was abandoned, a fresh ball was found, and the match continued. When it had been in progress for some time some of the spectators who were seated near the place where the ball had last disappeared that they should all feel in their pockets and see if it was in any of them. This they did, but singular to say, it was found in the pocket of the coat of a man wearing a jacket whose pockets had frequently carried small birds that he had shot with his gun. Evidently he had picked up the ball behind the seat, and a small pebble having by this time caused it to drop downward into the gentleman's pocket, and he being seated had never felt the extraweight as his pocket rested on the seat.

AN ACCIDENT.

"If Quintus Hummel, of 118 Michigan Ave., Detroit, tells a War Story of his own Experience, and the Result.

From Detroit News.

Our representative called at the residence of Mr. Quintus Hummel, 118 Michigan Avenue, this morning, and met Mr. Hummel in a sectional suit of underclothing, which he wore on account of the extreme heat, and also of suffering since. He belonged to the Michigan cavalry regiment and his first experience in the service was in the battle of Antietam, where he received a severe wound in the left hip, which crippled him up badly for a long time. He was discharged from the service on account of his wound, and has been drawing a pension ever since. The injury affected the kidneys. About six years ago the left kidney started to inflame, and from that time on Mr. Hummel in a few months became a confirmed invalid, being compelled to use a cane in walking. At times he had spells of intense pain in the region of the kidneys, so severe that he would fall down in his agony. He could get no relief from doctors, and was trying to find relief from patent medicines, but without success. He was induced to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and was completely cured, as I would have to be, before I would make a statement of this kind. Mr. Hummel is well known in Detroit, and has done more to make me feel like a man than all the other things I have tried. Being past seventy years of age, the pain or bleeding sometimes returns.

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box, mailed from Mr. Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

He Slept Higher.

Mrs. Bellefield (to her daughter)—Mr. Dinkum has never had and will never have a wink with you, dear.

Miss Bellefield (to Mr. Gaswell, mamma.

Mrs. Bellefield—Have you forgotten, Mr. Gaswell, that Mr. Dinkum is a first cousin of mine?

Mr. Gaswell—Oh, I beg your pardon, I was not aware that he was related to you. I thought he was a boarder.

Lay Rate Barbecue in Arizona, Via Missouri Pacific System.

On August 29th, September 26th and 11th and October 9th, the Missouri Pacific will run excursions from St. Louis to Benson, Ariz., at the rate of one fare for the round trip, plus $2.00 for the round trip to Bisbee, Douglas, Nacozari, Pirtleville and Fairbank. Tickets limited to fifteen days from date of sale and good to stop over at Deming, N. M., and Rincon. Full particulars descriptive of the resources and any climate of the southwest will be cheerfully furnished by address Colonel Agent, or H. C. Townsend, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

There is one consolation with the new woman craze—the coming chaperon will be a man.

Many a man with lies in wait for a trout and finally gets it, is apt to lie in weight for many months.

The corn crop is very successful in the west, nevertheless chinquapins make an excellent substitute.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and helps to personal enjoyment when the source of information is right. Better than all others and only life more, with less drug in nature, by more promptly adapting it to the needs of the system, is the well directed effort to the ends of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its acceptability to and its permanent beneficial effects upon those who use it well known to the well informed, it has attained the world-wide popularity it enjoys and is now the most widely used and generally satisfactory remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in one and two dollar bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, to whom is due the credit for the originality, the excellence and the perfect purity of the combination, the method of manufacture, and the ingenuity and enterprise which have successfully placed it before the world. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute offered.

SWAMP-ROOT

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root Kidney, Liver & Bladder Cure.

Sold by druggists, 50c. & $1. Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N.Y.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

Patents, Trade-Marks.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses the scalp. Stops the hair from falling. Restores Color and Beauty to Gray Hair. A dressing of unequaled excellence. Clears scalp, prevents dandruff & hair falling. 50c. & $1.00 at Druggists.

FISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

LOOK AT YOUR FACE FRECKLES, PIMPLES, BLACK HEADS, OILY SKIN, REDNESS, and all FACIAL BLEMISHES cured by DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS. The only genuine arsenic wafers made. By mail $1.50 or 6 Address in confidence H. G. FOULDS, 213 Sauth Arcade, New York. ALSO AT DRUGGISTS.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Cox's Couch Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else in the world. Try it.

He wins who resolves and sticks to it.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Heaven never helps the man who will not act.

Piso's Cure

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 9 years.—LIZZIE BARAM, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1895.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Employ daytime well if thou meanest to gain leisure.

Many children are cursed with a cough in the diaper period. The saving properties of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup have been proved in thousands of cases.

Unreasonableness how wise man and he will grow wiser.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

Everyone knows how it is

with coffee—some can drink it and others can't. Those who can't should use Grain-O. Remember them with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

The smallest money in all the world is that which we have not earned.

Piso's Cure is the secret of health. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup insures pure blood.

Lovers of outdoor sports, football players and athletes generally, find a sovereign remedy for the sprains and bruises which they are subject to in Hamlin's Wizard Oil, the great pain-killer. Beware of the Imitations. Eclectric Oil.

The only remedy in the world that will cure stop itchiness of the skin in any part of the body, that is absolutely guaranteed to do it, is Doan's Ointment. 50 cents, for sale by any druggist, or sent by mail from your dealer.

Don't let the girl had diarrhoea in a very brief time. We found everything a specific.