REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Among the Holy Hills."

TEXT: " He came to Nazareth, where Ho

was brought up."-Luke iv., 16. What a splendid sleep I had last night in a Catholic convent, my first sleep within doors since leaving Jerusalem, and all of us as kindly treated as though we had been the Pope and his college of Cardinals passing that way! Last evening the genial siterhood of the convent ordered a hundre I bright-eyed Arab children brought out to sing for me, and it was glorious! This morning I come out on the stees of the connorming I come out on the steps of the con-vent and look upon the most beautiful vil-lage of all Palestine, its houses of white limestone. Guess its name! Nazareth, his-torical Nazareth, one of the trinity of places that all Christian travelers must see or feel that they have not seen Palestine-namely, Bethleher, Jerusalem, Nazareth. Baby hood, boyhood, manaood of Him for whom I believe there are fifty million people who would now, if it were required, march out

and die, whether under a row down in the floods or straight through the fire.

Grand old village is Nazareth, even putting aside its sacrel associations. First of all, it is clean, and that can be said of few of the oriental virlages. Its neighboring town of Nablouf is the flithlest town I ever saw, sithough its chief industry is the manufacture of scap. They export all of it. Nazareth has been the scane of battles passing it from Israelite to Mohammedan and from Mohammedan. Christian the from Israelite to Mohammedan and from Mohammedan to Christian, the most wonder ul of the battles being that in which twenty-five thousand Turks were heaten by twenty-one hundred French, Napoleon Bonaparte commanding, the greatest of Frenchmen walking these very streets through which Jesus walked for many thirty years, the mosts of the two the antingles the the morals of the two, the antipodes, the snows of Russia and the plagues of Egypt appropriately following the one, the doxo.o-gies of earth and the hallelujans of heaven appropriately following the other. And then this town is so beautifully situated in a great green bowl, the sides of the bowl surround-ing fifteen birls. The God of nature who is the God of the Bible evidently scooped out this vailey for privacy and separation from all the world during three most important de-cades, the thirty years of Christ's boyhood and youth, for of the thirty-three years of Christ's stay on earth he spent thirty of them in this town in getting ready—a start-ling rebake to these who have no patience with the long years of preparation necessary when they enter on any special mission for the church or the world. The trouble is with most young men that they want to launch their ship from the drydock before it is ready, and hence so many sink in the first cyclone. All Christ's boyhood was seent in this village and its surroundings. There is the very well called "The Fountain of the Virgin," to

which by His mother's side He trotted along holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is the only well in the village, and it has been the only well for three thousand years. This morning we visit it, and the mothers have their children with them now as then. The work of drawing water in all ages in those countries has been women's work Scores of them are waiting for their turn at it, three great and couled the countries work and the score of them are waiting for their turn at it, three great and everlasting springs rolling out into that well their barrels, their hogsheads of water in floods, gloriously abundant. The well is sur-counded by olive groves and wide spaces in which people talked and children, wearing which people talked and children, wearing charms on their heads as protection against the "evileye," are playing, and women with their stings of coin on either side of their face, and in skirts of blue and scarlet and white and green move on with water jars on their heads. Mary, I suppose, a most always took Jesus the boy with her, for she had no one she could leave Him with, being in humble circumstances and having no attendants. I do not believe there was one of the surrounding not believe there was one of the surrounding fifteen bills that the boy Christ did not range from bottom to top, or one cavern in their sides He did not explore, or one species of bird flying across the top that He could not call by name, or one of all the species of fauna browsing on those steeps that He had

You see it all through His sermons. If a man becomes a public speaker, in his ora-tions or discourses you discover his early whereabouts. What a boy sees between seven and seventeen always sticks to him. When the apostle Peter preaches you see the fishing nets with which he had from his earliest days been familiar. And when Amos delivers his prophecy you hear in it the bleating of the herds which he had in boy-hood attended. And in our Lord's sermons and conversation; you see all the phases of village life and the mountainous life sur-

rounding it.

He had in boyhood seen the shepherds get their flocks mixed up, and to one not familiar with the babits of shepherds and their flocks, hopiessly mixed up. And a sheepstealer appears on the scene and dishonestly demands some of those sheep, when he owns not one of them. "Well," says the two honest sheepherds, "we will soon settle this matter," and one shapherd goes out in one direction and the other shepherd goes out in the other direction, and the sheepstealer in another direction, and cach one calls, and the flocks of each of the honest shepherds rush to their owner, while the sheepstealer calls and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ, years after, preaching on a great occasion and illustrating His own shepherd qualities, says: "When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice, and the stranger they will not follow, for they know not the voice of the stranger." The sides of these hills are terraced for grapes. The boy Christ had often stood with grapes. The boy Christhad often stood with great round eyes watching the trimming of the grapevines. Clip! goes the knife and off falls a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer. "What do you do that for?" "Oh." says the farmer, "that is a cead branch and it is doing nothing and is only in the way, so I cut it off." Then the farmer with his sharp knife prunes from a living branch this and that tendril and the other tendril. "But," says the child Christ "these twice that you cut.

the child Christ, "these twigs that you cut off now are not dead; what do you do that "Oh," says the farmer, we prune off these that the main branch may hav more of the sap and so be more fruitful. No wonder in after years Christ said in His sermon: "I am the true vine and My Father is the husbandman, every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Capital! No one who had not been a country boy would have said that. Oh, this country boy of Nazareth, come forth to atone for the sins of the world, and to correct the follies of the world, and

ostamp out the cruelties of the world and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to transfigure the hemispheres! So it has been the mission of the country boys in all ages to transform and inspire and rescue. They come into our merchanliss and our court rooms and our healing art and our studies and our theology. They lived in Nazareth before they entered Jerucalem. And but for that annual influx our cities would have enervated and sickened and slain the race. Late hours and hurtful ap-parel and overtaxed digestive organs and crowding environments of city life would have bailed the world; but the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have given fresh supply of health and moral invigoration to Jerusalem and the country saves the town. From the hills of New Hamp-shire and the hills of Virginia and the hills of Georgia come in our national eloquence the Websters and the Clays and the Henry W. Gradys. From the plain homes of Massachusetts and Maryland come into our national charities the George Peabodys and the William Corcorans. From the cabins of the lonely country regions come into our national destinies the Andrew Jacksons and the Abraham Lincolns. From plow boy's furrow and village counter and blacksmith's forge come most of our city giants. Nearly all the Messiahs in all departments dwelt in Nezareth before they came to Jerusalem. I send north and south and east and west, to the fathers and mothers in plain homespun if they be still alive or the hillocks under which they

shows its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how we grind them up! Under what wheels, in what mil's, and for what an awful grist! Let the city take better care of these beys and young men arriving from the country. They are worth saving. They are mow only the preface of what they will be if, instead of sacrificing, you help them. Beys as grand as the one who with his elder brother climbed into a church to yer, and not knowing their danger went outside on some timbers, when one of those shows its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how outside on some timbers, when one of those imbers broke and the boys fell, and the timbers broke and the boys fell, and the older boy caught on a beam and the younger clutched the foot of the older. The older rould not climb up with the younger hanging to his test, so the younger said: "John, I am going to let go; you can climb out into safety, but you can't climb up with me holding fast; I am going to let go, kiss mother for me and tell her not to feel badly; goodby!" And he let co and was so har I dashed upon ne ground he was not recognizable. Plenty eth! Let Jerusalen by carsful how it treats them! A gentleman long ago en level a school in Germany and he bowed tered a school in Germany and he bowed very low before the boys, and the teacher said. "Why do you do that?" "Oh," said the visitor, "I do not know what mighty man may yet be developed among them." At that instant the eyes of one of the boys hashel fire. Who was it? Martin Luther. A lai, on his way to school passed a doorstep on which sat a lame and invalid child. The passing boy said to him: "Why don't you go to school." "Set on my back," said the well boy, "and I will carry you to school." And so he did that day and for many days until the invalid was fairly started on the road to an education. Who started on the road to an education. Who was the well boy that did that kindness? I don't know. Who was the invalid he carlied? It was Robert Hall, the rapt pupil prator of all Christendom. Better give to

prator of all Christendom. Better give to the boys who come up from Nazareth to Je-rusalema crown instead of a cross.

On this December morning in Palestine an our way out from Nazareth we saw just such a carpenter's shop as Jesus worked in, supporting His widowed mother after He was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were harmer and saw and plans and auger and vise and measuring rule and of and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surface of the mountains by e-rthquake pounding a taisel; He who opened the mammoth caves of the earth turning an auger; He who wields the thunderbolt striking with a hammer; He who scooped out the bed for he ocean hollowing a ladle; He who flashes the morning on the earth and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora contructing a window. I cannot understand t, but I believe it. A skeptic said to an old dergyman: "I will not believe anything I sannot explain." "Indeed," said the clergyman, "you will not believe anything fou cannot explain. Please to explain to me why some cows have horns and others have no horns. "No," said the keptic, "I did not mean exactly that. I mean that I will not believe anything I have not seen." "Iudead," said the clergyman," "you will not believe anything you have not he morning on the earth and makes the "you will not believe anything you have not seen. Have you a backbone?" "Yes," said the skeptic. "How do you know?" said the Eergyman. "Have you ever seen it?" This mystery of Golhood and humanity inter-joined I cannot understand and I cannot explain, but I believe it. I am glad there are in many things we cannot understand, for that leaves something for heaven.

In about two hours we pass through Cana, the village of Palestine, where the mother of Parist and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative, having come over from Nazareth for that purpose. The mother of Christ—for women are first to notice such things—found that the provisions had fallen thort and she told Christ, and He to relieve the embarrassment of the housek seper, who the embarrassment of the housekeeper, who had invited more guests than the pantry warranted became the butler of the occasion, and out of a cluster of a few sympathetic words squeezed a becorage of a few hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine in which was not one drop of intoxicant, or it would have left that party as maudin and drunk as the great centennial banquet in New York transparence and its sentences and York, two years ago, left senators, and governors, and generals, and merchant princes, the difference between the wine at princes, the difference between the wine at the ban-the wedding in Cana and the wine at the ban-uet in New York being, that the Lord made uet in New York being, that the Lord made the devil made the devil made the other. We the one and the devil made the other. got off our horses and examined some of these water jars at Cana said to be the very ones that held the plain water that Christ turned into the purple bloom of an especial I measured them and found them aighteen inches from edge to edge and nine teen inches deep, and declined to accept their But we realized the immensity of a supply of a hundred and twenty-six gal-

Among the arts and inventions of the fu-ture I hope there may be some one that can press the juices from the grape and so mingle them and without one drop of damning alco-holism that it will keep for years. And the more of it you take the clearer will be the brain and the healthier the stomach. And here is a remarkable fact in my recent jour-ney—I traveled through Italy and Greece and Egypt and Palestine and Syria and Tur-key, and how many intoxicated peoply do and Egypt and Palestine and Syria and tur-key, and how many intoxicated people do you think I saw in all those five great realms? Not one. We must in our Christianized lands have got hold of some kind of beverage that Christ did not make.

Oh, I am glad that Jesus was present at that wedding, and last December, standing at Cana, that wedding came back! Night had fallen on the village and its surroundings. The bridegroom had put on his head a bright turban and a garland of flowers, and his garments had been made fragrant with frankincense and camphor, an odor which the oriental especially likes. Accompanied the oriental especially likes. Accompanies by groomsmen, and preceded by a band of musicians with flures and drums and horns, and by torches in full blaze, he starts for the bride's home. This river of fire is met by another river of fire, the torches of the bride and bridesmaids, flambeau answering flambeau. The bride in white roles and her will not only bride is in white robe and her veil not only covers her face but envelopes her body. Her trousseau is as elaborate as the resources of her father's house permit. Her attendants are decked with all the ornaments they own or can borrow; but their own personal coarms make tame the jewels, for those oriental women eclipse in attractiveness all others except those of our own land. The damson rose is in their cheek, and the diamond in the luster of their eyes, and the black-ness of the night in their long locks, and in their step is the gracefulness of the morning At the first sight of the torches of the bridegroom and his attendants coming over the hill the cry rings through the home of the bride: "They are in sight! Gat ready! Behold the bridgroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him! As the two proces-sions approach each other the timbrels strike and the songs commingle, and then the two processions become one and march toward the bridegroom's house, and meet a third procession which is made up of the friends of both bride and bridegroom. Then all enter the house and bridegroom. Then all enter the house and the dance begins and the door is shut. And all this Christuses to illustrate the joy with which the ransomed of earth shall meet Him when He comes garlanded with clouds and robed in the morning and trumpeted by the thunders of the last day. Look! There He comes down off the hills of heaven, the Pridegram! And let us start out, to hall Bridegroom! And let us start out to hail Him, for I hear the voices of the judgment day sounding: "Behold the Bridegroom coineth! Go ye out to meet Him!" And the disappointment of those who have declined the invitation to the gospel wedding is pre-sented under the figure of a door heavily cosed. You hear it slam. Too late. The

door is shut!

But we must hasten on, for I do not mean to close my eyes to night till I see from a mountain top Lake Galilee, on whose banks next Sabbata we will worship, and on whose waters the following morning we will take a will to have my are in the severest climb. sai!. On and up we go in the severest climb of all Palestine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes, on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the biesseds—biessed this and blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in molehills and a surface that gives way at the first touch of the hoof, and again and again the tirel beasts halt, as much as to say to the riders, "It is unjust for you to make us climb these steeps." siahs in off departments dwelt in Nazareth before they came to Jerusalem. I send this day thanks from these cities, mostly made prosperous by country boys, to the farmaouse and the prairies and the mountain cabins, and the obscure homesteads of north and south and east and west, to the later season hyacintas and dasies and phloxes and anemouse kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and climbing to the highest peak look out on a nechantment of scenery that seems to the bestitudes. fathers and mothers in plain homespun if they be still alive or the hillocks under which they sleep the long sleep. Thanks from Jerusalem to Nazareth.

But alas! that the city should so often treat the country boys as of old the one from Nazareth was treated at Jerusalem! Slain not by hammers and spikes, but by instruments just as cruel. On every street of every city the crucifixion goes on. Every year

for illustration in the sermon preached here, saying: "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." There are rocks around me on this Mount of There are rocks around the on this Adult of Beatitudes enough to build the highest pulpit the world ever saw. Ay, it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity.

The valley of Hattin, between here and Lake Galilee, is an amphitheatre, as though Lake Galilee, is an amphitheatre, as though the natural contour of the earth had invited all nations to come and sit down and hear Christ preach a sermon in which there were more startling novelties that were ever an-nounced in all the sermons that were ever preached. To hose who heard Him on this very spot His word must have seemed the contradiction of everything that they had ever heard or read or experienced. The works theory had been: Blessed are the arrogant; blessed are the supercilious; blessed are the tearless; blessed are the tearless; blessed are they that have everything their own way; blessed are the war eagles; blessed are the persecutors; blessed are the popular; blessed are the Herods and the Cæsars and the Ahabs. "No! no!" says Christ, with a voice that rings over these rocks and a voice that rings over these focas and through yonder valley of Hattin, and down to the opaline lake on one side, and the sap-phire Mediterranean on the other, and across Europe in one way, and across Asia in the other way, and around the earth both ways, other way, and around the string way and around the fill the globe shall yet be girdled with the nine beatitudes: Blessed are the poor; blessed are the mournful; blessed are the meek; blessed are the hungry; blessed are the merciful; blessed are the pure; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are the persecuted; blessed are the falsely reviled.

WOMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

The Manner of Their Entry Into It Sc-

verely Condemned. The manner of women's entry into public life has, I hold, affected mischievously beir attitude toward public affairs, says a writer in the Westminster Review. It has confirmed in them a tendency, already fostered by the commouly used form of speech regarding the sex, to consider themselves as superior beings, with a general mission to reform the world and to instruct mankind at large how to behave I should be the last to deny that women have something to teach, something to show, something to add to the sum of human wisdom, or that many of the affairs which men have sadly bungled can be settled otherwise than by the intervention of women and by the acceptance of their counsel and help. It does not follow that there is any reason for the adoption of superior airs on the part of women generally merely because they are women. The attitude is not becoming, and tends to make the enemy blaspheme. The calmly dogmatic tone so often assumed by those who pose as spokesmen of their sex is not a little trying to such of their fellow women as happen to possess a sense of humor or of the fitness of things. Depend upon it, if women are to partake of the banquet of life, from all share in which they have been debarred hitherto, it is not in the capacity of official tasters of food that they will be admitted. They may feast, or they may look on; they will not do both. It is natural, no doubt, that after ages of repression women gaining for the first time in the long history of the world freedom and right of speech, should be strongly inclined to repay repression with repression and with force, if not of one kind then of another. It is natural, but it is unscientific; for actions of that kind can have but a slight and temporary place in the evolution of society. If anything that I have so far tried to maintain is true, it follows that the power of women must be limited by their environmentby the degrees of progress which society has attained. Whether they will tame and rule that brute force which lies over in the background as the last and final resort, is more than any one can undertake to say, but at present they can only rule by its acquiescence, and by the altered value which scientific discoveries have given to merely muscular forms of strength. At the same time, we may see, from a glance at political affairs, how mischievous is the attempt to hold back the hands of the clock when public sentiment has already marked the hour. While the right to exercise the tranchise is persistently denied to women, their mother wit has enabled them to lay firm hold upon political power, and, although still remaining officially unrecognized, to attain a position of no small importance in political affairs. Being refused responsible power, they exercise it in an irresponsible and, therefore, a mischievous form. Such formal recognition of their position as, say, the conferring of the parliamentary franchise upon duly qualified women would now act rather as a steadying than an exciting force. And here let me say, in closing, that neither in politics nor in anything else is the future direction of women's proclivities as yet revealed. It is the fashion, indeed, to assume complete knowledge upon this interesting question, and the streng h and direction of feminine influence is habitually discounted with the utmost confidence. Now, if women are entering, as I hold, upon a new era, it is inevitable that their aims, ideals and wishes should undergo considerable change. The ideas of bondage are not the ideas of freedom, and women have not yet wholly emerged from one into

A Widowed Canary's Funeral Birge. The other day in the fullness of years canary belonging to Mr. M. of Aller ghany, Pennsylvania, fell off his perch and decently gave up the ghost, writes Hepburn Johns in the Pittsburg Dispatch. His death, though sudden, was not unexpected. For ten years or more he had poured out his little heart in ong, and when at last he lay upon the floor of his cage a cold, dumb corpse. nobody was very much surprised but his mate, a youthful bird, who for a year or two, had shared E's joys and cares, his hemp, rape, canary seed and cage. She was very much astonished. Sitting on the middle perch she regarded the limp body of her lord for hours with a troubled mien. She had ever been in the presence of death before, and evidently her emotions were strong and conflicting.

But the result of the shock to her feelings was very strange. In common with most canary birds of her sex she had been prior to this catastrophe but a poor singer. Nature is most generous to the male canary; she gives him the gaudiest feathers and the sweetest song. The widowed bird in this case had really never sung at all, while her mate had been a famous vocalist, But of a sudden, as she sat observing his dead body, she burst into a wonderful melody: roulades and runs welled from her full throat, and she ran on from cascade to cascade, like a mountain spring whose waters pent up these many years at last find an outlet and fly on crystal feet from crag to crag, making light and music where shadow and silence reigned before. Still more wonderful, the little cantatrice revived the song of her dead mate, it was his trills and his rich meody which rang again through the ioure. It seemed as if the musical powers of the departed bird had doscended upon her. She sings all he sang and more. Mr. M. and his family are astonished and delighted at what

Not a Local

over a local disease. If it did not exist in your blood, it could not manifest it elf in your nose. The blood new in your brain is before you finish reading this or icle, back in your heart again and soon distributed to your liver, stom ch, kidneys, and so on. Whatever impurities the blood does not carry away. cause what we call alseases. Therefore when you have catarrh of the head, a souff or other inhabit can at most give only temperary relief. The only way to effect a cure in to attack the disease in the blood, by taking a constitut onal remedy like Hood's arsaparilla, which eliminates all impurities and thus permanently curts catarrh. The success of Hood's Sarsh, ard is as a remedy for catarrh is ouched for by many paople it has cure i.

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10) Buses One Bollar

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The first question at the sepulcher "Why weepest thou?" The sweetest bread ever tasted, is that cut from the loaf of toil.

God clothed man. Man stripped Christ, and gambled for his raiment. Make your long prayers in private and your short ones in public.

Every time we try to deceive God, ur chances of being lost increase. Real wealth is that which cannot be

aken from you by man or devil. The happiest people are those who willingly suffer most for others. It is not an easy matter for God to get His arms around a man who al-

ready has his arms around a bag of money. It makes no difference what we are. The most important of all things to us is what we will permit Christ to

All the preaching that ever has or ever will be done may be boiled down into three little words-"God is love. We know how much trouble the devil caused Job, but God alone knows how much trouble Job caused the

When we get to the end of life, we shall find that the only things we have really lost are those we tried to keep. Don't be in too great a hurry for results. You can't raise an oak tree and get a crop of acorns in a few min-

utes. The devil is always ready to walk arm in arm with the man who says, "I don't have to join church to be a Chris-

Wearing his hat on the back of his head is one of the ways in which a young man can tell everybody he

doesn't know much. If the women who went to the sepulcher had waited to find somebody to roll the stone away, they would not have started.

The man who goes to heaven on flowery beds of case will find himself in a mansion of not more than one room when he gets there. The fact that God used the ravens to

feed Elijah should teach us that we can derive spiritual help from the most common-place resources.

Christ didn't say, "Stand still, and I will give you rest," but "Come unto There must be a change of front and a forward movement.

If moderate drinking is allowable and respectable, what's the reason moderate stealing or any other kind of qualified meanness is not commend-

The only way you can persuade some people to join church is to convince them that it pays. Do this and you could n't keep them out with a shot-

Did you ever notice how carefully people pick their way over a muddy street crossing? Christians ought to be just as careful as to how and where

Gcd's way of blessing is to give everybody all they can carry, and charge nothing for it, as Joseph did to his brethren, when they came to him after corn in Egypt.

Singular, isn't it, that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hair pins or a gum ring for the baby, it looks about nine times as big as it does when he planks it down on the counter in exchange for a little bitters for the

A New Spelling Game, In this game each player must en-

deavor to spell his or her best, and a prize must be given to the best speller, and a wooden spoon or other booby prize to the worst. The words to be spelt should be written out clearly on slips of paper, with the definition added below, and all placed in a box on the table, round which the players are seated. The person to start the game dray's out one of the | apers at random, pronounces the word distinctly and reads out the definition. The player sected next to him spells the word.

If she does so correctly she takes tho paper, draws another and pronounces it, and reads the definition to the next neighbor, but if she misses the word, the one pronouncing it spells it aloud and places it by itself. This continues round the table, the papers being drawn in turn till the game comes back to the starter. No one is allowed to try twice to spell a word. Each player keeps his own pile of correctly spelt words, and as many rounds may be played as agreed on at the beginning of he game. The prize goes to the one

"Rambo's eyes seem to be perfectly sound. I don't see why he wears those goggles." "He does it to protect his eyes from the glare of his nose."

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Colored men are now working their

way into many of the skilled trades in New York, and their are employers who speak highly of their capacity, industry and faithfulness, says the World. "We and latinumess, says the World. We can hold our ground in this business," said a negro carpet layer, "though it needs more pains and harder work than some other trades." "There are black type-setters in some large offices in New York," said one of them, "and they can pick up both nonpareil and pica as well as other people." "We have several dusky engineers in our service," said the boss of an establishment, "and they are both expert and trustworthy." There has been a considerable migration of colored men from the southern States to the northern within the past few years, and those of them who have taken quarters in New York get along quite as well as the new-comers of the white breed. This view is sustained by representative men of the African race here who have been interviewed on the

Colored Men In Trades.

You wear out clothes on a wash board tentimes as much as on the body. How footish. Buy Dobbins's Electric Scap of your grocer and save this useless wear. Made ever since 1864. Don't take imitation. There are lots of

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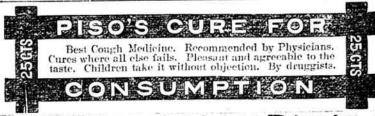


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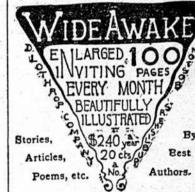
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