### WHAT SWALLOWED JONAH?

#### ferhaps It Was a White Shark Instead of a Whale.

There is no argument valid upon a premise of inherent impossibility. It ased to be concluded beyond question that there were no black swans, because it is impossible to conceive a black swan. But one harmless and anconscious black swan from the antipodes put all the ingenious thinkers to rout. Hume argued from his conception of a true induction that the major premise must include all possible cases. This he thought conclusive against a great deal of popular belief. But what test have we of the possible? It is harder to believe that we have explored and classified the whole field of knowledge, than that a ravenous fish-with no higher and no lower thought in its meager brain than a plentiful dinner-should have swallowed and then disgorged a man. Besides, we are not without evidence that such piscine conduct is at least possible. Jonah was sailing in the Mediterranean-right along its whole length-from Joppa, in Palestine, to Tarshish, in Spain; and it is in this very sea that even at the present day a huge fish, the white shark, is found. And not only this, but the bones of a much larger species now extinct. For the word used in the Bible is a general term for a large fish, and it includes in various writers sharks, tunnies, whales, dolphins, and seals. This white shark attains such a size that it has been known to weigh four tons and a half. One that was exhibited last century over Europe weighed nearly two tons, and very nearly re-enacted the part of Jonah's fish. A British war vessel was sailing in the Mediterranean when a man fell overboard. A huge shark instantly rose and the unlucky seaman disappeared within its mouth. The captain fired a gun at it from the deck, and as the shot struck upon its back it cast the man outagain and he was rescued by his companions. They forthwith harpooned the fish, dried him, and presented him to his intended victim.

In the beginning of this century a shark was taken at Surinam, and in it was discovered the body of a woman excepting the head. Instances are recorded upon good authority of specimens being found in the same sea; one with a sea calf in its stomach as big as an ox, another with a whole horse, and another with two tunnies and a man. That a man' could live there for a considerable time seems by no means impossible.

### Sloops With Her Eyes Open.

Richard Risley of Port Jefferson. 1. I., is a hard-working bayman. He has a rather pretty daughter, who for the past year, according to the New York World, has been puzzling the doctors in consequence of a peculiar affliction which has attacked her eyes. Miss Risley is about 17 years old. A year ago, while walking on the beach near her home with her mother, she suddenly exclaimed that something had entered hereye. She pressed her hands over her eyes and a moment later fell in a fit. The young woman was carried home in a partially unconscious condition. When finally she was restored to consciousness it was discovered that her eyes had a strained look as though some inward pressure was forcing them out of their sockets. She complained of no pain, but her eyes continued to protrude more and more until it would seem that must fall out. The eyes arc now so much protruded that the lids cannot close down over them, so that the sufferer sleeps at night with her eyes wide open. Her sense of sight is gone while she sleeps, this having been demonstrated by experiments. The peculiar trouble which has attacked her eyes also appears to be sapping the young woman's health. She has become pale and emaciated, and has the appearance of a person suffering from consumption. Her condition has thus far defied the skill of the doctors, who admis that they are unable to explain the cause.

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Snn. day Sermon.

Subject: "Gathering the Harvest." TFXT: "As a shoes - corn cometh in in his season." - Job v., 2).

This is the time of the year for husking corn. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsvivania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or in any of the country districts, you know that the corn is all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then, gathering up as much of the corn as he could compas-with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock. There are now at least two billion bushels of corn either standing in the shock or having heen already busked in the shock or having been already husked. The farmers gather one day on one farm and then another day on another farm, and they put on their rough husking apron, and they take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leathern loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons come along and take it to the cornerib,

About corn as an important careal or corn as a metaphor the Bible is constantly speaking. You know about the people in famine coming to buy corn of Joseph, and the foxes on fire running into the "standing corn," and about the oxen treading out the corn and about the oxen treading out the corn, and about the seven thin ears of corn that in Pharoah's dream devoured the seven good ears, and the "parched corn" handed to beautiful Ruth by the harvesters of Bethto be utiful Kuth by the harvesters of Beta-lebem, and Abigail's five measures of "parched corn," with which she hoped to appease the enemies of her drunken hus-band, and David's description of the valleys "covered over with corn," and "the handful of corn in the earth," and "the full corn in the corn in the set of the bard of the set of the car," and Christ's Sabbath morning walk through cornfields, and the disciples "plucking ears of corn," and se I am not surprised to find corn husking time referred to in my text, "As a shock of corn cometh in in his season.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful com-pany. The frosts, which had silvered everything during the night, began to melt off the top of the corn shocks. While the larmers were waiting for others they stood blowing their breath through their fingers or thrashing their arms around their body to keep up war.nth of circulation. Roaring nirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled wer the fence. Joke and repartee and fustic salutation abounded. All ready now! The men take hold of the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and nice which have secreted themselves there for warmth stempt escape. The withs of straw is unwound from the own shock, and the stalks heavy with the wealth of grain are rolled into two bun iles, between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is shrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the singers rip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn 's snapped off from the bus c, and the grain lisimprisoned is harled up into the sunlight. The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhil-trating, the company is so blithe that some augh, and some shout, and some sing, and some banter, and some teass a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods

in an evantide in a carriage that holds but two, and some propiesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn

then a complete snapping off before the corn was free, and if the busk could have spoken it would have said: "Why do you incerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ab, my friends, that is the way God has arranged that the ear and husk shall part, and that is the way He has arranged that the boly and the soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know that they are only forward-ing the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge of the husking peg. Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker. the husker.

There is gold in you that must come ont. ome way the shackle must be broken, ome way the ship must be launched for eavenly voyage. You must let the Heavenheavenly voyage. You must let the Heaven-ly Husbandmen husk off the mortality from the immortality. There ought to be great consolation in this for all who have chronic allments, since the Lord is gradually and more mildly taking away from you that which hinders your soul's liberation, doing gradually for you what for many of us in robust health perhaps He will do in one fell blow at the last. At the closs of every ill-ness, at the close of every paroxysm you ougat to say: "Thank God, that is all past now; thank God, I will never have to suffer that again; thank God, I am so much nearer the hour of liberation." be hour of liberation." You will never suffer the same pain twice.

You may have a new pain in an oll place; but never the same pain twice. The pain does its work and then it dies. Just so many plunges of the crowbar to free the quarry stone for the building. Just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statute. Just many pangs to separate the soul from the dy. You who have chronic ailments and body. body. You who have chronic ailments and disorders are only paying in installments that which some of us will have to pay in one payment when we pay the debt of nature. Thank God, therefore, ye who have chronic disorders, that you have so much less suffering at the last. Taank God that you will have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the hands of the Heavenly Hus-bandman when "the short of even connect bandman when "the short of corn coneth in in his season."

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath mora-ing, but did not answer, Why is it that so many really good people have so draadfully to suffer? You often find a gool man with enough pains and aches and distresser, you would think, to discipling a whole county, while you will find a man whole county. while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digistion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively pain-less. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husk-

noticed in the husking time that the husk-ing peg was thrust into the cora, and then there must be a stout pull before the swath-ing was taken off the ear and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed, while, on the other hand, there was cora that hardly seemed worth nusking. We threw that into a place all by itself, and we called it nubbias. Some of it was mildiewed and some of it was mildiewed and some of it was

mildewed, and some of it was mice nibbled, and some of it was great promises and no fulfilment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn basket and we picked up these nubbins. Taey were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to comparatively nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and hibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildswed all over. Great promiss and no fulfilment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our Gol. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life-who would not rather be torn and wounded and lacerated and wrenched and husked and at lacerated and wrenched and huskel and at last go in amid the very best grain of the granery—than to be pronounced not words. I busking atall? Nubbins? In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body and distress in business and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any gruige crainst you. It is not derogatory; it is

"Not I," says some one standing back under the galleries. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has not been in church in fifteen years before. Yev, you. "Not I." says some one who has been for fifty years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you. There are monopolies on earth-monopolistic railroads and monopo-listic telegraph companies and monopolistic Asiac telegraph companies and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopolies in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and without price." Sal-vation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course use common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking the saip for Portland.

and you cannot get to heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace

all the race may go in. "But," says some one, "lo you really think I would be at home in that supernal society if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was a great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one corn shoc c a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all that

Toat evening, at the close of the husking day, one man drove nome a roan span so frisky, so full of life they got their fest over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great differ-ence in worldly means, but I noticed at the bucking time the self. husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he ownel or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those gool times. And so it will be in heaven. Our Father will gather Hiz children around Hum, and the neizhbors will come in and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of vic-tory and we will all celebrate it. And some one will say: "Here is my old father that I put away with heartbreak! Just look at

him! He is as young as any of us!" Aud some one will say: "Here is my darl-ing child that I buried in Greenwoot, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation. Just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute!' Great sociality. Great neighborhool kindness. Go in an't dine. What though John Milton sit down on one side and Jobn Howard sit down on the other side? No en-burrassment. What though Charlotts Eligibeth sit down op one side and Hannah More sit down on the other side? barrass nent. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs? A songster yourself, why be embarr issed among glori-

fiel songsters? Go in and dine. All the shocks of corn coming in in their season. Oh, yes, in their season. Not one of you having died too soon, or having died of you having died too soon, or having died too late, or having diel at haphazard. Plantei at just the right time. Plowed at just the right time. Cut down at just the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnerad at just the right time. Coming in in your season. Oh, I wish that the two billion bushels of corn now in the fields or on their way to the sealward might have on their way to the scaboard might be a type of the grand yield of honor and glory and immortality when all the shocks come

I do not know how you are constitutel, but I am so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a cornfield when I cross it at this time of year after the corn has been cut and it stands in shocks. And so I have thought it might be practically useful for us to-day to cross the cornfleid, and I have thought perhaps there might be some reminiscence rousel in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In Sweden a prima dona, while her house in the city was be-ing repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a triand who wished to see them.

looking into a mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window be-hind her and gazing at those jewels. She You remember also that in the time of husking it was a neighborhood reunion. By the great firepiace in the winter, the fires roaring around the glorified backlogs on an old-tashioned hearth, of which the modern hardly knowing why shadil so she began to sing an oli nursery song, her fears mak-ing the pathos of the song more teiling. Suddenly she notical, while looking at the mirror, that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did not come back. A few days after the prima donna received a letter from the robber, saying. "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night, and I came to take them at woatever hazard, and I have resolved upon a new and hones life.

Lost His Idea.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, having risen one night, unintentionally aroused his wife, who inquired: "Are you sick, Waldo?"

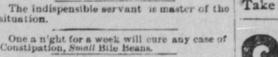
"Ob, no, my dear," was his reply, "but I've got an idea. What's the matter with these matches? I can't make them ignite Let it go, now," sighed the philosopher, "my idea is gone.

The next morning, upon arising, Mrs. Emerson found all the teeth in her comb broken out. This is supposed to have happened in the days (or nights) when matches came in cards.

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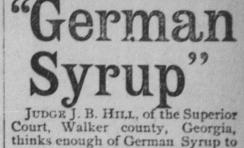
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DIGESTED

EVERY day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it are desperate.

IT takes a man with a big heart and a good-sized bank account to appreciate the beauty of a fall opening in dress goods.

IF cases of drunkenness were argued before a full court there would be no convictions .- Texas Siftings.

THERE is one sort of ignorance that becomes women; ignorance of men.



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich

An old soldier, came out of the War greatly enfechled by Typhoid Fever, and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with Consumption. He has been in poor health since, until he began to take

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats coased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparills, especially to comrades in the G.A.R. Hood's Pills cure Habitual Constipation by re-

storing peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

thocks before sundown.

After awhile the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse and the table is surroundel by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the a group of jolly and hungry men. perches of fowl on the place the richest fainties come, and there is carnival and seighborhood reunion, and a scene which ills our memory, part with smiles, but more with tears, as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other rands gather in the field, and many of those who mingled in that merry busking scene save themselves been reaped "like as a

whock of corn cometh in in his season." There is a difference of opinion as to whether the orientals knew anything about the corn as it star. Is in our fields, but recent discoveries have found ont that the Hebrew bnew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of corn pickel up out of ancient srypts and excumsed from hiding piaces re they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maizs as we raise in New York and Onio; so 1 am right when 1 say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it; just as you and I threw it; just as you and I busked it. There may come some practical and useful and concorting lessons to all our souls while we think of coming in at last "like a shock of corn cometh in in his reason

It is high time that the King of Terrors It is high time that the king of Terrors were thrown out of the Curistian vocab-niary. A vast multiluie of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of dis-astery, instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a sold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into grows of redelence and per-petual fruitage. It is a change from bleak petual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to roseate June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarcera-tion into the diamonded wristlets of a brifal party, or, to use the suggestion of mv text, it is only husking time It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and beautiful soni may go free. Com-ing in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ broke up a funeral proces-sion at the gate of Nain by making a resur-rection day for a young use an it his mother. rection day for a young uan an 1 his mother, and I would that I could break up your sad-ness and hait the long funeral procession of the world's grief by so no cheerful view of

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence; frost on the stubble; frost on the ground; frost on the bare branches of the trees; frost in the air; frost on the hands of the hussers. You re-Trost on the hands of the huskers. You re-member we used to hide between the corn stacks so as to keep off the wini, but still you remember how shivering was the boly and how painful was the cheek, and how be-numbed were the hands. But after awhile the son was high up, and all the frosts went out of the air, afid hilarities awakened the echoes, and joy from one corn shock went up, "Ahs, aha?" and was answered by joy from another corn shock, "Ah", aha?" So we all realize that the death of our friend is the nipping of many expectations, the freez-ing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind.

Is comes out of the frigid north, anl when they go away from us we stand b-numbed in body and beau abad in mind and beaumbed in soul. We stand among our

benumbel in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yee, we will get over it amid the shoutings of neav-enly reunion, and we will look that is to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy consth in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as be chapped his hands; "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometa in "like a shock of corn cometa in in his seaso." Of course the husking time made rough work with the ear of corn. The busking peg had to be thrust in, and the hard thumo of the husker hal to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then there was a pull and there was a ruthless tearing, and

Whom the Lord loveth complimentary. "Whom the Lord lovath He chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is omething valuable in you, or the

stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociality; but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from beyon i the meador and they came from beyon it the best humor, and they came from beyon I the meadow and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles ground. three miles around.

Good spirits reignel supreme, and there were great handshakings, and there was carnival, and there was the recital of the brightest experience in all their lives, and there was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes all the nerves of my body tremble with emotion as the strings of body tremble with emotion as the string 4 of a harp when the fingers of the player havs swept the chords. The busking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so heaven will be just that. There they come up! They slept in the old village church-yard. There they come up! They reclined amid the fountains and the sculpture and the

amid the fountains and the sculpture and the partsrres of a city cometery. There they come up! They went down when the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras. They come up from all sides—from potter's field ant out of the solid masonry of Westminster Abbey. They come up! They come up! All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their spiritual despond-encies huskel off. All their hindrances to usefulness huskel off. All their hindrances to usefulness huskel off. The grain, the golden grain, the Gol fashions! grain, visible and couspicans. Some of them on earth were such disagreeable Christians you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now in heaven they are so radiant you Now in heaven they are so radiant you harily know them. The fact is all their imperfections have been hustet of. They did not mean on earth to be disagreeable. They mean on earth to be disagreeable. They meant well enough, out they told you how sick you looked, and they told you how many hard things they had heard about you, and they told you now often they had to stand up for you in some battles until you wished almost that they hid been slain in so ne of the battles. Good, pious, con-centrated, well meaning disagreenbles. Now

in heaven all their off ansiveness has been husket off. Each one is as happy as he can by. Every one he mests as happy as he can

be. Heaven—one great neighborhool re-union. Ali kings and queens, all songsters, all mil-lionaires, all banqueters. Goi the Father with His chillree all around Him. No "goodby" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprase, in-to seas of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the taaring, and the rioping, and the twisting.

come in: out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing, and the ripping, and the twisting, and the wrenching and lacerating, and the busking time of earth into the wide open door of the King's granary "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Tes, heaven is a great sociable, with joy like the joy of husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one that is not so large. Arcnangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in another corner. David taking none of the airs of a giant killer; Joshua making no one halt until he passes, because he made the sun and moon halt; Paul making no as-sumption over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness; Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honered than the cap-tive maid who told him where he could get a good doctor. Ob, my soul, what a coun-try! The humblest man a king, the poorest woman a queee, the meanest house a palacs, the shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange about it all is we may all get there.

life." Ob, my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the im-mortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhool, or some song rolling up out of the corn fields, the song of the huskers twenty or forty years ago, might turn all on rest out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteoussees. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift feet toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us "as a loved ones have already preceded us "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

### The Cholera in Persia.

A letter in the Paris Temps gives some account of the cholera in Persia. The writer says that from Meshed the cholera went northwest across the populous district in which are Kutchan, Shirvan and Bujnurd, following the valleys of the Elburz Mountains. Twenty days later it appeared on the caravan route between Meshed and Teheran. At the many stations along this route the Persian Government established quarantines, and every passer-by was disinfected. The pilgrims arrived weak from traveling, footsore and weary. The sheds improvised for their reception were frightfully crowded and otten kept by agents of doubtful morality. The new comers slept in the open air under trees, if there were any, while awaiting their places in the caravanserai. The water was always bad, often dangerons. There were no medicines, there was no sort of care. Only fanatically religious pilgrims could endure the privations of this experience. Thus all the villages and towns along the way became intected. Passing through Nishapour, Sebzevar, Damghan, Semnan and Shahrud, the plague at last reached

Teheran. The quarantine system proved an utter failure. Every day during the three spring months from 100 to 150 pilgrims passed each station. They went and came without thought of the cholera. At Teheran the death-roll, however, never exceeded 200 a day, out of a population reduced by emigration to 100,000

inuabitants.

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