TRUE PHYSICAL TEST.

The Softest Bed Not Always the Best Ald to Comtort.

There is an old story of an Indian and 'a 'pale-face," who, after a long day's journey, lay down in a deserted cabin at nightfall to rest. The Indian, wrapping himself in his blanket, stretched himself on the floor of the cabin, with his feet to the fire, and was soon asleep. His companion, meantime, has espied a feather-bed in another room, and congratulating himself on his discovery, jumped in and was soon in a doze.

With the first rays of the morning light the Indian rose refreshed, and ready for the day's task. He went to arouse his comrade, when lo! he found him dead from the exhaustion of the previous day,

Luxurious repose is never true physical rest.

To enjoy that blessing to its fullest extent, freedom from restraint must be allowed every part of the body. A firm surface is required-one that will tend to keep the body stretched out at full length, that the lungs and heart may feel no sense of restriction by compression of the chest-walls, and that the blood may have uninterrupted course in every direction.

We should never be guilty of supposing that the person whom we saw sitting in a chair, with his chin pressing on his sunken chest, was enjoying true physical rest, no matter how fast asleep he might appear to be.

The tendency of the body to gravitate toward the lowest part of a feather-bed is beyond remedy.

In this position the whole body is often so curled up that no one part is free from constriction. The chestwalls are caved in, and the whole body suffers from the consequent lack of proper oxygenation of the blood and the restriction which is placed upon its general circulation. The blood moves sluggishly, and as a result the condition of "fat and flabby" is superinduced.

This condition is never likely to follow the constant use of a firm hair mattress, for the blood has no chance to get dropsical from too sluggish a circulat on.

Perfect physical repose, like perfect physical activity, is dependent upon a proper equilibrium of the bodily functions during slumber.

The story of the Indian and the white man might easily have been founded on fact .- Youth's Companion.

Where He Made His Money.

Mr. Coleman of Norwich, before he was made a knight, was one day in a Paris hotel, when an inquisitivedamsel asked: "Are you the Mr. Coleman who has made so much money out of the mustard we take off the sides of our plat s?" "No." was the answer; "I am the Mr. Coleman who makes money out of the mustard you leave on the sides of your plates."

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Oblivion and Its Defeats.

TEXTS: "He shall be no more remem-bered, 'Job XXiv., 20: "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance," Psalms cXii.,

"Oblivion and Its Defeats" is my subject to-day. There is an old monster that swaldown everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, States, Na-tions, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of cons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionarians oblivion. It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge in which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. I the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion ! It is At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to

Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are to-gether, inseparable and to each other indispensable, and then they part, some by mar-riage going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it and obliterate it, So the generations van-

Walk up Broadway, New York ; State street. Boston ; Chestnut street, Philadelphia ; the Strand, London ; Princess street, Edinburgh ; Strand, London; Princess street, Edinburgh; Champs Elysees, Paris; Unter den Linden, Berlin, and you will meet in this year 1893 not one person who walked it in 1793. What engulfment! All the ordinary effort at per-petuation are dead failures. Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tomb-stones but Old Oblivion has a guidar chisel stones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epi-taphs while "Old Mortality" is cutting in one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies deoured of bookworms or unread of the rising generations

All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up, because the name of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant. The city of Rome stands to-day, but dig down deep enough and you come to another Rome, buried, and go down still farther and you will find a third Rome. Jerusalemstands to-day, but dig down deep enough and you will find a Jerusalem underneath, and go on and deeper down a third Jerusalem. Alexandria on the top of an Alexandria, and the second on the top of the third.

Many of the ancient cities are buried thirty feet deep, or fifty deep, or 100 feet. What was the matter? Any special calamity? No. The winds and waves and sands and flying dust are all undertakers and grave diggers, and if the world stands long enough the present Brooklyn and New York and London will have on top of them other Brooklyns and New Yorks and Londons, and only atter digging and boring and blasting will the archeologist of far distant centuries come down as far as the highest spires and domes and turrets of our present American and in cities

Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin L. or of Charles Martel, or of Mariborough, or of Mithridates, or of Prince Frederick, or of Cortes, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of 1,000,-000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,700,000 infantry and the 200,000 cavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Stand in line the 1,000,000 en of Sesostris, the 1,200,000 men of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa, the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylee, and call the long Not one answer. roll. At the opening ot our civil war the men of the Northern and Southern armies were told man Good Samaritan with a medicament of oll that if they fell in battle their names would and wine and a free ride to the hostelry? Have the English soldiers who went up to never be forgotten by their country. Out of the million men who fell in battle or died in God from the Crimean battlefields forgotten military hospitals, you cannot call the names of 1000, nor the names of 500, nor the names Florence Nightingale? of 100, nor the names of fifty. Oblivion Are the feet of the dancers who were at the Southern soldiers forget the Northern and Southern women who administered to the dying boys in blue and gray after the awful fights in Tennessee and Pennsylvania and Virginia and Georzia, which turned every house and barn and shed into a hospital, and incarradined the Susuebanna and the ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels the night before Waterloo all still? All still. Are all the ears that heard the guns of Bun-ker Hill all deaf? All deaf. Are the eyes that saw the coronation of George III, all closed? All closed. Oblivion ! A hundred years incarnadined the Susquehanna, and the James, and the Chattahoochee, and the Savannah with brave blood? The kindnesses from now there will not be a being on this earth that knew we ever lived. In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name, and from the nearly faded ink. preciation of others as the gates of heaven will stand, as the "House of Many Mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will with great effort, find that some person of our name was born somewhere between 1810 stand and 1890, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Sup-pose by a right influence we aid in transborn last night in a village in Pataconia. Tell me something about your greattorming a bad man into a good man, a dol-orous man into a happy man, a disheartened grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What ear did he die? And your great-grand-nother. Will you describe the style of the man into a courageous man-every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There year did he die? may never be so much as one line in a news-paper regarding it, or no mortal tongue may hat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or ever whisper it into human ear, but where-ever that soul shall go your work upon it une? shall go, wherever that soul rises your work Oblivion! That mountain surge rolls over everything. Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a chip of that granite. The sea is triumphing over the land, and what is going on at Coney upon it shall rise, and so long as that soul Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited Island is going on all around the world, and the continents are crumbling into the waves, him to Christ : that you, by prayer or gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such inquility will ever and while this is transpiring on the outside of the world the hot chisel of the eternal fire s digging under the foundation of the earth and cutting its way out toward the surface. It surprises me to hear people say they do not think the world will finally be burned up, when all scientists will tell you that it has for ages been on fire. Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside raging to get out. Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as ensily as a schoolboy's india rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other world's that they will go, too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pedi-tere and the source pedi-tere and the source pedi-tere and the source pedi-pass the architect sits down alone and in si-pass the architect sits down alone and sits si a crust between us and the furnaces inside world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pedi-ment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axistree of the constellations will break and let down the population of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow anything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if it had not been for the merciful removal of Nations and genera-tions. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and pub-lished? The libraries would by their im-mensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of the State and National libraries to-day are only morgues in which dead Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if it had not been for the mercifii removal of Nations and genera-tions. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and pub-lished? The libraries would by their im-mensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatat epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of the State and National libraries to-day are only morgues in which dead books are waiting for some one to come and there is no source of its nature, built into its every fiber and energy. Will the storms of whiter wash out the story of what and there is no winter wash out the story of what storms of winter wash out the story of what storms of winter wash out the story of what storms of winter wash out the story of what storms of winter wash out the story of what storms of winter wash, and it is an everiasting of the centuries ago, and people who ough to have said their is ast word 3000 years ago would have been elbowed by our ancestors of the neenturies ago, and people who ough to have said their is ast word 3000 years ago doing here?' There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past-many pople did was to die, their craiters many pople did was to die, their craiters to live in before the middle of the last een-to live in before the middle of the last een-

tury. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in, we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe, the fountain of forgetfulness, are a healthful draft. The history we have of the who tried to heal wounds and wipe away world in ages past is always one sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts. In all is of grace, and your self-abnegating utterance will be, "Not unto illustrated by a few straggling facts. In all the Pantheon the weakest goddess is Cilo, the goddess of history, and instead of being represented by sculptors as holding a scroll feel a heavenly satisfaction in the goldess of history, and instead of being presented by sculptors as holding a scroll right better be represented as limping on good thing you did on earth, and if icono-

tality that comes from pomp of obsequies, or Christ would take one of the nails of Hi granite shaft, or building named after its own cross and write somewhere on the cryst founder, or page of recognition in some en-cyclopedia is an immortality unworthy of one's ambition, for it will cease and is no immortality at all. Oblivion! A hundred years. But while I recognize this universal submergence of things earthly who wants to be forgotten? Not one of us.

submergence of things earthly who wants to be forgotten? Not one of us. Absent for a few weeks or months from home, it cheers us to know that we are re-membered there. It is a phrase we have all pronounced, "I hope you missed me." Meet-ing some friends from whom we have been parted many years, we inquire, "Did you ever see me before?" and they say, "Yes," and call us by name, and we feel a delight-ful sensation thrilling through their hand ful sensation thrilling through their hand into our hand, and running up from elbow to shoulder, and then parting, the one cur-rent of delight ascending to the brow and the other descending to the foot, moving round and round in concentric circles until every nerve and muscle and capacity of body and mind and soul is permeated with de-

and I had peculiar pleasure in puzzling him a little as to who I was, and I can hardly describe the sensation as after awhile he mumbled out: "Let me see. Yes, you are De Witt." We all like to be remembered,

Now, I have to tell you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats, and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously not be distinctly and vividly and gioriously remembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing we he done and will be done.

can be done and will be done. We may build this "everlasting remem-brance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindesses in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Ever-lasting remembrance!" Nothing will sl the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you heip a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the curbistone, and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man, swamped by the stringency of the money market, that times would after awhile be better? awhile be better?

Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more?" Did you tell a man, clear dis-couraged in his waywardness and hopeless no more?"

eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of city library, com-pared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splenoblivion that benefaction.

on the road to Jericho forgotten the

Through all eternity will the Northern and

ou do to others will stand as long in the ap-

Another defeat of oblivion will be found

Faithful history is the saving of a few things out of more things lost. The immor-tality that comes from means from means and efface one tality that comes from means and efface one record of your earthly fidelity, methinks Christ would take one of the nails of His

tal, or the amethyst, or the jacinth. or th shall be held in everlasting remembrance." Ob. this character building! You and I are every moment busy in that tremendous occupation, You are making me better or

worse, and I am making you better or wors and we shall through all eternity bear the mark of this benediction or blasting.' Let others have the thrones of heaven-

those who have more mightily wrought for God and the truth-but it will be heaven enough for you and me if ever and anon we meet some radiant soul on the boulevards of "You helped the great city who shall say . me once. You encouraged me when I was in earthly struggle. I did not know that I would have reached this shining place had it not been for you." And we will laugh with heavenly give and say. "Ha! ha! Do you really remember that talk? Do you remember that warning? Do you remember that Christian invitation? What a memory you A few days ago, visiting the place of my boyhood, I met one whom I had not seen since we played together at ten years of age, in Brooklyn or New Orleans at least ten thousand million years ago." And the anthousand million years ago." And the an-swer will be. "Yes, it was as long as that, but I remember it as well as though it were

yesterday. Oh, this character building ! The structure lasting independent of passing centuries, in-dependent of crumbling mausoleums, independent of the whole planetary system. Aye, if the material universe, which seems all

nll the suns and moons and stars should tumble like the midnight express at Ashtabula, that would not touch us and would not hurt God, for God is a spirit, and character and memory are immortal, and over that grave of a wrecked material universe might

enturies of all time, but thou shalt have no power to efface from any soul in glory the memory of anything we have done to bring it to God and heaven'

There is another and a more complete decouraged in his waywardness and hopeleas and plotting suicide, that for him was near by a layer in which he might wash, and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear? What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are of a fortress which he was garrisoned, or the face of a great general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage.

This tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the dor, there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. They have no cutlass to part that cable. They have no strength to hurl into blivion that benefaction. hands. There can be no other meaning in Has Paul forgotten the inhabitants of the forty-ninth chapter of Isalah, where God

SHIPS AND WHAPES.

Many Eucounters Between the Two Are Recorded.

The steamship Petersburg of the Russian volunteer fleet had a unique experience near Minicoy, in the South Indian Ocean. A sharp shock was felt by all on board and she stopped as though gripped in a vise. The sea was found to be colored with the lifeblood of two huge whales, which lay floating in their last agony. One was cut through by the steamer's sharp stem, and the other killed by chrysoprasus, your name and just under it repeated blows of the screw propeller.

> The German steamship Waesland, bound from Antwerp to New York, ran into and killed a sleeping whale. A smaller steamer, the Kelloe, collided with a whale near Seaham Harbor, and wounded it badly. The celebrated yacht Genesta narrowly avoided collision with a dead ceta. cean during the jubilee race around our islands. In 1889 a Shields'steam. ship, the James Turple, nearly cut a whale in two one starlight night. The schooner O. M. Marrett was almost wrecked by passing whales in the North Atlantic. Many of the school struck her repeatedly with such violence that her whole hull shook and articles in the officers' rooms were thrown to the floor.

In 1890 a small saffing vessel, the Ocean Spray, bound from Galveston to England, struck a sleeping whale and received damage. On the morning of the 17th of July, a whale fifty feet long made his appearance close alongside the steamship Port Adelaide, Capt. C. M. Hepworth, R. N. R., in forty-two degrees south, seventy-five degrees east. He followed the vessel for four days, never more than seventy yards away, and generally close astern, much to the edification of numerous passengers. He threw up the sponge in forty-one degrees south, ninety-seven degrees east, after traveling 980 statute miles. certainly without resting, and apparently fasting.

In November the ship Earnock, Capt. Parson, was under sail in twenty-nine degrees south, twentyone degrees west, when a large whale lashed the sea into foam with his tail, so near the ship that the chief officer, who happened to be below forward, came quickly on deck to see what had happened. He actually felt the impact of the water against her bows.

In June, 1891, while her majesty's ship Immortalite was steaming from Arosa Bay to Gitraltar at the rate of twelve knots an hour, she stopped short as though a submerged danger had been located. It was presently found that she had cut deeply into a whale, and it became necessary to go astern in order to get rid of the incumbrance. Four months later the Anchor Line steamship Ethiopia collided with a whale when about 800 miles from New York .-- Chambers' Journal.



KNOWLEDGE

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

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

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



Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the Stomrch distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am to-day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health. Mrs. Sarah J Cox, Defiance, O.



STATE OF ORIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOL-LARS for each and every case of Cuarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'SCATAMBE CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. : worn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. { SEAL}

SEAL

Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure istaken internally and acts directly on the blood and mozous surfaces of the system. Send for test monials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo. O.

The best preparation for behaving right is to think right.

Malaria cured and eradicated from the sys-tem by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, toney, the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.

FOR BRONCHLAY, ASTHMATIC AND PULMONA-BY COMPLAISTS, "Br and" Branchide Troche." bave remarkable curativo properties. Sold only in baze.

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Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Mala-ria, Billousness and General Debility. Gives strength. aids Digestion, tones the nerves-creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

If you don't want to be detested don't be a chronic growler.

Beecham's Pills are better than mineral wa-ters. Beecham's-no others. 25 cents a box. Childhood shows the man, as morning

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The Past **Guarantees** The Future The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of others is certainly sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you.



Sophie ... cheldin.

When 7 years old began to be troubled with eczems on the head, causing intense itching and burning, and affecting her eyes. Her mother testifies: "We gave her six bottles of

Hood's Sarsaparilla and she is entirely well. I have taken it my-self for that tired feeling and it does me great good." MRS. WILLIAM MCKELDIN, 404 Stock. holm St., Baltimore, Md. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver Ills, billousness, jaur ligestion, sick headache, 25 cents,

smite a heaveniy citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the SLY. We teach a Sabbath class, or put a Chris-

ill last your work on it will last.

says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands." Malta, who extended the island hospitality when he and others with him had felt, added to a shipwreck, the drenching rain and the sharp cold? Has the victim of the highway-

It was as much as to say. "I cannot open My hand to help, but I think of you. I can-not spread abroad My hands to bless, but I Wherever I go up and down think of you. the heavens I take these two pictures of vor with Me. They are so inwrought into My being that I cannot lose them. As long as My hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of My hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of hands for Myself to look at and study My and love. Not on the palm of one hand alone, but on the palms of both hands, for while I am looking upon one hand and think-ing of you, I must have the other hand free to protect you, free to strike back your enemy, free to lift if you fall. Palms of My hands indelibly tattooed! And though I hold the winds in My first no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of My hand its billowing shall not wash out the record of My remembrance. Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of

My hands. What joy, what honor can there be com-parable to that of being remembered by the mightiest and kindest and loveliest and ten-derest and most affectionate being in the iniverse? Think of it, to hold an ever place in the heart of God. The heart of God! The most beautiful palace in the universe, Let the archangel build some palace as grand as that if he can. Let him crumble up all the stars of vesternight and to-morrow night and put them together as mosaics for such a palace floor. Let him take all the sun-rises and sunsets of all the days and the auroras of all the nights and hang them as upholstery at its windows.

Let him take all the rivers, and all the lakes, and all the oceans, and toss them into Let nim take and the focus, and toss them into lakes, and all the oceans, and toss them into the fountains of this palace court. Let him take all the gold of all the hills and hang it in its chandeliers, and all the pearls of all the seas, and all the diamonds of all the fields, and with them arch the doorways of that palace, and then invite into it all the glories that Esther ever saw at a Persian banquet, or Daniel ever walked among in Babylonian castles, or Joseph ever witnessed in Pharaoh's throneroom, and then yourself enter this castle of archangelic construction, and see how poor a palace it is compared with the greater palace that some of you have already found in the heart of a loving and pardoning God, and into which all the music, and all the prayers, and all the sermonic considera-

we had been character building with a matterial that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down. There is no sublimer art in the world than architecture. With pencil and rule and compass the architect sits down alone and in silence, and erolves from his own brain a cathedral, or a National capitol, or a massive home before he leaves that table, and then he goes out and unrolls his plans, and calls carpenters and masons and artisans of all sorts to execute his design, and when it is finished he walks around the vast structure and sees the completion of the work with high satisfaction, and on a stone at some before not he work, and time, that takes down everything, will yet take down that structure until there shall not be one stone left upon another.
But there is a soul in heaven. Through your instrumentality it was put there. Under God's grace you are the architect of the work with high satisteter and happiness. Your name is written, not on one corner of its nature, but inwrought
Method there was and the architect of the work with high satisteters and masons and artisens of all sorts the completion of the work with high satisfaction, and on a stone at some before the shall not be one stone left upon another.
Mut here is a soul in heaven. Through your instrumentality it was put there. Under God's grace you are the architect of the work with the provention the more is the large down. Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet ovice responds, half human, halt divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." That is floaded to built the part of the work with the most is the provent of the more more." The more beautifue to the more and their iniquities will the part of the work with high satisfaction. The provent is the provent proven will not fall below \$1,500,000,000. Don't Forget

ing, "Their sins and their iniquities will I re-member no more." Thank God for this blessed oblivion! So you see I did not invite you down into a cel-lar, but upon a throne; not into the grave-yard to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all abloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kies of the second text. An-nihilation has become coronation. The wring-ing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph. Royal

cious biscuit, griddle

Gold in large quantities was pro-

Renaud's Exploits.

In February, 1848, when the French capital was in the throes of revolution, a mob surrounded the Hotel de Ville and menaced the deliberations of the Assembly, which was sitting within. At the Theatre Historique, where Chateau-Renaud, an actor of no great consequence at the time, happened to be, he heard of the turmoil, and a bright thought came to him. He put on a costume of a representative of the people in the year 1793. Then he hunted up an old white horse, mounted it, and, with a small crowd at his heels, rode straight to the Hotel de Ville and through the mob which was shouting about its doors Dismounting, he went into the hall, where Lemartine

was presiding. "Citizens," he shouted, "deliberate in peace! No one shall come in while I am here!" He went out and remounted his white horse, and no one did come in. One fantastically attired man, with a terrible countenance, had completely overawed the crowd. which probably would have defied successfully a

Republic, in South Africa, yielded over 136,000 ounces in August, which is the largest product yet recorded in any one month. In round figures a year's output at the same rate would be worth \$32,500,000, which is about equal to the annual production of

regiment of soldiers. Gold in South Africa. The gold fields of the Transvaal

gold in either the United States or Australia. In the countries last named, however, the gold yield is about stationary, whereas it is rapidly increasing year by year in South Africa. If the Transvaal mines produce \$30,000,000 in 1893 there will be \$40,000,000 worth of gold mined in 1894 in all probability. Where the top limit will be reached can hardly guessed. Good judges say that hundreds of square miles of territory are underlaid with gold-bearing rock and that the total yield of the region

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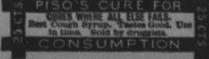




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