

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Unhorsed."

Text: "And as he journeyed he came near Damascus, and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."—Acts ix, 3-5.

The Damascus of Bible times still stands, with a population of 135,000. It was a gay city of white and glistening architecture, its minarets and domes playing with the light of the morning sun.

A group of horsemen are advancing upon that city. Let the Christians of the place hide, for that catastrophe coming over the hills is made up of persecutors with long, small and unattractive in some respects, as leaders sometimes are insouciant in person—witness the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Archibald Aikin.

Suddenly the horse shy of and plunge until the riders are precipitated. Freed from the riders, the horses bound snorting away. You know that dumb animals, at the sight of an eclipse, or an earthquake, or anything like a supernatural appearance, sometimes become very stupid.

And let the rolling wretches out. The ancient dungeons around Rome are to-day the curiosities for the travelers. The Coliseum, where wild beasts used to be used up the life of the martyrs while the emperor watched and Lolita Paulina sat with emerald adornments worth 60,000,000 sesterces, clapping her hands as the Christians died under the paw and the tooth of the lion—that Coliseum is a ruin now.

From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were crowded, and whose name was known to the ears of the most famous school, in which the celebrated Dr. Gamaliel had been a professor, perhaps having already attained two of the three titles of the school—rabbi, the first, rabbi, the second, and on the way to rabbi, the third.

Here is Paul on horseback—a proud man, riding on with government documents in his pocket, a graduate of the highest school, in which the celebrated Dr. Gamaliel had been a professor, perhaps having already attained two of the three titles of the school—rabbi, the first, rabbi, the second, and on the way to rabbi, the third.

That woman finds it hard to be a Christian as her husband talks and jeers while she is trying to say her prayers or read the Bible. That daughter finds it hard to be a Christian with the whole family arrayed against her father, mother, brother and sister making her the target of ridicule.

That man finds it hard to be a Christian when he is surrounded by a world of infidels. He is a man of God and he is faithful to Him, are you sometimes maltreated? That woman finds it hard to be a Christian as her husband talks and jeers while she is trying to say her prayers or read the Bible.

That daughter finds it hard to be a Christian with the whole family arrayed against her father, mother, brother and sister making her the target of ridicule. That young man finds it hard to be a Christian in the shop or factory or store when his comrades jeer at him because he will not go to the gambling hell or other places of iniquity.

Oh, no, the days of persecution have not ceased and will not until the end of the world. But oh, you persecutors, is it not time that you began to pray for your persecutors? They are no prouder, no fiercer, no more set in their way than was this persecutor of the text. He fell. They will fall if Christ from the heavens grandly and gloriously looks out on them. God can by His grace make a Roman believe in the divinity of Jesus and a Tyndal in the worth of prayer.

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all the ages, saying, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Once more, I learn from this subject that there is a tremendous reality in religion. If it had been a mere optical delusion on the road to Damascus, would not Paul just the man to find it out? If it had been a sham and pretense, would he not have pricked the bubble? He was a man of facts and arguments, of the most gigantic intellectual nature, and not a man of hallucinations. And when I see him fall from the saddle, blinded and overwhelmed, I say there must have been something in it. And, my dear brother, you will find that there is something in religion somewhere. The only question is, Where?

There was a man who rode from Stamford to London, ninety-five miles, in five hours on horseback. Very swift. There was a woman of Newmarket who rode on horseback a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Very swift. But there are those here—aye, all of us are speaking of it at this rate, toward eternity. My Almighty God, from the opening heavens, flash upon your soul this hour the question of your eternal destiny, and oh, that Jesus would this hour overcome you with His pardoning mercy as He stands here with the pathos of a broken heart and sobs into your ear: "I have come for thee. I come with My back raw from bleeding. I come with My feet mangled with the nails. I come with My brow aching from the twisted thorn. I come with My heart bursting for your woes. I can stand no longer. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest!"

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THE TWO BOYS.

Things Were Evidently Not "Evened Up" Between Them. A lady accompanied by her son, a lad of about 12 years, was riding in a street car up-town the other day. The young gentleman had on what was evidently his first suit of "grown-up" clothes. His shirt, collar, tie, and scarf pin were immaculate. His suit was evidently made by a good tailor, and his faultless kid gloves were of the latest shade. He was well pleased with himself and his mamma was well pleased with him.

At Forty-second street a newsboy came on the cars carrying his evening papers. He was rather more wretched looking than the average newsboy. His attire consisted solely of a very ragged shirt and an equally ragged pair of trousers, which were held on by a strip of dirty cotton cloth which served for a suspender. He was hatless and shoeless. The most remarkable thing about this newsboy was that his face and hands were clean. The boy in the good clothes bought a paper. He immediately began to read it as the men do who he absently held out his gloved hand for the change.

While the newsboy counted the pennies into the palm of the new kid glove he looked his customer over, not contemptuously, as one might imagine, but rather wistfully. Then he walked slowly out of the car, looking back over his shoulder at the well-dressed boy.

A change of horses was being made, and the newsboy stopped outside of his window with his papers under his arms and his hands in his pockets, still looking at the boy in the derby hat. The wistful expression deepened and grew. One could read upon his face what he was thinking, and a gentleman who had watched the little incident said with a sigh as the car started out:

"Things don't seem to be very well evened up in this world," and everybody seemed to understand except the boy, who was still looking at his paper, and his mother, who was fondly gazing. — New York Times.

Generosity Admits the Truth. Compared with New York Chicago is not a rich city. We have men here by scores whose wealth exceeds that of anybody in Chicago. We have families whose fortunes yield fortunes every year in excess of all possible expenditure. These rich men of ours have done something for the public. The Astors have given us a great library at a cost of half a million or so. The Roosevelts and Vanderbilts and Sioans have built hospitals which are an honor to them. The Metropolitan Museum of Arts has been built up within a brief period by gifts which have made its possessions one of the world's most notable collections of art works. But when did any rich New Yorker promptly put down a round million to secure for this city an advantage such as that which Marshal Field aims at in his gift? And when have other New Yorkers responded with a second million to make good the conditions of the first gift?

Chicago is giving lessons to the other cities of this country. All the glory and all the prosperity she has gained are rightly here. They are the legitimate fruit of her people's public-spirited generosity; and of their confident devotion to the city in which they dwell. There is everywhere manifest among Chicagoans a sense of duty to the city which seems to exist in like degree in no other cosmopolitan city. It is the habit to speak of this as "provincialism," but it is the correct term, then provincialism is one of the very best qualities the people of any city can possess.

Chicago's new university has received more money already from the generosity of Chicago people than Columbia, with all its grand traditions, has had from New York in a century. How long would it have taken Chicago to raise the \$100,000 necessary to build the Washington arch? How long did it take us, and with what toilsome effort was the end accomplished?

In such matters New York may go to school to Chicago.—New York World.

A Strict Sabbatarian. Primus—"I won't ride on the street cars on Sunday because the employes have to work. Secundus—"And I don't go to church because the preacher has to preach on the day of rest.—Judge.

We do not believe the story that a Texas woman set a speckled hen on a dried apple pie, and in three weeks the hen hatched out fourteen night-mares with blue ribbons on their tails.

MONKEY IN CHICKENS. For a long time, a monkey, supposed to be a practical poultry raiser, during the winter months, was seen to be a great success in raising chickens. He was seen to be a great success in raising chickens. He was seen to be a great success in raising chickens.

Now comes the season when dainty and delicious cake and pastry are required. Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in their preparation.

For finest food I can use none but Royal.—A. FORTIN, Chef, White House, for Presidents Cleveland and Arthur.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., N. Y.

Absent-Mindedness.

On a Lake Shore train out of Cleveland a few days ago was an old lady who was used to travel. She was perfectly at home on the cars, and there were none of the little discouragements that usually come to travelers that could disconcert her in any degree.

The evening was warm and the good woman was seized with a burning thirst. But a generous management provides for all such wants. Ha! There was the "hydrant" in the car!

Walking solemnly back to the water tank the lady set the cup under the faucet and turned on the water. It trickled; it rippled; it poured; the catch pan ran over and the tempting ice water was rapidly cooling the ends of the crossties; but the woman stood, silent and thoughtful, waiting.

At last a trainman approached with the polite query: "Lady, do you know what you're doing?" "Me? Certainly!" "Well, why are you running all that water on?"

With a look of scorn for such ignorance she replied: "Well, I'm just letting it run till it gets cool!"

The sight of the faucet perhaps caused the absent-minded lady to think it was a hydrant with through connection with Lake Erie. Why not? Wasn't it the Lake Shore road? —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tariff and Taxation. Tariff duties and internal revenue taxation on incomes and corporations are existing public interest, but of quite as much interest are those things which tax the system and require at once an external remedy. On this subject, with special recommendation, Mr. Pierce D. Brown, Bridgewater, Mass., says: "In accidents from all kinds of athletic sports, to reduce sprains and bruises, I have used St. Jacobs Oil, and always found it to be most reliable. Also, Mr. C. R. Sands, Mangum, Okla., writes: 'I have used St. Jacobs Oil for sprains and rheumatism and would not be without it for anything.' Mr. R. Ledbetter, Denton, Texas, says: 'I have used St. Jacobs Oil, and it is the only thing I ever saw that would cure toothache in ten minutes time,' and it is usually prompt and sure for frost bites. All of these communications are of recent date, showing unabated interest."

A writer says: "We count our mercies one by one; our troubles six at a time. A like industry in gathering up our reasons for gratitude, would make us happy all the day long."

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure it local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only medicine that cures it. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Etc.

A man is strong when he admits to himself his own weakness. For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach Disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters—the Best Tonic. It rebuilds the blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.

A hobby is the medium between a passion and a megalomania. The earth, in revolving on its axis, goes almost as fast, reckoning at the equator, as a cannon ball—that is to say, it goes a mile in a little more than 16 seconds.

CURES OTHERS. M. W. SCOTT, Esq., of the U. S. Marshall's Office, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "For many years my wife has been a constant sufferer from indigestion, sick headache, nervous prostration and all other complaints that make sex it heir to, and, after trying many remedies and doctors with but little or no relief, I persuaded her to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She was so out of heart, she returned the answer that it would be like all the rest—of no good; but on my account, she said she would try it, so I got one bottle each; and before she had used half of a bottle she felt better, and she continued to improve, even to such an extent that she now recommends it to all suffering females. She has not been well in ten years. I write this without any solicitation and with a free, good will, so that you may let all who may suffer know what it has done for her." Sold by medicine dealers everywhere.

WHY NOT YOU? MONEY IN CHICKENS. For a long time, a monkey, supposed to be a practical poultry raiser, during the winter months, was seen to be a great success in raising chickens. He was seen to be a great success in raising chickens. He was seen to be a great success in raising chickens.

Now comes the season when dainty and delicious cake and pastry are required. Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in their preparation.

For finest food I can use none but Royal.—A. FORTIN, Chef, White House, for Presidents Cleveland and Arthur.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., N. Y.



KNOWLEDGE

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

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

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

DELICATE WOMEN

Or Debilitated Women, should use BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR. Every ingredient possesses superb Tonic properties and exerts a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening her system, by driving through the proper channels all impurities. Health and strength guaranteed to result from its use. "My wife, who was bedridden for eight months, after using Bradfield's Female Regulator for two months is getting well." J. M. JOHNSON, Malvern, Ark. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

"August Flower"

"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated