

Mashed on Milly.

At one of the quiet summer hotels in the Adirondack region (says the Tribune), a husband and wife attracted by their pleasant manner the liking of the waiter detailed at the table. Madam, like a true American, called for a little more of her particularly nice pie, whereupon her husband rebuked her jocosely in his care for her health. "No, no, Mr. Milly," he said; "you have had quite enough pie for your good." "Never you mind him, Milly," said Elanath, the waiter, leaning over her chair, a perfect mass of sympathy; "you kin hev all the pie ther is; here's a hull one."

How It Happened.

"Jeminy crickets, she's got the rickets," whispered one bean to another in the company of a very pretty girl. Truly she was very beautiful, but there was a twitching about the nerves of the face which showed suffering. "No," said the other, "It's neuralgia and she's a martyr to it." St. Jacobs Oil was suggested as the world-renowned cure for it. Did she try it? Yes, and was cured by it and married one of the fellows afterwards. The use of the great remedy for pain will not bring about a marriage, but in its cure of pain it will bring about conditions of health to make life more enjoyable. No man or woman ought to marry who is a sufferer from chronic pains. We should not wed woe to win only wretchedness.

The French Government will spend \$20,000 in testing the value of the new diphtheria serum.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be co-tive or ill, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

Keys made of bronze and iron were in use in Greece and Italy as early as the seventh century.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

By local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Give our ears the benefit of the best medicine known. The name of the medicine is Deafness Cure, and it is sold by Dr. J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A grand piano was lowered into the "marble cave" at Springfield, Mo., for the formal opening.

1. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURE all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Manhattan, N. Y.

It is said that the secretary bird in attacking a snake uses one wing as a shield and the other as a club.

First-class Men and Women in Demand.

There are always good openings for live, energetic men and women of good character in our line of business, to devote all or part of their time to the work. That is what H. F. Johnson, of the firm H. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., says in reference to their advertisement.

It is believed wires will soon be done away with for electrical transmission.

A Bright Eye

Is a sign of good health and the stomach is not in the best of conditions the eyes will show it. Ripans Tablets will make the stomach right and keep the eyes bright and clear.

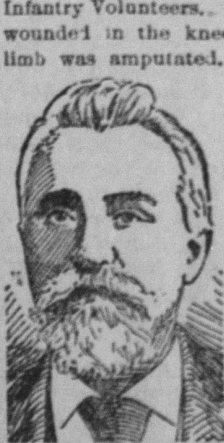
The sound of a syllable moves through the atmosphere 1,110 feet a second.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts. \$1.

St. Louis, Mo., has an electric car ambulance.

Wounded in the War

"Enlisted with Co. D, Third West Virginia Infantry Volunteers, August 29, 1862, I was wounded in the knee, and Sept. 18th my limb was amputated. For thirty years I have suffered from the remaining part of the limb, which has never healed, but continued to discharge. My health was greatly shattered, yet I kept moving until December, 1891, when I was struck down by the grip, and again, a year later suffered a relapse. I had a smothered feeling so that I could scarcely breathe at all. I then procured six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I feel better than I have for ten years. We have used eighteen bottles in our family and have found it a permanent cure for Scrofula. I love my life and health to Hood's Sarsaparilla." F. M. HEFFMAN, Marquis, West Virginia.



Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Permanent cure for Scrofula. I love my life and health to Hood's Sarsaparilla." F. M. HEFFMAN, Marquis, West Virginia.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkali or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of our preparations. These delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than any other.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

ONE DOLLAR

PAYS FOR A \$3

ELECTRIC BELT

Buy one from each of this paper. Are you suffering from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Lameness of Back and Limbs, Impaired Sexual Powers, Gout, Gravel, Nervousness, Indigestion, etc. If so, buy one. Our belt is characterized by its simplicity and ease of use. It is made of the finest materials and is guaranteed to give relief. Write for the circular. The Agent is Dr. Walter Baker & Co., Boston, Mass. Send for Circular No. 1, 100-125 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

### REV. DR. TALMAGE

#### The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Objections to Religious Revivals."

Text: "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake."—Luke v, 6.

Simon and his comrades had experienced the night before what fishermen call "poor luck." Christ steps on board the fishing smacks, and tells the sailors to pull away from the beach and direct them again to sink the net. Sure enough, very soon the net is full of fishes, and the sailors begin to haul in. So large a school of fish was taken that the haulers begin to look red in the face. They pull, and hardly have they begun to rejoice at their success when snap goes a thread of the net, and snap goes another thread, so there is danger not only of losing the fish, but of losing the net.

Without much care as to how much the boat tilts or how much water is splashed on deck, the fishermen rush about gathering up the broken meshes of the net. Out yonder there is a ship dancing on the wave, and they hail it, "Ship ahoy, bear down this way!" The ship comes, and both boats, both fishing smacks, are filled with the foundering treasures.

"Ah," says one, "how much better it would have been if they had staid on shore, and fished with a hook and line, and taken one at a time, instead of having this great excitement, and the boat almost upset, and the net broken, and having to call for help, and getting sopping wet with the sea!"

The church is the boat, the gospel is the fish, the society is the sea, and a great revival is a whole school brought in at one sweep of the net. I have admiration for that man who goes out with a hook and line to fish. I admire the way he unends the reel and adjusts the bait and drops the hook in a quiet place on a still afternoon, and here catches one and there one, but I like also a big boat, and a big crew, and a net a mile long, and great oars, and stout sails, and a stiff breeze, and a great multitude of souls brought—so great a multitude that you have to get help to draw it ashore—straining the net to the utmost until it breaks here and there, letting a few escape, but bringing the great multitude into eternal safety.

In other words, I believe in revivals. The great work of saving men began with 4000 people joining the church in one day, and it will close with 40,000,000 or 100,000,000 people saved in 24 hours, when nations shall be born in a day. But there are objections to revivals. People are opposed to them, because the net might get broken, and if by the pressure of souls it does not get broken, then they take their own knives and slit the net. "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake."

It is sometimes opposed to revivals of religion that those who come into the church at such times do not hold out; as long as there is a gale of blessing they have their sails up, but at once, as the gale ceases, they drop into a dead calm. But what are the facts in the case? In all our churches the vast majority of the useful people are those who are brought in by great awakenings, and they hold out. Who are the prominent men in the United States in churches, in prayer meetings, in Sabbath-schools? For the most part they are the product of great awakenings.

I have noticed that those who are brought into the kingdom of God through revivals have more persistence and more determination in the Christian life than those who come in under a low state of religion. People born in an institution may live, but they will never get over the cold they caught in the institution. A cannon ball depends upon the impulse with which it starts, for how long it shall go and how swiftly, and the greater the revival force with which a soul is started the more far-reaching and far-sounding will be the execution.

But it is sometimes objected to revivals that there is so much excitement that people mistake hysteria for religion. We must admit that in every revival of religion there is either a suppressed or a demonstrated excitement. Indeed, it may go on to a state of condemnation into a state of acceptance with God, or see others go, without any agitation of soul, he is in an unhealthy, morbid state, and is as repulsive and odious as a man who should never see a child startled out from under a horse's hoof and felt no agitation, or saw a man rescued from the fourth story of a house on fire and felt no admiration of the rescue.

Salvation from sin and death and hell into life and peace and heaven forever is such a tremendous thing that if a man tells me he can look on it without any agitation I doubt his Christianity. The fact is that the more excitement is the most important possible thing. In case of resuscitation from drowning or freezing, the one idea is to excite animation. Before conversion we are dead. If the business of the church is to revive, arouse, awaken, resuscitate, startle into life, excitement is bad or good according to what it makes us do. If it makes us do that which is good, it is both excitement, but if it makes us do that which is evil, it is only agitation.

It is sometimes said that during revivals of religion great multitudes of children and young people are brought into the church, and they do not know what they are about, and in a few years they have fallen away. But, in my observation, the more people come into the kingdom of God the more useful they are.

Robert Hall, the prince of Baptist preachers, was converted at twelve years of age. It is supposed he knew what he was about. In Christianity, the commentator who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the Scriptures, was converted at eleven years of age. Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian church, was converted at seven years of age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at nine years of age; Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the human pulpit ever produced, was converted at seven years of age, and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at seven years of age, "You are too young to be a Christian," or "You are too young to connect yourself with the church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.

If during a revival two persons present themselves as candidates for the church, and the one is ten years of age, and the other is forty years of age, I will have more confidence in the profession of religion of the one ten years of age than the one forty years of age. Why? The one who professes at forty years of age has forty years of impulses in the wrong direction to correct, the child has only ten years in the wrong direction to correct. Four times ten are forty. Four times the religious prospect for the lad that comes into the kingdom of God, and into the church at ten years of age than the man at forty.

I am very apt to look upon revivals as connected with certain men who foster them. People who in this day do not like revivals, nevertheless, have not words to express their admiration for the revivalists of the past, for they were revivalists—Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Griffin, Davis, Osborn, Knapp, Nettleton and many others whose names come to my mind. The strength of their intellect and the boldness of their lives make me think they would not have anything to do with that which was ephemeral. Oh, it is easy to talk against revivals.

Do you know where Aaron Barr started on the downward road? It was when he was in college, and he became anxious about his soul and was about to put himself under the influence of a revival, and a minister of religion said, "Don't go there. Aaron; don't go there; that's a place of wildfire and great excitement; no religion about that; don't go there." He started

away. His serious impressions departed. He started on the downward road. And who is responsible for his ruin? Was it the minister who warned him against that revival?

Now comes to the real, genuine cause of objection to revivals. That is the coldness of the objector. It is the secret and hidden but unmistakable cause in every case—a low state of religion in the heart. Wide awake, true Christians are never afraid of revivals. It is the spiritually dead who are afraid of having their sepulcher molested. The chief agents of the devil during a great awakening are always unconverted professors and religionists, as soon as Christ's work begins they begin to gossip against it, and take a pall of water and try to put out this spark of religious influence, and they try to put out another spark. Do they succeed? As well when Chicago was on fire might some one have gone out with a garden water pot trying to extinguish it.

The difficulty is that when a revival begins in a church it begins at one anxious soul with a pall of cold water. There are 500 other anxious souls on fire. Oh, how much better it would be to lay hold of the church of God, calling the converts in, but rather than to bring ourselves in front of the world, trying to block their progress! We will not stop the chariot, but we ourselves will be ground to powder.

There was a conversation that there was a conversation one held among the seafarers in the arctic? It seems that the summer was coming on, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter, and there was danger that the whole fleet of ice bergs would flow away, so the tallest and the coldest and the broadest of all the icebergs, the very king of the arctic, stood at the head of the convention, and with a gavel in one hand on a table of oak, calling the assembly to order. But the sun kept getting in intensity of heat, and the south wind blew stronger and stronger, and soon all the icebergs began to grind up, icebergs against icebergs, and to flow away. The fleet of ice bergs began to melt, and the smaller icebergs fell over, and the cry was: "Too much excitement! Order, order!" Then the whole body, the whole fleet of ice bergs, looked one way, and raised their voices back to ask: "Where are we going to now? Where are we floating to? We will all break to pieces." By this time the icebergs had reached the gulf stream, and they were melted into the bosom of the ocean. In each of the great revivals of the century, the Spirit. The icebergs are frigid Christians. The warm gulf stream is a great revival. The ocean into which everything melted is the great, wide heart of the people. But I think, after all, the greatest obstacle to revivals throughout Christendom to-day is an unconverted ministry. We must believe that the vast majority of those who are called to the ministry are unconverted. I suppose there may float into the ministry of all the denominations of Christians men whose hearts have never been changed by the power of the Holy Spirit, and they come to the altar, and the altar must cry for mercy. Ministers quarrelling. Ministers trying to nullify the work of the Holy Spirit, struggling for ecclesiastical place. Ministers lethargic with whole congregations dying on their hand. What a spectacle!

Aroused pulpits will make revival power. Pulpits that make poor converts. Everybody believes in a revival of trade, everybody likes a revival in literature, everybody likes a revival in art, yet a great multitude do not understand what a revival in religion. Depend upon it, where you find a man antagonistic to revivals, whether he be in pulpit or press, he needs to be regenerated by the power of God.

Good to come to a demonstration that without revivals this world will never be converted, and that in 100 or 200 years without revivals Christianity will be practically extinct. It is a matter of astounding arithmetic. In each of the modern centuries there are at least 32,000,000 children. Now add 32,000,000 to the world's population, and then have only 100,000 or 200,000 converted every year, and how long before the world will be all dead? Never—absolutely never!

During our war the President of the United States made proclamation for 75,000 troops. Some of you remember the enlistment of the army of the world, and besides that there are 800,000,000 more troops than are enlisted, and we want it done softly, imperceptibly, gently, no excitement, one by one!

You are a dry goods merchant on a large scale, and you are a merchant on a small scale, and I come to you and want to buy 1000 yards of cloth. Do you say: "Thank you, I'll sell you 1000 yards of cloth, but I'll sell you twenty yards more, and I'll give you more, and twenty the next day, and if it takes me six months I'll sell you the whole 1000 yards; you will wait as long as that to examine the goods, and I'll wait as long as that to examine the merchant, and besides that there are 1000 yards of cloth are too much to sell all at once?" No, you do not say that. You take me into the counting room, and in ten minutes the whole transaction is consummated. The fact is, we cannot afford to be foolish in anything but religion!

That very merchant who on Saturday afternoon sold me the 1000 yards of cloth at one stroke of the pen, and when he was asked by his heart and woulder whether it would not be better for 1000 souls to come straggling along for ten years, instead of bolting in at one service.

What is a good deal about the good times that are coming and about the world's redemption. How long before they will come? There is a man who says 500 years. Here is a man who says 200 years. Here is a man who says 100 years. Here is a man who says, "I will wait until the world is converted." Do you propose to let two generations pass off the stage before the world is converted?

Suppose by some extra prolongation of human life at the end of fifty years you should walk around the world, and you would not be all that walk find one person that you recognize. Why? All dead or so changed that you would not know them. In other words, if you postpone the redemption of this world for fifty years, you admit that the majority of the two whole generations shall go off the stage unconverted and unsaved. I tell you the church of Jesus Christ is not expected to do it. We must pray and toil and have the revival spirit, and we must struggle to have the whole world saved before the men and women now in middle life pass off.

You say, "It is too vast an enterprise to be conducted in so short a time." Do you know how long it would take to save the whole world if each man would bring another. It would take ten years. By a calculation in compound interest, each man bringing another, and that one another, and that one another, in ten years the whole world would be saved. If the world is not saved in the next ten years it will be the fault of the church of Christ.

Is it too much to expect each one to bring one? Some of us must bring more than one, for some will not do the duty. I want to bring 10,000 souls. I should be ashamed to meet my God in judgment if, with all my opportunities of commending Christ to the people, I could not bring 10,000 souls. It will all depend upon the revival spirit. The book and line fishing will not do it.

It seems to me as if God is preparing the world for some quick and universal movement. A colored electrician gave me a

telegraph chart of the world. On that chart the wires crossing the continent and the cables under the sea looked like veins red with blood. On that chart I see that the headquarters of the lightning are in Great Britain and the United States, in London and New York the lightning are stabled, waiting to be harnessed for some quick dispatch. That shows you that the telegraph is in possession of Christianity.

It is a significant fact that the man who invented the telegraph was an old fashioned Christian—Professor Morse—and that the man who put the telegraph under the sea was an old fashioned Christian—Cyrus W. Field—and that the president of the most famous of the telegraph companies of this country was an old fashioned Christian—William Orton—going from the communion table on earth straight to his home in heaven. What does all that mean?

I do not suppose that the telegraph was invented merely to let us know whether flour is up or down, or which fly won the race at the Derby, or which marksman best at Dollywood. I suppose the telegraph was invented and built to call the world to God, to call the nations of the Lord to come to share on a small scale—for instance, in His love and in His kindness. But until of late foreknowledge, omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, seem to have been exclusively God's possession, God desiring to make the race like Himself, give us a species of foreknowledge in the weather probabilities, give us a species of omniscience in the telephone, give us a species of omnipotence in the steam power. Discoveries and inventions all around about us, people asking you what next. Next, a stupendous religious movement. Next, the end of war. Next, the crash of despotisms. Next, the world's expurgation. Next, the spirit-like dominion. Next, the judgment. Next, the world will all look out. I care not. It will have suffered and achieved enough for one world. Lay it up in the dry docks of eternity, like an old man-of-war gone out of service, or fit it up like a ship of bellot to carry bread to some other suffering planet, or let it be demolished. Farewell, dear old world, that began with paradise and ended with judgment condemnation!

One summer I stood on the Isle of Wight, and I had pointed out to me the place where the Eurydia sank with 220 or 300 young men who were in training for the British navy. You remember when the training ship went down there was a thrill of horror all over the world. Oh, my friends, this world is only a training ship. On it we are training for heaven. The old ship sails up and down the ocean of immensity, now through the dark waves of the midnight, now through the golden crests of the morn, but sails on all sails on. After awhile her work will be done, and the heavenly host will look out and find a world missing. The cry will be: "Where is that earth where Christ died and the human race were emancipated? Send out fleets of angels to find the missing world. You remember when the training ship went down there was a thrill of horror all over the world. Oh, my friends, this world is only a training ship. On it we are training for heaven. 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