REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Conscience."

TEXT: "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it."—Matthew xxvii., 24.

At about 7 o'clock in the morning, up the marble stairs of a palace and across the floors of richest mosaic and under ceilings dyed with all the splendors of color and between snowbanks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor, pale, sick young man of thirty-three, already condemned to death, on His way to be condemned again. Jesus of Nazareth is His name.

Coming out to meet Him on this tessellated pavement is an unscrupulous, compromising, timeserving, cowardly man, with a few traces of sympathy and fair dealing left in his composition—Governor Pontius Pilate. Did ever such opposites meet? Luxury and pain, selfishness and generosity, arrogance and humility, sin and holiness, midnight and midnoon.

The bloated lipped governor takes the cushioned seat, but the prisoner stands. His wrists manacled. In a semicircle around the prisoner are the sanhedrists, with flashing eyes and brandished fists, prosecuting this case in the name of religion, for the bitterest persecutions have been religious prosecutions, and when satan takes hold of a good man he makes up by intensity for brevity of occupation. If you have never seen an ecclesiastical court trying a man, then you have no idea of the foaming infernalism of these old religious sanhedrists. Governor Pilate cross questions the prisoner and finds right away He is innocent and wants to let Him go. His caution is also increased by some one who comes to the governor and whispers in his ears. The governor puts his hand behind his ear so as to catch the words almost inaudible. It is a message from Claudia Procula, his wife, who has had a dream about the innocence of this prisoner and about the danger of executing Him, and she awakens from this morning dream in time to send the message to her husband, then on the judicial bench. And what with the protest of his wife, and the entire failure of the sanhedrists to make out their case, Governor Pilate resolved to discharge the prisoner from custody.

But the intimation of such a thing brings upon the governor an equinoctial storm of indignation. They will report him to the emperor of Rome, they will have him recalled, they will send him up home, and he will be hung for treason, for the emperor at Rome has already a suspicion in regard to Pilate, and that suspicion does not cease until Pilate is banished and commits suicide. So Governor Pontius Pilate compromises the matter and proposes that Christ be whipped instead of assassinated. So the prisoner is fastened to a low pillar, and on His bent and bared back come the thongs of leather, with pieces of lead and bone intertwisted, so that every stroke shall be the more awful. Christ lifts Himself from the scourging with flushed cheek and torn and quivering and mangled flesh, presenting a spectacle of suffering in which Rubens, the painter, found the theme for his greatest masterpiece.

But the sanhedrists are not yet satisfied. They have had some of His nerves lacerated; they want them all lacerated; they have had some of His blood; they want all of it, down to the last corpuscle. So Governor Pontius Pilate, after all this merciful hesitation, surrenders to the demoniacal cry of "Crucify Him!" But the governor sends for something. He sends a slave out to get something. Although the constables are in haste to take the prisoner to execution and the mob outside are impatient to glare upon their victim, a pause is necessitated. Yonder it comes—a wash basin. Some pure, bright water is poured into it, and then Governor Pilate put his white, delicate hands into the water and rubs them together and then lifts them dripping for the towel fastened at the slave's girdle, while he practically says: "I wash my hands of this whole homicidal transaction. I wash my hands of this entire responsibility. You will have to bear it." That is the meaning of my text when it says: "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it."

Behold in this that ceremony amounts to nothing if there are not in it correspondencies of heart and life. It is a good thing to wash the hands. God created three-quarters of the world water and in that commanded cleanliness, and when the ancients did not take the hint He plunged the whole world under water and kept it there for some time. Handwashing was a religious ceremony among the Jews. The Jewish Mishna gave particular direction how that the hands must be thrust three times up to the wrists in water, and the palm of the hand must be rubbed with the closed fist of the other. All that is well enough for a symbol, but here in the text is a man who proposes to wash away the guilt of a sin which he does not quit and of which he does not make any repentance. Pilate's wash basin was a dead failure.

Ceremonies, however beautiful and appropriate, may be no more than this hypocritical ablution. In infancy we may be sprinkled from the baptismal font, and in manhood we may wade into deep immersion, and yet never come to moral purification. We may kneel without prayer and bow without reverence and sing without any acceptance. All your creeds and liturgies and sacraments and genuflections and religious convocations amount to nothing unless your heart life go into them. When that bronzed slave took from the presence of Pilate that wash basin, he carried away none of Pilate's cruelty, or Pilate's wickedness, or Pilate's guilt.

Nothing against creeds; we all have them, either written or implied. Nothing against ceremonies; they are of infinite importance. Nothing against sacraments; they are divinely commanded. Nothing against a rosary, if there be as many heartfelt prayers as beads counted. Nothing against incense floating up from censer amid Gothic arches, if the prayers be as genuine as the aroma is sweet. Nothing against Epiphany or Lent or Ash Wednesday or Easter or Good Friday or Whitsuntide or Palm Sunday, if these symbols have behind them genuine repentance, and holy reminiscence, and Christian consecration. But ceremony is only the sheath to the sword, it is only the shell to the kernel, it is only the lamp to the flame, it is only the body to the spirit. The outward must be symbolical of the inward. Wash the hands by all means; but, more than all, wash the heart.

Behold, also, as you see Governor Pontius Pilate thrust his hand into this wash basin, the power of conscience. He had an idea there was blood on his hand—the blood of an innocent person, whom he might have acquitted if he only had the courage. Poor Pilate! His conscience was after him, and he knew the stain would never be washed from the right hand or the left hand, and until the day of his death, though he might wash in all the lavers of the Roman empire, there would be still eight fingers and two thumbs red at the tips.

Oh, the power of conscience when it is fully aroused! With whip of scorpions over a bed of spikes in pitch of midnight it chases guilt. Are there ghosts? Yes, not of the graveyard, but of one's mind not at rest.

And thus Brutus, amid his slumbering host,
Startled with Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Macbeth looked at his hand after the midnight assassination, and he says

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

For every sin, great or small, conscience, which is the voice of God, has a reproof, more or less emphatic. Charles IX, responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre, was chased by the bitter memories, and in his dying moment said to his doctor, Ambrose Parry: "Doctor, I don't know what's the matter with me. I am in a fever of body and mind and have been for a long while. Oh, if I had only spared the innocent and the imbecile and the cripple!" Rousseau declared in old age that a sin he committed in his youth still gave him sleepless nights. Charles II. of Spain could not sleep unless he had in the room a confessor and two friars. Catiline had such bitter memories he was startled at the least sound. Cardinal Beaufort, having slain the Duke of Gloucester, often in the night would say: "Away, away! Why do you look at me?" Richard III., having slain his two nephews, would sometimes in the night shout from his couch and clutch his sword, fighting apparitions. Dr. Webster, having slain Parkman in Boston, and while waiting for his doom, complained to the jailer that the prisoners on the other side of the wall all night long kept charging him with his crime, when there were no prisoners on the other side of the wall. It was the voice of his own conscience.

Thomas Oliver was one of John Wesley's preachers. The early part of his life had been full of recklessness, and he had made debts wherever he could borrow. He was converted to God, and then he went forth to preach and pay his debts. He had a small amount of property left him, and immediately set out to pay his debts, and everybody knew he was in earnest, and to consummate the last payment he had to sell his horse and saddle and bridle. That was conscience. That is converted conscience. That is religion. Frank Tiebout, a converted rumseller, had a large amount of liquor on hand at the time of his conversion, and he put all the kegs and barrels and demijohns in a wagon and took them down in front of the old church where he had been converted and had everything emptied into the street. That is religion. Why the thousands of dollars sent every year to the United States Treasury at Washington as "conscience money?" Why, it simply means there are postmasters and there are attorneys and there are officials who sometimes retain that which does not belong to them, and these men are converted, or under powerful pressure of conscience, and make restitution. If all the moneys out of which the State and the United States treasuries have been defrauded should come back to their rightful exchequers, there would be enough money to pay all the State debts and all the United States debt by day after to-morrow.

Conversion amounts to nothing unless the heart is converted, and the pocketbook is converted, and the cash drawer is converted, and the ledger is converted, and the fireproof safe is converted, and the pigeonhole containing the correspondence is converted, and his improvement is noticed even by the canary bird that sings in the parlor, and the cat that licks the platter after the meal, and the dog that comes bounding from the kennel to greet him. A man half converted or quarter converted, or a thousandth part converted is not converted at all. What will be the great book in the day of judgment? Conscience. Conscience recalling misimproved opportunities. Conscience recalling unforgiven sins. Conscience bringing up all the past. Alas, for this governor, Pontius Pilate! That night after the court had adjourned, and the sanhedrists had gone home, and nothing was heard outside the room but the step of the sentinel, I see Pontius Pilate arise from his tapestried and sleepless couch and go to the laver and begin to wash his hands, crying: "Out, out, crimson spot! Tellest thou to me, and to God, and to the night, my crime? Is there no alkali to remove these dreadful stains? Is there no chemistry to dissolve this carnage? Must I to the day of my death carry the blood of this innocent man on my heart and hand? Out, thou crimson spot!" The worst thing a man can have is an evil conscience, and the best thing a man can have is what Paul calls a good conscience.

But is there no such thing as moral purification? If a man is a sinner once, must he always be a sinner, and an unforgiven sinner? We have all had conscience after us. Or do you tell me that all the words of your life have been just right, and all the thoughts of your heart have been just right, and all the actions of your life just right? Then you do not know yourself, and I take the responsibility of saying you are a pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a Pontius Pilate, and do not know it. You commit the very same sin that Pilate committed. You have crucified the Lord of Glory. But if nine-tenths of this audience are made up of thoughtful and earnest people, then nine-tenths of this audience are saying within themselves: Is there no such thing as moral purification? Is there no laver in which the soul may wash and be clean? Yes, yes, yes. Tell it in song, tell it in sermon, tell it in prayer, tell it to the hemispheres. That is what David cried out for when he said, "Wash me thoroughly from my sin, and cleanse me from mine iniquities." And that is what, in another place, he cried out for when he said, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Behold, the laver of the gospel, filled with living fountains. Did you ever see the picture of the laver in the ancient tabernacle or in the ancient temple? The laver in the ancient tabernacle was made out of the women's metallic looking glasses. It was a great basin, standing on a beautiful pedestal, but when the temple was built, then the laver was an immense affair, called the brazen sea, and, oh, how deep were the floods there gathered! And there were ten lavers besides—five at the right and five at the left—and each laver had 300 gallons of water. And the outside of these lavers was carved and chased with palm trees so delicately cut you could almost see the leaves tremble, and lions so true to life that you could imagine you saw the nostril throb, and the cherubim with outspread wings. That magnificent laver of the old dispensation is a feeble type of the more glorious laver of our dispensation—our sunlit dispensation.

Here is the laver holding rivers of salvation, having for its pedestal the Rock of Ages, carved with the figures of the lion of Judah's tribe, and having palm branches for victory and wings suggestive of the soul's flight toward God in prayer and the soul's flight heavenward when we die. Come ye auditory, and wash away all your sins, however aggravated, and all your sorrows, however agonizing. Come to this fountain, open for all sin and uncleanness, the furthest, the worst. You need not carry your sins half a second. Come and wash in this glorious gospel laver. Why, that is an opportunity enough to swallow up all nations. That is an opportunity that will yet stand on the Alps and beckon to Italy, and yet stand on the Pyrenees and beckon to Spain, and it will yet stand on the Ural and beckon to Russia, and it will stand at the gate of heaven and beckon to all nations. Pardon for all sin, and pardon right away, through the blood of the Son of God. A little child that had been blind, but through skillful surgery brought to sight, said: "Why, mother, why didn't you tell me the earth and sky are so beautiful? Why didn't you tell me?" "Oh," replied the mother, "my child, I did tell you often. I often told you how beautiful they are, but you were blind, and you couldn't see!"

Oh, if we could have our eyes opened to see the glories in Jesus Christ we would feel that the half had not been told us, and you would go to some Christian man and say, "Why didn't you tell me before of the glories in the Lord Jesus Christ?" and that friend would say, "I did tell you, but you were blind and could not see, and you were deaf and could not hear."

History says that a great army came to capture ancient Jerusalem, and when this army got on the hills so that they saw the turrets and the towers of Jerusalem they gave a shout that made the earth tremble and tradition, whether false or true, says that so great was the shout eagles flying in the air dropped under the atmospheric percussion. Oh, if we could only catch a glimpse of the towers of this gospel temple into which you are all invited to come and wash there would be a song jubilant, and wide resounding at New Jerusalem seen, at New Jerusalem taken, the hosannas of other worlds flying midair would fold their wings and drop into our closing doxology. Against the disappointing and insufficient laver of Pilate's vice and Pilate's cowardice and Pilate's sin I place the brazen sea of a Saviour's pardoning mercy.

County Treasurer C. W. Rowe, of Montezuma, Iowa, has disappeared, and with him about $30,000 of the county's money.

THE TEXAS PONEY.

He Is Tough and Strong and Branded Like Cattle.

"I have been making a study of the Texas pony amid his native surroundings," said a traveler from the Southwest in the New York Sun. "I find that tenacity of purpose and a certain indescribable capacity for getting rid of burdens he doesn't like are his conspicuous points. It is difficult for the rider of a newly broken Texas pony to regulate his movements by any preconceived rules for horseback exercise, learned in riding schools or elsewhere, owing to the creature's ability to buck. The men who are hired to break the colts on the horse ranches are paid $5 a head.

"These two-year-olds are very wild, and do not appear to be comfortable mounts when the breaker first essays to bridle them. They are deemed broken when it can be said that they have been ridden once or twice; but the number of yards or miles covered in that ride, the number of times the rider has been thrown, and the number of unsuccessful efforts to put a bridle on the creature and place a saddle on him, are not dwelt upon.

"The horse breaker can bear testimony to the fact that the Texas pony occasionally knows how to use his teeth and has a tenacious grip. The horse breaker is always welcome at the sheep camps and cattle ranches because he knows all about horses. There are hundreds of horses roaming in herds over the hills and plains of the Lone Star State. They bring good prices to the horse dealers, though the little Texas pony can be bought, even when well broken to the buggy or wagon, for $30, and he will keep up with the biggest of his relatives and pluckily do his share of work without sagging or looking droopy.

"The horse ranches are conducted much after the fashion of the cattle ranches, though the horses are herded more carefully, the cattle not being herded at all. The colts are branded when at a tender age, as are the young calves, and the same care is exercised that the brands may not be interfered with.

"A large 'bunch' of horses grazing over the green expanse of a wide plateau is a goodly sight. Their coats are lustrous in the bright sunlight, their limbs free of movement with the grace of untrammeled nature. Their limbs have never yet been taught to obey man's dictation, have never been strained beneath an over-heavy burden or incited to unwholesome speed by the sting of the spur. Their heads have never felt the yoke of the headstall or their mouths the wrench of the bit.

"It is a sight worth seeing to watch a herd come down a rocky hillside to water on a hot midsummer day. There is a clatter of hoofs and jingle of bells as they rush down the decline, the leaders not stopping until they cool their hot flanks half-way across the stream, the young colts prancing and kicking up their heels, the mothers following sedately. Then the jingle-jangle of the bells cease, and the thundering hoofs are noiseless for a space as the herd stand quiet drinking their fill.

"The Western ranchman puts a bell around his horse's neck, as the people of the East place bells about the necks of their cattle, to aid in their detection when at large. The intelligent animal sometimes plays a trick on his master. He gets behind some thick growing clump of cedar or mesquite and stands absolutely motionless so that his bell will not make the slightest sound. The man in search of him listens intently for the bell. He is sure that he knows the sound of that horse's bell from a dozen others. He hears nothing and he goes much further than he had anticipated wondering how that precious horse could have strayed so far hobbled as he is. All the while that precious horse is in comfortable hiding in a cool, shady place, no doubt enjoying the joke, or the thought of the long journey or task he has escaped.

"Many horses becoming accustomed to the hobbles, can get over the ground rapidly and without inconvenience. They raise the hobbled legs high in air and jump about like a kangaroo. When entirely grass fed, horses are frequently staked out to graze, especially if their riders desire to get possession of them at a stated hour. Occasionally the animals get wound up in the long rope and are choked to death.

"When cowboys go on a round-up or long journey, a number of horses are made to carry packs or are driven along with the outfit that they may be at hand when wanted. The discarded mounts are turned loose wherever they may happen to be, and are looked up afterward at the owner's leisure, a task not difficult, as, owing to the practice of branding, information regarding the whereabouts of any animal can readily be gained. The practiced eye of the ranchman or cowboy can note like a flash the brand of any horse or cow he happens to pass.

"The Texas pony is a stranger to the currycomb and knows not the luxury of a good dressing or rubbing down, yet his coat is glossy and his appearance not unkempt. This is probably because he changes his quarters so often. He would be astonished at the idea of any one being solicitous as to whether he was too warm to drink or too tired to eat. When he comes to water he enjoys a draught, and when he has none he goes without with a cheerful philosophy. If he chances to take in a few thorns with his mess of mesquite beans, or prickly pears, it does not affect either his mind or his digestion; in fact, I have never heard the digestion of a Texas pony questioned."

TRILBYS IN TAN.

Society Girls Who Pose at the Michaux Club.

There are crowds of pretty women to be seen daily at the Michaux Club, says the New York Journal. Of course it is known that this is always a popular resort for lovers of the wheel, but that is not altogether the attraction. New York society belles are in a state of anxiety. Each one wants to know exactly how the other is going to dress for the wheel.

There is a decided tendency to bloomers among the fair riders, but each one is wondering just how up to date her companion's costume will be before she orders her own. Several of the girls have described their dresses already. They are looked upon as the leaders of the fashion in matters pertaining to the wheel. One dress is especially fetching. It is made of dark-gray serge and black satin. The bloomers are of satin with slashings of tan colored leather. Tan colored gaiters complete the costume. Several of society's fairest cyclers will have their costumes modeled very much on these lines.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES THE STORY OF A VETERAN'S SEARCH.

How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 189th N. Y., V. I., Finally Found What He Has Sought Since the War Closed.

(From the Ashtabula, Ohio, Beacon.)

Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y., and from there enlisted in the 189th regiment, N. Y., V. I., with which he went through the war and saw much hard service. Owing to exposure and hardships during the service, Mr Taylor contracted chronic diarrhœa, from which he has suffered now over thirty years, with absolutely no help from physicians. By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been, his disease and the experiments of the doctors had killed him long ago. Laudanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches, his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reduced to a skeleton. A year ago he and his wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, Ohio; but the change in health came not. Finally, on the recommendation of F. J. Hoffner, the leading druggist of Geneva, who was cognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box. "As a drowning man grasps a straw, so I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pills I commenced to feel better, and when I had taken the first box I was in fact a new man." That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken more of the pills and his progress is steady, and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.

As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a *Beacon* reporter Mrs. Taylor, who has been his faithful helpmeet these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "To the pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is to-day," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot find words to express the gratitude they feel or recommend too highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case, they will cheerfully answer, as they are anxious that the whole world shall know what Pink Pills have done for them and that suffering humanity may be benefited thereby.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2.50.

He Made an Effort.

Miss Charmante—Do you believe in hypnotism, Mr. De Softie?

Mr. De Softie—Whenever you look at me I do.—Somerville Journal.

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

William Jenkins dropped dead from joy at being released from the insane hospital at Spencer, W. Va.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

The French Montpelier gave a name to the Vermont Montpelier.

Which Man Wins?

The one with steady nerves and a clear brain. That means, in nine cases out of ten, the man with a good digestion. A Ripans Tabule after dinner may save to-morrow's business.

England and Wales light something like 500,000 lamps nightly.

What a Sense of Relief it is to Know

that you have no corns. Hinder-corns removes them, and is comforting. 15c. at druggists.

Hats were first made in England by Flemings about 1510.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

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English leather gloves were sold all over Europe in 1847.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

Tobacco occupies 20,290,000 acres in the United States.

Parker's Ginger Tonic is Popular

for good work. Suffering, sleepless, nervous women find nothing so soothing and reviving.

In Chancer's time a woman's gown was called her cote.

M. L. Thompson & Co., Druggists, Coudersport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

The first English Derby was run on May 20, 1784.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

If this entire country were as populous as Rhode Island its inhabitants would number 945,706,300.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

BROKE UP THE CAMP MEETING.

Startling Effect of a Mocking Bird Steam Whistle on a Negro Crowd.

Some years ago the steamer Paris C. Brown introduced the mocking bird whistle on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, says the Louisville Times. On the trip from Cincinnati to New Orleans and back the demoniacal yells and unearthly screams of that "holy terror" created a sensation everywhere, and all along shore produced fear and consternation, especially among the negroes, who had never heard anything like it before. Nothing in the shape of a steam whistle had ever been heard like it in this or any other country, and its unpopularity has caused but little to be heard of it since. By a manipulation of the valve it could be made to moan, groan, grunt, scream, yell, howl and whistle, and it could be heard on the river at night for many miles.

One dark night a negro revival was going on in the woods near a little town on the Mississippi, and excitement was at its highest pitch. The old "cullud sky pilot" was preaching and exhorting the sinful ones to come up "an' jine de ban'." Some were moaning, some groaning, many singing, many shouting, and all sweating as the old preacher said: "Cum a shoutin', cum a runnin', kaze yer kaint nebber tell w'en der debil gwine ter cum and grab yer. Now's yer chance. Brudder, is yer ready? Sister, is yer pre-pah-ed to meet de debil? He's li'ble ter cum any minit, an' w'en he does cum——"

Just then the Paris Brown, on her way south, turned the bend about two miles up the river and turned loose that terrific whistle, filling the air for miles around with all sorts of groans, screams, yells and howls, which fell upon the ears of the old preacher and his terrified congregation. The minister's eyes looked like inverted new moons. He looked at his congregation in silence and listened. The men and women looked in fear and terror at each other as all listened to the strangest and most unearthly sounds that had ever filled their ears. Presently the old preacher grabbed his hat and, leaning forward, shouted:

"Dat's him, ho'ns an' all. Dat's de debil. I knows his voice. W'at I bin a-tellin' yer? Take to de woods, breddern; take to de woods, sisters. De debil am cum an' you mus' run an' pray an' keep a-runnin'. I'm wid yer," and the preacher and congregation "took to the woods" and remained there until the whistling ceased and the Paris Brown passed down like a meteor in the darkness of the night, with that whistle as still as death. For days afterward the question of the colored people was: "Did you hear it?" and the answer was always another question: "W'at was it?"

"Mice" Would Be More Effective.

Mrs. Strongmind—What would the men say if 1,000,000 of women should rise in their righteous wrath and demand the ballot at the point of the bayonet?

Mr. Strongmind (abstractedly)—Oh, rats, I suppose.—Judge.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

He Saluted the Flag.

Capt. James Oliver, of the clipper Louisiana, which arrived here the other day, tells this story: "When the Louisiana was lying at Dublin the Prince of Wales was the guest of the Lord Mayor of the Irish capital. The Mayor suggested to Wales that it would be interesting for him to visit the Louisiana, and see just what an old-time American clipper ship looked like. Captain Oliver was notified that the Prince would like to come aboard. The Captain's son, hearing of this, declared that he would compel the Prince to tip his hat to him. This the Prince never does, by the way. When the party came aboard the boy appeared on deck waving the American flag. The Prince, noticing the national colors, raised his hat, and the others in the party followed suit, to the great delight of the Captain's son, who in this way made good his boast."—Philadelphia Record.

THAT LUMP in a man's stomach which makes him irritable and miserable and unfit for business or pleasure is caused by indigestion. Indigestion, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. The trouble may be in stomach, liver, bowels. Wherever it is, it is caused by the presence of poisonous, refuse matter which Nature has been unable to rid herself of, unaided. In such cases, wise people send down a little health officer, personified by one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, to search out the trouble and remove its cause.

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 Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

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