

"Do you believe the theory that character is determined to some extent by what we eat and drink?" "I do." "Then a person who drinks sage tea is likely to develop into a philosopher, I suppose."—Boston Globe.

Beware of Stimulants for Cataract That Contain Mercury,  
as mercury will easily destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from qualified physicians, as the damage they will do is far greater than can possibly derive from them. Hail! Cataract Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, doing away with the dried and mucous surfaces of the system. In hospitals' Cataract Cure is safe. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

The more honest a man has the less he affects the airs of a saint.—Lavater.

**The True Laxative Principle**  
Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Fig, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Be careful to make friendship the child, not the father, of virtue.—Sir P. Sidney.

**Tobacco-Twisted Nerves.**  
Millions of men keep asking for stimulants because the nervous system is constantly irritated by nicotine poison. Chewing or smoking destroys manhood and nerve power. It's not a habit, but a disease, and you will find a guaranteed cure in No-To-Bac, sold by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

In the North Atlantic States a little over one-fourth of the population is of foreign birth.

**Notice.**  
I want every man and woman in the United States interested in Health and Welfare to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 351, and one will be sent you free.

Detroit: Mich., has now a three-cent toll-line, with forty miles of track.

**Hindercorn is a Simple Remedy, But it takes out corns, and what a consolation it is! Makes walking a pleasure. 15c at druggists.**

**Love is simple in sentiment and complex in action.**

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Ferrel, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

Heroism—the divine relation wh'ch, in all times, unites a great man to other men.—Carlyle.

PITS stopped free to Dr. KLINE'S GREAT MARVELS Reserve. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and Spiritual bottle free. Dr. Kline, 101 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

If the Mediterranean should evaporate to the extent of 100 feet Italy would be joined to Africa.

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

The personal pronoun "I" should be the coat-of-arms of some individuals.—Hawro.

**Keeps You Poor.**  
Indigestion keeps man poor. It muffles the clear brain. You think it is something else, nine-tenths in ten—the trouble is in the digesting. One Hindu Tablette gives relief, and their economical price keeps you right. Ask your druggist for them.

The Indian name Ammonous means Fish Story River."

Dr. Kline's SWAMP ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pampinum and Consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

The most amiable people are those who cast around the self-love of others.—Brayre.

**Mother's Who Use Parker's Ginger Tonic** insist that it benefits more than other medicines for every form of distress.

Heaven will be inherited by every man who has heaven in his soul,—Beecher.

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

"Some folks maintain," remarked Bass between puffs, "that in the next world we shall follow the same occupations as in this." "And in this world," said Mrs. B., "you are smoking incessantly."—Boston Transcript.

**Tired Women**  
Nervous, weak and all worn out—will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. Get Hood's because.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Is the Only  
**True Blood Purifier**

Prominently in the public eye today. It is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

**Hood's Pills** are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

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 bed-time. Sold by all Druggists.

**SOUTHERN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY**  
LYNCHBURG, VA., LAST YEAR.  
THOROUGH PRACTICAL Commercial Courses, with complete Banking and Office Department, and SHORTHAND and TYPEWRITING taught daily. Both sexes admitted. No vacations. Expenses moderate. Write for catalogue and journal.

## REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Surpassing Splendor."

Text: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, —I Corinthians iii. 12.

"I am going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!" These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God forever, and is it not natural as well as Christianly appropriate that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious scenes which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen?

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed for splendor the world holds no such wonder-to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole cities have been built, came the galleys with three banks of oars, pushed forward, confounding the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the ocean to collect the beach to collect a tariff from all nations.

The birth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands in her theatres, walked her porticos and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures known for health giving qualities, there basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was buried in them, and carried them for Rome. Armed officials the "Corinthians" paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no base rifled or touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent build of columns and towers and temples (1000 slaves awaiting one shrine), and a citadel so grandly impregnable, that it was a fortress of the gods compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh, it was to rustics who had never seen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world. They had heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in evening groves. They had passed their whole lives away among porticos and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adored.

But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but no goodness! That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem, little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle, little feet to dance in the eternal glow, little groups to sit around the throne before the King of Kings.

But the "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,

nor heart understood" it. It is graves here and coffins and bier houses here.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven. Don't cry," and the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into a grave. And when the sun came up to the verge of the grave, and looked down at the body of her mother said, "Is this heaven? Oh, we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here. It is darkness here, but there is merriment making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these are the martyrs that perished at the inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus!" "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying negro boy. "I am going to see Jesus," and the missionary said: "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh, yes. That's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from heaven, and not come back again?" "But if he goes down to hell, what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment, and then he said: "Massa, where Jesus is there can be no hell!"

Oh, to stand in His presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross—to go around and call all the groups of the world and shake hands with prophets and apostles and saints and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be heaven!

I remember particularly. He had lost his shirt somehow and for almost a week went about with only a coat between his body and the world at large. Some of his pals, although they were of his own class, told him that he ought to find another one and the more he delayed it the more they labored with him. One night they were all gathered together at a "hang out," not far from Lima, Ohio, and the odd fellow was told that unless he found a shirt that night they would take away his coat also. He begged and begged, but they were determined, and as he did not show any intention of doing as he was bidden, they relieved him of his jacket. And all that night and the following day he was actually so lazy and stubborn that he would not yield and would probably be there still, in some form or other, had his pals not relented and returned him the coat. As I said, he went for nearly a week without finding a shirt, and not once did he show the least shame or embarrassment. Just at present I understand that he is in limbo, wearing the famous "zebra"—the penitentiary dress. It is not popular among tramps and they seldom wear it, but I feel that the old rascal, in spite of the disgrace and inconvenience that his confinement brings upon him, is tickled indeed that he is not bound to find his own clothes.

You see my text sets forth the idea that however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they are not part of the reality. Some wise men have been laboring for many furlongs long and wide is heaven, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate—that after all the nations had been gathered to heaven there will be a room for each soul, a room 16 feet long and 15 feet wide. We would not be large enough for one room. We cannot know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" nor artimatico calculated.

I first remark that in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street you had never felt sorrow or sick ness! Perhaps you have not in these very sunniness days—you feel a pain in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp strings, and the sunlight was the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations come down to us. The airs that float now on the earth are unlike those which floated above paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates of death open, is lacking in sickness and emaciation. Look at that son standing before the throne. On earth she was a lifelong invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now! Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses! Health of vision. Health of spirits. Immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting prostration, no fits, no convulsions. Health swinging in the air. Health flowing in all the streams. Health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of cramp, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem! That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete over your world! That night when the needleman fainted away in his garment, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years, no fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further that we can in this world get just idea of the splendor of heaven. St. John writes in his vision: "And the twelve gates are twelve pearls, and the foundations of the walls are twelve stones, with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John we see a blaze of amethyst and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun.

St. John bids us look again, and we see thrones—thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, thrones of Jesus, throne of God! And we turn round to see the glory, and it is—thrones! Thrones!

John bids us look again, and we see thrones—the thrones of the redeemed, passing by the gates, thrones of the saints, thrones of the martyrs, thrones of Jesus, throne of God! And we turn round to see the glory, and it is—thrones! Thrones!

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