REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subjects The Glory of the Navy-Naval Heroes Deserve Full Measure of Praise-Useful Lessons Drawn From Their Bravery and Devotion.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.) WASHINGTON, D. C .- At a time when the whole nation is stirred with patriotic emo-tion at the return of Admiral George Dewey and his gallant men on the cruiser Olympia and the magnificent reception ac-corded to them, the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, in his sermon, preaching to a vast audience, appropriately recalls for devort and patriotic purposes some of the great naval deeds of olden and more recent times. Text, James ili., 4, "Behold also

If this exclamation was appropriate about 1872 years ago, when it was written con-cerning the crude fishing smacks that sailed Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the drydocks for purposes of peace the Oceanic of the White Star line, the Lucania of the Cunard line, the St. Louis of the American Cunard line, the St. Louis of the American line, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse of the North German Lloyd line, the Augusta Victozia of the Hamburg-American line, and in an age which for purposes of war has launched the screw sloops like the Idaho, the Shenandoah, the Ossipee, and our ironclads like the Kalamazoo, the Roanoke and the Dunderberg, and those which bave already been buried in the deep like the hawken, the Housatonic and the Wee-hawken, the tempests ever since sounding a volley over their watery sepulchers, and the Oregon, and the Brooklyn, and the Texas, and the Olympia, the Iowa, the Mas-sachusetts, the Indiana, the New York, the Marietta of the last war, and the scarred veterans of war shipping, like the Consti-tution or the Alliance or the Constellation, that have swung into the naval yards to spend their last days, their decks now all silent of the feet that trod them, their rig-ging all silent of the hands that clung to them, their portholes silent of the brazen throats that once thundered out of them.

Full justice has been done to the men who at different times fought on the land, but not enough has been said of those who on ship's deck dared and suffered all things.

A life on the ocean wave, A home on the rolling deep,

the colors gracefully dipping to passing ships, the decks immaculately clean and the gens at quarantine firing a parting salute. But the poetry is all gone out of that ship as it comes out of that engagement, its decks red with human blood, wheelhouse gone, the cabins a pile of shat-tered mirrors and destroyed furniture, steering wheel broken, smokestack crushed, hundred pound Whitworth rifle shot hav ing left its mark from port to starboard, the shrouds rent away, ladde s splintered and decks plowed up and smoke blackened and scalded corpses lying among those who are gasping their last gasp far away from home and kindred, whom they love as much as we love wife and parents and chil-

Ob, men of the Ame ican navy returned from Manila and Santiago and Havana, as naval conflicts of 1863 and 1864, men of the western gulf squadron, of the eastern gulf squadron, of the south Atlantic squadron, Mississippi squadron, of the Pacific squadron, of the West India squadron, and of the Potomae flotilia, hear our thanks! your dear mother.

Take the benediction of the churches. Ac- Cheerful to the you live, and after your departure a catafalque and a mausoleum of scupitured marble, with a model of the ship in which you won the day. It is considered a galant thing when in a naval fight the flagship with its blue ensign goes ahead up a river or into a bay, its admiral standing in the shrouds watching and giv-ing orders. But I have to tell you, O vet-erans of the American navy, if you are as loyal to Christ as you were to the government, there is a flagship salling ahead of you of which Christ is the admiral, and He watches from the shrouds, and the heavens are the blue ensign, and He leads you toward the harbor, and all the broadsides of earth and hell cannot damage you, and ye whose garments were once red with your own blood shall have a robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Then strike eight bells! High noon in

While we are heartily greeting and banof the navy now in marine hospitals or spending their old days in their own or cember 6, 1863, was a mystery. She was not under fire. The sea was rough. But Admiral Dahlgren fron the deek of the flag steamer Philadelphia saw her gradually sinking and finally she struck the ground, but the flag still floated above the wave in the sight of the shipping. It was afteward found that she sank from weakness through injuries in previous service. Her plates had been knocked loose in previous times. So you have in nerve and muscle and bone and dimmed eyesight and diffi-cult hearing and shortness of breath many intimations that you are gradually going down. It is the service of many years ago that is telling on you. Be of good cheer. We owe you just as much as shoughs your lifeblood had gurgled through the scuppers of the ship in the Red river expedition or as though you had gone down with the or as though you had gone down with the Melville off Hatteras. Only keep your flag flying, as did the iliustrious Weehawken.

Good cheer, my boys! Sometimes off the coast of England the royal family Lave inspected the British navy, mancuvered before them for that purpose. In the Baltic sea the czar and czarina have reviewed the Russian navy. To bring before the American people the debt they owe to the navy I go out with To bring before the American people the debt they owe to the navy I go out with you on the Atlantic ocean, where there is plenty of room, and in imagination review the war shipping of our four great conflicts—1776, 1812, 1865 and 1898. Swing into line all ye frigates, ironciads, fire rafts, gunboats and men-of-war! There they come, all sail set and all furnaces in full blast, sheaves of crystal tossing from their cutting prows. That is the Delaware, an old Revolutionary craft, commanded by Commodore Decatur. Yonder goes the Constitution, Commodore Hull commanding. There is the Chesapeake, commanded by Captain Lawrence, whose dying words were, "Don't give up the ship," and the Niagara of 1812, commanded by Commodore Perry, who wrote on the back of an old letter, resting on his navy cap, "We have met the enemy, and they re ours." Yonder is the flagship Wabash, Admiral Dupont commanding; yonder, the flagship Philadelphia, Admiral Balley «cmmanding; yonder, the flagship Philadelphia, Admiral Dahlgren commanding; yonder, the flagship Philadelphia, it is not the shrouds. "To the shrouds with that of our said the coming ages will atand as high at the other. So this day sympathizing with the other. So this day sympathizing with the other. So this the other. So this day sympathizing with the other. So this the other.

Black Hawk, Admiral Porter commanding Black Hawk, Admiral Porter commanding; yonder, the flag steamer Benton, Admirai Foote commanding; yonder, the flagship Hardford, David G. Farragut commanding; yonder, the Brooklyn, Rear Admirai Schley commanding; yonder, the Olympia, Admiral Dewey commanding; yonder the Oregon, Captain Clark commanding; yonder, the Texas, Captain Philip commanding; yonder, the New York, Rear Admiral Sampson commanding; yonder, the Iowa, Captain Robley D. Evans commanding, All those of you who were in the naval

All those of you who were in the naval service during the war of 1865 are now in the afternoon or evening of life. With some of you it is 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and it will soon be sundown. If you were of age when the war broke out, you are now at least 60. Many of you have passed into the seventies. While in our Cuban war there were more Christian comments. Christian commanders on sea and land than in any previous conflict, I would re-vive in your minds the fact that at least two great admirals of the civil war were Christians, Foote and Farragut. Had the Christian religion been a cowardly thing they would have had nothing to do with it. In its faith they lived and died. In Brooklyn navy yard Admiral Foote held prayer meetings and conducted a region on the receiving this North Carolina. vival on the receiving ship North Carolina and on Sabbaths, far out at sea, followed the chaplain with religious exhortation. In early life, aboard the sloop-of-war Cunard line, the St. Louis of the American line, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse of the North German Lloyd line, the Augusta Victoria of the Hamburg-American line, and in an age which for purposes of war has launched the screw sloops like the Idaho, the Shenandoah, the Ossipee, and our iron-clads like the Kalamazoo, the Roanoke and the Dunderberg, and those which bave already been buried in the deep, like the Monitor, the Housatonic and the Weehawken, the tempests ever since sounding a volley over their watery sepuichers, and the Oregon, and the Brooklyn, and the on earth until the days when the fires from above shall lick up the waters from be-neath and there shall be no more sea.

Oh, while old ocean's breast Bears a white sail And God's soft stars to rest Guide through the gale, Old heart of oak--Thunderbolt stroke!

According to his own statement, Far ragut was very loose in his morals in early manhood and practiced all kinds of sin. One day he was called into the cabin of his me in this sermon! So, ye admirals, commanders, captains, pilots, gunners, boatswains, sailmakers, surgeons, stokers, messmates and seamen of all names, to use your own parlance, we might as well get under way and stand out to sea. Let all landlubbers go ashore. Full speed now! Four bells!

It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going out through the Narrows, sailors in new rig singing,

A life on the occan way.

Captain Pennington, an honored elder of my Brooklyn church, was with him in most of his battles and had his intimate friendship, and he confirmed, what I had heard elsewhere, that Farragut was good and Christian. In every great crisis of life he asked and obtained the Divine di-rection. When in Mobile bay the monitor Tecumseh sank from a torpedo and the great warship Brooklyn, that was to lead the squadron, turned back, he said he was at a loss to know whether to advance or retreat, and he says: "I prayed. 'O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on? And a voice commanded me, 'Go on,' and I went on." Was there ever a more touching Christian letter than that which he wrote to his wife from his flagship Hartford? "My dearest wife, I write and leave this letter for you. I am going into Mobile bay in the morning if God is my well as those who are survivors of the leader, and I hope He is, and in Him I naval conflicts of 1863 and 1864, men of the place my trust. If He thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to submit to His will in that as all other things. God the north Atlantic squadron, of the biess and preserve you, my darling, and ississippi squadron, of the Pacific squad-my dear boy, if anything should happen to me. May His blessings rest upon you and

cept the hospitalities of the nation. If we Tailapoosa in the last voyage he ever took, had our way, we would get you not only a "It would be well if I died now in harness." pension, but a home and a princely ward-robe and an equipage and a banquet while was never more appropriately rendered than over his easket, and well did all the forts of New York harbor thunder as his body was brought to the wharf, and well did the minute guns sound and the belis toll as in a procession having in its ranks the President of the United States and his cabinet and the mighty men of land and sea the old admiral was carried, amid hundreds of thousands of uncovered heads on Broadway, and laid on his pillow of dust in beautiful Woodlawn, September 30, amid the pomp of our autumnal forests. so We bail with thanks the new generation

are too near their marvelous deeds to fully appreciate them. A century from now poetry and sculpture and painting and his-tory will do them better justice than we can dothem now. A defeat at Manila would have been an infinite disaster. Foreign nations not over-fond of our American institutions would have joined the other side and the war so many months past would queting the sailor patriots just now re-turned we must not forget the veterans dred thousand graves would have opened to take down our slain soldiers and sailors. spending their old days in their own or their children's homesteads. Oh, ye vetagane, I charge you bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry from the wartimes. You are not as stalwart as you would have been but for that nervous strain and for that terrific exposure. Let every ache and pain, instead of depressing, remind you of your fidelity. The sinking ing remind you of your fidelity. The sinking the index of Morris Island. Debor day before yesterday was greeted by the nation whose welcoming cheers will not cease to resound until to-morrow, and next day in the capital of the nation the jeweied sword voted by Congress shall be presented amid booming cannonade and embannered hosts, and our autumnal nights shall become a conflagration of splendor, but the tramp of these proces-sions and the flash of that sword and the huzza of that greeting and the roar of those guns and the illumination of these nights will be seen and heard as long as a page of American history remains inviolate Especially let the country boys of America join in these greetings to the returned heroes of Manila. It is their work. The chief character in all the scene is the once country lad, George Dewey. Let the Vermonters come down and find him older, but the same modest, unassuming, almost bashful person that they went to school with and with whom they sported on the playground. The hon-crs of all the world cannot spoil him. A few weeks ago at a banquet in England some of the titled noblemen were affronted because our American minister plenipotentiary associated the name of Dewey with that of Lord Nelson. As well might we be affronted because the name of Nelson is associated with that of our

An Incident in the Spanish War.

Dickson had been on an English ship that was used as a transport all through the Turko-Russian war. This made him a man of some importance with us, as he was the only one who had seen fighting, and we would listen with respect to the endless stories he had to tell of the Turks whom they transported, who lived on grapes, and who killed some of the crew caught helping themselves. I saw him again on the street, not long ago, and he had more tales to tell, of a later war-how the I'ttle craft he was on was sent inshore one night to investigate an unmarked obstruction in the harbor of Havana, depending on the darkness, the war color, and her small size to keep them safe; how they were nearly through when they found themselves in the inviting dazzle of a search-light, and the next minute the shells were all about them. They were so close in and so slow that they could not hope to get out of range for some minutes, and already one blade of the propeller had been shot away; but long before that, at the very first shot, with the fine instinct that sends a hen after her chickens, the flagship had swung around in a circle, and, regardless of reefs, her poverty of armor, or her empty bunkers, had run in between the little boat and the forts, and convoyed her out of harm's way as safely as if she had been in dry dock. Her own superstructure was hit repeatedly, and a shell smashed through the Captain's cabin; but it was the noblesse oblige to be expected of the San Francisco, the neatest, best fitted ship in the navy.-Diary of a Naval Reserve.

Wanted a Good-Looking Picture.

A local photographer tells a story of a young man who came into the studio one day and asked nervously if he might have a little conversation with

The visitor was painfully ugly, and, after some awkward blushing and indefinite allusions, he asked the artist if he supposed he had among his samples a picture of any young man who looked like him, but was better look

"What do you mean, young man," asked the photographer.

"Well, replied he, making a clean breast of it, "I am just engaged to be married. The young lady lives down in Devonshire. She is going home tomorrow. She says she thinks I'm so good she doesn't mind my being homely, but she wants a good looking picture to take home with her to show the girls."-London Tit-Bits.

How Dewey Broke Down Social Lines.

Miss Tompson, the only newspaper woman at Manila during the siege, has lately returned to America crowned with laurels. She says she owes her fame to Dewey.

'Admiral Dewey is a knight of the school, I trow." Miss Thou wrote to a friend in the East. "He heard that I was all alone in the city and that the officers' wives would not Cheerful to the end, he said on board the notice me because I was a bread-winner; and what do you think he did? He called upon me in state, and dined with me; then I was the first lady in

When the Admiral was asked about the incident, he seemed annoyed but said: "Wby, that wasn't anything. Every American woman is the first lady in the land."-Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Deaths from Foot Binding.

The Chinese saying is, "For each pair of bound feet there has been a whole kang, or big path, full of tears," and they say that one girl out ten dies of foot binding or of its after effects.

When I quoted this to the Italian mother superior at Hankow, who has for years been head of the Girl School and Foundling Establishment there, she said, with tears in her eyes: "Oh! no, no, that may be true of the coast towns," I thought she was going to say it would be a gross exaggeration in Central China; but to my horror she went on: "But more here-moremore!"-Intimate China.

One Failing of Women. "Of course," he said inquiringly,

"she has a good education?" "Best in the world," answered his wife. "Spent three years at a finishing school just before she made her society debut."

"I wonder what kind of grammar they used," he went on.

"I'm sure I don't know. Why?" "Oh, nothing much. It's evident that some of these girls' schools must use a grammar that gives nothing but dashes as punctuation marks and I am mildly curious to see one."-Chicago

A Mother Stork's Devotion.

Among many stories of the affection of dumb creatures for their young, this from a German paper is peculiarly pathetic: "At Neuendorf the lightning struck the gable end of a barn where for years a pair of storks had built their nest. The flames soon caught the nest in which the helpless brood was piteously screaming. The mother stork now protecting spread out her wing over the young ones, with whom she was burned alive, although she might have saved kerself easily by flight."-Christian Herald.

He Proved the Exception.

"It's not so difficult to do two things at once," remarked the facetious jailer. "And keep it up?" asked the prisoner.

"Yes; keep it up for years." "For instance?" said the prisoner in-

"Well, you can do right while you're doing time," answered the jailer. Fortunately for the jailer there were bars between the prisoner and him .-Chicago Post.

AUTOCRATIC JUDGES.

No man probably can be placed in a more perplexing position than a judge who has to deal with ignorant and dull-witted jurors. A jury of this kind of men in a western court brought in a verdict of "Not guilty, but recommended to the mercy of the court."

Dried Fly Statistics.

Among the exports of Mexico last year age to be noted two tons of dried

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The Rev. John Naille, of Trappe, Pa., is the oldest clergyman in active service in

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Mrs. Sarah Terry, of Philadelphia, has just celebrated her 103th birthday. Her father fought in the War of the Revolution.

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Ames (Iowa) Special to Chicago Tribune: Prof. D. A. Kent, once connected with the Iowa Agricultural College, has been offered an appointmnet by James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, to go to Turkey and introduce the American system of agriculture and educate the people in modern methods. Constantinople is to be Prof. Kent's home. His work will consist mainly in establishing schools and colleges, and introducing the various seeds used in the United States. This commission will last for five years.

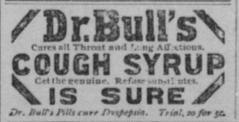


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ry street, to make way for a modern can control the process, as it is now instructure, removes a landmark vaguely timated may be the case, then Ameriassociated in the annals of the neigh- can scientists and those of other counrevolution. When Washington made get eevn with the Britishers, Liquid period beginning fifteen or twenty proportion to any known liquid. A years ago is reached. The buildings piece of paper when placed in it sinks. were then occupied as resorts for sail- The difference between liquid hydroors. The Loopey gang, which once gen and liquid air is as great if not threw a man into the river for 6 cents, greater than the difference between the made its headquarters in the neignbor- ordinary temperature and liquid air. hood. Near by was Sneepy's alley, 'eading from Roosevelt to Cherry street, in which a Roosevelt street resijent declares there were three mur-



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SOMETHING NEW.

A Discovery That Is Expected to Revo lutionize a Great Industry.

Just as Americans begin to feel that they are upon the verge of developing superiority to Great Britain not only in shipbuilding, but in the steel trade, in which such a number of valuable foreign contracts have lately been taken by our manufacturers in the face of British competition; and just as nature seems to encourage the American aspiration by showing that the English coal mines will be exhausted within another fifty years, science seems to be coming to the aid of the Britisher and may be about to open new fields of competition in steel in which America must take part if she is to maintain her hard-earned prestige. The discovery has been demonstrated in London, and is being made much of by the British press, that the ability to produce perfect steel by casting it in a vacuum made by liquid hydrogen with a process that is not proposed to make public, has at last attained practicability. A company has been formed with a capital of £30,000 to experi mentally develop the process, and if W. L. DOUGLAS the plan is as successful as Prof. Dewar, the discoverer, presumes it will be, the air bubbles that now cause flaws and weakness in steel will be done away with, and a metal will result such as the world has never seen. To say that this means a possible revo-New York Sun: The tearing down lution in the steel trade is to put it of the old buildings, 93, 95 and 97 Cher- mildly, and if the English government brohood with the days of the American tries will be put upon their mettile to his headquarters at Roosevelt and hydrogen, which is the great agent Cherry streets, the local historians now discovered, is described as a clear, declare, he stored in these old build- colorless, transparent and very volatile ings munitions of war supplies for his fluid, no clearer than pure water, but army. The historians of Cherry Hill only one-fourteenth the density of then skip the intervening years until a water. In its lightness it is out of all

Liquid hydrogen places temperature at

within twenty degrees of absolute zero.

which it is capable of enormous pres-

sure. The discovery must affect every

problem of physics and chemistry. Its

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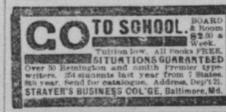
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