REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "A Bright Sunday Versus a Doleful Sunday.

TEXT: "And call the Sabbath a delight." -- Isaiah lviii., 13.

There is an element of gloom striking through all false religions. Paganism is a brood of horrors. The god of Confucine frowned upon its victims with blind fate. Mohammedanism promises nothing to those exhausted with sin in this world but an Mohamm eternity of the same passional indulgences. But God intended that our religion should have the grand characteristic of cheerfulness. have the grand characteristic of cheerfulness. St. Faul struck the key-note when he said: "Rejoice evermore, and again I say, re-joice." This religion has no spikes for the feet; it has no hooks for the shoulder; it has no long pilgrimages to take; it has no funer-al-pyres upon which to leap; it has no Jug-gernauts before which to fall. Its good cheer is symbolized in the Bible by the trightness of waters, and the redolence of lilies, and the sweetness of music, and the bilarities of a as symbolized in the bible by the trightness of waters, and the redolence of likes, and the sweetness of music, and the hilarities of a hanquet. A choir of seraphin chanted at its induction, and pealing trumpet, and waving palm, and flapping wing of archangel are to celebrate its triumphs. It began its chief mission with the shout: "Glory to God in the highest!" and it will close its earthly mission with the ascription: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" But men have said that our religion is not cheerful, because we have such a doleful Sab-bath. They say: "You can have your re-ligious assemblages, and your long faces, and your sniftling cant, and your pashm books, and your Bibles. Give us the Sunday excur-sion, and the horse-race, and the convivial laughter. We have so much joy that we want to spread it all over the seven days of the week, and you shall not have one of our

the week, and you shall not have one of our days of worldly satisfaction for religious dolefulness." I want to show these men-if

dolefulness." I want to show the religious dolefulness." I want to show these men-if there are any such in the house this morning —that they are under a great delusion, and that God intended the fifty-two Sundays of the year to be hung up like bells in a tower, beating a perpetual chime of joy, and glory, and salvation, and heaven; for I want you to carry out the idea of the text, "and call the Sabbath a delight." I remark, in the first place, we are to find in this day the joy of healthy repose. In this democratic country we all have to work—some with hand, some with brain, some with foot. If there is in all this house a hand that has not, during the past year, been stretched forth to some kind of toil, let it be lifted. Not one, not one. You sell the goods. You teach the school. You doctor in the sick room. You practice at the bar. rents who have the faculty of making the Sabbath a great gloom. Their children run up against the wall of parental lugubrious-ness on that day. They are sorry when Sun-day comes, and glad when it goes away. They think of everything bad on that day. It is the worst day to them, really, in all the week. There are persons who, because they were brought up in Christian families where there were wrong notions about the Sab. in the sick room. You practice at the bar. You edit a newspaper. You tan the hides. there were wrong notions about the Sab-bath, have gone out into dissipa-tion and will be lost. A man said to me: "I have a perfect disgust for the Sabbath day. You clit a newspaper. You practice at the bar. You clit a newspaper. You tan the hides. You preach the Gospel. You mend the shoes. You sit at the shuttle. You carry the hod of bricks up the ladder on the wall. And the one occupation is as honorable as the other, provided God calls you to it. I care not what you do, if you only do it well. But when Saturday night comes you are ided other, provided God calls you to it. I care not what you do, if you only do it well. But when Saturday night comes you are jaded and 'worn. The hand cannot so skillfully manufacture: the eye cannot see as well; the brain is not so clear; the judgment is not so well balanced. A prominent manufacturer told me that he could see a difference between the goods which went out of his establishment on Sat-day. He said: "They were very different indeed. Those that were made in the former part of the week, because of the rest that had been previously given, were better than indeed and comes, and it bathes the soreness from the limbs, quiets the agitated brain, and puts out the fires of anxiety that have been burning all the week. Our bodies are savings bank: into it we are to draw all the week. That man who breaks the Sabbath was intended as a savings bank: into it we are to draw all the week. That man who breaks the Sabbath was intended as a savings bank. Thoi it we are to draw all the week. That man who breaks the Sabbath was and put sout he inres of anxiety that have been burning all the week to draw all the week. That man who breaks the Sabbath was and puts own hich we are to draw all the week. That man who breaks the Sabbath was avings bank. Thoi it we are to grather the re-sources upon which we are to draw all the week. That man who breaks the Sabbath was at mot manageit. the child is immortal interests, no realization of the fact that the child will who breaks the Lord's day gives a mortgage to disease and death upon his entire physical boy. I never got over it, and never will." Those parents did not "call the Sabhath a delight;" they made it a gloom. But there are houses represented here this morning where the children say through the week: "I of his own life and throws it away. He who breaks the Lord's day gives a mortgage to disease and death upon his entire physical estate, and at the most unexpocted moment that mortgage will be foreclosed, and the soul ejected from the premises. Every gland, and pore, and cell, and finger-nail demands the seventh day for repose. The respiration of the lungs, the throb of the pulse in the wrist, the motion of the bone in its socket declare: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." There are thousands of men who have had their lives dashed out against the golden gates of the Sabbath. A promi-nent London merchant testifies that thirty years ago he went to London. He says: "I the golden gates of the Sabbath. A promi-nent London merchant testifies that thirty years ago he went to London. He says: "I have during that time watched minutely, and I have noticed that the men who went to their business on the Lord's day, or opened their counting-houses, have, without a single exception, come to failure." A prominent Christian merchant in Boston says: "I find it don't pay to work on Sunday. When I was a boy. I noticed out on Long Island there were mer-chants who loaded their ressels on the Sab-bath day, keeping their men busy from morning until night, and it is my observa-tion that they themselves came to nothing-these merchants.— and their children came to nothing. It doesn't pay," he says, "to work on the Sabbath." I appeal to your observation. Where are the men who twenty years ago were Sab-bath breakers, and who have been Sabbath breakers ever since? Without a single ex-ception, you will tell me, they have come either to financial or to moral beggary. I defy you to point out a single exception, and you can take the whole world for your field. It has either been a financial or moral defalcation in every instance. Six hundred field. It has either been a financial or moral defalcation in every instance. Six hundred and forty physicians in London petition Par-liament, saying: "We must have the Sab-bath obeyed. We can not have health in this city end in this nation un-less the Sabbath is observed." Those in our own country have given evi-dence on the same side. The man who takes down the shutters of his store on the Sabbath takes down the curse of Almighty God. That farmer who cultures his ground on the Sabbath day raises a crop of neuralgia, and of consumption, and of death. A farmer said: "I defy your Christian Sabbath. I will raise a Sunday crop." So he went to work and plowed the ground on Sanday, and harrowed it on Sunday, and he planted corn harrowed it on Sunday, and he planted corn n Sunday, and he reaped the corn on Sunday, and he gathered it into the barn on Sunday. "There," he says, "I have proved to you that all this idea about a fatality accompanying Sabbath work is a perfect sham. My corn is garnered, and all is well." But before many weeks passed the Lord God struck that barn with his lightnings, and away went the Sunday crop. Sunday crop. So great is the moral depression coming upon those who toil upon the Sabbath day, that you may have noticed (if you have not, I call your attention to the fact) that in cases where the public interest demands Sabbath toil the moral depression is so great that there are but very few who can stand it. For instance, the police service, without which not one of our houses would be safe--there are very few who can stand the pres-sure and temptation of it. In London, where there are five thousand policemen, the sta-tistic is given that in one year nine hundred and twenty-one of that five thousand, four ware suscended, and two thousand, four day crop. ismissed, five hundred and twenty-three vere suspended, and two thousand, four undred and ninety-two were fined. Now, if he moral depression is so great in occupa-ions that are positively necessary for the eace and prosperity of society, I ask you that must be the moral depression in those asses where there is no necessity for Sabbath rork, and where a man chooses wordly busi-ess on the Lord's day just because he likes by or wants to add to his emoluments? Dur-ng the last war it was found out that these ublic works which paused on the seventh r wants to add to his emoluments? Dur-the last war it was found out that these lie works which paused on the seventh turned out more war material than these ch worked all the seven days. Mr. Bag-, a prominent iron merchant, gives this imony: "I find we have fewer accidents our establishment and fewer interruptions.

bath, I find that we turn out more iron and have larger profits than any year when we worked all the seven days." The fact is, Sab-bath-made ropes will break, and Sabbath-made coats will rip, and Sabbath-made muskets will miss fire, and Sabbath-made muskets will miss fire, and Sabbath-made muskets will miss fire, and Sabbath-made muskets will be blasted. A gentleman said: "I invented a shuttle on the Lord's day. I was very busy, so I made the model of that new shuttle on the Lord's day. So very busy was I during the week that I had to occupy many Sabbaths. It was a great success. I enlarged my building; I built new factories, and made hundreds of thou-sands of dollars: but I have to tell you that all the result of that work on the Sabbath has been to me ruin. I enlarged my build-ings, I made a great many thousands of dol-lars, but I have lost all, and I charge it to the fact of that Sunday shuttle." I will place in two companies the men in this com-munity who break the Sabbath and the men who keep it, and then I ask you who are the best friends of society? Who have the best pros-pects for this world? Who have the best for the world that is to come? Sabbath morning comes in the homschold. nts and battalions, riding along the line, examining the battle-torn flags of past combat. and cheering them on to future victories. Ob, the joy of Christian assem-

blage! I remark also, we are to have in this day the joy of eternal Sabbatism. I do not be-leve it possible for any Christian to spend the Lord's day here without thinking of heaven. There is something in the gathering of reople in church on earth to make one think of the rapt assemblage of the skies. There is something in the song of the Chris-tian Church to make one think of the song of the elders before the throne, the harpists and the trumpeters of God accompanying the harmony. The light of a better Sabbath gilds the top of this, and earth and heaven come within speaking distance of each other, the song of triumph waving backward and forward, now tossed up by the Church of heaven. ieaven.

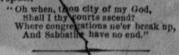
" Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest."

The Christian man stands radiant in its light. His bereft heart rejoices at the thought of a country where there is neither a coffin nor grave; his weary body glows at the idea of a land where there are no bur-dens to carry, and no exhaustive journeys to take. He eats the grapes of Eshcol. He stands upon the mountain top and looks off upon the promised land. He hears the call of the eternal towers, and the tramp of the numberless multitude with sins forgiven. This is the day which the Lord hath marke. Let us rejoice and be glad in it. Oh, ye who have been hunting for Sunday pleasures in the street, and on the river bank, and in the houses of sin. I commend to you this holy The Christian man stands radiant in its houses of sin, I commend to you this holy lay and holy service! I do not invite you to swallow a great bitterness or to carry a heavy yoke; but I invite you to feel in body, mind and soul the thrill of joy which God has handed down in the chalices of the golden Sabbath. With what revulsion and with what pity

we must look out on that large class of per-sons in our day who would throw discredit upon the Lord's day. There are two things which Christian people ought never to give up: the one is the Bible, the other is the Sab-bath. Take away one, and you take both ath. Take away one, and you take both. Take either, and farewell to Christianity in Take either, and farewell to Christianity in this country, farewell to our civil and relig-ious liberties. When they go, all go He who has ever spent Sunday in Paris, or Antwerp, or Rome, if he be an intelligent Christian, will pray God that the day will never come when the Sabbath of Continental Europe shall put its foot upon our shores. I had a friend in Syracuse who lived to be 100 years of age. He said to me, in his ninety-ninth year: ''I went across the mountains in the early his-tory of this country. Sabbath morring came. We were beyond the reach of civilization. My comrades were all going out for an excur-sion. I said: 'No, I won't go: it is Sunday.' Why, they laughed. They said: 'We haven't any Sunday here.' 'Oh, yes,'I said 'you have. I brought it with me over the moun-tains.'" There are two or three ways is which we

There are two or three ways in which we There are two or three ways in which we can war against Sabbath-breaking usages in this day: and the first thing is to get our children right upon th's subject, and teach them that the Sabbath day is the boliest of all the days, and the best and the gladdest. Unless you teach your child under the paternal roof to keep the Lord's day, there are nine hundred and ninety chances out of a thousand it will never learn to keep the Sabbath. You may think to shirk re-sponsibility in the matter, and send your child to the Sabbath-school and the house of God; that will not relieve the matter. I

child to the Sabbath-school and the house of God: that will not relieve the matter. I want to tell you, in the name of Christ, my Maker and my Judge, that your example will be more potential than any instruction they get elsewhere: and if you disregard the Lord's day yourself, or in any wise throw contempt upon it, you are blasting your children with an infinite curse. It is a rough truth. I know, told in a rough way: but it is God's truth, nevertheless. Your but it is God's truth, nevertheless. Your child may go on to seventy or eighty years of age, but that child will never get over the awful disadvantage of having had a Sabof age, but that child will never get over the awful disadvantage of having had a Sab-hath-breaking father or a Sabbath-breaking mother. It is the joy of many of us that we can look back to an early home where God was honored, and when the Sabbath came it was a day of great consecration and joy. We remember the old faces around the table that Sabbath morning. Our hearts melt when we think of those blessed associations, and we may have been off and committed when we think of those blessed associations, and we may have been off and committed many indiscretions and done many wrong things; but the day will never come when we forget the early home in which God's day was regarded, and father and mother told us to keep holy the Sablath. us to keep holy the Sabhath. There is another way in which we can war against the Sabhath-breaking usages of the country at this time, and that is by making our houses of worship attractive and the recountry at this time, and that is by making our houses of worship attractive and the ro-ligious services inspiring. I plead not for a gorgeous andience chamber: I plead not for groined rafters or magnificent freeso; but I do plead for comfortable churches, home-like churches-places where the church-going population behave as they ought to. Make the church welcome to all, however poorly clad they may be, or whatever may have been their past history; for I think the Church of God is not so much made for you who could have churches in your own house, but for the vast population of our great cities, who are treading on toward death with no voice of mercy to arrest them. Ah! when the prodigal comes into the church, do not stare at him as though he had no right to come. Give him the best seat you can find for him, Sometimes a man wakes up from his sin, and he says: "Fill go to the house of God." Per-haps he comes from one motive, perhaps from another. He finds the church dark and the Christian people frigid (and there are no people on earth who can be more frigid than Christian people when they try), and the music is dull, and he never comes again. Suppose one of these men enters the church. As he comes in he hears a song which his mother sang when he was a boy; he remembers it. He sits down, and some one hands him a book, open at "Jerusalem, my happy home, Name vere deat to me." the nations of darth and heaven to everlastlag repose



AN official report made to the Dutch Indian Government, on the origin and character of the memorable volcanic outbreak in the Sunda Straits, estimates that the amount of jected matter from Krakatoa must have been at least ten cubic miles, or a sufficient quantity to make a respectable range of hills about one thousand feet higher than the surrounding plain. The velocity of ejection is stated to have been considerably greater than that of the heaviest rifled ordnance, and the ejected material must have reached a height of thirty miles, or six times the height of the highest mountain in the world. The noise of the explosions was heard over one-fourteenth of the earth's surface, and a great atmospheric wave, starting from Krakatoa as its center, spread itself around the world, describing the whole circumference in some thirty-six hours. The mass of floating pumice found after the outburst on the surface of the sea has drifted in the

A curious problem was presented to Pittsburgh and Allegheny City when the use of natural gas became general in the twin cities. It had been the custom of the householders to dispose of the most of the garbage and refuse by burning it in the kitchen range. The use of fuel gas at once prohibited this. Not a wisp of straw nor a match can be tossed into a gas grate or range. much less even the smallest portion of vegetable matter. To meet this emergency a garbage and refuse cremation company was established and a crematory built. The company has its carts which make rounds regularly, and householders who can pay for the

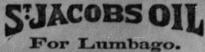
direction of America.

longer hesitate to show that the right belongs to them of carrying on the slave trade, and that they mean to exercise it. The slave dealers charged Lieutenant Wissman to inform the English on Lake Tanganyika that any attempt on their part to interfere with the traffic would bring war upon them. The traveler is convinced that warlike measures against the Arabs must be resorted to if a secure foundation is sought for the establishment of European civilization in Africa.

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privilege have their refuse cans as regularly in waiting. Their contents are conveyed to the huge furnaces, and speedily converted into another compination of particles. LIEUT. WISSMAN, the eminent German traveler, says that of late years a great change has taken place in the attitude of the Arabs of Africa toward Europeans. The danger of European ascendency has made them very hostile, defiant and relentless. They no

tic and overwhelming temptations that have swamped millions. But in some households it is not that way; the home, beautiful on ordinary days, is more beautiful now that ordinary days, is more beautiful now that the Sabbath has dawned. There is more joy in the "good morning." There is more tenderness in the morning prayer. The father looks at the child, and the child looks at the father. The little one dares now to ask questions without any fear of being an-swered: "Don't bother me—I must be off to the store." Now the father looks at the child, and he sees not merely the burg area the and he sees not merely the blue eyes, the arched brow, the long lashes, the sweet lip. He sees in that child a long line of earthly destinies; he sees in that child an immeasurdestinies; he sees in that child an immeasur-ably eternity. As he touches that child he says: "I wonder what will be the destiny of this little one?" And while this Christian father is thinking and praying, the sweet promise flows through his soul: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And he feels a joy, not like that which sounds in the dance, or is wafted from the froth of the wine-cup, or that which is like the "crackling of thorns under a pot," but the joy of domestic reunion and consecration.

the world that is to come? Sabbath morning comes in the household. I suppose that the mere philosopher would say that the Sabbath light comes in a wave

current, just like any other light, but it does not seem so to me. It seems as if it touched the eyclids more gently, and threw a brighter glow on the mantel ornaments, and cast a better cheerfulness on the faces of the chil-

better cheertuiness on the faces of the chil-dren, and throw a supernatural glory over the old family Bible. Hail! Sabbath light! We regoice in it. Rest comes in through the win-dows, or it leaps up from the fire, or it rolls out in the old arm chair, or it catches up the body into estacy, and swings open before

body into ecstacy, and swings open before the soul the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. The bar of the unopened warehouse, the hinges of the unfastened store window, the quiet of the commercial warehouse seem to say: "This is the day the Lord hath made." Rest for the sewing-woman, with weary hands, and aching side, and sick heart. Rest for the overtasked workman in the mine, or out on the wall or in the swalter.

mine, or out on the wall, or in the swelter-ing factory. Hang up the plane, drop the adze, slip the band from the wheel, put out the fire. Rest for the body, for the mind, and for the soul.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest; That saw the Lord arise: Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes."

Again I remark, we ought to have in the Sabuath the joy of domestic reunion and consecration. There are some very good pa-rents who have the faculty of making the

I never saw my father smile on Sunday. It was such a dreadful day to me when I was a

and consecration. Have I been picturing something that is merely fanciful, or is it possible for you and and for me to have such a home as that? I elieve it is possible. I have a statistic that I would like to give

believe it is possible. I have a statistic that I would like to give you. A great many people, you know, say there is nothing in the Christian discipline of a household. In New Hampshire there were two neighborhoods-the one of six families, disregarded the Sabbath. In time, five of these families were broken up by the separa-ton of husbands and wives; the other by the father becoming a thief. Eight or nine of the parents became drunkards, one com-mitted suicide, and all came to penury. Of some forty or fifty descendants, about twenty are known to be drunkards and gamblers and dissolute. Four or five have been in State prison. One fell in a duel. Some are in the almshouse. Only one became a Christian, and he after first having been outrageously dissipated. The other five families that regarded the Sabbath were all prospered. Eight or ten of the children are consistent members of the church. Some of them became officers in the church is a minister of the Gospel; one is a missionary to China. No poverty among any of them. The homestead is now in the hands of the third generation. Those who have died have dide in the peace of the Gospel. Oh, is there nothing in a househo'd that remembers God's holy day? Can it be possibly that those who disregard this holy commandment can be prospered the life, or have any good

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"Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me."

"Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me." "Yes," he says, "I have heard that many times." He sees cheerful Christian people there, every man's face a pail of thanksgiv-ing to God. He says: "Do you have this so every Sunday? I have heard that the house of God was a doleful place, and Christians were lugubrious and repelling! I have really enjoyed myself." The next Sabbath the man is again in the same place. Tears of re-pentance start down his cheek; he begins to pray; and when the communion table is spread he sits at it, and some one reaches over and says: "I am surprised to find you here. I thought you didn't believe in such things." "Ah!" he says, "I have been captured. I came in one day, and I found you were all so loving and cheerful here that I concluded I would come among you. Where thou goest I will go: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." "Ah! you can't drive men out of their sins, but you can coax them out—you can charm

but you can coax them out-you can charm

har, you can coax them out—you can charm them out. I would to God that we could all come to a higher appreciation of this Sabbath heri-tage! We can not count the treasures of one Christian Sabbath. It spreads out over us the two wings of the archangel of mercy. Oh, blessed Sabbath: blessed Sabbath! They scoff a great deal about the oid Furitanic Sabbaths, and there is a wonderful amount of wit expended upon that subject now—the Sabbaths they used to have in New England. I never lived in New England, but I would rather trust the old Puritanic Sabbath, with all its faults, than this modern Babbath, with all its faults, than this modern Babbath with all its faults, than this modern Babbath be satisfied, and I shall be surprised. Oh, blessed day! blessed day! I should fair is full of church music and the bells are ringing. Leaving my home group with a dring blessing, I should like to look off upon some Christian assemblage chanting the praises of God as I went up to join the ore nundred and forty and four thousand and the thousands of thousands standing around the thousands of thousands the bells are rise of God as I went up to join the ore nundred and forty and four thousand and the thousands of thousands the bells are mome thristian the hill side of heaves. It is a wedding-bell, for behold the Bride groom cometh. It is a victor's bell, for we are more than conquerors through Him who hath oved us. It is a Sabbath-bell, for it calls

In the World, of London, is told this characteristic story of Mr. Gladstone : Last summer the great Home Ruler had occasion to come into contact with Frederic Harrison, who had just published his study of Oliver Cromwell. A good deal of conversation took place on the subject of the book, and Mr. Gladstone asked Mr. Harrison if he really thought Cromwell a very great man. Mr. Harrison answered warmly in the affirmative, giving his reasons, and in return asked Mr. Gladstone what was his estimate of the Protector, and what position he would assign him in the political hierarchy. Mr. Gladstone is said to have replied: "Well, somewhere after Lord Althorp."

A CRANK has come forward in Keysville, Va., who claims to have discovered a meteorological omen proving that Benjamin Harrison will not survive his Presidential term. It snowed on the 19th of November in the year when Benjamin Harrison's grandfather was elected to the Presidency. It snowed on Nov. 19 in the years when Taylor and Garfield were respectively elected to the highest office in the land. None of these men lived to fulfill his administration. As it snowed on Nov. 19 this year the Keysville sage deduces the conclusion that Benjamin Harrison has not four years' lease of life. All of which is nonsense,

A MERCHANT in Philadelphia had in his possession seven quarter dollars that he had taken at different times. These quarters had a hole punched in each of them, and the merchant placed them on a shelf in his counting-room, intending to take them to a broker and sell them for what they were worth. Somebody stole the quarters, and while the merchant was away took advantage to pass those seven quarters back on the clerks in one day in payment of purchased goods.

Some of the good women of Hartford have organized a dressmaking and arithmetic school for young women who want to learn a trade, and also how to take care of their accounts and the like. Commercial arithmetic will be taught, and a skillful instructor will give thirteen lessons of two hours each in dressmaking.

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