### REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Wonders of Disaster and Blessing." (Preached at Kansas City, Mo.)

Text: "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth."—Joel ii., 30.

Dr. Cumming—great and good man-could have told us the exact time of the fulwould have told us the exact time of the ful-fillment of this prophecy. As I stepped into his study in London on my arrival from Paris just after the French had surrendered at Sedan, the good doctor said to me: "It is just as I told you about France; people laughed at me because I talked about the seven horns and the vials, but I forsaw all this from the Book of Deniel and the Book of Book the Book of Daniel and the Book of Revelation." Not taking any such responsibility in the interpretation of the passage, I simply assert that there is in it suggestions of many things in our time.

Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens its pulsations as we read of events in the Third century, the Sixth century, the Eighth century, the Fourteenth century, but there are more far reaching events crowded into the Nineteenth century than into any other, and the last quarter bids fair to eclipse the preceding three quarters. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph and without any special emphasis—of events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time, we must cry out in the words of the text: "Wonders in the heavens and in the earth." Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens its the earth.

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue this day that our time is wonderful for disaster? Our world has is wonderful for disaster? Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is an epileptic earth; convulsion after convulsion; frosts pounding it with sledge hammer of iceberg, and fires melting it with furnaces seven hundred times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it, and meteors shooting by on the other side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and argosies and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. sarety. Whose neets and navies and argostes and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the Etruria and Germanic and the Arizona and the City of ew York rush by. Besides that, our orld has by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the fur-naces have burst, and the walking beams of the mountain have broken, and the islands have shipped a sea, and the great hulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon threatened immediate demolition. But it seems to us as if our century were especially characterized by disaster. volcanic, cyclonic, oceanic, epidemic. I say volcanic, because an earthquake is only a volcano hushed up. When Stromboli and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius stop breath-ing, let the foundations of the earth beware. Seven thousand earthquakes in two centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British association. Trajan, the Emperor, goes to ancient Antioch, and amid the splendors of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the Emperor's life. Lisbon, fair and beautiful at one o'clock on the 1st of November, 1755, in six minutes 60,000 have perished, and Voltaire writes of them: "For that region it was the last judgment, nothing wanting but a trumpet!" Europe and America feeling the trumpet? Europe and America feeling the throb; 1590 chimneys in Boston partly or

fully destroyed.

But the disasters of other centuries have had their counterpart in our own. In 1812 Caraccas was caught in the grip of the earth-quake; in 1822, in Chili, 100,000 square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation; in 1854 Japan felt the geological agony Naples shaken in 1857; Mexico in 1858; Medosa, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manilla terrorized in 1863; Medosa, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manilla terrorized in 1863; the Hawaisan islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871, Antioch in 1872; California in 1872; San Salvador in 1873; while in 1883 what subterranean excitement! Ischia, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering-place, vineyard clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder, Capri, the summer resort of the Roman Emperors; yonder, Naples, the paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppied into the trough of the earth, 8000 merry-makers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many a one of them as it was said of Moses: "The Lord buried him." Italy weeping, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping where there were hearts to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rod like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java, of the Indian archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the Indian archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down, and city after city, until that island, which produces the healthiest beverage of all the world, has produced the ghastliest accident of the covarient the ghastliest accident of the country. One hundred thousand people dying, dying, dead,

But look at the disasters cyclonic. At the mouth of the Ganges are three islands—the Hattiah, the Sundeep and the Dakin Shabazpore. In the midnight of October, 1877, on all those three islands the cry was: "The all those three islands the cry was: "The waters, the waters?" A cyclone arose and rolled the sea over those three islands, and of a population of 340,000, 215,000 were drowned. Only those saved who had climbed to the top of the highest trees. Did you ever see a cyclone? No? Then I pray God you may never see one. I saw one on the ocean, and it swept us eight hundred miles back from our course, and for thirty-six hours during the cyclone and after it we expected every moment to go to the bottom. They told us before we retired at 9 o'clock that the barometer had fallen, but at 11 o'clock at night we were awakened with the shock of the waves. All the lights out! Crash! went barometer had fallen, but at 11 o'clock at night we were awakened with the shock of the waves. All the lights out! Crash! went all the life boats. Waters rushing through the skylights down into the cabin and down on the furnaces until they hissed and smoked in the deluge. Seven hundred people praying, blaspheming, shrieking. Our great ship poised a moment on the top of a mountain of phosphorescent fire, and then plunged down, down, down, until it seemed as if she would never again be righted. Ah! you never want to see a cyclone at sea. But I was in Minnesota, where there was one of those cyclones on land that swept the city of Rochester from its foundations, and took dwelling houses, barns, men, women, children, horses, cattle and tossed them into indiscriminate ruin, and lifted a rail train and dashed it down, a mightier hand than that of the engineer on the air brake. Cyclone in Kansas, cyclone in Missouri, cyclone in Iwa. Satan, prince of the power of the air, never made such cyclonic disturbances as he has in our day. And am I not right in saying that one of the characteristics of the time in one of the characteristics of the time in which we live is disaster cyclonic?

which we live is disaster cyclonic?

But look at the disaster sceanic. Shall I call the roll of the dead shipping? Tonsters of the deep, answer when I call your names. Ville de Havre, the Schiller, City of Boston, the Melville, the President, the Cimbria. But why should I go on calling the roll when none of them answer, and the roll is as long as the white scroll of the Atlantic surf at Cape Hatteras breakers? If the oceanic cables could report all the scattered life and all the bleached bones that they rub against in the depths of the ocean what a message of pathos and tragedy for both beaches! In one storm eighty fishermen perished off the coast of Newfoundland. and whole fleets of

them off the coast of England. God help the poor fellows at sea, and give high seats in heaven to the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises and the lifeboat men hovering around Goodwin's Sands and the Sherries. The sea, Lewises and the lifeboat men hovering around Goodwin's Sands and the Sherries. The sea, owning three-fourths of the earth, proposes to capture the other fourth, and is bombarding the land all around the earth. The moving of our hotels at Brighton Beach backward one hundred yards from where they once stood, a type of what is going on all around the world and on every coast. The Dead Sea rolls to-day where ancient cities stood. Pillars of temples that stood on hills geologists now find three-quarters under the water or altogether submerged. The sea, having wrecked so many merchantmen and flotillas, wants to wreck the continents and hence disasters

oceanic.

Look at the disasters epidemic. I speak not of the plague in the Fourth century that ravaged Europe, and in Moscow and the Neapolitan dominions and Marseilles wrought such terror in the Eighteenth century, but I look at the yellow fevers, and the choleras, and the diphtherias and the scarlet fevers, and the typhcids of our own time. Here the and the typhoids of our own time. Hear the wailing of Memphis, and Shreveport, and New Orleans and Jacksonville of the last few de-cades. From Hurdwar, India, where every twelfth year three million devotees congregate, the caravans brought the cholera, and that one disease slew eighteen thousand in eighteen days in Bossorah. Twelve thousand in one summer slain by it in India and twenty-five thousand in Egypt. Disasters epidemic. Some of the linest monuments in Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auturn are to decrease who lest their life.

burn are to doctors who lost their life bat-tling with Southern epidemic.

But now I turn the leaf in my subject, and I plant the white lilies and the palm tree amid the night shade and the myrtie. This age no more characterized by wonders of dis-aster than by wonders of blessing. Blessing of longevity; the average of human life rapidly increasing. Forty years now worth four hundred years once. Now I can travel from Manitoba to New York in three days and three nights. In other times it would have taken three months. In other words, three days and three nights now are worth three months of other days. The average of human life practically greater now than when Noah lived his 950 years and Methusaleh lived his 969 years. Blessings of intelligence: The Salmon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincolns and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pine knot lights, or seated on shoemaker's bench nor will the Fergusons have

to study astronomy while watching the cat-tle. Knowledge rolls its tides along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them. If the philosophers of the last century were called up to recite in a class with our boys at the Polytechnic, or our girls at the Packer, those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class because they failed to answer the questions! tions! Free libraries in all the important towns and cities of the land. Historical alcoves and poetical shelves and magazine tables for all that desire to walk through them or sit down at them. Blessings of quick information: Newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in a September equinoctial. News three days old, rancid and stale. We see the whole world twice a day—through the newspaper at the breakfast table, and through the newspaper at the tea table, with an "extra" here and there between the beautient of the seed of the

Blessing of Gospel proclamation: "Do you not know that nearly all the missionary societies have been born in this century? and nearly all the Bible societies, and nearly all the great philanthropic movements?
A secretary of one of the denominations said to me the other day in Dakota:
"You were wrong when you said our
denomination averaged a new church every
day of the year; they established nine in
one week, so you are far within the truth" "I have just been out establishing five mission stations." I tell you Christianity is on the march while infidelity is dwindling into ding and drooping down into imbecility and indecency, the wheel of Christianity is making about a thousand revolutions in a minute. All the copies of Shakespeare and Tennyson and Disraeli and of any ten of the most popular writtings; but there are people here to-day who will see the Twentieth century. Things obscure to us will be plain to you yet. imbecility. While infidelity is thus dwinraen and of any ten of the most popular writers of the day, less in number than the copies of the Bible going out from our printing presses. A few years ago, in six weeks, more than two million copies of the New Testament purchased, not given away, but purchased because the world will have it.

More Christian men in high official posi-tion to-day in Great Britain and in the United States than ever before. Stop that falsehood going through the newspapers—I have seen it in twenty—that the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are all infidels except one. By personal acquaintance I know three of them to be old-fashioned evangelical Christians, sitting at the Holy Sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I suppose that the majority of them are stanch believers in our Christian religion. And then hear the dying words of Judge Black, a man who had been Attorney-General of the United States, and who had been Secretary of the United States, no stronger lawyer of the century than Judge Black—dying, his aged wife kneeling by his side, and he uttering that sublime and tender prayer: "O Lord God, from whom I derived my existence, in whom I have always trusted, take my spirit to Thyseif and let Thy richest blessing come down upon my Mary." The most popular book to-day is the Bible, and the mightlest institution is the church, and the greatest name among the nations, and more honored than any other, is the name of Jesus.

Wonders of self sacrifice: A electoryman cept one. By personal acquaintance I

Wonders of self sacrifice: A clergyman told me in the Northwest that for six years told me in the Northwest that for six years he was a missionary at the extreme North, living 400 miles from a postoffice, and sometimes he slept out of doors in the winter, the thermometer sixty and sixty-five degrees below zero, wrapped in rabbit skins woven together. I said: "it it vestivated below zero, wrapped in rabbit skins woven together. I said: "Is it possible? You do not mean sixty and sixty-five degrees below zero?" He said: "I do, and I was happy." All for Christ. Where is there any other being that will rally such enthusiasm? Mothers sewing their fingers off to educate their boys for the Gospel ministry. For nine years no luxury on the table until the course through grammar school and colfor line years no inxury on the table until the course through grammar school and col-lege and theological seminary be com-pleted. Poor widow putting her mite into the Lord's treasury, the face of Emperor or President impressed upon the coin not so con-spicuous rs the blood with which she earned it. Millions of good men and women, but more women than men, to whom Christ is everything. Christ first and Christ last and Christ forever.

Christ forever.
Why, this age is not so characterized by invention and scientific exploration as it is by Gospel proclamation. You can get no idea of it unless you can ring all sound all the organs in one diapason, and gather all the congregations of Christendom in one Gloria in Excelsis. Mighty camp meetings. Might Ocean Groves. Mighty Chautauquas. Mighty conventions of Christian works. Mighty conventions of Christian works. Mighty general assemblies of the Presbyterian church. Mighty associations of the Baptist church. Mighty conventions of the Episcopal church. Mighty conventions of the Episcopal church. I think before long the best investments will not be in railroad stock or Western Union, but in trumpets and cymbals and festal decorations, for we are on the eve of victories wide and world uplifting. There may be many years of hard work yet before the consummation, but the signs are to me so encouraging that I would not be unbelieving if I saw the wing of the apocalyptic angel spread for its last triumphal flight in this day's sunset; or if to-morrow morning the ocean cables should thrill us with the news that Christ the Lord had alighted on Mount Olivet or Mount Calvary to proclaim universal dominion.

Oh, you dead churches, wake up! Throw back the shutters of stiff ecclesiasticism and let the light of the spring morning come in. Morning for the land. Morning for the sea. Morning of emancipation. Morning of light and love and peace. Morning of a day in which there shall be no chains to break, no sorrows to assuage, no despotism to shatter, no woes to compassionate. O Christ, descend! Scarred temple, take the crown! Bruised the church bells in one came, and sound all the organs in one dispason, and

hand, take the scepter! Wounded foot, step the throne! "Thine is the kingdom." These things I say because I want you to be alert. I want you to be watching all these be alert. I want you to be watching all these wonders unrolling from the heavens and the earth. God has classified them, whether calamitous or pleasing. The divine purposes are harnessed in traces that cannot break, and in girths that cannot slip, and in buckles that cannot loosen, and are driven by reins they must answer. I are driven by reins they must answer. I preach no fatalism. A swarthy engineer at one of the depots in Dakota said: "When will you get on the locomotive and take a ride with us?" "Well," I said, "now, if that suits you?" So I got on one side the locomotive, and a Methodist minister, who was also invited, got on the other side, and between us were the engineer and the stoker. The train started. The engineer had his hand on the agitated pulse of the great his hand on the agitated pulse of the great engine. The stoker shoveled in the coal and shut the door with a loud clang. A vast plain slipped under us and the hills swept by, and that great monster on which we rode trembled and bounded and snorted and raged as it hurled is on. I said to the Methodist minister on the other side the locomotive: "My brother, why should Presbyterians and Methodists quarrel should Presbyterians and Methodists quarrel about the decrees and free agency? You see that track, that firm track, that iron track; that is the decree. You see this engineer's arm? That is free agency. How beautifully they work together They are going to take us through. We could not do without the track, and we could not do without the engineer. So I rejoice day by day. Work for us all to do, and we may turn the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents; but there is the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents; but there is the track laid so long ago no one remembers it, laid by the hand of Almighty God in sockets that no terrestrial or satanic pressure can ever affect. And along that track the car of the world's redemption will foll and roll to the Grand Central Depot of the Millennium. I have no anxiety about the track. I am only afraid that for our indolence God will discharge us and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with us or without us. So, my brethren, watch all the events that are going by. If things seem to turn out right, give wings to things seem to turn out right, give wings to your joy. If things seem to turn out wrong, your joy. If things seem to turn out wrong, throw out the anchor of faith and hold fast.

There is a house in London where Peter the Great of Russia lived awhile when he was moving through the land incognito and in workman's dress, that he might learn the wants of the people. A stranger was visiting at that house recently, and

saw in a dark attic an old box, and he said to the owner of the house: "What's in that box?" The owner said, "I don't know; that box was there when I got the know; that box was there when I got the house and it was there when my father got it. We haven't had any curiosity to look at it; I guess there's nothing in it." "Well," said the stranger, "I'll give you two pounds for it." "Well, done." The two pounds are paid, and recently the contents of that box were sold to the Czar of Russia for fifty thou-sand dollars. In it the lathing machine of sand dollars. In it the lathing machine of Peter the Great, his private letters and docu-ments of value beyond all momentary con-sideration. And here are the events that seem very insignificant and unimportant, but they increase treasures of Divine Providence and eternities of meaning which after a while God will demonstrate before the ages as being of stupendous value. As near as I can tell from what I say there must be a God correfrom what I see, there must be a God some-

When Titans play quoits they pitch mountains; but who owns these gigantic forces you have been reading about the last two months? Whose hand is on the throttle valve of the volcanoes? Whose foot suddenly planted on volcances? Whose foot suddenly planted on the footstool makes the continents quiver? God! God! He looketh upon the mountains and they tremble. He toucheth the hills and they smoke. God! God! I must be at peace with Him. Through the Lord Jesus Christ this God is mine and He is yours. I put the earthquake that shook Palestine at the crucifixion against all the down rockings of the centuries. This God on our side, we may challenge all the centuries of time and all the cycles of eternity.

Those of us who are in mid-life may well

The Twentieth century will be as far ahead of the Nineteenth as the Nineteenth is ahead of the Eighteenth, and as you cari-cature the habits and customs and ig-norance of the past, others will cari-cature this a.e. Some of you may live to see cature this a.e. Some of you may live to see the shimmering veil between the material and the spiritual world lifted. Magnetism, a word with which we cover up our ignorance, will yet be an explored realm. Electricity, the fiery courser of the sky, that Benjamin Franklin lassoed and Morse and Bell and Edison have tried to control, will become completely approached.

will yet be an explored realm. Electricity, the fierry courser of the sky, that Benjamin Franklin lassoed and Morse and Bell and Edison have tried to control, will become completely manageable, and locomotion will no swiftened, and a world of practical knowledge thrown in upon the race. Whether we depart in this century, or whether we see the open gates of a more wonderful century, we will see these things. It does not make much difference where we stand, but the higher the standpoint the larger the prospect. We will see them from heaven if we do not see them from carth. I was at Fire Island, Long Island, and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York the approach of vessels hours before they come into port. There is an opening in the wall, and the operator puts his telescope through that opening and looks out and sees vessels far out at sea. While I was talking with him he went up and looked out. He said: "We are expecting the Arizona to-night." I said: "Is it possible you know all those vessels? Do you know them as you know a man's face?" He said: "Yes, I never make a mistake; before I see the hulks, I often know them by the masts; I know them all, I have watched them so long." Oh, what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded long before they come to port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long absent loved ones. So to-day we take our stand in the watch tower and we look off and through the glass of inspiration or Providence we look off and see a whole fleet of ships coming in. That is the ship of the church, mark of salt wave high up on the smoke stack, showing she has had rough weather, but the Captain of salvation commands her and all is well with her. The ship of heaven, mightiest craft ever launched, millions of passengers waiting for millions more, prophets and apostles and martyrs in the cabin, conquerers at the foot of the mast, while from the rigging hands are waving this way as they knew us, and we wave back again, for they are ours; they for heaven!

THE kangaroo is said to have got its name in this way: Captain Cook first discovered the animal in Australia. When he inquired its name of a native the latter replied, "Kan-ga-roo," which in the Australian language is "I don't

"TEN years hence," said a member of the New York Assembly, "the fact of an adult sending a valentine will be taken as evidence that he is not a proper person to act as a guardian or

### JOHN BRIGHT.

The Great English Leader's Death After a Long Illness.

A Sketch of the Statesman's Long and Eventful Career.



After a long illness, John Bright, the English statesman, is dead. His end was peaceful and painless. His four sons and three daughters were all present at his bedside. daughters were all present at his bedside.
As soon as his death was announced the church bells of London began tolling.
In the House of Co.nmons the Right Hon.
William H. Smith, the Government leader, with much emotion referred to the death of Mr. John Bright. He said that he would postpone his remarks on Mr. Bright until Mr.
Gladstone would be present.
Mr. Bright represented the Central Division of Birmingham in the House.

Mr. Bright's Career. John Bright, the second son of Martha and Jacob Bright, was born at Greenbank, near Rochdale, Lancashire, November 16, 1811. Far back in his stock there were Jews, but Far back in his stock there were Jews, but his near ancestors were stanch Quakers. His hatred of civil and religious oppression had its birth in the experiences of his own family. As a Quaker, his father persistently refused to pay church rates and was habitually the victim of distress warrants, which were satis-fied by seizures of the cotton goods he dealt

The circumstances of his boyhood strength ened John Bright in the sentiments which in-spired his political career. His earlier years were spent at Rochdale, which was the theatre of a constant agitation for Parliamentary reform. The first exercise of his oratorical reform. The first exercise of his oratorical talents was in a literary and philosophical society that had been organized at Rochdale. He read much, and was especially fond of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and the Bible. He had become a local celebrity, when, at the age of twenty-six, he formed an acquaintance with Richard Cobden that did much, no doubt, to direct his intellectual energies into the course they took. In 1839 he took part in open air Anti-Corn law meetings, and against the Corn laws and the church rate he subsequently delivered a series of powerful speeches.

ries of powerful speeches.
In 1843 he was elected to the House of Commons as member for Durham. The rich harvest of the following year delayed the success of his crusade against the Corn law, but the enthusiasm of his followers was not

Money poured in, tracts were circulated, and trained speakers visited every village in the country. Finally, in 1846, the import duty on corn was repealed upon the proposition of Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister. On the last night of the debate Mr. Bright eulogized Peel for the stand he had taken in terms that affected the Premier to

In 1860 Bright was associated with Cobden in the negotiation of the commercial treaty between France and England. He supported the repeal of the paper duties, which made the penny newspaper press of England possible. During the American Civil War he was a friend of the North, both in and out of Parliament. In 1855 he took a prominent part in the agitation in favor of the extension of the elective franchise, which ended with the passage of the Reform bill of Aug. 15, 1867. He also urged reform in Ireland and the dissestablishment of the Irish Church. The latter was accomplished in

Church. The latter was accomplished in 1869.

Mr. Bright had now reached the zenith of his fame. He commanded the confidence of the Liberal party in no less degree than Mr. Gladstone himself, and his name had been linked with every great popular movement of his time. It was therefore natural, when Mr. Gladstone was summoned to form a Ministry in 1868, that Mr. Bright should be invited to occupy a place in it. It was invited to occupy a place in it. It was natural, too, that public sentiment should require a test of his ability to frame the legislation that he had so long advocated.

These considerations influenced him to accept the proffered post of President of the Board of Trade. He was the first Quaker to cept the proffered post of President of the Board of Trade. He was the first Quaker to hold office in the British Cabinet. In respect of achievement his political career ended with his acceptance of office. He was President of the Board of Trade until 1873, when he was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. To this post he was again assigned when Mr. Gladstone was restored to power after the six years' interval of the Beaconsfield Ministry. He resigned in 1882 because he disproved the Government's Egyptian policy, which culminated in the bombardment of Alexandria.

As an orator John Bright produced with the simplest aids the greatest effects. His mind was free from the classical associations that have exercised an influence upon the diction of other great English speakers, and his speeches are splendid examples of the possibilities of the Angio-Saxon tongue. He was able to modulate his voice to suit the sentiment he expressed, yet his deciamation was

possibilities of the Angio-Saxon tongue. He was able to modulate his voice to suit the sentiment he expressed, yet his declamation was never merely theatrical. His words seemed to reach the hearts as well as the heads of those who heard him. He knew well how to make wit and humor perform the same service as pathos and tragedy, and was almost as quick as Disraeii in coining apt phrases.

During his later years he sat in Parliament for the most part in silence, apparently living much in the past. When he did speak, constant allusion to his own triumphs marred the effect of his utterances. From an early sympathy with the Irish, he fell into the advocacy of coercive measures. When he took his stand against Home Rule the friendship that existed between Mr. Gladstone and himself for nearly half a century suffered a shock whose effects were never repaired. Nearly all his later public utterances contain unkind references to his former associate.

His last great speech was at Birmingham against Irish Home Rule, and this greatly damaged Mr. Gladstone's side. His last speech in the Commons was on the Speaker's election in 1856. His last prolonged speech in the Commons was on the francuise. This was a failure, showing signs of his mental decay.

Manager Arrey has had unusual hard luck with some of his greatest attractions during the past two years. Last season Gerster broke down at the very beginning of her American tour, and young Hofman deserted his manager just as a substantial return for the preliminary outlay was beginning to be made. Now, Miss Anderson has been forced to rotire at a time when her illness will cost her managers in the neighborhood of \$30,000.

POSTMANTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER bas POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER has a special telegraph wire running from his business establishment in Philadelphia directly to his office in the Postoffice Department. By this means he is kept informed of what is being done in Philadelphia, and can be consulted at any moment. His correspondence has reached such immense proportions that he still retains in the city his confidential clerk, who accompanied him from

# Your Blood Needs

the impurities which have accumulated during the winter, or which may be hereditary, and cause you much suffering. We confidently recom mend Hood's Sarsaparilla as the very best spring medicine. By its use the blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, that tired feeling is entirely overcome and the whole body given strength and vigor. The appetite is restored and sharpened, the digestive organs are toned, and the kidneys and liver

"I had boils all over my nesk and back, troubling me so much that I could not turn my head around, nor stoop over. Hood's Sar-aparilla cured me in two weeks." DANIEL READ, Kansas City, Mo.

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Jan. 10, '89, J. Hobbyville, Ind.

My little niece had white swelling to such an extent that she was confined to the bed for a long time. More than 20 pieces of bone came out of her leg, and the doctors said amputation was the only remedy to save her life. I refused the operation and put her on S.S.S. and she is now up and active and in as good health as any child. Mass Arrie Gersting. Peb. 11, '89. Columbus, Ga. Book on Blood Diseases sent free. ook on Blood Diseases sent free, Swift Structure Co. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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