REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Slaughter." (Preached at St. Louis, Mo.)

TEXT: *"As an ox to the slaughter."*—Proverbs vii., 21.

There is nothing in the voice or manner of the butcher to indicate to the ox that there is death ahead. The ox thinks he is going on to a rich pasture field of clover, where all day long he will revel in the herbaceous luxuriance; but after a while the men and the boys close in upon him with sticks and stones and shouting, and drive him through bars and into a doorway, where he is fastened, and with a well aimed stroke the ax fells him; and so the anticipation of the redolent pasture field is completely disappointed. So many a young man has been driven on by temptation to what he thought would be paradisiacal enjoyment; but after a while influences with darker hue and swarthier arm close in upon him, and he finds that instead of making an excursion into a garden he has been driven "as an ox to the slaughter."

I. We are apt to blame young men for being destroyed when we ought to blame the influences that destroy them. Society slaughters a great many young men by the behest: "You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary, you must dress as well as others, you must wine and brandy as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments, and you must live in as fashionable a boarding house. If you haven't the money, borrow. If you can't borrow make a false entry, or substract here and there a bill from a bundle of bank bills; you will only have to make the deception a little while; in a few months, or in a year or two, you can make all right. Nobody will be hurt by it; nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By that awful process a hundred thousand men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man in the house but has sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates has been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money. Money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong. If you have money enough of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrow money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel down grade. Borrow for the necessities; that may be well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is servant of the lender. It is a bad state of things when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt more of them would keep out of it. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, with a mind towering above the centuries? It induced him to take bribes and convict himself as a criminal before all ages. What did debt do for Walter Scott? Broken hearted at Abbotsford. Kept him writing until his hand gave out in paralysis to keep the sheriff away from his pictures and statuary. Better for him if he had minded the maxim which he had chiseled over the fireplace at Abbotsford: "Waste not, want not."

The trouble is, my friends, the people do not understand the ethics of going in debt, and that if you purchase goods with no expectation of paying for them, or go into debts which you cannot meet, you steal just so much money. If I go into a grocer's store, and I buy sugars and coffees and meats, with no capacity to pay for them and no intention of paying for them, I am more dishonest than if I go into the store, and when the grocer's face is turned the other way I fill my pockets with the articles of merchandise and carry off a ham. In the one case I take the merchant's time, and I take the time of his messenger to transfer the goods to my house, while in the other case I take none of the time of the merchant, and I wait upon myself, and I transfer the goods without any trouble to him. In other words, a sneak thief is not so bad as a man who contracts for debts he never expects to pay.

Yet in all our cities there are families that move every May day to get into proximity to other grocers and meat shops and apothecaries. They owe everybody within half a mile of where they now live, and next May they will move into a distant part of the city, finding a new lot of victims. Meanwhile you, the honest family in the new house, are bothered day by day by the knocking at the door of disappointed bakers, and butchers, and dry goods dealers, and newspaper carriers, and you are asked where your predecessor is. You do not know. It was arranged you should not know. Meanwhile your predecessor has gone to some distant part of the city, and the people who have anything to sell have sent their wagons and stopped there to solicit the "valuable" custom of the new neighbor, and he, the new neighbor, with great complacency and with an air of affluence, orders the finest steaks and the highest priced sugars, and the best of the canned fruits, and, perhaps, all the newspapers. And the debts will keep on accumulating until he gets his goods on the 30th of next April in the furniture cart.

Now, let me say, if there are any such persons in the house, if you have any regard for your own conveniences, you had better remove to some greatly distant part of the city. It is too bad that, having had all the trouble of consuming the goods, you should also have the trouble of being dunned! And let me say that if you find that this pictures your own photograph, instead of being in church you ought to be in the penitentiary. No wonder that so many of our merchants fail in business. They are swindled into bankruptcy by these wandering Arabs, these nomads of city life. They cheat the grocer out of the green apples which make them sick, the physician who attends their distress, and the undertaker who fits them out for departure from the neighborhood where they owe everybody when they pay the debt of nature, the only debt they ever do pay!

Now our young men are coming up in this depraved state of commercial ethics, and I am solicitous about them. I want to warn them against being slaughtered on the sharp edges of debt. You want many things you have not, my young friends. You shall have them if you have patience and honesty and industry. Certain lines of conduct always lead out to certain successes.

There is a law which controls even those things that seem haphazard. I have been told by those who have observed that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be sent to the Dead Letter office every year through misdirection; that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be detained for lack of postage stamps through the forgetfulness of the senders, and that it is possible to tell just how many people will fall in the streets by slipping on an orange peel. In other words, there are no accidents. The most insignificant event you ever heard of is the link between two eternities—the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. Head the right way, young man, and you will come out at the right goal.

Bring me a young man and tell me what his physical health is, and what his mental caliber, and what his habits, and I will tell you what will be his destiny for this world, and his destiny for the world to come, and I will not make five inaccurate prophecies out of the five hundred. All this makes me solicitious in regard to young men, and I want to make them nervous in regard to the contraction of unpayable debts. I give you a paragraph from my own experience.

My first settlement as pastor was in a village. My salary was $800 and a parsonage. The amount seemed enormous to me. I said to myself: "What! all this for one year?" I was afraid of getting worldly under so much prosperity! I resolved to invite all the congregation to my house in groups of twenty-five each. We began, and as they were the best congregation in all the world, and we felt nothing was too good for them, we piled all the luxuries on the table. I never completed the undertaking. At the end of six months I was in financial despair. I found what every young man learns in time to save himself, or too late, that you must measure the size of a man's body before you begin to cut the cloth for his coat.

When a young man willfully and of choice, having the comforts of life, goes into the contraction of unpayable debts he knows not into what he goes. The creditors get after the debtor, the pack of hounds in full cry, and alas! for the reindeer. They jingle his door-bell before he gets up in the morning, they jingle his door bell after he has gone to bed at night. They meet him as he comes off his front steps. They send him a postal card, or a letter, in curtest style, telling him to pay up. They attach his goods. They want cash, or a note at thirty days, or a note on demand. They call him a knave. They say he lies. They want him disciplined at the church. They want him turned out of the bank. They come at him from this side, and from that side, and from before, and from behind, and from above, and from beneath, and he is insulted and gibbeted, and sued, and dunned, and sworn at, until he gets the nervous dyspepsia, gets neuralgia, gets liver complaint, gets heart disease, gets convulsive disorder, gets consumption.

Now he is dead, and you say: "Of course they will let him alone." Oh, no! Now they are watchful to see whether there are any unnecessary expenses at the obsequies, to see whether there is any useless handle on the casket, to see whether there is any surplus plait on the shroud, to see whether the hearse is costly or cheap, to see whether the flowers sent to the casket have been bought by the family or donated, to see in whose name the deed to the grave is made out. Then they ransack the bereft household, the books, the pictures, the carpets, the chairs, the sofa, the piano, the mattresses, the pillow on which he dies. Cursed be debt! For the sake of your own happiness, for the sake of your good morals, for the sake of your immortal soul, for God's sake, young man, as far as possible, keep out of it.

II. But I think more young men are slaughtered through irreligion. Take away a young man's religion and you make him the prey of evil. We all know that the Bible is the only perfect system of morals. Now if you want to destroy the young man's morals take his Bible away. How will you do that? Well, you will caricature his reverence for the Scriptures, you will take all those incidents of the Bible which can be made mirth of—Jonah's whale, Samson's foxes, Adam's rib—then you will caricature eccentric Christians or inconsistent Christians, then you will pass off as your own all those hackneyed arguments against Christianity which are as old as Tom Paine, as old as Voltaire, as old as sin. Now you have captured his Bible, and you have taken his strongest fortress; the way is comparatively clear, and all the gates of his soul are set open in invitation to the sins of earth and the sorrows of death, that they may come in and drive the stake for their encampment.

A steamer 1500 miles from shore with broken rudder and lost compass, and hulk leaking fifty gallons the hour, is better off than a young man when you have robbed him of his Bible. Have you ever noticed how despicably mean it is to take away the world's Bible without proposing a substitute? It is meaner than to come to a sick man and steal his medicine, meaner than to come to a cripple and steal his crutch, meaner than to come to a pauper and steal his crust, meaner than to come to a poor man and burn his house down. It is the worst of all larcenies to steal the Bible, which has been the crutch and medicine and food and eternal home to so many! What a generous and magnanimous business infidelity has gone into? This splitting up of life boats and taking away of fire escapes and extinguishing of lighthouses.

I come out and I say to such people: "What are you doing all this for?" "Oh," they say, "just for fun." It is such fun to see Christians try to hold on to their Bibles! Many of them have lost loved ones, and have been told that there is a resurrection, and it is such fun to tell them there will be no resurrection! Many of them have believed that Christ came to carry the burdens and to heal the wounds of the world, and it is such fun to tell them they will have to be their own saviour! Think of the meanest thing you ever heard of; then go down a thousand feet underneath it, and you will find yourself at the top of a stairs a hundred miles long; go to the bottom of the stairs, and you will find a ladder a thousand miles long; then go to the foot of the ladder and look off a precipice half as far as from here to China, and you will find the headquarters of the meanness that would rob this world of its only comfort in life, its only peace in death and its only hope for immortality. Slaughter a young man's faith in God, and there is not much more left to slaughter.

Now, what has become of the slaughtered? Well, some of them are in their father's or mother's house broken down in health, waiting to die; others are in the hospital; others are in Greenwood, or, rather, their bodies are, for their souls have gone on to retribution. Not much prospect for a young man who started life with good health, and good education, and a Christian example set him, and opportunity of usefulness, who gathered all his treasures and put them in one box, and then dropped it into the sea.

Now, how is this wholesale slaughter to be stopped? There is not a person in the house but is interested in that question. Young man, arm yourself. The object of my sermon is to put a weapon in each of your hands for your own defense. Wait not for Young Men's Christian Associations to protect you, or churches to protect you. Appealing to God for help, take care of yourself.

First, have a room somewhere that you can call your own. Whether it be the back parlor of a fashionable boarding house, or a room in the fourth story of a cheap lodging, I care not. Only have that one room your fortress. Let not the dissipator or unclean step over the threshold. If they come up the long flight of stairs and knock at the door, meet them face to face and kindly yet firmly refuse them admittance. Have a few family portraits on the wall, if you brought them with you from your country home. Have a Bible on the stand. If you can afford it and you play on one, have an instrument of music—harp or flute, or cornet, or melodeon, or violin, or piano. Every morning before you leave that room, pray. Every night after you come home in that room, pray. Make that room your Gibraltar, your Sebastapol, your Mount Zion. Let no bad book or newspaper come into that room, any more than you would allow a cobra to coil on your table. Take care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two or three or four flights of stairs; your help will come through the roof, down from heaven, from that God who in the six thousand years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in regard to your adverse worldly circumstances, in passing, that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, young man, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who thirty years from now are the millionaires of this country, who are the orators of the country, who are the poets of the country, who are the strong merchants of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and State—are this morning on a level with you, not an inch above, and you in straitened circumstances now.

Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the interstices of the play he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the fields of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman in a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers. No outfit, no capital to start with! Young man, go down to the Mercantile Library and get some books and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear, and then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting room and illustrate to you what you have read about, and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man in this house is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him. Then his body—a very poor affair compared with his wonderful soul—oh, that is what makes me solicitous. I am not so much anxious about you, young man, because you have so little to do with, as I am anxious about you because you have much to risk and lose or gain.

There is no class of persons that so stir my sympathies as young men in great cities. Not quite enough salary to live on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by the most of the clerks in the store and most of the operatives in the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against that young man forty miles the hour, and he in a frail boat headed up stream, with nothing but a broken oar to work with. Unless Almighty God help them they will go under.

Ah! when I told you to take care of yourself you misunderstood me if you thought I meant you are to depend upon human resolution, which may be dissolved in the foam of the wine cup, or may be blown out with the first gust of temptation. Here is the helmet, the sword of Lord God Almighty. Clothe yourself in that panoply and you shall not be put to confusion. Sin pays well neither in this world nor the next, but right thinking and right believing and right acting will take you in safety through this life and in transport through the next.

I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make some fifteen years ago. It was a very short prayer, but it was a tremendous prayer: "Oh Lord help us. We find it so very easy to do wrong and so hard to do right. Lord, help us." That prayer, I warrant you, reached the ear of God, and reached His heart. And there are in this house a hundred men who have found out—a thousand young men, perhaps, who have found out that very thing. It is so very easy to do wrong, and so hard to do right.

I got a letter, only one paragraph of which I shall read: "Having moved around somewhat I have run across many young men of intelligence, ardent strivers after that will-o'-the wisp, fortune, and of one of these I would speak. He was a young Englishman of twenty-three or four years, who came to New York, where he had acquaintances, with barely sufficient to keep him a couple of weeks. He had been tenderly reared; perhaps I should say too tenderly, and was not used to earning his living, and found it extremely difficult to get any position that he was capable of filling. After many vain efforts in this direction he found himself on Sunday evening in Brooklyn, near your church, with about three dollars left of his small capital. Providence seemed to lead him to your door, and he determined to go in and hear you.

"He told me his going to hear you that night was undoubtedly the turning point in his life, for when he went into your church he felt desperate, but while listening to your discourse his better nature got the mastery. I truly believe from what this young man told me that your sounding the depths of his heart that night alone brought him back to his God whom he was so near leaving."

The echo, that is, of multitudes in the house. I am not preaching an abstraction, but a great reality. Oh! friendless young man, Oh! prodigal young man, Oh! broken hearted young man, discouraged young man, wounded young man, I commend you to Christ this day, the best friend a man ever had. He meets you this morning. You have come here for this blessing. Despise not that emotion rising in your soul; it is divinely lifted. Look into the face of Christ. Lift one prayer to your father's God, to your mother's God, and get the pardoning blessing. Now, while I speak, you are at the forks of the road, and this is the right road, and that is the wrong road, and I see you start on the right road.

One Sabbath morning, at the close of my service, I saw a gold watch of the world renowned and deeply lamented violinist Ole Bull. You remember he died in his island home off the coast of Norway. That gold watch he had wound up day after day through his illness, and then he said to his companion: "Now I want to wind this watch as long as I can, and then when I am gone I want you to keep it wound up until it gets to my friend, Dr. Doremus, in New York, and then he will keep it wound up until his life is done, and then I want the watch to go to his younger son, my especial favorite."

The great musician, who more than any other artist had made the violin speak and sing and weep and laugh and triumph—for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if all the earth and heaven trembled in delighted sympathy—the great musician, in a room looking off upon the sea, and surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death. While all the world was mourning at his departure, sixteen crowded steamers fell into line of funeral procession to carry his body to the main land. There were fifty thousand of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheatre of the hills waiting to hear the eulogium, and it was said when the great orator of the day with stentorian voice began to speak, the fifty thousand people on the hillsides burst into tears.

Oh! that was the close of a life that had done so much to make the world happy. But I have to tell you, young man, if you live right and die right, that was a tame scene compared with that which will greet you when from the galleries of heaven the one hundred and forty and four thousand shall accord with Christ in crying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

And the influences that on earth you put in motion will go down from generation to generation, the influences you wound up handed to your children, and their influences wound up and handed to their children until watch and clock are no more needed to mark the progress, because time itself shall be no longer.

Silk Culture.

There is a market for American-grown silk either in the cocoons or when it is reeled or in its floss or tangled state, but the reeled silk sells the best. The worm is destroyed as soon as the cocoon is formed by heating the cocoons in an oven to a temperature of 212 degrees, or that of boiling water, or they are steamed for an hour or put in boiling water for thirty minutes. Unless this is done the worm eats its way out of the cocoon and emerges in its natural state as a moth. The Ladies' Silk Culture Association, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, interest themselves in giving information on this subject to persons who are desirous of rearing silkworms.—*New York Times.*

Prophecy of a Piute Prophet.

Sarah Winnemucca says a prophet has risen among the Indians at Walker Lake, Cal., and is creating some excitement among the ignorant and most credulous Piutes. He says the spirits of all the Piute warriors who have died in the last 500 years are to return to the earth and resume their old forms. They have condemned the whites and the Indians who write or speak their language or adopt their customs and will exterminate them from the earth.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

His Poem on Spring.

Poet reads to the Baby.

Oh, joy the vernal gladsome spring is here;
A genial warmth pervades the atmosphere;
The birds are twitt'ring in the budding trees,
And o'er the lilac bushes hum the bees;
Relaxed at last are hoary winter's throes—

Voice from the Kitchen.

Hi, George! come here. The water-pipes is froze.

Hawaii's Bazar

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR APRIL 14.

Lesson Text: "The Rejected Son," Mark xii., 1-12—Golden Text: John i., 11—Commentary.

1. "And He began to speak unto them by parables." This is one of the many parables and discourses which He spoke in the temple and on the Mount of Olives on Wednesday, the fourth day in Passion week. Our lesson to-day is one of the last messages of Christ to Israel ere they crucify Him, in which He tells them of God's great care of them, and their awful treatment of His servants and finally of His own Son.

"A certain man planted a vineyard," so say Mark and Luke, while Matthew calls him "a certain householder" (Mat. xxi., 33). From Ps. lxxx., 8-19; Isa. v., 1-7, we learn that the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah His plant." As to the hedge and winefat and tower indicating His great care of His vineyard, that also is fully described in the passages referred to, and he says: "What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it?" The husbandmen of the parable are evidently the shepherds, the rulers, who ought to have cared for the vineyard and rendered the owner the fruit thereof. God separated Israel from other nations, delivered them from Egypt, brought them near to Himself and made them His peculiar treasure, giving them prophets and priests and dwelling Himself in their midst, that they might glorify Him and make Him known to other nations as the only living and true God.

2. "He sent a servant that He might receive the fruit." Surely this was reasonable, after He had bestowed such loving care upon them. The servants were the prophets, as it is written: "I sent unto you all My servants, the prophets" (Jer. xliv., 4); and the fruit He expected was righteousness and obedience and some gratitude for mercies bestowed.

3. "They caught and beat him and sent him away empty." Micaiah was smitten, imprisoned and fed on bread and water (II Chron. xviii., 23, 26); Jeremiah was smitten and put in the stocks (Jer. xx., 2), and was told that he spoke falsely and that God had not sent him (Jer. xliii., 2).

4. "Again He sent unto then another servant." We would think that the ill-treatment of one servant would lead the owner of vineyard to punish the husbandmen and remove them from the care of the vineyard, but the name of the owner is "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth" (Ex. xxxiv, 5, 6), and it is written of Him that though they believed not, hearkened not, understood not, remembered not, nevertheless He saved them for His name's sake, and many times did He deliver them, forgiving them but taking vengeance upon their inventions. (Ps cvi., 7, 8, 24, 25-43; xcix., 8.)

5. Yet another He sends in His love and long suffering, only to be treated worse than the former ones; "they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

6. "Having yet, therefore, one Son, His well beloved, He sent Him also last unto them, saying they will reverence My Son." Now He speaks of Himself as the only begotten of the Father, the prophet like unto Moses, the antitype of all priests and prophets the true servant of Jehovah (Isa. xlii., 1).

7, 8. "This is the heir, come let us kill Him." Instead of reverence and respect for the only Son of their gracious and loving Lord, this is their language. As when Joseph's brethren saw him coming they said: "Behold, this dreamer cometh, come now therefore and let us slay him" (Gen. xxxvii., 19, 20), so these Jewish brethren of Christ conspire against Him and determine to kill Him. He is the true Joseph, separate from His brethren, the shepherd, the stone of Israel (Gen. xlix., 22-26); but as Joseph's brethren afterward bowed down to him and accepted him as their deliverer and the nourisher of them and their children, so Israel shall yet bow down to this same Jesus and accept Him as their deliverer, their own Messiah.

9. "He will come and destroy the husbandmen, and will give the vineyard unto others." This is their answer to His question: "What shall therefore the lord of the vineyard do?" (Matt. xxi., 41.) Jesus also adds: "Therefore I say unto you, the Kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." (Matt. xxi., 43.) In order to understand this we must distinguish between the covenant with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, which still holds good and shall be fulfilled to Israel notwithanding their disobedience (Mic. vii., 20; Jer. xxxi., 35-37), and the special covenant with Israel at Horeb, to make them a kingdom of priests, an holy nation, a peculiar treasure, if they would only be obedient and keep God's covenant (Ex. xix., 5, 6). This last covenant was not made with their fathers, but with them as a nation at Horeb (Duet. v., 2, 3), and it is this which by the rejection of their Messiah is now lost to them and given to the called out ones from Jews to Gentiles, the church, which Peter calls "a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar or purchased, people" (I. Pet. ii., 9); and who are also called "kings and priests unto God" (Rev. i., 6; v., 10). From these called out ones, the body of Christ, the branches of the true vine, the Lord of the vineyard now expects much fruit, and He has told us that the way to bear fruit is to abide in Him, continue in His love, and patiently submit to the purging or cleansing which He sees that we from time to time need.

10. "Have ye not read this Scripture?" No doubt they had read it, but they had not observed it, they had not received it, they had read it blindly, just as we so often read the Scriptures, from a sense of duty, without stopping to think what they mean or what they say to us individually.

11. "This was the Lord's doings, and it is marvelous in our eyes." God is quietly but surely working out His eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus (Eph. i., 9-11; iii., 11), and when it is all complete we shall say concerning it all: "This is the Lord's doing;" and not only shall it be wonderful in the eyes of the church and in the eyes of Israel, but also in the eyes of the whole world.

12. "They sought to lay hold on Him, but feared the people." His hour had not quite fully come to give Himself up to them, and therefore they could not touch Him. No one can touch a child of God or harm a hair of its head without His permission; and if we are found in the way of duty we need fear no evil, for we shall surely stay in this mortal body till our work is done; then glorious rest with Christ in Paradise, and at the resurrection of the just a body just like Jesus's body and glory indescribable.

"They left Him and went their way." That is what the rich young man did, and all before and since who have not received Jesus. He is the only way to rest and true happiness; those who prefer their own way will never find either. What does your soul say? Self or Christ, your way or His way?—*Lesson Helper.*

SEVENTEEN cities of the United States last year produced more than 35,000,000 barrels of beer, and it is probable that as much or more was manufactured elsewhere in the country, giving more than a barrel for every man, woman and child in the country. The drinking, however, is not equally divided, and there are many children who do not begin to drink as much as a barrel a year.

A PAPER read before the Historical Society of New York states that there are 5,530 lawyers in New York.

MIRACULOUS RESTORATION.

That dainty lady tripping by,
How light her step, how bright her eye,
How fresh her cheek with healthful glow,
Like roses that in Maytime blow!

And yet few weeks have passed away
Since she was fading, day by day.
The doctor's skill could naught avail;
Weaker she grew, and thin and pale.

At last, while in a hopeless frame,
One day she said, "There is a name
I've often seen—a remedy—
Perhaps 'twill help; I can but try."

And so, according to direction,
She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription,
And every baleful symptom fled,
And she was raised as from the dead.

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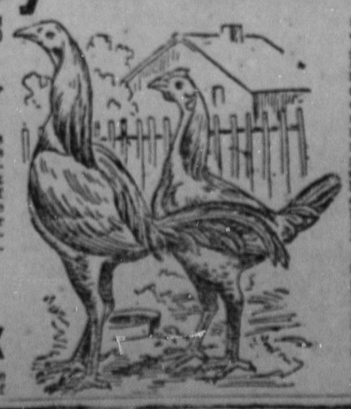

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