REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "A Plague of Infidelity."

TEXT: "Let God be true, but every man a

That is if God says one thing and the whole human race says the opposite, Paul would accept the Divine veracity. But there are many in our time who have dared arraign the Almighty for falsehood. Infidelity is not only a plague, but it is the mother of

It seems from what we hear on all sides that the Christian religion is a huge blun-der; that the Mosaic account of the creation der; that the Mosaic account of the creation is an absurdity large enough to throw all nations into rollicking guffaw; that Adam and Eve never existed; that the ancient flood and Noah's ark were impossibilities; that there never was a miracle; that the Bible is the friend of crueity, of murder, of polygamy, of all forms of base crime; that the Christian religion is woman's tyrant and man's stultification; that the Bible from lid to lid is a fable, a cruelty, a humbug, a sham, a lie; that the martyrs who died for its truth were miserable dupes; that the church of Jesus Christ is that the church of Jesus Christ is properly gazetted as a fool; that when Thomas Carlyle, the skeptic, said, "The Bible is a noble book," he was dropping into imbecility; that when Theodore Parker declared in Music hall, Boston, "Never a boy or girl in all Christendom but was profited by that great book," he was becoming very weak minded; that it is something to bring a blush to the cheek of every patriot that John Adams, the father of American independence, declared, "The Bible is the best book in all the world;" and that lion hearted Andrew Jackson turned into a sniveling coward when he said, "That boo's, sir, is the rock on which our re-public rests;" and that Daniel Webster abdicated the throne of his intellectual power and resigned his logic, and from being the great expounder of the constitution and the great lawyer of his age turned into an idiot when he said, "My heart assures and reassures me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. From the time that at my mother's feet or on my father's knee I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style or thought to be commended the credit is due to my kind parents in ined the credit is due to my shad parents stilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures;" and that William H. Seward, the diplomatist of the century, only showed his puerility when he declared, "The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever growing influences of the Bible;" and that it is wisest for us to take that book from the throng in the affections of uncounted multitudes and put it under our feet, to be trampled upon by hatred and hissing contempt; and that your old father was hoodwinked and cajoled and cheated and befooled when he leaned on this as a staff of the his in the case of the staff this as a staff after his bair grew gray, and his hands were tremulous, and his steps shortened as he came up to the verge of the grave; and that your mother sat with a pack of lies on her lap while reading of the better country, and of the ending of all her aches and pains, and reunion not only with those of you who stood around her, but with the children she had buried with infinite heartache, so that she could read no more until she took off her spectacles and wiped from them the heavy mist of many tears. Alas! that for forty and fifty years they should have walked under this delusion and had it under their pillow when they lay a-dying in the back room, and asked that some words from the vile page might be cut upon the tombstone under the shadow of the old country meeting house where they sleep to-day waiting for a resurrection that will

This book, having deceived them, and having deceived the mighty intellects of the past, must not be allowed to deceive our past, must not be allowed to larger, mightier, vaster, more stupendous intellects. And so out with the book from it is used in the solemothe court room, where it is used in the solemnfaction of testimony. Out with it from under the foundation of church and asylum. Out with it from the domestic circle. Gather together all the Bibles-the children's Bibles, Bibles, those newly bound, and those with lid nearly worn out and pages almost obliterated by the fingers long ago turned to dust—bring them all together, and let us make a bonfire of them, and by it warm our cold criticism, and after that turn inder with the plowshare of public indig-nation the polluted ashes of that loathsome, adulterous, obscene, cruel and deathful book which is so antagonistic to man's liberty, and and woman's honor, and the world's

Now that is the substance of what infidel-Now that is the substance of what infidelity proposes and declares, and the attack on the Bible is accompanied by great jocosity, and there is hardly any subject about which more mirth is kindled than about the Bible. I like fun; no man was ever built with a keener appreciation of it. There is health in laughter instead of harm—physical health, mental health, moral health, spiritual health, mental health, moral health, spiritual health, moral health in the morning is jocund. The Indian with its own mist baptizes the cataract Minnehaha, or Laughing Water. You have not kept your eyes open cr your ears alert if you have not seen the sea smile, or heard the forests not seen the sea smile, or heard the forests clap their hands, or the orchards in blossom week aglee with redolence. But there is a laughter which has the rebound of despair. It is not healthy to giggle about God or chuckle about eternity or smirk about the things of the immortal soul.

You know what caused the accident years ago on the Hudson River Railroad. It was an intoxicated man who for a joke pulled the an intoxicated man who for a joke pulled the string of the air brake and stopped the train at the most dangerous point of the journey. But the lightning train, not knowing there was any impediment in the way, came down, crushing out of the mangled victims the immortal souls that went speeding instantly to God and judgment. It was only a joke. He thought it would be such fun to stop the train. He stopped it. And so infidelity is chiefly anxious to stop the long train of the Bible, and the long train of the churches, and the long train of Christrian influences, while coming down upon us are death, judgment and eternity, coming a thousand miles a minute, coming with more force than all the avalanches that ever slipped from the Alps, coming with more strength than all Alps, coming with more strength than all the lightning express trains that ever whis-tled or shricked or thundered across the con-

Now in this jocularity of infidel thinkers I

Now in this jocularity of infidel thinkers I cannot join, and I propose to give you some reasons why I cannot be an infidel, and so I will try to help out of this present condition any who may have been struck with the awful plague of skepticism.

First, I cannot be an infidel because infidelity has no good substitute for the consolation it proposes to take away. You know there are millions of people who get their chief consolation from this book. What would you think of a crusade of this sort? Suppose a man should resolve that he would organize a conspiracy to destroy all the medicines from all the apothecaries and from all the hospitals of the earth. The work is done. The medicines are taken, and they are thrown into the river, or the lake, or the see.

A patient wakes up at midnight in a paroxysm of distress, and wants an anodyne. "Oh," says the nurse, "the anodynes are all destroyed; we have no drops to give you, but instead of that I'll read you a book on the absurdities of morphine and the absurdities of all remedies." But the man continues to writhe in pain, and the nurse says: "I'll continue to read you some discourses on anodynes, the crueities of anodynes, the indecencies of anodynes, the absurdities of anodynes. For your groan I'll give you a laugh."

Here in the hospital is a patient baving a angrened limb amputated. He says: "Oh, or ether! Oh, for chloroform!" The docor says: "Why, they are all destroyed; we on't have any more chloroform or ether, ut I have got something a great deal bet-

ter. Pll read you a pamphlet against James Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anæsthetic, and against Drs. Agnew and Hamilton and Hosack and Mott and Harvey and Abernethy." But," says the man, "I must have some anæsthetics." "No," says the doctor. "they are all destroyed, but we have got something a great deal better." "What is that?" "Fun." Fun about medicines. Lie down, all ye patients in Bellevue Hospital, and stop your groaning, all ye broken hearted of all the cities, and quit your crying; we have the catholicon at last.

Here is a dose of wit, here is a strengthen-

Here is a dose of wit, here is a strengthening plaster of sarcasm, here is a strengthen-ribaldry that you are to keep well shaken up and take a spoonful of it after each meal, and if that does not cure you here is a soluand if that does not cure you here is a solution of blasphemy in which you may bathe, and here is a tincture of derision. Tickle the skeleton of death with a repartee! Make the King of Terrors cackle! For all the agonies of all the ages a joke! Millions of people willing with uplifted hands toward heaven to afilm that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is full of conselation for them, and yet infidelity proposes to take it away, giving nothing, absolutely nothing, except fun. Is there any absolutely nothing, except fun. Is there any greater height or depth or length or breadth or immensity of meanness in all God's uni-

Infidelity is a religion of "Don't know."

Is there a God? Don't know! Is the soul immortal? Don't know! If we should meet each other in the future world will we recognize the soul in the future world will be recognized. each other in the ruture world will we recognize each other? Don't know! A religion of "don't know" for the religion of "I know," "I know in whom I have believed," "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Infidelity proposes to substitute a religion of awful negatives for our religion of glorious rositives, showing right before us a world of positives, showing right before us a world of reunion and ecstacy and high companionship and glorious worship and stupendous vic-tory, the mightiest joy of earth not high enough to reach to the base of the Himalaya of uplifted splendor awaiting all those who on wing of Christian faith will soar toward it.

Have you heard of the conspiracy to put ut all the lighthouses on the coast? Do you know that on a certain night of next month, Eddystone lighthouse, Bell Rock lighthouse. Eddystone lighthouse, Bell Rock lighthouse. Sherryvore lighthouse, Montauk lighthouse, Hatteras lighthouse, New Londou lighthouse, Barnegat lighthouse, and the 640 lighthouses on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are to be extinguished? "Ob," you say, "what will become of the ships on that night? What will be the fate of the one million sailors following the sea? What will be the doom of the millions of passengers? Who will arise to put down such a conspir-Who will arise to put down such a conspiracy? Every man, woman and child in America and the world. But that is only a fable. That is what infidelity is trying to do—put out all the lighthouses on the coast of eternity, letting the soul go up the "Narrows" of death with no light, no comfort, no comfort, and that coast covered with the black peace-all that coast covered with the blackpeace—all that coast covered with the black-ness of darkness. Instead of the great light-house, a glowworm of wit, a firefly of jocos-ity. Which do you like the better, O voy-ager for eternity, the firefly or the light-

What a mission infidelity has started on! The extinguishment of lighthouses, the breaking up of lifeboats, the dismissal of all the pilots, the turning of the inscription on your child's grave into a farce and a lie. Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," chisel in hand, went through the land to cut out into plainer letters the half obliterated inscriptions on the tombstones, and it was a beau-tiful mission; but inildelity spends its time with hammer and chisel trying to cut out from the tombstones of your dead all the story of resurrection and heaven. It is the iconoclast of every village graveyard and of every city cemetery and of Westminster Ab-bey. Instead of Christian consolation for the dving a freezing space.

slander that has made the most impression and that some Christians have not been intelligent enough to deny is that the Bible placed woman persists in nanging about our Bible verses, "Let not your heart be troubled," "All things work together for favors polygamy. Does the God of the Bible uphold polygamy, or did He? How many wives did God make for Adam? He made "I am the resurrection," "Peace, be still." Furthermore, rather than invite I resist than the property of infidelity because it has one wife. you when God started the marriage institu-tion He started it as He wanted it to con-tinue? If God had favored polygamy He could have created for Adam five wives or ten wives or twenty wives just as easily as

At the very first of the Bible God shows Himself in favor of monogamy and antago-nistic to polygamy. Genesis ii., 24, "There-fore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." Not his and shall cleave unto his wife." Not his wives, but his wife. How many wives did God spare for Noah in the ark? Two and two the birds; two and two the cattle; two and two the lions; two and two the human race. If the God of the Bible had favored a multiplicity of wives He would have spared a plurality of wives. When God first launched the human race He gave Adam one wife. At the second launching of the launched the human race He gave Adam one wife. At the second launching of the human race He spares for Noah one wife, for Ham one wife, for Shem one wife, for Japhet one wife. Does that look as though God favored polygamy? In Leviticus xviii., 18, God thunders His prohibition of more

than one wife.

God permitted polygamy. Yes; just as He permits to-day's murder and theft and arson and all kinds of crime. He permits these things, as you well know, but He does not sanction them. Who would dare to say He sanctions them? Because the Presidents of the United States have permitted polygamy in Utah, you are not, therefore, to conclude that they patronized it, that they approved it, when, on the contrary, they denounced it. All of God's ancient Israel knew that the God of the Bible was against polygamy, for in the four hundred and thirty polygamy, for in the four hundred and thirty years of their stay in Egypt there is only one case of polygamy recorded—only one. All the mighty men of the Bible stood aloof from polygamy except those who, falling into the crime, were chastized within an inch of their lives. Adam, Aaron, Noah, Joseph, Joshua, Samuel, monogamists. But you say. "Didn'tDavid and Solomon favor pologamy?" Yes; and did they not get well punished for it?

Yes; and did they not get well punished for it?

Read the lives of those two men and you will come to the conclusion that all the attributes of God's nature were against their behavior. David suffered for his crimes in the caverns of Aduliam and Massada, in the wilderness of Mahanaim, in the bereavements of Ziklag. The Bedouins after him, sickness after him, Absalom after him, Ahithopel after him. Adonliah after him, the Edomites after him, the Syrians after him, the Moabites after him, death after him, the Moabites after him, death after him, the Lord God Almighty after him. The poorest peasant in all the empire married to the plainest Jewess was happier than the King in his marital misbehavior. How did Solomon get along with polygamy? Read his warnings in Proverbs; read his self disgust in Ecclesiastes. He throws up his hands in loathing and cries out, "Vanity o vanities, all is vanity." His seven hundred wives nearly pestered the life out of him. Solomon got well paid for his crimes—well paid.

I repeat that all the mighty men of the Scriptures were aloof from polygamy, save as they were pounded and fialled and cut to pieces for their insult to holy marriage. If the Bible is the friend of polygamy why is it that in all the lands where the Bible predominates polygamy is forbidden, and in the lands where there is no Bible it is favored. Polygamy all over China, all over Ludia, all over Africa, all over Persia, all over heathendem, save as the missionaries have done their work, while polygamy does not exist in England and the United States, except in defiance of law. The Bible abroad, God honored monogamy. The Bible not abroad, God abhorred polygamy.

Another false charge which infidelity has made against the Bible is that it is antagonistic to woman, that it enjoins her degradation and belittles her mission. Under this impression many women have been overcome of this plague of infidelity. Is the Bible the enemy of woman? Ceme into the picture gallery, the Louvre the Luxembourg

of the Bible, and see which pictures are the more honored. Here is Eve, a perfect woman; as perfect a woman as could be made by a perfect God. Here is Deborah, with her womanly arm hurling a host into battle. Here is Miriam, leading the Israelitish orchestra on the banks of the Red Sea. Here is motherly Hannah, with her own loving hand replenishing the wardrobe of her son Samuel, the prophet. Here is Abigail, kneeling at the foot of the mountain until the four hundred wrathful men, at the sight of her beauty and prowess halt, halt—a hurricane stopped at the sight of a water lily, a dew drop dashing back Niagara. Here is Ruth putting to shame all modern slang about mothers-in-law as she turns her back on her home and her country, and faces wild beasts and exile, and death that she may be with Naomi, her husband's mother. Ruth, the queen of the harvest fields. Ruth, the grandmother of David. Ruth, the ancestress of Jesus Christ. The story of her virtues and her life sacrifice is the most beautiful pastoral ever written. Here is Vashti defying the bacchanal of a suppose you count them on your ten fingers. "Oh," you say, "aot quite so much as that." Well, then, count them on your ten fingers. "Oh," you say, "aot quite so much as that." Suppose, then, you halt and count on one finger the name of any institution founded by infidelity, supported entirely by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet toiling to make the world better. Not one! Is infidelity so poor, so starveling, so mean, so useless? Get out, you miserable pauper of the universe! Crawl into some rathole of everlasting nothingness. Infidelity standing to-day amid the suffering, groaning, dying nation, and yet doing absolutely nothing save trying to impede those who are toiling until they fall exhausted into their graves in trying to make the world better. Gather up all the work. all the merciful work, that infidelity has ever done, add it it in it as in the smallest bead of that sister of charity who last night went up the dark a the most beautiful pastoral ever written. Here is Vashti defying the bacchanal of a thousand drunken lords, and Esther willing to throw her life away that she may deliver her people. And here is Dorcas, the sunlight of eternal fame gilding her philanthropic needle, and the woman with perfume in a box made from the hills of Alabastron, wouldnot the hely christ on the head of Christ. in a box made from the fills of Alabastron, pouring the holy chrism on the head of Christ, the aroma lingering all down the corridor of the centuries. Here is Lydia, the merchantess of Tyrian purple immortalized for her Christian behavior. Here is the widow with two mites, more famous than the Peabodys and the Lenoxes of all the ages, while here comes in slow of gait and with careful attendants and with especial honor and high favor, leaning on the arm of inspiration, one who is the joy and pride of any home so rarely fortunate as to have one, an old Christian grandmother, Grandmother Lois. Who has more worshipers to-day than any being that ever lived on earth except Leans Christian that ever lived on earth except Jesus Christ? Mary. For what purpose did Christ perform Mary. For what purpose did Christ perform His first miracle upon earth? To relieve the embarrassment of a womanly housekeeper at the falling short of a beverage. Why did Christ break up the silence of the tomb, and tear off the shroud, and rip up the rocks! It was to stop the bereavement of the two Bethany sisters. For whose comfort was Christ most anxious in the hour of dying excruciation? For a woman, an old woman, excriciation? For a woman, an old woman, a wrinkle faced woman, a woman who in other days had held Him in her arms, His first friend. His last friend, as it is very apt to be, His mother. All the pathos of the ages compressed into one utterance, "Behold thy mother." Does the Bible antagonize

If the Bible is so antagonistic to woman how do you account for the difference in woman's condition in China and Central Africa, and her condition in England and America? There is no difference except that which the Bible makes. In lands where there is no Bible she is hitched like a beast of burden to the plows, she carrier the hot she are den to the plows, she carries the hod, she sub mits to indescribable indignities. She mus be kept in a private apartment, and if she come forth she must be carefully hooded and to be a woman. Do you not know that the very first thing the Bible does when it comes into a new country is to strike off the shackles of woman's serfdom? O woman, where are your chains to-day? Hold up both your arms and let us see your handcuffs. Oh, we see the handcuffs. They are bracelets of gold bestowed by husbandly or fatherly or brotherly or sisterly or lovely affection. Un-loosen the warm robe from your neck, O woman, and let us see the yoke of your bond-Oh, I find the yoke a carcenet of silver, or a string of carnelians, or a cluster

story of research and of Westminsselvey. Instead of Christian consolation for the dying, a freezing sneer. Instead of prayer a grimace. Instead of Paul's triumphant defiance of death, a going out you know not where, to stop you know not when, to do you know not what. That is inspectively in the sitting room, as of th

Furthermore, rather than invite I resist this plague of infidelity because it has wrought no positive good for the world and is always a hindrance. I ask you to mention the name of the merciful and the education-al institutions which infidelity founded and is supporting, and has supported all the way through institutions proposed as a second through—institutions pronounced against God and the Christian religion, and yet proord and the Christian religion, and yet pro-nounced in behalf of suffering humanity. What are the names of them? Certainly not the United States Christian commission, or the sanitary commission, for Christian George H. Stuart was the President of the one, and Christian Henry W. Bellows was the President of the other.

the President of the other.

Where are the asylums and merciful institutions founded by infidelity and supported by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Bible, and yet doing work for the alleviation of suffering? Infidelity is so very loud in its braggadocio it must have some to mention. Certainly, if you come to speak of educational institutions it is not Yale, it is not Harvard, it is not Princeton, it is not Middletown, it is not Cambridge or Oxford, it is not any institution from which a diploma would not be a disgrace. Do you a diploma would not be a disgrace. Do you point to the German universities as excep-tions? I have to tell you that all the German tions? I have to tell you that all the German universities to-day are under positive Christian influences, except the University of Heidelburg, where the ruflianly students cut and maul and mangle and murder each other as a matter of pride instead of infamy. Do you mention Girard College, Philadelphia, as an exception, that college established by the will of Mr. Girard which forbade re-ligious instruction and the entrance of ligious instruction and the entrance of ciergymen within its gates. My reply is that I lived for seven years near that college and I knew many of its professors to be Christian instructors, and no better Christian influences are to be found in any college than in Girard College.

and I knew many of its professors to be Christian instructors, and no better Christian influences are to be found in any college than in Girard College.

There stands Christianity. There stands infidelity. Compare what they have done. Compare their resources. There is Christianity, a prayer on her lip; a benediction on her brow; both hands full of help for all who want help; the mother of thousands of colleges; the mother of thousands of asylums for the oppressed, the blind, the si.k, the lame, the imbecile; the mother of missions for the bringing back of the outcast; the mother of thousands of reformatory institutions for the saving of the lost; the mother of innumerable Sabbath-schools bringing millions of children under a drill to prepare them for respectability and usefulness, to say nothing of the great future. That is Christianity.

Here is infidelity; no prayer on her lips, no benediction on her brow, both hands clenched—what for? To fight Christianity. That is the entire business. The complete mission of infidelity to fight Christianity. Where are her schools, her colleges, her asylums of mercy? Let me throw you down a whole ream of foolscap paper that you may fill all of it with the names of her beneficent institutions, the colleges and the asylums, the institutions of mercy and learning, founded by infidelity and supported alone by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, and yet in favor of making the world better, "Oh," you say, "a ream of paper. Fill it all up now. I will wait until you get all the names down. "Oh," you say, "that is too much." Well, then, I will just hand you a sheet of letter paper. Just fill up the four sides while we are talking of this matter with the names of the merciful institutions and the educational institutions founded by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet in favor of humanity.

"Oh," you say "that is too much room. We don't want a whole sheet of paper to

work, that infidelity has ever done, add it all together, and there is not so much nobil-ity in it as in the smallest bead of that sister of charity who last night went up the dark alley of the town, put a jar of jelly for an invalid appetite on a broken stand, and then knelt on the bare floor praying the mercy of

christ upon the dying soul.

Infidelity scrapes no lint for the wounded, bakes no bread for the hungry, shakes up no pillow for the sick, rouses no comfort for the bereft, gilds nc grave for the dead. While Christ, our Christ, our wounded Christ, our risen Christ, the Christ of the old fashioned by the state of the old fashioned the third of the old fashioned by the state of the old fashioned by the state of the old fashioned the old fashioned by the old fashioned the old fas Bible—blessed be His glorious name forever our Christ stands this hour pointing to the our Christ stands this hour pointing to the hospital, or to the asylum, saying: "I was sick and ye gave me a couch, I was lame and ye gave me a crutch, I was blind and ye physicianed my eyesight, I was orphaned and ye mothered my soul, I was lost on the mountains and ye brought me home; inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to me."

ye did it to me."
But I thank God that this plague of infi-But I taans God that this plague of inn-delity will be stayed. Many of those who hear me now by the Holy Ghost upon their hearts will cease to be scoffers and will be-come disciples, and the day will arrive when all nations will accept the Scriptures. The book is going to keep right on until the fires of the last day are kindled. Some of them will begin on one side and some on the bundle of loose manuscripts easily consumed like tinder thrown into the fire. When the fires of the last day are kindled, some will burn on this side. from Genesis toward Revelation, and others will burn on side, from Revelation toward Genesis, and in all their way they will not find a single chapter or a single verse out of place. That will be the first time we can afford to do

rithout the Bible.
What will be the use of the book of Genesis, descriptive of how this world was made, when the world is destroyed? What will be the use of the prophecies when they are all fulfilled? What will be the use of the evangelistic or Pauline description of Jesus Christ when we see Him face to face? What will be the use of His photograph when we have met Him in glory? What will be the use of the book of Revelation, standing as you will with your foot on the glassy sea, and your hand on the ringing harp, and your foreboard chaptered with effects. forehead chapleted with eternal coronati amid the amethystine and twelve gates glories of heaven? The emerald dashing it green against the beryl, and the beryl dashing its blue against the sapphire, and the sapphire throwing its light on the jacinth, and the jacinth dashing its fire against the chrysoprasus, and you and I standing in the glories of ten thousand sunsets.

How Some Goods Are Sold.

We were talking with a leading uptown retailer a few days since whose annual sales run up into the millions, and ameng other questions came up the one of "drives" or special bargains. "How is it," we asked, "that you people can every now and then advertise and sell some line of garments or fabrics or articles at prices which, on the face of them, show a heavy loss on the cost of manufacture itself ?"

The merchant smilingly replied: "With the enormous outlet which business such as ours affords we are in position to handle quantities which would stagger the average retailer. For instance, two or three weeks ago we closed out for cash 2180 silk umbrellas, all the stock of one of the smaller manufacturers, who needed cash for the time being more than he did the umbrellas. The price, as you may readily understand, was a low one or we would not have closed the

"The goods we placed in stock, marking them in three different grades, viz., \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$5. We advertised them in the daily press and in a few days sold over 1500 of this 'special drive,' every one of which was a bargain.

"'Now,' we said, 'we have made a handsome profit on those already sold. We will create a little excitement on the balance and stand a loss ourselves.' So we advertised 500 silk umbrellas at \$1 each. Every one of those we put in this special sale was worth from \$2.50 to \$5 at retail.

"The morning the sale took place the people flocked in as soon as the doors were opened, and in one hour and twenty minutes the last umbrella was disposed of. We sold one umbrella only to each individual purchaser at this low figure, and consequently placed this bargain with upward of 500 different persons.

"The actual loss to us on this sale was several hundred dollars, but or the whole lot of 2180 umbrellas we averaged a very handsome profit, besides making our-selves talked about and bringing 500 special customers into the store who, it is safe to say, bought more or less in the other departments of the house at a profit."-Dry Goods Chronicle.

American Tea.

Mr. Gill, an expert on tea, shows from careful calculations made in China, India and Ceylon, that teas are produced and made ready for use at an average cost of from 51 to 41 cents a pound. China, he tells as, which formerly enjoyed a monopoly of the trade, now produces less than half of the tea used in Europe and America, and he maintains with great show of reason, that tea may be grown in large areas of the Southern States as successfully and profitably as anywhere else in the world. A rich, sandy loam of good depth and drainage, and a moist climate, are the two essential requisites, and the tree or bush will stand a considerable degree of cold .- New Orleans

Raising Forests,

The ministry of imperial property of the Czar of Russia are making efforts to plant forests in the governments of Ehatarinosiav, Kherson, Tambov, Samara God and the Christian rangion, you of humanity.

"Oh," you say "that is too much room.

We don't want a whole sheet of paper too write down the names." Perhaps I had better tear out one leaf from my memorandum book and sak you fill both sides of it with the names of such institutions. "Oh," you say.

"that would be too much room. I wouldn't want so much room as that." Well, then, and Toola. Last year over four thou-sand dessystins (about twelve thousand

Clever Mode of Detecting a Thief.

Some years ago, in one of the cavalry barracks, a man complained that several Corporal of the room, finding that the tin mess dish and turned it upside down man to touch the dish in turn, saying that the cat would mew when the thief did not mew, but the Corporal suddenly cried, "I have him!" and ordered the gas to be turned up. Then he ordered each man to show hands, and all were black except those of one man; for the Corporal had, unknown to the men, blackened the back of the dish before' putting it on the ground.

Needless to say that the one man who had not cared to tempt the ordeal by touch was the thief, and search among his kit revealed the missing articles. The man begged very hard to be dealt with by a room court-martial, and was let off with two dozen lashes, administered with a baggage strap. The Corporal is still in the service, and now holds her Majesty's commission .- St. James Gazette.

Infant Serpents.

his paper in the British Association on "The Incubation of Serpents' Eggs," the first sign of the process of hatching is a slit, usually V-shaped, appearing at the appears at the crack. After a time the disease .- Brooklyn Citizen. head is protruded, and often remains out of the shell for some hours before the body and the tail are batched. If disturbed, the head is again withdrawn into the shell. The author had seen fullyhatched young snakes return to their shells when alarmed.

The young snakes, when first hatched, are smooth and velvety to the touch, with the yellow ring (of the common English snake) beautifully marked from the first, and the eyes open; but often there is some opacity about the cornea, which disappears in the course of a few hours. They are about six inches long and weigh about eighty grains. They begin to hiss in the first few days .- New

Flax is extensively cultivated in New

Funeral of the Czar's Nurse.

There was a remarkable scene in St. Petersburg the other day at the funeral articles of his kit had been stolen. The of Miss Catherine Strutton, who was the nurse of the present Czar. The deceased thief could not be discovered, got a large lady was eighty-one years of age, and had been forcy-six years in the service on the floor with the barrack-room cat of the imperial family. In fact, she died underneath it. Then he ordered the gas at the Winter Palace from which the to be turned down, and requested each funeral procession started. The weather was very bad and the streets were full of melting snow and mud, which made the touched it. As a matter of fact the cat | walking particularly disagreeable. But in spite of all this and the attending discomfort, it is worthy of note that none of those who were expected to be present failed to put in appearance. The White Czar himself, and the Grand Dukes Vladmir, Sergius and Paul, walked side by side behind the hearse which contained the old lady's coffin, wading knee deep in the slush to the English church. There the imperial party attended the funeral service, the Emperor sitting in the Ambassador's pew, and at the grave the English clergyman who officiated was attended by Russian choristers .- New York Press.

Disease Lurked in the Trunk.

There is a difference of opinion among medical men as to the contagious phase of diphtheria. That the disease can be communicated, even after long lapse of As described by Dr. Walter Sibley, in time, seems proven by the experience of a family at Warrens, Cal. Twelve years ago a chest was filled with books and put away while the members of the household were afflicted with diphtheria. highest part of the egg-shell, whether The other day the chest was unpacked, the egg is placed on its side or on one and now all the persons who handled end. The snout of the young reptile the books are down with the dreaded

> Colombo sent us 61,434 hundredweight of cocoanut oil in 1890.

Is it probable that what a million women say after daily trial is a mistake? They say they know by test that Dobbins's Electric is most connomical, purest and best. They have had 24 years to try it. You give it one tria.

AUSTRIA opposes the project of granting political autonomy to Bohemia.

Money in the Business. Tell Mrs. Wells that her, or any industrious person can make \$30 a week in the plating business. For particulars address the Lake Electric Co., Englewood, Ill. A Plater costs \$3. I am working now and know there is money in

Don't Let Them Die. Many children die annually with croup tast might be saved if Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure was promptly administered. Remember it. Sold by druggists or mailed on receipt of 50 cts. Address A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Purify Your Blood

ilder weather comes in the spring makes us feel | well known people who

"Played Out."

Scrofula Sores.

sores. The physician at length told us to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, which we did. Two not had any sign of acrofula since. We recom- until we tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. Her eyes at mend Hood's Sarsaparilla to neighbors and once began to get better, and now she is entirely friends."—Mrs. E. C. CLITTER, S Kidder Street, well. We think it is a very nice medicine." E. Cleveland, Ohio.

"I have for a long time been using Hood's Sarsa-"I have for a long time been using Hood's Sarsa-parilla, and believe me, I would not be without it. and I recommend it to all who have that tired feel-

There is a certain tonic in winter air which is exbilarating and beneficial, and the loss of which when friends. The least inquiry will bring to your notice Sarasparilla

"It Is Invaluable."

Besides this, our close confinement indoors, breathing air charged with impurities, contami- for the past four years, and for a thorough blood nates our blood and makes liable the appearance of purifier it has no superior. It is invaluable as a nexpected diseases.

Therefore the necessity of purifying the blood, and tones up the stomach, and since I became and tones up the stomach, and since I became and tones up the stomach, and since I became and tones up the stomach, and since I became acquainted with Hood's Sarwaparilla I always take several bottles in the spring, and, as occasion requires, the rest of the year." L. U. CHEMAN, Aurella, Iowa. In the Eyes.

tacked and suffered a long time with acrofula humor in the blood, that we were afraid she would lose her eyesight and had to keep her in a dark room for six weeks. We tried everything des cured him. He is now it years old and has we could think of but nothing did her any good B. Greson, Henniker, N. H.

As a spring medicine it is invaluable."—E. A. ing." C. Pannelee, 549 Bridge St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Rhodes, 130 Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's.

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able point in the fortification of the constitution which is guarding your well-being. That point discovered the spy reports it to the enemy on the outside. The enemy is the changeable winter climate. If the cold gets in, look out for an attack at the weak point. To avoid to a, shoot the spy, kill the cold, using SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the weapon. It is an expert cold slayer, and fortifies the system against Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anamic and Wasting Diseases (specially in Children). Especially helpful for children to prevent their taking cold. Palatable as

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