REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Kindness."

TEXT: "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."-Acts xxviii., 2.

My text puts us on the island of Malta, another name for Melita. This island, which has always been an important commer-cial centre, belonging at different times to Phœnicia, to Greece, to Rome, to Arabia, to Spain, to France, now belongs to England. The area of the island is about one hundred The area of the Island is about the infinite square miles. It is in the Mediterranean sea, and of such clarity of atmosphere that Mount Etna, one hundred and thirty miles away, can be distinctly seen. The island is gloriously memorable, because the Knights of Malta for a long while ruled there, but most famous because of the apostolic ship-

The bestormed vessel on which Paul sailed "laid to" on the starboard tack, and the wind was blowing east-northeast, and the vessel drifted probably a mile and a half an hour ere she struck at what is now called St. Paul's bay. Practical sailors have taken up the Bible account and decided beyond controversy the place of the shipwreck. But the island which has so rough a coast is for the most part a garden. Richest fruit and a profusion of honey characterized it in Paul's time as well Practical sailors have taken as now. The finest oranges, figs and olives grow there. When Paul and his comrades crawled up on the beach, saturated with salt water and hnngry from long abstinence from food and chilled to the bone, the islanders, though called barbarians because they could not speak Greek, opened their doors to the shipwrecked unfortunates.

Everything had gone to the bottom of the deep, and the barefooted, bareheaded apostle and ship's crew were in a condition to appreciate hospitality. About twenty-five such men a few seasons ago I found in the life station near Easthampton, Long Island. They had got ashore in the night from the sea, and not a hat nor shoe had they left. They found out, as Paul and his fellow voyagers found out, that the sea is the roughest of all robbers. My text finds the roughest of all robbers. My text finds the ship's crew ashore on Malta, and around a hot fire drying themselves, and with the best provision the islanders can offer them.

And they go into government quarters for three days to recuperate, Publius, the ruler, inviting them, although he had severe sick-ness in the house at that time-his father down with dysentery and typhoid fever. Yea, for three months they staid on the island watching for a ship and putting the hos-pitalities of the islanders to a severe test. But they endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded for all the ages of time and eternity to read and hear in regard to the inhabitants of Malta, "The barbarous people

showed us no little kindness." Kindness! What a great word that is. It would take a reed as long as that which the apocalyptic angel used to measure heaven to tell the length, the breadth, the height of that munificent word. It is a favorite that munificent word. It is a favorite Bible word, and it is early launched in the book of Genesis, caught up in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Sannel, crowned in the book of Psalms, and en-throned in many places in the New Testa-ment. Kindness! A word no more gentle than mighty. I expect it will wrestle me down before Lest through with it. It is down before I get through with it. It is strong enough to throw an archangel. But it will be well for us to stand around it, and warm ourselves by its glow as Paul and his fellow voyages stood around the fire on the island of Malta, where the Maltese made themselves immortal in my text by the way they treated these victims of the sea. barbarous people showed us no little kind-

Kindness! All definitions of that multipotent word break down half way. You say it is clemency, benignity, generosity; it is made up of good wishes, it is an expres-sion of beneficence, it is a contribution to the happiness of others. Some one else says:

Let us all pray for this spirit of kin iness. It will settle a thousand questions. It will change the phase of everything. It will mellow through and through our entire nature. It will transform a lifetime. It is not a feeling gotton up for occasions, but peren-

nial. That is the reason I like petunias better Thay look very than morning glories. They look very much alike, and if I should put in your hand a petunia and a morning glory you could hardly tell which is the petunia and which the morning glory; but the morning glory blooms only a few hours and then shuts up for the day, while the petunia is in as widespread a glow at twelve o'clock at noon and six o'clock in the evening as at sunrise. And the grace of kindness is not spasmodic, is not intermittent, is not for a little while, but it irradiates the whole nature, all through and clear on till the sunsel of our earthly existence.

Kindness! I am resolved to get it. Are Kindness! I am resolved to get it. Are you resolved to get it? It does not come by haphazard, but through culture under the divine help. Thistles grow without cul-ture. Rocky mountain sage grass grows without culture. Mullen stalks grow without culture. But that great red rose in the conservatory its leaves packed on in the conservatory, its leaves packed on leaves, deep dyed as though it had been obliged to fight for its beauty and it were still reeking with the carnage of the battle, that rose needed to be cultured, and through long years its floral ancestors were cultured. O God, implant kindness in all our souls, and then give us grace to watch it, to enrich it, to develop it!

The king of Prussia had presented to him by the empress of Russia the root of a rare flower, and it was put in the royal gardens on an island, and the head gardener, Herr intelmann, was told to watch it. And one day it put forth its glory. Three days of every week the people were admitted to these gardens, and a young man, probably not realizing what a wrong thing he was doing, plucking this flower and put it in his buttonhole, and the gar-dener arrested him as he was crossing at the dener arrested him as he was crossing at the ferry, and asked the king to throw open no more his gardens to the public. The king replied: "Shall I deny the thousands of good people of my country the privilege of seeing this garden because one visitor has done wrong? No, let them come and see the beautiful grounds." And when the gardener wished to give the

king the name of the offender who had taken the royal flower, he said, "No, my memory is very tenacious and I do not want to have in my mind the name of the offender, lest it should hinder me granting him a favor some other time." Now, I want you to know that kindness is a royal dower, and blessed be God, the King of mercy and grace, that by a divine gift and not by purloining, we may pluck this royal flower and not wear it on the outside of our nature, but wearit on our soul and wear it forever, its radiance and aroma not more wonderful for time than wonderful for eternity.

Still further, I must speak of kindness of word. When you meet anyone do you say a pleasant thing or an unpleasant? Do you tell him of agreeable things you have heard about him, or the disagreeable? When he leaves you does he feel better or does he feel worse? Oh, the power of the tongue for the production of happiness or misery! One would think from the way the tongue is caged in we might take the hint that it has a dangerous power. First, it chained to the back of the mouth by strong muscles. Then it is surrounded by the testh of the lower jaw, so many ivory bars, and then by the teeth of the upper jaw, more ivory bars. Then outside of all are the two lips with the power of comp sion and arrest, and yet notwithstanding these four imprisonments or limitations, how many take no hint in regard to the dangerous power of the tongue, and the results and laceration, sacrification and damnation.

There are those if they know a good thing about you and a bad thing, will mention the bad thing and act as though they had never heard the good thing. Now there are two sides to almost everyone's character, and we have the choice of overhauling the virtue or the vice. We can greet Paul and the ship's crew as they come up the beach of Malta with the words: "What a sorry looking set you are! How little of navigation you must know to run on these rocks! Didn't you know better than to put out on the Mediterraneau this wintry month? It was not much of a ship anyhow, or it would not have gone to pieces so soon as that. Well, what do you want? We have hard enough work to make a living for ourselves, without having thrust on us two hundred and seventy-six raga-muffins." muffins." Not so, said the Maltese. I think they said: "Come in! Sit down by the fire and warm yourselves! Glad that you all got off with your lives. Make yourselves at home. You are welcome to all we have until some ship comes in sight and you reuntil some ship comes in sight and you re sume your voyage. Here, let me put a bandage on your forehead, for that is an ugly gash you got from the floating tim-bers, and here is a man with a broken arm. We will have a doctor come to attend to this fracture." And though for three months fracture.' the kindness went on, we have but little more than this brief record, "The barbarous cople showed us no little kindness." Oh! say the cordial thing! Say the useful thing! Say the hospitable thing! "ay the helpful thing! Say the Christlike thing! Say the kind think! I admit that this is easier for some temperaments than for oth-ers. Some are born pessimists, and some are born optimists, and that demonstrates are born optimists, and that demonstrates itself all through everything. It is a cloudy morning. You mest a pessimist and you say, "What weather to-day?" He answers, "It's going to storm," and un-brella under arm and a waterproof oversoat show that he is honest in that utter ince. On the same block, a minute after, you meet an optimist, and you say, "What weather to-day?" "Good weather, this is only a fog and will soon scatter." The absence of umbrelia and absence of water The proof overcoat show it is an honest utter On your way at noon to luncheon you On your way at noon to luncheon you meet an optimistic merchant and you say, "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" and he says: "Giorious. Great crops must bring great business. We are going to have such an autumn and winter of prospirity as we have never seen." On your way back to your store you meet a pessimistic merchant. "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" you ask. And he answers: "Well, I don't know So much errain will surfeit the country. Farmhe answers: "Well, I don't know So much grain will surfeit the country. Farm-ers have more bushels but less prices, and the grain gamblers will get their fist in. There is the McKinley bill, and the hay crop is short in some places, and in t southern part of Wisconsin they had a hailstorm, and our business is as dull as it ever was." You will find the same difference in judgment of character. A man of good reputation is assailed and charged with some evil deed. At the first store th deed. At the first story the pessimist believe in guilt. "The papers said so, evil deed. At the first story the pessimist will believe in guilt. "The papers said so, and that's enough. Down with him." The optimist will say: "I don't believe a word of it. I don't think a man that has been as useful and seemingly honest for twenty years could have got off the track like that. There are two sides to this story, and I will wait to hear the other side before I condemn him." My hearer, if you are by nature a pessimist, make a special effort by the grace of God to extirpate the dolorous and the hypercritical from your disposition. and the hypercritical from your disposition. Believe nothing against anybody until the wrong is established by at least two wit-nesses of integrity. And if guilt be proved, find out the extenuating circumstances if And then commit to memory so that you can quote for yourself and quote for others that exquisite thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians about charity that suffers long and is kind, and hopeth all things and endureth all things. By pen, by voice, in public and in private, says all the good about people you can think of, and if there be nothing good, then tighten the chain of muscle on the back end of your tongue, and keep the ivory bars of teeth on the lower jaw and the ivory bars of teeth on the upper jaw locked and the gate of your lips tightly closed and your tongue shut up. there are any.

What a place Brooklyn would be to live in, and all the other cities and neighborhoods to live in, if charity dominated! What if all the young and old gossipers were dead! The Lord hasten their funerals! What if tittle-tattle and whispering were out of fashion! What if in cipering out the value of other people's character, in our moral arithmetic, we stuck to addition instead of substraction! Kindness! Let us morning, noon and night pray for it until we get it. When you can speak a good word for some one speak it. If you can conscientiously give letter of com-What a place Brooklyn would be to live in, you can conscientiously give letter of com-mendation, give it. Watch for opportunities for doing good fifty years after you are dead.

All my life has been affected by the letter of introduction that the Rev. Dr. Van Vran ken, of New Brunswick Theological Semi-nary, wrote for me, a boy under him, when when nary, wrote for me, a boy under him, when I was seeking a settlement in which to preach the Gospel. The letter gave me my first pulpit. Dr. Van Vranken has been dead more than thirty years, yet I feel the touch of that magnificent old professor. Strange sensation was it when I re-ceived a kind message from Rev. Thomas Guard of Relimore the meet Methodist Guard, of Baltimore, the great Methodist orator, six weeks after his desth. By way of the eternal world? Oh, no, by way of this world. I did not meet the friend to whom he gave the message until nearly two months after Thomas Guard had ascended. So you can start a word about some one that will be on its travels and vigorous long after the funeral psalm has been sung at your obsequies. Kindness! Wny, if fifty men all aglow with it should walk through the methinks they would almost world, abolish perdition.

abolish perdition. Furthermore, there is kindness of action. That is what Joseph showed to his out-rageous brothers. That is what David showed to Mephibosheth for his father Jonathan's sake. That is what Onesiphorus showed to Paul in the Roman penitentiary. That is what William Cowper recognized when he said he would not trust a man who when he said he would not trust a mad wao would with his foot needlessly crush a worm. That is what our assassinated Presi-dent Lincoln demonstrated when his private secretary found him in the Capitol grounds trying to get a bird back to the nest from which is had fallen, and which quality the illustrious man exhibited years before, when having with some lawyers in the carriage on the way to some newyers in the carriage on the way to court passed on the road a swine fast in the mire, after awhile cried to his horses, "Ho?" and said to the gentlemen, "I must go back and help that hog out of the mire." And he did go back and put on solid ground that most uninteresting quadruped. most uninteresting quadrupad.

That was the spirit that was manifested by my departed friend, Honorable Alexan-der H. Stephens, of Georgia (and lovelier man never exchanged earth for heaven), when at Washington. A senator's wife who told my wife of the circumstances, said to him, "Mr. Stephen, come and see my dead canary bird." And he answered, "No, I could not look at the poor thing without crying." That is the spirit that Grant showed when at the surrender at Appo-mattox he said to General Lee, "As many of your soldiers are farmers and will need the horses and mules to raise the crops to keep their families from suffering next winter, let each Confederate who can claim horse or a mule take it along with him. That is the spirit which, last night, ten thouand mothers showed to their sick children coming to give the drink at the twentieth call as cheerfully and as tenderly as at the first call.

Suppose all this assemblage, all to whom these words shall come by printer's type, should resolve to make kindness an over arching, undergirding and all pervading principle of their life, and then carry out the

resolution-wby, in six months the whole earth would feel it. People would say: "What is the matter? It seems to me that the world is getting to be a better place to live in. Why, life after all is worth living. Why, there is Shylock, my neighbor, has withdrawn his lawsuit of foreclosure against that man, and because he has had so much sickness in his family he is going to have the house for one year rent free. There is an old lawyer in that young iawyer's office, and do you know what he has gene in there for? Why, he is helping fix up a case which is too big for the young man to handle, and the white haired attorney is hunting up previous decisions and making out a brief for the boy. Down at the bank I heard yesterday a note was due, and the young marchant could

coming. The gardens bloomed, and the orchards ripened, and the wheat fields turned their silver into gold, and health clapped its hands, and joy shouted from the hill tops, and the nations lifted their foreheads into the light, and the earth had a doxology for the sky, and the sky an an-them for the earth, and the warmth and the sparkle, and the gladness, and the foliage, and the flowers and the fruits, and the beauty, and the life, were the only answer the west wind made to the insolence of the

east wind's interrogation. Kindness to all! Surely it ought not to be a difficult grace to culture when we see to contain above to centuries such an ex-ample that one glimpse ought to melt and transform all nations. Kindness brought our Lord from heaven. Kindness to miscreants, kindness to persecutors, kindness to the crippled and the blind, and the cataleptic and the leprous, and the dropsical, and the demoniacal characterized Him al the way, and on the cross, kindness to the bandits suffering on the side of Him, and kindness to the executioners while yet they pushed the spear, and hammered the spikes, and howled the blasphemies. All the stories of the John Howards and

the Florence Nightingales and the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises pale before this transcendant example of Him whose birth and life and death are the greatest story that the world ever heard, and the theme of the mightiest hosanna that heaven ever lifted. Yes, the very kindness that allowed both hands to be nailed to the horizontal timber of the cross with that cruel thump! thump! now stretches down from the skies those same hands filled with balm for all our wounds, forgiveness for all our crimes, rescue for all our serfdoms. And while we take this matchless kindness

from God, may it be found that we have uttered our last bitter word, written our last cutting paragraph, done our last retaliatory action, felt our last revengeful heart throb. And it would not be a bad epitaph for any of us if by the grace of God from this time forth welived such beneficent lives that the tombstone's chisel could appropriately cut upon the plain slab that marks our grave a suggestion from the text: "He showed us no little kindness

But not until the last child of God has got ashore from the earthly storm that drove him on the rocks like Mediterranean Euroare mounted and all the conquerors crowned, and all the harps and trumpets and organs of heaven are thrummed or blown or sounded, and the ransomed of all climes and ages are in full chorus under the and ages are in full chorus under the jubliant swing of angelic baton, and we shall for thousands of years have seen the river from under the throne rolling into the "sea of glass mingled with fire," and this world we now inhabit shall be so far in the past that only a stretch of celestial memory can recall that it ever existed at all, not until then will we understand what Ne calls "the great kindness," what David calls "the marvelous kindness," and Isaiah calls "the everlasting kindness" of God1

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO CAN TOMATOES. An easy way to peel tomatoes is to put them in a wire frying basket and set the basket in boiling water for two mintes, the skin will then come off easily. After peeling, cut in slices and drain off all the juice you can, pour them in a porcelain kettle and add table salt to season to the taste, cook half or three-fourths of an hour. Have large glass jars hot and fill the same as you would put up fruit. Screw on the covers and stand them on their heads to see if they are air-tight .--- The Housewife.

TO PRESERVE OILCLOTHS. To ruin oilcloths, clean them with hot toap suds, and then leave them half wiped, and they will look very bright while wet, but very dingy and dirty when dry and will soon crack and peel off. But if you wish to preserve them and keep them looking as nice as new, wash them with soft flannei and wipe them perfectly dry. If you wish to take the trouble to make them extra nice, wring out a cloth in skimmed milk after they have been cleaned and rub over, then dry with a clean, dry cloth. To restore old oilcloth when not greatly worn, paint the spots to match (on the worn places only) with oil paints. Let dry thoroughly, and then go over the whole with a mixture of common furniture varnish thinned with turpentine to the consistency of cream. Let dry very dry and hard and your floor covering will look like a new one .- Detroit Free Press.

Shaving Off Scores.

There is an old merchant in a thrivng little town near Minneapolis who scorns a paper ledger and insists on keeping a pine board account with his customers. He planes this board off once every five months and starts afresh. Some time ago a customer dropped into the old merchant's store to pay a balance of forty cents of six months' standing. "I guess you don't owe me nothin'," replied the old trader to a ques tion about the debt. The questioner protested that he did owe the debt; in fact, he remembered buying the goods some six months ago. "Oh, well, five months alters the case," said the weigher of sugar and molasses. "You may owe me forty cents for all I know. You see? I've up and started a new board since you got your stuff and I don't remember your debt. You may pay me if you want to, but if you don't it's all O. K., as I've shaved your ac-count out." The trader got his forty cents .- Minneapolis Bulletin.

On the Veranda.

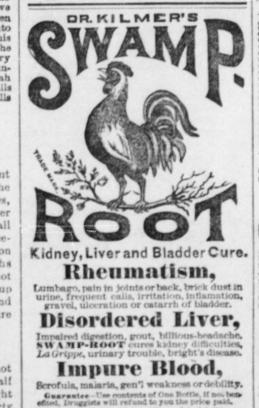
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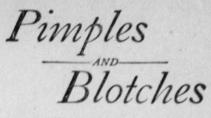
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THAT SSS HUT

I contracted a severe case of blood poison that unfitted me for business for four years. A few bottles of Swiit's Specific (S. S. S.) cured me. J. C. JONES, City Marshal, Fulton, Arkansas. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed

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the happiness of others. Some one else says: "Why, I can give you a definition of kind-ness: It is sunshine of the soul, it is affection perennial, it is a crowning grace, it is the combination of all graces, it is compas-sion, it is the perfection of gentle manliness and womanliness." Are you all through? You have made a dead failure in your defi-nition. It cannot be defined. But we all know what it is, for we all felt its power. Some of you may have felt its power. Some of you may have felt it as Paul felt it, on some coast of rock as the ship went to pieces, but more of us have again and again in some awful stress of life had either from earth or heaven hand stretched out, which "showed us no little kindness."

There is a kindness of disposition, kindness of word, kindness of act, and there is Jesus Christ, the impersonation of all of them. Kindness! You cannot affect it, you cannot play it as a part, you cannot enact it, you cannot dramatize it. By the grace of God you must have it inside you, an everlasting summer, or rather a com-bination of June and October, the geniality of the one and the tonic of the other. It canor malevolence. At its first appearance in the soul all these Amalekites and Gergishites and Hittites and Jebusites must quit, and quit forever.

Kindness wishes everybody well, every man well, every woman well, every child well, every bird well, every horse well, every dog well, every cat well. Give this spirit full swing, and you would have no more need of societies for prevention of crueity to animals, no more need of pro-tective sewing woman's association, and it would dull every sword until it would not cut skin deep, and unwheel every battery till it could not roll, and make gunpowder of no more use in the world except for rock blasting or pyrotechnic celebration.

Kindness is a spirit divinely implanted, and in answer to prayer, and then to be sedulously cultivated until it fills all the nature with a perfume richer and more pungent than mignonette, and, as if you put a tuft of that aromatic beauty behind the clock on the mantel or in some corner where nobody can see it, you find people walking about your room looking this way and that, and you ask them: "What are you looking for?" And they answer: "Where is that flower?" So if one has in his soul this infinite sweetness of disposition its perfume

infinites weetness of disposition its perfume will welm everything. But if you are waiting and hoping for some comfited, or in any way overthrown, then kindness has not taken possession of your nature. You are wreckel on a Malta where there are no oranges. You are entertain-ing a guest so unlike kindness that kindness will not come and dwell under the same roof. The most exhausting and unhealthy and ruinous feeling on earth is a revengeful spirit or retaliating spirit, as I know by experience, for I have tried it five or ten minutes at a time. When some mean thing has been done me or said about me I have feit "I will pay him in his own coin. I will show him up. The ingrate! The tra-tor! The liar! The villain!" But five or ten minutes of the feeling has been so unnerving and exhausting that I have abandoned it, and I cannot understand how people can go about torturing them

how people can go about torturing them-

selves five or ten or twenty years, trying to get even with somebody. The trying to get even with somebody. The only way you will ever triumph over your enemies is by forgiving them and wishing them all good and no evil. As malevolence is the most uneasy and profitless and dan-gerous feeling, kindness is the most health-ful and delightful. And this is not an ab-straction. As I have tried a little of the retaliation, so I have tried a little of the for-giving.

I do not want to leave this world until I have taken vengeance upon every man that ever did me a wrong by doing him a kind-ness. In most of such cases I have already succeeded but there are a few malignants whom I an yet pursuing, and I shall not be content until I have in some wise helped them or benefited them or blewed them.

not meet it, and the old merchant went in and got for him three months' extension, which for the young merchant is the difference between bankruptcy and success in business. And in our street is an artist who had a fine picture of the 'Rapids of Niagara,' and he could not sell it, and his family were suffering, and they themselves were in the rapids; and a lady heard of it and said, 'I do not need the picture, but for the encouragement of art and helping you out of your distress I will take it, and on the drawing room wall are the 'Rapids of Niagara.'

"Do you know that a strange thing has taken place in the pulpit and all the old ministers are helping the young ministers, and all the old dectors are helping the young doctors, and the farmers are assisting each other in gathering the harvest, and for that farmer who is sick the neighbors have made a 'bee,' as they call it, and they have all turned in to help him get his crops into the garner. And they tell me that the older and more skillful reporters who have permanent positions on papers are helping the young fellows who are just beginning to try and don't know exactly how to do it. An after a few erasures and interpolations on the reporter's pad they say: 'Now here is a readable account of that tragedy; hand it in and I am sure the mantor will take it.'

aging editor will take it." "And I heard this morning of a poor old man whose three children were in hot debate in his deas to who should take care of him in his de-clining days. The oldest son declared it was his right because he was the oldest, and the youngest son said it was his right because he was the youngest, and Mary said it was her right because she better understood father's vertigo and rheumatism and poor spells and knew better how to nurse him, and the only way the difficulty could be settled was by the old man's promise that he would divide the year into three parts, and spend a third of his time with each one of them.

his time with each one of them. "And neighboring stores in the same line of goods on the same block are acting kindly to each other, and when one is a little short of a certain kind of goods his neighbor says, 'I will help you until you can replenish your shalves.' It seems to me that those words of Isaian are being fulfilled when he says, "The carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smooths with the hammer, him that smote the anvil, saying it is ready for that smote the anvil, saying it is ready for the soldering.' What is the matter? It seems to me our old world is picking up. Why, the millennium must be coming in. Kindness has gotten the victory."

My hearers, you know and I know we are far from that state of things. But why not

inaugurate a new dispensation of geniality. inaugurate a new dispensation of geniality. If we cannot yet have a millennium on a large scale, let us have it on a small scale, and under our own investments. Kindness! If this world is ever brought to God that is the thing that will do it. You cannot fret the world up although you may fret the world down. You cannot scold it into ex-cellence or reformation or godliness. The east wind and the west wind were one day talking with each other, and the

The east wind and the west wind were one day talking with each other, and the east wind said to the west wind: "Don't you wish you had my power? Why, when I tart they hail me by storm signals all along the coast. I can twist off a ship's mast as easily as a cow's hoof cracks an alder. With one sweep of my wing I have strewn the coast from Newfoundiand to Key West with parted ship timber. I can lift and have lifted the Atlantic Ocean. I am the terror of all invalidism, and to fight me back forests must be cut down for fires, and the mines of continents are called on to feed the furnaces. Under my breath the atoms crouch into sepulchres. Don't you wish, you had my power?" said the east wind. The west wind made no answer, but started on its mission, coming somewhere out of the rosy bowers of the sky, and all the rivers and lakes and seas smiled at its

TARFUL RECIPES.

Tomato Catsup--Take three cans (quart size) of best tomatoes, and put them into a porcelain or bell-metal kettle with one pound of brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful of salt, two onions chopped very fine, a tablespoonful of celery seed bruised, and a teaspoonful of powdered cloves. Boil for three hours very slowly, then strain through a fine sieve, bottle, and it is ready for use.

Tomato Figs-To eight pounds or one peck of small tomatoes put three pounds of brown sugar. Peel them, and let them scald until the sugar penetrates them and they look clear, but are not broken. Take them out of the syrup with a ladle, and spread them on dishes to dry. The next morning flatten them with a spoon, and add some of the syrap to them. Do this until all the syrup has been consumed and the tomatoes are thoroughly well dried. Then pack them in a jar or box thus: One layer of tomatoes, then a layer of granulated sugar, until the receptacle is full. Cover closely, and lay a weight on them. With ome persons this is a favorite conserve.

Cucumber Pickle-If the cucumbers are large, slice them in pieces an inch thick, and pack them in a jar-1 layer of fruit and a layer of seasoning. To two gallons of cucumbers allow five pounds of sugar--unless you prefer genuinely sour pickle, when the sweetening may be omitted-two ounces of allspice, two ounces of cloves, two ownces of nutmegs, two ounces of mace, four ounces of celery seed, two ounces of black pepper, one quart of onions peeled and sliced. When the jar is nearly full, pour in enough vinegar to cover the cucumbers. Set the jar in a kettle of water, and let the pickle cook long enough for the cucumbers to be well done. To test this, see whether you can stick a straw through the fruit. This pickle is ready for use at once. Tie up securely, and it will keep well .-Harper's Bazar.

IT was a great judge of whom another English judge said, infuriated by his self-satisfied aspect, "There 'e goes, the old 'umbug, 'umming a 'ymn. 'Ow I 'ate 'im!"

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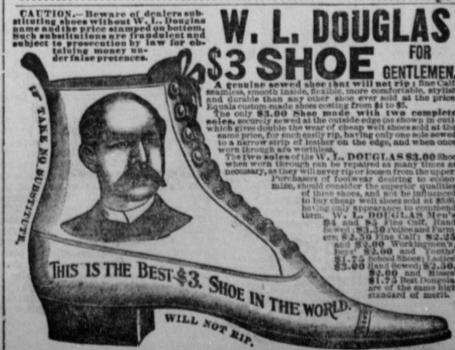
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