REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Oblivion and Its Defeats.

Texts: "He shall be no more remembered," Job xxiv., 20: "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance," Psalms exii.,

"Oblivion and Its Defeats" is my subject to-day. There is an old monster that swal-lows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, States, Nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of milleaniums, of cons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionarians oblivion. It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a It is a dirge in which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to

Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are to-gether, inseparable and to each other indis-pensable, and then they part, some by mar-riage going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it and obliterate it, So the generations van-

Walk up Broadway, New York ; State street, Walk up Broadway, New York; State street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia; the Strand, London; Princess street, Edinburgh; Champs Elysees, Paris; Unter den Linden, Berlin, and you will meet in this year 1893 not one person who walked it in 1793. What engulfment! All the ordinary effort at perengulfment! All the ordinary effort at per-petuation are dead failures. Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tomb-stones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while "Old Mortality" is cutting in one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies deoured of bookworms or unread of the rising

All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up, because the name of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant. The city of Rome stands to-day, but dig down deep enough and you come to another Rome, buried, and go down still farther and you will find a third Rome. Jerusalem stands to-day, but dig down deep enough and you will find a Jerusalem underneath, and go on and deeper down a third Jerusalem. Alexandria on the top of an Alexandria, and the second of great firms have changed, unless the on the top of an Alexandria, and the second on the top of the third.

Many of the ancient cities are buried thirty feet deep, or fifty deep, or 100 feet. What was the matter? Any special calamity? No. The winds and waves and sands and flying dust are all undertakers and grave diggers and if the world stands long enough present Brooklyn and New York and London will have on top of them other Brooklyns and New Yorks and Londons, and only after digging and boring and blasting will the archaeologist of far distant centuries come down as far as the highest spires and domes and turrets of our present American and European cities.

Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin L. or of Charles Martel, or of Marlborough, or f Mithridates, or of Prince Frederick, or of Cortes, and not one answer will you hear, Stand them in line and call the roll of 1,000, 200 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,700,000 infantry and the 200,000 eavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Stand in line the 1,000,000 men of Sessestry, the 1,200,000 men of Army men of Sesostris, the 1,200,000 men of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa, the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylee, and call the long toll. Not one answer.

At the opening of our civil war the men the Northern and Southern armies were told that if they fell in battle their names would never be forgotten by their country. Out of the million men who fell in battle or died in military hospitals, you cannot call the names of 1000, nor the names of 500, nor the names of 190, nor the names of fifty. Oblivion ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels the night before Waterloo all still? All still. Are all the ears that heard the guns of Bun-ker Hill all deaf? All deaf. Are the eyes that saw the coronation of George III. all closed? All closed. Oblivion! A hundred years from now there will not be a being on this earth that knew we ever lived.

earth that knew we ever lived.

In some old family record a descendant studying up the accestral line may spell out our name, and from the nearly faded ink, with great effort, find that some person of our name was born somewhere between 1810 and 1890, but they will know no more about the solar of a child's us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in a village in Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother. Will you describe the style of the hat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or

Oblivion! That mountain surge rolls over Oblivion! That mountain surge rois over everything. Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a chip of that granite. The sea is triumphing over the land, and what is going on at Coney Island is going on all around the world, and the continents are crumbling into the waves, and while this is transpiring on the outside of the world the hot chisel of the eternal fire is digging under the foundation of the earth and cutting its way out toward the surface. is digging under the foundation of the earth and cutting its way out toward the surface. It surprises me to hear people say they do not think the world will finally be burned up, when all scientists will tell you that it has for ages been on fire. Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside

raging to get out.
Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a schoolboy's india rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go, too, and with other worlds that they will go, too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in aight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pedi-ment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axietree of the constellations will break and let down the constellations will break and let down the population of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow anything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if it had not been for the merciful removal of Nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal gridenic of books was a merciful epidemic.

Faithful history is the saving of a few things out of more things lost. The immortality that comes from pomp of obsequies, or granite shaft, or building named after its founder, or page of recognition in some en-cyclopedia is an immortality unworthy of one's ambition, for it will cease and is no immortality at all. Oblivion! A hundred years. But while I recognize this universal

submergence of things earthly who wants to be forgotten? Not one of us.

Absent for a few weeks or months from home, it cheers us to know that we are rehome, it cheers us to know that we are re-membered there. It is a phrase we have all pronounced, "I hope you missed me." Meet-ing some friends from whom we have been parted many years, we inquire, "Did you ever see me before?" and they say, "Yes," and call us by name, and we feel a delight-ful sensation thrilling through their hand into our hand, and reprise of form ellow. into our hand, and running up from elbow to shoulder, and then parting, the one cur-rent of delight ascending to the brow and the other descending to the foot, moving round and round in concentric circles until every nerve and muscle and capacity of body and mind and soul is permeated with de

A few days ago, visiting the place of my boyhood, I met one whom I had not seen since we played together at ten years of age, and I had peculiar pleasure in puzzling him a little as to who I was, and I can hardly deand the as to who I was, and I can hardly de-scribe the sensation as after awhile he mum-bled out: "Let me see. Yes, you are De Witt." We all like to be remembered. Now, I have to tell you that this oblivion

of which I have spoken has its defeats, and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously remembered five hundred million billion

We may build this "everlasting rememce," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kind-nesses in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect, "Ever-lasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you heip a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a

Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more?" Did you teil a man, clear discouraged in his you way warness and booseless to the first old in the same than the same that is to the heaven." more?" Did you teil a man, clear dis-traged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide, that for him was near by a layer in which he might wash, and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might

What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are enlogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biograshies in the alcoves of city library, com-pared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splen-

Has Paul forgotten the inhabitants of Malta, who extended the island hospitality when he and others with him haddelt, added to a shipwreck, the drenching rain and the sharp cold? Has the victim of the highwaythe road to Jericho forgotten the Good Samaritan with a medicament of oil and wine and a free ride to the hostelry?

Southern soldiers forget the Northern and Southern soldiers forget the Northern and Southern women who administered to the dying boys in blue and gray after the awful fights in Tennessee and Pennsylvania and Virginia and Georgia, which turned every house and barn and shed into a hospital, and incarnadined the Susquehanna, and the James, and the Chattahoochee, and the Savannah with brave blood? The kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in the any long in the angle of the winds in My first no exclone shall you do to others will stand as long in the ap-preciation of others as the gates of heaven will stand, as the "House of Many Mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will

Another defeat of oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Sup-pose by a right influence we aid in transorming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man—every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a news-paper regarding it, or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but where-grand as that if he can. Let him crumble up ever whisper it into human ear, but where-ever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work upon it shall rise, and so long as that soul

will last your work on it will last.

Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited

action, and on a stone at some corner of the building the architect's name may be chiseled.
But the storms do their work, and time, that
takes down everything, will yet take down
that structure until there shall not be one

been overcrowded if it had not been for the merciful removal of Nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and pablished? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of the State and National libraries to-day are only morgues in which dead books are waiting for some one go come and recognize them. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been eibowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3090 years ago would snarl at us, saying, "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to furn around. Some of the past generations of mankind were not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die, their cradle a misfortune and their gravea boon.

This world was hardly a comfortable place to live in before the middle of the last centure. Through stone left upon another.

But there is a soul in heaven. Through your instrumentality it was put there. Under God's grace you are the architect of its eternal happiness. Your name is written, not into its every fiber and energy. Will the storms of winter wash out the story of what you have wrought upon that spiritual structure? No. There are no storms in that land, and there is no winter. Will time wear out the inscription which shows your fidelity? No. Time is past, and it is an everlasting now. Built into the foundation of that imperiation in its expectation which shows your manne-either the name by which celestials shall call you.

I know the Bible says in one place that God is a jealous God, but that refers to the work of those who w tone left upon another.

tury. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in, we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe, the fountain of forgetfulness, are a healthful draft. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts. In all the Pantheon the weakest goddess is Clio, the goddess of history, and instead of being represented by sculptors as holding a scroll might better be represented as limping on crutches. clasm, borne from beneath, should break through the gates of heaven and efface one record of your earthly fidelity, methinks Christ would take one of the nails of His own cross and write somewhere on the crystal, or the amethyst, or the jacioth, or the chrysoprasus, your name and just under it

the inscription of my text, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance." Oh, this character building! You and I ore every moment busy in that tremendous occupation. You are making me better or worse, and I am making you better or worse, and we shall through all eternity bear the mark of this benediction or blasting.

Let others have the thrones of heaven-

those who have more mightly wrought for God and the truth-but it will be heaven God and the truth—but it will be heaven enough for you and me if ever and anon we meet some radiant soul on the boulevards of the great city who shall say: "You helped me once. You encouraged me when I was in earthly struggle. I did not know that I would have reached this shining place had it not been for you." And we will laugh with heavening see and say: "Ha! ha! Do you really remember that talk? Do you remember that warning? Do you remember that ber that warning? Do you remember that Christian invitation? What a memory you have! Why, that must have been down there in Brooklyn or New Orleans at least ten thousand million years ago." And the answer will be, "Yes, it was as long as that, but I remember it as well as though it were

Oh, this character building! The structure lasting independent of passing centuries, in-dependent of crumbling mausoleums, indedent of the whole planetary system. Aye, pendent of the whole planetary system.

If the material universe, which seems all bound together like one piece of machinery, should some day meet with an accident that who were the control of the cont trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six like telescoped railway trains, and all the weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done. all the suns and moons and stars should tumble like the midnight express at Ashtabula, that would not touch us and would not hurt God, for God is a spirit, and character and memory are immortal, and over that grave of a wrecked material universe might truthfully be written, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

O. Time, we defy thee! O, Death, we stamp thee in the dust of thine own sepulfind for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the curbstone, and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man, swamped by the stringeney of the money market, that times would after as many form to efface from any soul in glory the centuries of all time, but thou shalt have no

feat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship—perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen a soldier, roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress which he was garrisoned, or the face of a great general under whom he ought. You have seen many a hand tatafter marriage.
This tattooing is almost as old as the world,

It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it Notwinstanding all their might and spiendor, there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them.

They cannot forget an earthly kindness when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, cable. They have no strength to hurl into hands. There can be no other meaning in

not spread abroad My hands to bless, but I think of you. Wherever I go up and down the heavens I take these two pictures of you Have the English soldiers who went up to deform the Crimean battlefields forgotten between the English soldiers who went up to with Me. They are so inwrought into My being that I cannot lose them. As long as My hands last the memory of you will last. Through all eternity will the Northern and hold the winds in My first no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of My hand its billowing shall not wash out the record of My remembran-Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of

> What joy, what honor can there be com-parable to that of being remembered by the mightlest and kindest and loveliest and teaderest and most affectionate being in the universe? Think of it, to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God. The heart of God! all the stars of vesternight and to-morrow night and put them together as mosaics for such a palace floor. Let him take all the sun rises and sunsets of all the days and the auroras of all the nights and hang them as upholstery at its windows.
>
> Let him take all the rivers, and all the

him to Christ: that you, by prayer or gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky.

Let him take all the rivers, and all the oceans, and then into take all the gold of all the hills and hang it in its chandeliers, and all the pearls of all the seas, and all the diamonds of all the fields, and with them area the doorways of that palace, and then invite into it all the glories that Esther ever saw at a Persian banquet, or sky. we teach a Sabbath class, or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passerby, or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting, or preach a sermon, and go home discouraged, as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down. There is no sublimer art in the world than architecture. With pencil and rule and compass the architect sits down alone and in silence, and evolves from his own brain a cathedral, or a National capitol, or a massive home before he leaves that table, and then he goes out and unrolls his plans, and calls carpenters and masons and artisans of all sorts to exceed the desired of the carbon of the leaves that table, and then he goes out and unrolls his plans, and calls carpenters and masons and artisans of all sorts to exceed the desired. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchered. But

dark and everybadowing word that it seemed when I began, it has become something goes out and unrolls his plans, and calls carpenters and masons and artisans of all sorts to execute his design, and when it is finished to exact a completion of the work with high satisation, and on a stone at some corner of the lord for Christ's sake has forgiven then. Just here a resurrection transcent. when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again. Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet a voice responds, half, human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Thank God for this blessed oblivion! Thank God for this blessed oblivion! So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but upon a throne; not into the grave-yard to which all materialism is destined, out into a garden all abloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand moreh with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

Gold in large quantities was produced by Russian mines last year.

SABBATH SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 26.

Lesson Text: "The Christian Home," Col. III., 12-25-Golden Text: Psalm cl., 2 - Commentary.

12. Put on therefore as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long Because of the fullness that dwells in Christ and because all this is ours we ought to manifest it in our lives in the power and graces of the Holy Spirit (Gal. v.,

power and graces of the Holy Spirit (Gal. v., 22, 23). We are the elect or chosen of God to be holy in our lives because we have been made holy in Christ (Eph. i., 4).

13. "Forbearing one another and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any—even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." A full commentary upon this is found in Math. xviii., 21–35. Then if any one should say. "How can I attain to it?" the answer is, "My grace is sufficient for thee" (II Cor. xii., 9). We are His body, He is the head (chapter i., 18), and if the body is in health all the members are under perfect control of the Head. control of the Head.

control of the Head.

14. "And above all these things put on charity (or love), which is the bond of perfectness." The best commentaries on this verse are I Cor. xii', and I John iv. The spirit through Peter says, "Above all things being fervent in your love among yourselves, for love covereth a multitute of sins" (I Pet. iv., 8). Since God is love (I John iv., 8, 16), it He dwells in us this love cannot but it. if He dwells in us, this love cannot but be manifest, for He is also Light, and light must

15. "And let the peace of God rule in your hearts to the which also ye are called in one body, and be ye thankfui." Christ Himself is the peace of God, and He will delightfully rule in our hearts it we will only let Him. It is our part to yield ourselves unto Him as those that are alive from the dead (Rom.

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonish ing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. It is our business to eat the word of God, and eat plenty of it and eat it continually (Jer. xv., 16; Job xxiii., 12; Ezek. iii., 1-4); not simply read it, but meditate upon it (Ps. i., 2), digest it.

"And whatever ye do in word or deed do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him," or thanks to God and the Father by Him," or as in I Cor. x., 31, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," This is the essence and the simplicity of the Christian life. Our bodies became His abode or mansion (John xiv., 2, 23), for it is the same worl in each verse, and surely it is right to refer all things to the Head of the house and let Him rule in His own house.

18. "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord." The reason is given in Eph. v., 23, 24, that the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the church, and in that chapter the analogy is referred back to Adam and Eve. In I Pet. iii., 1, wives are exhorted to submission in order that they may win their husbands, and in Titus ii., 4, 5, that the word of God be not biasphemed.

19. "Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter against them." In Eph. v., 25, 28, the analogy is "as Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it," and it is said that he that loveth his wife loveth himself. Where there is this love on the part of the husband love will ordinarily be returned, and submission will be easy all round. One has said that woman was taken from man's side to be on an equality with him, from near his heart to be loved by him, from under his arm to be protected by him, but not from his head nor his feet to rule over him or be trampled on

by him.

20. "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." According to the law, a stubborn and rebellious son was to be stoned (Deut, xxi., 18-21), and in Prov. xxx., 17, a terrib thing is written of the eye that mocketh at father and despiseth mother. The fifth com-mandment sums up the plain teaching on this point (Ex. xx., 12), and the great illustration is Jesus Himself, who, while about His Father's business, was subject to His parents until He was thirty years of age

(Luke ii., 49-51).

21. "Fathers, provoke not you children to anger, lest they be discouraged." In Eph., vi., 4, there is the addition, "but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." We are to think of our Father in heaven and His love to us, and thus lovingly deal with our children. When He chastens it is in love, not in anger, and for our profit that we may be partakers of His holiness (Heb. xii., 10, 11).

22. "Obey in all things your masters acas men pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God." Peter adds that this subjec-tion to masters is to be not only to the good and gentle, but also to the forward (I Pet. ii., 18). This is a word which reaches also to all Christians, for one of our highest titles is "servants of Christ."

23. "And wnatsoever ye do do it heartily as to the Lord and not unto men." Even a as to the Lord and not unto men. Even as looked at under the sun, we are told that whatsoever our hand findeth to do we are to do it with our might (Eccl. ix., 10). Jesus could say concerning His service in relation to the Father, "I do always those things which please Him" (John vill., 29). We are to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, ceptable unto God, that we may prove winat is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God (Rom. xil., 1, 2). Let our motto

be, "Unto Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood" (Rev. i., 5). 24. "Knowing that of the Lord ye shall re-24. "Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance, for ye serve the Lord Christ." The question of service brings up the question of wages. Salvation, forgiveness of sins, life eternal, is the gift of God and is ours in Christ when we receive Him (Bom. vi., 23; John i., 12). Then we begin to serve God and to wait for His Son from heaven (I Thess i., 9, 10; Titus ii., 11-13). Though unbelievers shall not come 11-13). Though unbelievers shall not com into judgment for their sins (John v., 24; Isa. xiiii., 25), we must appear before the judgment seat of Christ to have our service examined, and then shall every one receive his own reward according to his own labor (Bom. xiv., 10; II Cor. v., 10; I Cor. iii., 8). All that has been done unto Him shall stand, while all else shall prove worthless.

while all else shall prove worthless.

25. "But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done, and there is no respect of persons." A careful reading of I Cor. iii.. 11-15, will show the possibility of a Christian's works proving to be only wood, hay and stubble and consequently burned up in the day of the trial, leaving such a Christian saved az by fire. Jesus will prove a righteous judge—there is no unrighteousness in Him. He shall not judge after the sight of His eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of His ears, but with righteousness shall He judge (Isa. xi., 3, 4.)—Lesson Helpor.

An Extraordinary Suicide.

An extraordinary case of suicide was re-corted from a Somerset village near Bristol, ported from a somerset village near Bristoi, England. A young man named James Rob-erts lived unhappily with his wife, and in her presence he placed a dynamite cartridge in his mouth, calmly lighted a thirty-second fuse, and walked into the back-yard. A ter-rible explosion followed, and the man's head was blown to pieces.

An Old Man's Ill Luck.

A cashier seventy-four years old, was condemned last year in Dresden on the charge that his books showed a shortage of \$1000. A recent second revision of the books has proved that the poor old man has been falsely imprisoned a whole year.

it is reported that the banana crop will be very large this season. The recent heavy storms have not injured the crop.

Blind Rorses Smell Their Way.

The way in which blind horses can go about without getting into more difficulties than they ordinarily do is very remarkable. They rarely, if ever, hit their heads against a fence or stone wall. They will sidle off when they come near one. It appears from careful observations, that it is neither shade nor shelter which warns them of the danger. On an absolutely sunless and windless day their behavior is the same. Their olfactory nerves doubtless become very sensitive, for, when driving them, they will poke their heads downward is search of water fifty yards before they come to a stream crossing the roadway. It cannot be an abnormally developed sense of hearing which leads them to do this, for they will act alike though the water be a stagnant pool. Men who have been blind for any great length of time develop somewhat similar instincts to blind horses, -Chicago Herald,

Persian Tear Bottles.

The custom of bottling tears is peculiar to the people of Persia. There it constitutes an important part of the are the figures: Breadstuffs, 343,000 obsequies of the dead. As the mourners are sitting round and weeping the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool or sponge with which to wipe away the tears. This cotton wool or sponge is after- straw, 68,894 tons. ward squeezed into a bottle, and the The above are given tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious restorative for those whom every other medicine has failed to revive. It is to this custom that allusion is made in Psalms lvi., 8, "Put thou thy tears into thy bottle."—Chicago Herald.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ...

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes eath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Cutarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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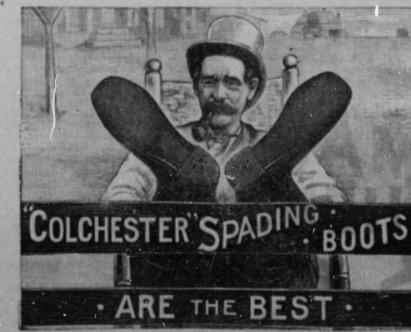
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