REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Fairest of the Fair."

TEXT: "He is altogether lovely."-Solo

The human race has during centuries been improving. For awhile it deflected and de-generated, and from all I can read for ages the whole tendency was toward barbarism, but under the ever widening and deepening but under the ever widening and deepening influence of Christianity the tendency is now in the upward direction. The physical appearance of the human race is seventy-five per cent. more attractive than in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. From the pictures on canvas and the faces and forms in sculpture of those who were considered the grand looking men and the attractive women of 200 years ago I conclude the superiority of the men and women of our time. Such looking people of the past centuries as painting and sculpture have presented as fine specimens of beauty and dignity would be in our time considered deformity and repulsiveness complete. The fact Ity and repulsiveness complete. The fact that many men and women in antediluvian times were eight and ten feet high tended to make the human race obnoxious rather than winning. Such portable mountains of hu-man flesh did not add to the charms of the

But in no elimate and in no age did there But in no elimate and in no age did there ever appear any one who in physical attractiveness could be compared to Him whom my text celebrates thousands of years before He put His infantile foot on the hill back of Bethlehem. He was and is altogether lovely. The physical appearance of Christ is, for the most part, an artistic guess. Some writers declare Him to have been a brunette or dark complexioned. St. John, of Damaseus, writing 1100 years ago, and so much nearer than ourselves to the time of Christ, and hence with more likelihood of accurate tradition, represents Him with beard black. tradition, represents Him with beard black, and curly eyebrows joined together, and "yellow complexion, and long fingers like His mother." An author, writing 1500 years ago, represents Christ as a blond: "His hair is the color of wine and golden at the root, is the color of wine and golden at the root, straight and without luster, but from the level of the ears, curling and glossy, and divided down the center after the fashion of the Nazarenes. His forehead is even and smooth, His face without blemish and enhanced by a tempered bloom, His countenance ingenuous and kind. Nose and mouth are in no way faulty. His heard is full, of the same color as His hair and forked in form; His eyes blue and extremely brilliant."

My opinion is, it was a Jewish face. His mother was a Jewess, and there is no wo-manhood on earth more beautiful than Jewish womanhood. Alas that He lived so long before the daguerrean and photographic arts were born, or we might have known His exact features. I know that sculpture and painting were born long before Christ, and they might have transferred from olden

they might have transferred from oiden times to our times the forehead, the nostril, the eye, the lips of our Lord.

Phidias, the sculptor, put down his chisel of enchantment 500 years before Christ came. Why did not some one take up that chisel and give us the side face or full face of our Lord? Polygnotis, the painter, put down his pencil 400 years before Christ. Why did not some one face it up and give us at least his pencil 400 years before Christ. Why did not some one take it up and give us at least the eye of our Lord—the eye, that sovereign of the face? Dionysius, the literary artist who saw at Heliopolis, Egypt, the strange darkening of the heavens at the time of Christ's crucifixion near Jerusalem, and not knowing what it was, but describing it as a peculiar eslipse of the sun, and saying, "Either the Diety suffers or sympathizes with some sufferer," that Dionysius might have put his pen to the work and drawn the portrait of our Lord. But, no; the fine arts were busy perpetuating the form and appearance of the world's favorites only, and not the form and appearance of the contury, or until more than 1400 years after Christ, that

until more than 1400 years after Christ, that taleuted painters attempted by pencil to give us the idea of Christ's face. The pictures before that time were so offensive that the council at Constantinople forbade their ex-hibition. But Leonardo da Vinci, in the fifteenth century, presented Christ's face on two canvases, yet the one was a repulsive face and the other an effeminate face. Raphael's face of Christ is a weak face. Albert Durer's face of Christ was a savage face. Titian's face of Christ is an expressionless The mightiest artists, either with pencil or chisel, have made signal failure in at-tempting to give the forchead, the cheek, the eyes, the nostril, the mouth of our blessed

But about His face I can tell you something positive and beyond controversy. I am sure it was a soulful face. The face is only the curtain of the soul. It was impossible that a disposition like Christ's should not have demonstrated itself in His physiognomy. Kindness as an occasional impulse may give no illumination to the features, but kindness as the lifelong, dominant habit will produce attractiveness of countenance as certainly as the snining of the sun produces flowers. Children are afraid of a scowling or hardvisaged man. They cry out if he proposes to take them. If he try to caress them, he evokes a slap rather than a kiss. All mothers know how hard it is to get their children to go to a man or woman of forbidding appearice. But no sooner did Christ appe the domestic group than there was an infantile excitement and the youngsters began to struggle to get out of their mothers' arms. They could not hold the children back. "Stand back with those children!" scolded some of the disciples. Perhaps the little ones may have been playing in the dirt, and their faces may not have been clean, or they may not have been well clad, or the disciples may have thought Christ's religion was a religion chiefly for big folks. But Christ made the infantile excitement still livelier by His say-ing that He liked children better than grown people, declaring. "Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter into the kingdom

Alas for those people who do not like children! They had better stay out of heaven, for the place is full of them. That, I think, to the place is full of them. I hat, I think, is one reason why the vast majority of the human race die in infancy. Christ is so fond of children that He takes them to Himself before the world has time to despoil and

Sobriety was also an established habit of His life. In addition to the water, He drank the juice of the grape. When at a wedding party this beverage gave out. He made gallons on gallons of grape juice, but it was as unlike what the world makes in our time as health is different from disease and as calm pulses are different from the paroxysms of delirium tremens. There was no strychnine in that beverage or logwood or nux vomica. The tipplers and the sots who now quote the winemaking in Cana of Galilee as an exuse for the flery and damning beverages of he nineteenth century forget that the wine t the New Testament wedding had two haracteristics—the one that the Lord made

characteristics—the one that the Lord made it and the other that it was made out of water. Buy all you can of that kind and drink it at least three times a day and send a barrel of it round to my cellar.

You cannot make me believe that the blessed Christ who went up and down healing the sick would create for man that style of drink which is the cause of disease more than all other causes combined or that He than all other causes combined, or that He who calmed the maniacs into their right mind would create that style of drink which does more than anything else to fill insane asylums, or that He who was so helpful to the poor would make a style of drink that erowds the earth with pauperism, or that He who came to save the nations from sin would create a liquor that is the source of most of the crime that now stuffs the penitentiaries. A lovely sobriety was written all over His face, from the hair line of the forehead to the

bottom of the bearded chin,
Domesticity was also His habit, Though too poor to have a home of His own, He went out to spend the night at Bethany, two or three miles' walk from Jerusalem, and over a rough and hilly road that made it over a rough and hilly road that made it equal to six or seven ordinary miles, every morning and night going to and fro. I would rather walk from here to Central Park, or walk from Edinburgh to Arthur's Seat, or in London clear around Hyde Park, than to walk that road that Christ walked twice a day from Jerusalem to Bethany. But He liked the quietude of home life, and He was lovely in His domesticity.

How He enjoyed handing over the resurrected girl to her father, and reconstructing homesteads which disease or death was breaking up! As the song, "Home, Sweet Home," was written by a man who at that time had no home, so I think the homelessness of Christ added to His appreciation of domesticity.

Furthermore, He was lovely in His symthies. Now, dropsy is a most distressful implaint. It inflames and swells and tortures any limb or physical organ it touches. As soon as a case of that kind is submitted to Christ, He, without any use of diaphoretics, commands its cure. And what an eye doctor He was for opening the long closed-gates of sight to the blue of the sky, and the yellow of the flower and the emerald of the grass! What a Christ He was for cooling evers without so much as a spoonful of ebrifuge, and straightening crooked backs without any pang of surgery, and standing whole choirs of music along the silent galries of a deaf ear, and giving healthful nervous system to cataleptics! Sympathy! He did not give them stoical advice or philosophize about the science of grief. He sat wn and cried for them.

It is spoken of as the shortest verse in the Bible, but to me it is about the longest and grandest, "Jesus wept." Ah, many of us know the meaning of that! When we were in great trouble, some one came in with volconsolation and quoted the Scripture in a sort of heartless way and did not help us at all. But after awhile some one else came in, and without saying a word sat down and burst into a flood of tears at the sight of our woe, and somehow it helped us right away. "Jesus wept." You see. It was a deeply attached household, that of Mary and Martha and Laxarus. The father and mother were dead and the give depended on their were dead, and the girls depended on their brother. Lazarus had said to them: "Now, Mary, now, Martha, stop your worrying. I will take care of you. I will be to you both father and mother. My arm is strong. Girls, you can depend on me!"

But now Lazarus was sick—yea, Lazarus was ded. All broken up, the sistors at

was dead. All broken up, the sisters sit disconsolate, and there is a knock at the door. "Come in," says Marths. "Come in," says Mary. Christ entered, and He just broke down. It was too much for Him. He had been so often and so kindly entertained in that home before sickness and death devastated it that He choked up and sobbed aloud, and the tears trickled down the sad face of the sympathetic Christ. "Jesus face of the sympathetic Christ. "Jesus wept." Why do you not try that mode of helping. You say, "I am a man of few words," or "I am a woman of few words." Why, your dear soul, words are not necessary. Imitate your Lord and go to those af-

sary. Imitate your Lord and go to those afficted homes and cry with them.

John Murphy! Well, you did not know him. Once, when I was in great bereavement, he came to my house. Kind ministers of the gospel had come and talked beautifully and proved with us and did all they fully and prayed with us and did all they could to console. But John Murphy, one of the best friends I ever had, a big souled, glorious Irishman, came in and looked into my face, put out his broad, strong hand and said not a word, but sat down and cried with us. I am not enough of a philosopher to say how it was or why it was, but somehow from door to door and from floor to ceiling the room was filled with an all pervading com-"Jesus wept."

fort. "Jesus wept."

I think that is what makes Christ such a popular Christ. There are so many who want sympathy. Miss Fisks, the famous Nestorian missionary, was in the chapel one day talking to the heathen, and she was in very poorhealth and so weak she sat upon a mat while she talked and felt the need of something to lean against, when she felt a woman's form at her back and heard a woman's voice saying, "Lean on me." She leaned a little, but did not want to be too cumbersome, when the woman's voice said, "Lean hard; if you love me, lean hard."

And that makes Christ so lovely. He wants all the sick and troubled and weary to Ha lean against Him, and He says, "Lean hard; if you love Me, lean hard." Aye, He is close by with His sympathetic help. Hodley Vicars, the famous soldier and Christian of the Crimean war, died because when he was wounded his regiment was too far off from the tent of supplies. He was not mortally wounded, and if the surgeons could only have got at the bandages and the mediates the world have contained by the contained the mediates the contained the mediates the contained the

for the place is full of them. That, I think, is one reason why the vast majority of the human race die in infancy. Christ is so fond of children that He takes them to Himself before the world has time to despoil and harden them, and so they are now at the windows of the palace and on the doorsteps and playing on the green. Sometimes Matthew or Mark or Luke tells a story of Christ, and only one tells it, but Matthew, Mark and Luke all join in that picture of Christ girdled by children, and I know by what occurred at that time that Christ had a face full of geniality.

Not only was Christ altogether lovely in His countenance, but lovely in His habits. I know, without being told, that the Lord who made the rivers and lakes and oceans was cleanly in His appearance. He disliked the disease of leprosy not only because it was not clean, and distressing, but probably washing and opposed to superfictal washing when He denounced the hypocrities for making clean only "the outside of the world is water. But when I find the platter," and He applauds His disciples' level, I suppose not only to demonstrate His own humility, but probably their feet needed to be washed.

The fact is, the Lord was a great friend of water. I know that frout he f

age had thinned or injured His locks, which were never worn shaggy or unkempt. Yea, all His habits of personal appearance were of the Saviour's sacrifice has inspired all the heroisms and all the martyrdoms of subsequent centuries. Christ has had more men and women die for Him than all the other inhabitants of all the ages have had die for

them.

Furthermore, He was lovely in His sermons. He knew when to begin, when to stop and just what to say. The longest sermon He ever preached, so far as the Bible reports Him—namely, the sermon on the mount was about sixteen minutes in delivery—at the ordinary rate of speech. His longest prayer reported, commonly called "The Lord's Prayer," was about half a minute. Time them by your watch, and you will find my estimate accurate, by which I do not mean to say that sermons ought to be only sixteen minutes long and prayers only half a minute long. Christ had such infinite power of compression that He could put enough into His sixteen minute sermon and enough into His sixteen minute sermon and His half minute prayer to keep all the fol-lowing ages busy in thought and action. No one but a Christ could afford to pray or preach as short as that, but He meant to

At Selma, Ala., the other day I was shown a cotton press by which cotton was put in such shape that it occupied in transportation only one car where three cars were formerly necessary, and one ship were three ships had been required, and I imagine that we all need to compress our sermons and our prayers into smaller spaces.

And His sermons were so lovely for senti-ment and practicality and simplicity and il-lustration. The light of a candle, the crystal of the salt, the cluck of a hen for her chickens, the hypocrite's dolorous physiognomy, the moth in the clothes closet, the black wing of a raven, the snowbank of white lilles, our extreme botheration about the splinter of imperfection in some one else's character, the swine fed on the pearls, wolves dramatizing sheep, and the perora-tion made up of a cyclone in which you hear the crash of a rumbling house unwisely con-structed. No technicalities, no spliting of hairs between north and northwest side, no dogmatics, but a great Christly throb of helpfulness. I do not wonder at the record which says, "When He was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed Him." They had but one fault to find with His sermon, It was too short. God help all of us in Christian work to get down off our stilts and realize there is only one thing we have to do-there is the great thing we have to do—there is the great wound of the world's sin and sorrow, and there is the great healing plaster of the gos-pel. What you and I want to do is to put the plaster on the wound. All sufficient is the gospel if it is only applied. A minister preaching to an audience of sailors concernpreaching to an audience of saliors conserning the ruin by sin and the rescue by the gospel accommodated himself to saliors' vernacular and said, "This plank bears." Many years after this preacher was called to see a dying sallor and asked him about his hope and got the suggestive reply, "This plank bears."

Yea, Christ was lovely in His chief life's work. There were a thousand things for Him to do, but His great work was to get our shipwrecked world out of the breakers. That He came to do, and that He did, and He did it in three years. He took thirty years to prepare for that three years' activ-ity. From twelve to thirty years of age we hear nothing about Him. That intervening hear nothing about Him. That intervening eighteen years I think he was in India. Bu He came back to Palestine and crowded everything into three years-three winters, three springs, three summers, three auturns. Our life is short, but would God we might see how much we could do in three years. Concentration! Intensification! Three years of kind words! Three years of living for others! Three years of self-sacrifical! Let nature it

living for others! Three years of self-sacrifice! Let us try it.

Aye, Christ was lovely in His demise. He had a right that last hour to deal in anathematization. Never had any one been so meanly treated. Cradle of straw among goats and cameis—that was the world's reception of Him! Bocky cliff, with hammers pounding spikes through tortured nerves—that was the world's farewell salutation! The slaughter of that scene sometimes hides the loveliness of the sufferer. Under the saturation of tears and blood we sometimes fail to see the sweetest face of earth and heaven. Altogether lovely! Can coldest criticism find an unkind word He ever spoke, or an unkind action that He ever performed, or an unkind thought that He ever harbored?

What a marvel it is that all the nations of earth do not rise up in raptures of affection for Him! I must say it here and now. I lift for Him? I must say it here and now. I lift my right hand in solemn attestation. I love Him, and the grief of my life is that I do not love Him more. Is it an impertinence for me to ask, Do you, my hearer—you, my reader, love Him? Has He become a part of your nature? Have you committed your children on earth into His keeping, as your children in heavon are already in His bosom? Has He done enough to win your confidence? Can you trust Him, living and dying and forever? Is your back or your face toward Him? Would you like to have His hand to guids you, His might to protect you, His grace to comfort you, His sufferings to atone for you, His arms to welcome you, His love to encir-ele you, His heaven to crown you?

Oh, that we might all have something of the great German reformer's love for this Christ which led him to say, "If any one knocks at the door of my breast and says, "Who lives there?" my reply is, 'Jesus Christ lives here, not Martin Luther." Will it not be grand if, when we get through this short and rugged road of life, we can go right up into His presence and live with Him world without end.

And if, entering the gate of that heavenly city, we should be so overwhelmed with our unworthiness on the one side, and the superunworthiness on the one side, and the super-nal splendor on the other side, we get a lit-tle bewildered and should for a few moments be, lost on the streets of gold and among the burnished temples and the sapphire thrones, there would be plenty to show us the way and take us out of our joyful bewilderment, and perhaps the woman of Nain would say, "Come let me take you to the Christ who and perhaps the woman of Nain would say, "Come, let me take you to the Christ who raised my only boy to life." And Marthe, would say, "Come, let me take you to the Christ who brought up my brother Lazarus from the tomb." And one of the disciples would say, "Come, and let me take you to the Christ who saved our sinking ship in the hurricane on Gennesaret." And in the hurricane on Gennesaret." And Paul would say, "Come, and let me lead you to the Christ for whom I died on the road to Ostia." And whole groups of on the road to Ostia." And whole groups of martyrs would say, "Come, let us show you the Christ for whom we rattled the chain and waded the floods and dared the fires." And our own glorified kindred would flock around us, saying, "We have been waiting a good while for you, but before we talk over old times, and we tell you of what we have enjoyed since we have been here, and you tell us of what you have suffered since we parted, come, come and let us show you the greatest sight in all the place, the most resplendent throne, and upon it the mightiest conqueror, the exaltation of heaven, the theme of the immortals, the altogether great, the altogether good, the altogether fair, the altogether lovely!"

Weil, the delightful morn will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face.
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternty I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

A "Blowing Cave" in Pennsylvania.

In Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, on a hilltop a short distance from York Furnace Bridge, is located the famous natural "blow hole." It is not a cave, but a series of fissures in the rocks, from which a cold draft of air continually issues. - St. Louis Republic.

Bethany Sunday-school in Philadelphia, of which John Wanamaker is Superintendent, has a membership of more than 5000, and Mr. Wanamaker's class numbers over 1200.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MAY 6.

Lesson Text: "Joseph's Last Days," Genesis I., 14-26 - Golden Text: Prov. iv., 18-Commentary.

14. "And Joseph returned into Egypt, he and his brerbren and all that went up with him to bury his father, after he had buried his father." For seventeen years did Jacob enjoy Joseph's presence and care in Egypt (chapter xivii., 28) and died at the age of 147, having first blessed all his sons and charged them to bury him beside Leah in the cave of Machpelab, where Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, had already been laid. When Jacob was dying he, with confidence in the promises of God, blessed the sons of Joseph, and assured Joseph that God would bring them all out of Egypt (Heb. xi., 21; Gen. xiviii., 21).

15. "And when Joseph's brethren saw that their father was dead they said, Joseph will peradventure hate us and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him." 14. "And Joseph returned into Egypt, he

quite us all the evil which we did unto hi That looks like a very mean estimate of their brother, who had so freely and fully forgiven them and had so abundantly cared for them for so many years. One cannot read chap-ter xlv., 1-15, without seeing that it was pure unbelief and actually made Joseph a liar. But it is just the way that many Christians treat the Lord. They cannot believe that He has nothing against them and that He

will never mention their sins, and so they make Him aliar (I John v., 10).

16. "And they sent a messenger unto Joseph, saying, Thy father did command before he died, saying." A messenger's only responsibility is to receive and deliver his responsibility is to receive and deliver his message correctly and promptly. Haggai was the Lord's messager with the Lord's message (Hag. i., 13), and the message accomplished the work. It is a pleasure to be the Lord's messenger and is the highest honor a mortal can here enjoy. But this messenger was in poor employ and on a very poor errand.

poor errand.

17. "So shall ye say unto Joseph. Forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren and their sin." This was no new sin they were asking forgiveness for, but the old wrong of thirty-seven years before which had been fully forgiven for over seventeen years. We have no record that Jacob ever told his sons thus to expect to Joseph. If he years. We have no record that Jacob ever told his sons thus to appeal to Joseph. If he did, he was as bad as they. Yet there are Christians who, being assured of forgiveness (Eph. 1., 7; I John ii., 12), are all the time asking forgiveness for the same old sins. No wonder Joseph wept It is enough to make Jesus weep to be so unbelievingly

regarded.
18. "And his brethren also went and fell down before his face, and they said, Behold, we be thy servants." It was in fear they came, begging for that which had long ago been given them. This is not the kind of servant Jesus expects to find in those who have been made nigh by His precious blood (Eph. i., 13). Not serving to obtain forgiveness, but serving because forgiven, is the right way. Serve the Lord with gladness. 19. "And Joseph said unto them, Fear not, for am I in the place of God?" It was against

God they had sinned, and from Him first they should have sought forgiveness. David recognized this when he said, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned and done this evil in Thy sight (Ps. li., 4). We must seek for-giveness from God, for all sin is against Him (I Cor. viii., 12), and then from those agains whom we have offended. 20. "But as for you, ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good to bring it to pass, as it is this day, to save much peo-

ple alive." In almost the very same words had he spoken to them of this matter seventeen years before. He reminds us of Jesus, who is the same vesterday, to-day and forever (Heb. xiii., 8), of Jehovah, who says, "I am the Lord, I change not" (Mal. iii., 6).
21. "Now therefore fear ye not, I will nourish you and your little ones. A sa He nourish you and your little ones. Azu He comforted them and spoke kin y unto them. "I have a least the fourth lear not" in this story (xlili., 23; xlvl., 3, 19). The first in the Bible is in Geo. v., 1, and the last is Rev. i., 17, or ii. To, but how many heart comforting ones there are throughout the book! I find constant comfort and strength in such as I Sam. xxii., 23; Isa. xli., 10, 13; Joel ii., 21; Mark v., 36. We are to comfort others with the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God (II Cor. i., 4); therefore I pass them on.

we ourselves are comforted of God (II Cor. 1., 4); therefore I pass them on. 22. "And Joseph dwelt in Egypt, he and his father's house, and Joseph lived an hundred and ten years." He was thirty when he first stood before Pharoah (xli., 46), so that he had eighty years of prosperity and honor in Egypt. He would be about fifty-six when his father died, therefore he lived to make good his road to his best herefore. good his word to his brethren for at least fifty years,

23. "And Joseph saw Ephraim's children of the third generation. The children also of Machir, the son of Manasseh, were brought up upon Joseph's knees." After Job's affiltation he saw his son's sons, even four generations (Job xiii., 16). It is one of the blessings of the righteous to see children's children and peace therewith (Ps. cxxviii., 6). 24. "And Joseph said unto his brethren, I die, and God will surely visit you and bring you out of this land unto the land which He sware to Abraham, to Isaac and to Jacob." This was confidence in God. By faith Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel and gave commandment concerning, his boxes. [Heb.

mandment concerning his bones (Heb xi., 22). 25. "And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit gren of Israe, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence." So when Moxes led Israel out of Egypt he took the houses of Joseph, and when their wanderings all had ceased they were buried in Sheehem (Ex. xill., 19; Joshua xxiv., 32). Joseph might have desired such a funeral as he gave his father and had his body at once buried in the land of promise, but he was so sure of their going up in due time that he was content to wait up in due time that he was content to wait and let his body remain among them as a

and let his body remain among them as a token of their coming deliverance.

26. "So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old, and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt," Gathered unto his people (xlix., 33), his body still awaits the resurrection of the just at the coming of Christ (I Cor. xv., 23; I Thess, iv., 16). These all died in faith, not having received the promises. These all having obtained a good report through faith received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect (Heb. xi., 13, 39, 40). That unburied body was a constant sermon to the believing remnant such as Amram and Jochebed, parents of Moses, not to be discouraged by trials, but to wait for the deliverance, which was sure to come.—Lesson Helper.

812,000,000 Due Gotham for Taxes. The result of the investigation of Comptroller Fitch as to how much is owed the city froiler Fitch as to how much is owed the city for taxes, shows that property owners are indebted to the city of New York for back taxes \$12,000,000. He was also surprised to find that the city of New York owes to the county of New York \$2,000,000 taxes which has never been paid. Comptroiler Fitch will now have this money collected and also will order the property sold which owes the city taxes.

A World's Fair Building Bought. A party of New Haven men has bought the Connecticut State Building at the World's Fair, Chicage. It will be transferred to the shore of the Sound near Tyler City, and erected at the place where the Eritish troops landed in 1779 for their raid against New Haven. It will be kept as a museum and for meetings of State societies.

Why not, indeed?

DALELY SELECTION OF THE PARTY OF SELECTION O

When the Royal Baking Powder makes finer and more wholesome food at a less cost, which every housekeeper familiar with it will affirm, why not discard altogether the old-fashioned methods of soda and sour milk, or home-made mixture of cream of tartar and soda, or the cheaper and inferior baking powders, and use it exclusively?

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Too Heavy for the Eagle.

A monster eagle made an attack on Harry Graham, an eight-year-old boy, at Millersburg, Ind., last night, and attempted to carry him off. The eagle buried its claws in the child's clothing and succeeded in carrying him a short distance. The boy was heavy and struggled desperately, and the eagle was forced to the ground with its burden, not, however, releasing its hold. The boy then succeeded in seizing a stone with which he dealt the eagle a blow on the head. The bird was dazed for a moment, and was secured by several railroad employes who had come to the boy's assistance. - Chicago In-

Teacher-"Now, in parsing this sentence, 'The poem was long,' what do you do with poem?' Johnnie-"Put it in the waste basket."--Chicago Rec-

A trolley road between Philadelphia, Penn., and Harrisburg 100 miles long is projected, and a charter has been applied for.

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 centsand \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

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Shiloh's Cure

Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Con-sumption; it is the Best Cough Cure; 25c., 50c., \$1 Carpet tacks, of which our greatgrandfathers knew nothing, are now consumed at the rate of 50,000,000 a



If the following letters had been written | by your best known and most esteemed neighbors they could be no more worthy of your confidence than they now are, comi es they do, from well known, intelligent, and trustworthy citizens, who, in their several neighborhoods, enjoy the fullest confidence and respect of all who know them. The heighoffhoods, enjoy the fullest confidence and respect of all who know them. The subject of the above portrait is a well known and much respected lady, Mrs. John G. Foster, residing at No. 33 Chapin Street, Canandaigua. N. Y. She writes to Dr. R. V. Pierco, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y., as follows: "I was troubled with eczenia, or salt-rheum, seven years. I doctored with a number of our home physicians and received no benefit whatever. I also took treatment from physicians in Rochester, New York, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Binghamton, and received no benefit from them. In fact I have paid out handreds of dollars to the doctors without benefit. My brother came to visit us from the West and he told me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He had taken it and it had cured him. I have taken ten bottles of the 'Discovery,' and am entirely cured, and if there should be any one wishing any information I would gladly correspond with them, if they enclose return stangard envelope." gladly correspond with them, if they enclose return stamped envelope."

Not less remarkable is the following from

Not less remarkable is the following from Mr. J. A. Buxton, a prominent merchant of Jackson, N. C., who says: "I had been troubled with skin disease all my life. As I grew older the disease seened to be taking a stronger hold upon me. I tried many advertised remedies with no benefit, until I was led to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When I began taking it my health was very poor: in fact, several persons have since told me that they thought I had the consumption. I weighed only about 125 pounds. The cruption on my skin was accompanied by severe itching. It was first confined to my face, but afterwards spread over the neck and head, and the itching became simply unbearable. This was my condition when I began taking the 'Discovery.' When I would rub the parts affected a kind of branny scale would fall off.

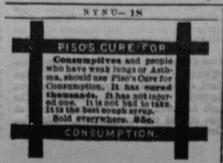
For a while I saw no change or benefit from taking the 'Discovery,' but I persisted in its use, keeping my bowels open by taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Peilets, and taking as much outdoor exercise as was possible, until I began to gain in flesh, and gradually the disease released its hold. I took during the very supersistent from fifteen to sinteen between disease released its hold. I took during the year somewhere from fifteen to eighteen bottles of the 'Discovery.' It has now been four years since I first used it, and though not using scarcely any since the first year, my health continues good. My average weight being 155 to 169 pounds, instead of 125, as it was when I began the use of the 'Discovery.' Many progress have reminded Discovery.' Many persons have reminded me of my improved appearance. Some say I look younger than I did six years ago when I was married. I am now fortyeight years old, and stronger, and enjoy better health than I have ever done before in my life." Yours truly. Yours truly,

JA. Buyton.

Thousands bear testimony, in equally strong terms, to the efficacy of this wonderful remedy in curing the most obstinate diseases. It rouses every organ into healthy action, purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, and, through it, cleanses and renews the whole system. All blood, skin, and scalp diseases, from a common blotch, or eruption, to the worst scrofula are cured by it. For tetter, salt-theum, ecceptage erusinels, boile control of the contr

SAPOLIO

Is Like a Good Temper, "It Sheds a Brightness



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