REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S SERMON IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Subject: "Conscience."

TEXT: "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it."—Matthew xxvii., 24.

At about 7 o'clock in the morning, up the marble stairs of a palace and across the floors of richest mosaic and under ceilings dyed with all the splendors of color and between snowbanks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor, pale, sick young man of thirty-three, already condemned to death, on His way to be condemned again. Jesus of Nazareth is His name.

Coming out to meet Him on this tessellated pavement is an unscrupulous, compromising, timeserving, cowardly man, with a few traces of sympathy and fair dealing left in his composition—Governor Pontius Pilate. Did ever such opposites meet? Luxury and pain, selfishness and generosity, arrogance and humility, sin and holiness, midnight and midnoon.

The bloated lipped governor takes the cushioned seat, but the prisoner stands, His wrists manacled. In a semicircle around the prisoner are the sanhedrists, with flashing eyes and brandished fists, prosecuting this case in the name of religion, for the bitterest persecutions have been religious prosecutions, and when satan takes hold of a good man he makes up by intensity for brevity of occupation. If you have never seen an ecclesiastical court trying a man, then you have no idea of the foaming infernalism of these old religious sanhedrists. Governor Pilate cross questions the prisoner and finds right away He is innocent and wants to let Him go. His caution is also increased by some one who comes to the governor and whispers in his ears. The governor puts his hand behind his ear so as to catch the words almost inaudible. It is a message from Claudia Procula, his wife, who has had a dream about the innocence of this prisoner and about the danger of executing Him, and she awakens from this morning dream in time to send the message to her husband, then on the judicial bench. And what with the protest of his wife, and the entire failure of the sanhedrists to make out their case, Governor Pilate resolved to discharge the prisoner from custody.

But the intimation of such a thing brings upon the governor an equinoctial storm of indignation. They will report him to the emperor of Rome, they will have him recalled, they will send him up home, and he will be hung for treason, for the emperor at Rome has already a suspicion in regard to Pilate, and that suspicion does not cease until Pilate is banished and commits suicide. So Governor Pontius Pilate compromises the matter and proposes that Christ be whipped instead of assassinated. So the prisoner is fastened to a low pillar, and on His bent and bared back come the thongs of leather, with pieces of lead and bone intertwisted, so that every stroke shall be the more awful. Christ lifts Himself from the scourging with flushed cheek and torn and quivering and mangled flesh, presenting a spectacle of suffering in which Rubens, the painter, found the theme for his greatest masterpiece.

But the sanhedrists are not yet satisfied. They have had some of His nerves lacerated; they want them all lacerated; they have had some of His blood; they want all of it, down to the last corpuscle. So Governor Pontius Pilate, after all this merciful hesitation, surrenders to the demoniacal cry of "Crucify Him!" But the governor sends for something. He sends a slave out to get something. Although the constables are in haste to take the prisoner to execution and the mob outside are impatient to glare upon their victim, a pause is necessitated. Yonder it comes—a wash basin. Some pure, bright water is poured into it, and then Governor Pilate put his white, delicate hands into the water and rubs them together and then lifts them dripping for the towel fastened at the slave's girdle, while he practically says: "I wash my hands of this whole homicidal transaction. I wash my hands of this entire responsibility. You will have to bear it." That is the meaning of my text when it says: "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it."

Behold in this that ceremony amounts to nothing if there are not in it correspondencies of heart and life. It is a good thing to wash the hands. God created three-quarters of the world water and in that commanded cleanliness, and when the ancients did not take the hint He plunged the whole world under water and kept it there for some time. Handwashing was a religious ceremony among the Jews. The Jewish Mishna gave particular direction how that the hands must be thrust three times up to the wrists in water, and the palm of the hand must be rubbed with the closed fist of the other. All that is well enough for a symbol, but here in the text is a man who proposes to wash away the guilt of a sin which he does not quit and of which he does not make any repentance. Pilate's wash basin was a dead failure.

Ceremonies, however beautiful and appropriate, may be no more than this hypocritical ablution. In infancy we may be sprinkled from the baptismal font, and in manhood we may wade into deep immersion, and yet never come to moral purification. We may kneel without prayer and bow without reverence and sing without any acceptance. All your creeds and liturgies and sacraments and genuflections and religious convocations amount to nothing unless your heart life go into them. When that bronzed slave took from the presence of Pilate that wash basin, he carried away none of Pilate's cruelty, or Pilate's wickedness, or Pilate's guilt.

Nothing against creeds; we all have them, either written or implied. Nothing against ceremonies; they are of infinite importance. Nothing against sacraments; they are divinely commanded. Nothing against a rosary, if there be as many heartfelt prayers as beads counted. Nothing against incense floating up from censer amid Gothic arches, if the prayers be as genuine as the aroma is sweet. Nothing against Epiphany or Lent or Ash Wednesday or Easter or Good Friday or Whitsuntide or Palm Sunday, if these symbols have behind them genuine repentance, and holy reminiscence, and Christian consecration. But ceremony is only the sheath to the sword, it is only the shell to the kernel, it is only the lamp to the flame, it is only the body to the spirit. The outward must be symbolical of the inward. Wash the hands by all means; but, more than all, wash the heart.

Behold, also, as you see Governor Pontius Pilate thrust his hand into this wash basin, the power of conscience. He had an idea there was blood on his hand—the blood of an innocent person, whom he might have acquitted if he only had the courage. Poor Pilate! His conscience was after him, and he knew the stain would never be washed from the right hand or the left hand, and until the day of his death, though he might wash in all the lavers of the Roman empire, there would be still eight fingers and two thumbs red at the tips.

Oh, the power of conscience when it is fully aroused! With whip of scorpions over a bed of spikes in pitch of midnight it chases guilt. Are there ghosts? Yes, not of the graveyard, but of one's mind not at rest.

And thus Brutus, amid his slumbering host,
Startled with Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Macbeth looked at his hand after the midnight assassination, and he says:

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

For every sin, great or small, conscience, which is the voice of God, has a reproof, more or less emphatic. Charles IX, responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre, was chased by the bitter memories, and in his dying moment said to his doctor, Ambrose Parry: "Doctor, I don't know what's the matter with me. I am in a fever of body and mind and have been for a long while. Oh, if I had only spared the innocent and the imbecile and the cripple!" Rousseau declared in old age that a sin he committed in his youth still gave him sleepless nights. Charles II. of Spain could not sleep unless he had in the room a confessor and two friars. Catiline had such bitter memories he was startled at the least sound. Cardinal Beaufort, having slain the Duke of Gloucester, often in the night would say: "Away, away! Why do you look at me?" Richard III., having slain his two nephews, would sometimes in the night shout from his couch and clutch his sword, fighting apparitions. Dr. Webster, having slain Parkman in Boston, and while waiting for his doom, complained to the jailer that the prisoners on the other side of the wall all night long kept charging him with his crime, when there were no prisoners on the other side of the wall. It was the voice of his own conscience.

Thomas Oliver was one of John Wesley's preachers. The early part of his life had been full of recklessness, and he had made debts wherever he could borrow. He was converted to God, and then he went forth to preach and pay his debts. He had a small amount of property left him, and immediately set out to pay his debts, and everybody knew he was in earnest, and to consummate the last payment he had to sell his horse and saddle and bridle. That was conscience. That is converted conscience. That is religion. Frank Tiebout, a converted rumseller, had a large amount of liquor on hand at the time of his conversion, and he put all the kegs and barrels and demijohns in a wagon and took them down in front of the old church where he had been converted and had everything emptied into the street. That is religion. Why the thousands of dollars sent every year to the United States Treasury at Washington as "conscience money?" Why, it simply means there are postmasters and there are attorneys and there are officials who sometimes retain that which does not belong to them, and these men are converted, or under powerful pressure of conscience, and make restitution. If all the moneys out of which the State and the United States treasuries have been defrauded should come back to their rightful exchequers, there would be enough money to pay all the State debts and all the United States debt by day after to-morrow.

Conversion amounts to nothing unless the heart is converted, and the pocketbook is converted, and the cash drawer is converted, and the ledger is converted, and the fireproof safe is converted, and the pigeonhole containing the correspondence is converted, and his improvement is noticed even by the canary bird that sings in the parlor, and the cat that licks the platter after the meal, and the dog that comes bounding from the kennel to greet him. A man half converted or quarter converted, or a thousandth part converted is not converted at all. What will be the great book in the day of judgment? Conscience. Conscience recalling misimproved opportunities. Conscience recalling unforgiven sins. Conscience bringing up all the past. Alas, for this governor, Pontius Pilate! That night after the court had adjourned, and the sanhedrists had gone home, and nothing was heard outside the room but the step of the sentinel, I see Pontius Pilate arise from his tapestried and sleepless couch and go to the laver and begin to wash his hands, crying: "Out, out, crimson spot! Tellest thou to me, and to God, and to the night, my crime? Is there no alkali to remove these direful stains? Is there no chemistry to dissolve this carnage? Must I to the day of my death carry the blood of this innocent man on my heart and hand? Out, thou crimson spot!" The worst thing a man can have is an evil conscience, and the best thing a man can have is what Paul calls a good conscience.

But is there no such thing as moral purification? If a man is a sinner once, must he always be a sinner, and an unforgiven sinner? We have all had conscience after us. Or do you tell me that all the words of your life have been just right, and all the thoughts of your heart have been just right, and all the actions of your life just right? Then you do not know yourself, and I take the responsibility of saying you are a pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a Pontius Pilate, and do not know it. You commit the very same sin that Pilate committed. You have crucified the Lord of Glory. But if nine-tenths of this audience are made up of thoughtful and earnest people, then nine-tenths of this audience are saying within themselves: Is there no such thing as moral purification? Is there no laver in which the soul may wash and be clean? Yes, yes, yes. Tell it in song, tell it in sermon, tell it in prayer, tell it to the hemispheres. That is what David cried out for when he said, "Wash me thoroughly from my sin, and cleanse me from mine iniquities." And that is what, in another place, he cried out for when he said, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Behold, the laver of the gospel, filled with living fountains. Did you ever see the picture of the laver in the ancient tabernacle or in the ancient temple? The laver in the ancient tabernacle was made out of the women's metallic looking glasses. It was a great basin, standing on a beautiful pedestal, but when the temple was built, then the laver was an immense affair, called the brazen sea, and, oh, how deep were the floods there gathered! And there were ten lavers besides—five at the right and five at the left—and each laver had 300 gallons of water. And the outside of these lavers was carved and chased with palm trees so delicately cut you could almost see the leaves tremble, and lions so true to life that you could imagine you saw the nostril throb, and the cherubim with outspread wings. That magnificent laver of the old dispensation is a feeble type of the more glorious laver of our dispensation—our sunlit dispensation.

Here is the laver holding rivers of salvation, having for its pedestal the Rock of Ages, carved with the figures of the lion of Judah's tribe, and having palm branches for victory and wings suggestive of the soul's flight toward God in prayer and the soul's flight heavenward when we die. Come ye auditory, and wash away all your sins, however aggravated, and all your sorrows, however agonizing. Come to this fountain, open for all sin and uncleanness, the furthest, the worst. You need not carry your sins half a second. Come and wash in this glorious gospel laver. Why, that is an opportunity enough to swallow up all nations. That is an opportunity that will yet stand on the Alps and beckon to Italy, and yet stand on the Pyrenees and beckon to Spain, and it will yet stand on the Ural and beckon to Russia, and it will stand at the gate of heaven and beckon to all nations. Pardon for all sin, and pardon right away, through the blood of the Son of God. A little child that had been blind, but through skilful surgery brought to sight, said: "Why, mother, why didn't you tell me the earth and sky are so beautiful? Why didn't you tell me?" "Oh," replied the mother, "my child, I did tell you often. I often told you how beautiful they are, but you were blind, and you couldn't see!"

Oh, if we could have our eyes opened to see the glories in Jesus Christ we would feel that the half had not been told us, and you would go to some Christian man and say, "Why didn't you tell me before of the glories in the Lord Jesus Christ?" and that friend would say, "I did tell you, but you were blind and could not see, and you were deaf and could not hear."

History says that a great army came to capture ancient Jerusalem, and when this army got on the hills so that they saw the turrets and the towers of Jerusalem they gave a shout that made the earth tremble and tradition, whether false or true, says that so great was the shout eagles flying in the air dropped under the atmospheric percussion. Oh, if we could only catch a glimpse of the towers of this gospel temple into which you are all invited to come and wash there would be a song jubilant, and wide resounding at New Jerusalem seen, at New Jerusalem taken, the hosannas of other worlds flying midair would fold their wings and drop into our closing doxology. Against the disappointing and insufficient laver of Pilate's vice and Pilate's cowardice and Pilate's sin I place the brazen sea of a Saviour's pardoning mercy.

County Treasurer C. W. Rowe, of Montezuma, Iowa, has disappeared, and with him about $39,000 of the county's money

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MAY 19.

Lesson Text: "Jesus Before Pilate," Mark xv., 1-15—Golden Text: Mark xv., 5. —Commentary.

1. "And straightway in the morning the chief priests held a consultation." The devil's servants are very quick and very persevering—they put the Lord's servants to shame. The disciples could not watch one hour, but these servants of satan watched all night in their hatred of Him who loved them. Then in the morning they consummated their wickedness. There is a morning coming, however, when the tables will be turned. See Ps. xlix., 14; Isa. viii., 20, R. V., and compare Dan. vi., 19-24.

2. "And Pilate asked Him, Art Thou the King of the Jews? And He, answering, said unto him, Thou sayest it." The wise men from the east bare witness that He was King of the Jews even when He was a babe (Math. ii., 2). Nathanael testified to the same very early in His ministry (John i., 49), and Gabriel stated it very plainly before His birth (Luke i., 32,33). Notwithstanding all the scoffing of Jews and gentiles of those days or these days, the time draweth nigh when all Nations shall see it.

3. "And the chief priests accused Him of many things, but He answered nothing." There was no truth in their accusations any more than in those of the false witnesses whom they had previously summoned, so there was nothing for Him to answer. When we are falsely accused, let us learn from Him to commit our way unto the Lord and trust Him to manage it for us. He had confessed that He was the Christ, and knowing what awaited Him He calmly awaited their disposal of Him.

4. "And Pilate asked Him again, saying: Answerest Thou nothing? Behold how many things they witness against Thee." Pilate did not know that there was no truth in any of the charges which they brought against Him, and therefore could not but have been surprised that He had nothing to say. Pilate was not accustomed to cases of this kind, he had never seen a prisoner like this and was greatly perplexed by His manner.

5. "But Jesus yet answered nothing, so that Pilate marveled." He was oppressed and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth (Isa. liii., 7). He was probably communing with His Father. Nothing will help us to be quiet under false accusations and in the presence of enemies like the realized presence of the Lord and that we are ever before Him.

6. "Now, at that feast he released unto them one prisoner, whomsoever they desired." Jesus knew all this, but there was nothing in it for Him, for He knew well that His only release would be death. He was not seeking release, but to fulfill all righteousness, and as He had often foretold (chapters viii., 31; ix., 31; x., 33, 34) He knew that He was about to be slain.

7. "And there was one named Barabbas, which lay bound with them that had made insurrection with him, who had committed murder in the insurrection." Here is a real child of the devil brought into the story with the Holy One of God. Already He begins to be numbered with the transgressors as if He, too, was a transgressor. When cut to the heart by being thus numbered with sinners (if it should ever be your experience), think on Him.

8. "And the multitude, crying aloud, began to desire him to do as he had ever done unto them." Probably anxious to get the man they wanted released, and afraid lest Pilate might attempt to release Jesus.

9. "But Pilate answered them, saying, Will ye that I release unto you the King of the Jews?" By comparing the parallel accounts this seems to be Pilate's sixth attempt to release Jesus. For the first five see John xviii., 28, to xix., 14, and Luke xxiii., 4-16. See his threefold testimony to His innocence in John xviii., 38; xix., 4-6. See in Math. xxvii., 19, his wife's plea that he should let Him go. This King of the Jews was the heaviest and most perplexing case that Pilate ever had on his hands. So it is still.

10. "For he knew that the chief priests had delivered Him for envy." See how Joseph's brethren hated and envied him (Gen. xxxvii., 8, 11). Israel envied Moses and Aaron (Ps. cvi., 16). "Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous, but who is able to stand before envy?" (Prov. xxvii., 4). In Gal. v., 21, envy is followed by murder as one of the works of the flesh. Let us hate every appearance of it in our hearts as we should hate the devil himself.

11. "But the chief priests moved the people, that he should rather release Barabbas unto them." Who can estimate the guilt of those in high places who move the people against Christ? The worst we have to contend with to-day is from the professed friends of Christ who while saying beautiful things about Him, yet move the people against His atonement and His precious blood, which alone can save us from hell (Lev. xvii., 11).

12. "And Pilate answered and said again unto them, What will ye then that I shall do unto Him whom ye call the King of the Jews?" Or as in Math. xxvii., 22, "What shall I do then with Jesus, who is called Christ?" It is not a question for us to ask another's opinion about. We are responsible to Him for our treatment of Him. Pilate knew He was innocent and should have rescued Him from His tormentors, but the weakness of Pilate is overruled to accomplish the Lord's purpose. Bad for Pilate all the same.

13. "And they cried out again, Crucify Him." They preferred Barabbas to Jesus, a murderer to a Saviour, darkness to light. It is plainly written that "all that is in the world is not of the Father, but is of the world," and that "the friendship of the world is enmity with God" (I John ii., 16; James iv., 4), yet how many are deliberately choosing the world instead of Christ! They would not say as these did, "Crucify Him," but they do say that they prefer the world and its pleasures.

14. "Then Pilate said unto them, Why what evil hath He done? And they cried out the more exceedingly, Crucify Him." In connection with this verse we find in Luke xxiii., 22, that Pilate said, "I have found no cause of death in Him." But the people will not listen, they thirst for His blood, satan has control of them, and he will kill Jesus if he can. What he failed to do in the garden of Gethsemane he will do now, and God will let him, for this is his hour and the power of darkness.

15. "And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged Him, to be crucified." See the contrasts, Pilate contenting the people, Jesus pleasing the Father; Barabbas the guilty, Jesus the guiltless; the people crying out, Jesus silent. How cruel, unjust and perfectly fiendish it all was! How can we have fellowship with such a world? Let us honestly face the question. Am I seeking to please the people or to please God? (Gal. i., 10.)—Lesson Helper.

AN UNDERGROUND TROLLEY.

The Buda Pesth System Inaugurated in New York City.

A successful trial run over a completed section of the Conduit Electric Railway, on Lenox avenue, marks the beginning of a new system in New York City. The Metropolitan Traction Company, being satisfied that the underground trolley will do the work, will push construction until the line is finished from Fifty-first to 146th streets on Lenox avenue. The Conduit electric system has been in use for some years at Buda Pesth. The general plan is simply a reversal of the overhead trolley system, except that the conductors are iron bars instead of copper wires. The iron bars are supported by pillars of soapstone at the manholes, which act as insulators. These are held by foundations of cast iron, and the space of a few inches between is filled with sulphur. The insulators are capped with cast iron.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The polar currents contain less salt than those from the equator.

The latest Vienna cane contains an electric light and storage battery.

Sea water is said to contain all the soluble substances that exist in the earth.

Among the latest germ theories is the one which avers that cedar-block pavements spread diphtheria.

During the last three years the average number of deaths from malaria in Italy has been forty-five per 100,000 of the inhabitants.

Among the Armenians it is estimated that from sixty to seventy per cent. of the children die from the two diseases, typhoid fever and smallpox.

The difficulty of registering the temperature at the bottom of the ocean is due to the fact that at great depths the thermometers are crushed by the pressure.

Sergeant O'Keefe, who spent five years in the observatory on Pike's Peak, says that the lowest temperature observed was fifty degrees below zero; the highest, sixty-two degrees above.

The particles of sand, stones, shells and the like, brought up in the tallow with which the sounding lead is covered, frequently furnish indications of great value as to the position of the ship.

A German has invented a chemical torch which ignites when wet. It is to be used on life buoys. When one is thrown to a man overboard at night he can thus see the light and find the buoy.

A great photographic camera for taking full length life size portraits has been made and used with much success by Werner & Son, Dublin, Ireland. The camera takes a plate seven feet high and five feet wide.

The bacillus of diphtheria is one-twenty-five-thousandth of an inch long, and when fixed in the human throat it grows into a network with other bacilli produced from it, all operating together to produce a virulent poison, which, when taken into the blood, causes the fatal consequences so apt to follow from the disease.

As a result of a series of scientific experiments in hardening steel in a rotary furnace, the Engineering and Mining Journal concludes that the elementary principle of hardening is very simple, and that the only difficulties to be overcome are concerned with the equal heating and complete transformation of large masses of material.

About Ostriches.

Those who assert that the ostrich lives on broken glass and iron nails are not quite right; but that it swallows pebbles to assist its digestion, as do many other birds on a lesser scale, when in a state of nature, and pieces of wood, metal or what not, when in a state of captivity, for the same purpose, is most undoubted.

The strength of the ostrich is quite equal to carrying a man on its back at a rapid rate of progression. The Africans often use it for riding purposes. Dr. Livingstone tells us that the legs of an ostrich running at full speed can no more be seen than the spokes in the wheel of a vehicle drawn at a gallop.

The ostrich can run thirty miles an hour, and the Arabs would never be able to overtake them but for the strategems employed. They first follow them for a day or two without pressing too closely but sufficiently to prevent them from taking food. When they have tired out the hungry bird, they pursue it at full speed, and, taking advantage of a fact well known to them—that the ostrich always describes a curve in its course—themselves make a direct straight "short cut," and so gradually get within reach.

Each adult bird produces about half a pound of white and three pounds of black feathers. Those from the male bird are most highly esteemed, and all are in best condition when plucked from the living bird.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Embryo Jay Gould.

The champion knife swapper lives in Gainesville, says Taggart's Times. He is a little boy, the son of a preacher, and this is his record, as given by his father:

"That boy, not many months since, worried me till I bought him a knife. Like a boy he left it out one night and it got rusty. Then he lost interest in it, and began at once to swap it off. Well, the little rascal has naturally a knack for trading, and, sir, he took that rusty knife and with a little work on it and a good deal of talking he succeeded in exchanging it for two good knives. These knives in turn he traded for three knives, worked considerably on them and got a cheap watch for the three. He kept trading till he had completed forty-seven different bargains, most of them in his favor. At the end of the forty-seventh trade he owned a shotgun, a hound puppy, two jack-knives and sixty-five cents in money, besides other smaller trinkets too numerous to mention. There's nothing like it."

An Amusing Tragedy.

Weiss, the opera singer, was a very handsome man, but so thin that he wore what on the stage is called a "shape," a complete suit of padding from neck to ankles, worn next the skin. One night he was playing in an opera in which he wore flowing robes and was able to dispense with it. In the course of the performance an appalling shriek astounded the players, and a coryphee rushed into the green room with the information that the basso had hanged himself. She had peeped into his dressing-room and seen the "shape" behind the door.—New Orleans Picayune.

Weapons Indians Fear.

"Indians sometimes face light firearms with great courage, but they fight shy of the attentions of any weapon that sends a large projectile," said Colonel F. A. Blake, who has had wide experience on the Western plains. "The rush and scream of the heavy bullet frightens them, and they prefer to keep away from their range. To that not unreasonable prejudice is due the fact that the buffalo hunters of the early '70s, who in following their business were constantly exposed to the attacks of hostile Indians, were molested comparatively little by them. The long, heavy rifle, with its telescopic sights and the knowledge of the deadly certainty of the buffalo hunter's aim, almost invariably served to make the red man keep his distance, and set him temporarily free from the notion of scalp hunting.

"One buffalo hunter by the name of Murdock, that I knew, was creeping upon a herd on the Staked Plain when he spied a band of Comanches riding toward him. He instantly leveled his gun upon them as a warning that they should not approach too near. Checking his warriors, the chief of the band pointed with his hand to a buffalo in the distant herd, then mentioned in the Indian language that the hunter should shoot it. Murdock fired as the chief indicated and the buffalo fell. The Indians gave a loud 'How' of approval, waved their hands, turned their ponies and swept on past the hunter, leaving him to pursue his shooting of the buffalo unmolested."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Flirtations Without Response.

At one of the suburban stations along the line of the Reading Railroad an enterprising soap manufacturer has erected a factory and warehouse. Facing the railroad is the large show window of the main salesroom. In this window one day a few weeks ago, says the Philadelphia Record, there appeared to the riders on the early morning trains a very pretty girl, who appeared to have paused in the midst of her labor of washing the window to flirt with the travelers. Nearly every male rider who saw her proceeded to flirt with her, and the male riders on all trains that passed during the day did the same. In fact, she has been flirted with ever since, although most of the regular riders have long since learned that the beautiful young girl in the window is but a waxen figure.

Miss Helen Gould's mail each day is simply enormous, and it is made up to a great extent of begging letters.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES THE STORY OF A VETERAN'S SEARCH.

How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 189th N. Y., V. I., Finally Found What He Has Sought Since the War Closed.

(From the Ashtabula, Ohio, Beacon.)

Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y., and from there enlisted in the 189th regiment, N. Y., V. I., with which he went through the war and saw much hard service. Owing to exposure and hardships during the service, Mr Taylor contracted chronic diarrhœa, from which he has suffered now over thirty years, with absolutely no help from physicians. By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been, his disease and the experiments of the doctors had killed him long ago. Laudanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reduced to a skeleton. A year ago he and his wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, Ohio; but the change in health came not. Finally, on the recommendation of F. J. Hoffner, the leading druggist of Geneva, who was cognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box. "As a drowning man grasps a straw, so I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pills I commenced to feel better, and when I had taken the first box I was in fact a new man." That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken more of the pills and his progress is steady, and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.

As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a *Beacon* reporter Mrs. Taylor, who has been his faithful helpmeet these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "To the pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is to-day," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot find words to express the gratitude they feel or recommend too highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case, they will cheerfully answer, as they are anxious that the whole world shall know what Pink Pills have done for them and that suffering humanity may be benefited thereby.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2.50.

The Princess of Wales is a generous patron of the lace school established by Barrett Browning at Azolo, Italy, in memory of his father. She has just left a large order there, which is not the first.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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Costume Etiquette in India.

In India it is only in the cold weather or in Presidency towns, where even the high hat may be sometimes seen, that gloves are tolerated in the day time. For men to wear them in any other circumstances, except, of course, at a dance, would be considered effeminate. Even English ladies dispense with gloves during the hot weather, and accustom themselves to ride and drive without them. One reason for this unusual disregard of home fashions is the fact that leather gloves will not keep in the Indian climate. Ladies have their white dress gloves tinned in boxes like sardines.—New York Dispatch.

A Kansas woman has applied to the Governor for a bounty because she raised thirteen children.

THAT LUMP in a man's stomach which makes him irritable and miserable and unfit for business or pleasure is caused by indigestion. Indigestion, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. The trouble may be in stomach, liver, bowels. Wherever it is, it is caused by the presence of poisonous, refuse matter which Nature has been unable to rid herself of, unaided. In such cases, wise people send down a little health officer, personified by one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, to search out the trouble and remove its cause.

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