Subject: "Surpassing Splendor."

Text: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard."
-I Corinthians ii., 9.

"I am going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven!" These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God forever, and is it not natural as

well as Christianly appropriate that our thoughts be much directed toward the glori-ous residence of which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen?
The city of Corinth has been called the

bewildered the beholder. There were white sometimes with anguish in which the soul marble fountains into which, from apertures breaks down. Goodby! Ah, that is the word at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone. there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the "Corinthiarii," paced up and down to see that no statue was

ing from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves. They had passed their whole lives away among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not

Ah, it was a bold thing' for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mer-cury are not exquisite. You cleadel of cury are not exquisite. You cleaded of Jehovah: this is Jesus!" "I am going to see Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You, Corinthiaus, think this is a splendid city. You think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, what I want to go to heaven with the pare extend into the heard of the correct what Jesus should go away from heaven, what then?" "I should follow him." said neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'

e my text sets forth the idea that, "Massa, where Jesus is there can be no hell" me far short of the reality. wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is heaven, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate—that after all the nations had been gathered to heaven there will be a room for ich soul, a room 16 feet long and 15 feet wide. It would not be large enough for me, I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" nor arithmetic

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sick-ness! Perhaps later—perhaps in these very summer days—you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an ex-uberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations some down to us. The airs that float now on the earth are unlike those which floated above paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a lifelong invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now! Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses! Health of vision. Health of spirits. Immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air. Health flowing in all the streams. Health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem! That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, se him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—forever young again! That night when the needlewoman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitatand her forever. For everlasting years, to have neither ache nor pain nor weakness nor "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not

I remark further that we can in this world get no just idea of the splendor of heaven. St. John tries to describe it. He says, "The twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the walls are garnished

St. John bids us look again, and we see thrones—thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus, throne of God! And we turn round to see the glory, and it is—thrones! Thrones!

St. John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing. Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa and North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves His sword in signal of victory all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns flung out, and all chimes rung, and all halleluiahs chanted, and some cry, "Giory to God most high!" and some, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" and some, inches.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" till al the exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted and there come up surge after surge o "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

'Eye hath not seen it, ear bath not heard t." Skim from the summer waters the orightest sparkles, and you will get no ider of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and the would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not een it, ear hath not heard it.'

I remark further we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the sea and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled and how glad you were to see him. The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed for splendor the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other throughout the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated! After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how with three banks of oars pushed out and contounded the navy yards of all the world.

Huge handed machinery such as galleys years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their factories. contounded the navy yards of all the world.

Huge handed machinery, such as modern we say, "How you have changed!" But, oh, invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the when we stand before the throne, all cares invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all Nations.

The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticees and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christ-mas chant. Goodby! Goodby!

But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but no goodby. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the authem, little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle, little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down before the efaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas re-lef touched. From the edge of the city a -a group this side of the river and a group defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples (1000 slaves awaiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared wifh it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defed the world.

Oh, it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that 3t. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world. They had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in

comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven. Don't ery," and the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into ground, and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and looking down at the body of her mother said, "Is this heaven?" Oh, we have no idea what heaven is. on, we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here. It is darkness here, but there is merry making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the inquisition; rais is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus!" "I am going to see for." "But," said the misssonary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from heaven, what then?" "I should follow him." said the dying negro boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell, what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment, and then he said,

be heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross to go around amid all the groups of the edeemed and shake hands with prophets and apostles and martyrs and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion. We cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on the banks of the Jor-dan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say: "Is it well don't seem to hear. We say: "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the water. None! None! Unbelief says, "They are dead and extinct forever," but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. it and find that they are neither dead not extinct; that they never were so much alive as now; that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorio not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God

hath prepared for them that love Him."

I remark again, we can in this world get no idea of the song of heaven. You know ere is nothing more inspiriting than music. In the battle of Waterloo the Highlanders were giving way, and Wellington found out that the bands of music had ceased playing. He sent a quick dispatch, telling them to play with utmost spirit a battle march. The music started, the Highlanders were rallied, and they dashed on till the day was won. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted up on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Salbaths.

hristian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters cone now, by voices that were aged and proken in the music, voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear these old songs sung it seems as if all the old country meeting homes joined in the chorus, and Scotch kirk and sailor's Bethel and Western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time to the music. Away then with your starveling tunes that chill the devotion of the sanctuary and make the ople sit silent when Jesus is coming to manna.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven? They all know the tune there. Methinks the tune of heaven will be made up partly from the songs of earth, the best parts of all our hymns and tunes going to add to the song of Moses and the Lamb. All the best singers of with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John we see a blaze of amethyst and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the anthems of God roll on, roll! on! Other em-pires joining the harmony till the thrones are full of it and the Nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth nd heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany re-deemed will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with

her matchless voices, I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in the closing bymns of the churches wish in the closing hymns of the churches to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? heaven it might meet half way a song com-ing up from earth!

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 8.

Lesson Text: "Caleb's Reward," Joshua xiv., 5-14 - Golden Text: Joshua xiv., 14--Commentary.

5. "As the Lord commanded Moses, so the children of Israel did, and they divided the land." Moses and Joshua were faithful servants of Jehovah and implicitly obeyed His commands. They left nothing undone that He commanded. Joshua took the whole land and divided it among the tribes, and the land rested from war (chapter xi., 15, 23). But although the land was wholly given to Israel they did not possess it fully (chapter xiii., 1(, and they allowed the Jebusites and Canaanites to dwell among them (chapter xv., 63; xvi., 10; xvii., 12). This disobedience on the part of the people afterward brought fromble upon them (Judge ii., 1, 2). Every true believer in Jesus is now "blessed with all spiritual blessings in the heavenlies in Christ" (Eph. 1. 3). Yet but few enjoy full possession. Many prefer to tolerate a few Canaanites and Jebusites and rather enjoy their ways.

6. "Thou knowest, the thing that the Lord said unto Moses, the man of God, concerning me and thee in Kadesh-barnes." These are the words of Caleb to his old friend and companion, Joshus. Caleb was of the tribe of Judah, and Joshus was of Ephraim (Num. xiii., 6, 8). Only they two of all the spies believed God and urged the neople to go right up and take the laud in the name of the Lord. The Lord said that only they two of all that generation should enter the land (Num. xiv., 30) and that the rest would die in the wilderness because of their unbelief. They, too, would have to wait forty years because of the unbelief of others, but they waited with God, for He others, but they waited with God, for He also waited and was hindered by the unbelief of the neople. Hear His words, "How long will it be ere they believe Me?" "Ob, that My people had hearkened unto Me" (Num. xiv., 11; Ps. Ixxxi., 13).

7. "Forty years old was I when M. see, the

barnea to espy out the land, and I brought him word again as it was in mine heart." His heart was right with God. He believed God and feared to grieve Him. Therefore he spake what was in his heart as in the sight of God and sought not to please the people For this faithfulness he and Joshua were threatened with stones (Num. xiv., 16), but the Lord stood by them. Consider David, with not a human being to stand by him, threatened with stones by his own friends, and observe what he did (I Sam. xxx., 6).

8. "My brethren that went up with me made the heart of the people melt, but I wholly followed the Lord my God." The ten spies had to confess that the land was a good laud, but they made so much of the giants and walled cities; seemed so utterly to forget the power of God in Egypt and at the Red Sea, and to lose light of God altogether that they filled the people with fear and discouragement and with murmurings against God. Many such to-day are seeing themselves and their circumstances, and by unbelief and murmurings are dishonoring God and making infidels.

 God and making infidels.
 "And Moses sware on that day, saving, Surely the land whereon thy feet have trod-den shall be thine inheritance." How Caleb had lived on the word of the Lord all those had lived on the word of the Lorf all those years! They had keen his life, his meat and drink. Perhaps every day he had called to them to mind and been strengthened by them. He may, like David, have pleaded them in prayer, saying, "Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope" (Pa. exix. 49). The word of the Lord is a sure foundation on word of the Lord is a sure foundation on which we may firmly rest. It endureth for-ever, is true from the beginning and is forer settled in heaven (Isa. xl., 8; Ps. exix.,

10. "And now behold the Lord hath kept me alive as He said these forty and five years." It always has been and always will be "As He said." The nobleman of Capernaum "Believed the word that Jesus had spoken" (John iv., 59). Paul said in the storm at sea, "I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me" (Acts xxvii., 25). Abraham was fully persuaded that what Go I had promised He was able to perform (Rom. iv., 21). "The Lord of Hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought, so shall it saying, surely as I have thought, so come to pass, and as I have purposed, so shall it stand" (Isa. xiv., 24). Blessed are all who believe, for there shall be a performance of the things told them by the Lord

(Luke i., 45).

11. "As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me," As strong and hearty at the age of eighty-five as when he was forty. Like Moses, at the age of 120, his eye was not dim nor his natage of 120, his eye was not dim hor his nat-ural force absted (Deut. xxxiv., 7). "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles." "Youth is renewed like the eagle's" (Isa. xl., 31; Ps. ciii., 5). Take as living illustrations of the same grace to-day George Muller in his ninetieth year, journeying and witnessing for Jesus Christ; Dr. David Brown, of Aberdeen, the great commentator, who wrote me November 5, 1894, that, though in his ninety-second year, he was in perfect health. He said, "I have no aches nor pains, am not tired of life, but would like to do a little work for my Master before I go or He comes." Jesus Christ is still the year, same Lesus.

the very same Jesus.
12. "If so be the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord said." He seemed to covet the difficul-God. Being not weak in faith, he gave glory to God. He counted not on his ability, but that God was able. Like Paul he could but that God was able. Like Paul he could say, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." "For when I am weak, then am I strong" (Phil. iv., 13; II Cor. xii., 10). "God with us" is the secret of all strength in His service. See Jer. i., 8, 19; Hag. ii., 4; Math. xxviii., 18-20).

13. "And Joshua blessed him, and gave unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh Hebron for an inheritance." I. was at Hebron that Abraham built an altar unto the Lord and dwelt, after Lot separated himself from him.

dwelt, after Lot separated himself from him. There he welcomed and entertained the Lord Himself, and there the Lord communed with him (Gen. xiii., 18; xviii., 1, 35). Hebron is suggestive of fellowship or communion, and when we have the spirit of Abraham and Caleb we shall know what fellowship

with God means (I John i., 3).

44. "Hebron therefore became the inheritance of Caleb, because that he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel." This following fully is the secret of fellowship," for there can be none with a half hearted following. The part wars care that the old lowing. The next verse says that the old name of Hebron was Kirjath-arba. Arba being a great man among the Amakims, But "arba" is also the Hebrew word for so that it might be the city of four, -Lesson Helper.

Aluminum World's Fair Medals. The Scoville Manufacturing Company of The Scoville Manufacturing Company of Waterbury, Conn., has begun to deliver 24.600 alluminum medals, the awards of the Columbian Exposition. Each is three inches in diameter, made by a separate die, and contains the name of the exhibitor in the language of his own country. The medals are put up in plush-lined boxes, also of aluminum.

Eskimos Starved to Death.

Reports from Northern Labrador show an alarming number of deaths among the Eskimos at Nain, a Moravian missionary settlement on the northern coast. Eighty persons, or one-third of the entire population, have died within the past two months. It is also reported that heavy bodies of ice from Arctic waters have been seen off the coast.

Ensign Joseph C. Ludgate, of the Chicago Salvation Army, is said to be the most rapid singer in the world. He recently sang fifty-

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

POINTS FOR MARKETING.

It takes experience to learn how to select prime fruits and vegetables, and the young housekeeper finds herself the dupe of the market people again and again because she does not know good from bad or fresh from stale in reference to edibles. A few points given by a market-man himself may assist her. To start with, there are potatoes. Select only those with wellfilled jackets and free from sprouts; avoid those that have wrinkled skin and are soft to the touch. Nature intended that the edible portion of the potato should, when, in a healthy condition, fill its skin almost to the bursting point with good, wholesome nourishment. An old potato contains very little that is fit to eat. While they are cheaper than new potatoes, they are really more expensive, because the waste is enormous.

In choosing lemons, seek those with thin skins and that are firm and

The cucumber should be, when thoroughly ripe, streaked with yellow. The dark green variety is the doctors' best sum ner friend. In buying tomatoes, choose the rich red variety, even if they cost more. A tomato that is streaked with white and is hard is a flavorless morsel. To tell if the tomato is perfectly ripe, pull out the stem. If it comes out easily and clean, the vegetable is in a prime condition; if the stem brings with it some portions of the inside the tomato is too ripe for

Watermelons, of course, are always green, and to tell as to the ripeness of them and the condition of the fruit two tests are easily made. The first method is to have your dealer cut out a small plug for your inspection. This is the truly safe way. The other method depends on the hearing. Thump the sides of the melon, and if it gives forth a hollow sound the chances are that it is ripe for the icebox, and after it has been twenty-four hours in the cold to get it thoroughly chilled you may cut it and be satisfied that your guests will be pleased.

Muskmelons, to be prime, should be yellow in color. The green muskmelon, no matter how sweet and juicy, is not in the full perfection of its flavor. Apples to be absolutely fit, should have a mellow appearance, be they of the red, green or russet varieties, and tinged with yellow. In fact, almost every fruit that grows, when in the best condition, takes on a hue of yellow as though to tell that it has received plenty of sunshine to ripen it.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

THE USE OF MINERAL OIL.

Tins in the kitchen feel the magic of mineral oil, and where long scouring was necessary to keep them bright and shining in the past, to-day the up-to-date cook dips her flannel cloth in kerosene, then into powdered lime, or common whiting, and with these ours her tins into a likeness of the keroseue cleaned mirrors, and all with only half the labor. Of course, they want a thorough rinsing in hot suds afterward to free them of all odor, but the real toil of scouring is what she dreads and not the quick and easy

If she has an oil-cloth on her floor, she adds a gill of kerosene to her scouring water, dips a mop in the pail, passes it quickly over the painted surface, dries it with a flannel cloth, and with this slight effort leaves it bright and polished almost as new, love each other, because I never marand an oil-cloth treated in this manner will outlast one scrubbed up in | me, because, you have not paid my the old way twice over. Many a salary. Your donations are mouldy housekeeper's heart has gone nigh to fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their breaking in despair over painted floors | fruits ve shall know them.' Brothers, and balconies which showed every footmark, and were only made dingy and dismal by all efforts to wash them out. A flannel cloth wrung out in cold water and well sprinkled with you, and may the Lord have mercy kerosene makes a painted floor almost as easy to keep as one of the costly Post. hardwoods, and the odor of the cleansing will pass completely away in half an hour. On balconies, indeed, or where the windows of the room are left open during the process, the smell evaporates so quickly as not to be noticed at all .- Baltimore American.

RECIPES.

Cinnamon Cake-Take a piece of bread dough, roll out a quarter of an top, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Let rise and bake.

Lobster Salad-Cover canned or fresh lobster with the following dressing: Beat the yolks of three egge well; add four tablespoonfuls of salad oil very slowly, beating all the time; add a little salt, cayenne pepper, half a teaspoonful of mixed mustard and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

Potato Croquettes-Prepare the mashed potatoes left from dinner by adding one egg, beat well together and form into cylinder-shaped cakes, and set by until supper time. Then dip them in beaten egg, sift over cracker crumbs and drop into boiling hot lard. Cook a delicate brown.

Delicious Rice-Boil one pint of rice, with a little salt, in two quarts of water. Put in small cups and when perfectly cool place in a dish. Make a custard of the yolks of two eggs, one pint of milk and a teaspoonful of cornstarch, havor with lemon. When cold pour over the rice balls.

Huckleberry Cake-Stir one cup of butter and two cups of sugar to a cream. Add beaten yolks of five eggs, then one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, the whites of five eggs beaten stiff and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Thickly dredge one quart of huckleberries and stir in with a wooden spoon or paddle, not to bruise them. Bake in a moderate

Mules in the Mines.

be imprisoned for years in the limitless night of the mines. Our acquaint. ance, "China," had been four years buried. Upon the surface there had been the march of the seasons, the white splendor of snows had changed again and again to the glories of green springs. Four times had the earth been ablaze with the decorations of brilliant autumns. But "China" dungeons from which daylight, if one could get a view up the shaft, would

appear a tiny circle, a silver star

aglow in a sable sky.

Usually, when brought to the surface, these animals tremble at the earth, radiant in the sunshine. Later, they go almost mad with fantastic joy. The full splendor of the heavens, the grass, the trees, the breezes, break upon them suddenly. They caper and career with extravagant mulish glee. Once a miner told me of a mule that had spent some delirious months upon the surface after years of labor in the mines. Finally the time came when he was to be taken back into the depths. They attempted to take him through a tunnel in a hillside. But the memory of a black existence was upon him; he knew that gaping mouth that threatened to swallow him.

the surface. After being long in the mines the mules are apt to duck and dodge at the close glare of lamps, but some of them have been known to have piteous fears of being left in the dead darkness. They seem then, somehow, like ness. They seem then, somehow, like and I honestly believe that the Pink Pilis little children. We met a boy once bave saved my life." who said that sometimes the only way he could get his resolute team to move was to run shead of them with the light. Afraid of the darkness, they would trot huriedly after him, and so take the train of heavy cars to a desired place. - McClure's Magazine.

Horses multiply in Australia almost like rabbits, living entirely upon grass, and never under cover from new life and richness to the blood and refit for the saddle or light harness,

Occasionally English papers contrast the stiff-backed demeanor of the average New York City bluecoat with the bonhomie of the London police- pearest approach to olive oif, and

A PARALYTIC CURED.

It is a common affair for mules to His Grandfather, a Revolutionary Soldier, and His Father Both Died of Paralysis, Yet the Third Generation is Cured --- The Method,

From the Herald, Boston, Mass. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, a stroke of paralysis came to Mr. Frank T. Ware, the well known Boston auctioneer and appraiser, at 235 Washington street. He went to bed one night about six years ago, seemingly in robust health. When he awoke and his friends had remained in these his left side was stiffened by the deadening of the nerves.

The interviewer sought out Mr. Ware to get the facts. He gave the interesting par-ticulars in his own way:
"The first shock came very suddenly while

I was asleep, but it was not lasting it its effects, and in a few weeks I was able to be about. A few months after, when exhausted by work and drenched with rain, I went home in a very nervous state. The result was a second and more severe shock, after which my left arm and leg were practically helpless.

"My grandfather, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and lost an arm in the struggle for American independence, died finally of paralysis. My father also died of paralysis, aithough it was complicated with other troubles, and so I had some knowledge of the fatal character of the disease which is of the fatal character of the disease which is hereditary in our family. After the second shock I took warning, for, in all probability,

a third would carry me off. "Almost everything under the sun was recommended to me and I tried all the remedies that seemed likely to do any good, electricity, massage and specialists, but to

The only thing I found that helped me

He had all the strength of mind for which his race is famous. No cudgellings could induce him. The men held conventions and discussed plans to budge that mule. The celebrated quality of obstinacy in him won him quality of obstinacy in him won him quality of obstinacy in him won him liberty to gambol clumsily about on the surface.

After being long in the mines the overseventy years old, although I am general near the paralysis had the elect of dealer of the liberty to gambol clumsily about on the surface.

After being long in the mines the overseventy years old, although I am general near the liberty to gambol clumsily about on the liberty to gambol clumsily about on the surface. ally taken to be twenty years younger than

"The Pink Pills kept my blood in good condition and I believe that is why I am so well, although cheerfulness may help.
"I have thought of it a great many times

Mr. Ware has every appearance of a per-fectly healthy man, and arrives at his office promptly at eight o'clock every morning, although he has reached an age when many retire from active life. His experience is well known to a great many people in Boston, where his constant cheerfulness has wen him hosts of friends. He says that in his opinion both his father and his grandfather could have been saved if Pink Pills had been distributed by the says that it has a say that the says that it has a say that it has a say that it has been as the says that the says that it has been as the say that the say the say the say that the say that the say that the say the

birth to breaking. In fifteen years a few hundred have become a million. More than three-fourths of them are

A South Dakota farmer this season planted 100 acres of Russian sunflowers. These flowers are grown for the oil of their seeds, which is the commands a high price.

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



A Farewell Sermon.

A country minister in a certain town took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner: "Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-by. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you ry any of you. I don't think you love I am going away to a better place. 1 have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot go, but I go to prepare a place for on your souls. Good-by."-New York

Amusing Thrift,

A curious and amusing demonstration of Teutonic thrift and simplicity has been made at Charing Cross railway station, London. One Saturday night the officials discovered a black box chained to a pillar on the platform. It was removed to the left property office, and not till Monday did a claimant turn up, in the shape inch thick, put thin slices of butter on of what appeared to be a somewhat rustic German clerical student. He had gone on Saturday evening to Margate, and not needing his box and desiring to save cloak room fees, had followed this primitive mode of storage. - New York Advertiser.

The Onward March

stopped short by Dr.
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If
you haven't waited
beyond reason, covery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of case, and we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured by Dr. Piezce's Golden Medical Discovery.

even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

MHO 15 Radway's Ready Relief

Why, the wise mother. Because, when taken internally it cures in a few minutes, Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache,

Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Summer C mplaint, Colic, Flatulency and all intern I pains. DOSE-Half a teaspoonful in half a tumbler Used externally, it will cure Rheumansm, Neuralgia, Mosquito Bites, Stings of Insects, Sunburns, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Coughs,

Colds and all throat troubles. Radway's Ready Relief, aided by Radway's Pills, will cure Fever and Ague; Malarious, Bilious and other Fevers. Fifty Cents a Bottle. Sold by Druggists. RADWAY & CO., New York.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book. A benefit is always experienced from the

first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken. When the lungs are affected it causes

shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label. If the stomach is foul or billous it will

cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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