REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Easter in Greenwood."

TEXT: "*And the field of Hebron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham.*"—Genesis xxiii., 17, 18.

Here is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the king of terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up the ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and now that Sarah, his wife, had died—that remarkable person who, at ninety years of age, had born to her the son Isaac, and who now, after she had reached 127 years, had expired—Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for her last slumber.

Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—400 shekels of silver. The cemetery lot is paid for, and the transfer made in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deals and no halls of record in those early times. Then in a cavern of limestone rock Abraham put Sarah, and a few years after himself followed, and then Isaac and Rebekah, and then Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque and memorable Machpelah! That "God's acre" dedicated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary observances. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with its metropolis.

The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are covered with obelisk and funeral vase and arched gateways and columns and parterres in honor of the inhumated. The Appian way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its arcades of marble sculptured into excellent bas-reliefs and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs, and Constantinople covers with cyprus the silent habitations, and Paris has its Pere-la Chaise, on whose heights rest Balzac and David and Marshal Ney and Cuvier and La Place and Moliere and a mighty group of warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations utmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, mummification and incineration.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of an intelligence or virtue has not many miles away its sacred inclosure, where affection has engaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion as well as its art in the manner which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away by its Cypress Hills, and its Evergreens, and its Calvary and Holy Cross and Friends' cemeteries.

All the world knows of our Greenwood, with now about 270,000 inhabitants sleeping among the hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers, our American Westminster abbey, an Aeropolis of mortuary architecture, at Pantheon of mighty ones ascended, obelisks in stone, Iliads in marble, whole generations in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead.

Among the preachers of the Gospel, Bethune and Thomas De Witt and Bishop James and Tyng and Abeel, the missionary, and Beecher and Baldwington, and McClintock and Inskip, and Bangs and Chapin, and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hastings. Among pulpit orators, Peter Cooper and Jesse T. Hopper, and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the literati, the Carys—Alice and Phoebe—James K. Paulding and John G. Saxe. Among journalists, Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby, Mitchell, warrior as well as astronomer and lovingly called by his soldiers "Old Stars;" Professor Proctor and the Drapers—splendid men, as I well know, one of them my teacher, the other my classmate.

Among inventors Elias Howe, who through the sewing machine did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Professor Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy, the former doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons Joseph C. Hutchinson and Marion Sims and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epitaph, which he ordered cut in honor of Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and Amen." Tais is our American Machpelah, as sweet to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse: "There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah, his wife, and there I buried Leah."

At this Easter season I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question. What will resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is customary all over the land to strew flowers over the graves of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn are so near each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we see to-day had to be petted and coaxed and put under shelter, or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence.

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you suppose indigenous to the far north and others indigenous to the far south—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet marjoram. In the college at Beirut you may see Dr. Post's collection of about 1800 kinds of Holy Land flowers, while among trees are the oaks of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorn, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. Which floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the field, think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spears, His last drop of blood had coagulated. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree shaded. In June Greenwood is Brooklyn's garden.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not this split the polished Aberdeen granite as well as the plain slab that can afford but two words—'Our Mary' or 'Our Charley'? Well, I will tell you how resurrection day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memories are to us now, more beautiful than any calla lily, and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the judgment hurricane, or if the plowshare that day shall turn under the last rose leaf and the last china aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated.

The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You touch the lever, and then there forth the very tones, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty God, without half trying, return the voice of your departed? And if he can return the voice, why not the lips, and the tongue, and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips, and the tongue, and the throat, why not the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice, and the brain, and the muscles, and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection.

Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet in one sense it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that at twelve years of age, when, discussed at the presence of two warts, I took a razor from and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body.

We never lose our identity. If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times in this world, is it mysterious that He can rebuild him once more and then for the resurrection? If He can do it ten times, I think He can do it eleven times. Take look at the seventeen year locusts. For seventeen years gone, at the end of seventeen years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine dressers tremble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years—a wonderful fact!

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of mortal body and with millions of models God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra. Ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man. Extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh, yes. That is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries? Oh, yes. But no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence.

I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eyes open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up in the morning of the resurrection.

They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired!" The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go through this audience and go round the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue.

I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying or business application or bereavement or sickness has put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest in is this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings and even its hilarities are exhausting. So God stops our earthly life and mercifully closes the eyes, and more especially gives quiescence to the lung and heart, that have not had ten minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first beat.

If a drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for twenty-four hours without stopping, his officer would be court-martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy should be commanded to beat his drum for a week without ceasing, day and night, he would die in attempting it. But under your vestment is a poor heart that began its drum-beat for the march of life thirty or forty or sixty or eighty years ago, and it has had no furlough by day or night, and whether in conscious or comatose state it went right on, for if it had stopped seven seconds your life would have closed. And your heart will keep going until some time after your spirit has flown, for the anesthetist says that after the last expiration of lung and the last throb of pulse, and after the spirit is released, the heart keeps on beating for a time. What a mercy, then, it is that the grave is the place where that wondrous machinery of ventricle and artery can halt!

Under the healthful chemistry of the soil all the wear and tear of nerve and muscle and bone will be subtracted, and that bath of good fresh clean soil will wash off the last stain, and the substance of the same style of dust out of which the body of Adam was constructed may be infused into the resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no replenishment from the dust since the time of Adam in paradise, get any recuperation from the storehouse from which he was constructed without our going back into the dust? That original life giving material having been added to the body as it once was, and all the defects left behind, what a body will be the resurrection body! And will not hundreds of thousands of such appearing above the Gowanus heights make Greenwood more beautiful than any June morning after a shower? The dust of the earth being the original material for the fashioning of the first human being, we have to go back to the same place to get a perfect body.

Factories are apt to be rough places, and those who toil in them have their garments grimy and their hands smutched. But who cares for that when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments or exquisite upholstery? What though the grave is a rough place—it is a resurrection body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendant forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world ever saw. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out in shirtings. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and they come out pianos and organs. And so in the factory of the grave you put in pneumonias and consumptions, and they come out health. You put in groans, and they come out hallelujahs. For us, on the final day, the most attractive places will not be the parks, or the gardens, or the palaces, but the cemeteries.

We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come up will be more lustrous than the snow that covered them. If in the autumn, those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts had penciled them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be dull compared with the ruddeaul of their cheeks. Oh, the perfect resurrection body! Almost everybody has some defective spot in his physical constitution—a dull ear, or a dim eye, or a rheumatic foot, or a neuralgic brow, or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some point at which the east wind or a season of overwork assaults him.

But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors and nurses and apothecaries of earth will thereafter have to do will be to rest without interruption after the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beautification of well kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected and been the pasture ground for cattle and roosting place for swine will for the first time have attractiveness given them.

It was a shame that in that place uncreatful generations planted no trees and twisted no garlands, and I sculptured no marble for their Christian ancestry. But on the day of which I speak the resurrected shall make the place of their feet glorious. From under the shadow of the church where they slumbered among nettles and mullein stalks and thistles and stalks nettant, they shall rise with a glory that shall flush the windows of the village church, and by the bell tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old spire beside which their prayers formerly ascended. What triumphal procession never did for a street, what an oratorio never did for an academy, what an orator never did for a brilliant auditory, what obelisk never did for a king, resurrection morn will do for all the cemeteries.

This Easter tells us that in Christ's resurrection our resurrection, if we are His, and the resurrection of all the pious dead, is assured, for He was "the first fruits of them that slept." Bonar says He did not rise, but 500 witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say He did rise, for they saw Him after He had. If He did not rise, how did sixty armed soldiers let Him get away? Surely sixty living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man. Blessed be God! He did get away.

After His resurrection Mary Magdalene saw Him. Cleopas saw Him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem saw Him. On a mount all the eleven saw Him. Five hundred at once saw Him. Professor Ernest Renan, who did not see Him, will excuse us for taking the testimony of the 500 who did see Him. Yes, yes, He got away. And that makes a measure that our departed loved ones and we ourselves shall get away. Freed Himself from the shackles of clod He is not going to leave us and ours in the lurch.

There will be no doorknob on the inside of our family sepulcher, for we cannot come out of ourselves, but there is a doorknob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and, opening, will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise! Arise!" And then what flutter of winged eyes, and what flashing of rekindled eyes, and what gladsome meeting across the family lot, with cries of: "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changed! The cough gone, the group gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come, let us ascend together! The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quick, now, get into line! The upward procession has already started! Steer now by the embankment of cloud for the nearest gate!"

And, as we ascend, on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no larger than a mountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a schooner, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck, and then—

Farewell, dissolving earth! But on the other side, as we rise, heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a sun, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, scepters that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall always roll! Hail, companionships, never again to part! That is what resurrection day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards from the Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated. And that makes Lady Huntington's immortal rhythm most apposite:

When Thou, my righteous Judge, shall come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er in archangel's triumph shall sound
To see Thy smiling face.
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing
While heaven's resounding arches ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

READY-MADE GRIEF.

Pernicious Literature Which Developes Nothing But Morbid Sentimentalism.

There is a certain morbid sentiment among women which is admired and cultivated by many of us who are otherwise sufficiently strong minded. I mean a fondness for a peculiar type of poetry and those terrible little books which are sent by one's friends the moment a bereavement or other trouble occurs. I have known a case where seventeen of these little volumes were received by a mourner within two weeks. The donors had drawn heavy pencil marks around all the most harrowing passages, so that by no chance could they be overlooked, and over those books were spent hours and hours of weeping, that certainly did not make the loss any easier to bear.

Nor are mourners the only women who indulge themselves in this way. The very happiest of women will treasure scraps of verses from the newspapers descriptive of the most heartrending sorrow, and make themselves cry over them with real enjoyment.

What I desire to emphasize is that women do themselves a great deal of harm by indulging this morbid sentiment. It takes the place of wiser, more healthful thoughts and condolence. It is exactly as pernicious as is reading medical books, a study of which will convince nervous persons that they have every disease therein described.

There is more comfort in a verse of Scripture, a warm hand clasp, and half an hour's hard work, than in a shelf full of the morbid little volumes. As for the verses, instead of reading and crying over them, men, and women would better be laying in a good stock of happy, wholesome ideas and thoughts, to help them bear the troubles when they actually do come.—February Donahoe's.

An Old-Time Philanthropist.

More than 200 years ago he lived and, as written, "was regarded as a person of no small skill," which in our time would be termed, "having rare faculty with tools." He constructed for personal use "a coach with a movable kitchen in it, so fitted with clockwork machinery that steaks could be broiled, a joint of meat be roasted, or soup made as he traveled." The side table in his dining-room was furnished with a large fountain of water.

Once upon a time when there was great scarcity of water at the place of his residence, and he feared that the poor would suffer for lack of pure water, he directed that a well should be sunk near his own house, and over it was constructed an ingenious pump. It was then pronounced ready for gratuitous use for the public.

A tablet let into the wall of his house bore the following record of his benefaction:

"Sir Samuel Moreland's well, the use of which he freely gives to all persons, hoping that none who shall come after him will adventure to incur God's displeasure by denying a cup of cold water (provided at another's cost and not their own) to either neighbor, stranger, passenger, or poor thirsty beggar. July 8, 1695."

The pump has been removed, but the stone bearing the inscription was preserved in the garden of the house. This most worthy gentleman "of heavenly instinct" was made Baronet by Charles II, in 1690.—Harper's Bazar.

He Bears a Great Responsibility.

It may indeed be a great achievement to discover a continent and open it up to civilization, as explorers have done in Africa, but there is a reverse side to the picture.

This, I must admit, I did not realized until a friend recently called it to my attention in narrating the remarks of his little daughter, who had reached Africa in her geography.

Returning home one evening recently he found the little miss in tears, and inquiring the reason learned between sobs that she could not memorize the hard names of the countries, rivers, and mountain peaks of the African continent.

Picking up the geography the gentleman glanced at Africa for the first time in twenty years, and was himself surprised at the amazing changes.

"Why," said he to the little one, "how it has changed! There are a dozen contries now where there was but one when I was a little boy. All the center of the continent was a blank then. Stanley has done wonderful work."

"Yes, papa: that's it. Mr. Stanley's responsible for it all. If he hadn't discovered all these nasty old countries and rivers and mountains then I could learn Africa just as you did when you was little."

The father could not restain a smile at this, for it called to mind only too vividly the earth tortues of hard geographical names, and he could easily realize how little Stanley's work was relished by the schoolchildren of the present generation.

A Costly Fence.

The big fence which surrounds the palace of Cornelius Vanderbilt, at Fifth avenue and Fifty-eighth street, is commented upon a good deal by out-of-town correspondents and others interested in the doings of this multi-millionaire. The fence is by no means a remarkable one to the casual observer, says the New York Sun. It is an iron fence, ten or twelve feet high, and similar to those in general use in Paris and Berlin. A member of the firm of iron workers who manufactured this fence, in speaking of it recently, said that it was a better piece of work than it seemed to be from the outside. It is wrought iron, not cast iron and it cost Mr. Vanderbilt $42,000.

—"Use boiled water to mix bread," says an expert on sanitary cooking.

Any life that is worth living for must be a struggle, a swimming, not with, but against the stream.

True love makes mankind commit many follies, but seldom, if ever, makes them commit crimes.

Occupation is the necessary basis of all enjoyment.

High-priced men are least often out of employment.

Nobility with virtue is a fine setting without a gem.

A live Yankee is like a trout—uneasy in or out of the water.

Fishing for compliments is nearly as bad as fishing on Sunday.

In the shoemaking business the first is the last and the last first.

Mrs. Eliza E. Hills
Fenner, N. Y.

Agonizing Headaches

Indigestion—Distress in the Stomach.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Accomplishes Desired Results.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Dear Sirs: I gladly testify to the efficacy and curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla and cheerfully state that it has done wonders for me. For years I have been a great sufferer from agonizing headaches and

Distress in the Stomach

after eating and at other times, accompanied by sour stomach. I was very bad with indigestion also. I noticed in different papers mention of the cures Hood's Sarsaparilla had wrought and thought I would try it. It has

Accomplished the Desired Results.

The pain and distress in the stomach and the severe headache spells have been overcome as well as my indigestion. I can now enjoy a meal without any distress and can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as one of the best of medicines." ELIZA E. HILLS, Fenner, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable, and efficient.

A Remarkable Confederacy of Savages.

The Iroquois, as they were named by the French, or the Five Nations, as they called themselves, hung like a cloud over the whole great continent. Their confederation was a natural one, for they were of the same stock and spoke the same language, and all attempts to separate them had been in vain. Mohawks, Jayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas, and Senecas were proud of their own totems and their own chiefs, but in war they were Iroquis, and the enemy of one was the enemy of all. Their numbers were small, for they were never able to put two thousand warriors in the field, and their country was limited, for their villages were scattered over the track which lies between Lake Champlain and Lake Ontario. But they were united, they were cunning, they were desperately brave, and they were fiercely aggressive and energetic. Holding a central position, they struck out upon each side in turn, never content with simply defeating an adversary, but absolutely annihilating and destroying him, while holding all the others in check by their diplomacy. War was their business, and cruelty their amusement. One by one they had turned their arms against the various Nations, until for a space of over a thousand square miles none existed save by sufferance. They had swept away Hurons and Iuron missions in one fearful massacre. They had destroyed the tribes of the northwest, until even the distant Sacs and Foxes trembled at their name. They had scoured the whole country westward, until their scalping parties had some into touch with their kinsmen the Sioux, who were lords of the great plains, even as they were of the great forests. The New England Indians in the east, and the Shawnees and Delawares further south, paid tribute to them, and the terror of their arms had extended over the borders of Maryland and Virginia. Never perhaps in the world's history has so small a body of men dominated so large a district and for so long a time.

For half a century these tribes had nursed a grudge towards the French, since Champlain and some of his followers had taken part with their enemies against them. During all these years they had brooded in their forest villages, lashing out now and again in some border outrage, but waiting for the most part until their chance should come. And now it seemed to them that it had come. They had destroyed all the tribes who might have allied themseves with the white men. They had isolated them. They had supplied themselves with good guns and plenty of ammunition from the Dutch and English of New York. The long thin line of French settlements lay naked before them. They were gathered in the woods like hounds in leash, waiting for the orders of their chiefs which should precipitate them with torch and with tomahawk upon the belt of villages.—Harper's Magazine.

A Machine for Checking Moneys.

A useful machine has been constructed for recording and checking moneys received. The device consists of a stamp which bears on its base an impression plate holding the words received, name and date. Figures are placed on three wheels, on the shafts of which are a second series of wheels, so arranged that any combination of figures shown outside the stamp are also shown inside, and the same figures are thus printed on the record paper in the top of the stamp as are imprinted on the invoice paper underneath. Each time the stamp is used the recoil of the handle carries forward the record paper so as to present a fresh surface for the next printing, and by a simple arrangement inside the stamp no receipt can be given without the record paper being moved. It is therefore impossible to give a receipt without recording the transaction inside the apparatus. The stamp can be adjusted and a receipt given in one-third the time occupied in writing a receipt, with the further advantage that the apparatus cannot make mistakes.—Chicago News Record.

Smart Conjuring.

A corporal and two privates, having in their custody a deserter, were resting themselves at a country tavern not long ago.

The deserter amused his guardians with several entertaining sleight-of-hand tricks, but being encumbered with handcuffs, complained that he could not display his skill to advantage, and requested to having his hands at liberty, whilst he exhibited a trick which he described.

This being agreed to, he proceeded to tie the hands of the three soldiers and his own together with a handkerchief, and he was to loose the four with one motion simultaneously.

The magic knots were tied, but they all remained firm except the one which held the deserter. This came asunder with a touch, when he lifted up the sash and darted through the window, leaving his keepers raging at each other like ill-coupled hounds. The deserter has not been seen since.—Yankee Blade.

THE Christian who is not helping to take the world for Christ is not following very closely in the footsteps of his Master.

Trained dogs will hereafter aid the french life-savers on the coast.

The annual catalogue of the Pennsylvania State College is being widely distributed throughout the State to persons requesting it. It is an interesting publication of almost two hundred pages. The institution, located in Center county, exists under the appropriations made by the national government to the several states and under the liberal grants of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The catalogue shows a prosperous year and a very remarkable growth during the past few years of its development along industrial lines. There are 316 students in attendance, pursuing eleven different courses; nine technical (scientific) and two general. Electrical Engineering attracts the largest number of students; Mechanical Engineering comes next, closely followed by Civil and Mining Engineering. Chemistry, Physics and Agriculture are also well represented. There are forty-one in the corps of instructors. Courses in Mining Engineering and in Higher Mathematics have been added during the year. A number of graduate students are working in electrical and mechanical lines. The very full directions for preparing for entrance show that a good standard is maintained and guarantees a work creditable to the culmination of the public school system of the State. Examinations for entrance are announced for various parts of the State about August 27th.

Twenty-five Hoop Skirts Accounted For

"Since the crinoline craze is on again I notice that some inquisitive person recently wanted to know of the Republic where all the old-fashioned hoop skirts so popular with our mothers have gone," said George Parks. "I can answer the question as to some of them at any rate. In one instance about twenty-five are lying in the bottom of the Arkansas River, and the way they got there formed one of the most laughable incidents I ever witnessed.

"It was soon after the war, and crinolines had recently been emancipated, when one day a band of about twenty-five Indians appeared in the little town of Van Buren to trade. After spending all their money they went from store to store, every one crowding in, and would stand around for half an hour until they were given some trifle, when they would leave. It was in January, and at one place a clerk had given each of the bucks a palm-leaf fan, which they carried in their hands, and with which they fanned themselves vigorously. At another place the proprietor was puzzed to know how to get rid of his unwelcome visitors, for a long time, but finally hit upon a happy expedient. Stored away in the garret was a stock of crinolines. He got them out and presented each of the noble red men with one, explaining that they were to take them home as presents to their squaws; and to show them how they were worn a clerk buckled one around him. This was satisfactory, and with a grunt of pleasure they filed out; but, imbued with the idea that what was good for squaw was good for buck also, they retired to an alley, from which they presently emerged and marched down the street in file, every mother's son of them having his hoop skirt fastened to his waist and carrying his fan. The sight was ludicrous enough to have made a horse laugh, and as they marched sedately along a perfect roar of laughter greeted them.

"Pretty soon, however, the bucks discovered that they were made sport of, and they tore off their new dresses, and, carrying them to the river bank, threw them in and cast the palm leaves after them."—St. Louis Republic.

You can tell more about a man's character by trading horses with him than you can by hearing him talk in prayer-meeting.

THERE is something wrong if you feel spiteful whenever you see another woman wearing a better bonnet than you can afford.

THERE are plenty of places where a preacher's testimony will do the Lord more good than in a patent medicine advertisement.

After reading the following letters can any one longer doubt that a trustworthy remedy for that terribly fatal malady, consumption, has at last been found? If these 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, coming, as 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.

K. C. Declin, Esq., of Kempsville, Princess Anne Co., Va., whose portrait heads this article, writes: "When I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I was very low with a cough and at times spit up much blood. I was not able to do the least work, but most of the time was in bed. I was all run-down, very weak, my head was dizzy and I was extremely despondent. The first bottle I took did not seem to do me much good, but I had faith in it and continued using it until I had taken fifteen bottles and now I do not look nor feel like the same man I was one year ago. People are astonished and say, 'well, last year this time I would not have thought that you would be living now.' I can thankfully say I am entirely cured of a disease which, but for your wonderful 'Discovery' would have resulted in my death."

Even when the predisposition to consumption is inherited, it may be cured, as verified by the following from a most trustful and much respected Canadian lady, Mrs. Thomas Vansicklin, of Brighton, Ont. She writes: "I have long felt it my duty to acknowledge to you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Pleasant Pellets' have done for me. They almost raised me from the grave. I had three brothers and one sister die of consumption and I was speedily following after them. I had severe cough, pain, copious expectoration and other alarming symptoms and my friends all thought I had but a few months to live. At that time I was persuaded to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the first bottle acted like magic. Of course, I continued on with the medicine and as a result I gained rapidly in strength. My friends were astonished. When I commenced the use of your medicines, six years ago, I weighed but 120 pounds and was sinking rapidly. I now weigh 135, and my health continues perfect."

Mrs. Thos. Vansicklin

"Golden Medical Discovery" cures consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, nasal catarrh, bronchitis, severe coughs, asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

"Golden Medical Discovery" does not make fat people more corpulent, but for thin, pale, puny children, as well as for adults reduced in flesh, from any cause, it is the greatest flesh-builder known to medical science. Nasty cod liver oil and its "emulsions," are not to be compared with it in efficacy. It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the *solid flesh* and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

To brace up the entire system after the grip, pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases; to build up needed flesh and strength, and to restore health and vigor when you feel "run-down" and "used-up" the best thing in the world is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promotes all the bodily functions, rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates *the entire system*.

A Treatise on Consumption, giving numerous testimonials with phototype, or half-tone, portraits of those cured, numerous references, also containing successful Home Treatment for chronic nasal catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, and kindred diseases, will be mailed by the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., on receipt of six cents in stamps, to pay postage. Or The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1,000 pages, 800 illustrations, mailed for $1.50.

Hunting the Alligator in Florida.

L. J. Hill gives some lively experience of hunts after alligators in Florida. He says the hunting is done at night in a small boat. One man stands in the bow of the boat with a bullseye lantern; another uses the oars; while a third is ready with a rifle to do the shooting. The lantern shines the eyes of the alligator. On the dark and placid bosom of the lake the 'gator's eyes shine like two balls of fire. Noiselessly the boat is moved to where the balls of fire glisten. When within a few feet of the alligator the rifleman sends a ball crashing into his head between the eyes. If the shot is a good one, the 'gator turns over on his back and is hauled into the boat. Sometimes when only badly wounded the alligator gives much trouble and is likely to prove dangerous.—Atlanta Journal.

She—"How did the amateurs do the trial scene last night?" He—"Immensely. It was the greatest trial I ever lived through."—Statesman.

He—"What a beautiful picture Miss Blanche Rouge makes besides the portiere." She—"Yes, she is exquisitely painted."—Texas Siftings.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

The speed of the newest rapid-fire guns is at the rate of 1968 miles an hour.

216 Bus. 8 Lbs. Oats From One Bus. Seed.

This remarkable, almost unheard-of yield was reported to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., by Frank Winter, of Montana, who planted one bushel of Great Northern Oats, carefully tilled and irrigated same, and believes that in 1894 he can grow from one bushel of Great Northern Oats three hundred bushels. It's a wonderful oat. IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 8c postage to the above firm will receive sample package of above oats and their mammoth farm seed catalogue. A.

English opthalmic authorities say that the incandescent lamp judiciously placed and shaded is superior to any other artificial illuminant in its effect on the eyes.

When Dobbins' Electric Soap was first made in 1865 it cost 20 *cents a bar*. It is *precisely* the same ingredients and quality now and *doesn't cost half*. Buy it of your grocer and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

The latest pattern of rapid-fire guns throw a projectile through the air at the rate of 2287 feet per second, or 1958 miles an hour.

Your wife can buy several articles for $1; you need $2 worth of mailable articles in the drug line; you mail the order to E. A. Hall, Charleston, S. C., and save $1. Your wife is happy, your are, and so will it it be. Free catalogue.

In a square inch of the human scalp the hairs number about 1000, and the whole number on an adult scalp is about 120,000.

Tested by Time. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

Motormen who ring gongs with their feet get peculiar pedal malady which they call "trolley foot."

Japanese Tooth Powder. Genuine.

A large box mailed for 10 cents. Lapp Drug Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Alcohol is distilled from sweet potatoes, one bushel of the potatoes yielding a gallon of the fluid.

If afflicted with soreeyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

The diamond has been found on all continents and in almost every country in the world.

A wonderful stomach corrector—Beecham's Pills. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

The pearl is only carbonate of lime, is readily effected by acids and burns into lime.

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES MAGICALLY

SPRAINS.

Chronic Cases of Many Years Cured Easily.

MY BABY.

I awaited my baby this morning,
As I wait for him every day,
To come from his early breakfast
So loving and blithe and gay.
With his books slung over his shoulder,
And his little cap in his hand,
To take sweet leave of his mother,
To look in her eyes, and stand
A moment beside her, smile,
As he goes through the pretty rule
Of kissing her twice, "Good-by! Good-by!"
Ere he trudges away to school.

I waited in vain for my darling:
I could not believe my eyes
When I saw him bound over the threshold
Out under the bright spring skies,
So eager to join his comrades
A moment he could not miss,
He had gone away and forgotten—
Forgotten my good-by kiss!

It seemed as some cruel monster
Had snatched him away from my arms!
My child! Had his mother's petting
No longer its soothing charms?
Alas! 'tis the old, old story
The mother must take her place
In his heart, in a far-off corner,
With her dear old yearning face
Shrined dimly within his memory,
While newer, more thrilling ties
Wind in and out 'mong his heartstrings
And cling to his lips and eyes.
Comrades, and sports, and sweetheart,
Now one thing, now another,
Alas for my boy, he's my "baby" no more—
He's forgotten to kiss his mother!

—Belle Hunt, in New York World.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Dissolved in tears—Salt.

"Lights out"—The absconding cashier.

"I'll just make a night of it," said the sun as he went down.

The largest part of most people is the wish bone.—Atchison Globe.

Can a newspaper war properly be termed a scrap of paper?—Texas Siftings.

If a great lawyer is a legal light, is a great electrician an electric light?—Life.

He—"If I should—er—ask you to marry me——." She—"You'd make the thirteenth."—Life.

He—"What can I do to prove my love for you?" She—"Don't speak about it any more."—Siftings.

Women are not cruel to dumb animals. No woman will willfully step on a mouse.—Richmond Recorder.

A despatch from Montana says the Crow Indians show fight. No doubt they have caws.—Lowell Courier.

It is odd that there is one thing a self-made man was never known to do; and that is to "finish" himself.—Puck.

"My wife," said Squills proudly, "is queen of the tea table, and she never reigns but she pours."—Drake's Magazine.

"That's 'a new way to pay old debts,'" remarked the tailor, when Chappy came in and paid him in full.—Truth.

A Germantown baker sent fifty big gingercakes to the local almshouse last week. A very nice dough-nation.—Philadelphia Record.

Best of all

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1.