

Encounter with the Jay, the gas...
 An outside pocket. It is a sort of apartment in which he carries around his family, but this is really suggestive as a use of outside pockets in the overall scheme of things. It is a sort of pocket for the pocket, and when it is entirely closed, it is a sort of pocket for the pocket, and when it is entirely closed, it is a sort of pocket for the pocket.

Business Cannot be Cured
 Applications, as they cannot reach the part of the body which is the seat of the disease, and that is by constituting a cure for the disease. It is a sort of pocket for the pocket, and when it is entirely closed, it is a sort of pocket for the pocket.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents
 The only cure. Why not No-To-Bac? It is a sort of pocket for the pocket, and when it is entirely closed, it is a sort of pocket for the pocket.

Humors
 In the blood in the Spring. Boils, eruptions, and eruptions appear, and the skin is in a generally debilitated condition. It is a sort of pocket for the pocket, and when it is entirely closed, it is a sort of pocket for the pocket.

Wood's Sarsaparilla
 The best in fact. The One True Blood Purifier. It is a sort of pocket for the pocket, and when it is entirely closed, it is a sort of pocket for the pocket.

V.L. DOUGLAS
 3 SHOE. In the World. It is a sort of pocket for the pocket, and when it is entirely closed, it is a sort of pocket for the pocket.

10000 Reward in Gold!
 Well Worth Trying For. It is a sort of pocket for the pocket, and when it is entirely closed, it is a sort of pocket for the pocket.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
 For the Whiskers, Mustache, and Eyebrows. It is a sort of pocket for the pocket, and when it is entirely closed, it is a sort of pocket for the pocket.

W. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS
 STANDARD PAINT FOR STRUCTURAL PURPOSES. It is a sort of pocket for the pocket, and when it is entirely closed, it is a sort of pocket for the pocket.

Going Easy on Jim.
 I was talking with a lawyer in his office in one of the mountain villages when the door opened and a typical native entered. He looked sharply at me, nodded to the lawyer, and sat down on a chair with his shotgun on his knees.

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DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.
 A GOSPEL MESSAGE.
 Subject: "Wings of Seraphim."

TEXT: "With twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."—Isaiah vi, 2.

In a hospital of leprosy good King Uzziah had died, and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one ought to do in times of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons, who made up his family, he has a dream not like the dreams of ordinary character, which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive, and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The ancient temple-building grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any ear or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne, the brightest celestial, not the cherubim, but higher than they, the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants—the seraphim. They are called by the name of the six-winged creatures, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs, which suggest a human being, there are pinions which suggest the lily, the swiftest, the most buoyant and the most aspiring of all unincorporated creation—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Two of the wings were raised and flashed with pinions, not folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing near the throne, overwhelmed at the majesty of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover the feet."

Scandalizing there, overpowered by the overtones of God's glory and majesty, he closed his eyes with twain, and with twain he covered his face. "With twain he covered his face." Then, as God tells this seraph to go to the farthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy and gladness, he does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined velocity. "With twain he covered his face." The most practical and useful lesson for you and me, when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is the lesson of humility in perfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that He changes their with tolly, the seraphs are beneath God and we so far beneath the seraph in service we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service! Our feet, how many missteps they have taken! Our feet, in how many paths of worldliness and folly have they walked!

With twain he covered his face. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God-poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for oration. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignations, his less an irreparable disclaimer, its health an invaluable equipment. If you want to know its path of God, it is the path of the seraph. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making missteps, so often going in the wrong direction, God knowing every step, the patriarch saying, "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear, not to mention crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not to go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we? "With twain he covered his feet."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is bragado and sin. Our nature started at the hand of God, royal, but it has been a punishment. There is a man in England which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly maintained with stone and brick, but that wall afterward became the centre of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabres compelled the gardener, William von Kyslow, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged, and 300 feet and half dead were dug into the well for quick and easy burial, so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after people looked down into the well and they saw the bleached skulls, but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the smiles of sin have fouled around it and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium tower was. Unclean, unclean.

plidity however learned, reverence for incapacity however finely imagined, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence a characteristic of all great leaders. You hear it in the roll of the master orator. You see it in the Raphael and Titian and Ghirlandajo. You study it in the architecture of the Abolitionists and Christopher Westons. Do not forget about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun about the Bible. Do not deride the Eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon Him. Involuntarily the wings come up. "With twain he covered his face."

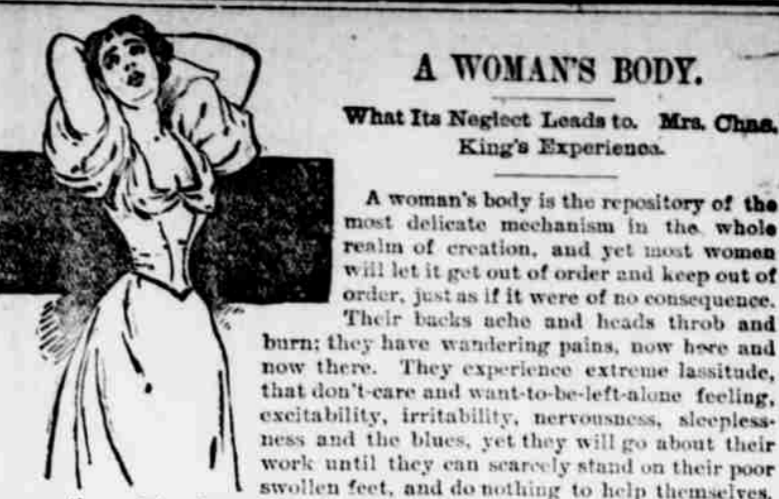
Who is this God before whom the arrogant and intrustable refuse reverence? There was an engraving by the name of Alexander the Great, who was in the employ of Alexander the Great, and he offered to hew a mountain in the shape of his master, the emperor, the enormous figure to hold in the left hand a city of 10,000 inhabitants, while in the right hand it was to hold a basin large enough to collect all the mountain torrents. Alexander applauded him for his imagination, but for the enterprise because of its wastefulness. Yet I have to tell you that our King holds in one hand all the cities of the earth, and in the other, while he has the stars of heaven for his tiara.

Earthly power goes from hand to hand from Henry I to Henry II and Henry III, and from Charles I to Charles II, but from everlasting to everlasting is God. God the first, God the last, God the only. He has one telescope, with which he sees everything—his omnipotence. He has one bridge, with which he crosses everything—his omnipotence. He has one hammer, with which he builds everything—his omnipotence. But two things are in the palm of his hand, and I will overlook the palm of his hand, and I will overlook the palm of his hand, and I will overlook the palm of his hand, and I will overlook the palm of his hand.

As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers, so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original force indicating that God takes all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ten times. You say it is five hand breadths or it is ten hand breadths. So indicates the prophet that with the balance that Isaiah saw suspended, which he saw God putting into the scales the Alps and the Apennines and Mount Washington and the Sierra Nevada? You see the earth had to be balanced. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe, or too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa, or too much weight in America, so when God made the mountains he weighed them. The Bible is a balance scale. God knows the weight of the great ranges that cross the continents, the tons, the pounds, the ounces, the grains, the milligrams—just how much they weighed then and just how much they weigh now. "He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." Oh, what a God to run against! Oh, what a God to disagree! Oh, what a God to disagree! Oh, what a God to disagree! Oh, what a God to disagree! Oh, what a God to disagree!

Buy your dollar horses. Kentucky Farmer Expects His Hogs on Equine Flesh. Every imaginable kind of horse save a good and serviceable one is taken to Georgetown, Ky., on short days to be traded off. Freight charges are made to twenty-five cents to boot and many amusing sights are witnessed on "jockey row," as it is called. In connection with this trading in worn-out horses a new industry has sprung up. A man from Woodford County was in the trading crowd buying all the horses he could get for \$1 per head. He kills them, feeds the flesh to his horse, sells the skins and bones and finds it profitable. Whenever he buys a horse for a dollar and he can sell it for two he lets it go, otherwise it is fed to the hogs.

The Emperor's Surrender. While taking his daily constitutional with the Empress in the Phoenician, Berlin, Emperor William of Germany passed a laborer who stared at him but did not salute. His Majesty turned, called upon the man to halt, and then, touching his hat in military fashion, said: "My man, if you do not wish to salute your Emperor, at least you might say proper respect to the Empress." Then, turning on his heel, the Emperor left the man standing in a state of considerable astonishment. Injured by a Pigeon. Mrs. Cora Stenehard, of Kreams, Mercer County, was struck in the face by a flying pigeon at Shrook, Pa. The woman's neck was broken, but the physician deemed it in place of her mind, and it was very interesting for her recovery. The pigeon was killed.



A WOMAN'S BODY.
 What Its Neglect Leads to. Mrs. Chas. King's Experience.
 A woman's body is the repository of the most delicate mechanism in the whole realm of creation, and yet most women will let it get out of order and keep out of order, just as if it were of no consequence. Their backs ache and heads throb and burn; they have wandering pains, now here and now there. They experience extreme lassitude, that don't-care and want-to-be-left-alone feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness and the blues, yet they will go about their work until they can scarcely stand on their poor swollen feet, and do nothing to help themselves.



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