THIMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON ELOQUENT DISCOURSE

picel: "Invited to a Banquet."

opring hither the fatted calf and Luke xv., 23.

ages of the world it has been custom siebrate joyful events by festivity, inauguration of presidents, the on of kings, the Christmas, the mar-However much on other days of the may have stinted supply, on as llay there must be something The world said he would never come

The world said he would never come the old man always said his son some back. He had been looking for an after day and year after year. He would come back. Now having reto his father's house the father proceederation. There is in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to uterparity, so as to be ready for some that we have that might come along. Ab ov that might come along. Ah, of joy that might come along. An, or would be a grander day on the tead than this day! Let the butch-neir work, and the housekeepers the table the smoking meat. The the table the smoking meat. will take their places, and the gay fill move up and down the floor, rients and neighbors are gathered

embrance of the trouble he had seen, by now. Let the covers lift, Music, deal and he is alive again! He was he is found! By such bold imagery Bible set forth the merrymaking

oul comes home to God.
It all, there is the new convert's joy. ame thing to become a Christian. tremendous moment in a man's en he surrenders himself to God, est time on the father's homestead the boy comes back. Among the rong who in the parlors of our church al Christ one night was a young man morning rang my door bell and I cannot contain myself with the I came here this morning to ex-have found more joy in five serving God than in all the years predigality, and I came to say so. een perhaps a man running for erty and the officers of the oral hearty and the balcers of the r him, and you saw him escape, or d you hear the judge had pardoned ad how great was the glee of that res-an; but it is a very tame thing, that, pared with the running for one's ever-ng life, the terrors of the law after him Christ coming in to pardon and bless escue and save. remember John Bunyan in his great

ry tells how the edigrim put his fingers to ears and ran, crying: "Life, life, eternal " A poor car driver some time ago, having had to struggle to supthis family, suddenly was informed that age inheritance was his, and there was a amounting to be wilderment, but that is mail thing compared with the experience one when he has put in his hands the title is to the joys, the raptures, the spiendors baren, and he can truly say, "Its mans are mine, its temples are mine, its gs are mine, its God is mine!" Oh, it is immething to become a Christian. It is nerrymaking. It is the killing of the ed calf. It is a jubilee. You know the ile never compares it to a funeral, but ys compares it to something delightful, more apt to be compared to a banquet manything else. It is compared in the ming, rosente, fireworked, mountain

essons about pardon, and peace, and life, deemfort, and hope, and heaven, and is them into one garland and put it on a brow of the humblest child of God in a assemblage and cry, "Wear it, wear it wear it forever, son of God, daughter the Lord God Almighty!" Oh, the joy of a new convert! Oh, the gladness of the ristina service! You have seen someies a man in a religious assembly get up I give his experience. Well, Paul gave expedence. He arose in the presence two churches, the church on earth and the arch in heaven, and he said, "Now this is arch in heaven, and he said, "Now this is a special sp

Oh," he replied, "since I tound the Lord I we haver had any pain except sin!? Then ey said to him, "Would you like to send a ssage to your friends?" "Yes, I would. I them that only last night the love of us came rushing into my soul like the rest of the sea, and I had to cry out, op, Lord, it is enough; stop, Lord, lop, Lord, it is enough; stop, Lord— cugh!" On, the joys of this Christian reon! Just pass over from those tame joys which you are indulging, joys of rid, into the raptures of the gospel. rideannot satisfy you. You have found a cut. Alexander longing for other worlds der and yet drowned in his own bot-Byron whipped by disquietudes around cursing his own soul weels, voltaire cursing his own soul-ideal the streets of Paris were applaud-tion: Henry II consuming with hatred that poor Thomas a Becket— finitiations of the fact that this rid cannot make a man happy.

e very man who poisoned the pommei of
saidle on which Queen Elizabeth rode
auted in the street, "God save the Queen!"

e mement the words. be mement the world applauds, and the moment the world anathe matizes. Ob, me over into this greater joy, this sublime her, this magnificent beatifude! The night for the of the Lattle of Shiloh, and there were usuals of wood led on the field, and the bulances had not come, one Christian dierlying there a-dying under the start began to sing!

There is a land of pure delight. And when he came to the next line there

e scores of voices singing: Where saints immortal reign. The song was caught up all through the ids among the wounded until it was said are were at least 10,000 wounded men unit-

their voices as they came to the verse; There everlasting spring abides And never withering flowers. Tis but a narrow stream divides

This heavenly land from ours. Oh, it is a great religion to live by and a has teligion to die by! There is only one hart throb between you and that religion. Is look into the face of your pardoning of and surrender yourself for time and for emity, and Ho ed and surrender yourself for time and for strait, and He is yours and heaven is sons and all is yours. Some of you, like a young man of the text, have gone far tray. I know not the history, but you sout it, you know it. When a young man ent forth into life, the legend says, his sadian angel went forth with him, and thing him into a field, the guardian angel sept a circle around where the young man od. It was a circle of virtue and honor a he must not siep beyond that circle.

armed fees came down, but were obliged to bait at that circle. They could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamonded hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grade of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest of state should gather in angry contest and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power, the strange power, which delirium sometimes gives one, she arose and stood in front of the one, she arcse and stood in front of the clock and stood there watching the clock and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peonitar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon clock? She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history design and has returned to his father's eling and has returned to his father's the world said he would never come. before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour and every swing of the pendulum would say, "Now, now, now, now." Oh, come home to your Father's house! Come home, O prodigal, from the wilderness! Come home, come home!

wilderness! Come home, come home!

But I notice that when the prodigal came, there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter. Go and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in. We have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your father. I have not much sympathy with the description of God I sometimes hear, as though He were a Turkish suitan, hard series and neighbors are gathered extra supply assent out to the servants. The father presides at and says grace, and thanks God our absent toy is home again, but missed him, how glad they are heard.

This is a great ado about this tad boy should have been instead of greeted. Veal is too im? But the father says. "Noth-This had boy should have been instead of greeted. Veal is too im? But the father says, "Nothtenough." There sits the young lat the hearty reception, but a sorrow fitting across his brow at God is not a sultan, not a despot, but a laten hearty reception. God is not a sultan, not a despot, but a Father-kind, leving, forgiving-and He makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," He says, "in the death of him that dieth." All may "in the death of him that dieth." All may be sayed. If a man does not get to heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the surroundings, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them and as God is greater than ride one of them, and as God is greater than all, His joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in His heart the comes back there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of glainess, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, all the thrones of pomp and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth and higher than all height and wider than all width and vaster than all immensity. It overtops it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splender and joy of the universe and who can tell what God's joy is? You remember reading the story of a king who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, who sent valuable presents among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers, but methinks, when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express his joy He flings out new worlds into space and kindles up new sums and rolls among the white rolled anthems of the reseemed a greater hallolulah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frank-incense and is echoed back from the ever-lasting gates he cries, "This, my son, was dead, and he is alive again!"

At the opening of the exposition in New Orieans I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight of ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in, but the sound of the one flute as compared with all the orchestras was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resound-ing heart of Almighty God. For ten years a father went three times a day to the dopot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said, "He will come back." The strain was too much and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning, wish I could to-day take all the Bible extends about pardon, and pence, and life, demfort, and hope, and heaven, and it could be seen and the train, its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night he was there again, watchidg the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years, waiting, waiting, watching, watching and if now the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home. You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will,

I notice also that when a prodigal comes I notice also that when a product comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Ob, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hard-ships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with amortion but I confess to you. down with emotion, but I confess to plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man bound hand and foot in evil habit emaneipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my

own emancipation.
I notice also when the prodigal comes back all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on Montauk point and ther was a nurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks, and you saw people get ashore in the lifeboais, and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of Go i sees men glad time when the church of Go i sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus. Oh, when products come home, just hear the Christians sinc. Just hear the Christians pray. It is not a stereo-typed supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an impor-tunate pleading. No long prayers. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers. "God be mercitul to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my signt." "Lord, save me, or I perish."

Once more I remark that when the prod-Once more I receive cast was the prol-igal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festat. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraph chart you have no idea how many cities are connected together, and how many ian is. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and white as rich as any gold mines in the West, California not excepted. At one time twenty when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls hustled off to Fort Sill and put in the guard when a prodigat returns it is announced be-fore the throne of God. And if these souls now present should enter the king forn there would be some one in the heavesly kingdom to say: "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one sout would say "Hosanna!" and another soul would say "Halleiniah!"

house. Many miners are camped, on the border and many are hiding in caves in the mountains.

The Wichita Mountains are in the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indian reservations, 100 miles southeast of Perry. There are how no less than a thousand prospectors in the mountains.

Pleased with the news, the saints below In songs the tongues employ. Beyond the skies the tiding a co-and heaven is filled with joy.

Nor angels can their joy centain, But kindle with new fire. The sinner lost is found, they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Luculius sat Cicero the orator, at the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror, at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher, but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and isnds. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's fergiveness on every hand. The robe of a Saviour's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowls of 10,000 sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven rise and with gleaming chalices of heaven rise and with gleaming chalices of neaven rise and with gleaning chances drink to the return of a thousand prodicals. Sing, sing, sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was stain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end." That seeme of jubilence comes out be-

end." That seems of jubilence comes out before me this moment as in a sort of picture
gallery. All heaven in pictures.

Look! Look! There is Christ. Cuyp
painted Him for earthly gaileries, and Correggio and Tintoretto and Benjamin West
and Dors painted Him for earthly gaileries,
but all those pictures are eclipsed by this
masterpiece of heaven. Christ! Christ! There
is Benl the bare of the Supherirm and of is Paul, the hero of the Sanbeirim, and of Agrippa's courtroom, and of Mars hill, and of Nero's infamy, shaking his chained fist in the very face of teeth chattering roy-ality. Here is Joshua, the fighter of Bethoron and Gibeon, the man that postponed sundown. And here is Vashit, the profligacy of the Persian court unable to the prodigacy of the Persian court unable to remove her veil of modesty or read it or lift. And along the corridors of this picture gallery I find other great heroes and heroines—David with his harp, and Miriam with the cytabats, and Zechariah with the scroll, and St. John with the seven vials, and the resurrection angel with the trumper. On facther rection angel with the trumpet. On farther in the corridors see the faces of our loved ones, the cough gone from the throat, the wanness gone from the cheek, the weariness gone from the limbs, the languar gone from

gone from the limbs, the languor gone from the eye. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and five with them. We will! We will! From this hilltop! catch a gimpse of those hilltops where all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a reality! Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tyng when he stood by the casket of his dead son, whose arm had been torn off in the threshing machine. been torn off in the threshing machine, death ensuing, and Dr. Tyng, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world helped Martin Luther without one tear helped Martin Juther without one tear to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the letter "W," and they asked her what she supposed that letter "W" on the sky meant. "Oh, "she said, "don't you know? 'W stands for 'Welcome.'" Oh, heaven, swing open thy gates! Oh, heaven, roll upon us some of the sanshing anthems! Oh, heaven, flash the sunshine authens! Oh, heaven, flash upon us the vision of thy luster! An old writer tells us of a ship coming from India to France. The crew was made up of French sailors who had been long from home, and as the ship came along the coast of France the men skippet the deck with glee and they pointed to the suires of the clurches where they once spires of the churches where they once worshiped and to the hills where they had played in boyhood. But when the ship came into port, and these sailors saw father and mother and wife and loved ones on the and mother and wife and loved ones on the wharf, they sprang ashere and rushed up the banks into the city, and the captain had to get another crew to bring the ship to her moorings. So heaven will after awhile come so fully in sight, we can see its towers, its mansions, its hills, and as we go into port and our loved ones shall call from that shiping above and speak our names we will shining shore and speak our names we will spring to the beach, leaving this old ship of a world to be managed by another crew, our

rough voyaging of the seas ended forever. NO MORE FOOLISH MURRE ECCS.

A Measure to Protect the Sea Birds on the Farrallones.

At the solicitation of the commission on bird protection of the American Ornithol-ogists' Union, of which Professor Leverett M. Loomis, of the California Academy of Sciences, is a member, the Lighthouse Board at Washington has issued a decree that the importing of the eggs of the sea birds from the Farrallones must cease.

The eggs of the murre, or foolish guillemot, have been shipped to the markets of San Francisco in great quantities since 1849, at which date they were almost the only fresh eggs to be had, bringing over \$1 a dozen. The birds were present in the breed-ing season, from May until August, on the islands in such countless thousands that, al-though persistently robbed, their numbers seemed to show no appreciable diminution. In recent years, however, naturalists have noticed the effect of the annual persecution of the vast colonies, and have feared that they might become extinct. As a result of the investigation, the prohibitive measure

has been enacted.

As high as 20,000 dozen of the eggss were annually brought to market by the Greek and Italian dishermen. They are twice the size of the ordinary hen's egg, for which they are said to be an excellent substitute, and they sold at retail from fifteen to twenty-tive cents per dozen. During the past four or five seasons the Greeks have been driven off, and the egg industry has been carried on by the lighthouse keepers of the Farral-

VOLCANO IN GREAT SALT LAKE.

People Alarmed by Its Outbreak a Mile and a Quarter From the Shore.

The rather frequent shocks of earthquake which the section of the country about Salt Lake City, Utah, has experienced within the last few months have come to a head in the form of a volcano, which has burst out of the Great Salt Lake, a short distance south of Promontory Station, on the Central Pa-

The volcano is right in the lake, about a mile and a quarter from the shore, and par-ties residing in the neighborhood say that the cloud of smoke rushes up into the air so high that it may be seen at a good distance, and the water in the vicinity boils and surges

into a sea of form.

The volcano is situated in the big arm of the lake, on the west side of the long range of mountains, visible from Brigham City. has been in action several days. It began with a small cloud and slight disturbances of the water, and has increased until now it is a most formidable looking phenemenon and has had the effect of creating fear and consternation among the farmers in that vicinity.

RICH IN GOLD.

New Discoveries in the Wichita Mountains, in Oklahoma.

Advices from the Wichita Mountains, in Oklahoma, are that new discoveries of both gold and sliver have caused a fresh outbreak of excitement among the prospectors who for months have been camped on the border, and renewed energy has been adopted by the United States authorities to prevent digging for gold. The marshals arrest any man they find on these lands. Old miners say tha house. Many miners are camped on the border and many are hiding in caves in the

It is reported New York banks hold nearly \$55,000,000 in excess of jegal requirements.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MARCH 14.

Lesson Text: "Saul, the Persecutor, Converted," Acts ix., 1-2; 17-20 -Golden Text: I Tim., 1., 15-Commentary.

 We last heard of Saul making have of the church at Jerusalem after the martyr-dom of Stephen. We still find him in the same spirit of enmity against Christ and His followers, but now he is reaching out to followers, but now he is reaching out to other cities, even to Damascus, with authority from the high priest to arrest and bring to Jerusalem all such disciples of the Lord as he might flad. They are spoken of as men and women of the way (see margin), reminding us of Christ's own words, "I am the way" (John xiv., 6). God thus far suffers Saul to be satan's agent in purifying His church. Not even satan can touch a child of church. Not even satan can touch a child of God without God's permission (Job i., 10 Zech il., 5), and when the adversary is al-

Zech ii., 5), and when the adversary is allowed to try the people of God, either directly or by human instrumentality, we are to see only the hand of God and remember Rom. viii., 28, 29. See Ps. xvii., 14; lxxvi., 10, Dan. xi., 35; xii., 16; Rev. ii., 10, as very helpful,

3, 4. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Thus far and no farther is heaven's decree for Saul, and now He who loved him in all his sin, and who had suffered him thus far in his devilish work, arrests him as he is is about to enter Damascus. The light from is about to enter Damascus. The light from heaven smites him to the earth, and the voice from heaven enters his soul. The light was brighter than the sun at noonday, sund the voice spoke in the Hebrew language (chapter xxvi., 13, 14). All the party saw the light and fell to the earth in fear, but Saul alone heard the words which were spoken, for they were only for him.

5. "Who art thou, Lord? I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." In one of Saul's whom thou persecutest. In one of Sail's accounts of this he gives the Lord's answer as "I am Jesus of Nezareth, whom thou per-secutest" (chapter xxii., 8). In all Saul's secutest (chapter xxu., s). In an saurs life he had never heard anything so startling or upsetting as this. He verily believed that he was doing right in the sight of God in persecuting these followers of One whom the highest authorities had put to death as a See his own testimony in

chapters xxii. and xxvi.

6 "Lord, what will Thou have me to do?" He is full of trembling and astonishment, but in a moment he sees that he has been all wrong and the persecuted ones have been an wrong and the persecuted ones have seen right. He seems humbled and by the spirit confesses that Jesus is Lord (I Cor. xh., 8). He is told to go on to Damascus and await orders. The "What will Thon?" of this verse and the "Where will Thon?" of Luke xxil., 9, when sincerely addressed to the Lord, will not fait to obtain sure guidance.

7. It is evident that those with Saul heard 7. It is evident that those with Saul heard a sound of words, but it is also evident, from chapter xxii., 9, that they heard not the words spoken. Something of the same kind is written in Dan. x., 7-2. It is sometimes asked if those who are left when the church is taken shall hear the Lord's voice or see the event. Perhaps the records concerning Daniel and Saul ray cries gave all but. Daniel and Saul may give some light, 8, 9. Three days in Damascus, blind and

fasting and awaiting a further message from the Lord! What remembrances, what per-sistence, what searchings of heart, what humbling before God, what light from heaven must have shone in his s ul during those days of outward darkness! How he would think of what Stephen saw and said, and of the patience and fatth of others who had suffered for Christ through him. Lord was dealing wondrously with him, but, oh, so lovingly, by His Spirit and His word.

10. "The Lord knoweth them that are His, and He knoweth them by name" (II Tim. ii., 19; Isa. xliii., 1). He could send an angel to do His bidding, as He often has done, for they excel in strength and do His commandments, harkening unto the voice of His word: They are His ministers who do His pleasure (Ps. ciii., 20, 21), but He sees fit to pleasure (Ps. citi., 20, 21), but He sees fit to use human instrumentality and cails a Philip in Samaria or an Ananias in Damascus to do His bidding. If we hold curselves ready for any manner of service wholly at His com-mandment (I Chron. xxviii., 21), He will surely show us His way for us and guide us into the good works prepared beforehand (Sch. ii. 10).

11, 12. Ananias is sent to the street and the house, and the person is named to whom he isto go; and his occupation at the time is also mentioned. Ananias is also told what Saul sees as he prays. Let us not forget nor fail to believe that God is thus intimately acquainted with each of us. Our ways and words and thoughts, both in the darkness and the light, are all known to Him (Ps. exxxix., 1-12: Ezek, xi., 5); therefore let our honest prayer be, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thought;

17. It must have been another new experience for Saul to have a disciple of Jesus put his hands upon him and address him as "Brother Saul," but I am sure he did not feel like knocking him down for thus addressing him, though I once heard a minister of the gespel, in good standing among men, say that he would like to treat a man that way who would call him "brother." True humility is never vexed nor irritated, but is at rest when nobe ty praises, or even when blamed or despised.

18. He received sight, he was filled with the Spirit, and confessed Jesus as Lord in baptism. He is a new man, a new creation, old things are passed away and all things are become new (II Cor. v., 17). He is crucified with Christ and risen with Christ to a new life. Although he still lives, it is no longer Saul of Tarsus, but Christ Jesus who now lives in him as Lord (Gal. ii., 20). has become blind to all but Jesus Christ. He knows no other master. He has a heart only for Him and abody that is henceforth wholly at His disposal.

19. He partook of food and was strengthened and continued some days with the disciples at Damascus. Every disciple would soon hear of it; it would spread far and wide that the great persecutor had become a disciple of Christ. Many would want to see for themselves, before they could believe such a thing, and even the disciples at Jerusaiem would not at first believe that he was a disciple (verse 26). Many of us are apt to beciple (verse 26). Many of us are apt to be-lieve that some things are too bard for the but we should remember Jer. xxxii.,

20, "And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God. He increased the more in strength and spake boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus, proving that He is indeed Israel's Messiah (verses 22, 29). Both at Damascus and at Jerusalem the enemies of Christ sought to kill him, but God took care of His chosen we sel and for a time sent him to his home in Tarsus. As witnesses for Christ we must shine for Him among those who know us best .- Lesson Helper.

KENTUCKY'S NEW SENATOR. Governor Bradley Names A. T. Wood to Succeed Senator Blackbarn,

Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, has appointed Major A. T. Wood, of Mount Steriing, to succeed J. C. S. Blackburn as United Sates Senator. With the appointment was also given out the call of an extra session of the Legislature, to convene March 13, the election of a Senator being among the ob-

ets named.
A. T. Wood has been a Republican leader in Kentucky for many years, and made the Brown in 1890.

Killed Himself Because Whipped. Isaac Can, a colored boy, fifteen years old, committed suicide at Buffalo, N. Y., because he had been whipped by his grandparent for refusing to get up when called. He took

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SELECT RELIGIOUS READING

AGATE WINDOWS. Be comforted, be comforted, Ye tempest-tessed and worn, Who wait amid the shadows For hope's celestial morn! The valley hath its bursten, Its vision and its some.

And strains of joy are wafted
From heaven's immortal throng.

There is a piace of sapphires Within the school of Christ, And faith bath her foundations In sheen of amethyst. Time's border-land is jeweled With many a radiant gem, And love divine must fashlen And touch and chasten them.

He makes my windows agates, That I may donly see The glories that await me, The joys prepared for me. Oh, were the full effulgence To break upon my sight, My spirit were too eager

To take its upward flight! Through mists of tears the bulwarks Of Zion's city rise; I greet its pearly portals, Its jasper meets mine eyes;

A mystic glory lightens it, It shines upon my road, And through my agate windows My heart exults in God! --Ciara Thwaites in Christian Advocate,

"THE OTHER HOME."

A lady who spent the summer vacation months in a remote corner of New England, relates, in a letter to a friend, a pleasant in-eldent of Christian faithfulness and trust. She went one day to visit an old lady, who within the brief space of a year had been called upon to part with husband, daughter and brother—almost the last of her surviving

There was, however, no sign of mourning either in the aged woman's dress or manner and her visitor wondered at her sweet cheer fulness of face and speech, her sunny, self-forgetful sympathy and evident peace of mind and heart. Presently the conversation turned to religious topics, in which the reality of God's love, the restfulness of faith and the hope of immortality were sim-ply and in the most childlike acceptance dwelt upon by the good woman.

The visitor finally said: "Mrs. J., you have given me more hope and cheer in the half-hour I have talked with you than I think I have ever received from any other Christian friend. And yet you have been called upon suddenly to bear a burden of sorrow and bereavement such as fails to the lot of few

of God's children."
"Yes," replied the dear old lady, "husband, brother and child have been taken band, brother and child have been taken from me—and yet it does not seem as if they had gone very far away. When I was a shild, my older sister, whom I loved dearly, married, and went to live in a bouse about a mile from our hothe. At lirst I almost cried my eyes out; but one day mother sail; "Why, Eurice? Don't you see that Sarah hasn't left us? She has only gone down the road to make another home where we can come about a study of love and welcome as go-a home as full of love, and welcome this. Now you have two homes instead of one. Come, put on your sunbounet and run down to the other home. After 1 had no cepted that view, you may be sure no more tears were shed. Just in this way 1 think of my dear ones who have left this earthly house. They haven't gone far—simply just over to the other home. And before long I am going to put on my su bonn't just as I did when I was a little girl, and go to see

them."

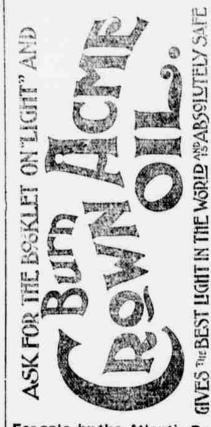
The wrinkled face was lighted by a suite of unspeakable sweetness, and the arreleyes shone with wistful joy, as they looked away into that blue sky where faith sees its "many mansions."

Death would be robbed of its terror, be-

reavement of its pang, mourning of its tears, if we all had this trusting woman's conception of the life beyond the grave. Her faith was lased upon the Great Teacher's declar-ation that death is not a nurrowing, but a widening, of the horizon of life and love— the multiplying of those lies which unite us with the great household of God.—Ex-

In our thoughts let us not forget one point -the time spent in being interrupted is a time last. A strong thinker once said: "N time lost. A strong thinker once said: "No one knocks at my door who is not sent by God." We are spending time well when we are paying it out to God, to buy the things. He means our lives to own, whether lie is putting before us a duty to be done, a friend to be won, a small service to be rendered, a book to be written, a child to be consoled, or a house to be set in order. There is time enough given us to do all that God means us to do each day, and to do it gloriously. How do we know but that the interruption How do we know but that the interruption How do we know but that the interruption we snarl at is the most blessed thing that has come to us in long days? . . We can-not afford to less a moment of usefulness, or the sum of our influence will be less than it might have been. Suppose each of us should resolve today that not a minute henceforth should ever be wasted. What energy there would be in our lives! What strength! What noble purpose! What grand results! --Anna Robertson Brown.

The British treasury authorities have just received from the chief constable of Buckingham a remarkable collection of coins, which were recently discovered at the viliage of Whitechurch, through the failing in of a ceiling of an old house. They are all silver coins and number twenty-eight, belonging entirely to the period covered by the reigns of Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I. The bulk of them are in an excellent state of preservation. The oldest date deciphoraof preservation. The oldest date deciphera-ble is 1565.



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