SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Witnesses to the Truth as Christianity is Preached at High Bridge, Ky."

TEXT: "*We are witnesses.*"—Acts iii., 15.

Standing amid the hills and graves of Kentucky, and before this great multitude that no man can number, most of whom I never saw before and never will see again in this world, I choose a very practical theme. In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railroad train could never be driven by steam power successfully without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nation witnesses of the splendid achievement.

Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic, but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of all the world put in your hands every morning and night has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart, and the liver, and the lungs having ceased to perform their office, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice, and talked with Him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now let me play the skeptic for a moment, "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this throng there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesses."

The fact is that if this world is ever brought to God it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defence of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful meteors of discipline, but have never saved a soul and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will, in all probability, get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic eloquence. But then, in order to have faith we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or five thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound, as a fair-minded man, to accept their testimony. I want to go before you three propositions the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity. The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There have been so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this.

People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are many thousands of converts in Madagascar today. People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are many thousands of Baptists in Burmah today. People laughed at Dr. Morrison in China for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are many thousands of Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidences of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us. Angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture or at a burial or on horseback, a power seized us and made us get down and made us tremble and make us kneel and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat and yet we arose We were as much changed as Gourgin, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying: "Oh, my great sins! Oh, my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being "Free grace!" Oh, is it not free grace?

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of the body, mind and soul, but he has not taken any stimulant for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "What" said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else." There is a captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people here to-day who are as much what they once were than a water lily is a rattlesnake, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed they would spring to their feet with fervor and alacrity. Men in every group to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried, "We are witnesses!" And if they asked to sing the old Gospel hymn they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

"Jesus of Nazareth passes this way,
Oh whom my soul of heaven is dearest!
Not When I shall be call my theme,
But I no more revere his name.

Again, I remark that "we are witnesses" of the Gospel's power to comfort. When a man has trouble the world comes in and says: "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air, plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! when everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plot she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked fascinated, saying, "Come, see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambitions, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart!

I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's symphony as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say: "Get your mind off this. Go out and breathe the fresh air. Plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of that dear one and say: "It is all right. She is better off. I would not call her back. Lord, I thank Thee that Thou has comforted my poor heart."

There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life, but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God gave you that child at all if so soon He was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God. What enabled you to stand all the trial?

"Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray or to look up He breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear nor a farewell nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye consecrated souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood and orphanage and childlessness, saying, "Ay, ay, we are witnesses!"

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give immortal vigor in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I witnessed death. We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels at the top?" And after it was explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

In our sermons and our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now, and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed perhaps in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in the last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no; I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us goodby and went asleep as a child in a cradle." What made her so composed? Natural courage?

"No," you say; "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showed upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she died triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moment of a Christian, and give testimony in this case on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hands on the Book of the Bible, from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of God and men that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes and what you have heard with your ears, you will tell us if you can, whether religion has power to give immortal vigor in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I witnessed death. The sufferer came from a long line of ancestors famed for their Christian courage. Her father was a soldier of the Cross of the old and middle regiment. We knew how he died.

You see, my friends, I have not put before you any abstraction or a chimera, or anything that seems to be a mere theory. The testimony comes from the lips of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but millions of witnesses who rise and say that testifying that there is power in this religion to conquer the soul, to give comfort in trouble and to afford composure in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you who are sick with appalling sickness and say they and the same sickness and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say: "We don't believe that there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you tried it?" "No, I never tried it; but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say: "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God and comforted in trial and solaced in the last hour. We will take that testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of the soul, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where? you say; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the Cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all the tenderness and beauty with all hope. It is the Star of Bethlehem

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Deathstruck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearers, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Mme. Sontag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Mme. Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied: "That's my mother, that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Mme. Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death madam Sontag took care of her and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind, immortal, poor and lost; thou wao, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity, He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music, He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

ITS GLORIES DEPARTED.

The Once Mighty "Father of Waters" Is Now Played Out.

The Mississippi, it is needless to tell anybody who knew it in all its glory, is not what it used to be, says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. Civilization has deprived it of its majesty and eliminated most of its attractions. It is the shadow of itself as it seems to sneak along in shallow murmurs where it once swept by deep and swift. The forests and the unbroken sod that once yielded their stored moisture to keep it up to a navigable stage all through the dry, hot summers have been appropriated to human uses of man and the soil is compelled to produce something more marketable than water. And the steamboats are nearly gone also. To be sure we have the railroads instead and with them superior celerity and certainty in travel, but a railroad train is not particularly picturesque and it has no promenade decks and no crew of deck hands and no first mate, whose unique objurgations could prove a revelation to an amateur swearing man. Travel by rail affords comparatively few opportunities for music and dancing and games of poker for high stakes, and they have little stuffy buffets, where they have anything for the bibulously inclined instead of the gorgeous bars with the whole front end of a steamboat to sip iced drinks in as in the good old days. In these times if you see a steamboat it's ten to one she is little and dingy and is laboriously pushing ten acres of sawlogs down the narrow channel where the very catfish have to dig into the mud in order to make room for her to pass. And the steam calliope is heard no more on the silent stretches of water; by night, that wonderful musical instrument which delighted you the more the farther you were away from it.

When a Mississippi mariner heaves the lead in these degenerate days he does it with a cane fishing pole and sings out through the nose that the water is "fourteen inches scant." A wayfaring man from the East occasionally accosts you on Robert street bridge, after looking about vainly for the flocks of steamboats that his guidebook of 1863 tells him are always along the river banks at St. Paul, and asks you where the Mississippi is, and he looks at you when you point to the water beneath with a deep sense of injury, feeling that he is a stranger and you are taking him in. What poet could sing of a dream whose chief affluents were the sewers of the cities along its banks, whose turbid waters would be best appreciated by lampreys and red-finned suckers? As an inspiration, even, the once mighty Mississippi is, in the slang of yesterday, "N. G.," save and except the wooded bluffs in spots where no stone quarry or limekiln has yet been erected, and where the sterile curse of solid limestone, graced with a few trailing vines and stunted trees, has deserted something of nature to gladden the heart of man.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth Is Stranger than Fiction.

J. S. LUSK, a guest at the Auditorium, Chicago, from the bustling town of Wyoming, which bears his name, has recently made a trip through the far Northwest. He declares that the best hunting in the country can be had in the State of Washington, and tells of a novel deer hunt of which he was a witness. "I left Seattle on a little steamer a few days ago," he began, in conversation with a Chicago Herald reporter, "to view the sights of Puget Sound. We had steamed about ten miles from Seattle when a moving black spot was discovered in the water. As we approached the object it was seen to be the head of a deer that was swimming to the shore. We went after the animal, and a lively chase was begun. Men crowded out to one side of the little boat, and the frightened deer was beating the swimming record. We got the boat between the land and the deer; then the quick animal made a sudden turn out to sea. Our boat could easily catch the fugitive, but it would dodge so quickly that a day's chase seemed most probable. No one on board had a gun, but there was a cowboy on the boat. He made a lasso from a long rope, and as the boat came within some thirty feet of the animal he skillfully threw the rope over its horns. The steamer towed the animal to the beach, where it was thrown down and made captive. Lassoing deer is unique sport, but most anything in the hunting and fishing line can be found in Washington."

THE case of young David Malloy, who was made deaf and dumb in New York by a sudden assault, had its parallel in army times during the late war. A veteran who was with McClellan at the siege of Yorktown says that one the night of his arrival before that place he was invited by General Charles D. Jameson to accompany him to the field hospital and see a strange case. A private soldier of the Fourth Michigan Infantry had been knocked senseless by a solid shot that grazed his uniform without doing him other apparent injury. On recovering his senses the man made signs for pencil and paper, and wrote that he could neither speak nor hear. He complained of soreness of the chest, but did not want to be kept in bed. The doctors examined him carefully, became convinced that he was not shamming, and the next day sent him to the general hospital at Fortress Monroe. Of his subsequent fate the veteran is not aware, except that the diagnosis made in the field was endorsed by the surgeons at the rear, who attributed his deafness and inability to speak to the shock of the shot, and reported his case a serious one.

JOHN DUFFY of Kingsland, N. J., was awakened soon after dawn the other day by an unusual disturbance in his poultry yard. He went into the yard carrying his gun with him. An early hawk in search of a breakfast had encountered a late snake engaged in the same quest. The serpent would have retired in favor of the bird, but the enraged hawk would not allow him to do so. His appetite may have craved snake meat rather than chicken, or perhaps he concluded that there was not enough food in the hen inclosure for both of them. The hawk savagely attacked the snake, burying its claws in the writhing body close to the head. At the same moment the snake threw nearly four feet of its length around its assailant's body in two coils and drew the folds tight. The hawk's wings were closely pinned to its sides, and as neither combatant could move, Mr. Duffy killed them both with one shot. He has sent them to a taxidermist in New York City, who will preserve them in the attitude in which they died.

I LIVE on what was formerly called Slave Island, and occupy a frame house which is raised from the ground, says Donald Mellotte, a resident of Ceylon, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The damp condition of the ground make the island a popular place for snakes and frogs, which penetrate the houses. One morning while I sat in my room I saw a frog leap through a crack in the floor, near a corner in the wall. A second later a cobra snake pushed its head through the crack, and caught the frog before it could get away. When the snake tried to withdraw his head the swelling caused by the presence of the frog in his neck rendered the effort unsuccessful. He disgorged his prey, but held fast to one leg. Three times he swallowed the frog, and three times had to give it up. Finally his snakeship appeared to think, and ended by grabbing the frog's legs, dragging it outside, and swallowed it for good. I think that was as smart a snake as you could find even in this country.

WHILE a company of Prussian Grenadiers of the Guard were digging a ditch as a portion of their drill in a heavy shower of rain, a stroke of lightning felled half of them to the ground. The lightning also struck all the band, and others who were near the captain's horse, killing the latter on the spot. One member of the band had the crest of his helmet melted, the back of his skull laid open, his clothes and body on the right side singed, and one of his boots torn from his foot and hurled several yards away. A drummer, in addition to severe internal injuries, was driven under the horse, which fell upon him and nearly crushed him to death. The trumpeter who was holding the animal was severely injured in the leg. The captain was struck to the ground, and, lay there unconscious for a long time, and close by were two non commissioned officers who also remained for some time insensible.

[illegible] of St. Clair, Mo., as per the Times-Tribune-Republican, was riding along the road and saw a rattlesnake twisted up in the road with his neck crook. He had scarcely seen the rattler before he saw a large black snake spring forward and wrap its body around the rattlesnake's neck and spring back out of reach before the rattler could bite him, although the blacksnake, after having been choked several times by the blacksnake, the rattlesnake's head dropped to the ground, and his body was lifeless, Mr. Spradling in the meantime being a highly interested spectator. After the death of the rattlesnake, Mr. Spradling killed the blacksnake, which measured five feet long, while the rattlesnake was not quite three feet in length and had eight rattles.

A REPORT of the manners and customs of the Shan States shows that when a Shan becomes a father he must on no account drive pigs, carry the dead, bore holes, fill in holes in the ground, or indulge in mockery. If one of either sex die without marrying, the body, before burial, is banged against a stump, which is considered as representing the husband or wife. This is supposed to guard against the danger of unrequited love in the next life. Divorce is easy, the man merely giving his wife a letter permitting her to remarry, and the wife merely being required to pay a trifling husband thirty rupees for release. Only high Shans can be cannibals. Their theory of the cosmogony is that "the earth came out of the depths by means of white ants."

T. M. MULLIS, who lives just a mile from Eastman, Ga., on his farm, relates that he has for a long time been much puzzled to know what was sticking fine holes in his eggs and drawing out the contents, until he kept strict watch on the hen's nest, when the marauder was found to be a sap-sucker, which, with its keen, awl-like bill, had contrived from time to time to suck dozens of eggs, picking holes in many, from which he used very little of the contents. The bird was promptly shot, since which time no depredations have been committed like those of which it had been found guilty.

AT Moulton, Ala., a farmer bought a pound of powder, a pair of shoes and a new tin pan, and putting them into the back of his wagon, started for home. He was not smoking and no fire was about the wagon, but a mile out of town the powder exploded, knocking him out of the wagon, almost tearing his clothes off and burning him terribly about the face and body. The bright tin had acted as a concave mirror to concentrate the rays of the sun to a focus on the powder, hence the novel explosion.

ON January 15 last two laborers were at work on a railroad running into Indianapolis. One was telling a story, and while bending over he was accidentally struck on the head with a hammer by his companion and his skull was fractured. He was rendered unconscious and remained in a comatose condition until a recent night, when Dr. G. D. Sturtevant of Indianapolis trepanned the skull, and immediately upon removing the pieces of skull from against the brain the man continued the story which was started several months before and had lain latent in his brain during all this time.

AFTER a young woman in Philadelphia had made a purchase and had gone, the druggist remarked: "That's the first time in five years I've had a call for dragon's blood. What is it? Well, it's a vegetable substance, obtained from the fruits of several small plants in the East Indies. Many years ago it was in great demand among young women who wished to win back their recreant lovers, they burning a small lump of it with a certain incantation. That girl has probably heard of it from her grandmother, and has determined to test its virtues."

THE remarkable flight of a carrier pigeon has caused considerable comment among the sporting people of Germany. A few weeks ago a man in Chattolenberg, a suburb of Berlin, sold a carrier to a Londoner. On the second day after his arrival in London, however, the Englishman missed the pigeon. The former owner of the bird was not a little surprised a week later to see it alight again in his yard. It is needless to add that the man will not part with his treasure again.

FOR twelve years and nights 300 men searched the woods around Ottawa, Ont., for missing Miss Clara Wortman, who all the while was quietly living on a farm not two miles from her father's house. She had clothed herself in one of her brother's cast-off suits, had cut off her hair and had hired out as a farm hand at $6 per month. When discovered she confessed that her curious conduct was wholly attributable to her desire to imitate the heroine of a novel she lately had read.

THE town clerk of Posen, Presque Isle County, Mich., has fired a curious bill of sale for one live oak nineteen feet in circumference and one small white oak tree two feet in diameter growing out of the roots of the parent tree, and commonly known as the "Baby Oak." The oak grows 200 miles from the section to which the oak is indigenous, and how the seed got there is a mystery.

A GOAT which has but two legs and which in walking stands in an upright position, like a human being, is bringing shekels to the pockets of its owner, a Georgian, who is exhibiting it in the farming districts in the South.

A KANSAS farmer proved by actual measurement that corn on his place grew three inches between sundown Sunday evening and sunrise when he went to check the growth Monday morning.

Don't Feel Well

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will soon lift you out of this uncertain, uncomfortable and dangerous condition into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how quickly this peculiar medicine is in such cases as yours.

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This Company purchases strictly central business Real Estate large enough, the rentals of which pay the dividends. Each is universally known by business men, this kind of Real Estate continually increasing in value. Hence the large earnings, like the Sears Estate of Boston, the Fifty Associates, the Astor Estate of New York, and hundreds of others, the value of which could be mentioned, in all the great commercial cities of the world.

The stock of this Company is selling to-day at 103.50 per share, subject to advance after August 1st, 1891. Par value, $100. Capital, June 1st, 1891, $347,000.

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Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pains in the Limbs, Back or Chest, Mumps, Sore Throat, Colds, Sprains, Bruises, Stings of Insects, Mosquito Bites.

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It acts like a charm in Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Nausea, Sick Headache, &c.

Warranted perfectly harmless. (See each accompanying each bottle, also directions for using.) Its SOOTHING and CURATIVE Properties are felt immediately. Try it and be convinced.

Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

DEPOT, 40 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

A Rotating Snuff-Box.

A curious story is told as to how the Bath-Hills supported Carafa, the composer. The latter was far from rich. His principal income was derived from a snuff-box. And this was the way of it: The snuff-box was given to the captive of "La Prison d'Edimbourgh," about thirty years ago, by Baron James de Rothschild, as a token of esteem. Carafa sold it, twenty-four hours after, for 75 napoleons to the same jeweller from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild, who gave it again to the musician on the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweller's. This traffic continued till the death of the banker, and longer still, for his sons kept up the tradition, to the great satisfaction of Carafa.—[Cleveland Leader.

But One Train in a Section.

A simple and ingenious invention for preventing collisions on railroads is being tried on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and has attracted the favorable attention of railroad men. The apparatus consists of an insulated secondary rail laid in sections at desired intervals, a brush from the engine connecting it with a battery in the cab. The circuit is completed, and a bell is rung whenever two engines are on the same section of the track. The entire cost of establishing such a system, including a twelve-pound rail, would be about $900 per mile.—[Philadelphia Record.

SQUAT WHILE THEY EAT.

The Hospitable Arabs at Miliana's Some Live on a Penny a Day.

I have never seen the Arabs in greater force than at Miliana, Algeria. A few words of Arabic carry a man a long way among these people. It is remarkable in what a variety of ways a single word will do duty. It is not so much, however, the words as the usages that help the European along.

I go to an Arab coffee-house at Miliana. I am received with a stately dignity and politeness which Europeans can only faintly reproduce. My friend makes a favorable impression by always wearing a fez cap and an outer garment, which is an approximation to the burnouse. In the cafe we either sit or squat, squatting being perhaps preferable. All the draught-playing (for their dahmey is very like draughts) is done squatting. It is considered the correct thing to offer each person present a cup of coffee. It is only two sous a cup, and to my taste the coffee was too thick, but I am assured that it is excellent. Then each of the Arabs desires you to accept a cup of coffee from him, but unless you are an intense lover of coffee you must put a limit to this hospitality.

My friend says that if he is lost at night among the hills, which is very easily done, and where there is always a chance of snakes and scorpions, it is cheering to see the light of an Arab tent, where he may be sure of rest and security. He has wandered about with them in their tents for six weeks at a time. I have sometimes made a visit to an Arab gourbi, but I find it a great deal too close and confined. In fact, they all live in the open, and only need some place to creep into for the night.

Near Miliana, and in the towns generally, there are a number of Arabs who are getting distinctly Frenchified. They have got a hold of a great many words of the language; their women, instead of only showing their eyes through gimlet-holes, have their faces open like the Franks; the men, contrary to the injunction of the Prophet, will take strong drink, and will even partake of pork if they are hungry and it comes in their way.

I know a gourbi where I am always welcome if I take English ladies with me. The pretty Arab wife will squat on the floor, kindle a fire, and with marvellous swiftness make a cake for us. She is very finely dressed, and will rejoice in a present of a colored handkerchief or any cheap bit of gaudiness. The husband prefers solid francs. He bought his pretty wife for about $40. He is at liberty to have three other wives if he can only afford it. He considers that discipline must be maintained, and administers thrashings freely.

I met with every possible variety of Arab. They are always courteous, and generally healthy and handsome. Some seem very rich, sumptuously dressed, riding on horseback or in carriages. They appear at table d'hotes and salons, and hold their own in a most imposing way. Some are "as poor as rats," grubbing, indeed, like rats, which, however, they cook before eating, often living on a penny a day. They are broke, telegraphing cheap and abundant, and also good. The smallest Arab gamin will ask you for a bit of paper, and presently for some tobacco; he will then roll up a cigarette and ask for a light.

Half-Grown Forage Crops.

The village or town resident who has only one or two acres and yet keeps a horse, possibly a cow also, and who wishes to get all the provender possible from his little farm for the support of animal life, cannot do better than devote it to fodder corn. Planted two by three and a half feet apart, hoed once, and cultivated by horse several times, a great yield may be secured, and the bill for hay more largely reduced than by any other process. The owner will be surprised at the mass of food obtained, the length of time it will last and the condition in which the animals eating it will remain. To receive the most pronounced benefit and make the least waste it should be cut in half-inch pieces twelve hours before feeding and placed in a box covered with several quarts of wheat bran or middlings, and if wet with a pailful or two of boiling water it will at meal time be almost as fresh as when growing in the field, especially if covered with a tight lid or an old blanket while steaming. Nubbins growing on the stalks—and there will be many such if the land be rich—should be picked off at ground without husking or shelling. All will be eaten.—[American Agriculturist.

The Iron Age.

The Iron Age was an age of higher civilization, and merges into the age in which we live. When men commenced to work in iron, every experiment they tried added to its value; and as their knowledge of the metal and its uses increased, they advanced in civilization. Warlike as they were, they made knives, axes, helmets and coats-of-mail. But at the same time they made the tools for the field and the implements for home use—the gender implements that were to triumph in the end. They put the true precious metal, iron, daily, to new uses, and probably man has not yet found out all the ways in which it can be used.—[St. Nicholas.

JOHN ANDERSON of Hastain, Mo., recently removed three hard, flinty stones from a gathering back of the lower jaw of a fine mare which he purchased in Kansas last spring. The largest of the stones measured one and one-half by three-quarters inches, and the others about one-half that size. The gathering commenced two years ago.

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A prompt return of your money, if you get neither benefit nor cure. Risky terms for the doctor, but safe and sure for the patient. Everything to gain, nothing to lose. There's just one medicine of its class that's sold on these conditions—just one that *could* be—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's a *peculiar* way to sell it—but it's a *peculiar* medicine. It's the *guaranteed* remedy for all Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula. It cleanses, purifies and enriches the blood, and cures Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, and all manner of blood-taints, from whatever cause. It costs you nothing if it doesn't help you. The only question is, whether you want to be helped.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold, through druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

The "Discovery" acts equally well *all the year* round. Made by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Mecca of Buddhism.

The holy city of the orthodox Buddhists is Lassa, or Hlassa, situated in a barren highland valley of northern Thibet, 9,500 feet above the sea. It is the wealthiest town of Central Asia. The numerous convents are crammed with the pious contributions of some sixty generations of true believers, and the Buddhist Vatican, the Dalai-lama's palace, on Mount Botala, is known to be filled with gold enough to create a financial panic if it should be melted and thrown into circulation in the form of coin. These treasures are now guarded by a strong Chinese garrison, but sixty years ago their safety was entrusted to the sacred awe inspired by the presence of the Supreme Pontiff, who is known as the Grand Lama.—[Picayune.

A Sharp Mail Clerk.

One of the old clerks at the general delivery window tells the following story: Years ago a man called one day at the window and asked if there was a letter for Mike McGinnis. The clerk handed him one from the old country with twenty-four cents due on it. Mr. McGinnis asked the clerk to read it for him, as he could not read himself. The polite clerk complied. When he had finished reading it Mr. McGinnis asked if "that was all?" The clerk said "Yes." "Then it's not worth twenty-four cents, and I'll not take it," said Mr. McGinnis, and turning on his heel he walked away. Some time after the same Mr. McGinnis called and asked for a letter. The clerk recognized him, gave him the same letter he had read before, but took the precaution to collect his twenty-four cents.—[Mail Coach.

Strange indeed that A PLAIN THING like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked." Try it in your next house-cleaning

What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.

TRADE MARK

NEVER before in the history of live stock has such success attended the efforts of breeders in perfecting an animal possessing the power to resist disease, and withstand the elements of rapid growth and great size as the OHIO IMPROVED Chester hogs, two having weighed 2,806 lbs. These facts, together with our enormous sales in the States and foreign countries, have excited the envy of competitors, who call in question the facts claimed. We therefore have decided to convince every one of the superiority of this breed by offering to sell a pair *ON TIME to the first applicant from each locality* with references.

Foreign countries having taken steps to re-open their ports for the reception of American pork, also the fact that farmers have sent all sizes to the butcher, has already caused a lively demand for good sows and pigs for breeders. They see their mistake, and that the raising of a superior breed of hogs that have a vigorous and strong constitution, with consequent ability to resist the attacks of disease, will in the near future take rank with the most profitable industries. First come first served on *a pair on time* and an Agency, and probably man has not yet found out all the ways in which it can be used.—[St. Nicholas.

end address by first mail. The L. B. SILVER CO., Cleveland, O. and secure first choice.

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STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of $100 for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use