

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "The Glorious Gospel."

There is according to the glorious gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust...

The greatest novel of our time is the gospel. It is so old that it is new. As poets and artists are now attempting to fashion pitchers and cups and curious ware like those of 1900 years ago...

There sits the dear old theologian with his table piled up with all the great books on inspiration and exegesis for the Almighty and writing out his own elaborate work on the philosophy of religion...

The night is dark, and the way is rough, and we have a lantern which God has put in our hands, but instead of employing that lantern to show ourselves and others the right way...

Here also come, covering up the old gospel, some who think they can by law and exegesis win the world, and from Portland, Me., across to San Francisco, and back again to New Orleans and Savannah...

The glorious gospel of the blessed God as spoken of in my text will have more drawing power, and when that gospel gets full swing it will have a momentum and a power mightier than the Atlantic Ocean...

condition, and all the armies of heaven shall ally themselves through Christ...

Oh, my text is right when it speaks of the glorious gospel. It is an invitation from the most radiant Being that ever trod the earth...

And then as that vastest audience ever assembled in all the universe there will go up the shout: "Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!"...

What! rob a poor man of his beer? And give him a very hard, dry beer? Your heart's very hard, sir, I fear...

Charles Lamb, one of the brightest spirits ever distinguished by drink, wrote mournfully: "Looking back upon my childhood: 'Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first glass was delicious look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dry-thing it is when a man feels himself going down a precipice with open eyes and pressing will: to see his destruction, and not have the power of will to stop it, and feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget the time when it was otherwise, how he would avoid the first temptation to drink!'"

Declined with thanks. Not long since the International Typographical Union met at Louisville, Ky., and the city officials sent a flask of whisky as a gift to the members...

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. A hoarse-died wine taster men into swine. Mr. F. N. Barnett, of the American Grocer, estimates that the Nation's annual drink bill is \$1,014,755,057.

TEMPERANCE. The National Temperance Society in Switzerland are re-claiming Ireland. The late Sir Andrew Clarke, Mr. Gladstone's doctor, says that the Grand Old Man's true stimulant is hard work.

Redfern, the man milliner, has been sued for divorce. Chicago is looking to him now for seasonable novelties in divorce suits.

Japanese Insects.

The Japanese dragon fly is called familiarly the king of Ceres. There are said to be many more males than females of this species, and bad boys, by catching a female dragon fly and tying her with a string, can catch many males. On such occasions they sing: "O, king of Ceres, aren't you ashamed of fly from the oma of the East?"

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THE ONWARD MARCH

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Fiere's Golden Medical Discovery. You haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure. Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that in all its earlier stages, all cases of consumption are curable...

The crab called heikegami has a wrinkled back, looking something like an ancient war mask, such as Japanese soldiers wore to strike terror to a foe's heart. Hence they are supposed to be inhabited by the souls of warriors killed in the sea fight of Dan-no-ura 700 years ago.

A Heroic Gendarme. The Vienna correspondent of the London News writes: The emperor of Austria has conferred the silver crown of merit upon a young gendarme who has paid a high price for the devotion with which he saved a young girl's life...

A Little Thing. "It is a little thing that speak a phrase of common comfort which by daily use has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear of him who thinks to die un-mourned it will fall like choicest music."

An Important Difference. To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleaning, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a positive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Hattie Well and Happy. Used to Suffer From Impure Food and Eruptions. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my child of impure blood and eruptions on the head. She would scratch her head so that it would bleed. The sores spread behind her ears, and the poor child suffered terribly. I doctored her the best I knew how but the sores did not get any better. But thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Olive Ointment, she is now well as any of the children.

W. L. Douglas \$3 Shoe. THE BEST \$3 FIT FOR A KING. \$3.00 CORDOVAN. \$3.00 FINE CALF SKIN. \$3.00 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.00 WORKING SHOES. \$2.00 EXTRA FINE. \$2.00 BOYS' SHOES.

Hood's Pills. A Handful of Dirt May be a Nouseful of Shame. Keep Your House Clean With SAPOLIO.

LEADER OF SWELLS

HOW WARD McALLISTER WON HIS FAME. Lawyer and Fond of Genteel Society. He Established an American Aristocracy - New York's Four Hundred - and How it Was Made Up.

It was his statement that New York society consisted of four hundred people that made Ward McAllister a national character, whose name soon spread to Europe and made him a more unique personality than civilization in its slow evolution had hitherto produced.

Ward McAllister was the product of New York conditions, and he was proud of the factors that made him prominent. He fitted into the tastes and peculiarities of another community. He was the offspring of the metropolis in which he lived for thirty-five years.

He never made any mistake with regard to his own talents and functions. To estimate him as a literary man, as a thinker, a reformer, an agitator, is manifestly unjust, for there is even in his writings a conventional protest against such judgments.

He was a social, not an intellectual influence. He had a profound belief that a really good society, in the social sense, must be founded, ever in a republic, on something better than mere wealth; that it must have character, distinction, conservative cohesion, and must be in a sense exclusive.

He rode into popular recognition on a phrase. And his limitation of the genuine society of New York to "four hundred" was the first intimation of his set views of the exclusiveness of that society. He was travestied and abused a great deal for that phrase, but although he defended it with modifications afterward, he never for a moment gave up the conviction that it embodied.

His authority for so many years as a master of ceremonies was the result, first, of a somewhat variant and confused notion of "proper form" in our society, and second, of the absolute need in all fashionable functions of an expert who had made a study of details, who knew to perfection just where the cross currents of the different sets touched, and who could with masterful adroitness bring together the right people and so manipulate the function that everybody would feel at ease and know that the viands and the wines and the service were invisibly selected and consummately handed.

Through him all news about the great subscription balls had been given to the public, and to him a reporter went one day in the spring of 1887 to obtain information about the number of persons who actually composed New York society. Mr. McAllister separated in his mind the 400 sleep from the million and three-quarters of goats and gave the facts to the world. The public was amused and surprised. Nobody had imagined that New York's society was composed of so limited a number. The interest was republished throughout America, and criticisms all over the world and upper ten, the approved abbreviation of "upper ten thousand," fell like incandescent dynamite, and the "four hundred" became the conventional designation of the aristocracy.

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