

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "Easter Jubilee."

Text: "Death is swallowed up in victory."—I Corinthians xv. 54.

About 1861 Easter mornings have wakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter...

My text is an ejaculation. It is spun out of halleluiahs. Paul wrote it on his argument about the resurrection and death...

But in my text is a whole world. It seems that a black-giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and maladies and distempers and epidemics of the ages...

But on Christmas night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms came out of the east...

The old brag that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his scepter, and the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth His two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host...

I proclaim the abolition of death. The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore and legends of the East...

But as to our soul, we will cross right over—not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and valences beyond computation...

The view of course makes the life of this importance whether we are "ordained" or "separated." If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If you prefer in-lure, the world may as well be a "dead-end" that ordination may be without carriage...

And, oh, what was his joy when at the old operation, let them have it without carriage. The world may as well be a "dead-end" that ordination may be without carriage...

created. F. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelists, sang, accompanied by a choir of thirty. The singing, rendered by a choir of thirty. The singing, rendered by a choir of thirty...

That far up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it that drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from the East River, other drops from a stagnant pool on Newark flats...

Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead? Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and earth. Resurrected. Resurrected. Resurrected. Resurrected. Resurrected...

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muscle and bone and tissue and artery. The structure will be changed, and the blood and nerves will be changed, and the brain and nerves will be changed, and the brain and nerves will be changed...

TEMPERANCE. THE ONLY WAY. An effort is being made to get rid of drinking while sipping the drink. The effort has always been and always will be a dismal failure...

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That Tired Feeling

Is a certain indolence of impure and impoverished blood. If your blood could always be rich and pure, full of the red corpuscles upon which its vitality depends, you would never be weak or nervous...

Discharging a watery fluid, and the burning and itching would drive her nearly wild. Unless we encased her little hands she would tear patches of skin from her face and hands...

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the Public Eye Today.

The Modern Orchestra Leader. The modern orchestra has been converted into a great, composite musical instrument, on which the conductor actually plays; and the specific skill he has developed of playing on this instrument is an exact counterpart of what we call virtuosity in the individual performer...

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age. KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery. DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple...

Some time ago eight or ten lumbermen went into a hotel in one of our Western cities, and engaged a private parlor. They were jolly, well-to-do fellows, and had a year's business over a social glass, having had a successful speculation together...

Does Seem Queer. "No," said Smallwort, "I have feel justified in saying that Peppercorn is indignantly vain, but when a fellow has a music box in his room, and is hanging to play 'Hail to the Chief' soon as he opens the door, what one to think of him."

What did the men die from? I asked. "Well, three or four, I am afraid, died of drink, another of temper, and another of worry, and so on, but the engine went on just the same..."

AN OFF DAY. Miss Newgate—What was done at the New Woman International Progressive Club to-day? Bachelor girl—Nothing, you see. Mrs. Sweetie happened to come in with her baby, and before we all got through kissing the little cherub was time to adjourn.

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface...

HERE'S TALENT. Agnes—Great mimic, the Count Gives wonderful imitations. Jack—Yes; he gave one a year or so ago that cost him three months in jail. Agnes—Impossible! What was it? Jack—Gave his landlord an imitation of a \$20 bill.

The Skill and Knowledge Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

IN THE FUTURE NOVEL. "Adolphus," said the new girl, in tones of strong, vibrant tenderness, "be not afraid, sweet one; look up, and tell me you will share my lot! I cannot offer you fame or fortune at present, but the path to both is opening before me. This very week I have been made attorney for the 'Maidens' and Matrons' Bank, the 'Ladies' Trust Company (limited) and the 'Choppers' Railroad Association. Rely upon my strong heart and smiling hand, dearest, and be mine!"

WALTER BAKER & CO. The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. HIGHEST AWARDS. Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS. In Europe and America.

MODEL HOUSE. 100 FOR \$1. 250 FOR \$2. On receipt of \$1. We will send, prepaid, a beautifully printed on heavy plate paper, the latest designs of Shoppell's Modern Houses, photographic views, large floor plans, cost to build, etc. Fully describing and illustrating 100 New Building Designs of low and moderate cost. Or 250 of them for \$2. Most helpful aids ever devised for intending builders.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET. HUSH MONEY. "What is this hush money heard so much about?" "Oh, well, it's the kind that spreads itself." HIS AUNT'S VISITOR. Little boy—Mr. Baldie comes pretty often—doesn't he? Does come to see you? Maiden aunt—Te-he! I suppose. Little boy—Mebby he wants you to adopt him. WITHIN BOUNDS. Mother—So Mrs. Nextdoor tried you to cookies? I hope you did make a pig of yourself. Johnny—No, indeed. A pig of eat about a bushel. I didn't let over a peck. A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE. Little Fannie—Mamma, this is my birthday, and I'm going to surprise you with a bunch of flowers. "Where did you get them, Fannie?" "Off your Easter hat, mamma." FOREWARNED. Dashway—Did you tell the Briggs that I was going to call them last night? Cleverton—Yes. How did it know? Dashway—The wedding present gave them was in the front parlour. A SAFE RULE. "I don't know whether you'll like this. It's a peculiar mixture mine—half English breakfast and half Oolong." "It certainly ought to be right one of the first rules I learned school was—that we should always cross our teas." DOES SEEM QUEER. "No," said Smallwort, "I have feel justified in saying that Peppercorn is indignantly vain, but when a fellow has a music box in his room, and is hanging to play 'Hail to the Chief' soon as he opens the door, what one to think of him." A RELIABLE GUEST. Proprietor—Seems to me you were rather careless to give the best room in the house to an utter stranger without baggage. Hotel clerk—Oh, he's all right. He's worth a million at least. He here as defendant in a suit for breach of promise—damages to the plaintiff's injured heart, \$200,000. AN OFF DAY. Miss Newgate—What was done at the New Woman International Progressive Club to-day? Bachelor girl—Nothing, you see. Mrs. Sweetie happened to come in with her baby, and before we all got through kissing the little cherub was time to adjourn. DANGEROUS SYMPTOMS. "I fear that Maud is developing her woman tendencies," said the anxious mother. "What has she been doing?" asked the father, in genuine alarm. "Beekeeping and blooming?" "Oh, not so bad as that. But she used a buttonhook instead of a hairpin this morning to fasten her shoes." HERE'S TALENT. Agnes—Great mimic, the Count Gives wonderful imitations. Jack—Yes; he gave one a year or so ago that cost him three months in jail. Agnes—Impossible! What was it? Jack—Gave his landlord an imitation of a \$20 bill. AFTER THE CIRCUS. "I'd like," said the elephant, reflectively, "to get hold of that idiot who fed me a fake macaroon, with a glob of tar in the middle of it. I'd—" "But it was no doubt kindly meant," interrupted the laughing hyena. "Tar is good to keep the moths out of your trunk, you know." The laughing hyena knew that the elephant was securely chained. IN THE FUTURE NOVEL. "Adolphus," said the new girl, in tones of strong, vibrant tenderness, "be not afraid, sweet one; look up, and tell me you will share my lot! I cannot offer you fame or fortune at present, but the path to both is opening before me. This very week I have been made attorney for the 'Maidens' and Matrons' Bank, the 'Ladies' Trust Company (limited) and the 'Choppers' Railroad Association. Rely upon my strong heart and smiling hand, dearest, and be mine!" Adolphus, trembling and blushing, looked at the flower in his buttonhole. "It was the gift," she drew nearer to him; their eyes met, and with one yielding sigh he dropped his head upon her stalwart shoulder and whispered, "Yes!"—Harper's.