BROTHERS,

Spider, At my window spinning. Weaving circles wider, wider, From the deft beginning.

Running Rings and spokes until you Build your silken death-trap cuming. Shall I catch you, kill you?

Sprawling, Nimble, shrewd as Circe. Death's your only aim and calling. Why should you have mercy?

Strike thee? Not for rapine willful. Man humself is too much like thee. Only not so skillful.

Rife in Thee lives our Creator. Thou'rt's shape to hold a life in. I am nothing greater. -George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Lickel for two cents-A postage stamp. Fancy work-Building castles in the

Where there is no liquor-In prison hars

everything. "He's in for five years, affeiwas a great boy. He was in for

You can generally get a point on insect tife by making yourself familiar with the bec - Terns Siftings.

There are a good many things that go without saying, but woman is not one of them.-St. Joseph News.

while we have so many lakes in this country, there is only one that is really

Superior. - Texas Siftings. In early days the schoolmaster should around" himself, but he shineled the boys .- Texas Siftings.

ayama, let me hold the baby, will voul" "No, dear; mother is afraid you micht let him fall on Fido."-Life.

It is often impossible to distinguish sihence from wisdom, because they are fremently the same thing .- Dallas News,

Don't weep, for animalculas Within all moisture squirm; Don't sigh, because your breathing may

Communicate a germ. -Toronto Empire.

It is an awful strain on a woman's patience to have a husband who thinks he knows how to cook .- Terre Haute Er-

Nothing delights a small man so much as to have a chance to call a great man in public by his first name .- Somerville dians keep their babies naked, up to a cer-

SILLECT SIMPLINGS

The primitive Russians placed a certificate of character in the dead person's hand to be given to St. Peter at the gates of heaven.

By the agency of the London chil-dren's country holidays fund 20,000 children last year enjoyed a short holiday in the country.

An owl shot near Jackson, Ga., measured five and a half feet from tip to tip of the wings and had a small steel trap on one of its feet.

There are two obelisks known as Cleopatra's needle. One stands on the Thames embankment, London, and the other in

Central Park, New York. Berlin has six great play fields for children. All sorts of amusements in these places are free, and teachers of gymnastics direct the exercises.

One ostrich farm at Port Augusta, South Australia, contains 700 birds worth \$100 each, and the yield of the feathers this year is expected to be worth \$7000.

Clubs have increased rapidly in New York, and it is estimated that they now have a membership of 100,000. Every club has an ambition to get a building on Fifth avenue.

The use of india rubber for erasing pencil marks was first suggested in or just prior to 1752 by an academician named Magellan, a descendant of the great navigator.

The Austro-Hungarian convict who is condemned to die stands on the ground with a rope around his neck, and at a given signal he is pulled off his legs to remain struggling in the air until he is

strangled. Trade-marks were known in ancient Babylon; China had them as early as

1000 B. C.; they were authorized in England in 1300; Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, is said to have had a lawsuit over his trade-mark.

Foolscap is a corruption of the Italian [clio-capo, a folio sized sheet. The error must have been very aucient, as the

water-mark of this sort of paper from the thirteenth to the seventcenth century was a fool's head with cap and bells. The mountain home of Stephen B.

Elkins in West Virginia, is built on a peak from which a view of thirty miles may be had. The house is more like a

baronial castle than a residence. The surrounding mountains are full of trout streams and game forests. Fully three-fourins of the babies of the world go naked until they get to be five or six years old. The Canadian In-

REV. DR. TALMAGE! THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-

DAY SERMON.

TEXT: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem let my right hand forget her cunning."-Psalm cxxxvii., 5.

Paralysis of his best hand, the withering its muscles and nerves, is here invoked if th author allows to pass out of mind the grandeurs of the Holy City where once he dweit Jeremiah, seated by the river Euphrates wrote this psalm, and not David. Afraid l am of anything that approaches imprecation, and yet I can understand how any one who has ever been at Jerusalem should in enthu siasm of soul cry out, whether he be sitting

by the Euphrates, or the Hudson, or the Thames, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning?" You see it is a city unlike all others for topograthy, for history, for significance, for style of population, for water works, for ruins, for towers, for domes, for ramparts, for lit-crature, for tragedies, for memorable birth-places, for sepulchers, for configrations and

famines, for victories and defeats. I am here at last in this very Jerusalem, and on a housetop, just after the dawn of the morning of December 3, with an old in-habitant to point out the salient features of the scenery. "Now," I said, "where is Mount Zion?" "Here at your right." "Where is Mount Olivet?" "In front of where you stand?" "Where is the Garden of Gethsemane?" "In

yonder valley." "Where is Mount Calvary?" Before he answered I saw it. No unpreju-diced mind can have a moment's doubt as to where it is. Yonder 1 see a hill in the shape of a human skull, and the Bible says that Calvary was the "place of a skull." Not only is it skull shaped, but just beneath the forehead of the hill is a cavern that looks like eyeless sockets. Within the grotto under it is the shape of the in-side of a skull. Then the Bible says that Christ was crucified outside the gate, and this is cutside the gate, while the site formerly selected was inside the gate. Besides

that, this skull hill was for ages the place where malefactors were put to death, and Christ was slain as a malefactor. The Saviour's assassination took place be side a thoroughfare along which people went

"wagging their heads," and there is the an-cient thoroughfare. I saw at Cairo, Egypt, a clay mould of that skull hill, made by the late General Gordon. the arbiter of nations. While Empress Helena, eighty years of age, and imposed upon by having three crosses exhumed before her dim eyes, as though they were the three crosses of Bible story. selected another site as Calvary, all recent travelers agree that the one I point out to you was without doubt the scene of the most terrific and overwhelming tragedy this planet ever witnessed.

There were a thousand things we wanted to see that third day of December, and our dragoman proposed this and, that and the other journey, but I said: "First of all show us Calvary. Something might happen if we went elsewhere, and sickness or accident might hinder our seeing the sacred mount. If we see nothing else we must see that, and see it this morning." Some of us in carriage and some on mule back, we were soon on the way to the most sacred spot that the world

upon the world He had come to redeem and at the heavens through which He would soon

But we must hasten back to the city. There are stones in the wall which Solomon had lifted. Stop here and see a startling proof of the truth of the prophecy. In Jersmiah, thirty-first chaper and fortieth verse, it is said that Jerusalem shall be built through the ashes. What ashes, people have

been asking. Were those ashes put into the prophecy to fill up? No! The meaning has been recently discovered. Jerusalem is now being built out in a certain direction where

the ground has been submitted to chemical analysis, and it has been found to be the ashes cast out from the sacrifices of the ancient temple-ashes of wood and ashes of bones of animals. There are great mounds of ashes, accumulation of centuries of sacrifices. It

has taken all these thousands of years to discover what Jeremiah meant when he said 'Behold the days shall come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel to the gate of the corner, and the whole valley of the dead bodies and of the ashes." The people of Jerusalem are at this very time fulfilling that prophecy. One handful of that ashes on which they are building is enough to prove the divinity of the Scriptures! Pass by the place where the corner stone of the ancient temple was laid three thousand years ago by Solomon.

Explorers have been digging, and they found that corner stone seventy-five feet be neath the surface. It is fourteen feet long, and three feet eight inches high, and beauti fully cut and shaped, and near it was an earthen jar that was supposed to have con-tained the oil of consecration used at the ceremony of laying the corner stone. Yonder, from a depth of forty feet, a signet ring

has been brought up inscribed with the words "Haggai, the Son of Shebnaiah," showing it belonged to the Prophet Haggai, and to that seal ring he refers in his prop-phecy, saying, "I will make thee as a signet." I walk further on far under ground, and I find myself in Solomon's stables, and see the places worn in the stone pillars by the halters of some of his twelve thousand horses. Further on, look at the pillars on which Mount Moriah was built. You know that the mountain was too small for the temple, and so they built the mountain out on pil lars, and I saw eight of those pillars, each one strong enough to hold a mountain.

Here we enter the mosque of Omar, a throne of Mohammedanism, where we are met at the door by officials who bring slippers that we must put on before we take a step further, lest our feet pollute the sacred places. A man attempting to go in without these slippers would be struck dead on the spot. These awkward sandals adjusted as well as we could, we are led to where we see a rock with an opening in it, through which, no doubt, the blood of sacrifice in the ancient temple rolled down and away. At vast ex-pense the mosque has been built, but so somber is the place I am glad to get through it, and take off the cumbrous slippers and step into the clean air.

onder is a curve of stone which is part of bridge which once reached from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion, and over it David walked or rode to prayers in the temple. Here is the waiting place of the Jews, where for centuries, almost perpetually, during the daytime whole generations of the Jews have stood putting their head or lips against the wall of what was once Solomon's temple. It was one of the saddest and most solemn and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see scores of these descendants of Abraham, with tears rolling down their cheeks and lips trem bling with emotion, a book of psalms open before them, bewailing the ruin of the ancient temple and the captivity of their race. and crying to God for the restoration of the temple in all its original splendor. Most affecting scene! And such a prayer as that, century after century, I am sure God will answer, and in some way the departed gran-

up-the brazes see, and the two wreathed pillars, Jachin and Boaz. Another siege of Jerusalem, and Pompey with the battering rams which a hundred men would roll back, and then, at full run forward, would bang against the wall of the city, and catapults hurling the rocks upon the people, left twelve thousand dead and the city in the clutch of the Roman war eagle. Look, a more desperate siege of Je-rusalem! Titus with his tenth legion on Mount of Olives, and ballists arranged on the principle of the pendulum to swing great bowiders against the walls and towers, and miners digging under the city making gal-leries of beams underground which, set on fire, tumbled great masses of houses and hu-man beings into destruction and death. All is taken now but the temple, and Titus, the conqueror, wants to save that unharmed, conqueror, wants to save that unharmed.

conqueror, wants to save that unharmed, but a soldier, contrary to orders, hurls a torch into the temple and it is consumed. Many strangers were in the city at the time and ninety-seven thousand captives were taken, and Josephus says one million one hundred thousand lay dead. But looking from this house top, the slege that most absorbs us is that of the Orusaders. England and France and all Christendom wanted to capture the Holy Sepulchre and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Moham-medans, under the command of one of the loveliest, bravest and mightiest men that ever lived; for justice must be done him, though he was a Mohammedan-glorious Baladin Against him came the armies of Europe, under Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England; Philip Augustus, King of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey and other valiant men, marching on through fevers and plagues and marching on through fevers and plagues and

battle charges and sufferings as intense as the world ever saw. Saladin in Jerusalem, hearing of the sickness of King Richard, his chief enemy, sends him his own physician, and from the walls of Jerusalem, seeing King Pichard afoot, sends him a horse. With all the world looking on the armies of Europe come within sight of Jerusalem.

At the first glimpse of the city they fall on their faces in reverence and then lift anthems of praise. Feuds and hatreds among themselves were given up, and Raymond and Tancred, the bitterest rivals, embraced while the armies looked on. Then the battering rams rolled, and the catapults swung, and the swords thrust, and the carnage raged. Godfrey, of Bouillon, is the first to mount the wall, and the Crusaders, a cross on every shoulder or breast, having taken the city, march bareheaded and barefooted to what they suppose to be the Holy Sepulcher, and kiss the tomb. Jerusalem the possession of Christendom. But Saladin retook the city, and for the last four hundred years it has been in possession of cruck and polluted Mohammedanism!

Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in this Nineteenth Century greater than all those of the past centuries put together. A crusade in which you and I will march. A crusade without weapons of death, but only the sword of the Spirit. A crusade that will make not a single wound, nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homestead. A crusade of Gospel Peace! And the Cross again be lifted on Calvary, not as once an instrument of pain, but a signal of invitation, and the mosque of Omar shall give place to a church of Christ, and Mount Zion become the dwelling place not of David, but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be

How Women Kill Flowers.

It is a peculiar fact that some women

kill flowers within twenty minutes after

will wear them for hours and they will

look as fresh as when they were first

pinned on. A florist said: "Women

wear flowers sometimes because they are

vain, not because they love them. Flow-

ers are alive and it chills them to lay

near the heart that has no love for them.

They droop and mourn themselves to

death, because they known there is noth-

ing in common between them and the

wearer. They are like 'little children';

they love those who love them, and their

best, brightest beauty is given to the

woman who pins the bouquet on through

a sure indication that a poisonous vapor

gree. It may be the result of disease, or

it may be that bathing and proper care

of the skin are neglected. The body

that is kept in wholesome cleanliness

will give new life to the flowers. A

ble than this disregard. They are either

made a worthy type of that heaving city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the holy Jerusalem their burial by carriers. Yesterday I descending out of heaven from God." witnessed on the plaza a relay of carriers Through its gates may we all enter when our work is done, and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in one, may we while the burden was being shifted to fresh shoulders. Two or three women worship. and some children stood around while the Russian pilgrims lined all the roads around exchange was being made. the Jerusalem we visited last winter. They had walked hundreds of miles, and their feet The coffin, it is presumed, represented bled on the way to Jerusalem. Many of the hearse. They have here on their them had spent their last farthing to get there, and they had left some of those who street railroads a funeral car capable of there, and they had left some of those who started with them dying or dead by the road-side. An aged woman, exhausted with the long way, begged her fellow pilgrims not to let her die until she had seen the Holy City. As she came to the gate of the city she could accommodating the coffin and a number of mourners, which is, I think, an idea well worthy of imitation.

LINCOLN'S MELANCHOLY.

His Sympathetic Nature and His Early Misfertunes.

Those who saw much of Abraham Lincoln during the later years of his life, were greatly impressed with the expression of profound melancholy his face always wore in repose. Mr. Lincoln was of a peculiarly sympathe-tic and kindly nature. These strong charac-teristics influenced, very happily, as it proved, his entire political career. They would not seem, at first glance, to be efficient aids to political success; but in the peculiar emer-gency which Lincoln, in the providence of God, was called to meet, no vessel of com-mon clay could possibly have become the "chosen of the Lord." Those acquainted with him from boyhood Those who saw much of Abraham Lincoln

Those acquainted with him from boyhood knew that early griefs tinged his whole life with sadness. His partner in the grocery business at Salem, was "Uncle" Billy Groen, of Tallula, Ill., who used at night, when the customers were few, to hold the grammar while Lincoln resited his lessons.

while Lincoln resited his lessons. It was to his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutildge; and ha, in return, offered what comfort he could when poor Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke. "After Ann died," says "Uncle" Billy, "on stormy nights, when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would set thar in the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and the tears 'runnin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel bad, an' I'd say, 'Abe don't cry;' and he'd look up an' say, 'I can't help it, Bill, the rain's a fallin' on her."

say, 'I can't help it, Bill, the rain's a failin' on her.'" There are many who can sympathize with this overpowering grief, as they think of a lost loved one, when "the rain's a fallin' on her." What adds poignancy to the grief cometimes is the thought that the lost one might have been saved. Fortunate, indeed, is William Johnson, of Corona, L. I., a builder, who writes June 28, 1890: "Last February, on returning from church one night, my daughter complained of having a pain in her ankle. The pain gradually extended until her entire limb was swollen and very painful to the touch. We called a physician, who after careful exam-ination, pronounced it disease of the kidneys of long standing. All we could do did not seem to benefit her until we tried Warner's Safe Cure; from the first she commenced to improve. When she commenced taking it she could not turn over in bed, and could just move her hands a little, but to-day she is as well as she ever was. I believe I owe the recovery of my daughter to its use."

Poverty of the Mexicans.

The poverty of the poor of Mexico is extreme, and the conditions of the lower class of laborers must be dreadful, says a correspondent of the Denver Times. One can see them doing work done only by horses elsewhere, and loads carried on burros which, in other countries, are carried on wheels. Blocks of a peculiar building stone are brought into the city on the backs of those patient creatures, so that even the poor burro is not exempt from sharing the condition of his owner. No wonder buildings go up slowly here. You see the men carrying lumber, heavy boxes, poles, and nearly always on the trot. Even the dead are borne to

The value of a pack of hounds in re vealed by the sale of one recognized as among the finitest in England for \$15,000.

LADIES needing a tonio, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Bilionsness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rish and pure.

The soper's motio is "Live for so-day, on he employs two d's

Oklahoma Guide Book and Map centany where on receipt of 50 cts. Tyler & Co., Kanmas City, Ma.

The most monotonous city in its buildings is Paris.

We will give \$100 reward for any rase of starrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprs., Toledo, O.

The Czar of Russia has issued an order forbidding applause in the theatres.

For disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.

Woman, her diseases and their treatment. 12 pages, filustrated; price 50c. Sent upon re-ceipt of 10c., cost of mailing, etc. Address Prof. R. H. KLINE, M.D., Sil Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The man who is right is reidom left.

Timber, Mineral, Farm Lands and Ranches a Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas, ought and sold. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Ma

An American toboggan slide is a great feature at the Cystal Palace, London.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINS'S GREAT NERVE RESTORED. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and 33 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Illinois has more miles of railway than Iowa.

There are some patent medicines that are more marvellous than a dozen doctors' prescriptions, but they're not those that profess to cure everything.

Everybody, now and then. feels "run down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten.

We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. We claim it to be an unequaled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be lasting in its effects, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Bilious, Typhoid and Malarial fevers if taken in time. The time to take it is when you first feel the signs of weariness and weakness. The time to take it, on general principles, is NOW.

Woman may be a trusting creature, they never wear nothing but a short and all that, but she isn't apt to be decerved into giving too much credit to another woman .- Elmira Gazette.

under a misapprehension. He seems to think that everybody wants to hear everything. He is wrong .- Dallas News.

The shortest day is generally believed to be December 21; yet there are many who say that the day before pay day is the shortest day .- Jewelers' Circular. Your faults to others you should never men-

tion; Your friends will give that duty due attention.2

-Philadelphia Times.

She (nervously)-"What do you think of my biscuits, dear?" He-"H'm! I don't care exactly to give an offhand opinion on weighty subjects."-Bazar.

Mrs. Peterby-"Don't you think it is very remarkable that a swan should sing before dying?" Judge Peterby-"Not so much so as I would if they sang after dying." -- Texas Siftings.

"I don't believe in allowing domestics to get the upper hand. I make my servant keep her place!" "You are lucky. Ours never does for more than three weeks." - American Grocer.

Benevolent Person-"I hope you treat your horses well and give them plenty of hay." Driver-"Well, I can't afford to buy 'em much of it, but I says 'hey !' to them as often as I can."-Light.

"Leave the house," said the irate debtor. "I couldn't hope to take the house with me, with so heavy a mortgage on it," retorted the creditor-but he did take it later on .- Munsey's Weekly.

"Good intentions are often thwarted in the most mysterious ways," as the young man remarked when his best girl sheared just as he was on the point of kissing her. -Burlington Free Press.

	-
. 41	But, sir, to kiss
	miss
	Is wrong, you see."
. 6.	1 do not kiss
1	miss
	When I kiss thee "

-Washington Post. "Do you share the common idea that " yellow clarionet is unlucky?" asked an wunteur theatrical performer of a Mr. kind."- Washington Post.

"Dear me, I hope it ain't serious!" Edd old Mrs. Bunker. "What's the matter?" "Ethel says in her letter that she and her husband had a row on the like Saturday afternoon." "Pooh! that min't r-o-w row. It's r-o-w row."-Harper's Bazar.

"Do you believe in healing by touch?" asked Miss De Price. "Indeed I do," replied De Blakes. "I met Tom Tightpusch to-day limping along and complaining of the gout. I touched him for a five and he skipped off as though he had never been ill a day in his life."- Chicago Times.

tain point, and as for the little Coreans, skirt until they are as old as our school-A wonderful flower has been dis-

The man /who knows everything labors | covered in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec Its chief peculiarity is the habit of changing its colors during the day. In the morning it is white; when the sun is at its zenith it is red, and at night it is blue. The red, white and blue flower grows on a tree about the size of a guava tree, and only at noon does it give out any perfume.

The famous "loop" on the Southern Pacific is on the Sierra Mountains, between Majora and Caliente. It was a device by which the Tchechape Pass, by

which Fremont first crossed the mount. ain ridge between Northern and Southern California, is passed. First the road runs through a tunnel, then it bridges and abyss, and finally crosses over itself,

seemingly ticing a bow-knot with its own straps. An Electric Man.

In the way of novel electrical inventions there will hardly be anything more interesting than the achievements of George R. Moore, a seventy-year-old retired miller of Lowell, Mass. The Lowell Citizen, describing his latest

freak, says:

This is an electric man that walks and does a number of things as perfectly as though it were a human being. He began work upon his electric man something like a year ago, adopting to some extent the principles of a mechanical horse, upon which he has been at work off and on for a dozen years. He regards his electric man as his chef d'œuvre, and well he may, for it has what is rarely seen in mechanical devices, an almost perfect imitation of the motions of the

human body. Mr. Mcore has other mechanical wonders besides the electric man to show. In the horse, as in the man, he has reached an almost perfect imitation of the natural movements of the feet and legs, every joint being fashioned in close imitation of the model which he has followed. The mechanical

horse is about as large as a forty-five pound dog, and can strike a gait that is at the same time stylish and fast. He Blykins. "I do emphatically unless they either trots or paces at the will of his sound very differently from the other master, and is always in fine condition for a spin on the mile ground.

Measuring the Flow of the Tides.

An instrument for measuring the flow of the tides has been invented by a young scientist at present engaged in experiments on Long Island Sound on board the United States steamer Fish Hawk. It is modeled something like a fish out

of sheet copper and is about four feet in length. In operation it is hung from the end of a twenty-foot spar attached to the steamer's side, and at right angles with her, so that the machine's operation may not be influenced by currents caused by the steamer. The instrument's head is a

has ever seen or ever will see. Coming to the base of the hill we first went inside the skull of rocks. It is called Jeremiah's grotto, for there the prophet wrote his book of Lamentations. The grotto is thirty-five feet high, and its top and side are malachite, green, brown, black, white, red and gray.

Coming forth from those pictured subterraneous passages we begin to climb the steep sides of Calvary. As we go up we see cracks and crevices in the rocks, which 1 think were made by the convulsions of nature when Jesus died. On the hill lay a limestone rock. white, but tinged with crimson, the white so suggestive of purity and the crimson of sac-rifice that I said, "That stone would be beau-

tifully appropriate for a memorial wall in my church, now building in America; and the stone now being brought on camel's back from Sinai across the desert, when put under it, how significant of the law and the gospel! And these lips of stone will continue to speak of justice and mercy long after all our living lips have uttered their last message." So I rolled it down the hill and transported it. When that day comes for which

many of you have prayed-the dedication of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the third immense structure we have reared in this city, and that makes it somewhat difficult. being the third structure, a work such as no other church was ever called on to undertake-we invite you in the main en-trance of that building to look upon a memorial wall containing the most suggestive and solemn and tremendous antiquities

ever brought together-this, rent with the earthquake at the giving of the law at Sinai, the other rent at the crucifixion on Calvary. it is impossible for you to realize what our emotions were as we gathered a group of men and women, all saved by the blood

of the Lamb, on a bluff of Cavalry, just wide enough to contain three crosses. said to my family and friends: "I think here is where stood the cross of the impenitent burglar, and there the cross of the miscreant, and here between, I think, stood the cross on which all our hopes depend.' As I opened the nineteenth chapter of John to read a chill blast struck the hill and a cloud hovered, the natural solemnity impressing the spiritual solemnity. I read a little, but broke down. I defy any emo-

tional Christian man sitting upon Gol-gotha to read aloud and with unbroken voice, or with any voice at all, the whole of that account in Luke and John, of which these sentences are a fragment: "They took Jesus and led Him away, and He, bearing His cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, where they crucified Him and two others with Him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst;" "Behold thy mother!" "I thirst;" "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise;" Father, forgive them, they know not what they do;" "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." What sighs, what sobs, what tears, what tempests of sorrow, what surging oceans of agony in those utterances While we sat there the whole scene came before us. All around the top and the sides

and the foot of the hill a mob raged. They gnash their teeth and shake their clinched fists at Him. Here the cavalry horses champ their bits and paw the earth and snort at the smell of the carnage. Yonder a group of gamblers are pitching up as to who shall have the coat of the dying Saviour. There are women almost dead with grief among the crowd-His mother and His aunt, and some whose sorrows He had pardoned. Here a man dips a sponge into sour wine, and by a stick hfts it to the hot and cracked lips. The hemorrhage of the five wounds has done its work.

The atmospheric conditions are such as the the world saw never before or since. It was not a solar eclipse, such as astronomers record or we ourselves have seen. It was a bereavement of the heavens! Darker! until the towers of the temple were no longer visible. Darker! until the surrounding hills disappeared. Darker! until the inscription above the middle cross becomes illegible. Darker ! until the chin of the dying Lord falls upon the breast, and He sighed with this last sigh the words, "It is finished !" As we sat there a silence took possession of us, and we thought, this is the centre from which continents have been touched, and all the world shall yet be moved. Toward this hill the prophets pointed forward. Toward this hill the apostles and martyrs pointed backward. To this all heaven pointed downward. To this with foaming execrations perdition pointed upward. Round it circles all history, all time, all eternity, and with this scene painters have covered the mightiest canvas, and sculptors cut the richest marble, and orchestras rolled their grandest oratorios and churches lifted their greatest doxologies and heaven built its highest Unable longer to endure the pressure of this scene we moved on and into a garden of blives, a garden which in the right season is fuli of flowers, and here is the reputed tomb of Christ. You know the Book says, "In the midst of the garden was a sepulchre." I think this was the garden and this the -sepulchre. It is shattered, of course. About four steps down we went into this, which seemed a family tomb. There is room in it for about five bodies. We measured it and found it about eight feet high and nine feet wide and fourteen fest long. The crypt where I think our Lord slept was seven feet long. I think that there once lay the King wrapped in His last slumber. On some of these rocks the Roman government set its seal. At the gate of this mausoleum on the on the first Easter morning the angels rolled the stone thundering down the hill. Up these steps walked the lacerated feet of the Con-queror, and from these heights He looked off

upon the city that had cast Him out and

deur will return, or something better. I looked over the shoulders of some of them and saw that they were reading from the mournful psalms of David, while I have been

We sit in solitude and mourn; For the palace that is destroyed. We sit in solitude and mourn; For the walls that are overthrown, We sit in solitude and mourn: For our majesty that is departed, Wes't in solltude and mourn: For our great men that lie dead, We sit in solitude and mourn;

For priests who have stumbled, We sit in solitate and mourn. I think at that prayer Jerusafem will come again to more than its ancient magnificence; of God and the Lamb, and one goot look at it may not be precious stones and architecthe "king in his beauty," will more than compensate for all the tolls an 1 tears and heartbreaks of the pilgrimage. Halielujah! tural majesty, but in a moral splendor that shall eclipse forever all that David or Solomon saw

But I must get back to the housetop where I stood early this morning, and before the sun sets, that I may catch a wider vision of what the city now is and once was. Standing here on the housetop I see that the city was built for military safety. Some old warrior, I warrant, selected the spot. It they are adjusted to the corsage. Others stands on a hill 2600 feet above the level of the sea, and deep ravines on three sides do the work of military trenches. Compact as no other city was compact. Only three miles journey round, and the three ancient towers. Hippicus, Phasaelus, Mariamne, frowning death upon the approach of all enemies.

As I stood there on the housetop in the most of the city I said, "O Lord, reveal to me this metropolis of the world that I may see it as it once appeared." No one was with me, for there are some things you can see more vividly with no one but God and yourself present. Immedialely the mosque of Omar, which has stood for ages on Mount Moriah, the site of the ancient temple, disappeared, and the most honored structure all the ages lifted itself in the light, and I saw it—the temple, the ancient temple! Not Solomon's temple, but something grander than that. Not Zerubbabel's temple, but something more gorgeous than that. It was Herod's temple, built for the one purpose of

clipsing all its architectural predecessors. There it stood, covering nineteen acres, and ten thousand workmen had been fortysix years in building it. Blaze of magnificence! Bewildering range of porticos and ten gateways and double arches and Corinthian capitals chiseled into lilies and acanthus. Masonry beveled and grooved into such delicate forms that it seemed to tremble in the light. Cloisters with two rows of Corinthian columns, royal arches, marble steps pure as though made out of frozen snow, carving that seemed like a panel of the door of heaven let down and set in, the facade of the building on shoulders at each end lifting the glory higher and higher, and walls wherein gold put out and the silver, and the carbuncle put out the gold, and the jasper put out the carbuncle, until in the changing light they would all seem to come back again into a chorus of harmonious color. The temple! The temple! Doxology in stone! Anthems soaring in rafters of Lebanon cedar! From side to side and from foundation to gilded pinnacle the frozen prayer of all ages!

noon we look out in another direction, and I see the king's palace, covering a hundred and sixty thousand square feet, three rows of windows illumining the inside brilliance, the hallway wainscoted with styles of colored marbles surmounted by arabesque, vermilion and gold, looking down on mosaics, music of waterfalls in the garden outside answering the music of the harps thrummed by deft fingers inside; banisters over which princes and princesses leaned, and talked to kings

salem, Jerusalem! Mountain city! City of God! Joy of the whole earth! Stronger than Gibraltar and Sebastopol, surely it never could have been captured! But while standing there on the housetop that December afternoon I hear the crash of the twenty-three mighty sieges which have come against Jerusalem in the ages past. Yonder is the pool of Hezekiah and Siloam, but again and again were those waters reddened with human gore. Yonder are the towers, but again and again they fell. Yonder are the high walls, but again and again they are leveled. To rob the treasures from her temple and palace and dethrone this queen city of the earth all nations plotted. David taking the throne at Hebron decides that he must have Jerusalem for his capital, and coming up from the south at the head of two hundred and eighty thousand troops he captures it. Look, here comes another siege of Jerusalem! The Assyrians under Sennacherib, enslaved nations at his chariot wheel, having taken two hundred thousand captives in his one campaign; Phœuician cities kneeling at his feet, Egypt trembling at the flash of his sword, comes upon Jeruselem. Look, an-other siege! The armies of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar come down and take a plunder from Jerusalem such as no other city ever had to yield, and ten thousand of her citizens trudge off into Babylonian bondage. Look, another siegel and Nebuchad-nezzar and his hosts by night go through a breach of the Jerusalem wall, and the morning finds some of them seated tri-umphant in the temple, and what they could not take away because too heavy they break

not take another step, but she was carried in, American sea captains are complaining and then said, "Now hold my head up till I can of the absurdity and the inconvenience look upon Jerusalem," and her head lifted, she took one look, an i said: "Now I die conof a recent edict of the Russian Governtent: I have been it! I have seen it!" Some ment whereby no ballast can be disof us before we reach the heavenly Jerusalem ;harged in Russian ports. may be as tired as that, but angels of mercy will help us in, and one glimpse of the temple

A church census taken this year shown that there are 21,757,171 church members in this country, and that the gain in the last year was 1,089,853.

MANY persons are broken down from over-work or household cares. Brown's Iron Bit-ters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, re-moves excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

The people of Laurenceburg, Tenn., are trying to raise funds for a monument Davy Orockett.

Lee Wa's Chinese Headache Oure. Harm-less in effect, quick and positive in action. Sent prepaid on receipt of \$1 per bottle. Adeler & Co.,522 Wyandottest., Kansas City, Mo

The earth 1s the greatest distance from the sun on the morning of the 6th of July.

Experts at picking locks-wig makers

Do You Ever Speculate ?

Any person sending us their name and ad-dress will receive information that will lead to a fortune. Benj. Lewis & Oo., Security Building, Kansas City, Mo. her love for the flowers." A physician said: "Certainly some women can kill flowers within a very few minutes. It is



by soon drooping."-Chicago Herald. constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever pro-Precautions Against Consumption. In a circular on precautions against

duced, pleasing to the taste and acconsumption, published by the State ceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its Board of Health of Pennsylvania, the fol-

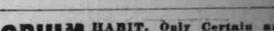
TOSDA

TRINITY COLLEGE, I NORTH CAROLINA. It takes no less time and no less money to graduate at a first class college than it does at one of a second or third rate. Terms begin Sept. 1 and Jan. 1. Well prepared and hard-working students can complete courses for degrees in less than 4 years. Four new buildings this year. The best instruction given Expenses, \$150 to \$200 s year. Send for catalogue, Builetin, Degree Book, etc. JOHN F. CROWELL, A. B. (Yale '35), Dr. Litt. Prosident. resident. Trinity College, Randolph county, N. (

ST. - AUGUSTINE'S - SCHOOL. RALEIGH N.C.

Nonmal AND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE for Colleged young men and women. High grade and low rate Under the Episcopal Church. 35 per month cash for board and tuition. Send for catalogue to REV. R. B. SUTTOR. D. D., Principal

GME STUDY. Book-resping, Business Forma the Penmanship, Arithmotic, Short-sand, etc. thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free Bryant's College, 457 Main Mt., Buffalo, N. Y



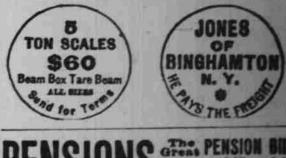
S. N U. -- 42

OPIUM HABIT. Only Certain and Easy OURE in the World. Dr. J. L. STEPHENE, Lebanou, O.

FITS CURED. Trial Bottle and Treatise sent free by mail, Thousands Cured after all others failed. Address HALL, CHEMICAL CO., 3860 Fairmount Ave., Phila., Pa



PATENTS or How to Obtain Patrick O'Farrell, MASHINGTON, D. C.







magnetic strength is carried from the wearer to the flower, and long after the woman is weary with an afternoon's shopping or calling the flowers will smile back at her with her own strength. She gives life to the flowers through the sweetness of her own body. There is such a difference in women about the care of the person. Some of our best dressed and wealthiest ladies are the most negligent. They seem to have no pride. There is nothing more discerni-

ignorant or unconscious of this fact, or else they are without the pride that From this housetop on the December aftershould go with intelligence. Flower cannot live in the poisonous vapor and they betray the secret of invisible negleci

and queens ascending the stairway. O Jeru

told that this is the litany which some chant: For the temple that lies desolate,

Power of the Sea. From experiments at Bell Rock and Skerryvole lighthouse, on the coast of bootland, it is found that while the force of the breakers on the side of the German Ocean may be taken at about a ton and a half to every square foot of exposed surface, the Atlantic side throws breakers with double that force, or three tons to the square foot; thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to hity-four tons. In March of this year a heavy gale blew for three days and nights at Skerryvole, washing out blocks of lunestone and granite of three and five tons weight as easily as if they had been empty egg shells. One block of the soil and the atmosphere into twentylimestone, estimated to be of fifteen tons weight, was moved over one hundred and fifty feet from a place in the surf bunch of leaves. Dr. Desaguliers has where it had been firmly grounded since 1697, it having first been rolled in sight by the awful gale of the "windy Christ; mas" of that year. This is quite a high a minute. By an actual experiment made sea record for 1890, showing that the gule of March 3d was the werst known, on the Scoottish coast for 193 years .--Scientific American.

revolving screw or wheel, something like a steamer's propeller. When in the water the head of the instrument is kept turned to the current by the tail, which acts as a rudder. In the body of the fish-shaped contrivance is deliente machinery which regulates the screw's revolu tions, and their rapidity is transmitted to the steamer's laboratory by an ingeniou electrical apparatus, and thus the cur rent's swiftness is recorded.

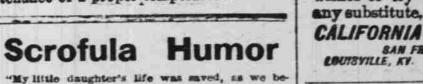
A Turnip Seed's Increase.

weight of their seeds each day as they

stood upon it,

The seed of a globe turnip is exceedingly minute, not larger, perhaps, than the twentieth pact of an inch in diameter, and yet, in the course of a few months, this seed will be elaborated by seven millions of times its original bulk, and this is in addition to a considerable made some experiments proving that, in an average condition, a turnip seed may increase its own weight fifteen times in on peat ground, turnips have been found to increase by growth 15,900 times the

lowing advice is given: "The duster, and especially that potent distributer of germs, the feather duster, should never be used a room habitually occupied by a consumptive. The floor, woodwork and furniture should be wiped with a damy cloth. The patient's clothing should be kept by itself and thoroughly boiled when washed. It need hardly be said that the room should be ventilated a thoroughly as is consistent with the main tenance of a proper temperature."



lieve, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she was six months old she had seven running scrofula sores. Two physicians were called, but they gave us no hope. One of them advised the amputation of one of her fingers, to which we refused assent. On giving her Hood's Sarsportilla a marked improvement was noticed and by a continued use of it her recovery was com plete. And she is now, being seven years old, strong and healthy."-B. C. JONES, Alna, Lincoin Co., Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SMITH &