# REV DR. TALMAGE.

## THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: "*Who maketh the clouds His Chariot.*"—Psalm civ., 3.

Brutes are constructed so as to look down. Those earthly creatures that have wings when they rise from the earth still look down, and the eagle searches for mice in the grass and the raven for carcasses in the field. Man alone is made to look up. To induce him to look up God makes the sky a picture gallery, a Dusseldorf, a Louvre, a Luxembourg, a Vatican that eclipses all that German, or French, or Italian art ever accomplished. But God has failed so far to attract the attention of most of us by the scenery of the sky. We go into raptures flover owers in the soil, but have little or no appreciation of the "morning glories" that bloom on the wall of the sky at sunrise or the dahlias in the clouds at sunset. We are in ecstasies over a gobelin tapestry or a bridal veil of rare fabric, or a snowbank of exquisite curve, but see not at all, or see without emotion, the bridal veil of mist that covers the face of the Catskills, or the swaying upholstery around the couch of the dying day, or the snowbanks of vapor piled up in the heavens.

My text bids us lift our chin three or four inches and open the two telescops which under the forehead are put on swivel easily turned upward, and see that the clouds are not merely uninteresting signs of wet or dry weather, but that they are embroidered canopies of shade, that they are the conservatories of the sky, that they are thrones of pomp, that they are crystalline bars, that they are paintings in water color, that they are the angels of the mist, that they are great cathedrals of light with broad aisles for angelic feet to walk through and bow at altars of amber and alabaster, that they are the mothers of the dew, that they are ladders for ascending and descending glories, Cotopaxis of belching flame, Niagaras of color, that they are the masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. The clouds are a favorite Bible simile and the sacred writers have made much use of them. After the deluge God hung on a cloud in concentric bands the colors of the spectrum, saying: "I do set my bow in the clouds." As a mountain is sometimes entirely hidden by vapors, so, says God, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions." David measured the divine goodness and found it so high he apostrophized: "Thy faithfulness reaches unto the clouds." As sometimes there are thousands of fleeces of vapor scurrying across the heavens, so, says Isaiah, will be the converts in the millenium, "as clouds and as doves." As in the wet season no sooner does the sky clear than there comes another obscuration, so, says Solomon, one ache or ailment of old folks has no more than gone than another pain comes "as clouds return in the rain." A column of illumined cloud led the Israelites across the wilderness. In the book of Job, Elihu, watching the clouds, could not understand why they did not fall or why they did not all roll together, the laws of evaporation and condensation then not being understoed, and he cries out: "Dost thou know the balancing of the clouds?" When I read my text it suggests to me that the clouds are the Creator's equipage, and their whirling masses are the wheels, and the tongue of the cloud is the pole of the celestial vehicle, and the winds are the harnessed steeds, and God is the Royal occupant and driver "who maketh the clouds His chariot."

To understand the psalmist's meaning in the text you must know that the chariot of old was sometimes a sculptured brilliancy made out of ivory, sometimes of solid silver, and rolled on two wheels which were fastened to the axle by stout pins, and the awful defeat of Oenomaus by Pelops was caused by the fact that a traitorous charioteer had inserted a linch pin of wax instead of a linch pin of iron. All of the six hundred chariots of Pharaoh lost their linch pins in the Red Sea, for the Bible says: "The Lord took off their wheels." Look at the long flash of Solomon's fourteen hundred chariots, and the thirty thousand chariots of the Philistines. If you have ever visited the buildings where a king or queen keeps the coaches of state, as I have, you know that kings and queens have great varieties of turnout. The keeper tells you: "This is the state carriage, and used only on great occasions." "This is the coronation carriage, and in the king rode on the day he took the throne." "In this the Queen went to open Parliament." "This is the coach in which the Czar and the Sultan rode on the occasion of their visit." All costly and tesselated and enriched and emblazoned are they, and when the driver takes the reins of the ten white horses in his hands, and amid mounted troops and bands in full force sounding the national air, the splendor starts and rolls on under arches entwined with banners, and amid the huzza of hundreds of thousands of spectators the scene is memorable. But my text puts all such occasions into insignificance, as it represents the King of the Universe coming to the door of his palace, and the gilded vapors of the heavens rolling up to His feet, and He stopping in and taking the reins of the galloping winds in His hand starts in triumphal ride under the arches of sapphire, and over the atmospheric highways of opal and chrysolite, the clouds His chariot.

My hearers, do not think that God belittles Himself when he takes such conveyance. Do you know that the clouds are among the most wondrous and majestic things in the whole universe? Do you know that they are flying lakes and rivers and oceans? God waved His hand over them and said: "Come up higher!" and they obeyed the mandate. That cloud instead of being, as it seems, a small gathering of vapor a few yards wide and high is really seven or eight miles across, and is a mountain, from its base to its top, 15,000 feet, 18,000 feet, 20,000 feet, and cut through with ravines 5000 feet deep. No. David did not make a fragile or unworthy representation of God in the text when he spoke of the clouds as His chariot. But as I suggested in the case of an earthly king. He has His morning cloud chariot and evening cloud chariot—the cloud chariot in which He rode down to Sinai to open the law, and the cloud chariot in which he rode down to Tabor to honor the gospel, and the cloud chariot in which He will come to judgment.

When He rides out in His morning chariot at this season, about six o'clock, he puts golden coronets on the dome of cities, and silvers the rivers, and out of the dew makes a diamond ring for the finger of every grass blade, and bids good cheer to invalids who in the night said: "Would God it were morning." From this morning cloud chariot He distributes light, light for the earth and light for the heavens, light for the land and light for the sea, great bars of it, great wreathes of it, great columns of it, a world full of it. Hail Him in worship as every morning He drives out in His chariot of morning cloud, and cry with David:

"My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee and look up." I rejoice in these Scripture ejaculations: "Joy cometh in the morning." "My soul waiteth for Thee more than they that watch for the morning." "If I take the wing of the morning." "The eyelids of the morning." "The morning cometh." "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?" "His going forth is prepared as the morning." "As the morning spread on the mountains." "Thou visitest him every morning." What a mighty thing the King throws from His chariot when He throws us the morning!

Yes: He has his evening cloud chariot. It is made out of the saffron and the gold and the purple and the orange and the vermilion and upshot flame of the sunset. That is the place where the splendors that have marched through the day, having ended the procession, throw down the torches and set the heavens on fire. That is the only hour of the day when the atmosphere is clear enough to let us see the wall of the heavenly city with its twelve manner of precious stones, from foundation of jasper to middle strata of sardius and on up to the coping of amethyst. At that hour without any of Elisha's supernatural vision we see horses of fire and chariots of fire and banners of fire and ships of fire and cities of fire, seas of fire, and it seems as if the last conflagration had begun and there is a world on fire. When God makes these clouds His chariot let us all kneel. Another day past, what have we done with it? Another day dead and this is its gorgeous catafalque. Now is the time for what David called the "evening sacrifice," or Daniel called the "evening oblation." Oh! oh! what a chariot made out of evening cloud! Have you hung over the taffrail on the ocean and seen this cloudy vehicle roll over the pavements of a calm summer sea, the wheels dripping with the magnificence? Have you from the top of Ben Lomond or the Cordilleras or the Berkshire hills seen the day pillowed for the night, and yet had no aspiration of praise and homage? Oh, what a rich God we have that He can put on one evening sky pictures that excel Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" and Ghirlandjo's "Adoration of the Magi" and whole galleries of Madonnas, and for only an hour, and then away, and the next evening put on the same sky something that excels all that the Raphaels and the Titans and the Rembrandts and the Corregios and the Leonardo da Vincis ever executed, and then draw a curtain of mist over them never again to be exhibited! How rich God must be to have a new chariot of clouds every evening!

But the Bible tells us that our King also has a black chariot. "Clouds and darkness," we are told, "are round about him." That chariot is cloven out of night, and that night is trouble. When He rides forth in that black chariot pestilence and earthquake and famine and hurricane and woe attend Him. Then let the earth tremble. Then let nations pray. Again and again He has ridden forth in that chariot of black clouds, across England, France, Italy, Russia, and America, and over all nations. That which men took for the sound of cannonading at Sebastopol, at Sedan, at Gettysburg, at Tel-el-Kebir, at Bunker Hill, were only the rumblings of the black chariot of the Almighty. Aye, it is the chariot of stormcloud armed with thunderbolts, and neither man nor angel nor devil nor earth nor hell nor heaven can resist Him. On those boulevards of blue this chariot never turns out for anything. Aye, no one else drives there. Under one wheel of that chariot Babylon was crushed and Baalbeck fell dead and the Roman Empire was prostrated and Atlantis, a whole continent that once connected Europe with America, sank clear out of sight so that the longest anchor of ocean steamer cannot touch the top of its highest mountains. The throne of the Cæsars was less than a pebble under the right wheel of this chariot, and the Austrian despotism less than a snowflake under the left wheel. And over destroyed worlds on worlds that chariot has rolled without a jar or jolt.

This black chariot of war clouds rolled up to the northwest of Europe in 1812 and four hundred thousand men marched to take Moscow, but that chariot of clouds rolled back, and only twenty-five thousand out of the four hundred thousand troops lived to return. No great snow storm like that had ever before or has ever since visited Russia. Aye, the chariot of the Lord is irresistible. There is only one thing that can halt or turn any of His chariots, and that is prayer. Again and again it has stopped it, wheeled it around, and the chariot of black clouds under that sanctified human breath has blossomed into such brightness and color that men and angels had to veil their faces from its brightness. Mark you, the ancient chariot which David uses as a symbol in my text had only two wheels, and that was that they might turn quickly, two wheels taking less than half the time to turn that four wheels would have taken. And our Lord's chariot has only two wheels, and that means instant reversal, and instant help, and instant deliverance. While the combined forces of the universe in battle array could not stop his black chariot a second or diverge it an inch, the driver of that chariot says: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee," "While they are yet speaking I will hear." Two-wheeled chariot, one wheel justice and the other wheel mercy. Aye, they are swift wheels. A cloud, whether it belongs to the cirrhus, the clouds that float the highest; or belongs to the stratus, the central ranges; or to the cumulus, the lowest ranges, seems to move slowly along the sky if it moves at all. But many clouds go at a speed that would make a vestibule limited lightning express train seem lethargic, so swift is the chariot of our God; yea, swifter than the storm, swifter than the light. Yet a child ten years old has been known to reach up, and with the hand of prayer take the courser of that chariot by the bit and slow it up, or stop it, or turn it aside, or turn it back. The boy Samuel stopped it. Elijah stopped it. Hezekiah stopped it. Daniel stopped it. Joshua stopped it. Esther stopped it. Ruth stopped it. Hannah stopped it. Mary stopped it. My father stopped it. My mother stopped it. My sister stopped it. We have in our Sabbath-schools children who again and again and again have stopped it.

Notice that these old-time chariots, which my text uses for symbol, had what we would call a high dash-board at the front, but were open behind. And the king would stand at the dash-board and drive with his own hands. And I am glad that He, whose chariot the clouds are, drives Himself. He does not let natural law drive, for natural law is deaf. He does not let fate drive, for fate is merciless. But our Father King drives Himself, and He puts His loving hand on the reins of the flying coursers, and He has a loving ear open to the cry of all who want to catch His attention. Oh, I am so glad that my Father drives and never drives too fast, and never drives too slow, and never drives off the precipice, and that He controls, by a bit that never breaks, the wildest and most raging circumstances. I heard of a ship captain who put out with his vessel with a large number of passengers from Buffalo on Lake Erie, very early in the season and while there was much ice. When they were well out the captain saw to his horror that the ice was closing in on him from all sides, and he saw no way out from destruction and death. He called into the cabin the passengers and all the crew that could be spared from their posts, and told them that the ship must be lost unless God interposed, and although he was not a Christian man he said: "Let us pray," and they all knelt asking God to come for their deliverance. They went back to the deck, and the man at the wheel shouted: "All right, cap'n, it's blowing nor' by nor' west now." While the prayer was going on in the cabin the wind changed and blew the ice out of the way. The mate asked: "Shall I put on more sail, cap'n?" "No!" responded the captain. "Don't touch her. Someone else is managing this ship."

Oh, men and women, shut in on all sides by icy troubles and misfortunes, in earnest prayer put all your affairs in the hands of God. You will come out all right. Some one else is managing the ship! It did not merely happen so that when Leyden was beseiged, and the Duke of Alva felt sure of his triumph, suddenly the wind turned, and the swollen waters compelled him to stop the siege, and the city was saved. God that night drove along the coast of the Netherlands in a black chariot of storm cloud. It did not merely happen so that Luther rose from the place where he was sitting just in time to keep from being crushed by a stone that the instant after fell on the very spot. Had he not escaped where would have been the Reformation? It did not merely happen so that Columbus was saved from drowning by an oar that was floating on the waters. Otherwise, who would have unveiled America? It did not merely happen so that when George Washington was in Brooklyn a great fog settled down over all the place where this church stands, and over all this end of Long Island, and that under that fog he and his army escaped from the clutches of Generals Howe and Clinton. In a chariot of mist and cloud the God of American Independence rode along here. On that pillow of consolation I put down my head to sleep at night. On that solid foundation I build when I see this nation in political paroxysm every four years, not because they care two cents about whether it is high tariff, or low tariff, or no tariff at all, but only whether the Democrats or the Republicans shall have the salaried offices. Yea, when European nations are holding their breath, wondering whether Russia or Germany will launch a war that will incarnadine a continent, I fall back on the faith that my Father drives. Yes, I cast this as an anchor, and plant this as a column of strength, and lift this as a telescope, and build this as a fortress, and propose without any perturbation to launch upon an unknown future triumphant in the fact that my Father drives. Yes. He drives very near. I know that many of the clouds that you see in summer are far off, the bases of some of them five miles above the earth. High on the highest peaks of the Andes travelers have seen clouds far higher than where they were standing. Gay Lussac, after he had risen in a balloon twenty-three thousand feet, still saw clouds above him.

But there are clouds that touch the earth and discharge their rain, and, though the clouds out of which God's chariot is made may sometimes be far away, often they are close by, and they touch our shoulders, and they touch our homes, and they touch us all over. I have read of two rides that the Lord took in two different chariots of clouds, and of another that He will take. One day, in a chariot of clouds that were a mingling of fog and smoke and fire, God drove down to the top of a terrible crag fifteen hundred feet high, now called Jebel-Musa, then called Mount Sinai, and He stepped out of His chariot among the split shelvings of rock. The mountains shook as with an ague, and there were ten volleys of thunder, each of the ten emphasizing a tremendous "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not." Then the Lord resumed His chariot of cloud and drove up the hills of heaven. They were dark and portentous clouds that made that chariot at the giving of the law. But one day He took another ride, and this time down to Mount Tabor, the clouds out of which His chariot was made, were bright clouds, roseate clouds, illumined clouds, and music rained from all of them, and the music was a mingling of carol and chant and triumphal march: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Transfiguration chariot!

"Oh," say hundreds of you, "I wish I could have seen those chariots—the black one that brought the Lord to Jebel-Musa at the giving of the law, and the white one that brought Him down to Tabor." Never mind, you will see something grander than that, and it will be a mightier mingling of the sombre and the radiant, and the pomp of it will be such that the chariots in which Trajan, and Diocletian, and Zenobia, and Caesar, and Alexander, and all the conquerors of all the ages rode will be unworthy of mention; and what stirs me the most is that when he comes in that chariot of cloud and goes back, He will ask you and me to ride with Him both ways. How do I know that the judgment chariot will be made out of clouds? Revelation i., 7: "Behold He cometh with clouds." Oh, He will not then ride through the heavens alone as He does now. He is going to bring along with Him escort of ten full regiments. Inspiration says: "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints." But these figures simply mean that there will be a great throng. And as we shall probably through the atonement of Christ be in heaven before that, I hope that we can come down in that escort of chariots. Christ in the centre chariot, but chariots before Him to clear the way, and chariots behind Him, and chariots on either side of Him. Perhaps the prophets and patriarchs of the old dispensation may ride ahead each one charioted—Abraham and Moses and Ezekiel and David and Joshua, who foretold his first coming. On either side of the central chariot apostles and martyrs who in the same or approximate centuries suffered for Him—Paul, Stephen, and Ignatius, and Polycarp, and Justin Martyr, and multitudes who went up in chariot of fire now coming in chariot of cloud, while in the rear of the central chariot shall be the multitudes of latter days and of our own time who have tried to serve the Lord, ourselves I hope among them. "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints." Yes, although all unworthy of such companionship we want to come with Him on that day to see the last of this old world which was our residence. Coming through the skies myriads of chariots rolling on and rolling down. By that time how changed this world will be. Its deserts all flowers, its rocks all mossed and lichened, its poor houses all palaces, its sorrows all joys, its sins all virtues, and in the same pasture field lion and calf, and on the same perch hawk and dove. Now the chariots of cloud strike the earth, filling all the valleys, and covering all the mountain sides, and halting in all the cemeteries and graveyards and over the waters deep where the dead sleep in coral sarcophagus. A loud blast of the resurrection trumpet is given and the bodies of the dead rise and join the spirits from which they have long been separated. Then Christ, our King, rising in the center chariot of cloud, with his scarred hands waves the signal, and the chariots wheel and come into line for glorious ascent. Drive on! Drive up! Chariots of cloud ahead of the King, chariots of cloud on either side of the King, chariots of cloud following the King. Upward and apast starry hosts, and through immensities, and across infinitudes, higher, higher, higher, unto the gates, the shining gates. Lift up your heads, ye Everlasting Gates, for Him who maketh the clouds His chariot, and who through condescending and uplifting grace invites us to mount and ride with Him!

### Under Full Sail.

—*Bazar.*

### Strained Relations.

Brown (to Robinson)—"Why, I thought you knew Dumley, that gentleman I just bowed to."

Robinson—"I've known him for years; but he never speaks to me now as we pass by."

Brown—"Had a quarrel?"

Robinson—"No; he owes me a little borrowed money."—*Epoch.*

### Her Estimate.

Mrs. Hard.—"Do have some more cream, Miss Sweettooth?"

Miss Sweettooth (hesitating).—"Well, just a little, Mrs. Hard. Only a mouthful."

Mrs. Hard.—"Bridget, fill Miss Sweettooth's plate up again."—*Bazar.*

# A CITY WITHIN A CITY.

## INTERESTING TREASURES AND FEATURES OF MOSCOW.

### The Kremlin's Three Cathedrals—Peculiar Pictures—A Russian's Fondness for Horses and Boots.

Moscow, says a writer in the Detroit *Free Press*, is a lively, bustling city of nearly 1,000,000 of people, and one charm of it consists in the commingling of the new and the old. It is a city within a city, and this latter is surrounded by a city greater still. For there is the Kremlin, with its moat and its wall, and its many towers and gates. At some distance outside of this stands another wall, pierced by gates here and there, while further out still is the greater part of the business and residence portion of the city. Like Rome, it is built upon seven hills, but here the likeness ends. To an American, of course, the greatest interest centers in the Kremlin, and doubtless to the Russian, too, for everything connected with it to him is of the most sacred character. One of the main approaches is through the "Redeemer's Gate," so called because Napoleon endeavored to destroy it in vain, and the Russians believe that it was the direct interposition of Christ himself that drove him back and saved the citadel. From that day to this no one, Czar or peasant, Asiatic, European or American, goes through without uncovering his head.

Inside the Kremlin are three cathedrals; the Cathedral of the Annunciation, where all the Czars are baptized, the Cathedral of the Assumption, where all are crowned, and the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, where all the Emperors were buried up to the time of Peter the Great. These are all, as are most of the churches in Moscow, built in the Moorish style of architecture and most elaborately decorated. Recently, in the Church of the Assumption, which was being renovated, several very ancient pictures were brought to light on the walls, and these have been carefully preserved. One of them represents several scenes from the life of Jonah, and is very unique in its way. On one side the prophet is being thrown overboard from an exceedingly rickety-looking ship. Then a creature with big eyes and a big mouth and a tail (in all about Jonah's size) is doing his best to "take him in." But the crowning masterpiece of the whole picture is where Jonah—now safe on land—is bidding the whale good-bye in the most elaborate and polite Russian manner.

Near by these churches is the Tower of Ivan the Great, very lofty and containing some fifty-two bells, many of them of very large size. At the foot of the tower is the "Tsar Kolokoi," or the "King Bell," "the great bell of Moscow," of which we have heard all our lives. It is immense, there is no doubt of that! It is twenty feet high and sixty feet in circumference, and is about two feet through in the thickest part.

Besides these cathedrals and towers and this bell, there are also the palace, the treasury, where are many valuable crowns and jewels and other articles of interest, the arsenal and other buildings, all inside the Kremlin, and forming a part of its wall. But the finest modern church in all Russia, and, it is claimed, in Europe, is the Church of St. Saviour, or "the New Church," as they call it. It was built to commemorate the defeat of the French in 1812, and has only recently been completed. Every architect, every builder, every workman and every artist employed upon it was a Russian. More than forty years' continuous labor, and over 40,000,000 of roubles, they say, were spent upon it, and the result is magnificent. It is well worth a journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow to see this one building alone. The frescoes are by Russia's two most celebrated painters, and will not suffer by comparison with any, be they ancient or modern.

Near by is the Cathedral of St. Basil, which was built in 1554 by Ivan the Terrible. It is a very unique, mosque-like looking structure, and the story goes that Ivan was so anxious that no other should ever be erected like it, that, as soon as it was completed, he destroyed the plans and put out the architect's eyes—a little pleasantry which, it seems, he often indulged in with his friends, and which is certainly in keeping with his character. But he need have had no fears that any one would have copied his old church, for it is hideous in the extreme.

In Moscow, as well as everywhere in Russia, the horses are very fine and very fast. They have the build of race horses, with their slim legs and far reaching necks. Even some of the droskies have full blooded horses, and their drivers are able to obtain a fancy price for their use.

Horses and boots are the two things that Russians seem to pride themselves upon. They may not have any stockings—and few of the lower classes wear them at all—but boots they must and will have. Boots with high morocco tops, and worn with the pantaloons tucked into the tops, so that every inch shows; and then, like the Mexican with his spurs, they are dressed. They are a very polite people, even down to the children. I saw one little fellow in Moscow, not over six or eight years old, take off his hat to another boy of about the same age and then shake hands with him.

### The "Punnet" of Old England.

The word "punnet" is given in English markets to various sizes of what we would call small measures or baskets. For instance, a radish punnet, if intended to hold "six hands," is eight inches in diameter and one inch deep, and a twelve-hand punnet is nine inches by one inch, and a sea kale punnet is eight inches diameter at the top, and seven and a half at the bottom, and two inches deep. Fruits and vegetables are sold by the sieve, hand, bunch, bundle, bushel and pottle; the latter is used for strawberries, and is a long tapering basket, supposed to hold half a gallon, but rarely holding more than one quart. The system of measuring, practised in our markets is most absurd and unsatisfactory to purchasers, but that in general use in the English markets is no better. —*New York Sun.*


### Log Cabin Logic.

Brawn and Brain!

The powerful engine, with its wonderful propelling power, coupled to the long train full freighted with the richest fabrics of the intellectual looms of the centuries—what obstacles can stay the progress of this mighty force, when once under full steam along life's highway?

The American with brawn and brain does not see the necessity for titles of nobility, does not care for elevation by descent, he can reach out and pluck the stars.

But with brawn or brain impaired, a man is badly handicapped in the mad race for success which is the marked characteristic of the present age.

The physical system is a most intricate piece of machinery. It ought to be kept well regulated, so that it will work harmoniously in all its parts, then it is capable of an immense amount of work.

It is said that a watch, if expected to keep perfect time must be wound daily. It will not keep good time unless it "runs regular." Morals, mind, body go a-a because they don't "run regular" than for any other reason.

It is claimed by physicians that few men are killed by hard work. It is to the irregularities of modern social life that the high death rate is due. Men burn their candle at both ends, then wonder why it burns out so quickly.

The main thing in keeping the human machine in good working order is to keep the regulator all right. "The blood is the life," and sound health is assured so long as the blood flows through the veins a limpid stream of purity.

Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla, the old-fashioned blood purifier, prepared after the best formula in use by our ancestors in good old Log Cabin days, and with the vigor of brawn and brain which must ensue, in your life's lexicon you will find no such word as fail.


### A Fleet Man-of-War.

The fastest armed cruiser in the world is said to be the German vessel Greif, which has a displacement of 2000 tons, and is fitted with engines of 5400 indicated horse power. On the voyage from Kiel to Wilhelmshafen a speed of twenty-three knots, or almost twenty-seven miles, an hour was obtained.


**For Rickets, Marasmus, and Wasting Disorders of Children,**

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. Read the following: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing, and have been more than pleased with the results, as in every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York.


President Carnot, of France, has sent over 2000 portraits of himself to the Mayors whom he recently entertained in the Champ de Mars.


Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.


Hops are quoted as rising. This is the natural end and aim of the hop.


**A Dream of Fair Women.**

Tennyson in his exquisite poem, dreams of a long procession of lovely women of ages past. This is all very well, but the laureate would have done the world a greater service if he had only told the women of the present how they could improve their health and enhance their charms. This he might easily have done by recommending the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Health is the best friend of beauty, and the innumerable ills to which women are peculiarly subject, its worst enemies. Long experience has proven that the health of womankind and the "Favorite Prescription" walk hand in hand, and are inseparable. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.


Dante is the only foreigner who has a statue in Paris. Shakespeare is to have one, though.


Leave hope behind,
All ye who enter here!

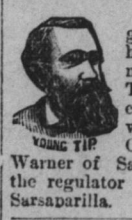
So ran the dire warning Dante read on the portals of the Inferno. So runs the cruel verdict of your friends if you are overtaken by the first symptoms of that terrible disease, consumption. "Leave hope behind! Your days are numbered!! And the struggle against death is given up in despair. But while there is life, there is hope! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured hundreds of cases worse than yours; and it will cure you, if taken in time. But delay is dangerous. No power can restore a wasted lung; the "Golden Medical Discovery," however, can and will arrest the disease.


The Milwaukee *Sentinel* estimates that city's Polish population at 20,000.


**A Regulator.**

A few HAMBURG FIGS will cure the worst cases of constipation and indigestion, and their occasional use will prevent the recurrence of these troubles. 25 cents. Dose one Fig. Mack Denz Co., N. Y.

For some time past the effigy of England's ex-Prime Minister has been used in a Dumfries pawnshop to display unredeemed pledges.



YOUNG TIP

LOG CABINS, lacking elegance, were yet comfortable homes. Health and happiness were found in them. The best of the simple remedies used are given to the world in Warner's Log Cabin Remedies made by Warner of Safe Cure fame. Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla.

S. N. U.-42

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH COLD HEAD HAY-FEVER

**Ely's Cream Balm**

is the best remedy *for children* suffering from

**Cold in Head, Snuffles OR CATARRH.**

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

**50** COMPLETE NOVELS FOR ONLY 15 cents. H. W. COONLEY, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

**ASTHMA CURED**

*German Asthma Cure* never *fails* to give *immediate relief* in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where others fail. A *trial convinces the most skeptical.* Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

**$160** FARMERS SAW MILL. ENGINES, Wood Planers. Also HICK'S Improved Circular Saw Mill With Universal Log Beam Rectilinear Simultaneous Set Work and Double Eccentric Friction Feed. Manufactured by the SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C. Write for circular.

**Letter from the Ex-Sheriff of Chautauqua County, New York.**

MAYVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 2 1885.

I am glad to say, from a long personal experience with ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, that I am able to endorse all the good things that have ever been said about them, and supplement these by saying that I frankly believe their value cannot be estimated. Their breadth of usefulness is unlimited, and for prompt and sure relief to almost every ache and pain that flesh if heir to, no other remedy, in my opinion, either external or internal, equals them in certainty and rapidity. I have used them at one time for rheumatism, another for backache, again for bronchitis, always with the same result—a speedy cure.

L. T. HARRINGTON.

Chicago proposes to have a crematory in running order within six months. The Health officers favor it, and there is plenty of money to back it.

Offensive breath vanishes with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Possesses many Important Advantages over all other prepared Foods.

*BABIES CRY FOR IT. INVALIDS RELISH IT.*

Makes Plump, Laughing, Healthy Babies. Regulates the Stomach and Bowels. Sold by Druggists. 25c., 50c., $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

**Baby Portraits.**

A Portfolio of beautiful baby portraits, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

**It's Easy to Dye WITH DIAMOND DYES**

Superior IN Strength, Fastness, Beauty, AND Simplicity.

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other. 36 colors; 10 cents each.

*WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.*

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 25 Cents.

**WANTED** TO BUY A FARM in this locality. Curtis & Wright, 233 Broadway, N. Y.

**OPIUM HABIT** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. Sanitarium or Home Treatment. Trial Free. No Cure, No Pay. The Humane Remedy Co., La Fayette, Ind.

**Blair's Pills,** Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 54; round, 14 Pills.

**$5** to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50 Free. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write to Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

**GOLD** Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

**HOME STUDY.** Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**ARE YOU MARRIED?** If you are not, you should join this society, which pays its members $250 to $1,000 at marriage. Circulars free. N. W. MUTUAL ENDOWMENT SOCIETY, Box 846, Minneapolis, Minn.

**$120** PER MONTH FOR reliable men and women to work for us at their homes and among their neighbors. Respectable and profitable, steady and pleasant. Salary sure at the end of each month. Enclose $1.50 for boxed outfit worth $8.00 with contract, instructions, &c., and see for yourselves. Write at once to JOHN L. BISHOP & SON., PUEBLO, COLORADO.

**DEFENDER $1.85**

22 Cal. 7 shot. Long Cartridge. By mail postpaid. Saw Handle, Octagon Barrel, Blued Pocket Revolver. Send 6c. in stamps for Illustrated 100-page Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Police Goods, &c. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Manufrs, Boston, Mass.

**MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.**

Any book learned in one reading. Mind wandering cured. Speaking without notes. Wholly unlike artificial systems. Piracy condemned by Supreme Court. Great inducements to correspondence classes. Prospectus, with opinions of Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed Specialist in Mind diseases, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the great Psychologist, J. M. Buckley, D. D., Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Richard Proctor, the Scientist, and others, sent post free by PROF. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

**PISO**

The BEST Cough Medicine is PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

TOWER'S FISH BRAND. None genuine unless stamped with the above TRADE MARK.

**SLICKER** Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND", send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 29 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.