DR. TALMAGE'S TRIP.

HE PREACHES A SERMON ON PAUL'S JOURNEY AT BRINDISI, ITALY.

The Brooklyn Divine Gives a Graphic Description of the Scenes on Board a Steame. During a Storm.

TEXT: "And so it came to pass that they escaped all sufe to land." Acts xxvii., 14. Having visited your historical city, which we desired to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages, the Roman Appian Way, and for its mighty fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must to-morrow morning leave your har r, and after touching at Athens and Corinth voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New Testament of Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were distinguished passengers: one, Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, "turning the world upside down." This convict had gained the confidence of the Captain. Indeed, think that Paul knew almost as much tain. He had been shipwrecked three times, already: he had dwelt much of his cables, and storms; and he knew what talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the Captain to stay in the But I hear the Captain and the first mate talking together. They say "We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marlinspike from a luff tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean? They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, shook the mast as you would brandish a spar, and tossel the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the car-It is all washed with sait water, and worthless now; and there are no marine in surance companies. All hands aboy, and out with the anchors'

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters snort in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In the hull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck, or holds fast to the rigging amidst the lurching of the ship-the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew: "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no oss of any man's life among you, but of the For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness and, by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of the breakers, and knows they must be coming near to some country. and fears that in a few moments the vesse will be suivered on the rocks. The ship The ship flies like chalf in a tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lantern they see it is twenty fathoms. Speed ing along a little farther they dron again, and, by the light of the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms Two bundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be m. The vessel strikes! The The timbers crack! The the death of them. planks spring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they The leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but, catching hold of a timber, come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here, strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plow the sand, and they rise up and wring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to kind.

at his mother's knee, and against that iniquitous brow once pressed a pure mother's lips, But he refused her counsel. He went where euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of wreck: Lost Pacifics! Lost Pacifics! Another lesson from 'the subject is that Christians are always safe. There did not seem to be much chance for

Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? had not, in those days, rockets with They which to throw rop2s over foundering ve sels. Their lifeboats were of but little And yet, notwithstanding all the worth.

danger, my text says that Paul escaped safe And so it will always be with God's to land. children. They may be plunged into dark-ness and trouble, but by the throne of the eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all es cape safe to laud."

Sometimes there comes a storm of com mercial disaster. The cables break, The The cargoes are scattered over masts fall. the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on kegs and hogsheads and combins and store shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good. trusting in God, all come safe to land.

Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach and find the shattered hulks of vessels; and on the streets of our great cities there is many a

wreck. Mainsail slit with banker's pen-Hulks abeam's end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's chila leak dren shall at last, through His goodness and mercy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and

strength for our souls.

You have, my friends, had illustrations in your own life of how God delivers His peo-I have Lad illustrations in my life of the same truth. I was once in what on your Mediterranean you call a Eurocyl-don, but what on the Atlantic we call a yclone, but the same storm. The stenaner Greece, of the National line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven Sundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers --Italians, Irishmen, Engcame lishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Ameri cans. Two flags floated from the masts British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly re-modeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and committing ourselves to the care of Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way-the sea with one night, at 11 o'clock, after strong But the lights had been put out, a cyclone-a wind just made to tear ships to pieces caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or to fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh' they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steam ers. And, when a ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand-rolling on! rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the

wave this sentence of doom: "Let all that come within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down. Steamships, go down?' And the vessel, hearing the ter-rible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and port tioles, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amidst the extin-guished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the great cemetery of dead steamers, beside the City of Boston, the Lexington, the President, the Cambria-waiting for the changel's trumpet to split up th decks and wrench open the cabin doors, and unfasten the hatches I thought that I had seen storms on the sea pefore, but all of them together might have ome under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from ome, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board to poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were noue who made light of the peril, ave two. One was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an Ameri-an, and he was a fool! Oh! what a ime it was! A night to make one's tair turn white. We came out of the berths, und stood in the gangway, and looked into the teerage and sat in the cabin. While seated here, we heard overhead something like monte guns. It was the bursting of the sails We held on with hoth hands to keep our . Those who attempted to floor came back bruised places. 18134 zashed. ashed. Cups and glasses were dashed o fragments; pieces of the table getting ose, swing across the saloon. It seemed s if the hurricane took that great nip of thousands of tons and stood on end, and said 'Shall I sink or let it go this once?' And then it came ship lown with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted of a fury. H'o felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an in-stant we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might stop now. Oh! how anxiously .11/12 not listened for the regular thump of the na-chinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After a while some one to depend. After a while some one said: "The screw is stopped" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and wo breathed casier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the overtasked machinery going thump, thump, thump. At 3 o'close in the morning the water covered the ship way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that unt or two more wayes like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came to with such terrific roar, there which I pray God I may never hear again. have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be com-

caped very narrowly with his life. The cy-clone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying: "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! If God will permit, I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear now: By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel? There was a hull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the lifeboat on one side. Crash! went the lifeboat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunder-bolt, pounder! the deck and beat the mast-bolt, pounder the deck and beat the mast-the jib boom, studding sail boom, and square sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful mare!; and music of the hurricane. Meanwhile the ocean became phosphore

The whole scene looked like fire. The ent. water dripping from the rigging. there were ropes of fire, and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it again! Everybody prayed. A lad of twelve years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would be-come of mother" There were men who, he I think, had not prayed for thirty years. who then got down on their kness. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say: "Here, Lord, take me as I am, I cannot mend matters Lord Jesus, Thou didst die for th now. chief of sinners. That's me! It seems Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon Thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of shipwreck and darkuess commit myself and her whom hold by the hand to Thee, O Lord Jestr praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory " Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his check.

The night was long. At last we saw the tawn looking through the port holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff, and when He puts His foot upon a billow, though it may b tossed up with might it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew His voice The waves knew His foot. They died away And in the shining track of His feet 1 rea these letters on scrolls of foam and fire The earth shall be filled with the knowledge God as the waters sea." The ocean calmed. The

ath of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon-a pavement bright snough for the foot of a seraph-bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that nad been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction, and the lips of earth and heaven

As I came on deck -it was very early, and we were nearing the shore-I saw a few sails against the sky They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said : "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters." It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in

purple clusters along the sky; and, as if these purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire cleft stood opposite to fire cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the win-dows. The whole scone lighted up un-til it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into issuer and average and average changed into pasper, and crystal, and anie thyst, as they were flung toward the beach made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will golden feet of the rising more war skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal foy. And so we come into the harbor cyclone behind us. Our friends fore us. God, who is always g he. fore us. God, who is always good, all around us. And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called hundred souls would have answered to their "And so it came to pass that we all names. escaped safe to land." ed safe to land." And may God grant when all our Sabbaths on earth are that. ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

Somebody Had; Hied.

A traveler in West Tennessee had ust dismounted from his horse, and, holding the brille rein, was leaning against a tree, looking at the murky water of a bayon, when a native came slouching along.

"Ah," said the traveler, "will you please tell me which way this water flows?' "Down stream," the fetlow replied.

"Yes, of course; but which is down stream ?

"The way the water flows, I reckon." "Now, look here, my' friend, you ought to have more sense than to talk that way.

"Yes, and you ought to 'have more than to ask questions that way, too." "I asked a sensible question.

"And I give you a sensible 'answer." "No, you didn't."

"Then I reckon somebody had lied." "Just as you say."

"All right, much obleeged to you fur leavin' it to me. 'Tain't often sich a accommodatin' man as you air hits this neighborhood, and I am mighty glad to meet you. Let me. see, I said that somebody had lied, didn't I?"

'Yes. "Ah. hah, and you 'lowed that it was jest as I say?"

"That's it.

"You're right. No. suh, thar ain't many accommodatin' men that comes through this neighborhood now, but, law me, a year or so ergo, befo' times got so hard, you could come along here by the bayou and find a accommodatin' man almost any time."

Why are the times any harder now than they were a few years ago?" "Wall, the legislatur' got to b'arin

down on us." "In what way ?"

"Wall, put a dog tax on us."

"That made times bard, eh?"

"Yas, fur it takes all we can rake and scrape to pay taxes on the dogs." "How many dogs have you?"

'Don't know exactly ; some has died lately, and some strays have come in. Brother Bill is the one that keeps account of how many we've got, but as he's down with the agy. we are onsartain about the number.

"What do you want with so many dogs ?"

"Wall, we've got so used to 'em we kain't git along without 'em.'

"How many hogs have you?" "Three."

"How many chickens?"

"Crowd a dozen pretty close, 1 eckon.'

"How many cows?"

last. "How many horses?"

"One and a mule."

"But you don't know how many dogs ou've got?"

"No, but Bill knows. Bill's a putty smart boy, he is. He's the only one among us that's got any educationneeded it, you know, among the dogs. "How do you feed so many dogs?

"Wall, we jest give 'em what we've got, and ef they don't 'pear to be satisfied we tell 'em to get along the best way they ken."

'What do you raise mostly ?" "Fust one thing and then another."

"What's your best crop?"

"We ain't found it yet

takes it.

family?

family ?"

we?"

"Yes.

got in this year ?"

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What is one man's tool is another man's UXHEV.



dge, such as

ONE HUNDRED

PAGE BOOK



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learn from this subject:

First, that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm it as soon as the tempest dropped upon them, they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who They who get us into trouble never stop to help us out. ey who tempt that young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out decent society. Gamblers' always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with fists, saying, will back you," will be the first to run. Lock over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the inme of one who ever helped you out. They were glad enough to get you out from Fair Havens, but when, with damaged rigging, you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope! Not one. Satan has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into their, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the colweb; but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money, but when he had sted his substance in riotons living, they let him go to the swine pasture, while they betook themselves to some other new comer. They who take Paul out of Fair Havens will be of no help to him when he gets into the breakers of Malita.

I remark again as a lesson learned from the text, that it is dangerous to refuse the counsel of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go out with that sinp. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said: "He is only a minister." They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people who now say of ministers : They They know nothing about the world. cannot talk to us" Ah my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera by fore you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as cer minly as Paul know that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruc tion. Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in thy days of thy youth, but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment We may not know much, but we know that,

Young people refuse the advice of parents. They say: "Father is over-suspicious, and mother is getting old." But those pacents have been on the sen of life. They know where the storms sloep, and during their voyage have seen a thousand battered hulk marking the place where beauty burned, and intellect foundered, and morality sank. They are old sailors, having answered many a are oid sations, having answered hinny a signal of distress, and gone scudding under bare poles; and the old folks know what they are talking about, Look at that man-in his check the glow of infarmal fires. His eye flashes not as once with thought, but with low passion. fix train is a sewer through which impurity fonts, and his benrt the trough in which had

pressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say: "I shall never get homo again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God "

There were about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage, and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the nrud, some praying, some the deck. An officer stood on deck and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They could not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how they i to get out of the hold of the One woman, with a child in her arms, begged to rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O blessed mother keep us! Have mercy on us!" Some stood Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wring their hands and cried out: "O God! what shall I do? What shall I do?" The time came when the crew and the cry of the officers was: "Below! all hands below?" Our brave and sympathetic Cantain Andrews, whom mains I shall non-

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide, He the barbor of nerven how we glues. Herme at a t : Softly we drift on the bright slover tide, Home at last : Glory to God ! All our dangers are o'er; We stand scence on the slordeed shore. Glory to God ! we will short every ore. Home at last ! Herme at last !

C. W. HAMMOND, of Cowan Station, Ky., turned a fine-blooded mate, value (nt \$500, and a large ox into the same enclosure. The two animals has been together several times before, but as soon as they eu cred the lot on this partic liar oc asion, they rus led at each other. Two or three farm hands were resent and attempted to sepa ate them, but narrow y es aned serious in urv and fai ed in the endeavor. The mare kick at the ox in the si e with both fee , rearly stunning him, b t the latte recovered and go e I the mare to o or three times. Both fought with the greatest fury. The mare both kicked and bi', tear ng the flesh from the os wi h her teeth, whi e she in turn was raked again and again by the ox's sharp hores. At last the ox pungel his norn almost entirely through t e thick part of the mare's neck. The blow was ta al, but as the mare stiggere t her weight broke the ox s how show of, and she fell a.d. diel with it in her lod . The ox was so bally h: r. that he died in the after

Crewatories in Operation.

The erematories now in operation in the United States are as follows: in That of the United States Cremation Company, at Fresh Pond, L. I., the third in order of crection; the Washington (Pa) crematory, the first opened in America, and now closed on account of the death of the proprietor, Dr. Le Moyne; Lancaster, I'a, and Buffalo; H. Sampson's crematory, president of the Pittsburg Undertakers' Association, and the crematory at Cincinatti, where bodies are cremated, though the building is not yet completed. Other crematories are in course of erection in Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Antonio, Detroit, San Francisco, Baltimore, and Davenport. Iowa.

THE petrified body of a woman was unearthed in the cellar of an old African Methodist church in Phi adelphia, by workmen who we tearing down the The body as in a coffin, building. which was inclosed in a lead lived box. It is in a verfect state of preservation,

"Corn grows well, I suppose?"



men. Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgnsing everybody, but use Dr. Suge's Catarrh Remedy. Blessed are the p-ace-makers, but not by those between whom they mediate. **Dangerous Tendencies** Characterize that very common complaint, catarrh.

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