"There is a science in doing little things just right," said a down-town business man to a reporter for the New York Sun a few days ago, "and I notice it in my office. I had two office boys there whose main duty it was to bring me notes or cards that were sent in to me, or to fetch things that I wanted to use. One of those boys, whenever I sent him for a book or anything heavy, would walk rapidly by my desk and toss it indefinitely toward me. If it happened to miss me and land on my desk it was all right. If it fell on the floor the boy always managed to fall over it in his eagerness to pick it up. Then if he had a letter or a card to deliver he would come close up to the desk and stand there scanning it over with minute care. This being concluded he would flaunt it airly in my direction and de-

"The other boy always came and went so that I could hardly hear him. If it was a book, ink-stand or box of letters he would sit quietly down at one side of my desk.

"Letters and cards he always laidnot tossed—right where my eyes would fall on them directly. If there was any other doubt in his mind about whether he ought to lay a letter on my desk or deliver it to some other person in the office, he always did the thinking before he came near me, and did not stand annoyingly at my elbow studying the letter. That boy understood the science of little things. When New Year's came he got \$10. The other boy got fired."-Ex.

Madagascar has a palm called the "Traveler's Tree." The footstalks of its leaves clasp around the trunk, and are filled with water, which flows out readily when the stalk is pierced with a knife. Each receptacle yields from a pint to a gallon.

"He has no more influence," said a

Hartford wit, "than 'p' in 'pneumonia."—Hartford Courant. Would You Like to "Shake" Malaria. In the sense of getting ril of it, instead of having it shake you? Of course you would. Then use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and give it the grand and final "shake." This standard medicine eradicates it root and branch, and fortifies the sy tem against it.

Most effectual, too, is the Bitters in cases of
dyspep ia, biliou-ness, constipation, nervousness, rheumatic and kidney complaints.

Sore trials, when met with wisdom, help

Dr. Ki'mer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles, Pamphlet and Consultation free.

The best registered cow is the one that registers the most profits in the owner's ledger.

Don't smoke a poor cigar, but remember that good ones have not yet been invente;

ABSOLUTELY FREE. A Business Education to One Worthy Boy

or Girl in Each County. Puring the Summer the Georgia-Alabama Business College, Macon, Ga., the largest in the South, will give an absolutely free business education to one worthy boy or girl in each county of this State. All interested are urged to write the Co lege AT ONCE.

Teething Children.

Nothing on earth will take children through the trying ordeal of teething so pleasantly, and so very surely and safely, as Dr. King's Royal Germetuer. They all like to take it, and it acts like magic in meeting the troubles of that critical period. Thousands have tried it and it has never been known to fail.

As a SIMPLE YET EFFECTIVE REMEDY for Throat Affections, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" stand first in public favor. They are absolutely unrivalled for the alleviation of all Throat irritations caused by Colds or use of the voice.

Is sold on a guarantee. It cures incipient Consumption; it is the Best Cough Cure; 25c, 50c, \$1

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggisss sell at 25c per bottle.



Mr. Thos. Scrivens. Hyde Park, Mass.

DYSPEPSIA VANISHED

Salt Rheum and Intolerable Itching Also Cured. "Dear Sirs-Three years ago I was a great

sufferer from dyspepsia, which the doctors told me was of the very worst kind. I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and can say that after taking two bottles my complaint quite vanished and I have not been troubled since with dyspepsia. I have not had any distress since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I also had

salt rheum on one limb, with intolerable itching. Since takin; Hood's Sarsaparilla my blood has been purified and I am quite well. I praise the medicine at every opportunity." THOMAS SCRIVENS, Hyde Park, Massachusetts. Hood's Pills cure al' liver ills, billiousness, jaun-



REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON.

The Subject: "Recovered Families" (Preached at Little Rock, Ark.).

TEXT: "Then David and the people that were with him lifted up their voice and wept until they had no more power to weep.

* * David recovered all."—I Samuel xxx...

There is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are biddin; goodby to their families an lare off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the deenseless ones will be sa'e until the warriors. flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenseless ones he safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronze warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchie's and flags are waved and kisses thrown until the arme! men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get through with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their way home no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout

Ob, what long stories they will have to tell their families of how they dodged the battleax, and then will roll up their sleeve and show the half healed wound. With glad, quick step, they march on. David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they some up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling places of their lovel ones. They look, and as they look their cheek turns pale, and their lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry. Alas, the curling smoke

above the ruin tells the tragedy! The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village and carried the mothers. and the wives, and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncontrollable weeping, for when a strong warrior weeps the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear him to pieces. They "wept until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in air, cries, Pursue, for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." Now the march becomes a "double quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step farther. They are left there. But the other 400 men under David, with a sort of panther step, march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him and compel him to tell the whole story. He says, Yonder they went, the captors and the captives." pointing in the direction. Forward, ye 400 brave men of fire!

Very soon David and his enraged company are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a banquet. The cups are full; the music is roused, the dance begins. The Amalekitish host cheer and cheer and cheer over their victory. But, without note of bugle or warning of trumpet. David and his 400 men burst upon the scene. David and his men look up, and one glance at their love I ones in captiv ity and under Amalekitish guard throws them into a very fury of determination, for you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Ah, there are lightnings in their eye, and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind! Amid the upset tankards and the costly viands crushed underfoot, the wounded Amalekites lie, their blood mingling with their wine, shrieking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men win the victory than they throw their swords down into the dast-what do they want with swords now?-and the broken families come together amid a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now after so long an absence, but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkle across the scarred face. And then the empty tunkar is are set up, and they are filled with the best wine from the hills, and David and his men, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the sisters, drink to the overthrow of

Amalekites and to the rebuilding of Ziklag. So, O Lord, let Thine enemies perish! Now they are coming home, David and his men and their families-a long procession. Men, women and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest-everything now in the hands of David and his men. When they come by the brook Besor, the place where staid the raen sick and incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all kinds of treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for a pale-faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is a han iful of gold for the wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into the battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said, "These men did not fight," David, with a magnanimous heart, replies, "As his part is that goeth

down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff." This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey and be gone weeks and months and come back and see his house untouched of incendiary and have his family on the step to greet him if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekitish disasters, there are Amalekitish diseases that sometimes comes down upon one's home, making as devastating work as the day when Ziklag took fire. There are families you represent broken up. No battering ram smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no flame leaped amid the curtains, but so far as all the joy and merriment that ones belonged to that house are concerned the home has

Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene-scariet fevers or pleurisles or consumptions or undefined disorders came and seized upon some members of that family and carried them awiy. Ziklag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes! Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Ob, how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamboat or railroad and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the doorbell, and, behold; it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalakitish death, which has devas-tated a thousand other households, had blasted yours. You go about weeping amid the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble hearts stopped, and the gentle hands folded and you may be not be the stopped.

folded, and you weep until you have no more power to weep. Ziklag in ashes! A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington and asked that through him he might get a consulship to some foreign port. My friend said to him "What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for into a foreign port?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead. I must get away, sir. I can't stand it in this country any longer."

Ziklag in ashes! Why these long shadows of bereavement across this audience? Why is it that in almost every assemblage black is the predominant color of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron or brown or violet? Oh. get our departed! no! You say: "The world is not so bright to us as once it was," and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills

granes of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptled the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their number was affianced to a minister of Christ, who had come to take her to his own home. With hands joined, amid a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time

one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, because they had all been taken for the bridal hour. The dead minister of Christ is brought to another village.

He had gone out from them less than a week before in his strength; now he comes home lifeless. The whole church bewailed

him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed the messages of salvation. Little children were lifted up to look at him. And some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with their weeping. Another village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize his triumph. A hundred lights blown out in one strong gust from the open door of a sepulchre.

Zikhig in ashes! I preached this sermon to-day because I want to rally you, as David rallie! his men. for the recovery of the love I and the lost. want not only to win heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me. I feel that somehow I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city. Do you really want to join the companionship of your love ! ones who have gone? Are you as anxious to join them as David and his men were to join their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may and to tell you how.

I remark in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory, you must travel the same way they went. No sooner had the half dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men. followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented. We must repent. They prayed. We must pray. They trusted in Carist. We must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life. We must live a religious life. They were in some things like ourselves. I know, now they are gone, there is a halo around their names, but they had their faults. They said an i did things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebellious sometimes east down. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we have gone some things in us that are now only tolerable may be almost resplendent. But as they were like us in deficiencies we ought to be like them in taking a supernal Christ to make up for the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus they would have all perished, but Christ confronted them and said. "I am the way," an I they took it.

I have also to say to you that the path that these captives tro I was a trouble I path, an I that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While these captives were being taken off they said, "Oh, we are so tired ; we are so sick ; we are so hungry ! But the men who had charge of them said "Stop this crying. Go on!" David and his men also foun! it a har! way. They had to travel it. Our friends have gone into glory, and it is through much tribulation that we

are to enter into the kinglon. How our loved ones use I to have to struggle! How come upon the Amalekitish host. Yonder their old hearts ached! How sometimes they see their own wives and children and | they had a tussle for bread! In our childwrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crow's feet" on their faces were the marks of the black raven of trouble. Did you ever hear the old people, seated by the evening stand, talk over their early trials, their hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disappointments, the empty flour barrel when there were so many hungry ones to feed, the sickness almost unto death, where the next dose of morphine decided between ghastly bereavement and an unbroken home circle? Oh, yes! It was trouble that whitened their hair. It was trouble that shook the cup in their hands. It was trouble that washed the luster from their eyes with the rain of tears until they needed spectacles. It was trouble that made the cane a necessity for their journey. Do you never remember seeing your old mother sitting on some rainy day looking out of the window, her elbow on the window sill, her hand to her brow, looking out, not seeing the falling shower at all (you well knew she was looking into the distant past), until the

apron came up to her eyes because the memory was too much for her? Oft the big, unbidden tear, Stealing down the furrowel cheek, Told in eloquence sincere Tales of woe they could not speak,

But, this scene of weeping o'er, Past this scene of toil and pain, They shall feel distress no more, Never, never weep again.

"Who are those under the altar?" the question was asked, and the response came, These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends went by a path of tears into glory. Be not surprised if we have to travel

the same pathway.

I remark again, if we want to win the society of our friends in heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and a path of tribulation, but we will also have to positively battle for their companionship. David and his men never wanted sharp swords, and invulnerable shields, and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amelikites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurled them into the battle with tenfold courage and energy. They said: "We must win it. Everything depends upon it. Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword. We must win it." And I have to tell you that between us and coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed there is an Austerlitz, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us. David will either slay the Amalekites, or the Amalekites will slay David. And yet is not the fort to be taken worth all the pain, all the peril, all the besiegement?

Look! Who are they on the bright hills of heaven yonder? There they are, those who sat at your own table, the chair now vacant. There they are, those whom you rocked in intancy in the cradle or hushed to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. There they are, their brow more radiant than ever before you saw it, their lips waiting for the kiss of heavenly greeting, their cheek roseate with the health of eternal summer, their hands beckoning you up the steep, the feet bounding with the mirth of heaven. The pallor of their last sickness gone out of their face, nevermore to be sick, nevermore to cough, nevermore to limp, nevermore to be old, nevermore to weep. They are watching from those heights to see if through Christ you can take that fort, and whether you will rush in upon them-victors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will ever join their society. Up! Strike harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much farther on toward that heavenly reunion.

If this morning while I speak you could hear the cannonade of a foreign enemy which was to despoil your city, and if they really should succeed in carrying your families away from you, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from the armory or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out, and we would urge on, and coming in front of the foe we would look at them and then look at our families, and the cry would be, "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone we would take the

captors on the point of the bayonet or under the breech of the gun.

If you would make such a struggle for the getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends? heavenly friends? Oh, yes, we must join them! We must sit in their holy society. We must sing with them the song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in heaven that David and his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly

friends for a few years on earth than we to You say that all this implies that our de-parted Christian friends are alive. Why, had ones gone, and when you look over the hills expecting only beauty and loveliness you find only devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes!

One day, in Uister County, N. Y., the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was already on the flower only to the flowers was already of the flowers was already on the 2t of the flowers was already on the 2 other house. The secret is that they are richer than they once were and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware. They now drink from the Kinz's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive." and Jacob will go up and see him. Living, are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he

not live where he breathes the bracing st-mosphere of the mountains of heaven? Ob,

res, they are living ! Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead erick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept seated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when on his couch he tossed in physical torture. No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all death does to a Christian—cures him. I know that what I have said implies that they are living. There is no question about that. The only question this morning is whether you will ever join them.

But I must not forget those 200 men who

But I must not forget those 200 men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step farther. Their feet were sore; their head ached; their entire natura was exhausted. Besides that they were broken hearted because their homes were gone. Ziklag in ashes! And yet David, when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them! He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I look over this audience this morning, and I find at least 200 who have fainted by the brook Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take have fainted by the brook Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step farther, as though you could never look up again. But I am going to imitate David and divide among you some glorious trophies. Here is a robe, "All things work together for good to those who love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neck a string of promise. Here is for your neck a string of pearls made out of crystallized tears, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." On, ye fainting ones by the brook Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running s ream of God's mercy, bathe your brow at the wells of salvation, soothe your wounds with the balsam that exudes from trees of life. God will not utterly cast you off, O broken hearted man, O broken hearted woman, fainting by the

A shepher I finds that his musical pipe is bruised. He says. "I can't get any more music out of this instrument, so I will just break it, and I will throw this reed away. Then I will get another read, and I will play music on that." But Golsays He will not cast you off because all the music has gone out of your soul. "The bruise I ree ! He will not break." As far as I can tell the diagnosis of your disease, you want divine nursing, and it is promised you, "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." Gol will see you all the way through, O trouble I soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death you will find it to be as thin a brook as Besor, for Dr. Robinson says that in April Besor dries up and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placid as the Kentucky minister who went up to Gol, saying in the dying hour. "Write to my sister Kate and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the deathbed. Tell her there is not a word of truth in it, for I am there now, and Jesus is with me, and I find it a very happy way, not because I am a good man, for I am not. I am nothing but a poor, miserable sinner, but I have an Almighty Saviour, and both of

His arms are around me. May God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, bring us into the companionship of our loved ones who have already entered the heavenly land and into the presence of Christ, whom, not having seen, we love, and so David shall recover all, "and as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE. Tom met an old friend, who was formerly a prosperous young lumberman up in North ern Minnesota, but whose bad habits of drinking brought him to a pretty "hard up" condition, although he has since reformed and is doing better.

"Pretty well, thank you, but I have just seen a doctor to have him examine my "What's the matter?"

"How are you?" asked Tom.

other mill to run it by water."

"Well, the doctor couldn't give me any encouragement. At least, he could not find what I want to find." "What did you expect him to find?"

"I asked him to look down my throat for the saw mill and farm that had gone down "And did he see anything of it?" "No, but he advised me if ever I got an-

TWO VIEWS OF IT. A Boston daily paper has just printed a long article in praise of beer-"the aro-matic, sparkling, amber fluid," which it says is fast becoming our national drink. It praises beer as a food, and as an aid to di gestion, and altogether is as enthusiastic over its virtues and good qualities as if the writer were a brewer, with a lot of beer to

On the other hand, Professor Morse, at a recent meeting of the Alumni Association of the Medico-Chirurgical College in Philadelphia, made these significant statements : "We are rapidly becoming a nation of beerdrinkers, and the insidious hold gained by that incurable kidney affection known as Bright's disease threatens in time to largely decimate the ranks of the beer-drinkers. He adds that "it has been conclusively proven that beer and lead poisoning are the principal factors in producing Bright's dis ease," and says that "beer should not be drunk at all, but, if used, should never be drawn through a lead pipe." This is a timely scientific warning against the danger involved in beer-drinking which should be proclaimed and hee led throughout the land. Of course the opinion of the doctor is very different from that of the brewer's advertisement. It is easy to see which one is the more worthy of belief. -Sacred Heart Re-

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. A prohibition church was recently organfzed in Chicago.

One gallon of whisky is equal to one bushel of misery.

Some men who claim to love God, live and die without lifting a finger against the Poverty and drunkenness act and react on each other; both cause ignorance and dis-

ease, parents of all vice and unhappiness. The Earl of Carlisle has given a practical illustration of his belief in the drink evil by destroying the contents of his famous wine The statement was recently made in the

German Reichstag that there are 11,000 persons in hospitals in Germany who are suffering with delirium tremens, Eight States and Territories of the United

States, exclusive of California, contributed samples of wines, produced within their borders, for competition at the Chicago Fair. According to the records of the Interna Revenue Department there are in Chicago 3000 more retail liquor dealers' tax receipts issued by the United States than city licenses. Superintendent Hufford, of High School No. 1, of Indianapolis, recently suspended four boy pupils, whose ages range from fifteen to eighteen years, on the ground of

The annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, there were 19,770,559 bushels of corn consumed in the manufacture of distilled spirits.

"Why should I arrest him, since by getting drunk, he supports the Government?" This was the answer a native policeman returned to a missionary who had complained about a drunken, disorderly native.—Indian Witness, Calcutta.

There are cases in which the mother has gone out to drink, leaving the little ones without food or fire locked in their bare room. She has been arrested, taken to the station house by the police, and the little ones have been found long, weary hours afterward crying from hunger.

The work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in inducing the State Legislatures to introduce into the public holds instruction on the effect of alcoholic and other stimulants upon the system is probably the most telling work that organization has

done-telling because preventive. The Chicago Tribune condemns the practice of drinking during business hours, on the ground that it takes from a man's employes all the time consumed in visiting the saloons. The practice of drinking before or after business hours might be condemned on the ground that it unfits the drinker for the transaction of business at all times.

RELIGIOUS READING.

A GOOD SERMON.

We have heard a story of the elder Dr. Beecher, now of Cincinnati, that is said to be true, and is worth being put into types, as illustrating the truth that we never can tell what may result from an apparently very in-significant action. The doctor once engaged significant action. The doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be one excessively stormy, cold and uncomfortable. It was in mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along in the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister wred his horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put the animal into the ahed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about, the old gentleman—then young—took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about and took a seat. The hour came for opmmencing service, but no more hearers. opmmencing service, but no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or

not was now the question—and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction, with only one hearer. And when all was over he hastened down from the desk to speak to his "congregation," but

he had departed. A circumstance so rare was referred to oc casionally, but twenty years after, it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage, one day, in a pleas ant village, when a gentlemen stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. 'I do not remember you,' said the doctor. 'I suppose not,' said the stranger; but we spent two hours together, in house, alone, once in a storm. 'I do not recall it, sir,' added the old man, — 'pray when was it?' 'Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?' 'Yes, yes,' said the doctor, grasping his hand. 'I do indeed, and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since.' 'I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio!

SUNDAY AFTERNOON PRAYER.

Perhaps you have sometimes asked yourselves, "What is the good of prayer?" O e sufficient answer to that question is, "Prayer is good practice." Prayer means business. It is the going over, in face of God, or all our difficulties, duties, and sins; it is the rehearsing of the means that we must take to overcome them. It is the setting in order of our faculties and passions, of our thoughts and tempers, in order to meet them. Use prayer in this way, and it wlll never be a mere form to you; nor will you ever be without a reason to give to people who ask you "What's the good of prayer?" The Salvation Army call prayer drill; and so it is.

But I will go further and say that prayer is not only drill. It is the battlefield itself. Look at the prayers of the Lord Jesus. Where were the real battles of His human ought and there He won His victories; and that was why the times, which in other men's ives are fullest of struggle, the times when He faced His material enemies, where to His full only of peace and calm fortitude. He came out from God before men as one

who had already conquered. /
In our own time there was a man who had learned this secret of Christ-General Gordon. He fought and won all his greatest battles, he tells us, on his knees. If you read his letters to his sisters you will find such passages as these: "I had a grand half-hour lewing Agag in pieces before the Lord." He says that over and over again; and he means that on his knees he first of all overcame self and sin and every other enemy, at the beginning of every day. That was why, for the rest of the day, Gordon was always so ready, so dutiful, so brave.

No man can be really brave who has not thus learned to make prayer the real battle-field as well as well as the drill-ground of life.-[G. Adam Smith.

SPIRITUAL ATHLETICS.

Have you ever noticed how high a value God places on determination of character? His command is, "Only be thou strong and very courageous."—Josh. 1:7. "Go in this thy might." "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor,"—Judges 6: 12-14. And all through the Bible we find that it was the determined men, such as David and Daniel, who won the favor of God and were greatly blessed by Him.

Take Jehu for an illustration. The Lord appointed him to be king, but he had to win for himself the kingdom which God had given him. And see how promptly and energetically he acted. He set out at once, and drove furiously; he would not stop, even for a moment, to parley with the king's messengers or with the king himself, but pushed attacks about until he had killed the king straight ahead until he had killed the king and his ally and established himself in the

Even so, God has promised a crown to each of his faithful servants, but none of us will receive our kingdom unless we hustle for it-2 Tim. 4:8. It is possible for each of us to allow some one else to take our crown.-Rev.

Now as in the days of our Lord, "the king-dom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."—Matt.11:12. Read the account on another page of the intense eagerness Henry Belden showed in seeking closer fellowship with God. It is only a sample illustration. Thousands have passed through equally intense struggles, and every one must undergo a like sifting process in some way before he can enter fully into the peace of God.

ESTIMATE OF THE WORLD BY A MAN OF THE

"I have run the silly rounds of business and pleasure and have done with them all, I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world. and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low. Whereas those who have not experienced always overrate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with the glare. But I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pullies and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machines ; and I have seen and smelt the tailow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ig-

When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all frivolous hurry of bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the fugitive dream.

Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No; for I really cannot help it. I bear it, because I must bear it, whether I will or not! I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can, now that he is become my enemỹ. It is my resolution to sleep in the car-riage during the remainder of the journey." -[Lord Chesterfield.

"You see," says Bishop Horne, romarking on this passage, "in how poor, abject and unpitied a condition, at a time when he most wanted help and comfort, the world left him and he left the world."

In a very different manner an illustrious Christian lived and triumphantly left the world. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of rightcourses, which God, the righteous judge, will give me that day.-I'aul.

THE POOR CHILDREN KNEW.

The following is told as having happened in a school in that part of Brooklyn known as Dutchtown. The teacher of the class was asking questions in arithmetic when the Principal came in. The Principal looked on for a minute, and then said: "I can give a question in subtraction that every scholar in the class will answer." "I doubt t," said the class teacher; "you don't know how stupid some of them are." "Scholars," said the Principal, "if your mother sent you for a pint of beer and gave you ten cents to pay for it, how much change would you bring home?" All but one of the children there were forty-six of them-gave the correct answer, -Outlook,

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Here are a few specimen questions out to the women who applied recently for examination for the office of inspectress in the New York custom house-compensation, three dollars a

Divide a week of seven days into eleven parts, expressed in hours, minutes and seconds.

At \$1.66 2-3 a yard, what would it cost to lay a carpeting through a passage-way 72 feet in length? Express the following in signs an

figures: Ten thousand and one hundred and one dollars and twelve and onehalf cents. Express the following in figures: MDCCCLXI, XIX, XCIX.

Add 1,625 and 4,4375. What is the difference in the amounts received in one year by two employees in the customs service, one of whom receives \$75 per month and the other 25 cents per hour, working 10 hours a day and 308 days a year?

What is the capital of Ohio? After London, which is the principal city of England?

There were forty-three competitors, and some of them soon gave up the attempt to do anything with so difficult an examination. - Good Government.



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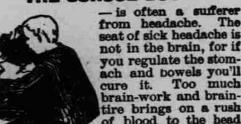
Before you become a kicker, consider if you cannot be something bet-ter. One thing is certain, if you can This college is one of the best do nothing good for a community you equipped and most thorough institu- can make a great deal of trouble by abusing those who do. Agitate your liver, take a dose of ground glass and remove the bile, cleans your con-science, cultivate faith in your fellow men, then go to work and help some-

> An exchange has a story of a wise son who knows not only his father, but

"Johnny," said his teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in seven days, and your Uncle George can do it in nine days, how long will it take both of them to do it?"

"They'd never get it done," said Johnny. They'd sit down and tell fish stories." - Orange County Farmer.

THE SCHOOL BOY



not in the brain, for if you regulate the stom-ach and bowels you'll brain-work and braintire brings on a rush of blood to the head with headache, dizzi-

of Dayton, Cattaraugus
Co., N. Y., writes: "I
suffered from loss of
appetite, constipation,
neuralgia, and great
weakness, and had tertible attacks of sick weakness, and had ter-rible attacks of sick headache very fre-quently; also nose bleed. My health was so poor that I was not able to go to school for two years. I took Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and 'Golden Miss Wolff. Many friends are taking your medicines, seeing what they have done for me."



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