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GOLD DUST

THE BEST
WASHING POWDER

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Good servants, good rooms, good
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patronage of the public solicited and
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Terms: 50c. per man, or \$1.75 per day,
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First class in every particular. Table
supplied with every delicacy. Fish,
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— An Old Idea.

Every day strengthens the belief of
eminent physicians that impure blood is
the cause of the majority of our diseases.
Twenty-five years ago this theory was
used as a basis for the formula of Brown's
Iron Bitters. The many remarkable cures
effected by this famous old household remedy are
sufficient to prove that the theory is correct.
Brown's Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

A HUNTED ROEBUCK.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DRAWS A LESSON
FROM THE CHASE.

Man is Like the Hart Fleeting From
the Dogs—Pursued by Sin, He Finds
Safety and Refreshment in the Wat-
ers of Eternal Life.

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ciation.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—Dr. Talmage,
drawing his illustrations from a deer hunt,
in his discourse calls all the pursued
and troubled of the earth to come
and slake their thirst at the deed river
of divine comfort; text, Psalms xlii, 1.
“As the hart panteth after the water
brooks, so panteth my soul after thee,
O God.”

David, who must some time have seen
a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted
stag making for the water. The fascinat-
ing animal called in my text the hart
is the same animal that in sacred and
profane literature is called the stag, the
roe-buck, the hind, the gazelle, the rein-
deer, in central Syria, in the high places,
there were whole pastures of them, as
Solomon suggests when he says, “I
charge you by the hinds of the field.”
Their antlers jutted from the long grass
as they lay down. No hunter who has
been long in “John Brown's tract”
will wonder that in the Bible they were
classed among clean animals, for they
were dew, the showers, the lakes, washed
them as clean as the sky. When Isaac
the patriarch longed for venison, Esau
shot and brought him a roebuck. Esau
compares the brightness of the re-
stored cripple of millennial times to the
long and quick jump of the stag, say-
ing, “The lame shall leap as the hart.”
Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunt-
er who, having shot a deer, is too lazy
to cook it, saying, “The slothful man
roasteth not that which he took in hunting.”

But one day David, while far from the
home from which he had been driven,
and sitting near the mouth of a lonely
cave and lodged, and on the banks
of a pond or river, had a pack
of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of
the previous silence of the forest the
change startled him, and he says to
himself, “I wonder what those dogs are
after.” Then there is a crackling in
the brushwood, and the loud breathing
of some rushing wonder of the woods,
and the antlers of a deer lead the leaves
of the thicket and by an instinct which
all hunters recognize the creature
plunges into a pool or lake or river to
cool its thirst and at the same time try
its capacity for swifter and longer
swimming to get away from the foun-
dering harriers. David says to himself:
“Aha, that is myself! Saul after me,
Absalom after me, enemies without
number after me; I am chased; my
bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at
my good name, barking after my body,
barking after my soul, Oh, the hounds,
the hounds!” But look there—says David
to himself, “that reindeer has splash-
ed into the water. It puts its hot
lips and nostrils into the cool water that
washes its lathered flanks and it swims
away from the fiery canines and it is
free at last. Oh, that I might find in
the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and
consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh,
for the waters of life and rescue! Oh,
for the hart panteth after the water
brooks, so panteth my soul after thee,
O God.”

WATER OF COMFORT.
I saw whole chains of lakes in the
Adirondacks, and from one height you
can see 30, and there are said to be over
800 in the great wilderness of New
York. So near are they to each other
that your mountain guide picks up and
carries the boat from lake to lake, the
small distance between them for that
reason called a “carry.” And the realm
of God's word is one long chain of
bright, refreshing lakes, each promise
a lake, a very short carry between them,
and though for ages the pursued have
been drinking out of them they are full
up to the top of the green banks, and
the same water describes them, and
they seem so near together that in three
different places he speaks of them as a
continuous river, saying, “There is a
river the streams whereof shall make
glad the city of God.” “Thou shalt
make them drink of the rivers of thy
pleasures.” “Thou greatly enrichest it
with the river of God, which is full of
water.”

But many of you have turned your
back on that supply and confront your
trouble, and you are sore and your
circumstances, and you are fighting a
society, and you are fighting a
world, and troubles, instead of driving
you into the cool lake of heavenly com-
fort, have made you stop and turn
around and lower your head, and it is
simply antler against tooth. I do not
blame you. Probably under the same
circumstances I would have done worse.
But you are all wrong. You need to do
as the reindeer does in February and
March—it sheds its horns. The rabbinical
writers allude to this resignation of
antlers by the stag when they say of a
man who ventures his money in risky en-
terprises, “He has hung it on the stag's
horns,” and a proverb in the far east
tells a man who has foolishly lost his
fortune to go and find where the deer
sheds her horns. My brother, quit the
antagonism of your circumstances, quit
misanthropy, quit complaint, quit
pittefuling into your pursuers, be as wise
as next spring will be all the deer of
the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

THE REDEEMER'S REWARD.
But very many of you who are
wreathed with worry, and in an
assembly between here and Golden
Gate, San Francisco, it was asked that
all those that had been sometimes badly
treated should raise both their hands
and full response should be made, there
would be twice as many hands lifted as
persons present—I say many of you
would declare, “We have always done
the best we could and tried to be useful,
and why we should become the victims
of malignity or invalidism or mis-
fortune, I cannot say. Why, do you know
the finer a deer and the more elegant
its proportions, and the more beautiful

its bearing, the more anxious the hunt-
ers and the hounds are to capture it?
Had the roebuck a ragged fur and
lapping hoofs and an obliterated eye and
a limping gait the hunters would have
said, “Pshaw, don't let us waste our
ammunition on a sick deer.” And the
hounds would have given a few sniffs
of the scent and then darted off in an-
other direction for better game. But
when they see a deer with antlers lifted
in mighty challenge to earth and sky,
and the sleek hide looks as if it had
been smoothed by invisible hands, and
the fat sides inclose the richest pasture
that could be nibbled from the banks
of rivers, they seem to have dropped
out of heaven, and the stamp of its foot
defies the jack shooting lantern and the
fife, the horn and the hound, that deer
they will have if they must needs break
their necks in the rapids. So if there
were no noble staff in your make up,
if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you
were a forlorn failure, you would be
allowed to go undisturbed, but the fact
that the whole pack is in full cry after
you is proof positive that you are splen-
did and worth capturing. Therefore
sarcasm draws you on its “finest
Yankee” horns, and the world goes gain-
ing for you with its best Maynard
breach-loader. Highest compliment is it
to your talent or your virtue or your
usefulness. You will be assailed in pro-
portion to your great achievements. The
best and the mightiest being the world
ever saw had set after him all the
hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they
lapped his blood after the Calva-
rian massacre. The world paid nothing
to its Redeemer but a bramble, four
spikes and a cross. Many who have done
their best to make the world better have
had such a rough time of it that all their
pleasure is in anticipation of the next
world, and they could express their own
feelings in the words of the Baroness of
Nairn at the close of her long life, when
asked if she would like to live her life
over again:

Would you be young again?
So would not I;
One tear of memory given,
I'd rather have it;
Life's dark wave foiled o'er,
All but at rest at shore,
I'd rather have that,
Than live it all over again.

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Nigh's gloomy watches need,
Spikes and a cross, being good,
Hope's smile around us shed,
Heavenward, away!

Master of the Hounds.

Yes, for some people in this world
there seems no let up. They are pursued
from youth to manhood and from man-
hood into old age. Very distinguished
are Lord Stafford's hounds, the Earl of
Yarborough's hounds and the Duke of
Rutland's hounds. The Queen Victoria
paid \$8,500 a year to her master of
hounds. But all of them put together
do not equal in number or speed or
power to hunt down the great kennel of
hounds of which sin and trouble are
owner and master.

But what a relief for all this pur-
suit of trouble and annoyance and pain
and bereavement! My text gives it to
you in a word of three letters, but each
letter is a chariot if you would triumph,
or a throne if you want to be crowned,
or a lake if you would slake your thirst
—yes, a chain of three lakes—G-O-D,
the one for whom David longed, and the
one whom David found. You might as
well meet a stag which after its sixth
mile of running at the topmost speed
through thicket and gorge, and with the
breath of the dogs on its heels, has come
in full sight of Sorocan lake, and try to
you in a word of three letters, but each
letter is a chariot if you would triumph,
or a throne if you want to be crowned,
or a lake if you would slake your thirst
—yes, a chain of three lakes—G-O-D,
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one whom David found. You might as
well meet a stag which after its sixth
mile of running at the topmost speed
through thicket and gorge, and with the
breath of the dogs on its heels, has come
in full sight of Sorocan lake, and try to

cool its preceding and blistered tongue
with a drop of dew from a blade of
grass as to attempt to satisfy an immor-
tal soul when flying from trouble and
sin with anything less deep and high
and broad and immense and infinite and
eternal than God. His comfort—why, it
embosoms all distress. His arm, it
wrenches off all bondage. His hand, it
wipes away all tears. His Christly
atonement, it makes us all right with
the past and all right with the future,
all right with God, and all right with
man and all right forever. Lamartine
tells us that King Nimrod said to his
three sons: “Here are three vases, and
one is of clay, another of amber and
another of gold. Choose now which you
will have.” The eldest son, having first
choice, chose the vase of gold, on which
was written the word “Empire,” and
when opened it was found to contain
human blood. The second son, making
the next choice, chose the vase of am-
ber, inscribed with the word “Glo-
ry,” and when opened it contained the ashes
of those who were once called great.
The third son took the vase of clay, and
opening it, found it empty, but on the
bottom of it was inscribed the name of
God. King Nimrod asked his courtiers
which vase they thought weighed the
most. The avaricious men of his court
said the vase of gold. The poets said
the vase of amber, but the wisest men
said the empty vase, because one letter of
the name of God outweighed a universe.

GOD'S PROMISE.
For him I thank, for his grace I beg,
his promise I build my life on,
I cannot be happy, I have tried the
world, and it does well enough as far
as it goes, but it is too uncertain a
world, too evanescent a world. I am
not a prejudiced witness. I have noth-
ing against this world. I have been one
of the most fortunate, or, to use a more
Christian word, one of the most blessed
of men—blessed in my parents, blessed
in the place of my nativity, blessed in
my health, blessed in my field of work,
blessed in my natural temperament,
blessed in my family, blessed in my op-
portunities, blessed in a comfortable
livelihood, blessed in the hope that my
soul will go to heaven through the par-
doning mercy of God, and my body, un-
less it be lost at sea or cremated in some
conflagration, will lie down in the gar-
dens of Greenwood among my kindred
and friends, some already gone and
others to come after me. Life to many has
been a disappointment, but to me it has
been a pleasant surprise, and yet I de-

clare that if I did not feel that God was
now my friend and ever present help I
should be wretched and terror stricken.
But I want more of him. I have thought
over this text and preached this sermon
to myself until with all the aroused
energies of my body, mind and soul I
can cry out, “As the hart panteth after
the water brooks, so panteth my soul
after thee, O God.”

Through Jesus Christ make this God
your God, and you can withstand any-
thing and everything, and that which
afrights others will inspire you. As in
time of an earthquake when an old
Christian woman was asked whether
she was scared, answered, “No, I am
glad that I have a God who can shake
the world,” or, as in a financial panic,
when a Christian merchant was asked
if he did not fear he would break, an-
swered, “Yes, I shall break when the
Fiftieth Psalm breaks in the fifteenth
verse, ‘Call upon me in the day of trou-
ble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt
glorify me.’” Oh, Christian men and
women, pursued of annoyances and ex-
asperations, remember that this hunt,
whether a still hunt or a hunt in full
cry, will soon be over. If ever a whelp
looks ashamed and ready to sink out of
sight, it is when in the Adirondacks a
deer by one tremendous plunge into Big
Tupper lake gets away from him. The
disappointed canine swims in a little
way, but, defeated, swims out again
and cringes with humiliated yawn at the
feet of his master. And how ashamed
and ashamed will all your earthly trou-
bles be when you have dashed into the
river from under the throne of God, and
the heights and depths of heaven are
between you and your pursuers.

The Eternal Brooks.
We are told in Revelation xxii, 15,
“Without are dogs,” by which I con-
clude there is a whole kennel of hounds
outside the gate of heaven, or, as when
a master goes in through a door his dog
lies on the steps waiting for him to
come out, so the troubles of this life may
follow us to the shining door, but they
cannot get in. “Without are dogs!” I
have seen dogs and owned dogs that I
would not be ashamed to see in the
heavenly city. Some of the great old
watchdogs who see the constabulary of
the homes in solitary places and for
years have been the only protection for
wife and child, some of the shepherd
dogs that drive back the wolves and
bear away the flocks from going too
near the precipice, and some of the dogs
whose necks and jaws Lordeser, the
painter, has made immortal, would not
find me shutting them out from the gate
of shining pearl. Some of those old St.
Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing
travelers out of the Alpine snow, the
dog that John Brown, the Scotch essay-
ist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon
lest he removing the cancer too im-
promptly hurt the poor woman whom the
dog felt bound to protect, and dogs that
we crossed in our childhood days or that
in later time lay down on the rug in seem-
ing sympathy when our homes were
desolated. I say, if some soul entering
heaven should happen to leave the gate
ajar and these faithful creatures should
quietly walk in it would not at all dis-
turb my heaven. But all those human
or brutal hounds that chase and chase
and harass and harass the world over, all
that now bite or worry or tear to pieces
—shall be prohibited. “Without are
dogs!” No place there for harsh critics
or backbiters or despoilers of the reputa-
tions of others. Down with you to the
kennels of darkness and despair! The
hart has reached the eternal water
brooks, and the panting of the long
chase is quieted in still pastures and
“there shall nothing hurt or destroy in
all God's holy mountain.”

Oh, when some of you get there, it
will be like what a hunter tells of when
pushing his canoe far up north in the
winter and amid the ice floes and 100
miles, as he thought, from any other
human beings! He was startled one day
as he heard a stepping on the ice, and
he cocked the rifle, ready to meet any-
thing that came near. He found a man,
barefooted and insane from long expo-
sure, approaching him. Taking him into
his arms and kindling fires to warm him,
he restored him and found out
where he had lived and took him to his
home and found all the village in great
excitement. A hundred men were
searching for this lost man, and his
family and friends rushed out to meet
him, and, as had been agreed at his
first appearance, bells were rung and
guns were fired and banquets spread
and the rescuer loaded with presents.
Well, when some of you step out of this
wilderness, where you have been chilled
and torn and sometimes lost amid the
icebergs, into the warm greetings of all
the villages of the glorified and your
friends rush out to give you welcoming
kisses, the news that there is another soul
forever saved will call the caterers of
heaven to spread the banquet and the
bellmen to lay hold of the rope in the
tower, and while the chalice clink at
the feast the bells clang from the
turrets it will be a scene so uplifting I
pray God I may be there to take part
in the celestial merriment. “Until the
day break and the shadows flee away
be thou like a roe or a young hart upon
the mountains of Bethel.”

Pinckney's Novel Case.
Governor Pinckney was the happy re-
cipient the other day of a walking stick,
which came by express, as a present
from James Milford of Deer Lodge,
Mont. The body of the cane is the hard
whitewood of the extreme north. On
the wood are pen and ink portraits of
Dewey, Sampson, Schley, Evans, Clark,
Hobson and all the other naval heroes
of the recent war, besides pictures of
the Maine and appropriate inscriptions.
The portraits are really works of art,
standing out on the wood in almost life-
like way. Accompanying the cane was
a silk cover made in crazy quilt fashion.
The governor dropped all business as
soon as he saw the present and refused
to resume work until he had admired
it over and over again. Milford, the
donor, was formerly a resident of De-
troit.—Detroit Journal.

its bearing, the more anxious the hunt-
ers and the hounds are to capture it?
Had the roebuck a ragged fur and
lapping hoofs and an obliterated eye and
a limping gait the hunters would have
said, “Pshaw, don't let us waste our
ammunition on a sick deer.” And the
hounds would have given a few sniffs
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So would not I;
One tear of memory given,
I'd rather have it;
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All but at rest at shore,
I'd rather have that,
Than live it all over again.

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Nigh's gloomy watches need,
Spikes and a cross, being good,
Hope's smile around us shed,
Heavenward, away!

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world, and it does well enough as far
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world, too evanescent a world. I am
not a prejudiced witness. I have noth-
ing against this world. I have been one
of the most fortunate, or, to use a more
Christian word, one of the most blessed
of men—blessed in my parents, blessed
in the place of my nativity, blessed in
my health, blessed in my field of work,
blessed in my natural temperament,
blessed in my family, blessed in my op-
portunities, blessed in a comfortable
livelihood, blessed in the hope that my
soul will go to heaven through the par-
doning mercy of God, and my body, un-
less it be lost at sea or cremated in some
conflagration, will lie down in the gar-
dens of Greenwood among my kindred
and friends, some already gone and
others to come after me. Life to many has
been a disappointment, but to me it has
been a pleasant surprise, and yet I de-

clare that if I did not feel that God was
now my friend and ever present help I
should be wretched and terror stricken.
But I want more of him. I have thought
over this text and preached this sermon
to myself until with all the aroused
energies of my body, mind and soul I
can cry out, “As the hart panteth after
the water brooks, so panteth my soul
after thee, O God.”

Through Jesus Christ make this God
your God, and you can withstand any-
thing and everything, and that which
afrights others will inspire you. As in
time of an earthquake when an old
Christian woman was asked whether
she was scared, answered, “No, I am
glad that I have a God who can shake
the world,” or, as in a financial panic,
when a Christian merchant was asked
if he did not fear he would break, an-
swered, “Yes, I shall break when the
Fiftieth Psalm breaks in the fifteenth
verse, ‘Call upon me in the day of trou-
ble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt
glorify me.’” Oh, Christian men and
women, pursued of annoyances and ex-
asperations, remember that this hunt,
whether a still hunt or a hunt in full
cry, will soon be over. If ever a whelp
looks ashamed and ready to sink out of
sight, it is when in the Adirondacks a
deer by one tremendous plunge into Big
Tupper lake gets away from him. The
disappointed canine swims in a little
way, but, defeated, swims out again
and cringes with humiliated yawn at the
feet of his master. And how ashamed
and ashamed will all your earthly trou-
bles be when you have dashed into the
river from under the throne of God, and
the heights and depths of heaven are
between you and your pursuers.

The Eternal Brooks.
We are told in Revelation xxii, 15,
“Without are dogs,” by which I con-
clude there is a whole kennel of hounds
outside the gate of heaven, or, as when
a master goes in through a door his dog
lies on the steps waiting for him to
come out, so the troubles of this life may
follow us to the shining door, but they
cannot get in. “Without are dogs!” I
have seen dogs and owned dogs that I
would not be ashamed to see in the
heavenly city. Some of the great old
watchdogs who see the constabulary of
the homes in solitary places and for
years have been the only protection for
wife and child, some of the shepherd
dogs that drive back the wolves and
bear away the flocks from going too
near the precipice, and some of the dogs
whose necks and jaws Lordeser, the
painter, has made immortal, would not
find me shutting them out from the gate
of shining pearl. Some of those old St.
Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing
travelers out of the Alpine snow, the
dog that John Brown, the Scotch essay-
ist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon
lest he removing the cancer too im-
promptly hurt the poor woman whom the
dog felt bound to protect, and dogs that
we crossed in our childhood days or that
in later time lay down on the rug in seem-
ing sympathy when our homes were
desolated. I say, if some soul entering
heaven should happen to leave the gate
ajar and these faithful creatures should
quietly walk in it would not at all dis-
turb my heaven. But all those human
or brutal hounds that chase and chase
and harass and harass the world over, all
that now bite or worry or tear to pieces
—shall be prohibited. “Without are
dogs!” No place there for harsh critics
or backbiters or despoilers of the reputa-
tions of others. Down with you to the
kennels of darkness and despair! The
hart has reached the eternal water
brooks, and the panting of the long
chase is quieted in still pastures and
“there shall nothing hurt or destroy in
all God's holy mountain.”

Oh, when some of you get there, it
will be like what a hunter tells of when
pushing his canoe far up north in the
winter and amid the ice floes and 100
miles, as he thought, from any other
human beings! He was startled one day
as he heard a stepping on the ice, and
he cocked the rifle, ready to meet any-
thing that came near. He found a man,
barefooted and insane from long expo-
sure, approaching him. Taking him into
his arms and kindling fires to warm him,
he restored him and found out
where he had lived and took him to his
home and found all the village in great
excitement. A hundred men were
searching for this lost man, and his
family and friends rushed out to meet
him, and, as had been agreed at his
first appearance, bells were rung and
guns were fired and banquets spread
and the rescuer loaded with presents.
Well, when some of you step out of this
wilderness, where you have been chilled
and torn and sometimes lost amid the
icebergs, into the warm greetings of all
the villages of the glorified and your
friends rush out to give you welcoming
kisses, the news that there is another soul
forever saved will call the caterers of
heaven to spread the banquet and the
bellmen to lay hold of the rope in the
tower, and while the chalice clink at
the feast the bells clang from the
turrets it will be a scene so uplifting I
pray God I may be there to take part
in the celestial merriment. “Until the
day break and the shadows flee away
be thou like a roe or a young hart upon
the mountains of Bethel.”

Pinckney's Novel Case.
Governor Pinckney was the happy re-
cipient the other day of a walking stick,
which came by express, as a present
from James Milford of Deer Lodge,
Mont. The body of the cane is the hard
whitewood of the extreme north. On
the wood are pen and ink portraits of
Dewey, Sampson, Schley, Evans, Clark,
Hobson and all the other naval heroes
of the recent war, besides pictures of
the Maine and appropriate inscriptions.
The portraits are really works of art,
standing out on the wood in almost life-
like way. Accompanying the cane was
a silk cover made in crazy quilt fashion.
The governor dropped all business as
soon as he saw the present and refused
to resume work until he had admired
it over and over again. Milford, the
donor, was formerly a resident of De-
troit.—Detroit Journal.

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