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FAITH AND HOPE.

Who would have thought, dear friend,
That I should be so sorrowful,
For taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day,
For, my darling, my loved one,
Time's wheels they heavily run,
Till taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.
We all fall sick and die,
Our heads they are heavy,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You always find the May.
We've had our May, my darling,
And our roses are long,
And the time of the year is come, my dear,
For the long dark nights, and the snow,
But God is God, my faithful,
Of night as well as of day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Whoever he leads they may,
Ay, God of night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim:
And the gate that leads from life leads out, good wife,
To the gate that leads to Him.
—REUBEN PEASE.

WATERING THE FLOCKS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Sunday, July 17th, 1887.

"Text: 'We cannot, until the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth, then we water the sheep.'—Genesis XXIX, 8.
As once in Mesopotamia a beautiful pasture, a well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it were filled with three flocks of sheep lying down, waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air, and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep, to the effect of a meeting. Jacob marries it; he is fatherless. The Bible account of it is: 'Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept.' It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about! But before that scene occurred, Jacob accuses the shepherds, and asks them why they kept the slaking of the thirst of these sheep, and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. 'The shepherds reply to the effect: 'We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, the stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot, until all the flocks are gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep.'"
OH, THIS IS A THIRSTY WORLD!
Hot for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draught. We wander around and we find the fountain empty. Long and tedious drought has dried up the world's fountains, but nearly nineteen centuries ago a shepherd with crook in the shape of a cross, and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright and opalescent, and looked to the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and cried out with a voice strong and musical, that rang through the ages: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"
Now a great flock of sheep to-day gather around the Gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather—why so many stay thirsty; and while I am wondering about it, my text breaks forth in the exclamation, saying: "We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."
If a herd of swine come to a well, they look each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating; they come together peacefully. We wait a great multitude to
COME AROUND THE GOSPEL WELL.
I know there are those who do not like a crowd—they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. We have had people permanently leave our church because so many other people come to it. Not so did these oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indignant without the Gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so born of the "hogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying, as to be omitted. Why not gather a great flock? All Brooklyn in a flock; all New York in a flock; all London in a flock; all the world in a flock. This Gospel well is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the twelve hundred millions of the race. Do not let the church, by a spirit of exclusiveness, keep the world out. Let down the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations,

WATERING THE FLOCKS.

"Whosoever will, let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red and blue. Come, Lapidarian, out of the snow. Come, Fatigian, out of the heat. Come in furs, come panting under palm leaves.
COME ONE, COME ALL, COME NOW.
As at this well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were befriended, so this morning at this well of salvation, Christ our Shepherd will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and he will stretch out his hand in pledge of his affection, while all heaven will cry out, "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."
You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which could be watered; and find on the well of salvation to-day impediments and obstacles, which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is to you like when you are dry, coming to a town pump, as equipped with sitting in a parlor with a pair of slippers on, which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but it must be a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel, and to be drinking out of the fountain where ten thousand sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride, or NEVER FIND YOUR WAY TO THE WELL.
You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way, and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out, "Oh, Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet; give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me." Away from all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth.
Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on His lap all these years, His everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar: "The God in whom thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified." If thou hast not glorified God, he will not glorify anybody, not even himself as you have. You would have made 500 apologies; yes, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately appareled you. Your health from Him, your companion from Him, your children from Him, your home from Him; all the bright surrounding of your life from Him.
O MAN, WHAT DOST THOU WITH THAT HARD HEART?
Canst thou not feel one throb of gratitude toward the God that made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who dwelt in you, and whose love was imparting you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Saviour's martyrdom, and feed His warm life trickling on your forehead, and cheek, and hands, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.
Heart of stone, relent, relent,
Touched by Jesus' cross subdued,
See His body, my redemption,
Covered with a gore of blood,
Suffin soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the eternal Son.
Jacob with a good deal of tug and push took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that this morning my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances to your getting up to the Gospel well. Yes, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now, like oriental sheep, I proceed to water the sheep.
Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money making; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures, but works of art did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said: "At 4 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile, I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck 4, when he folded up his manuscript and, by his own hand, concluded his career. There are men in this house who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy to-day, to be unhappy forever, unless you come to this Gospel well.
THIS SATISFIES THE SOUL.
With a high, deep, all-absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes, and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and all things heavenly into the bargain. It shows the cross, and all the Saints, and all the Redeemers, and all the Barings, and all the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you to-day. In the far east there was a king who used once a year to get on a scales, while on the other side the scales were placed gold and silver and gems; indeed, enough were placed there to balance the king; then, at the close of the

GRADUATING SPEECH.

Our Social Dangers and Their Remedies.
[By A. M. SIMMONS, Fairfield, N. C.]
As long as the sweeping billows of the great and terrible ocean of time will roll and surge, it can with safety be said that society will be composed of various classes, including the strong and weak, the rich and poor, the educated and illiterate, the industrious and careless, the good and bad. Not until Plato's "Ideal Republic" or More's "Utopia," is realized—which is as impossible as transmitting the baser metals into gold—will entire peace, harmony, good-will, and prosperity be found to reign supreme in all the affairs of life.
The views of extremists upon all questions, social, political and religious, are dangerous and misleading. This stupendous and most valuable truth can be shown from observation, experience and the pages of history. The demagogue who seeks to satisfy the infamous cravings of his appetite for gain and honor, by means of falsehood and deception, should be watched as the most poisonous serpent. But at the same time, the man who remains silent when the welfare of his country is in peril, deserves our greatest contempt.
The optimist, with his apparently beautiful theories, is as far from elevating the condition of man as the pessimist who advances the doctrine that all things are tending to the worse. If one would raise the standard of society, he must set before him a lofty ideal, and strive to reach it by proper means, and not trust to fate that all things will grow better without human co-operation. It is my belief that the fanatic on the subject of religion does quite as much harm to that blessed institution, as the most hardened infidel, who denies belief altogether in the ministry of Christ, and who is totally ignorant of the riches and pleasure which emanate from this divine source.
It is universally admitted to be true that the stability and success of a nation depend upon the soundness of its society. This, although it may seem as old as the pyramids of Egypt, should receive the careful and profound consideration of every one who has the good of his country at heart, and who wishes to see her shine with splendor and brilliancy among the great nations of the earth. It is true that the slavery question, which threatened the existence of our glorious republic for nearly one-half a century, has been settled. We rejoice that the two sections of our country are now being united with the strongest ties of friendship, and that sectional prejudices are passing away like clouds of mist before the rising sun. Proudly may we boast that our people are at peace with the foreign world, and our eagle is enjoying himself in the noontide sun while all the powers of Europe are at the threshold of war, with the lion of England and the bear of Russia cowering in their dens. Intelligence so pleasant as this should, indeed, fill us with rejoicing; nevertheless, upon examination we shall find ourselves surrounded by dangers more appalling than the roar of cannon and the din of battle. I refer to the dangers in our society. They should be regarded as the most destructive and potent enemies to our commonwealth. Ignorance is a most alarming cause, and when this prevails crime reigns supreme, and immorality is seen in its darkest phases. The masses should be educated, by compulsion, if necessary, and raised to a plain from which they could appreciate the rules of public and private decorum, and defend themselves from the tyrannical encroachments of those whose lots have fallen in more favored places. There is also to be feared from the highly cultured. Let no one understand me as advancing or advocating the doctrine that education is an evil; but I am endeavoring to show from the present condition of society the dangers which are probable, and which already exist between these two classes.
While money has done much to elevate and dignify the state of man by its magical charm and power, its use has also been perverted, twisted, and abused to a most alarming degree by those who bow down and worship at the altar of Mammon. The money kings of America to-day are entering the citadel of society with open purse and spreading terror and anxiety, as the Barbarians entering the gates of Rome; for the sober-minded know that the liberties, which were gained by the blood of our ancestors, are being greatly imperiled. Although many wealthy men endeavor to assist humanity, yet the many work exclusively for their own personal ends and selfish cases our had legislation is the fruit of the rich man's money. These are most appalling evils, and should receive the open and severe condemnation of every real lover of his country. It would be ridiculous and absurd to contend that the wealthy classes are not entitled to foster combinations and co-operations. But monopolies and evils of this kind should receive nothing but the strongest disapproval of the law and the severest disapproval of man; since they have contributed so much toward disturbing our social equilibrium as to threaten us with destruction.
While speaking of this element of our society, we would not forget those who are bound down by the heavy shackles of poverty, from which their scarcely seems to be any possible escape. Here misery can be viewed in all its wretched and loathsome phases; here we see crimes of the darkest hue; here we continually notice insurrections and violations of the laws, which are the soul and body of our Government.
Men, to a great degree, are driven to this wicked resort; but they are frequently influenced by means of envy, hatred and malice. These difficulties arising from this class are the rashness and thoughtlessness with which their plans are adopted and executed, as in the "Terrors of the French Revolution."
Now great putrefying sores, as Socialism, Knights of Labor, and Nihilism are beginning to cover the body of society, and unless speedily remedied, will take away all its vitality. Do not understand me as opposing the organizations of the poor and laboring classes. It is my most fervent conviction that they should combine as the Greeks at the battle of Marathon; but honor, virtue and justice ought to be considered supreme in every act of man.
If these stupendous truths could only be coupled with an "Age of Perich" would blossom in "Our Land of the Free and Home of the Brave," but if the peace of the land is continually interrupted, her history will be blotched as that of Greece and Rome.
The great duty and privilege for statesmen, lawyers, doctor, scientist, farmer and all, are to endeavor to establish quietude and harmony in our country. To what source must we look for the accomplishment of these most desirable ends? The extreme elements of our society, as we have seen, are diametrically opposed to each other like the poles of an electric battery. In the medium class, beyond a reasonable doubt, rests the power to solve this mighty problem which is harassing our age.
Unquestionably, the men who have figured largely in the halls of Congress, on the fields of battle, in the courts of justice, in the realm of science, and the sacred retreat of theology, the majority have come from this ideal element. Hither must we look, when the storm is raging furiously, for men who will take charge of the Ship of State, and conduct her safely into a harbor of calm waters.
A Great Movement.
[Rev. J. H. McCullough, Henderson, Ky.]
According to the statistical report of the Sunday schools of the United States, rendered at the late International convention held in Chicago, there has been an increase in the scholar membership of all the Sunday schools in the United States since 1881 of 365,945. It is interesting to know by what agencies this increase has been secured, for it shows that a great missionary work has been done to bring an army of 365,000 into active membership with our Sunday schools. No more important work can be conceived of, for it has to do with the destiny of our entire country.
The three last annual reports of the American Sunday School Union, the old undenominational society "that cared for the children," who are provided for by no one else, show that since 1881 it has brought 185,403 children into 4,917 new Sunday schools, a number equal to 5,000 more than one-half of all the increase reported as having been secured by this and all other agencies during these three years. But this American Sunday School Union did more than this—it aided 4,825 other schools, which have 46,774 teachers, and 515,714 scholars—so that in these three years it reached 9,872 communities and Sunday schools, and 700,748 children and youth, and last reported and revisited these schools 9,245 times, besides making 92,584 visits to families, supplying 45,019 destitute persons with the scriptures and holding 27,247 religious meetings. That there is great need for more of just such work in our country, is evident from the fact that according to the International Secretary's report there are but 8,054,478 scholars in all the Sunday schools in the United States; that report to this convention, which the chairman of the executive committee said was five per cent. too small. If five per cent. were added, we have 8,456,201 scholars in all our Sunday schools. But the statement was made that 20 per cent should be deducted for those over 21 and under 6 years of age, and those who attend more than one school and are counted twice, which deducted would leave 6,748,961 children and youth of school age in our Sunday schools, while there are at least 9,000,000 more children of that age in our country, and very likely most of them attend no Sunday school.
Truly the American Sunday School Union is doing a great work, for present and future America, for which there is most urgent need. Any who would like to read its last annual report, or aid its work by gift of funds, may send to Rev. J. H. McCullough, Henderson, Ky.

THE BOHEMIAN FRONTIER.

THE PLANT'S LETTER FROM THE OLD WORLD.
An Interesting and Instructive Description of the Cities and Scenery Along the Route.
After a lively skirmish for railway tickets in the midst of a dense throng of would-be excursionists, we made a dash for the Bohemian train last Saturday evening, and had the satisfaction, or rather dissatisfaction, of being obliged to wait a long ten minutes before the train showed the faintest symptom of moving.
At length, however, the porter's shrill whistle was heard, the station bell was tapped three times, the engine gave an unearthly screech, the train shook itself violently with a succession of jerks and bumps, and we slowly drifted out from the turmoil of the city into the midst of green fields and forests of sighing firs and larches.
We at first followed the line of the road to Dresden, but at Focha we diverged towards the South and were soon passing through a country which became constantly more beautiful as we advanced.
At Zschopau we found ourselves among the outlying hills of the Erzgebirge, or Ore Mountains, which is the geological frontier between the two great German Empires.
The town of Zschopau is very ancient and is of Slavonic origin. The Chateau Wildeck, which is a sort of citadel, is a handsome old building whose high, round tower is, in my opinion, one of the prettiest bits of architecture in Saxony.
Leaving the train at Annaberg we spent the night there, and early in the morning started for Weipert, a frontier town of Bohemia, the frontier having consumed an hour and a half in traversing what is, as the crow flies, a distance of about six or seven English miles. The grades were, as may be imagined, very heavy almost continually; and when at length we reached a crest of the hills and looked down into the first valley of Bohemia, many hundred feet below us, it seemed almost incredible that in another half-hour we should have wound our way down into the abyss. Yet such was the case, and after having passed through the clutches of the gaudy guardians of the customs, we hastened to the Hotel Stadt Leipzig and enjoyed a hearty breakfast.
Could a vehicle be secured for love or money? Yes, the waiter thought it could be obtained for the latter article. And so it came about that half an hour later we rattled up the hill and out of the town of Weipert into the hill country of fair Bohemia. Now a floral Eldorado as is Bohemia in June it would be difficult to find elsewhere. Every field was a mass of color—buttercups, daisies, violets almost as large and rich as pansies, beautiful little forget-me-nots, and a score of varieties of beauties unknown to me, mingling their charms in prodigal profusion. Along the roadside tiny plant-covered daisies, blushing occasionally into crimson, kept our admiration at fever point.
After two hours' drive we reached the crest of the highlands, three thousand feet above the sea, and looked down into the great valleys of Bohemia, in the western end of which lies the famous watering place of Carlsbad, while far away to the southeast is situated the ancient and historic city of Prag. Words cannot describe the beautiful view that we had, and how the hillside us held close at hand huge, isolated masses of rock towered up from the side of the mountain, around whose heads the wind shrieked and howled. In the valley beneath us half a dozen modest villages and a few ancient walled towns lay indistinct in the distance. Far away to the east, west and south hundreds of peaks rose more or less ambiguously amid the blue haze, so that it was difficult to decide which were mountains and which were clouds.
Having enjoyed to the utmost the beautiful view, we ascended on foot the Kupperlugel, and received a warm welcome from the landlord of the "gothars," or inn, which clings to the mountain close to its summit.
From here, after having a light dinner, we started on foot on our return to Weipert, this time choosing a winding path through the forest. At 7:30 p. m. we took the train at Weipert, and at midnight arrived at Annaberg, thoroughly exhausted, but well pleased with our day's tramp over the Bohemian frontier.
X. X. X.
Most Anything Would Stop.
[Louisville Courier-Journal.]
The flies stop buzzing, the office boy ceases to shuffle his feet, and there is a general and solemn hush when Mr. Gould sits down to write his check for \$4,500,000.
Why Kansas is Dry.
[St. Paul Globe.]
Perhaps the presence of sundry "visiting statesmen" in the neighborhood may explain that mysterious disappearance of whisky in Kentucky.
Brother Oldham in Trouble.
[Annisson Blade.]
Please excuse any mistakes in spelling in terdis ishshue. The prufe reader is drunk, an we dont kno who to ask how to spel words.
Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills," (sugar-coated) cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.
James Russell Lowell is said to be aging rapidly in appearance.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Senator Colquitt is speaking for prohibition.
Spurgeon, the celebrated London preacher, is 53 years old.
Frederick Douglass is expected to return to this country in September.
Gen. Simon Cameron has sailed for Europe, to be gone until September.
Dom Pedro has sailed from Rio Janeiro for Europe and the Holy Land.
Bonanza Mackay has just invested \$250,000 in an Alaska mining expedition.
Captain Jack Hussey, who saved so many lives at Castle Garden, could not read.
Senator Stanford has a vineyard containing 5,000 acres, the largest in the world.
Dr. Henry W. Ravenel, the eminent South Carolina botanist, is dead, at the age of 73.
John Donaghy, the Boston sculptor, is making a life-sized statue of John L. Sullivan.
Joseph W. White, cashier of Times newspaper of Philadelphia, has defaulted for \$20,000.
William O'Brien, the Irish editor, is separated from his wife. She was a sottish actress.
Father Bagley, of Baltimore, who devoted all his life to missionary work in that city, is dead.
Ralph Disraeli, a nephew of Lord Beaconsfield, is to publish a novel. Will he be an echo or an original voice.—Star.
A. Mercie, Paris, has been awarded the contract for the equestrian statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee to be erected in Richmond.
Rev. James Robinson, of Money Creek, Ill., has baptized over 15,000 persons during his ministerial career of forty years.
The people of Augusta deny having hung Gov. Gordon in effigy. They lay the blame on three or four drunken men.
Judge Hilton's park at Saratoga now comprises 1,000 acres. It is said to be the handsomest private park in the country.
Joseph Miller has sold his log cabin at Washington for \$5,100, and its new owner has rented it to Mr. Alder, assistant secretary of state.
Judge Thurman emphatically refuses to accept the Democratic nomination for the governorship of Ohio. Hon. Thomas E. Powell will probably get it.
Capt. Jarvis, a professional aeronaut, proposes to cross the Atlantic ocean from St. Nazaire to New York, making the trip about the 1st of October.
Solicitor McCue, of the treasury department, has made \$150,000 in real estate in Washington in the two years during which he has been a resident of that city.
Mr. W. W. Corcoran, who is at Deer Park for the summer, is slowly growing stronger, but he will, in all probability, never walk again. His mental faculties are as vigorous as ever.
Mrs. Livermore has delivered more than 800 temperance addresses. For many years she has lectured five nights a week for five months in the year. She travels yearly 25,000 miles.
Mrs. Cleveland's shoes worn in the Adirondacks were a pair of No. 5's, for which she paid \$5. At least such is the exceedingly important statement made by a Washington shoemaker.
Prof. J. G. Dana, of Yale University, will spend next month with his family in the Sandwich Islands. He will there investigate the changes probably by the recent volcanic eruptions.
Mrs. Gen. Logan is in very poor health. She has been in Chicago arranging some business affairs of the late Senator, but will return to her Washington home soon, and take a long rest.
The empress of Japan expects to visit the United States in October. She will land in San Francisco, come east by way of Salt Lake, Omaha and Chicago, and return in two months by the southern route.
U. S. Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, states that he never wrote or inspired the letter recently attributed to him, in which he was represented as favoring Blaine and Sherman on the Republican Presidential ticket.
Mrs. Levina Fillmore is the oldest woman in Buffalo, N. Y. If she survives until August 13th she will celebrate her one hundredth birthday, at the Methodist Church over which her late husband presided for a quarter of a century.
The only member of the late Horace Greeley's family now living is his daughter, Miss Gabrielle M. Greeley, who four years ago bought her father's house and farm of eighty-two acres at Chappaqua, for \$10,000, and now resides there.
Chief Clerk Durryce, of the patent office, who was one of the old harnagers, has quit. He was the alleged cause of Bacon's defeat and did not report it. It is said that a Mr. Lipscomb from South Carolina is to take his place.
Mr. Edision, the inventor, will eat a breakfast only in meat. He likes all kinds of vegetables, and for dessert always takes fruit, strawberries being favorites. It only takes him a few minutes to eat dinner. Snaps are omitted from the table. When Mr. Edision uses the telephone he fairly shocks whoever receives his message by talking very loudly. Being slightly deaf he does not appreciate the high pitch of his own voice.

IS THERE A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION?

We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and exercises proper care. If allowed to run its course too long all medicine is powerless to stay it. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out a false hope for the sake of pecuniary gain. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients when nothing else seemed to avail. Your druggist has it. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption, with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOW TO GET TO THE GOSPEL WELL.

where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come.
"Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I may not have lived as long as you, but I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their falling health, and about their departed friends, and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes down their souls. After two or three years have lived together for forty or fifty years, and one of them is taken away, what desolation! I shall not forget the cry of the late Rev. Dr. DeWitt, of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife, and after the obsequies had ended, he looked down into the open grave and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell! Farewell!" To lean on a prop for fifty years, and then have it break under you! There were only two years' difference between the death of my father and mother. After my mother's decease, my father used to go around as though looking for something; he would often get up from one room, without any seeming reason, and go to another room; and then he would take his cane and start out, and some one would say: "Father, where are you going?" and he would answer: "I don't know exactly where I am going." Always looking for something. Though he was a tender-hearted man, I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After sixty years' living together it was hard to part. And there are aged people to-day who are feeling just such a pang as that.

THE DEEP AND INEXHAUSTIBLE WELL OF THE GOSPEL.

But some one says in the audience: "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning I find no alleviation for my troubles." Well, I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consideration for the last. I am going to soothe you with the thought of heaven. However tardy we may be, there will come a time when the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence no power on earth can break their taciturnity. But where, oh Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air. Victors fresh from battle shouting their cheers. The rain of earthly sorrow struck to the soul with the rainbow of eternal joy. In one group God and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel Michael, the archangel. Long line of choristers reaching across the hills. Seas of joy dashing to the white beach. Conquerors marching from gate to gate. You among them.
Oh, what a great flock of sheep God will gather around the celestial well! No stone on the well's mouth while the Shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel the shepherdess. And standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture, your children; and standing on the other side of eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that deep well of heaven the shepherd will dip repletion for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end will praise the Lord that on this summer Sabbath morning we were permitted to study the story of Jacob and Rachel the shepherdess at the well in Mesopotamia.

WHY KANSAS IS DRY.

Perhaps the presence of sundry "visiting statesmen" in the neighborhood may explain that mysterious disappearance of whisky in Kentucky.

HOW TO GET TO THE GOSPEL WELL.

I know there are those who do not like a crowd—they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. We have had people permanently leave our church because so many other people come to it. Not so did these oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indignant without the Gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so born of the "hogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying, as to be omitted. Why not gather a great flock? All Brooklyn in a flock; all New York in a flock; all London in a flock; all the world in a flock. This Gospel well is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the twelve hundred millions of the race. Do not let the church, by a spirit of exclusiveness, keep the world out. Let down the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations,

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