MICHIGAN'S BENEFACTOR. AN OFT REPEATED STORY OF TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

What Chas, H. Hackley Has Done for Western Michigan,

weirand Rapids, Mich., Evening Press.) The most beautiful spot in all this city is teseparably associated with the name of Hackley. Chas. H. Hackley has been in the lumber business here continuously since 1856, and in that time has amassed a fortune which gives him a rating among the wealthy men of the nation. But with wealth there did not come that tightening of the purse strings which is generally a marked charac-

turistic of wealthy men. It is no wonder then that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence to Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a willion. For the past twenty years he has stant sufferer from neuralgia and been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and theumaticm, also numbress of the lower limbs, so much so that it has aeriously inter-fered with his pleasure in life. For some time put his friends have noticed that he has seemed to grow young again and to have recovered the health which he had in

To a reporter for the News Mr. Hackley explained the secret of this transformation, of have suffered for over 20 years, 'he said, with pains in my lower limits so severely that the only relief I could get at night was ting cold water compresses on my I was bothered more at night than day time. The neuralgic and rheu-In the cay time, The manufacture and been growing in intensity for years, finally be-rame shronis. I made three trips to the Hot Springs with only partial relief, and them foll back to my original state. I couldn't all sell, and my sufferings began to couldn't att sell, and my sufferings began to make my life look very tide. Two years ago had september 1 noticed an account of Dr. Williams' Tink Fills for Fale Fesple and what they had done for others, and some processed, so I wrote to one who had given an astimonial, an emiment professor of music in Canada. The reply I received was even a Canadi. The type of the stimulat, and it tronger than the printed testimulat, and it even me faith in the medicine. It begins taking the pills and found them a be all that the professor had fold me they

whiles. It was two or three months be-all experienced any perceptible better-aut of my condition. My disease was of the long standing that I did not expect such long standing that I did not expect speedy recovery and was thankful even to be relieved. I progressed rapidly, however, towards recovery and for thelast six months have recommended the pills to many people and am only too glud to assist others to health through the medium of this wonder-ful medicines. I cannot say too much for what it has done for me." Dr. Williams Pink Pills contain all the classific measure to give new bloand rich.

elements necessary to give new life and rich-ness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all drangets, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenecharty, N. 7, for fly cents per box, or six boxes for \$2, 0.

Is a debate on the Legion of Honor appropriations the French Cabinet narrowly caped debat by a vote of 239 to 234.

The Most Pleasant Way

centing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remesty. Sympol Figs, whenever the system needs a centic, ret effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all drougests in low, and \$1 bottles.

Electricity is gradually taking the place of oil for locomotive headlights.





far: "From India even unto Ethiopia. -Esther i., 1.

In all the Bible this is the only book in In all the Bible this is the only book in which the word India occurs, but it stands for a realm of vast Interest in the time of Esther, as in our time. It yielded then, as now, spices and sliks and cotton and rice and Indigo and ores of all richness and precious stones of all sparkle and bad a civilization of its own as marked as Egyp-tian or Greekan or Roman civilization. It holds the conflict tooth one full and the

bolds the costilies to mb ever built and the most unique and wonderful idolatrous tem-ple ever opened. For practical lessons in this, my sixth discourse in round the world series. I show you that tomb an 1 temple of

India

In a journey around the world it may rot be easy to tell the exact point which divides the pligrimage into halves. I ut there was one structure toward which we were all the time traveling, and having so n that we felt that if we saw nothing more our expedition would be a success. That one object was the Taj Mahal of India. It is the crown of the whole earth. The spirits of architecture met to enthrone a kinz, and the spirit of the Parthenon of Athens was there, and the spirit of St. Sophia of Constantinople was there, and the spirit of St. Izaak of St. Petersburg was there, an i the spirit of the Baptisterr of Piss was there, and the spirits of the pyramid and of Luxor obalisk, and of the Porcelain tower of Nankin, and of St. Mark's of tower of Nankin, and of St. Mark's of Venice, and the sp rits of all the great towers, great cathedrais, great mausoleums, great surcoplagid, great capito's for the living and of great necropolises for the dead were there. And the presiding genius of the throng with gavel of Farian marble smots the table of Russian mainshite, and called the throng of spirits to order, and called for a vote as to which spirit should wear the chief crown, and mount the oblef throne, and wave the chief scepter, and by unan-mous acclaim the cry was: "Long live the spirit of Taj, king of all the spirits of archi-tecture! Thine is the Taj Mahai of India." The building is about six miles from Agra, and as we role out in the early dawn we hear in othing but the hoofs and wheels that pulled and turned us along the road, at every

heard nothing but the hoofs and wheels that pulled and turned us along the road, at every yard of which our expectations rose until we had some thought that we might be dis-appointed at the first gimpse, as some say they were disappointed. But how can any one be disappointed with the Taj is almost as great a wonder to me as the Taj iself. There are some people always disappointed, and who knows but that having entered heaven they may criticles the architecture of and who knows but that having entered heaven they may criticle the architecture of the temple and the cut of the white robes, and say that the River of Life is not quite up to their expectations, and that the white horses on which the conquerors ride seem a little spring halt or spaxinal? My son said, "There it is!" I said, "Where?" For that which he saw to be the building second to see the saw to be the

"Where?" For that which he saw to be the building seemed to me to be more like the morning cloud blushing under the stare of the rising sun. It seemed not so much built up from earth as let down from heaven. Fortunately you stop at an elaborated gate-way of red sandstone one-eighth of a mile from the Taj, an entrance so high, so arched, so graceful, so four domed, so painted and chiseled and serolled that you come very gradually upon the Taj, which structure is enough to intoxicate the eye and stun the franguiation and catrance the soul. We go up the winding stairs of this majestic en-trance of the gateway, and huy a few ple-

up the winding stairs of this majestle en-trance of the galeway, and huy a few pic-tures, and examine a few curios, and from it look off upon the Taj, and descend to the pavement of the garden that rapturos every-thing between the gateway and the cestacy of marble and precious stones. You pass along a deep stream of water in which all manner of brilliant fins swirt and float. There are eighty-four fountains that spout and bend and arch themselves to fall in showers of pearl in basins of snowy white-ness. Eads of all imaginable flora greet the nostril before they do the eye and seem to roll in waves of color as you advance toward the vision you are soon to have of what ha-

roll in waves of color as you advance toward the vision you are soon to have of what hu-man genius did when it did its best; moon flowers, illaes, marigolds, tuips and almost everywhere the lotus; thickets of bezilder-ing bloom; on either alde trees from many hads bend their arborecence over your head or seem with convoluted branches to reach out their arms toward you in welcome. On and on you go amid tamarind and cy-press and poplar and oleander and yew and sycamore and banyan and palm and trees of such novel branch and leaf and girth you cease to ask their name or nativity.

sease to ask their name or nativity.

As you approach the door of the Taj one experiences a strange sensation of awe and

REV. DR TALMAGE. THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON SUNDAY SERMON SUNDAY SERMON THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON S and on it Him from whose face the earth and

heavens flee away. The Taj is the pride of India, and especi-ally of Mohammedanism. An English offi-cer at the fortress toid us that when during the general mutiny in 1857 the Mohammedans proposed insurrection at Agra the Eng-lish Govarnment aimed the guns of the fort at the Taj and said, "You make insurrection, and that same day we will blow your Taj to atoms, and that threat ended the disposition

for multiny at Agra. But I thought while looking at that palace for the dead all this constructed to cover a handful of dust, but even that handful has probably gone from the mausoleum. How much better it would have been to expend \$60,000,000, which the Taj Mahal cost, for the binor. \$50,000,000, which the Taj Mahal cost, for the living. What asyiums it might have built for the sick, what houses for the homeless? What improvement our century has made upon other centuries in lifting in honor of the departed memorial churches, memorial hospitals, memorial reading rooms, me-morial otservatories. By all possible means let us keep the memory of departed loved ones fresh in mind, and let there be an ap-propriate headstone or monument in the headstone is a dividing. Has head propriate headstone or monument in the cemetery, but there is a dividing line be-tween reasonable commemoration and wicked extravagance. The Taj Mahal has its uses as an architectural achievement,

its uses as an architectural achievement, eclipsing all other architecture, but as a me-morial of a departed wile and mother it ex-presses no more than the plainest slab in many a country graveyard. The best monu-ment we can any of us have built for us when we are gone is in the memory of those whose sorrows we have alleviated, in the wounds we have healed, in the kindnesses we have done in the kindnesses we have done, in the ignorance we have ra-lightened, in the recreant we have reclaimed, in the souls we have saved. Such a monu-ment is built out of myterial more lasting than marble or bronze and will stand amb the eternal spiendors long after the Taj Ma-hal of India shall have gone down in the ruins of a world of which it was the costlicat adornment. But I promised to show you not only a tomb of India, but a unique heathen temple, and it is a temple under-

ground. With miner's candle we had seen some-thing of the underside of Australia, as at Gimthing of the underside of Australia, as at Gim-ple, as with guide's torch we had seen at different times something of the underside of America, as in Mammoth cave, but we are now to enter one of the sacred cellars of India, commonly called the Elephanta caves. We had it all to ourselves, the steam yacht that was to take us about fifteen miles over the harbor of Bombay and between cachant-ot balands, and alang shores whose curres and gulches and plotters whose curves and gulches and plotter or costs gradually prepared the mind for appreciation of the most unique spectacle in India. The morn-ing had been full of thunder and lightning

and delage, but the atmospheric agitations had ceased, and the cloudy ruins of the storm were piled up in the beavens, huge enough and darkly purple enough to make enough and darkly purple enough to make the skies as grandly ploturesque as the earthly scenery amid which we moved. After an hour's cutting through the water we came to the long pler reaching from the island called Elephanta. It is an island small of girth, but 600 feet high. It declines into the marshes of mangrove. But the whole island is one tangle of foliage and verdure: convolving arcenting the ground verdure:

convolvalus creeping the ground; mosses climbing the rocks; vines sleeving the long arms of the trees; red flowers here and there in the woods, like incendinry's toreh trying

to set the groves on fire-cactus and cacita yring as to which can most charm the be-holder; tropical birl meeting particolored butterfly in jungles planted the same sum-mer the world was born. We stepped out of the boat and enough natives to afford all the help we needed for landing and guid-ance. You can be carried by coolles in an easy chair, or you can walk, if you are blessed with two stout limbs, which the psalmist evidently lacked, or he would not

paintist evidently lacked, or he would not have so depreciated them when he said i "The Lord taketh no pleasuoe in the legs of a man." We passed up some stone steps, and between the walls we saw awaiting us a cobra, one of those snakes which greet the traveler offitimes in India, Two of the guides left the cobra dead by the wayside. They must have been Mohammedans, for Hindoos never kill that sacred reptile. And now we come near the famous temple hewn from one rock of porphyry at least 800 years ago. On either side of the chief tem-ple is a chapel, these cut out of the same stone. So vast was the undertaking and to the Hindoo was so great the human impossi-bility that they say the gods scooped out this structure from the rock and carved the

ing his wornout boly smid the natives whom he had come to save, and going up in-to the heavens from which he can better watch all the field—that work will be com-pleted in the salvation of the millions of In-dis, and beside him gaving from the same high places stand Bishop Heber and Alexan-der Duff and John Scudder and Alexan-der Duff and John Scudder and Mackay, who fell at Delhi, and Monerief, who fell at Cawapur, and Polehampton, who fell at Lucknow, and Freema, who fell at Futi-garb, and all herces and hercines who for garb, and all heroes and heroines who for Christ's sake lived and died for the Christ-nization of India, and their heaven will not be complete until the Ganges that washes the ghats of heathen temples shall roll be-tween churches of the living God, and the trampled womanhood of Hindooism shall have all the rights purchased by him who amid the cuts and sta's of his own assassi-nation cried out, "Behold thy mother" and from Bengai Bay to Arabian Ocean, and

from the Himalayas to the coast of Coroma andel there be lifted hosannas to Him who died to redeem all nations. In that day Elephanta cave will be one of the places where idols are "cast to the moles and

If any elergyman asks me, as an unbeliew ing minister of religion once asked the Duke of Wellington, "Do you not think that the work of converting the Hindoos is all a practical farce?" I answer him as Welling-ton answered the unbelievel minister, "Look to your marching orders, sir?" Or if any one having joined in the gospel at-tack feels like cetreating I say to him, as General Havelock sud to a retreating regi-ment, "The enemy are in front, not in the rear," and leading them again into the fight, though two horses had been shot un-der him. If any clergyman asks me, as an unbelley der him

Indeed the taking of this world for Christ will be no holiday celebration, but as tro-mendous as when in India during the mutiny of 1857 a fortress manned by sepoys was to be captured by Sir Colin Campbell and the army of Britain. The sepoys hurled upon the attacking columns burning mis-siles and grenades, and fired on them shot and shell, and poured on them from the ramparts burning oil until a writer whowit-nessed it says, "It was a picture of pando-monium." Then Sir Colin addressed his troops, saying, "Remember the women and children must be res ued!" and his men re-pliest: "Aya, aye, Sir Colin! We stood by Indeed the taking of this world for Chris plied: "Aye, aye, Sir Colin! We stood by you at Balaklava, and we stand by you here." And then came the triumphant assult of the battlements. So in this gospel camthe battlements. So in this gospel cam-paign, which proposes capturing the very last citadel of idolary and sin and holsting over it the banner of the cross we may have hurled upon us mighty opposition an tecorn and obloguy, and many may fall before the work is done, yet at every call for new onset let the cry of the church be: "Aye, aye, great captain of our saivation! Westood by thes in other conflicts, and we will stand by thee to the last." And then, it not in this world, then from the battlements of the next, as the last Appolyonic fortification next, as the last Appolyonic fortification shall crash into ruin, we will join in the shout, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory !" "Halleluiah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth !"

BILL ARP'S LETTER

THE PHILOSOPHER RETURNS HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Thoughts Suggested by Christmas Legend of the Mistletoe.

Poor dog-good dog-bow my heart went out to him as I patted his head in love and pity. Just where we left him I found him-sad and faithful-living at the front door in the loves that the wind had banked. When he saw me he dil not jump up to meet me as he used to do, tut raised his head and gave a mournful howl as much as to say. "What made you al leave me?" Then be came out with a glad

leave me?" Then be came out with a glag bound and put his paws upon my breast-poor dog-good dog. I patted and careseed him till he was sati-fied. Laddie is getting old, and, like old folks, he I ves his home and his people all the more. I know that he thinks about us and longs for us and wonders if we will ever came again. Every morning he goes down to Aunt Ann's, at the foot of the hill, and gets his breakfast and then goes back again to lie on the yeranda or in the goes back again to lie on the veranda or in the leaves near by. What love is purer or more constant than that of a faithful, well-bred dog? Loddie never got med with any member of the family. Never resented a reproof, never sole a bone; never complained when the children wal-lowed over him or tred upon his shargy tail.

et's sou', and was so apprehensive that some-thing would happen to him that she got her husband. Ther, who was the most powerful and majestic of all the gods, to call upon every thing that was in the heavens above or that grew in the earth below or that was in the wagree in the early below of this way in the wa-ter under the early to come before him and swear that they would not harm Balder, which was the tame of her son. And they all took the solenn eath. Now there was an evil spirit named Loki, who lived in Hels or hell [and that is where that hal name came from), and Loki was envious of Thor and his wife, but he did not dare to lay his hands upon Balder. So he went all over the earth hunting for some-

body or something that had not been sworn. At last he found the misiletor, which had not, because it did not grow out of the carth and had been overlooked. So Leki got a large strong branch of it and threw it with the w.nd at Balder, and it pierced his beart and killed him, int the misiletoe didn't mean to do it, nor here what Loki watted. Duer Frice, was dia. here, but the manufactor data is mean to do it, her knew what Loki wanted. Foor Friga was dis-tracted wi h grief. Ba'der's soul west down to Hela, but Woden, the good god, for whom Wednesday was named, told his mother that his soul would come back to her if she could his soul would come tack to be if she could get everybody and everything in the universe to weep a tear of sorrow for his ad fate. There-upon old Thor shock the universe and made the earth to quake, and commanded all nsure to weep. And the sun and mean and stars beard him and wept, and the heavens sent down great floods of tears and the monitains and trees all meaned and wept and all the cat-tle and birds and wild animals wept, but Loki would not shed a tear, and so the soul of Baider isas to wait in Hela until the end of the world. The poor mistletce was so ov twhelmed with grief that it wept tears that turn d into little berries of part, and it is still weeping, and the berries of pearl, and it is still weeping, and the

ittle pearls keep coming, and that is why the mistletee is held sacred in Norway and Sweden to this day, and that is why the besutiful white flower that comes in the carly spring on the mountains and in the valleys is called "Balder's mountains and in the valueys is called "Dather's brow," and is the national flower of those two countries. But this is enough of this very pretty legend. I read it when I was young, and I never see the mistletoe but what I re peet it, and can almost imagine that its pearly ber-ries once were tears. Superstituous may be foolish, but it is human to have them even the believe see fool in chead and here them. the Indians see God in clouds and hear Him i the wind. I would rather have a portical im-aginative mind than to be a cold, call ulating, exact m n without dream or reveries or centiment.

WISE WORDS,

A man's heart has many entrances Generosity thrives best in poor soil. Money is a slim diet for a hungry

beart. Nature christens the flowers with drops of dew.

Molasses may catch flies, but it won't catch spiders.

A fool is a great man who can raise a tempest in a teapot. No night was ever yet so dark that

morning did not come. Everything a man likes to do a woman can prove is wicked. The crank's methods are naturally more or less revolutionary.

While one is studying he should not forget to do some thinking. Envy is one of the most expensive exercises one can indulge in.

A good man finds something painful even in the downfall of his rival. It seems that the good points of some people have all been broken off. There is one thing colder than the tomb-a room warmed by a grate

fire. The better men and women know each other the less they say about

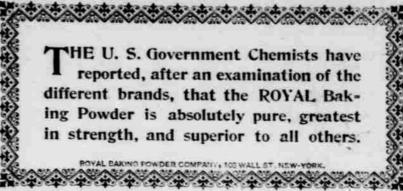
ideals. Nothing seems very terrible to a woman if it is committed in the name of love.

hats.

The messenger boy goes slow be cause he is determined not to run out of a job.

Honesty has a disposition to swag down in the middle if too much gold is loaded on it.

The longest pole won't knock the persimmons unless the right kind of a man has hold of it.



Ohio's Indian Names,

Ohio has more countres bearing Inlian names than almost any of the older Western States. Even Delaware County is said to derive its name from an Indian word now corrupted beyond recognition. Coshocton comes from the Indian name Goschochquenk. Geauga is from the Indian word sheauga, meaning raccoon. Hocking is from Hock-hocking, Indian for bottle river, the name bestowed upon the Hocking because of some peculiarity of its falls. Mahoning is a corrupted Indian word, meaning "the lick." Miami is the Ottawa word for mother, and it closely resembles in sound the word "mamma." Muskingum means "the glare of the elk's eye, and seems to perpetuate an interesting fact as to the fauna of Ohio. Ottawa means 'trader," and Sandusky "cool water."

-Chicago Herald.

The Sample Was All Right. As Burton, the comedian, was trav-

eling on a steamboat down the Hudson, he seated himself at the table and called for some beefsteak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of the article, such as travelers are usually put off with. Taking it up on his fork and turning it over and examining it with one of his peculiar, serious looks, the comedian coolly re-marked: "Yes, that's it; bring me some."-Detroit Free Press.

Dr. PIERCE'S **Golden Medical** DISCOVERY

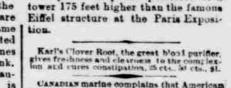
Cures Ninety-cight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its

Farlier Stages.

Although by many believed to be incura-Although by many believed to be incura-ble, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large per-centage of case, and we believe, fully of per cent, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovers, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copions expectoration (includ-ing tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness. Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Med-ical Discovery " were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that

W.L.DOUGLAS but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to bene-ft or had only seemed to benefit a little for Over One Million Per W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes All our shoes are equally satisfactor; All our shoes an o chain's the money. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. The prices are uniform,----stamped on sol From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. ft, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophos-phites had also been faithfully tried in vain. phites had also been faithfully fried in valu. The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on re-ceipt of address and six tents in stamps. Address for Book, World's Dispensary Medical Association Burfalo N V • You are all right Medical Association Buffalo N V



CANADIAN marine complains that American boats have practically absorbed all the busi-ness of carrying wheat from Manitoba.

Wembley Park, in London, will

shortly be the proud possessor of a

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the guns, reduce inflauma-tion, allays pain, curss wind coli- Sc a bottle

In one New York tenentent block 3532 nor-

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine. -F. R. Lorz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

Tus Michigan State consus shows a popu-lation on June 1 last of 2.241.454.

"An Ounce

of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Ri-pans Tabules do not weigh an ounce but they contain many pounds of good. One tabule gives relief. Try for yourself the next time you have a headache or bilo.gs attack.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye water, Druggists well at 25c per bottin



DROPSY Treated Training of white Year DOOK TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail DOUCLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. 5. CORDOVAN, 4.9350 FINE CALF& KANGAROD \$3 50 POLICE 3 SOLES.

\$250 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S .EXTRA FINE \$2.\$1.75 BOYS'SCHOOL SHOES. BEST PONGOLA 1000

IF

EN RUNNING SORES on his log. Could not step. We have been giving him Hood s Sarsoparilla a year, and he can walk, run. and play as lively as any boy. He has no sores and is the PICTURE OF HEALTH. Jours C. BOYLE, Ware, Mass. Hood's Sarsa parille Cures

The Greatest Fledical Discovery of the Age. **KENNEDY'S** Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pusture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple. SEND FOR BOOK.

Dunbarien, Ohio, Dec. 24, 1894. Donnal Kennedy.

Done Siri List spring Lo Grip and Bronchilis cole no and for backs I get norse though ick up orcherne all the time. A friend had no of your Moderal Discovery, how it had helped a friend of hers' and I thought I would try it. There taken fro-battles of Discovery and three bottles Prairie Wool and I can't begin to fill you have model before I feel. When I begin to labe your modering I could not sit up much or any, none I sit up all day and walk rough the house, but I can still house, — Of course you are that's the Humor--ibout three more bottles Discovery will get the last of that out of your system,— and want your advice about that. and want gover advice about that. I thank you with my whole heart.

Yours truly, NAOMI OLIVER.



orness and humility and worship building is only a grave, but what a grave! Built for a queen, who, according to some, was very good, and according to others very bad. I choose to think she was very good. At any rate, it makes me feel better to think that this commemorative pile was set up for the inmortalization of virtue rather than vice. The Taj is a mountain of white marble, but never such walls faced each other with exquisiteness ; never such a tomb was cut from block of alabaster ; never such a convregation of precious stones brightened and gloomed and blazed and chastened and glorifled a building since sculptor's chisel

glorified a building since sculptor's chied cut its first curve, or painter's ponell traced its first figure, or mason's plumb line measured its first wall, or architect's com-pass swept its first circle. The Taj has sixteen great arched win-dows, four at each corner; also at each of the four corners of the Taj stands a minaret

137 feet high ; also at each side of this build ing is a splendid mosque of red sandstone. Two hundred and fifty years has the Taj stood, and yet not a wall is cracked, nor a mesaic lossened, nor an arch sagged, nor a panel duiled. The storms of 250 winters have not marred nor the heats of 250 sum-mers disidegrated a marble. There is no story of age written by mosses on its white surface. Montaz, the queen, was beautiful, and Shah Jehan, the king, here proposed to let all the centuries of time know it. She was married at twenty years of age and died at twenty-nine. Her life ended as an-

was married at twenty years of age and died at twenty-nine. Her life ended as an-other life began. As the rose bloomed the cosebush perished. To adorn this dornitory of the dead, at the command of the king, Bagdad sent to this building its cornelian and Ceylon its lapis laruli, and Punjab its jasper, and Persia its amethyst, and Thibet its turquolse, and Lanka its sapphre, and Yemen its agate, and Funna its diamonds and blood stones, and sardonyx and chalcedony and moss agates are as common as though they were pubbles. You find one spray of vine beset with eighty and another with 100 stones. Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it, and although the labor was slave labor, and not paid for, the building cost what would be about \$60,000,000 of our Am trian money. Some of the jewels have been picked out of the wall by leonoclasits or conquerors, and substitutes of less value have taken their places, but the vines, the tracertee, the places, but the vines, the tracerie, the arabesques, the spandrels, the entablatures are so wondrous that you feel like dating the rest of your life from the day you first saw them. In letters of black marble the whole of the Koran is spelled out in and on

whole of the Koran is spelled out in and on this august pile. The king sleeps in the tomb beside the queen, although he interd-ed to build a palace as black as this was white on the opposite side of the river for himself to sleep in. Indeed the foundation of such a necropolis of black marble is still there, and from the white to the black tem-ple of the dead a bridge was to cross, but the son dethroned him and imprisoned him, and it is wonderful that the king had any place at all in which to be buried. Instead of windows to left in the light upon the two tombs, there is a trellis work of marble, marble cut so delicately thin that the sun shines through it as easily as through fixes. Look the world over and find so much trans-luency, canoples, tracerles, lace work, em-broideries of stone.

brolderles of stone. We had heard of the wonderful resonance of this Taj, and so I tried it. I suppose there are more sleeping echoes in that build-ing waiting to be wakened by the human voice than in any building every constructed. I uttered one word, and there seemed de-seending invisible choirs in full chant, and there was a reverbration that kept on long after one would have expected if to cease. When a line of a hymn was sung, there were replying, rolling, rising, falling, interwav-ing sounds that seemed molulated by be-ings seraphic. There were aerial sopranos and baseoe, soft, high, deep, tremulous.

ings scrapnic. There were actual softmats and basses, soft, high, deep, tremulous, emotional, commingling. It was like an an-tiphonal of heaven. Butthere are four or five Taj Mahals. It has one appearance at sunrise, another at noon, another at sunset and another by moonlight. Indeed the silver trowel of the moon, and the golden frowel of the sunlight, and the leaden

this structure from the rock and carved the pillars and hewed its shape into gigantic idois and dedicated it to all the grandeurs. We elimb many stone steps before we get to the gateways. The entrance to this temple the gateways. The entrance to this temple has sculptured doorkeepers leaning on sculptured devils. How strange! But I have seen doorkeepers of churches and audi-toriums who seemed to be leaning on the demons of bad ventilation and asphysia. Doorkeepers ought to be leaning on the angels of health and comfort and life. All the sectors and janitors of the earth whe hav spoiled sermons and lectures and pois-oned the lungs of audiences by inefficiency ought to visit this cave of Elephanta and be-ware of what these doorkeepers are doing, when instead of leaning on the angelic they lean on the demoniac.

when instead of reaning on the adjust the lean on the demoniac. In these Elephanta caves everything is on a Samsonian and Titanian scale. With chis-els that were dropped from nerveless hands at least eight centuries ago, the forms of the gods Brahma are Vishnu and Siva were cut

into the everlasting rock. Siva is here rep-resented by a figure sixteen feet nine inches reserved by a neuroe system reserved may include high, one-hall man and one-half woman. Hun a line from the center of the forehead straight to the floor of the rock, and you di-vide this idol into masculine and femilaine. Admired as this idol is by many, it was to me Admired as this idol is by many, it was to me about the worst thirg that was ever cut into porphyry, perhaps because there is hardly anything on earth so objectionable as a be-ing half man and half woman. Do be one or other, my hearer. Man is admirable and wo-man is admirable, but either in flesh or trap-rock a compromise of the two is hideous. Save us from effeminate men and masculine women.

women: Yonder is the King Ravana worshiping. Yonder is the scaltured representation of the matriage of Siva and Parhati. Yonder is Daksha, the son of Brahma, born from the thumb of his right hand. He had skry daughters. Soventeen of those daughters were married to Kasyapa and became the mothers of the human race. Yonder is a god with three heads. The center God has a crown wound with mecklaces of skulls. The right hand god is in a paroxysm of rage, with forchead of snakes, and in its hand is a cobra. The left hand god has pleasure in all

cobra. The left hand god has pleasure in all its features, and the hand has a flower. But there are gods and goddesses in all direc-tions. The chief temple of this rock is 139 test square and has twenty-six pillars rising test square and has twenty-six pillars rising to the roof. After the conquerors of other lands and the tourists from all lands have defaced and chippel and blast-ed and carried away curlos and mementos

for museums and homes, there are enough entrancements left to detain one unless he is cautious until he is down with some of the malarias which encompass this island or get blitten with some of its snakes. Yes, I felt the chilly dampens of the place and left this congress of gods; this pradeand left this congress of gods; this punde-monium of demons, this pantheon of indif-ferent deities, and came to the steps and looked off upon the waters which rolled and finshed around the steam yacht that was waiting to return with us to Bombar. As we stepped aboard, our minds filled with the idols of the Elephanta caves. I was im-pressed as never before with the thought that man must have a religion of some kind even if he has to constrive one binavel, and even if he has to contrive one himself, and he must have a god even though he make it he must have a god even though he make it with his own hand. I rejoke to know the day will come when the one God of the uni-verse will be acknowledged throughout

That evening of our return to Bombay I visited the Young Men's Christian Associa-tion with the sume appointments that you find in the Young Men's Christian Associations of Europe and America, and the night tions of Europe and America, and the night after that I addressed a throng of native children who are in the schools of the Chris-tian missions. Christian universities gather under their wing of benediction a host of the young men of this country. Bombay and Calcutta, the two great commercial cities of India, feel the elevating power of an aggressive Christianity. Episcopalian liturgy, and Presbyterian Westminster cale-chism and Methodist ant/ous seat, and Barchism, and Methodist anxious seat, and Bapclism, and predodust antious sear, and Dap-tist waters of consecration now stand where once basest idolatries had undisputed sway. The work which Shoemaker Carey inaugu-rated at Serampore, India, transisting the Bible into forty different dialects, and leav-

bonc: never complained when the children wal-lowed over him or tred upon his shaggy tail. He loved folks more than he loved dogs. In fact, he waged war upon his kind and drove them away. It was too bad to leave him alone, But he will be happy again when my wife comes back, and he can lie at her feet, for he knows who is his best friend. He knows what it means when he hears her say, "Humphrey, did you feed Laddie". you feed Laddie?

you feed Laddie?" And there was a lone peafowl sitting on the virauda railing, and a cat peeped at me from around the corner and ran away. The house looked sad and lonesome. The clock upon the mantel was silent. Spiders had make webs up in the corners near the ceiling. The cchocs of my shoes upon the naked floor seemed loud —louder than I had ever heard them, and the doors created moon their hunces. The place doors creaked upon their hinges. The place seemed haunted.

"Over all there hung a shadow and a fear; The spirit daunted And as plain as whispered in the ear: The place is haunted!"

I shall not go back there alone any more. hou e without a tenant-a woman, a femining toice-someloody to be glad when I come and give me welcome, is a fit place for spirita-evi spirits, ghosts, haunts and witches. I am stay ing with the married children now, and their children are fixing up for Christmas. The older ones hide in their recom sud lock the door, and their mother sends them to town on crrands so that she may fix something for them while they are gone-some glad surprise. It doesn't mat-ter much whether we hav: the right day or not for Christmas. One day is as good as another o commemorate the historic event when th to commemorate the historic creat when the Savior was born. Of course, grown up people, reflective people, should have solemn, grateful thoughts while minding with the children in their happy sports and frolics, but man was not created to be an ascette or a recluse or a hermit or to wear a solemn countenance every day in the year.

"For 'tis said that sinners and saints may *mile

Once or twice or thrice in awhile, And even her merry without guile.

The observing of Christmas is a kind of compound that has come down to us through ages, and has got mixed with the customs of many nations. In fact, shoot everthing that we have otherited from bygone centuries is a mixtnr. Our religion, cur politics, our names of men and of things and of the days of the week and the months of the year have come down to us from different sources. The Latins gave us our bo any and materia medica; the Greeks our astronomy; the Phoenic ans our figures; the Italians our pain ing and music; a dozen nations gave is our composite language, and the Scandinavisus the b st of our mythology. The Scandinaviant the bast of our mythology. All mixed up from differ at nations we have Santa Claus and St. Nicholas and Kris Kringly and the heily and the ivy and mistetee and the Carastmas carols that date away back to the third contury. I was ruminating about the influence that Scandina-vian mythology has correlated over the civil-iz d world. Here are the names of the days of the world. Here are the names of the days of the world. Here are the names of the days of the world. Here are the names of the days of the world. Here are the names of the days of the world. Here are the names of the days of the world. Here are the names of the days of the world. Here are the names of the days of the world. Here are the names of the days of the world. Here are the name of the moon the day of Twister, the day of the moon the day of Twister, the day of the moon the day of Twister, the day of Frigs, his sife, and the day of Sa'urn, the god of agri-culture. All these have come down to us from those who. I ke the Erhesians, worshiped the unknown god. They have come changed a little --anglieed--but their origin is all as imagina-tive myth. Perhaps the children should be tool that Scandinavia once included Norway. told that Scandinavia once included Norway, Sweden, Lapland and Finland. That cold, bleak country was settled away back in the ages by a hardy, industrious, insignative people. They were brave, but not aggreedve. They were good fathers, good mothers, good children, good enbjects, and b fore the intro-inction of Christianity they had god, and godthere with a feith and i rust in and workinged them with a feith and i rust that should put many of our Christians to shame. But those are Ciristian nations now, though the more ig-norant of the people still cling to the superstinorant of the people still cling to the supersit-tions of their and stors. I saw some misiletoe today going to decarate a perfor for Christmas and it recalled the sacred veneration that Swedes and Norwegion will have for this curi-ous parasite. They say that Ther and his wife, Frigs, had a beautiful son, the handsomest and most god-like young man in all the uni-ver e. Frigs loved the boy with all her moth-

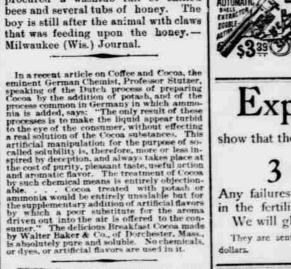
The only time a man of experience takes his wife into his confidence is to tell her he is not making money.

There was a time when a man who was hard up tried to hide it, but there is no such thing as hiding it now.

The women do not rob birds' nests of eggs, but they use the birds after they are hatched to ornament their

Big Hive Full of Honey.

Mrs. John Welsh, of the town of Suamico, Wis., has obtained between 400 and 500 pounds of honey in a singular manner. Her boy, Philip, while in the woods, observed the mark of claws upon a dead tree, and, thinking to find a wildcat, cut it down. It proved to be a bee tree, and fifteen or sixteen feet of its length was filled with honey. The tree was about three feet in diameter, and the shell was only about three inches thick. The comb was not broken, but was in five sections, each the length of fifteen or sixteen feet. The good lady procured a washtub full of chilled



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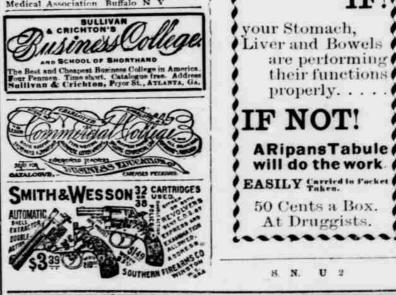
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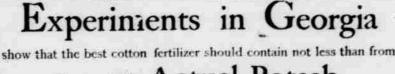
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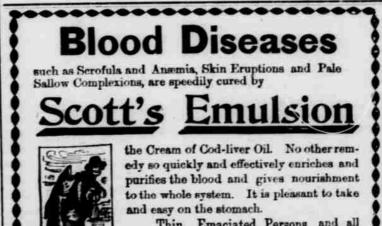




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