THE SOUL'S DECORATION.

THE REV. DR. TALMAGE ON RELIGION'S MANY BEAUTIES.

The Power of True Christianity to Elevate and Make Glad—The Ring of Christ's Adoption—The Saviour's Marriage to the Soul of the Redeemed—Love of Jesus Eternal and Never Less—Only One Great Test for Admission to Heaven.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of the Brooklyn, N. Y., tabernacle, preached last Sabbath evening upon the subject, "The Decoration of the Soul," and the text was Luke xv, 22: "Put a ring on his hand."

He said: I will not rehearse the familiar story of the fast young man of the parable. You know what a splendid home he left. You know what a hard time he had. And you remember how after that season of vagabondage and prodigality he resolved to go and weep out his sorrows on the bosom of paternal forgiveness. Well, there is great excitement one day in front of the door of the old farmhouse. The servants come rushing up and say: "What's the matter? What is the matter?" But before they quite arrive the old man cries out: "Put a ring on his hand." What a seeming absurdity! What can such a wretched mendicant as this fellow that is tramping on toward the house want with a ring? Oh, he is the prodigal son. No more tending of the swine trough. No more longing for the pods of the carob tree. No more blistered feet. Off with the rags! On with the robe! Out with the ring! Even so does God receive every one of us when we come back. There are gold rings, and pearl rings, and carnelian rings, and diamond rings; but the richest ring that ever flashed on the vision is that which our Father puts upon a forgiven soul.

WHAT RELIGION REALLY DO.

I know that the impression is abroad among some people that religion bemeans and belittles a man; that it takes all the sparkle out his soul; that he has to exchange a roystering independence for an ecclesiastical straight jacket. Not so. When a man becomes a Christian he does not go down; he starts upward. Religion multiplies one by ten thousand. Nay, the multiplier is infinity. It is not a blotting out—it is a polishing, it is an arborescence, it is an efflorescence, it is an irradiation. When a man comes into the kingdom of God he is not sent into a menial service, but the Lord God Almighty from the palaces of heaven calls upon the messenger angels that wait upon the throne to fly and "put a ring on His hand." In Christ are the largest liberty, and brightest joy, and highest honor, and richest adornment. "Put a ring on His hand."

I remark, in the first place, that when Christ receives a soul into His love He puts upon him the ring of adoption. In my church in Philadelphia there came the representative of a benevolent society in New York. He brought with him eight or ten children of the street that he had picked up, and he was trying to find for them Christian homes, and as the little ones stood on the pulpit and sang our hearts melted within us. At the close of the services a great-hearted, wealthy man came up and said: "I'll take this little bright-eyed girl, and I'll adopt her as one of my own children;" and he took her by the hand lifted her into his carriage and went away.

THE RING OF ADOPTION.

The next day, while we were in the church gathering up garments for the poor of New York, this little child came back with a bundle under her arm and she said: "There's my old dress; perhaps some of the poor children would like to have it," while she herself was in bright and beautiful array and those who more immediately examined her said that she had a ring on her hand. It was the ring of adoption.

There are a great many persons who pride themselves on their ancestry and they glory over the royal blood that pours through their arteries. In their line there was a lord, or a duke, or a prime minister, or a king. But when the Lord, our Father, puts upon us the ring of His adoption, we become the children of the Ruler of all nations. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." It matters not how poor our garments may be in this world, or how scant our bread, or how mean that hut we live in if we have that ring of Christ's adoption upon our hand we are assured of eternal defenses. Adopt! Why, then, we are brothers and sisters to all the good of earth and heaven. We have the family name, the family dress, the family keys, the family wardrobe. The Father looks after us, robes us, defends us, blesses us. We have royal blood in our veins and there are crowns in our line. If we are His children, then princes and princesses. It is only a question of time when we get our coronet.

GIVEN GRAND PRIVILEGES.

Adopted! Then we have the family secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

Adopted! Then we have the family inheritance, and in the day when our Father shall divide the riches of heaven we shall take our share of the mansions and palaces and temples. Henceforth let us boast no more of an earthly ancestry. The insignia of eternal glory is our coat of arms. This ring of adoption puts upon us all honor and all privilege. Now we can take the words of Charles Wesley, that prince of hymn-makers, and sing:

Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

I have been told that when any of the members of any of the great secret societies of this country are in a distant city and are in any kind of trouble, and are set upon by enemies, they have only to give a certain signal and the members of that organization will flock around for defense. And when any man belongs to this great Christian brotherhood, if he gets in trouble, in trial, in persecution, in temptation, he has only to show this ring of Christ's adoption and all the cohorts of heaven will come to his rescue.

CHRIST'S MARRIAGE RING.

Still further, when Christ takes a soul into His love He puts upon it a marriage ring. Now, that is not a whim of mine: "And I will betroth thee unto Me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies." At the wedding altar the bridegroom puts a ring upon the hand of the bride, signifying love and faithfulness. Trouble may come upon the household and the carpets may go, the pictures may go, the piano may go, everything else may go—the last thing that goes is that marriage ring for it is considered sacred. In the burial hour it is withdrawn from the hand and kept in a casket, and sometimes the box is opened on an anniversary day, and as you look at that ring you see under its arch a long procession of precious memories. Within the golden circle of that ring there is room for a thousand sweet recollections to revolve, and you think of the great contrast between the hour when at the close of the "Wedding March" under the flashing lights and amid the aroma of orange blossoms, you set that ring on the round finger of the plump hand, and that other hour when, at the close of the exhaustive watching, when you know that the soul had fled, you took from the hand which gave back no responsive clasp, from that emaciated finger, the ring that she had worn so long and worn so well. On some anniversary day you take up that ring, and you repolish it until all the old lustre comes back, and you can see in it the flash of eyes that long ago ceased to weep.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE ETERNAL.

O, it is not an unmeaning thing when I tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his keeping He puts on it a marriage ring. He endows you from that moment with all his wealth. You are one—Christ and the soul—one in sympathy, one in affection, one in hope. There is no power on earth or in hell to effect a divorcement after Christ and the soul are united. Other kings have turned out their companions when they got weary of them, and sent them adrift from the palace gate. Ahasuerus banished Vashti; Napoleon forsook Josephine; but Christ is the husband that is true forever. Having loved you once, he loves you to the end. Did they not try to divorce Margaret, the Scotch girl, from Jesus? They said: "You must give up your religion." She said: "I can't give up my religion." And so they took her down to the beach of the sea, and they drove a stake at low-water mark, and they fastened her to it, expecting that as the tide came up higher and higher, and to the girdle, and to the lip, and in the last moment, just as the wave was washing her soul into glory she shouted the praises of Jesus.

O, no; you can not separate a soul from Christ. It is an everlasting marriage. Battle and storm and darkness can not do it. Is it too much exultation for a man, who is but dust and ashes like myself, to cry out to-day: "I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord!" Glory be to God that when Christ and the soul are married they are bound by a chain, a golden chain—if I might say so—a chain with one link, and that one link the golden ring of God's everlasting love.

THE JOYS OF FORGIVENESS.

I go a step farther, and tell you that when Christ receives a soul into His love He puts on him the ring of festivity. You know that it has been the custom in all age to bestow rings on very happy occasions. There is nothing more appropriate for a birthday gift than a ring. Your delight to bestow such a gift upon your children at such a time. It means joy, hilarity, festivity. Well, when this old man of the text wanted to tell how glad he was that his boy had got back, he expressed it in this way. Actually, before he ordered sandals to be put on his bare feet, before he ordered the fatted calf to be killed to appease the boy's hunger, he commanded: "Put a ring on his hand."

Oh, it is a merry time when Christ and the soul are united! Joy of forgiveness! What a splendid thing it is to feel that all is right between me and God! What a glorious thing it is to have God just take up all the sins of my life and put them in one bundle, and then fling them into the depths of the sea, never to rise again, never to be talked of again. Pollution all gone. Darkness all illumined. God reconciled. The prodigal home. "Put a ring on his hand."

Every day I find happy Christian people. I find some of them with no second coat, some of them in huts and tenement houses, not one earthly comfort afforded them; and yet they are as happy as happy can be. They sing "Rock of Ages" as no other people in the world sing it. They never wore any jewelry in their life but one gold ring, and that was the ring of God's undying affection.

RELIGION'S DEEP BLESSINGS.

O, how happy religion makes us! Did it make you gloomy and sad? Did you go with your head cast down? I do not think you got religion, my brother. That is not the effect of religion. True religion is joy. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Why, religion lightens all our burdens. It smooths all our way. It interprets all our sorrows. It changes the jar of earthly discord for the peal of festal bells. In front of the flaming furnace of trial it sets the forge on which sceptres are hammered out. Would you not like to-day to come up from the swine feeding and try this religion? All the joys of heaven would come out and meet you, and God would cry from the throne: "Put a ring on his hand."

You are not happy. I see it. There is no peace, and sometimes you laugh when you feel a great deal more like crying. The world is a cheat. It first wears you down with its follies, then it kicks you out into darkness. It comes back from the massacre of a million souls to attempt the destruction of your soul to-day. No peace out of God, but here is the fountain that can slake the thirst. Here is the harbor where you can drop safe anchorage.

Would you not like, I ask you—not perfunctorily, but as one brother might talk to another—would you not like to have a pillow of rest to put your head on? And would you not like, when you retire at night, to feel that all is well, whether you wake up to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock or sleep the sleep that knows no waking? Would you not like to exchange this awful uncertainty about the future for a glorious assurance of heaven!

THE ONLY TRUE ALLIANCE.

Accept of the Lord Jesus to-day and all is well. If on your way home some peril should cross the street and dash your life out, it would not hurt you. You would rise up immediately. You would stand in the celestial streets. You would be amid the great throng that forever worship and are forever happy. If this day some sudden disease should come upon you it would not frighten you. If you knew you were going you could give a calm farewell to your beautiful home on earth and know that you are going right into the companionship of those who have already got beyond the toiling and the weeping.

You feel on Saturday night different from the way you feel on any other night of the week. You come home from the bank or the store, or the shop, and you say: "Well, now my week's work is done, and to-morrow is Sunday. It is a pleasant thought. There is refreshment and reconstruction in the very idea. O, how pleasant it will be if when we get through the day of our life and we go and lie down in our bed of dust we can realize: "Well now the work is done, and to-morrow is Sunday—an everlasting Sunday."

Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

There are people in this house to-day who are very near the eternal world. If you are Christians, I bid you be of good cheer. Bear with you our congratulations to the bright city. Aged men, who will soon be gone, take with you our love for our kindred in the better land, and when you see them, tell them that we are soon coming.

ONLY ONE GREAT TEST.

Only a few more sermons to preach and hear. Only a few more heartaches. Only a few more toils. Only a few more tears. And then, what an entrancing spectacle will open before us!

Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Savior's feet.

I approach you now with a general invitation, not picking out here and there a man, or here or there a woman, or here and there a child; but giving you an unlimited invitation, saying: "Come for all things are now ready." We invite you to the warm heart of Christ, and the inclosure of the Christian church. I know a great many think that the church does not amount to much, that it is obsolete; that it did its work and is gone now, so far as all usefulness is concerned. It is the happiest place I have ever been in, except my own home.

I know there are some people who say they are Christians who seem to get along without any help from others and who culture solitary piety. They do not want any ordinances. I do not belong to that class. I can not get along without them. There are so many things in this world that take my attention from God and Christ and heaven that I want all the helps of all the symbols and of all the Christian associations; and I want around about me a solid phalanx of men who love God and keep His commandments. Are there any here who would like to enter into that association. Then by a simple, childlike faith apply for admission into the visible church and you will be received; no questions asked about your past history or present surroundings; only one test—Do you love Jesus?

AN APPEAL TO ALL MEN.

Baptism does not amount to anything, say a great many people, but the Lord Jesus declared: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," putting baptism and faith side by side. And an apostle declares: "Repent and be baptized, every one of you." I do not stickle for any particular mode of baptism, but I put great emphasis on the fact that you ought to be baptized. Yet no more emphasis than the Lord Jesus Christ, the great head of the church, puts upon it.

The world is going to, after a while, lose a great many of its votaries. There are to be revivals of religion that will shake the earth. We give you warning. There is a great host coming in to stand under the banner of the Lord Jesus Christ. Will you be among them? Will you be among the gathered sheaves?

Some of you have been thinking of this subject year after year. You have found out that this world is a poor portion. You want to be Christians. You have come almost into the kingdom of God; but there you stop, forgetful of the fact that to be almost saved is not to be saved at all. O, my brother, after having come so near to the door of mercy if you turn back you will never come at all. After you have heard of the goodness of God if you turn away and die it will not be because you did not have a good offer.

God's spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist His love to grieve
May never hear His voice again.

May God Almighty this hour move upon your soul and bring you back from the husks of the wilderness to the Father's house and set you at the banquet and "put a ring on your hand."—*Kansas City Times.*

"Infant Phenomena."

F. A. Stearns in Tid-Bits: "I'd like to have you see my boy," said a gentleman to a well-known theatrical manager. "I think it would pay you to put him before the public."

"Infant phenomena are played out, my dear sir," was the reply. "I don't think we can do any business together."

"But, you see, my boy—"

"Pianist, I suppose. That scheme has been worked for all it's worth—"

"But he never touched a piano in his life."

"Cornet player, then, I suppose."

"He doesn't know a cornet from a hay-mow."

"Plays the violin I presume. No money in that, sir."

"He doesn't play anything."

"Oh; boy actor, then, of course. My dear fellow, try to get the notion out of his head. I—"

"But he doesn't act."

"Ah, then he's an elocutionist. Of all the courses to society an infant el—"

"But he isn't an elocutionist."

"Sings, eh? There are dead loads of boy sopranos, and while I don't want to hurt your feelings—"

"He doesn't sing."

"Well, what does he do? What is he? Boy juggler? Chess-player? Lightning-calculator? Jig-dancer? Gymnast?——"

"Why, he doesn't do anything in particular. He's just one of the old-fashioned kind of boys we used to have years ago, and I thought——"

"My dear sir, bring him around this afternoon, and I guess we can agree on terms. Great Scott! This is a streak of luck!"

The boy will shortly make his appearance, if he does not develop into a phenomenon before the arrangements are completed.

Mr. Jebedee Razzer—"What's dat char! don git in his mouf now, Esthy!" Mrs. Jebedee Razzer (investigating)—"Dey's yo' catfish hooks, shuah!" Mr. Jebedee Razzer—"Make um 'spectorate'm out. Dey ain't no airthly use whain dey gets rusted."—*Puck.*

Principal deacon—"Now, Brudder Johnsing, does yo' b'lieve in open or clos cummunyun, sah?" Candidate (diplomatically, not knowing deacon's views)—"Well, me, I says leave it ajar."—*Harpers Bazar.*

LABOR IS WORSHIP.

Pause not to dream of the future before us,
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us,
Hark! how creation's deep musical chorus
Unintermitting goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship," the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship," the wild bee is ringing.
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart:
From the dark clouds flow the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;
From the smallest insect, the rich coral bower:
Only man in the plan shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! The flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wind changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
Play the sweet keys wouldst keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us:
Rest from the petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from the sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from the world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work, thou shalt ride over care's coming billow.
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

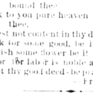
Labor is health! lo, the husbandman reaping;
How, through his veins goes the life current leaping;
How his strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth! in the sea the pearl groweth,
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble stock hides.

Droop not though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee,
Bravely fling off the old chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee.
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower be it ever so lowly;
Labor! for labor is noble and holy:
Let thy good deeds be prayers to thy God.
—Frances Osgood.

NYE OUT SHOPPING.

Some Reflections on the Metropolitan Retail System.

Bill Nye in New York World.



NEW YORK is a great metropolis, and trade has been built up to such a degree there that now you have to beg and plead and humiliate yourself in the presence of a saleslady who is a self-made speller and works out difficult problems in mathematics by means of a No. 2 wagon pencil, frequently moistened by touching its point on the soft palate; otherwise you cannot be permitted to purchase.

The alarming frequency of noisy marts of trade, the tremendous multiplicity of busy haunts of men, to say nothing of the vortex of traffic and the hum and buzz of industry, the vortex itself frequently occupying a whole block, and the mart, hum or buzz very often extending further than that—all unite to throw the buyer and the seller together with a loud report in New York. The result is that the small buyer who goes where he can get the best prices goes home with his front teeth in his vest pocket, and it takes him two weeks to get back the ear which he left hanging on the elevator just before the holidays. Of course, he gets other ears, but when a man has become attached to both of his ears he hates to separate them or see them rudely torn apart. He cannot be content with the ears of others. Men take pride in ears with freckles and side whiskers on them sometimes, and refuse to accept the waxen, beautiful but beardless ears of people who have had greater social advantages.

But I started out in my poor, weak way to speak of the matter of shopping. I have shopped in New York and also in the west. In New York I did not enjoy it. In fact, I rarely shop in New York, preferring to go to an interior town, where goods are marked low and the cracker barrel is within the reach of all. I went into a large and teeming mart of trade and frill emporium on Twenty-third street one hot day last summer to buy a pair of suspenders. I did not wish to buy them because I was vain. It was not with the idea of emphasizing the great gulf between myself and those who have been denied suspenders. It was as a plain American citizen, who desired to submit to the harsh demands of a false but inexorable hot-house air of metropolitan society law, that I went in at the side door of that place. I did not vaunt. I was not puffed up. I did not behave myself in an unseemly manner. I did not intend to give the goods public recognition through the press. I did not intend to wear them on the outside. My idea was simply to go in quietly, select a young woman who was worthy of my confidence, call her away from the vulgar herd and tell her that I had yielded to the false and cruel customs of a sin-cursed metropolis—that I had decided to adopt the effeminate and artificial manners of civilization, and would like to see a pair of red suspenders with blue ends.

In former years I had bought goods of Gen. Worth, at Laramie City, who kept a general store, a hotel, and a clear-eyed bull-dog all in one room. The General played chess and colored his whiskers. He did almost everything except keep store, run a hotel or extract people from his bull dog. In this way customers got into the habit of waiting on themselves and making a memorandum of it in the bright, crisp atmosphere. Gen. Worth had been a masculine saleslady in New York when he was young, and so when anybody came in and spoke about buying anything he began to regard him with suspicion and treat him shamefully and try to 'sick' the dog on him; but after a while he would run out of profanity and resume his chess and beg people to wait on themselves and not come in there right in the middle of the day, when they knew very well that he was playing chess and couldn't get away. So we all got into the habit of waiting on ourselves, and I acquired notions of credit which in New York do not attain.

* * *

I went into the great surging Twenty-third street convention of good clothes, a lone man, borne on the breast of a big tide of humanity of an entirely and diametrically different sex from my own. I tried to get out, but a large and prosperous lady in black satin and weighing much more than she looked to, stood on one of my feet as if to draw my attention to something. I remained there till another woman came to relieve her by standing on my other foot. The crowd did not thin out for a long time, neither did that fat party who stood on my foot, but finally I got a chance to move up to the counter where a tired young woman was looking dreamily over the heads of the seething mass, while a row of customers jabbed at her with their parasols.

I bode my time.

When the delegations from the valley of the Harlem and beyond Brooklyn and over against Hoboken and farther Gilgal, and the forests of Philadelphia and Fort Lee, and them that dwelt in the uttermost parts of Steen Hundred and Steenty-steenth street, and in the habitations of Murray Hill, and the dwellers in the flats of the money changers, and them that live over against Tompkinsville, and West Orange, and Pepsin Ohio, and Kabush and Canada had thinned out a little, I beckoned to the saleslady to put her ear over towards me, as I desired to express a thought. She leaned towards me in a reserved way which tickled my nose with the rim of her high, intellectual ear. I said to her that I had been waiting a good while, as there were so many others ahead of me, but if the occasion now seemed ripe I wished she would show me her suspenders.

SHE WAS SHOCKED.

Those were my exact words, and yet the papers the next day not only gave a garbled and erroneous account of it, but misspelled my name twice.

Thus it came to pass that the only time that I ever tried to buy anything in New York, when I had money to do it with, I met with a repulse that I can not yet fully understand. I tried to explain it to the authorities afterwards. I spoke of my earnest desire to devote my future life to the use of suspenders and other refining influences, but they said that I surely knew better than to try to get suspenders at the corset counter on the first floor, when everybody knew that the suspender department was up seven floors back of the restaurant and on the left of the woodenware department, in charge of an elderly man with thick set red Donegals and a heavily embossed nose. Rather than admit that I didn't know New York intimately, from Castle Garden to 10 o'clock a. m., I settled the matter and got a pair of good suspenders of a man who does a quiet business on the sidewalk at the corner of Fulton street and Broadway, I believe, unless he has moved his store up to Park Row. He did not show that air of reluctance and extreme anguish over being separated from his suspenders which we notice in the large dealer.

I paid him 40 cents for the pair I got of him, and was told afterwards that I could have purchased the same goods on Twenty-third street for 39 cents. The reason 39 cents, or 29 cents, or 19 cents, or nine cents is the price, as I understand it, is that it gives an opportunity to the saleslady to ship your goods to Fort Hamilton, where they are done up and returned, while your 40 cents go to Wall street and pass through a clearing-house, a house of detention, quarantine and a receiving vault. You then get a cent back, miss your boat home and have to stop at the hotel all night at a cost of [illegible].

Certainly western merchants seem to suffer less remorse when they part with their goods than the merchants of New York, if we may judge the New York merchant by the person who represents him who stands behind the counter in order to obstruct trade and throw obstacles in the way of trade. Free trade is what we need, and as a property owner in New York, a taxpayer and the polished head of a family, I think, for one, that we ought to get together and talk this matter over. Otherwise, people are going to Omaha and Kansas City to buy their goods.

Many Dead.

The steamer Oceanic arrived in San Francisco from Hong Kong and Yokohama March 18. The China papers confirm the reports of a disastrous earthquake in the provinces of Yunnan and Syechuen. Several cities were destroyed and about 2[illegible],000 lives were lost. Latest reports from the scene of the Yellow river floods place the number of lives lost by the inundation at between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000.

Below are the most disastrous fatalities from earthquakes, not mentioning the Charleston upheaval:

Destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii in A. D. 69. The loss of life was comparatively small, but the two cities were totally destroyed by the accompanying eruption of Vesuvius.

In 742, over 500 towns in Syria and Palestine were destroyed, and the loss of life never could be calculated.

In 1137, 15,000 were buried under the ruins of Catania, in Sicily.

In 1158, 2[illegible],000 perished in Syria.

In 1168, 60,000 were destroyed in Cilicia.

In 1456, 40,000 perished in the great earthquake of Naples.

Lisbon has been twice visited. In 1531 30,000 were buried in its ruins, while fully 50,000 perished in the famous upheaval of 1355, when the town was completely ingulfed in a few minutes. At the same time 12,000 Moors perished in Morocco.

In 1693 Sicily was nearly wrecked by earthquake. Fifty-four cities and 3[illegible]0 villages were overturned and the loss of life reached [illegible]00,000.

In 1703, Jeddo, the capital of Japan, was ruined and 200,000 were lost.

In 17[illegible]6, 20,000 perished at Algiers.

In 1754, Grand Cairo was swallowed up, with 40,000 inhabitants.

In 1797, 4[illegible],000 people were buried in one second between Santa Fe and Panama.

In 1822, at Aleppo, 20,000 people were lost.

In 1868, 25,000 were destroyed in the upheavals in Ecuador and Peru.

In 1881, the town of Scio and 40,000 inhabitants were destroyed.

In 1883, an earthquake in Java killed nearly 100,000 persons.

Sheridan Himself Wrote Them.

Gen. Sheridan's memoirs are now in the hands of the publishers. The work will be autobiographical in character. It will consist of two volumes of 700 pages each. The publishers are Grant's publishers, Webster & Co., and the volumes will be sold by subscription. The work will be finely illustrated, and a very interesting part of it will be the observations which Gen Sheridan made in Europe during the Franco-Prussian war. He visited the battlefields in company with Bismarck, and his observations, made so soon after he had passed through his wonderful experience of the war of the rebellion, are interesting and valuable. Gen Sheridan has written every word of these volumes himself. He does not dictate, but thinks better with the pen in his own hand. He is a very rapid writer and he works spasmodically, turning out at a spurt what it would take a typewriter several days to copy.—*New York World.*

The Lessons of "Unser Fritz" Case.

The greatest doctors in Europe don't seem to know what ails "Unser Fritz."

Thus are the Garfield and Grant episodes repeated, and public confidence in "expert" medical knowledge is again shaken.

The effect is a revulsion.

Since the fatal days of 1883, many of the doctrines of the schoolmen concerning extensive medication have been abandoned, and all schools of practice are more and more relying upon old-fashioned simple root and herb preparations and careful nursing,—the only reliance known to our ancestors.

These methods and reliances are illustrated to-day in a series of old-fashioned roots and herbs preparations recently given to the world by the well-known proprietors of Warner's safe cure—preparations made from formulæ possessed by many of oldest families, and rescued for popular use, and issued under the happy designation of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies.

"My son," exclaimed a venerable woman to the writer when he was a boy, "my son, you'r yellar and pale and weak like lookin', you'r needin' a good shaking up with some sas'paril'."

A jug of sarsaparilla was just as necessary in the "winter supplies" of fifty years ago as was a barrel of pork, and a famous medical authority says that the very general prevalence of the use of such a preparation as Log Cabin Sarsaparilla explains the rugged health of our ancestors.

While Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is an excellent remedy for all seasons of the year, it is particularly valuable in the spring, when the system is full of sluggish blood and requires a natural constitutional tonic and invigorator to resist colds and pneumonia, and the effects of a long winter, Philo M. Parsons, clerk of the City Hotel of Hartford, Conn., was prostrated with a cold which, he says, "seemed to settle through my body. I neglected it and the result was my blood became impoverished and poisoned, indicated by inflamed eyes. I was treated but my eyes grew worse. I was obliged to wear a shade over them. I feared that I would be obliged to give up work."

"Under the operation of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Liver Pills," he says, "The sore and inflamed eyes disappeared. My blood, I know, is in a healthier condition than it has been for years. I have a much better appetite. I shall take several more bottles for safety's sake. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is a great blood purifier and I most heartily recommend it."

A few bottles of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla used in the family now will save many a week of sickness and many a dollar of bills. Use no other. This is the oldest, most thoroughly tested, and the best, is put up in the largest sarsaparilla bottle on the market, containing 120 doses. There is no other preparation of similar name that can equal it. The name of its manufacturers is a guarantee of its superior worth.

While the great doctors wrangle over the technicalities of an advanced medical science that can not cure disease, such simple preparations yearly snatch millions from untimely graves.

Justice to a Wronged Woman.

Job was a wonderfully afflicted man, but as a partial compensation for it he has had the sympathy of the human race for 4,000 years. But it has not been so with Job's wife. Nobody has ever spoken a kind word of her. On the contrary, she has been held up for forty centuries as a horrible example. But for all that we are confident the poor woman deserves a better place in history than she has ever occupied. If she was sour-tempered she had enough to give an acid tinge to her disposition. She was made to drink the dregs from a very bitter cup, and it is probable that she bore her troubles with as much equanimity as the average woman would do.

In the first place she was suddenly reduced from luxury to penury. Any unfortunate woman who has suffered this ordeal knows just the frame of mind poor Mrs. Job was in.

In the next place she was bereft of her children. There is no grief so burdensome as that which falls upon a mother's heart when the grave hides her children from sight.

In addition to this accumulation of sorrows, she was left with an invalid husband on her hands. Job was covered with boils, and experience has taught us that there is no more exasperating patient than a man with a boil on him. There are wives, and good wives, too, whose lives have been made most miserable for days and week at a time by a husband with one boil. Just think, then, what this poor woman had to endure with a husband with perhaps from five hundred to a thousand boils on him! Is it any wonder that the woman encouraged her husband to terminate his existence? The only wonder is that she didn't cut her own throat in despair.

But these were not all the troubles that Job's wife had to bear. Her husband's friends came on a visit to him and took possession of the house for six weeks at a time. Other women, and good women, too, have had to endure the affliction, and they can easily account for Mrs. Job's exhibition of bad temper. Job got worried with the three visitors himself, and yet he didn't have to wait on them, to clean up their rooms, to wipe the tobacco-juice from the parlor carpet every day, to sweep out the mud they carried in on their boots, and to submit to the thousand and one annoyances that a male visitor gives the housekeeper.

It is about time that somebody was raising a voice in defense of Job's wife and saying a kind word for the poor woman who for four thousand years has suffered the slings of unjust criticism in uncomplaining silence.

There are a great many Job's wives in the world to-day. We meet them every day. They may not have husbands with boils on their bodies, but they have husbands who go to the clubs of evenings. They have husbands who are selfish enough to devote all their time to business and pleasure without considering that a portion of that time rightly belongs to the woman, the charm of whose existence is his companionship. The Job's wives of to-day are the women who are burdened with the cares and sorrows of this life and who get no sympathy. And their name is legion.—*St. Paul Globe.*

The Floating Garden of Cashmere.

The floating gardens on the rivers are formed by the long sedges being interwoven into a mat, earth being superimposed thereupon and the stalks finally cut under water, thus releasing them from the bottom of the lake; they are usually about 20 to 12 yards in size. And dishonest Cashmiri will sometimes tow his neighbor's garden away from its moorings and appropriate its produce, which generally includes cucurbitaceous fruits and vegetables and a fine description of grapes.—*Highlands of India.*

Mrs. Grover Cleveland uses and recommends "Linden Bloom" Perfume. A genuine, rich and lasting odor. Every lady should test its merits. No dressing-room complete without it. If your druggist cannot supply you, send to the manufacturers, Foote & Jencks, Jackson, Mich., and get trial package.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use ten thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Important.—All persons afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, pains in the back or limbs, sprains, bruises, etc., should know that Salvation Oil is what they need. Price 25 cents.

"Delays have dangerous ends," the immortal William doth declare. Have you a cold or cough, a hoarseness, or sore chest? Beware. Take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; don't delay, and all the cough and soreness will soon pass away. Get it at once! You may be worse another day. Price 25 cents.

The dirt on a politishan's hands most always rubs off onto the legislation he handles.

"Consumption Can be Cured."

Dr. J. S. Combs, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of lung disease, and advanced to that stage when coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight from 1 to 28 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine."

The wooded area of Dakota is placed at 3,000,000 acres; 42,617,750 trees have been planted in Dakota under the provisions of the timber culture act.

The Homeliest Man in Michigan.

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.

The man who never loses his head is probably the man that hasn't much of a head to lose.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I would prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours truly,
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.,
Office, [illegible] Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
☞Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

When a man is in reduced circumstances he generally finds that circumstances accumulate.

A Memory of Early Days.

Bane of childhood's tender years,
Swallowed oft with groans and tears,
How it made the flesh recoil,
Loathsome, greasy castor oil!
Search your early memory close,
Till you find another dose;
All the shuddering frame revolts
At the thought of Epsom salts!
Underneath the pill-box lid
Was a greater horror hid,
Climax of all inward ills,
Huge and griping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar coated, easy to take, cleansing, recuperating, renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. Sold by druggists.

Whenever a man gives you advice, ask him to loan you a dollar. You will then find out what his advice is worth.

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There are very few men who do not pride themselves on always having the correct time; and wonderful and delicate mechanisms are devised to enable them to do so. But the more delicate a chronometer is made the more subject it becomes to derangement, and unless it is kept always perfectly clean, it soon loses its usefulness. What wonder, then, that the human machine—so much more delicate and intricate than any work of man—should require to be kept thoroughly cleansed. The liver is the main-spring of this complex structure, and on the impurities left in the blood by a disordered liver, depend most of the ills that flesh is heir to. Even consumption, which is lung-scrofula is traceable to the imperfect action of this organ. Kidney diseases, skin diseases, sick headache, heart disease, dropsy, and a long catalogue of grave maladies have their origin in a torpid or sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, by establishing a healthy, normal action of the liver, acts as a cure and preventive of these diseases.

It is said that Diogenes could sleep soundly even in a tub, and it is hinted that the old man had policeman's blood running through his veins.

$500 Reward

is offered, in good faith, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. It is mild, soothing and healing in its effects, and cures "cold in the head," catarrhal deafness, throat ailments, and many other complications of this distressing disease. 50 cents, by druggists.

The prisoner being asked whether he struck the man in the heat of passion, replied: "No, struck him in the pit of the stomach."

Prevention versus Medicine.

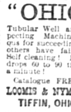
Hygienic treatment and care of health has become very onerous among our intelligent people, and now science has come to the rescue in the shape of a lozenge which prevents the bad effects from sudden changes of temperature; and a person going into a cold or damp air in a perspiration, is fully protected by dissolving one on the tongue. Singers, lecturers, clergymen, and especially women use large quantities. Their use does not increase your liability to take cold after the effects are gone; this is of great value. The druggists call them "Moxie Lozenges." Very cheap.

"What kind of tobacco is this?" asked the customer; "long cut or fine cut?" "Connecticut," replied the dealer.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

The more heated the discussion between friends the cooler their subsequent relations.

Don't judge by appearances. A brand new coat may cover a wire dummy.



All speak in high terms of the stock they see on the "Dakota Cattle Nursery" farm, at Grand Forks, Dak., of which Dr. C. J. Alloway is the manager. It is an item of some interest to stockmen and farmers, that the highest prices paid at the sale of Polled-Angus cattle from the farm of the Hon. M. H. Cochrane, Hillhurst, Canada, held in Chicago in 1886, were paid for animals the produce of cows actually owned by the Dakota Cattle Nursery Company. It is prophetic of the great future of the live stock interests in the Northwest that some of the finest and best bred cattle in the country are to be found in Minnesota and Dakota.

Scenes in the Rocky Mountains.

The scenery in the Rockies is grand beyond description. To give an idea of it the Denver & Rio Grand R. R. has just issued four elegant tint views, showing "Currecanti Needle," "The Portal," "Sultan Mountain" and "The Second Tunnel Canon of the Grand River." These pictures are on cardboard mounts 11 x 13 inches in size and will be sent prepaid to any address on receipt of forty cents in postage stamps for the set, or ten cents in stamps each for any one or more of the views. Address, S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. Agt., D. & R. G. R. R., Denver, Colo.

1887 has been another prosperous year for the farmers of Central and Northern Dakota. Crops of all kinds have turned off a surprisingly large yield even for that productive country. The farmers all have plenty of ready money; are feeling good; and are hopeful for the future. Hundreds of instances can be cited where this year's crop of wheat will pay for dwelling, barn, teams, farming utensils, and still leave a comfortable little stake for future needs. Let us see how this has been done. All of the best tilled farms have made a gross return of $21 per acre. It is the general rule that the cost of raising a crop in Dakota is $8 per acre. This leaves a net revenue of $13 per acre on $5 land, or 260 per cent profit.

Asthma can be cured. Ask your druggist for Laux's Improved Asthma Powder. Trial free. Hottinger's Pharmacy, Lincoln Park, Chicago.

It was a bald headed man who originated the motto: "There's plenty of room at the top."

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and Throat Troubles. Sold only in boxes.

Now that spring lamb is in the market Mr. Gould is anxious to get back home.

W. N. U. D.—6—14.