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OR TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SERMON ON JESUS CHRIST.

"He is Altogether Lovely"-Christ Lovely in His Countenance and in His thy-He Was Lovely in His Sermons and in His Chief Life's Work.

and in His Chief Life's Work.

Brooklyn, April 22.—Mrs. Prentiss' hymn, "More Love to Thee, O, Christ," was never more effectively rendered than this morning, by the thousands of voices in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, led on by organ and cornet, while by new vocabulary and fresh imagery, Dr. Talmage presented the Gospel. The subject of the sermon was, "Fairest of the Fair," the text chosen being Solomon's Song 5: 16: "He is altogether lovely."

The human race has during centuries been improving. For awhile it deflected and degenerated, and from all I can read, for ages the whole tendency was towards barbarism. But under the ever widening and deepening influence of Christianity the tendency is now in the upward direction. The physical appearance of the human race is seventy-five per cent. more attractive than in the per cent. more attractive than in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. From the pictures on canvas and the faces and forms in sculpture of those who were considered the grand looking men and attractive women of

looking men and attractive women of two hundred years ago, I conclude the superiority of the men and women of our time. Such looking people of the past centuries as painting and sculpture have presented as fine specimens of beauty and dignity, would be in our time considered deformity and repul-siveness complete. The fact that many men and women in antediluvian times men and women in antediluvian times were eight and ten feet high tended to make the human race obnoxious rather than winning. Such portable moun-tains of human flesh did not add to the charms of the world. But in no climate and in no age did

there ever appear anyone who, in physical attractiveness could be compared to Him whom mytext celebrates, thousands of years before He put his infantile foot on the hill back of Bethlehem. He was and is altogether lovely. The physical appearance of Christ is, for the most part an artistic guess. Some writers declare Him to have been a brunette or dark complexioned, and others a blonde or light complexioned. St. John of Damascus writing aleven bundred. of Damascus, writing eleven hundred years ago, and so much nearer than ourselves to the time of Christ, and hence more likelihood of an accurate tradi-tion, represents Him with beard black and curly, eyebrows joined together, and 'yellow complexion, and long fingers like His mother." Another, writing fifteen hundred years ago, represents Christ as a blonde. "His hair the color of wine and golden at the root; straight and without lustre, but from the level of the ears curling and glossy, and divided down the center after the fashion of the Nazarenes; His forehead is even and smooth, His face without blemish, and enhanced by a tempered bloom; His countenance ingenious and kind. Nose and mouth are in no way faulty.

His beard is full, of the same color as
His hair, and forked in form; His eyes

to save the nations from sin, would blue and extremely brilliant.

His mother was a Jewess, and there is no womanhood on earth more beautiful than Jewish womanhood. Alas! that He lived so long before the Daguerrean ed chin. He lived so long before the Daguerrean and photographic arts were born, or we might have known His exact features. I know that Sculpure and Painting were born long before Christ, and they might have transferred from olden times to our times the forehead, the nostril, the eye, the lips of our Lord. Phidias, the sculptor, put down his chisel of enchantment five hundred years before Christ ment five hundred years before Christ came. Why did not someone take ap that chisel, and give us the side face or full face of our Lord? Polygnotus, the painter, put down his pencil four hundred years before Christ. Why did not someone take it up, and give us at least the eye of our Lord, the eye, that sovereign of the face? Dionysius, the literary artist, who saw at Heliopolis, Egypt, the strange darkening of the heavens at the time of Christ's crucifixing poor Lawrenger and not knowing. might have put his pen to the work, and drawn the portrait of our Lord. But no! the fine arts were bus; perpetuating the form and appearance of the world's favorites only, and not the form and ap-

pearance of the peasantry, among whom It was not until the fifteenth century, or until more than fourteen hundred years after Christ, that talented painters attempted by pencil to give us the idea of Christ's face. The pictures before that time were so offensive that the Council of Constantinople forbade their exhibition. But Leonardo Da Vinci, in the fifteenth century, presented Christ's face on two canvasses, yet the one was a repulsive face and the other an effem-inate face. Raphael's face of Christ is a weak face. Albert Durer's face of Christ was a savage face. Titian's face of Christ is an expressionless face. The mightiest artists, either with pencil or sel, have made signal failures in attempting to give the forehead, the cheek, the eyes, the nostrils, the mouth of our

But about His face I can tell you something positive and beyond controversy. I am sure it was a soulful face. The face is only the curtain of the soul. It was impossible that a disposition like Christ's should not have demonstrated tiself in His physiognomy. Kindness as an occasional impulse may give no illumination to the features, but kindness as a lifelong, dominant habit will produce attractiveness of countenance as certainly as the shining of the sun produces flowers. Children are afraid of a scowling or hard-visaged man. They cry out if he proposes to take them. If he try to caress them, he evokes a slap rather than a kiss. All mothers know how hard it is to get their children to go to a man or woman of forbidding appearance. But no soon-ner did Christ appear in the domestic group than there was an infantile excitegroup than there was an infantile excitement, and the youngster began to struggle to get out of their mother's arms. They could not hold the children back, "Stand back with those children!" scolded some of the disciples. Perhaps the little ones may have been playing in the dirt, and their faces may not have been clean, or they may not have been well clad, or the disciples may have thought Christ's religion was a religion chiefly for big folks. But Christ made the infantile excitement still livelier by His

fantile excitement still livelier by His saying that He liked children better than grown people, declaring, "Except

vast majority of the human race die m infancy. Christ is so fond of children that He takes them to Himself before the world has time to despoil and hardthe world has time to despoil and harden them, and so they are now at the windows of the Palace, and on the doorsteps, and playing on the green. Sometimes Matthew or Mark, or Luke tells a story of Christ and only one tells it, but Matthew, Mark and Luke all join in that pictures of Christ girdled by children, and I know by what occurred at that time that Christ had a face full of geniality.

ine that Christ had a face full of geniality.

Not only was Christ altogether lovely in His countenance, but lovely in His habits. I know, without being told, that the Lord who made the rivers, and lakes, and oceans, was cleanly in His appearance. He disliked the disease of leprosy, not only because it was not clean, and His curative words were, "I will; be thou clean." He declared Himself in favor of thorough washing, and opposed to superficial washing, when He denounced the hypocrites for making clean only "the outside of the platter," and He applauds His disciples by saying, "Now are ye clean," and giving directions to those who fasted, among other things He says, "Wash thy face;" and to a blind man whom He was doctoring, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." And He Himself actually wash the disciples' feet, I suppose not only to demonstrate His own humility, but probably their feet needed to be washed. The fact is, the Lord was a great friend of water, I know that from the fact most of the world is water. But when I find Christ in such constant commendation of water. I know He was personally neat, although He mincommendation of water. I know He was personally neat, although He mingled much among very rough popula-tions, and took such long jour neys on dusty highways. He wore His hair long, according to the custom of His land and time, but neither trouble nor old age had thinned or injured His locks, which were never worn shaggy or un-kempt. Yea, all His habits of personal appearance were lovely.

Sobriety was always an established habit of His life. In addition to the water, He drank the juice of the grape. When at a wedding party this beverage gave out, He made gallons on gallons of grape juice, but it was as unlike what the world makes in our time as health the world makes in our time as health is different from disease, and as calm pulses are different from the paroxysms of delirium tremens. There was no strychnine in that beverage, or logwood, or nux vonnea. The tipplers and the sots who now quote the wine-making in Cana of Galilee as an excuse for the fiery and damning beverages of the nineteenth century, forget that the wine at the New Testament wedding had two characteristics, the one that the Lord characteristics, the one that the Lord out of water. Buy all you can of that kind and drink it at least three times a day, and send a barrel of it around to my cellar. You cannot make me be-lieve that the blessed Christ, who went up and down healing the sick, would create for man the style of drink which is the cause of disease more than all other causes combined; or that He who calmed the maniacs into their right mind, would create that style of drink which does more than anything else to fill insane asylums; or that He who was so helpful to the poor, would make a style of drink that crowds the earth My opinion is it was a Jewish face. of the crime that now stuffs the peni-

Domesticity was also His Though too poor to have a home of His own, he went out to spend the night at Bethany, three miles' walk from Jerusalem, and over a rough and hilly road that made it equal to six or seven ordinary miles, every morning and night going to and fro. I would rather walk from here to Central Park, or walk from Edinburgh to Arthur's Seat, or in London clear around Hyde Park, than to walk that road that Christ walked twice a day from Jerusalem to Bethany. But He liked the quietness of home life, and He was lovely in His domesti-

city.

How He enjoyed handing over the resurrected boy to his mother, and the resurrected girl to her father, and reconheavens at the time of Christ's crucifixion near Jerusalem, and not knowing what it was, but describing it as a peculiar eclipse of the sun, and saying, "Ether the Deity suffers or sympathizes with some sufferer," that Dionysius might have put his pen to the work and Furthermore, He was lovely in His

sympathy. Now, dropsy is a most dis-tressful complaint, It inflames, and swells, and tortures any limb or physical organ it touches. As soon as a case of that kind is submitted to Christ, He, without any use of diaphoretics, com-mands its cure. And what an eye-doctor mands its cure. And what an eye-doctor He was for opening the long-closed gates of sight to the blue of the sky, and the yellow of the flower, and the emerald of the grass. What a Christ He was for cooling fevers without so much as a spoonful of febrifuge, and straightening crooked backs without any pang of surgery; and standing whole choirs of music along the silent galleries of a deaf ear; and giving healthful nervous system to cataleptics! Sympathy! He did not give them stoical advice, or philosophize about the science of grief. He sat down and cried with them. It is spoken of as the shortest verse in the He sat down and cried with them. It is spoken of as the shortest verse in the Bible, but to me it is about the longest and grandest — "Jesus wept." Ah! many of us know the meaning of that. When we were in great trouble, some one came in with voluble consolation and quoted the Scripture in a sort of heartless way, and did not help us at all. But after awhile some one else came in and, without saying a word, came in, and, without saying a word, sat down and burst into a flood of tears sat down and burst into a flood of tears at the sight of our woe, and somehow it helped us right away. "Jesus wept." You see it was a deeply-attached household, that of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. The father and mother were dead, and the girls depended on their brother. Lazarus had said to them, "Now, Mary, now, Martha, stop your worrying; I will take care of you. I will be to you both father and mother. My arm is strong. Girls, you can de-My arm is strong. Girls, you can depend on me!"

pend on me!"

But now Lazarus was sick; yea, Lazarus was dead. All broken up, the sisters sit disconsolate, and there is a knock at the door. "Come in," says Martha. "Come in," says Mary. Christ entered, and He just broke down. It was too much for Him. He had been so often and so kindly entertained in that home before siekness and death devastated it, that He choked up and sobbed aloud and the tears trickled down the sad face of the

But John Murphy, one of the best friends I ever had, a big-souled, glorious Irishman, came in and looked into my face, put out his broad, strong hand, and said not a word, but sat down and cried

face, put out his broad, strong hand, and said not a word, but sat down and cried with us. I am not enough of a philosopher to say how it was, or why it was, but somehow from door to door and from floor to ceiling, the roomed was filled with an all-prevading comfort. "Jesus wept."

I think that is what makes Christ such a popular Christ. There are so many who want sympathy. Miss Fiske, the famous Nestorian missionary, was in the chapel one day talking to the heathen, and she was in very poor health, and so weak she sat upon a mat while she talked, and felt the need of something to lean against, when she felt a woman's form at her back, and heard a woman's voice saying, "Lean on me" She leaned a little, but did not want to be too cumbersome, when the woman's voice said, "Lean hard, if you love me, lean hard." And that makes Christ se lovely. He wants all the siok, and troubled, and weary to lean against Him, and He says, "Lean hard, if you love Me, lean hard." Aye, He is close by with His sympathetic help. Hedley Vicars, the famous soldier and Christian of the Crimean war, died because when he was wounded his regiment was too far off from the tent of supplies. He was not mortally wounded, and if the surgeons could only have got at the bandages and the medicines, he would have recovered. So much of human sympathy and hopefulness comes too late; but Christ is always close by if we want Him, and hopefulness comes too late; but Christ is always close by if we want Him, and has all the medicines ready, and has eternal life for all who ask for it. Sym-

Aye, He was lovely in His doctrines. Self-sacrifice, or the relief of the suffer-ing of others by our own suffering. He was the only physician that ever proposed to cure His patients by taking their disorders. Self-sacrifice! And what did He not give up for others? The best climate in the universe, the air of heaven for the winter weethers. of heaven, for the wintry weather of Palestine; a sceptre of unlimited dominion for a prisoner's box in an earthly court-room; a flashing tiara for a crown of stinging brambles; a palace for a cattle pen; a throne for a cross. Self-sacrifice! What is more lovely? Mothers dying for their children down with scarlet fever; railroad engineers. with scarlet fever; railroad engineers going down through the open drawbridge to save the train; firemen scorched to death trying to help some one down the ladder from the fourth story of the consuming house; all these put together only faint and insufficient similes by which to illustrate the grander, mightier, farther-reaching self-sacrifice of the "Altogether Lovely."

Do you wonder that the story of His self-sacrifice has led hundreds of thousands to die for Him? In one series of persecutions over 200,000 were put to death for Christ's sake. For Him Blandina was tied to a post and wild beasts were let out upon her, and when life continued after the attack of tooth and paw, she was put in a net, and that net containing her was thrown to a wild bull, that tossed her with its horns till life was extinct, All for Christ! Huguenots dying for Christ! Albigenses dying for Christ! The Vaudois dying for Christ! Smithfield fires endured for Christ! The bones of martyrs, if dis-tributed, would make a path of moul-dering life all around the earth. The dering life all around the earth. The loveliness of the Saviour's sacrifice has inspired all the heroisms, and all the martyrdoms of subsequent centuries. Christ has had more men and women die for Him than all the other inhabitants of all the ages have had die for

Furthermore, He was lovely in His sermons. He knew when to begin, when to stop, and just what to say. The longest sermon He ever preached, so far as the Bitle reports Him, namely, the Sermon on the Mount, was about sixteen minutes in delivery, at the ordinary research. His longest prayer rerate of speech. His longest prayer reported, commonly called "The Lord's Prayer," was about half a minute. Time them by your own watch and you will find my estimate accurate. By which I do not mean to say that sermons ought to be only sixteen minutes long, and prayers only half a minute long. Christ had such infinite power of compression that He could put enough into His sixteen-minute sermon and His half-minute prayer to keep all the fol-lowing ages busy in thought and action. No one but a Christ could afford to pray or preach as short as that, but He meant

to teach us compression.

At Selma, Alabama, the other day, I was shown a cotton-press, by which cotton was put in such shape that it occupied in transportation only one car, where three cars were formerly necessary; and one ship where three ships had been required, and I imagine that we all need to compress our sermons and our proyers into smaller spaces.

And His sermons were so lovely for sentiment and practicality, and simplicity, and illustration; the light of a candle, the crystal of the salt; the cluck of a hen for her chickens; the hypocrite's dolorous physiognomy; the moth in the clothes-closet; the black wing of a raven; the snow bank of the white lilies; our extreme botheration about the splinter of imperfection in some one else's character; the swine fed on the pearls; wolves dramatizing sheep; and the peroration made up of a cyclone in which you hear the crush of a tumbling house unwisely constructed. No technicalities; no splitting of hairs between North and Northwest side; no dogmatics; but a great Christly throb of helpfulness. I do not wonder at the record which says, "When He was come down from the mountain great multitudes followed Him." They had but one fault to find with His sermon; it was too short. God help all of us in Christian work to get down off our stilts, and realize there down off our stilts, and realize there is only one thing we have to do: there is the great wound of the world's sin and sorrow, and here is the great healing plaster of the Gospel. What you and I want to do is to put the plaster on the wound. All-sufficient is this Gospel if it is only applied. A minister preaching to an audience of sailors concerning the ruin by sin and the rescue by the Gospel, accommodated himself to sailor's vernacular, and said, "This plank bears." Many years after, this preacher was called to see a dying sailor, and asked him about his hope, and got the suggestive reply, "This plank bears."

Yea. Christ was levely in His chief

Yea, Christ was levely in His chief life's work, There were a thousand things for Him to do, but His great work was to get our shipwrecked world out of the breakers. That He came to do, and that He did; and He did it in choked up and sobbed aloud and the tears trickled down the sad face of the sympathetic Christ. "Jesus wept."
Why do you not try that mode of helping? You say, "I am a man of few words." or "I am a woman of few words." Why, you dear soul, words are not need any. Imitate your Lord, and go to those afflicted homes and cry with them.

John Murphy! Well, you did not know him. Once, when I was in great bereavement, he came to my house.
Kind ministers of the Gospel had come and talked beautifully and prayed with

of self-sacrifice. Let us try it.

Aye! Christ was lovely in His demise. He had a right that last hour to deal in anathematization. Never had anyone been so meanly treated. Cradle of straw among goats and camels—that was the world's reception of Him! Rocky cliff, with hammers pounding spikes through tortured nerves—that was the world's farewell salutation! The slaughter of that scene sometimes hides the loveliness of the Sufferer. Under the saturation of tears and blood we sometimes fail to see the sweetest face of earth and Heaven. Altogether lovely! Can coldest criticism find an unkind word He ever spoke; or an unkind action that He ever performed, or an unkind thought that He ever harbored? What a marvel it is that all the nations of earth do not rise up in raptures of affection for Him? I must say it here and now. I lift my right hand in solemn attestation. I love Him! and the grief of my life is that I do not love Him more. Is it an impertinence for me to ask, do you, my hearer—you, my reader, love Him? Has He become a part of your nature? Have you committed your children on earth into His keeping, as your children in Heaven are already in His bosom? Has He done enough to win your confidence? Can you trust Him, living and dving.

Heaven are already in His bosom? Has He done enough to win your confidence? Can you trust Him, living and dying, and forever? Is your back, or your face, toward Him? Would you like to have His hand to guide you? His might to protect you? His grace to comfort you? His sufferings to atone for you? His arms to welcome you? His love to encircle you? His Heaven to grown you? to crown you?

Oh, that we might all have something of the great German reformer's love for this Christ, which led him to say, "If anyone knocks at the door of my breast and says, "Who lives there?" my reply is 'Jesus Christ lives here, not Martin Luther?" Will it not be grand if, when

we get through this short and rugged road of life, we can go right up into His presence and live with Him world without end? And if, entering the gate of that heavenly city, we should be so overwhelmed with our unworthiness on the control of the superpart splender. the one side, and the supernal splendor on the other side, we get a little bewildered, and should for a few moments be lost on the streets of gold, and among the burnished temples, and the sapphire thrones, there would be plenty to show us the way, and take us out of our joyful bewilderment; and perhaps the women of Nain would say, "Come, let me take you to the Christ "who raised my only boy to life." And Martha would say, "Come, and let me take you to the the disciples would say, "Come, and let me take you to the Christ for Whom I died on the road to Ostia." And whole groups of marty would say, "Come let used to Christ for Whom I died on the road to Christ for Whom I di to Ostia." And whole groups of martyrs would say, "Come let us show you the Christ for Whom we rattled the chain, and waded the flood, and dared the fires," And our own glorified kin dred would flock around us, saying. "We have been waiting a good while for you, but before we talk over old times, and we tell you of what we have enjoyed since we have been here, and you tell us of what you have suffered since we of what you have suffered since we parted, come, come, and let us show you the greatest sight in all the place, the most resplendent throne, and upon it the mightiest Conquexor, the Exaltation of Heaven, the Theme of the immortals, the Altogether great, the Altogether good, the Altogether fair, the Altogether lovely!

Well, the designful morn will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

THE SKIN CANOE. A Rather Primitive Boat in Which to Go

Out Seal Fishing. There is no frailer bark than the kaiak, which, indeed, is simply a piece of boat shaped costume. The seal hunter stows his legs away beneath something like a carriage apron, tucking it in tightly around his waist by way of making the craft water-tight. He can take that skin canoe of his under his arm and walk away with it. Yet he will put out to sea in any ordinary weather, and will handle it most coolnes; amid ice drift and surging

Sometimes he may have to make for shore in storm and blinding snowflakes, and if the fishing chances to have been tortunate, with two or more seals in tow. If he has comrades they will always come to his assistance, and he is loath to cast off save in the last extremity. Yet such are his cool courage and dexterity that, on the whole, fatal ac-When he had brought his prizes to the

cidents are by no means common. land at peril of his life, his neighbors right: but latterly, with the advent of the traders, things are said to have been greatly changed for the worse. The seals, which were secured by the deadly but silent cast of the harmonic harmonic stance never and the mother. but silent cast of the harpoon, have be-come frightened and shy with the use of firearms, which are difficult besides to handle in a dancing kaiak.—Black-

wood's Magazine. Deficient in Domestic Knowledge. "Talk about a camel's going through Woodward, whose wife is spending some time at Virginia Beach, as he painfully and laboriously attached a button to his second best pair of trousers, "camel, indeed!" as he tried to push the thread into the eye of the readle, which was too sizes too small needle, which was too sizes too small for it, and which persisted in leaving the thread benind it at nearly every "That author knew nothing about domestic economy, or he would have said that it was at hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as it is to thread a needle with linen thread."

Then he broke it off viciously, forgetting to fasten it on the other side.—Detroit Tribune.

THE AGE OF THE EARTH-

Various Computations From Many Dif-

In an article in the Cosmopolitan George F. Becker writes as follows on the subject of the earth's age:

When geologists discovered that the history to be read in the stratified rocks extended over a period, compared with which the traditional six thousand years was almost insignificant, there was a natural tendency to claim for the length of geological periods any lapse of time which might seem convenient. It was Lord Kelvin (then Sir William Thomson) who first adduced valid physical arguments to show that, en any reasonable assumption as to the mean temperature of the globe prior to its consolidation from complete or partial fusion, the time which has elapsed since that epoch could scarcely be more than about one hundred million years. Then Baron von Helmholtz gave the first logical explanation of the sun's heat, together with an estimate of its age, which turns out about a score of million years, supposing that emanation of heat has ferent Sources.

gether with an estimate of its age, which turns out about a score of million years, supposing that emanation of heat has been correctly determined.

The geologists are much divided in opinion on this vital subject. Some of the most distinguised of them have protested that even one hundred millions was far too short a time to allow for the development of species, or for the accumulation of sediments. Others of less ability see their way to accepting figures of ity see their way to accepting figures of from twenty to a hundred millions of years as the probable age of the earth.

Mr. Clarence King early in the year presented an argument somewhat similar sented an argument somewhat similar to Lord Kelvin's, but based on different experimental evidence and postulating a solid earth. He reached twenty-four million years as the result. The veteran Professor Prestwich, too, in reviewing the assumptions of aniformitarianism has announced his opinion that fifteen or twenty million years is much more probable than three hundred million. Again, Mr. C. D. Walcott, from a study of the strata on the Pacific slope, concludes that forty-five million years since the data of the earliest known fossils is a fair average estimate. Other absolute estimates and estimates in terms of some particular formation have also been made which bring the age within Kelvin's period.

There can be no question that geology owes a great debt to physics for putting a limit on the extravagant assumptions

At a Country Wedding Bring roses, youths, red roses, with full hands;
Bring lilles, maidens, snow-white, delicate.
See, at life's threshold full-lipped Ergs stands,
And white Loves hover round the flower-hung

clusion when better data becomes avail-

gate;
Brings jests and jocund strains,
Laughter and jovial mirth,
For still the young god reigns
O'er all the earth.

Sing carols, maidens, carols to his name;
Sound, striplings, sound for joy a lusty note;
Acclaim him, pipes and flutes, as when he came
To Hellas, or old Nile in years remote;
Raise gleeful hymns and high
To the blue vault above,
He lives, he cannot die—

Forget ye, as the wise Earth doth forget, Calm, in divine oblivion of the years, The slow-paced ages and their load, the fret Of hopes illusive, and distracting fears; The cares, the trials, the strife, Where through man's laboring feet Have trod the round of life, Yet found it sweet.

For fair as once was Hellas, fair and young,
Our June-lit England shows, and lovelier still
Then clear Cephissus' waters, oft-times sung,
Cool Isis doth her lilied fountains fill.
Young is the Earth, youth knows not cleaned,
And Love renews himself. The same
As in dim years and regions strange,
His altar flame.

Thro' golden buttercups, in crested grass,
To the lone ivied church beneath the yew—
Gaily on, white procession, gaily pass!
'Tis the old worship, tho' the rite be new.
Through youth's full yeins to-day
The same quick pulses move;
Still Hymen beareth sway And crowneth Love.
Forget the tired Earth's plentitude of years.

Forget Time's weird Acadian music sad;
Touch not a chord, think not a thought, but cheers
Lift high; lift only merry strains and glad.
A little, little while we are—
Sing youths and maids with joyous voice!
Forget long hopes and issues far,
To-day rejoice!

Bring roses, youths, red roses, with full hands;
Bring lilies, maidens, snow-white, delicate.

—Lewis Morris, in the Pall Mall Gazette.

In the Bannister infanticide case at Chatham, Mrs. Bannister was given two years

A Useful Collection. "What sort of a collection have you, Will?" asked the visitor. "Perhaps I can help you." "Well, sir," said Will, "I'm collecting American coins."—Harper's Young People.

"What do you think Mr. Bliggins said to me, yesterday?" said the firl. "I don't know," replied the other, "He asked me if he might hope to be-come my guide through the vicissitudes come my guide through the vicise

"What did you tell him?"
"I told him 'Yes.' But I spelled it 'guyed."—Washington Star. A MARRIAGE LICENSE FOR \$2.00, at

Hugher & C ' j we ry store, 45 Kent street Shiloh's cure is soid on a guarantee. It cures I circle Consumption. It is the best Cough C e O ty one cent a dose; 25c, 50c. and \$1 00 a b stee. Sold by A. Higinbotham

great one.

The Clerk and the Cook.

The cook at the boarding house, out on a shopping tour, was talking with the clerk at the ribbon counter, who was a boarder where she cooked.

"One of these drygoods stores," she id, gazing around the place, "is some verent from a boarding-house, ain't like the went on place.

It is the property of the solution of the clerk, elements a good.

The cook at the boarding house, out on a shopping tour, was talking with the clerk at the ribbon counter, who was a boarder where she cooked.

"One of these drygoods stores," she id, gazing around the place, "is some verent from a boarding-house, ain't like the clerk, elements a good.

"It is the property of the Sold by A. Highboth and N. It is an adjusting the current in to 3 days. It is an adjusting the clerk and the cook.

"The Clerk and the Cook.

The cook at the boarding house, out on a shopping tour, was talking with the clerk at the ribbon counter, who was a boarder where she cooked.

"One of these drygoods stores," she id, gazing around the place, "is some vertex from a boarding-house, ain't like the clerk, elements and the clerk, elements a good.

"One of these drygoods stores," she id, gazing around the place, "is some vertex from a boarding-house, ain't like the clerk, elements and the clerk at the ribbon counter, who was the discount of the clerk at the ribbon counter, who was the discounter of the clerk at the ribbon counter, who was the discounter of the clerk at the ribbon counter, who was the discounter of the clerk at the ribbon counter of the clerk at the ribbon counter, who was the discounter of the clerk at the ribbon counter, who was the discounter of the clerk at the ribbon counter, who was the discounter of the clerk at the ribbon counter nterin incomplete in it?"

"Well, rather," smiled the clerk, elevating his chin.

"Yes," she went on pleasantly; in here you see a good many things you don't eat, and at a boarding-house you cat a good many things that you don't its: and then she walked out."—Device the safe transparent of t

SEEDS!

Alsike, Timothy, Red Clover, Mammoth Mangel, Cabbage, Onion, Carrot, Beet, Turnip, Peas, Beans, Cucumber, in fact all kinds of Seeds Just received fresh at IIIGINBOTHAM'S Drug Store.

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HARTFORD CITY, Blackford County, yor walk a step, and had to be lifted

South American Medicine Co. got to having spells like spasms, and would lie cold and stiff for a time

Indiana, June 8th, 1898. like a child. Part of the time I could read a little, and one day saw Gentlemen: I received a letter an advertisement of your medicine from you May 27th, stating that you and concluded to try one bottle. By had heard of my wonderful recov- the time I had taken one and oneery from a spell of sickness of six half bottles I could rise up and take years duration, through the use of a step or two by being helped, and SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE, and asking after I had taken five bottles in all I for my testimonial. I was near felt real well. The shaking went thirty-five years old when I took away gradually, and I could eat and down with nervous prostration. Our sleep good, and my friends could family physician treated me, but with- scarcely believe it was I. I am sure out benefitting me in the least. My this medicine is the best in the world. nervous system seemed to be entirely I belive it saved my life. I give my shattered, and I constantly had very name and address, so that if anyone severe shaking spells. In addition doubts my statement they can write to this I would have vomiting spells. me, or our postmaster or any citizen, During the years I lay sick, my folks as all are acquainted with my case. had an eminent physician from Day- I am now forty-one years of age, ton, Ohio, and two from Columbus, and expect to live as long as the Ohio, to come and examine me. Lord has use for me and do all the They all said I could not live. I good I can in helping the suffering. MISS ELLEN STOLTZ.

Will a remedy which can effect after each. At last I lost the use of such a marvellous cure as the above, my body-could not rise from my bed cure you?

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