BLOOD OF THE LAMB

THERE CAN BE NO REMISSION OF SINS WITHOUT IT

ACCORDING TO THE SCRIPTURE.

A fowerful Sermon Which Iterates and Rolforates the Central Doctrine of the Substitutionary Sacrifice for Sin and tucidentally Exhibits Noble Solf-Sacrifico . fre. Talmage's Elequent

Washington, April 10 - Nev. De Tal peage this morning proached a powerful sermon from the text Hebrews 1x, 22, Without shoulding of blood is no remis-

sion." He said: John 17 Whittier, the last of the great school of American poots that made the least quarter of this contury brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "the fountain filled with blood," Do you really bolieve there is a literal applicatton of the blood of Christ to the soul! My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The trible abatement agrees with all physicians and all physiologists and scientists in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion is means aimply that ('hrist's life was given House all this talk of who say she trible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter house religion." only shows their incapacity or nawilling toward the thing signified. The blood that on the darkest Friday the world ever saw oozed or trickled or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious sufferer back of formalem in a few hours congulated and dried up and forever disappeared, and if man had depended on the application of the liberal blood of Christ there would not have been a soul saved for the last 18

In order to understand this rod word of my tost we only have to exercise as much common some in religion as we do in everything else. Fang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every they illustrated. The act of substitu tion is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffer ing sublituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something wildly econtric, a solitary episode in the world's history, when I could take you out into this city and before sundown point you to and cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another. At 3 o'clock to morrow afternoon g

among the places of business or holl. will be no difficult thing for you to find they are overworked. They are prema burely old. They are hastering rapidly toward their decesse. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulk on the Why are they drudging at business early and later For fun? No. 16 would be diffi cult to extract any aminoment out of that exhaustion. Thomase they are avarietous? wants The simple fact is the man is onduring all that it igno and exasporation and wear and tear to keep his home pros perous. There is an invisible line reach. nway, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the Gentlemen, you may think of this evichampion of a homestoad, for which he wins broad and wardrobe and education and prosperity, and in such buttle 10,000 mon full (if ton business mon whom ! exer of constance, and they are gone late for time ' Blood for blood! Substitut

teen been to top are as dark as though that list denied him through the treach would we assume a officer pitcher con populate and the leathsonic imbediathe high high hir This is the sixth In the realm of the fine arts there was pay them turk skirted up the theworing handrathy april apra exhibited makely

or his appared, comemberprint, white hifty could be author. to and when he de brought bome worn und with dissipation nurses blin till be and shared him again and hopes expects and plays and connects and suffers until her strongth gives out and singfalls. She is going and attendants. bonding over her pillow, ask her if she best any message to boye, and she makes group off orth be sity come thing, but out of three or lage minutes of indistinct utters anny they can esteh but three words, My poor boy?" The shape fact is she and for him, tale for the! But stitution! About 88 years ago they went forth from our northern and southern bounce hundreds of thomsands of nien to do bettle. All the poetry of war soon vatte

ished and left them nothing but the torrible prose. They waded knee deep in mud. They sleet in snow banks. They inarched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were awindled out at their honest rations and itved on meat not fit for a dog. They had Jawa fractured and eyes extinguished and limbs shot away.

Thousands of them cried for water as they hay on the field the night after the battle and got it not. They were homeslok and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the bussards of the summer heat the only attendants on their ebseloutes. No one but the infinite Clod, who quies. No one but the infinite Clod, who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length and breadth and depth and height of anguish of the northern and southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and to the front, and why did these young go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day star-out into the probabilities of never coming back? For a principle they died. Life for life! Blood for blood! Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in the cemetery? It is to the doctors who foll in the southern opidenics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his value, and some rials of medicine, and leaves his patients vials of medicine, and other physicians here in the hands of other physicians here in the hands of other physicians and takes the rail train. Before he gets and takes the rail train. and faxes the rair train to the infected regions he passes crowded to the infected regions he passes crowded rail trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror rives in a city over which a great is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling the pulse and studying symptoms and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a follow physical street of the course of the cian says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest. You look miscrable." But he cannot reet while so many are suffering. On and on, until some meraing finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home and thren rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he falls back and is weaker and weaker and dies for people with whom he had no kinship and far away from his own family and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the farthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humaniturian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of him said. "I was sick, and ye visited Life for life! Blood for blood! Sub-

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self sacrifice. In 1846 William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunte to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice, that could hardly be heard outside the bar. pale and thin and awkward. It was Wil liam II. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and tresponsible and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful words:

"I speak now in the hearing of a peo ple who have prejudiced prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict. a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile disarms my careworn face of its frown whenever ess my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says. '(fod bless you!' as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but unite on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. blage around you. Listen to their ill supprossed consures and excited fears, and tell me where among my neighbors or acknowledgment, or even of recognition. verdiet you can, but I asseverate before heaven and you that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the

of his own. post mortom examination of the poor At to clock to morrow morning, the prosture showed to all the surgeons and bour when slumber is most uninterrupt to all the world that the public were el and profound, walk amid the dwelling | wrong and William H. Seward was right will find a dim light, because it is the the Auburn courtroom was the first step metall custom to keep a sukdied of the stairs of fame up which he went to have burning, but most of the houses the top, or to within one step, of the top, A mountal tied has sent ory of American politics. Nothing subbing lof stop, and be puts | timer was ever soon in an American gram thereby But yonder is a courtroom than William H. Seward, with the former to and outside on a offer roward, standing between the furious

such a feath fast point obeyed but hypercriticised painter, Joseph Wil. a play of your space reprises, not giving a Ham Turner, was mot by a volley of abuse as too much as sood files or a moment from the art galleries of Europe. His planse of all civilized nations, "The a two Shore in Squally Weather, Calais Plor," "The Sun Rising Through Nest and Dido Building Carthage. were then targets for critics to shoot at. In dolones of this outrageously abused convalement man a young anthor of \$1 years, just one with with a reather a backering and goes | year out of college, came forth with his pen and wrote the ablest and most famous e-cay on art that the world ever saw or ever will see John Ruskin's "Modern counted number of mothers who after | Painters." For 17 years this author they have navigated a large family fought the battles of the maltrested through aft the diseases of inferent and artist, and after in goverty and broken to a flow funly started up the flowering heartedness the painter had died and the public tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him a big funeral and bucket in St. Paul's cathedral his old time friend took out of a tin box 19,000 pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter and through many weary and uncomparented months accorded and arranged them for public observation. ther lingers long People say John Buskin in his old days the set on the wrong is eross, mismethropic and morbid. Whatnot to say between new and his death he will leave this world insolvent as far as It has any capacity to pay this author's pen for its chivalrie and Christian de-fense of a poor painter's pencil. John Buskin for William Turner! Blood for

blood! Substitution! What an exalting principle this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetle canto, or moves nations. The principle is the dominant one in our religion—Christ the martyr, Shrist the colestial here, Christ the de-

on her. Christ the substitute. No new primitple, for it was old as human nature, at now on a grander, wider, higher, deeper and more world resounding scale. with a sling toppled the giant of Philisthine braggadorio in the dust, but here is innether David who, for all the armies of the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazen armor like an explosi m at Hell Cate. Abraham had at God's command agreed to sacrifice his son Isaac, and the same (igd just in time had area

vided a rain of the thicket as a substitute, but there is another Isaac bound to the altar, and no hand arrests the sharp edges of laceration and death, and the universe shivers and quakes and recoils

and groans at the horror.

All good men have for centuries been trying to tell whom this substitute was like, and every comparison, inspired and uninspired, evangelistic, prophetic, apostolic and human, falls short, for Christ was the Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ because he came directly from was the Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ, because he came directly from God; Noah a type of Christ, because he delivered his own family from deluge; Melchisedec a type of Christ, because he had no predecessor or successor; Joseph a type of Christ, because he was east out by his bretchren; Moses a type of Christ, because he was a deliverer from bondage; Joshua a type of Christ, because he was because he was a deliverer from bondage;
Joshua a type of Christ, because he was
a conqueror; Samson a type of Christ,
because of his strength to slay the liens
and carry off the iron gates of impossibility; Solomon a type of Christ in the
affluence of his dominion; Jonah a type of Christ, because of the stormy sea in which he threw himself for the rescue of others, but put together Adam and Neah and Melchisedec and Joseph and Moses and Joshua and Samson and Solomon and Jonah and they would not make a fragment of a Christ, a quarter of a Christ, the half of a Christ or the milliont's part of a Christ. He forsook a throne and sat down

his own footstool. He came from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation and eircumference diabolie. Once waited on by angels, now hissed at by brigands. From afar and high up he came down, past meteors, swifter than they; by starry thrones, himself more lustrous; past larger worlds to smaller worlds, down stairs of firmaments and from cloud to cloud and through treetops and into the camel's stall, to thrust his shoulder under our burdens and take the lances of pain through his vitals, and wrapped himself in all the agonies which we deserve for our misdoings and stood on the splitting decks of a foundering vessel amid the dronching surf of the sea and passed midnights on the mountains amid wild beasts of prey and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on him at once with their keen sabers-our

When did attorney ever endure se much for a pauper client or physician for the patient in the lazaretto or mother for the child in membranous croup as Christ for us and Christ for you and Christ for me? Shall any man or woman or child in this audience who has ever suffered for another find it hard to understand this Christly suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been wrung in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreci ation of that one moment which was lifted out of all the ages of eternity as mo conspicuous, when Christ gathered up all the sins of those to be redeemed under his one arm and all their sorrows under his other arm and said: "I will atone for these under my right arm and will heal all those under my left arm. Strike me with all thy glittering shafts, oh, eternal justice! Rollsover me with all thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow." And the thunderbults struck him from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from bone hurricane after hurricane and eyelone after cyclone, and then and there in presence of heaven and earth and hell year all worlds witnessing, the price, the bitter price, the transcendent price, the awful price, the glorious price, the infinite price, the eternal price, was paid that

That is what Paul means, that is what I mean, that is what all those who have ever had their heart changed mean "blood." I glory in this religion of blood! I am thrilled as I see the suggestive color ing from that store, from that bank, my fellow men, where even in his heart in sacramental cup, whether it be of burfrom that shop, from that scaffolding, to I can expect to find a sentiment, a nished silver set on cloth immaculately a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles shought, not to say of reward or of white or rough hown from wood set on table in log hut meeting house of the wilderness. Now I am thrilled as I see dence what you please, bring in what | the altars of ancient sacrifice crimson with the blood of the slain lamb, and Leviticus is to me not so much the Old Testament as the New. New I see why bury nine die of everwork for others, har does not at this moment know why some sudden disease finds them with no it is that my shadow falls on you instead in the night spared all those houses that had blood sprinkled on their doorposts The gallows got its victim, but the | Now I know what I-aiah means when he speaks of "one in red apparel coming with dved garments from Bozrah," and whom the Apocalypse means when it describes a heavenly chieftain whose "vesture was dipped in blood," and what John the apostle means when he speaks of the "precious blood that cleansoth from all sin," and what the old, wornout, decrepit missionary Paul means when, in my text, he cries, "Without shedding of blood is no remission." By that blood you and I will be saved-or nover saved at alt. In all the ages of the world God has not once pardoned a single sin except through the Saviour's expiation, and he never will. Glory be to God that the hill back of Jerusalem was the battlefield on which Christ achieved our

> It was a most exciting day I spent on the battlefield of Waterloo. Starting out with the morning train from Brussels, Belgium, we arrived in about an hour on that famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle, and who had heard from his father a thousand times the whole scene recited, accompanied us over the field. There stood the old Hongomont chateau, the walls dented and scratched and broken and shattered by grapeshot and cannon ball. There is the well in which 300 dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are the gates at which for many hours English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the 160 guns of the English and the 250 guns of the French. Yonder the Hanoverian hussars fled for the woods.

Yonder was the ravine of Ohain, where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled over and down, troop after troop, tumbling into one awful mass of suffering, hoof of kicking horses against brow and breast of captains and colonels and private soldiers, the human and the beastly grean ever he may do that he ought not to do and whatever he may say that he ought shoveled under because of the melodor arising in that hot menth of June. "There," said our guide, "the Highland

regiments lay down on their faces waiting for the moment to spring upon the foe. In that orehard 2,500 men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington with white lips, and up that knoll rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke, and Marshal Ney, with his boot slashed by a sword, and his hat off and his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he cried, 'Come and see how a marshal of French dies on the battlefield.' From rander direction Grouchy was expected for the French re-enforcement, but he came not. Around those woods Blucher was looked for to re-enforce the English, and just in time he came up. Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arms through the reins of the horse's bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go back."

Remember old England!" And the tides turned, and at 8 o'clock in the evening

turned, and at \$ o'clock in the evening the man of destiny, who was called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away with broken heart, and the fate of centuries was decided.

No wonder a great mound has been reared there, hundreds of feet high—a mound at the expense of millions of dollars and many years in rising, and on the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a gand old lion it is. But our great Waterloo was in Palestine. There came a day when all holl rode up, led by Apollyon, and the captain of our salvation confronted them alone. The rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse going out against the black horse alypse going out against the black horse avalry of death, and the battalions of niae and the myrmidons of dark ness. From 12 o'clock at noon to 3 o'clock in the aftermoon the greatest battle of the universe went on. Eternal destines were being decided. All the arrows of hell d our Chieftain, and the battleaxes oulder and hand and foot were incaradined with oozing life, but he fought der in chief of hell and all his prees fell back in everlasting ruin, and the victory is ours. And on the mound tes the triumph we plant this day two figures, not in bronze or iron or d marble, but two figures of liv ing light, the Lion of Judah's tribe and the Lamb that was slain.

BENEATH THE WAVES

HOW A GREAT NAVAL BATTLE MAY BE FOUGHT.

The Next War May Be a Revelation in the Science of Killing People by Wholesale-What May Be Seen in the Deep Sea Depths-Curious Features of Such a Conflict.

Unless all signs fail the fate of nations will, in the future, depend upon battles fought in the clouds or under the waters of the ocean, instead of upon the surface of the land and sea, as of old.

Several of the great powers are now experimenting with submarine torpedo boats, but this country is the first to get beyond the experimental stage and find a boat that can dive at will and remain beneath the surface of the water for several hours at a time, if necessary. The inventor, John P. Holland, has recently estrated, in the boat built by him at Nixon's ship yard at Elizabethport, and named in his henor, that every requisite of a submarine torpedo boat exists in the Holland.

It will not be long now before all the naval powers will need to be equipped with fleets of submarine fighting craft and when one reflects that this little Holland, which is but a trifle over fifty feet long, and weighs only about seventy tons, can easily sink the mightiest battleship ever built, though it weighs several ousands of tons, and accomplish this destruction by an attack that is irresisti ble because unseen, it seems apparent that the days of the ponderous line of battle ships are numbered. To be sure as long as a nation has col-

onies to look after it will have big battleships to make demonstrations of her power by parading them before the eyes of its awe stricken subjects in semi-bar-barous lands as a saintary object lesson, but the submarine torpedo boat would soon silence the battleship in actual warfare. With battleships out of the fight and the swift cruisers chasing merchant vessels for prize money, the naval strife will hereafter be between the submarine torpedo boats. Torpedo boat destroyers are evidently powerless against the little vessels that can sink out of sight and interpose a shield of water between their unarmored sides and the deadly hall of missiles from the rapid. fire guns of the destroyers, so the submarine boats will be left to fight it out among themselves as best they can.

This will lead to an entirely new system of tactics and a very difficult one in view of the present scant knowledge, of subaqueous conditions. One authority on naval warfare has given his impression that as it is impossible to know the degree of submergence of your enemy's fleet your formation would have to cover all possibilities in order that none of the opposing boats could slip through your lines, and leaving you behind, open attack on the city you were expected to de fend. For it must be borne in mind that such boats as the Holland are prepared not only to destroy battleships and cruise's at sea with their submarine torpedoes, but are intended to attack cities on harbors that are strongly defended. For instance, either the Holland or the Plunger could pass Morro Castle and the other defonces of Havana in perfect security, and from the harbor throw dynamite into the heart of the city with their aerial torpedo

To meet this attack the formation of a line of battle of submerged boats defending the channels would probably be a vertical instead of a horizontal echelon. Then, even if the boats did not see each other-and indeed that is the greatest difficulty to contend with, especially in waters at the mouth of a river-they would almost surely encounter each other, and when they met the havor would be frightful. The torpedo that could blow up and disable such a ship as the Iowa or the New York would simply annihilate another torpedo boat, and there would be nothing but fragments lett to drop down until they found their level of buoyancy in the depths of the sea. There is where there are many curious

things to be found by a submarine boat strong enough to withstand the superabundant pressure of deep water. There, for instance, it might encounter the bedies of those who have been buried at Their canvas shrouds have each a solid shot or other weight at the foot of the corpse to make them sink feet fore-most, and therefore they are now floating in an erect position, as if walking around and waiting for the sound of Gabriel's

Not only is river and bay water turbid, making it dark at a few feet below the surface, but even in clear water the field of vision is limited. It seems to the submarine explorer as if he were standing in the middle of a saucer and that the bottom of the river or sea gradually up all around until it met the surface of the water at an angle of about 49 degrees from where the observer

Mr. Holland says that at whatever level he reaches, this same effect is apparent. This is owing to the refracting power of water as illustrated when a stick is pushed into the water—it seems to have been broken just at the point of ion with the surface. A water pe corrects this refraction to some extent, for only direct rays of light and such as are parallel with the axis of the Scene of a battle that went on from 25 minutes to 12 o'clock on the 18th of June antil 4 o'clock, when the English scemed defeated, and their commander cried o'as.

in its apparent position, for it always seems to be above one's head and at the angle of refraction, but the proper aim would be in the direction of the object and nearly on a level with the shoulder of the gunner. This would give the greatest effect to the projectile, and, very likely, cause it to strike the object to be hit, though it would appear as if the torpedo went on and up until it seemed to strike the enemy's boat at the surface

Though the navigators of submarine torpedo boats have neither the vision of s nor the sense of smell that brings fishes together or warns them of the appreach of an enemy from whom they would flee, the excitement of an actual engagement under the ocean would soon awaken senses they know nothing of

One of the most curious features of nch a conflict would be the fact that while it was under way there would be few surface indications of the terrific struggle below. All that could be seen would be the occassional explosion of an errant torpedo thrown from the aerial gun of one of the submerged boats that, missing its mark, had still sufficient momen tum to carry it out of the water before exploding. During an engagement of this

kind the cautionary command to noncombatants who were getting too near the scene of action would not be "Stand from under" or "Stand aside," but "Stand from above.

It is exceedingly difficult to paint such a battle scene, for the artist has to imagine a vertical section of the water and put the contending fleets in it as if they were pasted upon a wall. There could be no witnesses of the action and no record of individual prowess. Such a battle would be in grim earnest, and every vessel hit would be destroyed. War on these lines would soon cease to be a popular diversion.

It would be possible for a fleet of submarine torpedo boats to so guard the approach to a city as to keep out a similar flotilla entering with hostile intent. - Col. W. H. Gilder in collaboration with Torpedo Boat Inventor Holland, in New

The Sin of Worrying. It is care that kills. One who deliberately cultivates a disposition to throw care to the winds soon becomes an indispensable person to his friends. Care is worry, pure and simple. The burden that causes us to worry is heavy enough to bear, in all probability, without adding to it that of all engrossing care, which never lets the mind rest for an instant. Suppose you do "have troubles of your Can you cure them by worrying? One's best effort to overcome the trials and tribulations of this life is all that is demanded. If that effort surmounts the difficulties, well and good. If it fails, the fret that wears wrinkles in one's soul, the worry that makes us hated by our slough of despond, but rather bury us the deeper. The world gets very tired of men and women who placard their woes on their faces and moan it in their voices in hourly conversation. But the world dearly loves those people who are merry companionable, even when grief is gnawing deep. We owe something to socity, to the world of people about us, and

To those who bear the burden of life's

To these, who stand and idle it away, Death gives, alike, but lodging for the

-Ada Mosher.

Prattle of the Tots.

"Tommy " said his mamma one day, slip upstairs quietly and see if papa is Tommy soon returned and said: 'Yes, mamma; he's all asleep but his

Flossie, aged four, heard her mamma say that the new cook spoke broken English, and running to her father exclaimed; "Oh, papa, ze cookie is a broked Englishman an' she tant talk plain.' Little Mamie had often watched her father shave himself, and one day when a man came to whitewash the fence, after a few minutes' silent contemplation, she asked: "Mister man, is you doin' to shave ze whiskers off cat fence?"

Little four-year-old Willie was visiting his grandparents in the country. One morning he heard a mule braying for the first time, and running into the house he exclaimed: "Oh, gran'ma, one of zem horsies has dot ze hoopentough." "Chra." said the mother of a little five-year-old miss, who was entertaining a couple of neighboring girls of her own age. "why don't you play something instead of sitting still and looking miserable." "Why, mamma, we is playin", was the reply; "we's playin' that we's growed up womens."-Chicago Daily

The Sultan's Jewels. The Sultan of Turkey is said to possess one of the finest cellections of ewels in the world. They are kept in the Seraglio at Constantinople in one particular room. A striking feature of this treasure house are the many gilded bird cages which, studded with jewels, hang from the frescoed ceiling. And, odd as it may seem, a jeweled clock lies face downward in each cage. The finest and rarest gems in the Sultan's collection are woven nto embroidered texts from the Koran on deep red velvet, while the necklaces, too, are particularly fine. One of them, of most exquisite workmanship, and containing diamonds of the first water, was worn by a royal lady when she was attending a court reception in Constanti-It was presented to her with the most elaborate pomp and ceremony; but it was only a loan, as she had to return the magnificent gift later. The curiosity of the collection is a parasol said to be the most valuable in the world. It is made of white silk embroidered with gold thread and richly besprinkled with precious stones, while the stick is made of one long, solid piece of coral.

Origin of a Well-Preserved Joke.

Nasica, having called at the house of the poet Ennius, and the maid servant having told him, on his inquiring at the door, that Ennius was not at home, saw that she had said so by her master's order, and that he was really within; and when, a few days afterwards, Ennius called at Nasica's house and inquired for him at the gate, Nasica cried out that he was not at home. "What!" says Ennius, "do I not know your voice!" 'You are an impudent fellow," rejoined Naslea; "when I inquired for you I be-Heved your servant when she told me you were not at home, and will not you helieve me when I tell you that I am not at home:"-From Cicero's De Oratora.



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