AFTER MANY YEARS

A SUFFERER IS RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Suffering from Weak Heart and Could Not Walk any Distance—How the Cure of Life Was Adjusted.

From Cornwall Freeholder.

[illegible] of unwritten facts of real [illegible] the rich elaborations of [illegible] and the scenes would [illegible] adequate proof that [illegible] trial and severe [illegible] than floats on the [illegible] many whose experience [illegible] little if any [illegible] upon the notice of the [illegible] into human ear. You [illegible] influence of some of [illegible] will relegate to you [illegible] ashes that [illegible] by the friends [illegible] by the physicians [illegible] the mighty genius [illegible] famous panacea [illegible] impoverished [illegible] system. Thousands are still using [illegible] Dr. Williams' [illegible] passed the ordeal [illegible] again with ever [illegible] following statement [illegible] secured from [illegible] and [illegible] Mary Fisher, of [illegible] county, is [illegible] years ago [illegible] weakness and [illegible] in the region of [illegible] extended to several [illegible] or less true, [illegible] etc. She [illegible] the action of the [illegible] medicine. The doctor [illegible] the fulfilment [illegible] heart and she [illegible] for two [illegible] took to her bed [illegible] man, he she [illegible] attention. However, and [illegible] of her's Mrs. A. Haney, [illegible] attendance [illegible] three years. She could not [illegible] even a short [illegible] condition of [illegible] she be[illegible] Pills. [illegible] what proved [illegible] energy. [illegible] improve[illegible] was able by the [illegible] to do as much [illegible] ordinary wo[illegible] and apparently [illegible] Miss Fisher [illegible] Such are [illegible] a remarkable [illegible] tenacious [illegible] the constant [illegible] wrought [illegible] Miss Fisher's [illegible] known it to [illegible] by going [illegible] They renew [illegible] and strengthen [illegible] disease from [illegible] consisting [illegible] enclosed [illegible] full trade [illegible] Pills for Pale

The Lost World

* * * * * *

BY ANDRE LAURIE.

"What do you mean?" cried Mme. Caudal, while the doctor, speechless with surprise, waited to see what would come next.

"Simply this. I, also, with your permission, desire to trust myself to the Titania, take a dive to the bottom of the ocean, view the wonderful palace, embrace my cousin, and offer my services to rescuing Atlantis in carrying out the views of the new physician to her father.

"You are dreaming or trying to make a joke of your old aunt!" exclaimed Mme. Caudal. "Such a plan is preposterous, impossible!"

"And why impossible, dear aunt?"

"My dear child, such a thing was never heard of—never!"

"Then it is time that it was, auntie dear," answered Helene, a little pettishly. "Why, child, you cannot be in earnest. I shall never permit you to run such a fearful risk."

Did not Rene face all these dangers, and he not escaped without a scratch? And remember, too, And will you consent to allow our Helene to expose himself to perils which you consider too great for me?"

Neither Mme. Caudal nor Dr. Patrice were able to persuade Helene that women had a right to tempt the elements which is man's work to combat. The argument that had any weight with her was the question of French honor. Here Helene could not help yielding her envy of English and American women, who can travel all over the world without a chaperone and fear the censure of society. After a moment of thoughtful silence she said exingly:—

"And why do you not go along, Aunt Caudal?"

"Good gracious, child, what has come over you? If our neighbors should hear of it they would think that we had all suddenly lost our senses."

"My dear aunt. It is not the opinion of your fear neither for Rene, Etienne, nor for me. I am sure I do not fear for the ones you love. I do not fear for yourself. And, I think of it, dear aunt. Once you have made this decision every obstacle will disappear, and it less than five days we can again press Rene to your heart." She apparently knew how to obtain her consent to almost anything. "Come, my child again," said Mme. Caudal. "I would go to the ends of the earth for a woman, at my age, to go in such a boat for such a voyage. What will people say?"

"Let them visit the Titania," proposed Helene. "Perhaps a good look at it may help to bring about a decision."

"The thing," said Mme. Caudal, the prospect of embracing her son a few days, she was already more willing to be persuaded.

An hour after this conversation containing the little party arrived at Cape St. Matthew, where Kermadec had caused the boat for inspection. After a thorough examination of the interior, which allowed five to six persons could find more than tolerable comfort during the voyage, Mme. Caudal delightedly exclaiming that now she was better informed she could see the absurd in undertaking a voyage in such a vessel.

In a few hours the light baggage of the party had been conveyed on the Titania. The night was chosen for the departure in order the more certainly to guard Rene's secret.

CHAPTER XII.

CHARICLES AND RENE.

While the venerable Charicles was unconscious on his couch at the bottom of the ocean, his young daughter and Rene nursed tenderly—Atlantis out of true filial love, and Rene, it must be admitted, solely for her sake. Still, a great friendship, an almost affectionate esteem, inspired the middleshipman as he watched the benevolent features of the old, majestic, mysterious individual, longed also to fathom the secret of his existence, to see the mute lips open to hear words of wisdom from which, too, as if his advent in this world was opportune and providential. What would Atlantis have done under these distressing circumstances? I am in the right place and time, he thought. I will run my risk and remain. He can tell me to go, he has the desire, but not until I have healed him.

Without saying that Rene improved every moment to acquire the good will of his self-chosen hosts. Whenever he slip away from the bedside of his father he would peruse some papyrus within reach, and, he found difficulty in unravelling its contents, the accent of Atlantis puzzled him at first, he conquered in a very short time, so that toward the end of the week they were enabled to converse in a fluent conversation. Atlantis was delighted beyond expression. She gathered documents and songs to which, to her great joy, he seemed no difficulty in understanding.

The ninth day after Charicles had been unconscious his faithful attendants were delighted to see him slowly open his eyes, though for hours afterward not a word passed his lips. While Rene watched him with almost filial attention, the man seemed unable to take his eyes from the stranger. That severe, searching, inquiring look appeared to read in the open countenance of his young friend if his owner were anxious to read the most fugitive expression. If his conscience were not perfectly clear he could never have stood the test of that day.

That night, after Atlantis and Rene had taught in vain for some remedy to arrest the growing rigidity of the old man, and while Rene was rubbing his feet, they suddenly had the satisfaction of seeing his eyes soften and his lips move. The words, in his archaic tongue, came slow but distinctly:—

"That stranger, dear, seems to care for us like a son."

Rene was radiant with joy. "Brave!" he said in almost perfect Greek. "You speak already! You are getting better. We will soon drive away your sickness."

Mademoiselle Atlantis, I count upon the success of your caresses. In a few days your father will be on his feet again."

Atlantis threw herself into her father's arms. She gave expression to a dozen exclamations. To Rene Greek seemed just the most beautiful language in the world.

In the first emotion had subsided Charicles told his daughter that for a time he had felt the gradual return of the faculty of articulation, but before he gave her with a false hope he wanted to be sure of this boon of the gods. His looks implied that he was greatly pleased with Rene's appearance, and that he was convinced that the gods had sent him a worthy their trust. To show his confidence, he would permit him to give his direction to compound a medicine which would at once effect a cure. Leaning with his feeble hand to his young medicinal stores, he enabled Rene, though not without difficulty, to select from the numerous phials and boxes the potions which, if mixed according to his order, would prove the life-giving elixir.

Atlantis, with birdlike movements, ran to the golden tripod and lighted the flame at its feet. Mixing, stamping, boiling and stirring, at the dictation of his father, Rene finally succeeded in producing a decoction of a galling, indefinable odor. The old man swallowed it at a single draught, after murmuring an invocation in a dialect which appeared to his guest still more archaic than the one they used in their daily intercourse.

"The potion of the Ancients!" exclaimed Atlantis, before placing the golden goblet to his lips. "It will heal you, dear father. It will renew your strength and fill you with the fire of youth!"

Great disappointment awaited Atlantis. Instead of getting better Charicles, though able to converse with his guest more freely, seemed to grow weaker as the night advanced.

Rene remarked that perhaps the drugs had lost their strength or that some mistake had been made in the selection of the ingredients.

"Charicles has made no mistake in the selection of his elements," replied Atlantis. "He is a master of this art as well as of others. If, however, the gods decree that he shall not get better, all the drugs of earth cannot avail. May the immortals pity me, his unfortunate child, if I am forced to see him die without being able to lift a hand to help him!"

Tears, like diamonds, glistened in the eyes of Atlantis, and her filial devotion made her appear the more beautiful in the slight of Rene.

"Beloved child," said the father tenderly, "do not give way to despair. I believe it is the will of the gods that I shall gain my health in order to be enabled to manifest my gratitude to this young stranger, worthy of being your brother, both by reason of his kindness and his intelligence. See how willing he is to share our grief. He shares our sorrows and our pains. He regards me with tender affection All honor to those who respect old age. Perhaps he has a father, whose image he recognizes in me. Ask him, my child, under what sky he was born, and what fate brought him to us. I would gladly hear him and perhaps from his lips I shall gain some new knowledge."

Atlantis hastened to arrange the pillows and to make the couch more comfortable, so her father could incline his head toward Rene. Then stationing herself at the head of the bed, she made ready to listen attentively to what the young man would say.

"Speak, stranger," she said, encouragingly, "and explain to us all about your country, your country, your adventures. Charicles and I hear you gladly; but remember the adage of the Greeks, that he who come from afar should guard his lips that truth be observed in their portal. Undoubtedly we will hear much to enlighten our lonely existence."

"You behold in me," began Rene, a little confused at finding himself compelled to introduce his personality at the commencement of his narrative, "the son of a race undoubtedly unknown to you; for I presume, from what I see around me, that centuries have elapsed without sending the survivors of your nation the least opportunity of intercourse with the outside world."

The old Greek nodded affirmatively.

"Yet," continued Rene, "have you not heard speak of a Greek colony, founded by your ancestors, which was called Phocaea?"

"I know Phocaea well," said Charicles. "Do you hail from that famous city? If so do you are a compatriot, a sort of distant cousin."

"Not quite a compatriot," continued Rene, "but our origin is not so dissimilar. It is certain that you belong, like to that great human family, which the savants have called Indo-European, the various nations of that race have spring from a small people, which originally inhabited an elevated plateau in Central Asia. At a remote period, long before the historic ages, that race emigrated and extended over a large region of Asia and Europe. In Asia dwelt the Hindoos, who spoke Sanscrit. There were also the Medes and the Persians, in language more affiliated with the Semitic. In Europe we find four different divisions—the Germanic, the Pelasgian, the Slavic and the Celtic

"You will remember that the country which we call Greece, and which is, perhaps, only known to you as Hellas was at the time called Pelasia. Attica and the whole of Arcadia prided themselves on their lineal descent from the Pelasgians. The Pelasgians occupied in vast numbers the southern provinces of Italy. It has been established beyond a doubt that the Pelasgian formed the foundation of both the Latin and the Greek languages. I have entered into these details to demonstrate to you that we sprang from the same root, only at different periods of civilization's history."

"You interest me greatly, stranger," said Charicles. "Wisdom speaks from your lips Pray, tell me more of that Phocaean colony which you mentioned a moment ago."

"You know, then, that your Ionian ancestors founded Phocaea. Your merchants were bold and enterprising and braved the Carthagenians and Etrurans, who massacred without pity all strangers who sought commercial relations with Italia. Your immortals undoubtedly protected them for they penetrated as far as Marseilles without unsheathing a sword. The Syracusans destroyed the Carthaginian marine and Rome wound up by absorbing all the commercial countries. Finally Etruria, Sicily succumbed in quick succession. The Phocaeans contented themselves in peaceful trade and made it their task to civilize the barbarians, as they called my ancestors. They established numerous colonies along the Mediterranean and in the interior. I will give you the words of an authentic history of the people who occupied the country which your ancestors came to civilize:—

"The general character of the Gallic race is irritable and warlike ever ready for battle, but in other respects simple and without malice. They march straight in the enemy's front, their strongest passions being their courage and audacity. They are ever susceptible to culture and military instruction. No race is more ready to rally to the defence of the oppressed.'"

"Fine national traits," remarked Charicles.

"Then Rene, his eyes ablaze with enthusiasm, painted in glowing colors the glorious history of the French nation up to his own time, mentioning its mighty conquests on land and sea, and ending with the bold assertion that, like Greece of old, it was destined to dictate the art, science and literature of the modern world.

"What you have told me, young stranger," said Charicles, "fills me with astonishment. What strange revolutions, what marvellous events, what vicissitudes! Blessed be thy name, O my country! Small is the space thou dost occupy on earth, but great is the majesty of thy genius. I must die without having over permitted to press my lips on thy sacred soil. But before descending into the tomb I bless the gods who have led hither this stranger, who has revealed to me thy glory and grandeur! For my young stranger, I desire to tell you the history of my exiled race to make you understand how it is that you find us here at the bottom of the west ocean. But I feel too fatigued and exhausted. Allow my little Atlantis to take my place. Speak, beloved child; we will listen to the traditions, which have been impressed on thy memory from the cradle. Speak, daughter, and may Pallas guide thy tongue!"

Atlantis advanced modestly to the side of the couch and, addressing Rene, said: "I shall endeavor to tell that which he himself could portray in better lineaments. I crave your indulgence if my recital is hampered at times by the imperfect expression of youth. Charicles has taught me all I know. All honor is due to him, therefore, if my words prove pleasing and interesting."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORY OF ATLANTIS.

"What I am about to relate to you," began Atlantis, "is a very ancient tradition. It goes back from ten to fifteen thousand years.

"I have learned it in part from the venerable lips of Charicles, who in turn received it from his noble father, Antihlas, The latter took it from the lips of his father, and so on through the ages.

"From the day that I left the knees of my father he has been teaching me to spell the words of the ancient papyrus rolls now in our possession.

"In the beginning our forefathers, like yours, lived on terra firma. The bottom of the ocean, hidden from the eyes of man, was inhabited by the monsters of the deep—tritons and nymphs.

"At that time our country comprised a vast continent, extending westward from the colonies of Hercules toward the newly discovered lands, which you call America.

"It was one of those Hellenic colonies, of which you have heard. It flourished gloriously. You have no conception of the degree of progress which my ancestors made in the arts of war, as well as of peace. You speak of Phidias, of Scopas and Praxitele; I do not know what they have accomplished. But without having seen their achievements, I am not afraid to vow that they could not have surpassed those of the great masters whom we honor. Imbued with the pure tradition of Egyptian art and scholarship, they created new marvels every day. In their magnificent cities rose lofty temples of immaculate beauty and peerless architectural symmetry, consecrated to the gods.

"The life of our ancestors was serene and majestic. That liberty of which you speak to us, for which your countrymen shed their blood, has ever been ours by birthright. We have maintained it without contest or struggle. The humblest among us found his rights protected by his fellow men, just as he respected those of the most exalted of the nation.

"The young, fertile soil produced in abundance fruits for all her children. The air was pure, balmy, invigorating. It was this more than aught else which we have envied those lucky mortals—the light of Phoebus, the wide, blue sky above their heads, the thick forests, the snow-capped mountains kissing the overhanging clouds. Neither Charicles nor I has ever been permitted the privilege of breathing the life-giving atmosphere of their native land. And yet we have no reason to complain, when we consider our peaceful, comparatively inoffensive existence here—the surviving testimony of the prodigious genius of our ancestors.

"Judge for yourself, stranger. Toward the middle of the Twentieth Olympiad, under the reign of Acleptos, the happy lives of the inhabitants of Atlantide was suddenly disturbed by a terrible catastrophe. One morning Phoebus appeared with a troubled face surrounded by threatening clouds. Soon a monstrous, thick cloud of an ill-boding reddish hue covered his face. A violent storm sprang up, and from amid the deep darkness of the heavens could be heard the thunderous growlings of the gods. Every hand was lifted up to implore the indulgence of the immortals. The sea, as if stirred by some omnipotent power, rose above the shore in mighty mountains, as if she would sieve out the restless monsters. Sinister noises reverberated from a neighboring mountain. For days its wide crater had sent forth nauseating, poisoned vapors.

"Now was seen the frightful spectacle of hundreds of cruel tongues of all-consuming fire and flames, as if hell sought release from its million dungeons. A mighty battle of the elements followed. As the clouds emptied their torrents avalanches of incandescent lava rolled down the banks of the volcano, destroying man, beast and property. At the same time the terrified inhabitants heard the awe-inspiring subterranean rumblings and cracklings which precede an earthquake. The earth suddenly opened and in part disappeared altogether.

"Thousands of unfortunates were swallowed by the vast gaps beneath them. It seemed as if the judgment of the gods had come. Land vanished as if it were but the creation of a day. Trees were torn from their roots and hurled into the seething abysses. Immense temples, imposing edifices and the dwellings of our ancestors were laid in ruins or swallowed by the rushing waters. What was not demolished by the angry waters was burned by fire direct from heaven, as if it had been decreed that the cataclysm should be complete.

"The floods and earthquakes lasted several days. At last the elements had spent their fury, and when the few survivors ventured out to view what was left of the disaster they saw that the entire isthmus which connected Atlantide with the continent of Africa had disappeared. A great hiatus, a vast sea, still foaming at the violent intrusion of the upper elements, had replaced the natural dike. What had heretofore been an enormous peninsula was buried forever by the sea.

(To be continued.)

A HEALED HERALD.

Thinks Rheumatism is Born of the Lower Regions, but Proclaims South American Rheumatic Cure a Heaven-Sent Healer.

Henry Humphreys, East London, sends his unsolicited testimony: "I was seized with painful rheumatism in my left foot. I could not rest with it day or night. The pain was so intense. I tried many remedies, but they had no more effect on me than water on a duck's back. I was persuaded to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I followed the directions closely and in a very short time this wonderful remedy effected a complete cure, and there has not been the slightest hint of a return of the disease. It is a sure remedy and I delight to herald the goodness all over the land."

No Recommendation.

"Did you buy that horse Skeemer wanted to sell you?"

"No, sir-ee! Afraid of him."

"Didn't Skeemer say the ladies in his family drove him regularly?"

"Well, he said he let his wife's mother drive him every day."

George I of England never learned the English language.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co.,
Sold by Druggists, 75c. Toledo O.

No News.

Mrs. Gabb—Yes, my daughter appears to have married very happily. Her husband has not wealth, it must be admitted, but he has family.

Mrs. Gadd—Yes, I heard he was a widower with six children.—New York Weekly.

The Trouble.

Fenderson—I say, did you ever see the sun rise in the morning?

Fogg—No. That's just the trouble, you know. If it rose at any other time, I might be able to see it.—Boston Transcript.

RESPECT DUE TO AGE

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON HOW TO TREAT OLD PEOPLE.

He First Considers Parental Attachment and Then the Duty of the Young to the Old—An Eloquent and Forceful Plea for Filial Affection.

Washington, Oct. 3.—Dr. Talmage in this sermon shows us a scene of tenderness and reverence and tells us how we ought to treat old people. His text is Genesis, xiv, 28, "I will go and see him before I die."

Jacob had long since passed the hundred year milestone. In those times people were distinguished for longevity. In the centuries after persons lived to great age. Galen, the most celebrated physician of his time, took so little of his own medicine that he lived to 140 years. A man of undoubted veracity on the witness stand in England swore that he remembered an event 150 years before. Lord Bacon speaks of a countess who had cut three sets of teeth and died at 140 years. Joseph Crele of Pennsylvania lived 140 years. In 1857 a book was printed containing the names of 37 persons who lived 140 years and the names of 11 persons who lived 150 years.

Jacob, the Shepherd.

Among the grand old people of whom we have record was Jacob, the shepherd of the text. But he had a bad lot of boys. They were jealous and ambitious and very way unprincipled. Joseph, however, seemed to be an exception, but he had been gone many years, and the probability was that he was dead. As sometimes now in a house you will find kept at the table a vacant chair, a plate, a knife, a fork, for some deceased member of the family, so Jacob kept in his heart a place for his beloved Joseph. There sits the old man, the flock of 100 years in their flight having alighted long enough to leave the marks of their claw on forehead and cheek and temple. His long beard snows down over his chest. His eyes are somewhat dim, and he can see farther when they are closed, than when they are open, for he can see clear back into the time when beautiful Rachel, his wife, was living, and his children shook the oriental abode with their merriment.

The centenarian is sitting dreaming over the past when he hears a wagon rumbling to the front door. He gets up and goes to the door to see who has arrived, and his long absent sons from Egypt come in and announce to him that Joseph, instead of being dead, is living in an Egyptian palace, with all the insteitutes of prime minister, next to the king in the mightiest empire of all the world! The news was too sudden and too glad for the old man, and his cheeks whiten, and he has a dazed look and his staff falls out of his hand and he would have dropped had not the sons daught him and led him to a lounge and put cold water on his face and fanned him a little.

In that half delirium the old man mumbles something about his son Joseph. He says: "You don't mean Joseph, do you? My dear son who has been dead so long? You don't mean Joseph, do you?" But after they had fully resuscitated him, and the news was confirmed, the stars begin their winding way down the crossroads of the wrinkles, and the sunken lips of the old man quiver and he brings his bent fingers together as he says: "Joseph is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

It did not take the old man a great while to get ready, I warrant you. He put on the best clothes that the shepherd's wardrobe could afford. He got into the wagon, and though the aged are cautious and like to ride slow, the wagon did not get along fast enough for this old man, and when the wagon got the old man met Joseph's chariot coming down to meet him and Joseph got out of the chariot and got into the wagon and threw his arms around his father's neck, it was an antithesis of royalty and rusticity, of simplicity and pomp, of filial affection and paternal love, which leaves us so much in doubt whether we had better laugh or cry, that we do both. So Jacob kept the resolution of the text—"I will go and see him before I die."

Parental Love.

What a strong and unfailing thing is parental attachment! Was it not almost time for Jacob to forget Joseph? The hot suns of many summers had blazed on the heath; the river Nile had overflowed and receded, overflowed and receded again and again; the seed had been sown and the harvests reaped; stars rose and set; years of plenty and years of famine had passed on, but the love of Jacob in my text is overwhelmingly dramatic. Oh that is a cord that is not snapped, though pulled on by many decades! Though when the little child expired the patriarch may not have been more than 25 years of age, and now they are 75, yet the vision of the cradle, and the childish face, and the first utterances of the infantile lips are fresh to-day, in spite of the passage of a half century. Joseph was as fresh in Jacob's memory as ever, though at 17 years of age the boy had disappeared from the old homestead. I found in our family record the story of an infant that had died 50 years before, and I said to my parents, "What is this record and what does it mean?" Their chief answer was a long, deep sigh. It was yet to them a very tender sorrow. What does that all mean? Why, it means our children departed are ours yet, and that cord of attachment reaching across the years will hold us until it brings us together in the palace, as Jacob and Joseph were brought together. That is one thing that makes old people die happy. They realize it is a re-union with those from whom they have long been separated.

I am often asked as pastor—and every pastor is asked the question—"Will my children be children in heaven and forever children?" Well, there was no doubt a great change in Joseph from the time Jacob lost him and the time when Jacob found him—between the boy of 17 years of age and the man in midlife, his forehead developed with the great business of state, but Jacob was glad to get back Joseph anyhow, and it did not make much difference to the old man whether the boy looked older or looked younger. And it will be enough joy for that parent if he can get back that son, that daughter, at the gate of heaven, whether the departed loved one shall come a cherub or in full grown angelhood.

There must be a change wrought by that celestial climate and by those supernal years, but it will only be from love, love to more loveliness, and from health to more radiant health. Oh, parent, as you think of the darling panting and white in membranous croup, I want you to know it will be gloriously bettered in that land where there has never been a death and where all the inhabitants will live on in the great future as long as God. Joseph was Joseph notwithstanding the palace, and your child will be your child notwithstanding all the raining splendors of everlasting noon. What a thrilling visit was that of the old shepherd to the prime minister Joseph! I see the old countryman seated in the palace looking around at the mirrors and the fountains and the carved pillars, and oh, how he wishes that Rachel, his wife, was alive and she could have come with him to see their son in his great house. "Oh," says the old man within himself, "I do wish Rachel could be here to see all this!"

A Blessed Home.

I visited the farmhouse of the father of Millard Fillmore when the son was president of the United States, and the octogenarian farmer entertained me until 11 o'clock at night telling me what great things he saw in his son's house at Washington, and how grandly Millard treated his father in the White House. The old man's face was illumined with the story until almost midnight. He had just been visiting his son at the capital. And I suppose it was something of the same joy that thrilled the heart of the old shepherd as he stood in the palace of the prime minister. It is a great day with you when your old parents come to visit you. Your little children stand around with great wide open eyes, wondering how anybody could be so old. The parents cannot stay many days, for they are a little restless, and especially at nightfall, because they sleep better in their own bed, but while they tarry you somehow feel there is a benediction in every room in the house. They are a little feeble, and you make it as easy as you can for them, and you realize they will probably not visit you very often—perhaps never again. You go to their room after they have retired at night to see if the lights are properly put out, for the old people understand candle and lamp better than the modern apparatus for illumination. In the morning, with real interest in their health, you ask how they rested last night.

Joseph, in the historical scene of the text, did not think any more of his father than you do of your parents. The probability is before they leave your house they half spoil your children with kindnesses. Grandfather and grandmother are more lenient and indulgent to your children than they ever were with you. And what wonders of revelation in the bombaine pocket of the, one and the sleeve of the other! Blessed is that home where Christian parents come to visit! Whatever may have been the style of the architecture when they came it is a palace before they leave. If they visit you 50 times, the two most memorable visits will be the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory while memory lasts, and you will remember just how they looked, and where they sat, and what they said, and at what figure of the carpet, and at what doorsill they parted with you, giving you the final goodby. Do not be embarrassed if your father come to town and he have the manners of the shepherd, and if your mother come to town and there be in her hat no sign of costly millinery. The wife of the Emperor Theodosius said a wise thing when she said "Husbands, remember what you lately were and remember what you are, and be thankful."

Kindness to Parents.

By this time you all notice what kindly provision Joseph made for his father Jacob. Joseph did not say: "I can't have the old man around this place. How clumsy he would look climbing up those marble stairs and walking over those mosaics! Then he would be putting his hands upon some of these frescoes. People would wonder where the old greenhorn came from. He would shock all the Egyptian court with his manners at table. Besides that, he might get sick on my hands, and he might be troublesome and he might talk to me as though I were only a boy, when I am the second man in all the realm. Of course he must not suffer and if there is famine in his country—and I hear there is—I will send him some provisions, but I can't take a man from Padanaram and introduce him into this polite Egyptian court. What a nuisance it is to have poor relations!"

Joseph did not say that, but he rushed out to meet his father with perfect abandon of affection, and brought him up to the palace and introduced him to emperor and provided for all the rest of the father's days, and nothing was too good for old man while living, and when he was dead, Joseph, with military escort, took his father's remains to the family cemetery. Would to God all children were as kind to their parents!

If the father have large property, and he be wise enough to keep it in his own name, he will be respected by the heirs, but how often it is when the son finds his father in famine, as Joseph found Jacob in famine, the young people make it very hard for the old man. They are so surprised he eats with a knife instead of a fork. They are chagrined at his antediluvian habits. They are provoked because he cannot hear as well as he used to, and when he asks it over again, and the son has to repeat it, he bawls in the old man's ear, "I hope you hear that?" How long he must wear the old coat or the old hat before they get him a new one! How chagrined they are at his independence of the English grammar! How long he hangs on! Seventy-five years and not gone yet! Eighty years and not gone yet! Will he ever go? They think it of no use to have a doctor in his last sickness, and go up to the drug store and get something that makes him worse and economize on a coffin, and beat the undertaker down to the last point, giving a note for the reduced amount, which they never pay! I have officiated at obsequies of aged people where the family have been so inordinately resigned to Providence that I felt like taking my text from Proverbs, "The eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." In other words, such an ingrate ought to have a flock of crows for pallbearers! I congratulate you if you have the honor of providing for aged parents. The blessing of the Lord God of Joseph and Jacob will be on you.

A Share in Success.

I rejoice to remember that, though my father lived in a plain house the most of his days, he died in a mansion provided by the filial piety of a son who had achieved a fortune. There the octogenarian sat, and the servants waited on him, and there were plenty of horses and plenty of carriages to convey him and a bower in which to sit on long summer afternoons, dreaming over the past, and there was not a room in the house where he was not welcome and there were musical instruments of all sorts to regale him, and when life had passed the neighbors came out and expressed all honor possible and carried him to the village Machpelah and put him down beside the Rachel with whom he had lived more than half a century. Share your successes with the old people. The probability is that the principles they inculcated achieved your fortune. Give them a Christian percentage of kindly consideration. Let Joseph divide with Jacob the pasture fields of Goshen and the glories of the Egyptian court.

And here I would like to sing the praises of the sisterhood who remained unmarried that they might administer to aged parents. The brutal world calls those self-sacrificing ones peculiar, or angular, but if you had had as many annoyances as they have had Xantippe would have been an angel compared with you. It is easier to take care of five rollicking romping children than one childish old man. Among the best women of our land are those who allowed the bloom of life to pass away while them were caring for their parents. While other maidens were asleep they were soaking the old man's feet or tucking up the covers around the invalid mother. While other maidens were in the cotillion they were dancing upon rheumatism and spreading plasters for the lame back of the septuagenarian and heating catmp tea for insomnia.

In almost every circle of our kindred there has been some queen of self sacrifice to whom jeweled hand after jeweled hand was offered in marriage, but who staid on the old place because of the sense of filial obligation until the health was gone and the attractiveness of personal presence had vanished. Bridal society may call such a one by a nickname. God calls her daughter, and heaven calls her saint, and I call her domestic martyr. A half dozen ordinary women have not as much nobility as could be found in the smallest joint of the little finger of her left hand. Although the world has stood 6,000 years, this is the first apotheosis of maidenhood, although in the long line of those who have declined marriage that they might be qualified for some special mission are the names of Anna Ross, and Margaret Breckinridge, and Mary Shelton, and Anna Echeridge, and Georgiana Willets, and the angels of the battlefields of Fair Oaks and Lookout Mountain and Chancellorsville and Cooper Shop hospital, and though single life has been honored by the fact that the three grandest men of the Bible—John and Paul and Christ—were celibates.

The Maiden Aunt.

Let the ungrateful world sneer at the maiden aunt, but God has a throne burnished for her arrival, and on one side of that throne in heaven there is a vase containing two jewels, the one brighter than the Koh-i-noor of London tower, and the other larger than any diamond ever found in the districts of Golconda—the one jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it to father," the other jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it to mother." "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" is the exquisite ballad of Will Carleton, who found an old woman who had been turned off by her prospered sons, but I thank God I may find in my text, "Over the hills to the palace."

As if to disgust us with unfilial conduct, the Bible presents us with the story of Micah, who stole the 1,100 shekels from his mother, and the story of Absalom, who tried to dethrone his father. But all history is beautiful with stories of filial fidelity. Epaminondas, the warrior, found his chief delight in reciting to his parents his victories. There goes Aeneas from burning Troy, on his shoulders Anchises his father. The Athenians punished with death any unfilial conduct. There goes beautiful Ruth escorting venerable Naomi across the desert amid the howling of the wolves and the barking of the jackals. John Lawrence, burned at the stake in Colchester, was cheered in the flames by his children, who said, "O God, strengthen thy servant and keep thy promise!" And Christ in the hour of excruciation provided for his old mother. Jacob kept his resolution, "I will go and see him before I die," and a little while after we find them walking the tessellated floor of the palace, Jacob and Joseph, the prime minister proud of the shepherd.

I may say, in regard to the most of you that your parents have probably visited you for the last time, or will soon pay you such a visit, and I have wondered if they will ever visit you in the king's palace. "Oh," you say, "I am in the pit of sin!" Joseph was in the pit. "Oh," you say, "I am in the prison of mine iniquity!" Joseph was once in prison. "Oh," you say, "I didn't have a fair chance. I was denied maternal kindness!" Joseph was denied maternal attendance. "Oh," you say, "I am far away from the land of my nativity!" Joseph was far from home. "Oh," you say, "I have been betrayed and exasperated!" Did not Joseph's brethren sell him to a passing Ishmaelitish caravan? Yet God brought him to that emblazoned residence, and if you will trust his grace in Jesus Christ, you, too, will be empalaced. Oh, what a day that will be when the old folks come from an adjoining mansion in heaven, and find you amid the alabaster pillars of the throne room and living with the king! They are coming up the steps now, and the epauleted guard of the palace rushes in and says, "Your father's coming, your mother's coming!" And when under the archway of precious stones and on the pavement of porphyry you greet each other, the scene will eclipse the meeting on the Goshen highway, when Joseph and Jacob fell on each other's neck and wept a good while.

But, oh, how changed the old folks will be! Their cheek smoothed into the flesh of a little child. Their stooped form lifted into immortal symmetry. Their foot now so feeble, then with the sprightliness of a bounding roe, as they shall say to you, "A spirit passed this way from earth and told us that you were wayward and dissipated after we left the world, but you have repented, our prayer has been answered and you are here, and as we used to visit you on earth before we died, now we visit you in your new home after our ascension." And father will say, "Mother, don't you see Joseph is yet alive?" and mother will say, "Yes, father, Joseph is yet alive." And then they will talk over their earthly anxieties in regard to you, and the midnight supplications in your behalf, and they will recite to each other the old Scripture passage with which they used to cheer their staggering faith, "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee." Oh, the palace, the palace, the palace! That is what Richard Baxter called "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." That is what John Bunyan called the "Celestial City." That is Young's "Night Thoughts" turned into morning exultations. That is Gray's "Elegy in a Churchyard" turned to resurrection spectacle. That is the 'Cotter's Saturday Night" exchanged for the cotter's Sabbath morning. That is the shepherd of Salisbury plains amid the flocks on the hills of heaven. That is the Jamino struck Padanaram turned into the rich pasture field of Goshen. That is Jacob visiting Joseph at the emerald castle.

THE GIRL WHO SHAMS RELIGION

She Uses the Church as a Stepping-Stone to Society.

Ruth Ashmore, writing of the "Shams of the Modern Girl," in the Ladies' Home Journal, and of "the sham that is worse than all others—the religious sham," says: "She is the one who is most conspicuous in speech and sometimes in work; but in her heart her religion is simply a means to very earthly end. She is prominent in the Sunday school, because she thinks she can in that way become acquainted with some people she would like to know. She is ever ready to get up and express herself at the prayer meeting, because she thinks that her ability will be recognized. She rustles into her pew, kneels for a long time, and then settles herself comfortably—to look at the congregation. She considers it respectable to go to church. Beyond that she does not think. She forgets that, unless religion is of the heart, it is of no value. She has never understood that it is not the loud prayer, nor the wordy prayer which makes an impression on God, but that it is the sincere cry from the soul appealing to Him to which He listens. The religious sham can usually give you a description of all the costumes worn by 'her set' in church. She can tell you of the amount of money put in by each member as the plate is passed along. She goes to church to observe the outward, visible sign, and never, in any way, troubles herself about the inward, spiritual grace."

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Force of Habit.

Miss Brown-Mallet (during the cricket game)—Your wife is out, is she not, Mr. Pillbury?

Mr. Pillbury, the druggist (absentmindedly)—Yes, but I can recommend something equally as good—for—the—ah, yes, I believe so.

The proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelees Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.

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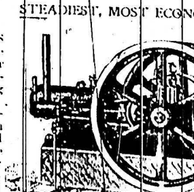

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