

JACOB'S WELL.

Continuation of Dr. Talmage's Discourses on Palestine.

THE GREAT CHANGE IN THE HOLY LAND.—Heaven From Jacob's Well—Other Holy Places—Glorious Triumph of the Cross.

In his eighth sermon on the Holy Land, preached at Brooklyn, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's subject was "Among the Bedouins," and his text, Numbers x. 31: "For as much as thou knowest how weary to encamp in the wilderness." He said:

Night after night we have slept in tents in Palestine. There are large villages of Bedouins without a house, and for 3,000 years the people of those places have lived in black tents made out of dyed skins, and when the winds and storms were out and tore loose those coverings, others of the same kind took their place. Noah lived in a tent. Jacob pitched his tent on the mountain. Isaac pitched his tent toward Sodom. In a tent the woman Jael smote Sisera, the general, to the ground, having first given him sour milk called "leban" as a soporific to induce sleep. It is as if that being the effect of such a tent as modern travelers can testify. The Syrian army in a tent. The ancient battle shout was: "To your tents, O Israel!" Paul was a tent maker. Indicates that all the human race live under a blue tent when he says that God "stretched out the heavens as a curtain and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in," and Hezekiah compared death to the striking of a tent, saying: "My age is removed from me as a shepherd's tent."

In our tent in Palestine to-night I hear something I never heard before and hope never to hear again. It is the voice of a hyena amid the rocks near by. When you hear what is a hyena monster putting his mouth between the iron bars of a menagerie, he is a captive and he gives a humiliated and suppressed cry. But yonder in the midnight in the throne of rocks he has nothing to fear. He howls and roars, and his loud, resounding, terrific, almost supernatural sound, splitting up the darkness into a deeper midnight.

I am glad to say that for the most part Palestine is free from beasts of prey. The leopard, and the tiger, and the lion, can not change their spots, have all disappeared and the lions that once were common through all this land and used by all the prophets for illustrations of cruelty and wrath, have retreated before the advance of gunpowder, and which they have an indelible fear. But for the most part Palestine is what it originally was. With the one exception of a wire thread reaching from Joppa to Jerusalem and from Jerusalem to Nazareth and from Nazareth to Tiberias and from Tiberias to Damascus, that one nerve of civilization, the telegraphic wire (for we found ourselves only a few minutes off from Brooklyn and New York while standing by Lake Gailion) with that one exception, Palestine is just as it always was.

Nothing surprised me so much as the persistence of everything. A sheep or horse falls dead, and though the sky may one minute before be clear of all wings in five minutes after the skies are black with eagles waving, screaming, plunging, fighting for room, contending for largest morsel of the extinct quadruped. Ah, now I understand that the persistence of everything. A sheep or horse falls dead, and though the sky may one minute before be clear of all wings in five minutes after the skies are black with eagles waving, screaming, plunging, fighting for room, contending for largest morsel of the extinct quadruped. Ah, now I understand that the persistence of everything.

When we find ourselves at Jacob's well, the most famous well in history, most distinguished for two things, because it belonged to the old patriarch after whom it was named, and for the wonderful things which Christ said and did on this well, and the Samaritan woman who dismounts from our horses in a drizzling rain, and our dragonman climbing up to the well over the slippery stones stumbles and frightens us all by falling into it. I measured the well at the top and found it six feet from edge to edge. Some grass and weeds and thorny growths overhang it. In one place the roof is broken through. Large stones embank the well on all sides. Our dragonman took pebbles, and dropped them in, and from the time they left his hand to the instant they clicked on the bottom you could hear it was deep, though not as deep as once, for every day travelers are applying the same and though in the time of Maundrell, the traveler, the well was 165 feet deep, now it is only seventy-five.

It is not like other wells dug down to a fountain that fills it, but a reservoir to catch the falling rain and to let Christ refer when speaking to the Samaritan woman about a spiritual supply. He said that He would, if asked, have given her "living water," that is, water from a flowing spring in distinction from the water of that well which was rain water.

But why did Jacob make a reservoir there when there is plenty of water all around and abundance of springs and fountains and seemingly no need of that reservoir? Why did Jacob dig the well at the foot of the mountain, at Mount Gerizim, well perhaps 200 feet deep as first completed, by going a little way off he could have water from other fountains at little or no expense. Ah! Jacob's own wisdom. He was his own well. Quercus and wars might arise with other tribes and the supply of water might be cut off, so the shepherds and plowmen and boring instruments were

ordered and the well of nearly 4,000 years ago was sunk through the solid rock.

When Jacob thus wisely insisted on having his own well he taught us not to be dependent on others. He taught us the independence of business character, independence of moral character, independence of religious character. Have your own well of grace, your own well of courage, your own well of divine supply. If you are an invalid you have a right to be dependent on others. But if God has given you good health, common sense, and two eyes, and two ears, two hands, and two feet, He equipped you for independence of all the universe except Himself. If He had meant you to be dependent on others He would have been built with a cord around your waist to tie to somebody else. No; you are built with common sense to fashion your own opinions, with eyes to find your own way, with ears to select your own words, with hands to fight your own battles. There is only one being in the universe whose advice you need and that is God. Have your own well and the Lord will fill it. Dig it if need be through two hundred feet of solid rock. Dig it with your pen, or dig it with your sickle, or dig it with your shovel, or dig it with your Bible.

In my small way I never accomplished anything for God or the church, or the world, or my family, or myself except in obedience to the command of God. He knows every thing and what is the use of going for advice to human beings who know so little that no one but the all-seeing God can realize how little it is. I suppose that when Jacob began to dig the well he was not sitting this noonday people gathered around and said: "What a useless expense you are going to when rolling down from Mount Gerizim and down from Mount Ebal, and out yonder in the valley, where the better times in which we live, when such scenes are an impossibility, and amid orderly groups and with prayer and benediction, and breath of orange blossoms and the roll of the wedding march, marriage is solemnized, and with oaths recorded in Heaven, two immortals start arm in arm on a journey to last until death do them part.

But we must this afternoon, our last day before reaching Nazareth, pitch our tents on the most famous well of all time—the plain of Edraion. What must have been the feelings of the Prince of Peace as he crossed it on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth? Not a flower blooms there but has in its veins the blood of the fallen. Hardly a foot of the ground that has not at some time been galled with war chariots or trampled with the hoofs of cavalry. It is a plain reaching from the valley between the mountains of Talor and Gilboa and Carmel. Through it rages at certain seasons the river Kishon, which swept down the armies of Sisera, the battle occurring in the plain of Edraion. It is almost always a shower of meteors, so that "the stars in their course" were said to have fought against Sisera. Through this plain drove Jehu and the iron chariot of the Canaanites scythed at the heels of the wheeled chariots, and their awful swaths of death, thousands in minute. The Syrian army, the Turkish army, the Egyptian army again and again trampled it. There they came, Richard and Josiah and David and Saladin and the crusaders. There it is a plain in which the blood of the fallen runs. Through it rages at certain seasons the river Kishon, which swept down the armies of Sisera, the battle occurring in the plain of Edraion. It is almost always a shower of meteors, so that "the stars in their course" were said to have fought against Sisera. Through this plain drove Jehu and the iron chariot of the Canaanites scythed at the heels of the wheeled chariots, and their awful swaths of death, thousands in minute. The Syrian army, the Turkish army, the Egyptian army again and again trampled it. There they came, Richard and Josiah and David and Saladin and the crusaders. There it is a plain in which the blood of the fallen runs.

To me the plain would be more absorbing because of its poetry rather than its history and in regions round in which the holy cross, the very two pieces of wood on which Jesus was supposed to have been crucified, was carried as a standard at the head of the Christian host; and that night closing my eyes I try to see the plain of Edraion—for there are some things we can see better with eyes shut than open—the scenes of the ancient war came before me. The twelfth century was closing and Saladin at the head of his army of 40,000 men was about to march upon the city of Jerusalem. The day the 13th held out against these thousands. Tonyonny's "600" when "some one had blundered," were eclipsed by these 130 fighting for the holy cross. They took hold of the lances which had pierced the wounds and pulling them out of their own breasts and side, hurled them back again at the enemy. On went the fight until all but one Christian had fallen and he, mounted on the last horse, was the last of the knights. His horse fell under the plunge of the javelins and the rider, making the sign of the cross toward the sky, gave up his life on the point of a score of spears. But soon after the last battle came. Saladin's army, it is said, was painting colors it and all ages admire that last struggle to keep in possession that wooden cross on which Jesus was said to have expired. Now the wooden cross on which the armies of the living God were to be trampled. For the first time the cross of the living God was trampled under the hoofs of the victor's army.

But that standard of the cross only seemed to fall. It rides the sky to-day in triumph. Five hundred miles from the mightiest army of the ages, following it and where that goes they will go, across the earth and up the mighty steps of the heavens. In the twelfth century it seemed to go down, but in the nineteenth century it went up. It is a symbol of glory and triumph, more than any other standard whether inscribed with eagle, or lion, or bear, or star, or crescent. That which Saladin trampled on the plain of Edraion is lifted up for your exultation. The cross of the living God is lifted up in the earth it saves, the top of it pointing in the Heavens to which it will take you, and the outpost bend of it like outstretched arms of invitation to all nations. Kneel at its foot. Lift your eyes to its vantage point. Give eternal allegiance to its power. And as that mighty symbol of pain and triumph is kept before us, we will realize how insignificant are the little crosses we are called upon to wear, and will more cheerfully carry them.

As I fall asleep to-night on my pillow in the tent on the plain of Edraion, reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, the waters of the river Kishon are called upon to cry: "I will wash away the sins of the people." Lift your eyes to its vantage point. Give eternal allegiance to its power. And as that mighty symbol of pain and triumph is kept before us, we will realize how insignificant are the little crosses we are called upon to wear, and will more cheerfully carry them.

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THE NATION'S CASH.

The Treasurer's Annual Report—National Debt—The National Cash.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—The Treasurer of the United States has submitted to Secretary Windom the report on operations and conditions of the Treasury for the year ending June 30, 1891. The ordinary revenues amounted to \$99,000,000, a sum but twice exceeded in the history of the Government. The ordinary expenditures were \$97,000,000, which \$1,700,000 came from the Federal Reserve Fund. The ordinary expenditures were \$97,000,000, which \$1,700,000 came from the Federal Reserve Fund.

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NO USE VOTING.

At a local election in a town in Louisiana I was in a grocery when an old negro came in to fix his ticket. There was only one in the field, but he got out his pencil and looked it over and said: "I reckon dat first man on de list is Mass Wheelock. He called me nigger 'lather-day an' I'll scratch he off."

He ran his pencil through the name and went on:

"Can't make out dat second name, but I reckon its Mass Tobias, whose allus running for office. Trowed a club at me once an' I can't vote for him."

There were twelve names on the list, and though he couldn't read he followed the list down one by one and scratched out each name in succession, alleging some excuse in each case. When there was no more to scratch he scratched his head instead and said: "Why, dey an' I dun gone off de ticket, an' so dey ain't no use to put it in and squabble around."—Detroit Free Press.

No Nonsense About Mim.

Mr. Suter—You come to ask you for your daughter's hand, or?

Old Mr. Dakkins—Have you obtained her consent?

Mr. Suter—No, sir; she says she won't marry me. But I want you to exert your parental authority, and make her—Puck.

Have you suffered long by reason of Malaria? Tried everything, and finally come to the conclusion that "all men are liars," which had not been until you got to Rochester, Pa., and got a bottle of his Anti-dote for Malaria. If not cured in a week, say so, and the money will be immediately returned to you.

SCHEMATA were again in high favor with cigar makers, but the most suitable paper for the immature smoker of cigarettes is the mother's slipper.—Boston Transcript.

Fort poisons that accumulate in the blood and put the machinery of the system, are eradicated and expelled by using Prickly Ash Bitters, a medicine that will not irritate the stomach or bowels. It acts as a cathartic and restores the system and restores health in every case.

The young man who was said to have run rapidly through his property must have had a red shirt with a black bull head on it.—Lawrence American.

The saying is clothing who Dobbin's Electric No. 100, is twenty times the soap bill. It is no new experiment, but has been used for years, just as well as it can be in 1891. Try it. Your grocer has it or will order it.

The weight that has been hanging on the front gate all summer will now be transferred to the sofa in the parlor.—Maryland Gazette.

THOUSANDS of mothers bless the name of Dr. John Bull for inventing his celebrated Baby Balm, for Children's Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, and they never fail to do good.

WHERE you sink into a reverie you are merely buried in thought.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

BROCHURES is cured by frequent small doses of Epps' Cocoa for Consumption.

USE St. Jacobs Oil
The Great REMEDY FOR PAIN

It's the tallest story I know," said Nippon. "What story is that?" said Hikka. "The top one on the Eiffel tower."

ALWAYS avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Do not use pills.

STRANGE it is that when the moon goes to his last quarter, he gets full.—Boston Herald.

A BIG FLOOD.

The only thing that will ever wash away the stains of sin is the Word of God. It is the only thing that will ever wash away the stains of sin. It is the only thing that will ever wash away the stains of sin. It is the only thing that will ever wash away the stains of sin.

EPPS' COCOA
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING BREAKFAST

By a thorough knowledge of the general principles of food preparation, and by a careful selection of the purest and most wholesome materials, Epps' Cocoa is prepared in such a way that it is as nourishing as any food, and it is also as palatable as any beverage. It is a perfect food for the young, and a perfect tonic for the old. It is a perfect food for the young, and a perfect tonic for the old.

A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

Offer to New Subscribers.
This Calendar will be sent to each new subscriber who will cut out and send us this advertisement, with \$1.75 for a year's subscription. The Year's Companion will be mailed from the time that the subscription is received in January, 1891. THE COMPANION is a full year from that date. No other weekly paper gives so large a variety of entertaining reading as in a price.

Double Holiday Numbers—Illustrated Weekly Supplements.

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The Companion Calendar
For 1891.

Monday
Monday for Health,
Tuesday for Wealth,
Wednesday the Best Day of All,
Thursday for Losses,
Friday for Crosses,
Saturday No Luck at All,
Sunday the Day that is Best
With Heavenly Peace and Rest.

This Beautiful and Unique Calendar and Announcement is called "The Book of Days." It has been daily printed in color, the design being selected from nearly Two Thousand received in the Free Competition. It is considered the most novel and attractive calendar of the year. Mailed on receipt of ten cents.

Nellie Dale's Christmas Money
By PRUDENCE PARSONS.

An Illustrated Story for people who "can't afford to spend much money this year for Christmas Presents."

NELLIE DALE could not afford to spend what little money she possessed, but she was wise enough to find a way to secure, without cost of money, a large list of valuable presents.

We send it free to any one who will mention the paper in which this notice appears.

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 18.	
CATTLE—Shipping steers...	5.25 @ 6.00
Butcher steers...	4.00 @ 5.25
HOGS—Good to choice heavy...	5.75 @ 6.25
WHEAT—No. 1 red...	95 @ 98
DOUGLASS—No. 1...	72 @ 75
CORN—No. 2...	32 @ 34
OATS—No. 2...	26 @ 28
FLOUR—Patent, per sack...	2.25 @ 2.50
WHEAT—No. 1...	2.10 @ 2.15
HAY—No. 1...	15 @ 16
BUTTER—Choice creamery...	15 @ 17
CHEESE—Full cream...	9 @ 10
EGGS—Choice...	20 @ 22
SAUSAGE—Hampshire...	6 @ 7
Shoulders...	5 @ 6
LARD...	6 @ 7
POTATOES...	6 @ 7

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THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
Not to Split! Not to Discolor!

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