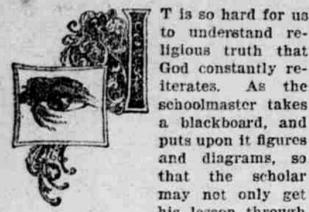


TALMAGE'S SERMON

"PAGEANTRY OF THE WOODS" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "We All Do Fade as a Leaf; and Our Iniquities, Like the Wind, Have Taken Us Away"—Isaiah 64-6.



It is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes a blackboard, and puts upon it figures and diagrams, so that the scholar may not only get his lesson through the ear, but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of his Bible, and draws them out in diagram on the natural world. Champollion, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labor he deciphered them, and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations. The wisdom, goodness, and power of God are written in hieroglyphics all over the earth and all over the heaven. God grant that we may have understanding enough to decipher them! There are scriptural passages, like my text, which need to be studied in the very presence of the natural world. Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet," a passage which means nothing save to the man that knows that the feet of the red deer, or hind, are peculiarly constructed, so that they can walk among slippery rocks without falling. Knowing that fact, we understand that, when Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet," he sets forth that the Christian can walk amid the most dangerous and slippery places without falling. In Lamentations we read that "The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness;" a passage that has no meaning save to the man who knows that the ostrich leaves its egg in the sand to be hatched out by the sun, and that the young ostrich goes forth unattended by any maternal kindness. Knowing this, the passage is significant—"The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness."

Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world, who have looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas taken their impression. There are some faces so mobile that photographers cannot take them; and the face of nature has such a flush, and sparkle, and life, that no human description can gather them. No one knows the pathos of a bird's voice unless he has sat at summer evening-tide at the edge of a wood, and listened to the cry of the whip-poor-will.

There is today more glory in one branch of sumach than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

For several autumns I have made a tour to the far west, and one autumn, about this time, saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Crowspey and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant two thousand miles long. Let artists stand back when God stretches his canvas! A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes, there was an indescribable mingling of gold, and orange, and crimson, and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming into sapphire and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly sprig; then they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataraacts of fire, tossed up and down, and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf to the tip top of the Alleghanies, and then it had come dripping down to the lowest leaf and deepest cavern.

Most persons preaching from this text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find that I have two strings to this gospel harp—a string of sadness, and a string of joy infinite. "We all do fade as a leaf." First, Like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which, week before last, felt the frost, have, day by day, been changing in tint, and will for many days yet cling to the bough, waiting for the fist of the wind to strike them. Suppose you that the pictured leaf that you hold in your hand took on its color in an hour, or in

a day, or in a week? No. Deeper and deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After a while, leaf after leaf, they fall. Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming forge shall have been quenched. So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of over-fatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not clear. Ear not so alert. After a while we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into the vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life; but a fading away—slowly—gradually. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Again: Like the leaf we fade, to make room for others; Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish. Next May the cradle of the wind will rock the young buds. The woods will be all a-hum with the chorus of leafy voices. If the tree in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. If, in the blast of these autumnal batteries, so many ranks fall, there are reserve forces to take their place to defend the fortress of the hills. The beaters of gold leaf will have more gold leaf to beat. The crown that drops today from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come. They only make room for other life.

So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among these leaves today, because other leaves are to follow them. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing, or digging, let us cheerfully give way for those who come in to do the preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing and digging. God grant that their life may be brighter than ours has been! As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy the spring. Old men must be patient with boys. Dr. Guthrie stood up in Scotland and said, "You need not think I am old because my hair is white; I never was so young as I am now." I look back to my childhood days, and remember when, in winter nights, in the sitting-room, the children played, the blithe and the gayest of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore years of age, they never got old.

Again: As with the leaves, we fade and fall amid myriads of others. One cannot count the number of plumes which these frosts are plucking from the hills. They will strew all the streams; they will drift into the caverns; they will soften the wild beast's lair, and fill the eagle's eyrie.

All the aisles of the forest will be covered with their carpet, and the steps of the hills glow with a wealth of color and shape that will defy the looms of Axminster. What urn could hold the ashes of all these dead leaves? Who could count the hosts that burn on this funeral pyre of the mountains?

So we die in concert. The clock that strikes the hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand. Between fifty and seventy people every day lie down in Greenwood. That place has over two hundred thousand of the dead. I said to the man at the gate, "Then if there are so many here, you must have the largest cemetery." He said there were two Roman Catholic cemeteries in the city, each of which had more than this. We are all dying. London and Pekin are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darknesses. Caesar is there, and all his subjects. Nero is there, and all his victims. City of kings and paupers! It has swallowed up in its immigrations Thebes, and Tyre and Babylon, and will swallow all our cities. Yet, City of Silence. No voice. No hoof. No wheel. No clank. No smiting of hammer. No clack of flying loom. No jar. No whisper. Great City of Silence. Of all its million million hands, not one of them is lifted. Of all its million million eyes, not one of them sparkles. Of all its million million hearts, not one pulsates. The living are in small minority.

Again: As with variety of appearance the leaves depart, so do we. You have noticed that some trees, at the first touch of the frost, lose all their beauty; they stand withered, and uncomely, and ragged, waiting for the northeast storm to drive them into the mire. The sun shining at noonday glids them with no beauty. Ragged leaves! Dead leaves! No one stands to study them. They are gathered in no vase. They are hung on no wall. No death smites many. There is no beauty in their departure. One sharp frost of sickness, or one blast of the cold waters, and they are gone. No tinge of hope. No prophecy of heaven.

Their spring was all abloom with bright prospects; their summer thick foliaged with opportunities; but October came, and their glory went. Frost! In early autumn the frosts come, but do not seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you look out of the window and say, "There was a black frost last night," and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men seem to get along without religion, amid the annoyances and vexations of life that nip them slightly here and nip them there. But after a while death comes. It is a black frost, and all is ended. * * *

Why go to the death-bed of distinguished men, when there is hardly a house on this street but from it a Christian has departed? When your baby died there were enough angels in the room to have chanted a coronation. When your father died you sat watching, and after awhile felt of his wrist, and then put your hand under his arm to see if there were any warmth left, and placed the mirror to the mouth to see if there were any sign of breathing; and when all was over, you thought how grandly he slept—a giant resting after a battle. Oh! there are many Christian death-beds. The chariots of God, come to take his children home, are speeding every-where. This one halts at the gate of the almshouse; that one at the gate of princes. The shout of captives breaking their chains comes on the morning air. The heavens ring again and again with the coronation. The twelve gates of heaven are crowded with the ascending righteous. I see the accumulated glories of a thousand Christian death-beds—an autumnal forest illumined by an autumnal sunset! They did not in shame, but in triumph! As the leaf! As the leaf!

Lastly: As the leaves fade and fall only to rise, so do we. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice, and sap, and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again. "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth." It would be a horrible consideration to think that our bodies were always to lie in the ground. However beautiful the flowers you plant there, we do not want to make our everlasting residence in such a place. * * *

Crossing the Atlantic the ship may founder, and our bodies be eaten by the sharks; but God tameth Leviathan, and we shall come again. In awful explosion of factory boiler our bodies may be shattered into a hundred fragments in the air; but God watches the disaster, and we shall come again. He will drag the deep, and ransack the tomb, and upturn the wilderness, and torture the mountain, but he will find us, and fetch us out and up to judgment and to victory. We shall come up with perfect eye, with perfect hand, with perfect foot, and with perfect body. All our weaknesses left behind.

We fall, but we rise; we die, but we live again! We moulder away, but we come to higher unfolding! As the leaf! As the leaf!

Lord Rosebery's First Speech.

Lord Rosebery's first speech was delivered when the future premier was fourteen years of age, at a dinner to volunteers given by his grandfather. He had even then his cool self-possession, and the speech—in acknowledgment of a vote of thanks to his grandfather—was considered a very good effort for one so young.

The Air After a Snowfall.

The air, after a heavy snowfall, or shower, is usually very clear, because the snow or rain in falling brings down with it most of the dust and impurities, and leaves the atmosphere exceedingly clear.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The canning of horse-meat is a thriving industry in Holland, whence it is shipped to France. The meat is largely supplied by worn-out horses from England.

A terrier that was only four inches long, and therefore the smallest in the world, died recently in London. The little animal was the property of Sir Archibald MacLaine.

The Arabs harbor a superstition that the stork is a bird of good omen. When one of them builds its nest on a house-top, the occupants of the house believe that their happiness is insured for a year.

A London clergyman asserts that the over-dressing of most church-goers has been a curse to Christianity, by influencing those who cannot buy good clothes to absent themselves from church.

A cold snap visited Phoenix, Ariz., and during the night a barber there dreamed that he was shivering on an Arctic journey. He awoke, and discovered that somebody had stolen the blankets from his bed.

A wild boar, roasted whole, was the chief dish at a state dinner given by the Prince of Montenegro. It was brought in smoking hot. Inside the boar was a turkey, and inside the turkey a snipe, which had been shot by the host.

In Wales there exists the "falling tower" of Caerphilly Castle, which is seventy-seven feet in height, and inclines no less than eleven feet out of the perpendicular. In proportion this is much greater than the tower of Pisa, which is 180 feet, and leans fifteen feet.

Slow steps, whether long or short, suggest a gentle or reflective state of mind, as the case may be.

Where a revengeful purpose is hidden under a feigned smile the step will be slinking and noiseless.

AN INCIAN'S ENGLISH.

He Has a Vocabulary Considerably Larger Than Is Manageable.

The Times of India prints the subjoined remarkably worded petition from an ex-member of the Silladar mounted police. The request which the writer wished to convey was that he might be furnished with a formal certificate of his service in the police force: "The humble petition of —, late Silladar mounted police, —, humbly sheweth—That pty my grievances, by trumbling steps have dragged me before your honor's most greeted chair, my days dwindling to the shortest span, blessed lord give me relief and heaven will bless your honor's stores. That owing to my adverse fates, which had then frowned my wife and my sister to retire out from their public lives, leaving my father and sister in bed of hopeless health. My father exposed out his perishable dispositions. There is not a soul into my family elder or younger than me, to attend on the sickness as above, which then compelled me, by no means volens, to tender resignation of my former post by my own, leaving me no time to apply your honor for certificate. By the blessing of God and your honor, my father and my sister restored to their former health, but the money so saved for future expenses. When necessary for, has been exhausted on medicating them. When I found quite involved in poverty, that we endured severe fastings from the flummery floor even, I came in Bombay in search of my prey, presented by circumstances to the commissioner of police, who asked me for a certificate of my former post, without which I am refused by my bread. My humble services extended over two years under your honor's most auspicious orders, during which I toiled impatiently by my assiduity and attention with a view to start with my further advancement in life honestly. Under the stern cravings of hunger, I crave your leniency will be graciously pleased to stretch forth your honor's august orders, only to relieve our lives from the panic clutches of starvation. Pray let me test the gold of my fortune in the alembic of success, but let not my ardent hopes be refused by rejection, because your honor's one word would supply my low wants. Pray do not blast out my fervent hopes without which I am not to be taken in any kind of service. For which boon of your honor's merciful philanthropy and equity in charity, I shall jointly invoke heavenly choicest blessings to dwell with your honor's long life in years and advancing chair."

Costly Bottle of Champagne.

Some years ago Mr. Gladstone had met a possible claimant for a civil list pension whom he believed to be in sufficiently poor circumstances, and had almost decided to grant it, when he received an invitation to dinner with the person in question. This raised some doubt in his mind. On the one hand, should a civil list pensioner be able to afford to entertain? On the other hand, it might only be a dinner of herbs, and it seemed hard to deprive a public benefactor of a pension because he was ready to share his crust and water. Knowing that in any case there would be a feast of reason and a flow of soul, Mr. Gladstone accepted the invitation, and on the way propounded to his companion the following text: "No champagne, pension; champagne, no pension." There was champagne, and the host lost his pension. It was the dearest bottle of wine on record, for it cost the purchaser £100 a year.—London News.

A Hint.

A little man at the theater, vainly trying to catch a glimpse over the shoulders of a big man in front of him, at length touches him on the shoulder. Big Man (turning around)—"Can't you see anything?" Little Man (pathetically)—"Can't see a streak of the stage." Big Man (sarcastically)—"Why, then, I'll tell you what to do. Keep your eye on me and laugh when I do."—Nuggets.

MISSING LINKS.

Twelve tons of cucumbers were shipped from West Baldwin, Me., in two days recently.

Out of 250,000 men who joined the Russian army last year, more than 200,000 were unable to read or write.

Rice should in reality only be thrown by married ladies at a wedding, as it signifies a welcome for the new recruit to their ranks.

There are now more than 200 Germans who have settled at Missler, Ga., and who are making a great success of the cultivation of small farms.

When Governor Bradley of Kentucky is out of the state on private business he pays out of his own pocket the salary of the acting governor.

It has been proposed by citizens of Portland, Ore., to build a bicycle path from that city to the base of Mount Hood, a distance of fifty-four miles.

Immense damage has been caused by the floods in India. Six thousand persons are homeless, and thousands of acres of crops have been destroyed.

Borchgrevink, the Antarctic explorer, has just got married to a young woman in England and has put aside his plans for reaching the south pole for a time.

Three young Hungarian countesses, daughters of Count Basquez of Budapest, age fifteen, sixteen and seventeen, are fitting themselves for the variety stage.

Since the beginning of this century the use of the Italian language has greatly increased. In 1801 it was spoken by 15,970,000 people, and in 1890 it was caed by 33,100,000.

A Bird that Shaves Itself.

San Francisco Examiner. The lammergeyer, or bearded vulture, found throughout the whole mountain chains of the Old World, actually shaves himself. The expert barber who has for his customers crusty millionaires could not ply the keen-edged instrument to the stubby beard of his particular patron more deftly than the monarch of the mountain tops prunes his own bristly beard. The head of the vulture is clothed with feathers, and from the sides of the under mandible proceeds a row of black bristles. From this peculiar projection of feathers the bird derives its name. A layer of similar bristles begins at the eye and covers the nostrils, forming a fleecy mustache. With his strong and sharp claws which act as the razor, he trims his whiskers with great care and dexterity. He does this with great regularity and soon the downy beard and mustache give way to a full growth of bristly feathers.

A Balzac Museum.

From Gentlewoman. At Levallois-Perret, very near Paris, there is a museum formed of souvenirs taken from Balzac's home, destroyed some years ago. It is with great difficulty one obtains permission to visit this museum; but once there, an archaeological student finds much of interest. Among other treasures are superb carvings, which were once ornaments above doors and window pieces. One of these represents a man holding his head on his right hand; above are engraved in stone the words, "Plus Despair." No one knows to whom the collection belongs, nor the reason for so much mystery.

That Joyful Feeling.

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

The important announcement is made that in the November number of the Atlantic Monthly will appear the first of a series of exceedingly interesting reminiscences covering the last fifty years of the life of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, under the apt title of "Cheerful Yesterdays." Col. Higginson's career as a writer, soldier, public servant and man of letters covers the last half century, and there is hardly a man or a movement of that time that he has not come into intimate relations with. These autobiographical papers, in a cheerful tone, really cover much of the most important history of this long period.

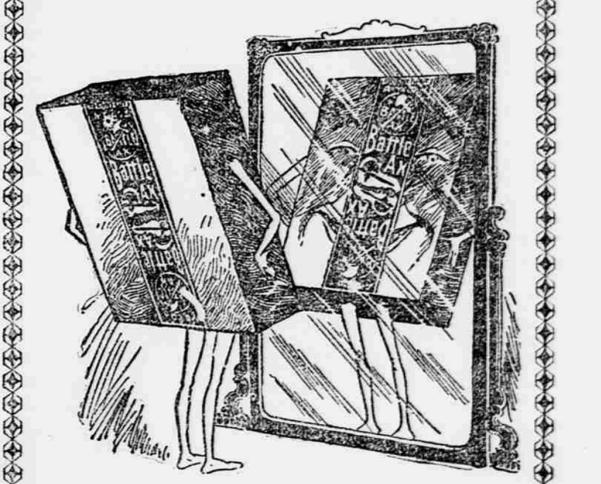
We will forfeit \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. The Piso Co., Warren, Pa.

The Festive Fly.

Flies are despised, but if everyone was as persistent and as hard to discourage as a fly more people would succeed. When a fly gets after a person it never knows when to stop. It may be scraped off fifty times, but it immediately comes back again and lights in about the same place. All efforts to kill a fly usually result only in personal injury. The Bible holds Job up as an example of patience, but we bet there were no flies in his time.—Atechison Globe.

Casarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Doubted His Soundness. "How do you like the new preacher?" "There's some of us that don't like him. We believe he's a gold bug." "Has he been preaching politics?" "Mighty near it. His first sermon was from the text, 'Whatsoever, therefore, ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them,' and blame it, everybody knows that's the golden rule!"



"I am Bigger than the Biggest; Better than the Best!"

Battle Ax PLUG

What a chewer wants first is a good tobacco; then he thinks about the size of the plug. He finds both goodness and bigness in "Battle Ax." He finds a 5 cent piece almost as large as a 10 cent piece of other high grade brands. No wonder millions chew "Battle Ax."

Mrs. H. Sheppard, Room 24 Edling Block, Omaha, Neb., writes: "I have had constipation for a long time and I also had a bad case of internal hemorrhoids (piles) from which I suffered untold pain. Your Dr. Kay's Renovator has entirely cured me." Sold by druggists at 25 cts. and \$1. See advt.

Better be a lamp in the house than try to be a star in the sky.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 35c.

Do what you can do well and you will soon be able to do much better.

Sound Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

IT PREVENTS FEVERS

There is no medicine known that is worthy to be compared with DR. KAY'S RENOVATOR. It is so safe and yet very efficient, that it is the best family medicine known. It always does good, as it restores to natural healthy action all of the internal organs. It is the very best nerve tonic known. It increases the appetite, promotes digestion, averts fevers, cures dyspepsia, liver and kidney diseases, etc.

Dr. Kay's Renovator

Strikes at the Root of the Matter and cures when all others fail. Send for circular. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25c., or 5 for \$1 to any address. DR. B. J. KAY MEDICAL CO., OMAHA, NEB.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm

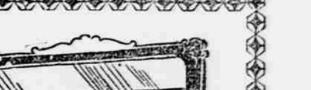
For coughs, colds, and throat diseases.

SOUTH MISSOURI, WEST

The best fruit section in the West. No drouths. A failure of crops never known. Abundance of good pure water. For Maps and Circulars giving full description of the Rich Mineral, Fruit and Agricultural Lands in South West Missouri, write to JOHN M. FURDY, Manager of the Missouri Land and Live Stock Company, Neosho, Newton Co., Missouri.

AVOID BUCKET SHOPS!

TRADE WITH A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. E. S. MURRAY & CO., BANKERS AND BROKERS, 122, 123 and 124 Biusto Building, Chicago, Ill. Members of the Chicago Board of Trade in good standing, who will furnish you with their latest book on statistics and reliable information regarding the market. Write for it and their Daily Market Letter, both FREE. References: AM EX. NATIONAL BANK, CHICAGO.



1,200 BU. CRIB, \$9.50. R. H. BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Iowa.