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THE LORD BEARETH THEM

PHILOSOPHY OF THE ATONEMENT AND ITS ETERNAL NECESSITY.

As the Ambulance Is for the Wounded and the Hospital for the Sick, So the Gospel Is for All the Sinful, That Is for All Mankind.

BROOKLYN, June 28.—Dr. Talmage's sermon today is of so decidedly evangelical a character as to prove conclusively that while so many eminent preachers of the day are drifting away from the old fashioned Gospel he remains firm in the paths of orthodoxy. His subject is "Astray, but Recovered," and his text, Isaiah liii, 6: "All we like sheep have gone astray: * * * and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

Within ninety years at the longest all who hear or read this sermon will be in eternity. During the next fifty years you will nearly all be gone. The next ten years will cut a wide swath among the people. The year 1891 will to some be the finality. Such considerations make this occasion absorbing and momentous. The first half of my text is an indictment. "All we like sheep have gone astray." Some one says, "Can you not drop the first word? that is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house, and he says: "There is a blasphemer, and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defrauder, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person and he has gone astray."

Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit sweeps the circuit of the room and comes back to the point where it started, when it says: "All we like sheep have gone astray." I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out, "Oh! my sins, my sins," and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the east, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

FOR FRIGHT OR FOR WANTONNESS.

I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says, "All we like sheep have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways; either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us got astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of distant streams, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed.

We wanted other pasturage than that which God through Jesus Christ gave our soul, and we wandered on and we wandered on, and we were lost. We wanted bread, and we found garbage. The further we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the worldly groups when you lost your child? Did they come around and console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associations? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you, perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life?

There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints immortal reign, bright, bright as day.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him. The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried, "Wake up! wake up!"

So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and successes. Poor pasturage for your soul you found in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his hay; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood bought and immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man." It is only a man gone overboard in sin. It is only a man gone overboard in business life.

THE VALUE OF ONE MAN'S SOUL.

What is a man? The battle ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man? No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Substantial comfort will not grow
On nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God, that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. O man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God.

Standing amid the foundering of your earthly fortunes, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God this morning your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry, "God have mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul and at times you have heard it thunder, "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

When Sebastopol was being bombarded two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress; and some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble. The cannonade and the conflagration, the multiplication of your sorrows and troubles, I think, must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

"THE INIQUITY OF US ALL."

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harps with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth, and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "him." Him of the manger, him of the bloody sweat, him of the resurrection throne, him of the crucifixion agony. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

"Oh," says some man, "that is not generous, that is not fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I walking down the street, both hale, hearty and well, I ask you to carry me, you say, and say rightly, "Walk on your feet!" But suppose you and I were in a regiment, and I was wounded in the battle, and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades saying, "Come and help, this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital;" and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything mean in your doing that? Would there be anything bemeaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh, no! You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does.

If we could pay our debts then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt; cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabers of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell, of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God.

Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of his fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon his knee, and then with a dead lift he raises us to honor and glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will no man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Apennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other—how much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime. Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights. I have come to bear your burdens and to pardon your sins and to pay your debts. Put them on my shoulder. Put them on my heart." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

FROM GOD'S LAW THERE IS NO ESCAPE.

Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamer and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man in the gallery who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings, I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before men; but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land, I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits—the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections. And I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart, and I know by experience that what you say this morning is true. 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Yonder is a man who would say: "I was the worst drunkard in New York; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself. I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God until one day I got a letter saying:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND—I have tried every way, done everything, and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken hearted; I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that he has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' From your loving wife, MARY.

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door and they were singing:

All may come, whoever will,
This Man receives poor sinners still.

"And I dropped right there where I was, and I said, 'God have mercy,' and he had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day you proclaim, 'On him the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all.'"

THE WORST OUTCAST MAY COME.

Yonder is a woman who would say: "I wandered off from my father's house; I heard the storm that pelts on a lost soul; my feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me and he said: 'Poor thing, go home; your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing!' And, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out; I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of him of whom it is said 'the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'"

There is a young man who would say "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position, a good commercial position, but one night at the theater I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said, 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean if you will come to the meeting tonight I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.'

"I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest and went to the door of the church, and the young man met me, and we went in; and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father I sobbed right out, and they were all around so kind and sympathetic that I just there gave my heart to God, and I know this morning that what you say is true; I believe it in my own experience. 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Oh! my brother, without stopping to look as to whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand, let me give you one warm, brotherly, Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of him on whom the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation this morning to all who are bound, pardon for all sin and eternal life for all the dead.

HE IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Some one comes here this morning, and I stand aside. He comes up these steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place he spreads abroad his hands and they were nailed. You see his feet, they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you his wounded heart. I say, "Art thou weary?" "Yes," he says, "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence comest thou?" He says, "I come from Calvary." I say, "Who comes with thee?" He says, "No one. I have trodden the winepress alone!" I say, "Why comest thou here?" "Oh!" he says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people."

And he kneels and he says, "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And conscious of my own sins, first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say, "Canst thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says, "Yea, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and put them on Christ's shoulders and I say, "Canst thou bear any more?" He says, "Yea, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ and I say, "Canst thou bear more?" He says, "Yea, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly and I put them on the shoulders of the Son of God and I say, "Canst thou bear them?" "Yea," he says, "more!"

But he is departing. Clear the way for him, the Son of God. Open the door and let him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abysm, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let him take away your sins today, or do you say, "I will take charge of them myself, I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own account?" A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath, "Before next Saturday night one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him, "I don't believe it; I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said, "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh, no," the other replied, "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last.

Today the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "Whosoever will, let him come." Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever. In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated among us during a service was a man who came in and said, "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night. I said, "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the Gospel; while another sitting under the gallery on Friday night said, "My opportunity is gone; last week I might have been saved, not now; the door is shut." And another from the very midst of the meeting, during the week, rushed out of the front door of the Tabernacle, saying, "I am a lost man." "Behold! the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that—the judgment!"

Rebuking Pomposity.

Dr. Barrowby was canvassing for the post of one of the physicians to Bartholomew's hospital. With a view to obtaining the vote of a certain influential grocer he called upon him and found him bursting with importance as he strutted up and down his shop. With a mixture of insolent patronage and insulting familiarity he slowly approached the doctor and said, "Well, my friend, what is your business?"

Barrowby paused, looked him straight in the face, and said, "I want a pound of plums."

Greatly confused, the grocer put up the plums, whereupon the doctor put them in his pocket and marched off without asking him for his vote.—London Tit-Bits.

The grade of the Brooklyn bridge roadway is 3¼ feet per 100 feet of length.

TRENTON'S ESCAPED BEAR.

Kitty Hill Has Been Dodging Bullets in Parts of Jersey for Two Years.

There is a bear in New Jersey that lives a charmed life. She mingles more or less with civilization, but yet is her own mistress. This is the bear that created much havoc in Somerset, Mercer, Hunterdon and Burlington counties, and seems to be bullet proof and trap wise. She is now giving the farmers of the upper part of Mercer county a lively existence.

She is the same bear that escaped two summers ago from the Trenton city park under sensational circumstances. She was then a cub, purchased for the park in the Pocono mountains by Councilman Edmund C. Hill, who started the little zoological garden which delights the children of Trenton. When the bear arrived at the Clinton street station by express the box was roughly tumbled from the car and fell apart.

The cub showed her teeth, and at once got the right of way. She dashed across the lawn, and finding an opening in the fence, entered the yard of the hotel near the depot. She proceeded through the kitchen and wandered into the barroom, which was at the time filled. The presence of the cub cleaned out the barroom.

The cub followed to the street, but met with a reception of flying brick, and then she took refuge in the Mercer cemetery opposite the station, where she held the fort against several hundred excited men and boys, and was finally lassoed by a colored man. The bear pit at the park was not yet ready for the cub's reception, so she was locked up in the barn, and the newspapers, out of admiration for the precociousness of the cub, called it Kitty Hill, after Councilman Hill, of the park committee.

Two days of confinement wore Kitty's temper, and one day Kitty unlatched the barn door and walked out. She reached the canal that winds its way in front of the park and jumped in. The park guards gave a lively chase, and Kitty saved her bacon by swimming from one side of the canal to the other until she distanced them; then she took to the woods. Since then she has been a veritable tourist, and has managed to keep out of the range of bullets and clubs and lived on the fat of the land.

She has disturbed the suburban quietness of many places, but defied all the ingenious plans of men to capture her. Her appearance in Mercer county, only a few miles from the park, is a matter of surprise. Those who have seen her say that she is large and fat. She is now in the great Bear swamp, five miles above Trenton, where she is safe unless hunger causes her to wander.—Philadelphia Press.

A Dramatic Incident.

The slave dealers extend their activity even to the very doors of Biskra, the headquarters of the order of the Warrior Monks of the Sahara, and one of the most dramatic features of the ceremony of the consecration of the monks was when Cardinal Lavigerie led to the altar a little brown girl, barely nine years old, who had succeeded in concealing herself and in effecting her escape from a slave caravan passing through the desert a few miles to the south of Biskra. A sudden movement of the child caused her to drop something that she was holding concealed beneath the folds of her djebba. The venerable prelate bent down and raised it from the ground.

It was a small, dusky hand—the hand of the little girl who stood beside him, and which in sheer wanton cruelty had been cut off by her captors. Holding it aloft, and pointing it southward toward the great Sahara, while with his own hand he raised the child's arm, so that all present could see the mangled stump, the cardinal exclaimed, in tones which seemed to ring forth as a clarion: "I would to God that all Europe could see this little hand! May it serve to direct your line of march. En avant for God, for France and for humanity!"—Harper's Weekly.

Great Britain's Postoffice Savings Bank.

The postoffice savings bank system in Great Britain was inaugurated on Sept. 16, 1861, by the opening in England and Wales of 801 postal savings offices. The system was extended to Ireland and Scotland one year later. These have been the means of inducing many poor people to open accounts. Deposits of one shilling and upward are received, subject to limits of £30 in one year and £150 in all, exclusive of interest, at the rate of £2 10s. (2 1-2 per cent.) per annum. Pennies may be saved by the use of postage stamp savings slips, which, when they bear twelve stamps, are accepted by the postoffice as a shilling deposit. The total number of accounts opened at the end of 1890 was 4,507,809, and the amount then standing to the credit of the depositors, including interest, was just short of £63,000,000. The increase of deposits in 1890 over the previous year was £4,443,226.—New York Recorder.

A Terrible Fellow.

Penelope (proudly)—I want to marry a man who will be my master.

Dickey—Weally, I think I am just the one, my deah, in fact I know it. You weally ought to see me manage my valet. I am actually bwutal to the poor fellah, don't you know.—Munsey's Weekly.

In the Midst of the Fight.

Mrs. S.—They say a man never marries his first love.

Her Hubby—He can't. It would be polygamy.—Life.

Hans Gives Money Now.

I have the jolliest German butcher, and he has a heart as big as an ox's. But he cannot for the life of him help keeping an eye on the main chance.

Standing in his shop one day not long ago I saw a Sister of Charity, accompanied by the usual charity girl, come to the door and look mutely in.

Hans said not a word, but putting his hand in the cash drawer he drew out a piece of money and gave it to her. She thanked him and moved away.

"Hullo!" said I, "I thought that you always gave meat to the sisters."

"Oh he, oh haw!" laughed Hans in his jolly way. "So I yoost did so, mein freund, but I done so not no more. It ist sheaper to give money now, ton'd you see? Das meat vas vat you kell high—zo."

And the way that Hans winked was enough to give Faith, Hope and Charity three stitches in their sides if they had been present.—New York Herald.

A Smart Child.

"My little niece," said a doting aunt, "begins to talk quite plainly; she can say 'Raddle Daddle,' 'Nantie,' 'boy,' and other words, though she is only ten months old."

"That is young to talk so well," observed a fond mamma patronizingly; "but when my little Jack was seven months old he walked as firmly as any child of two years; at eight months he went anywhere in the house by himself, and at nine months he bought himself a hat. I took him to the front door and gave him his directions. He walked straight to the store, went in and said 'Robinson, hat.' The hat was fitted on him, he handed Mr. Robinson the bill I had given him and waited for the change. Mr. Robinson was so struck by his intelligence that he brought the child back to me and asked me what professional career I had destined him for."—Kate Field's Washington.

Virgil Lane, one of the workmen on B. G. Howe's new block on the Avenue, was killed there at half-past four o'clock last Thursday afternoon. He was on top of the frame passing from one of the truss beams to another, over a three-inch plank nine inches wide. The plank was cross grained, broke under the weight and let Mr Lane fall 32 feet to the seccond floor from the ground, where he struck on his head, breaking his neck. He was

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.—I had been troubled since 1865 with Gravel and Catarrh of the Bladder. Tried several doctors, but got no relief. Finally, at the advice of E. D. W. Parsons, I was prevailed upon to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. The result was marvelous. After using a few bottles, was entirely cured. S. N. Arnold, No. 563 Plymouth avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Smith (to the nurse): "Rosa, you must really take better care of the children. Here you have gone and let poor little Arthur bite his tongue again."

ALL SORTS.

There never was a woman so plain that she preferred to look at the back rather than the front of a mirror.

PILES! PILES ITCHING PILES.—Symptoms: Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cts. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

What was that noise I heard in the parlor last night, Maria? It was William breaking his engagement.

Every bottle os Arnica & oil Liniment sold is warrnted by the proprietors to give satisfaction or money will be refunded.

The man who knows it all wouldn't be such a bad fellow if he only kept it to himself.

A FORTUNATE MAN.—I had severe attacks of kidney disease. My stomach also troubled me very much. I was prevailed upon to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. After using five or six bottles, I was cured. I consider it an invaluable remedy for Kidney Disease, Stomach trouble, and all diseases of the blood.—John Vandersiace, No. 1 Gregory St., Rochester, N. Y.

Achilles was one of the first men to appreciate the disadvantage of not being well heeled.

I have been a great sufferer from dry catarr for many years, and I tried many remedies but none did me so much benefit as Ely's Cream Balm. It completely cured me. M. J. Lally, 39 Woodward Ave., Boston Highlands, Mass.

After using Ely's Cream Balm two months I was surprised to find that the right nostril, which was closed for over twenty years, was open and free as the other, and can use it now as I could not do for many years. I feel very thankful.—R. H. Cressengham, 275 18th St., Brooklin.

Enterprise can hardly go farther than this effort of a grocer: Fresh eggs warm from the hen.

Cæsar's famous "Veni, vidi, vici,"—I came, I saw, I conquered—might be an appropriate motto for Ayer's Sarsaparilla. We charge nothing for the suggestion. This great blood-purifier conquers wherever it comes, and is now absolutely without equal in the world.

The world never sits down twice on a man who has any point about him.

Remarked by R. C. Joiner of Allen P. O., Hillsdale Co., Mich.: "Nothing gave my rheumatism such quick relief as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—believe it infallible for rheumatics."

Lyndon Savings Bank,
LYNDONVILLE, VT.
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PENSIONS.

Obtained for all soldiers that are in any way disabled; widows and orphans are now entitled to pensions as also dependent parents. Comrades, employ an attorney at home and you will have to pay nothing unless you are allowed your claim, and then only what the commissioner allows your attorney.

FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has taught me that many claims are rejected for want of evidence that your attorney at home could have procured.

REJECTED CLAIMS

a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Enclose stamp for reply and your correspondence will be promptly attended to.

PERRY PORTER,
PENSION ATTORNEY,
WEST BURKE VT.
BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Notice to Tax Payers.

The Tax Payers of the town of Barton are hereby notified that the Town, State, State School, and Highway Tax Bills for 1891 have been delivered to me for collection, under the provisions of sections 328 to 388 inclusive of the revised statutes of this State. And said tax payers are requested to pay their several taxes on or before 90 days from the date hereof. By so doing they will be entitled to a deduction of 4 per cent. of all taxes thus paid. Taxes remaining unpaid after the expiration of said 90 days, will be delivered over to the Collector of said town of Barton, to be by him forthwith collected by process of law.
JAMES BUSWELL, Town Treas.
Barton, Vt., June 15th 1891

James Simonds' Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, ORLEANS DISTRICT, ss. In Probate Court held at Barton Landing, in said District, on the 9th day of June, A. D. 1891.

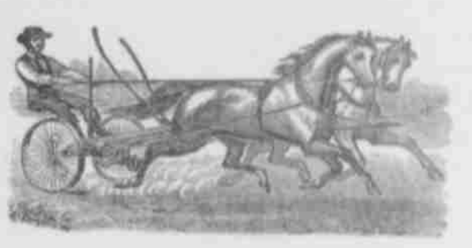
C. P. Owen, Administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of James Simonds, late of Glover in said District deceased, makes application for license to sell the real estate of said deceased, described as follows, to wit:

All the real estate of which the said James Simonds, died seized and possessed, situate witain the state of Vermont, representing that a sale thereof will be beneficial to all persons interested in said estate:

Whereupon it is ordered by said Court that said application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the Probate Office in Barton Landing, on the 30th day of June A.D. 1891, for hearing and decision thereon: and it is further ordered that notice hereof be given to all persons interested by publication of the same three weeks successively in the Monitor a newspaper published at Barton, previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time and place and show cause, if any they may have, why said license should not be granted.
By the Court—Attest,
24-26 O. H. AUSTIN, Judge.

SPURR'S CHEW
PLUG TOBACCO
BRIGHT & RED DARK
SOLD·EVERYWHERE·
HOWARD W. SPURR & Co
BOSTON

BUCKEYE MOWING MACHINE!



FOR SALE AT
DEPOT STORE
BY
D. W. BROWN.

This machine needs no recommend, as it will sell on its own merits.

D. W. BROWN, - - BARTON, VT.

Girls who use SAPOLIO are QUICKLY MARRIED

SAPOLIO is one of the best known city luxuries and each time a cake is used an hour is saved. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. If your store-keeper does not keep it you should insist upon his doing so, as it always gives satisfaction and its immense sale all over the United States makes it an almost necessary article to any well supplied store. Everything shines after its use, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS **PENNYROYAL PILLS** DIAMOND BRAND
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. **Ladies,** ask Druggist for *Chichester's English Diamond Brand* in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. **Take no other kind.** *Refuse Substitutions and Imitations.* All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are **dangerous counterfeits.** At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. **10,000** Testimonials. *Name Paper.* CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Sold by all Local Druggists.

THE "EQUITABLE" IS

THE PLACE TO BUY,

FOR CASH,

Your Groceries,
Your Flour,
Your Domestics,
Your Dress Goods,
Your Clothing,
Your Boots & Shoes,
Your Crockery,
Your Wall Paper,
Your Curtains,
Your Hardware.

We CAN sell cheap for cash.

We WILL sell cheap for cash.

Butter bought Monday and Tuesday until noon of each week.

Randall & Crane.
Greensboro, Vt., Apr. 6, 1891.

Notice to Tax Payers.

The Tax Payers of the Village of Barton are hereby notified that the tax Bills for 1891 of the Incorporated Village and school District No. 1 have been delivered to me for collection, under the provisions of Secs. 382 to 388 inclusive of the Revised Laws of this State. And said tax payers are requested to pay their several taxes on or before 90 days from the date hereof. By so doing they will be entitled to a deduction of 4 per cent. of all taxes thus paid. Taxes remaining unpaid after the expiration of said 90 days will be delivered over to the Collector of said Village and School District, to be by him forthwith collected by process of law.

The 90 days expire on the 17th day of September, 1891.
H. C. PIERCE, Village and School Treas.
Barton, Vt., June 19, 1891.

Lucia A. Perry's Will.

STATE OF VERMONT, ORLEANS DISTRICT, ss. In Probate Court, held at Barton, in and for said District, on the 8th day of June, A. D. 1891.

An instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Lucia A. Perry late of Barton, in said district, deceased, being presented to Court by E. F Dutton, the executor named therein, for Probate:

It is ordered by said Court, that all persons concerned therein be notified to appear at a session of said Court to be held at the office of F. W. Baldwin, in Barton on the 13th day of July, A. D. 1891, and show cause, if any they may have, against the Probate of said will: For which purpose it is further ordered, that a copy of the record of this order be published three weeks successively in the Monitor, printed at Barton, previous to said time appointed for hearing.
By the Court—Attest,
24-26 O. H. AUSTIN, Judge.

PATENTS

Obtained, and all *PATENT BUSINESS* attended to for *MODERATE FEES.* Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from *WASHINGTON.* Send *MODEL, DRAWING* or *PHOTO* of invention. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make *NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.*
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Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Citizens Savings Bank & Trust Co.
TELLS HOW TO GET RICH.

"Take care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves."

Save your earnings and make your deposits regularly every month and 10 cents saved every day and put into the

Citizens Savings Bank & Trust Co.
Of St. Johnsbury

with interest at 4 per cent. compounded semi-annually amounts in

1 year to	$37.26
5 years to	201.92
10 "	447.88
20 "	1119.38

We guarantee 4 per cent. to depositors, and should any loss occur, it does not fall upon the depositor but upon the stockholders the same as with National Banks.

All deposits will receive prompt attention, and money may be sent to us in a registered letter or by draft payable to the Citizens Savings Bank and Trust Co.
JOHN T. RITCHIE Treasurer.
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

DOM PEDRO or OLD VINCENT.

This well-known horse was sired by the Shedd Horse, he by Vermont Morgan Champion, he by Old Sherman, by Old Justin Morgan. His dam was a Farrington mare sired by the Wilson Horse, and he by Norton's Morgan and grand-dam of old Farrington mare. Dam of the old Shedd Horse was a Morgan mare known as the Gross mare.

The horse stands 15½ hands high and weighs 1150 pounds; his coloring, mahogany bay; his style and action are good. He was foaled June 15, 1867, but is still a very sure foal getter. His colts are first-class, handsome and speedy, some of them selling as high as $300 when grown. They are kind, not skittish, and full of life and spirit. The Horse is a great roadster, having frequently made 15 miles an hour on ordinary roads. Good judges have said that "Old Vincent" could show a 2:40 gait to wagon.

The horse will be kept at my stables at the DAY POND HOUSE, IN GLOVER, during the present season.

I have recorded the pedigree of this horse as required by Act 103 of the Session Laws of Vermont, 1888, and shall take advantage of the said act relative to liens on colts. TERMS TO WARRANT, $5.
W. E. SHERBURNE.
Glover, Vt., Apr. 1, 1891. 14-38

SALESMEN
WANTED

To canvass for sale of Nursery Stock. Steady Employment Guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Outfit Free.
15-27 F. W. CHASE, Augusta, Maine

Coach Boy.

Foaled in the spring of 1882; is a rich dapple chestnut, perfect form and action, stands 16 hands high and weighs 1400 pounds. Sire, the imported English cart horse "Chestnut Tom" formerly owned by Harrison House, of Griffin's Corner, P. Q., has since been sold for large sum and taken to the West; a breed combining size, beauty, action and endurance. Dam, a strong, well bred Morgan mare, noted for her beauty and fine road qualities.

His colts are large, well-formed, of good courage and promise well.

I have registered the above stallion as required by law in Act 103 of the Acts of the Legislature of Vermont, 1888, and do hereby declare my intention to take advantage of the provisions of said Act relating to liens upon colts.

Coach Boy will be at Lowell, Tuesdays; at Irasburgh, Mondays from 12 m. to 1:30 p. m.; at Barton village, Saturdays; the remainder of the time at my stables, three miles East of the village.

TERMS, TO WARRANT, $10.

Bills payable when mares foal. Mares kept at lowest price. Every care taken to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liabilities taken whatever. For further particulars address or call on
Barton, May 25. PETER LAPETE