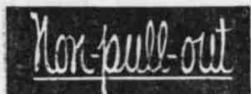


What is this



anyhow

It is the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled from the watch. To be had only with Jas. Boss Filled and other watch cases stamped with this trade mark.

Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

AT THE TABERNACLE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES AN ELUQUENT ANNIVERSARY SERMON.

A Discourse Appropriate to the Generations Past, Present and Those to Come. The Distinguished Pastor Announces the Scope of His Coming Vacation.

BROOKLYN, May 6.—This was a great day in the history of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The figures in flowers back of the platform, 1850 and 1894, indicated Rev. Dr. Talmage's time of coming to Brooklyn and the present celebration, and were introductory to the great meetings in honor of Dr. Talmage's pastorate to take place on the following Thursday and Friday, presided over by the mayor of the city and Ex-Secretary of the Navy General Tracy, and to be participated in by senators and governors and prominent men from north, south, east and west.

The largest procession that ever moved in the procession of years, and the greatest army that ever marched is the army of generations. In each generation there are about nine full regiments of days. These 9,125 days in each generation march with wonderful precision. They never break ranks. They never ground arms. They never pivot tents. They never halt. They are never off on furlough. They came out of the eternity past, and they are going toward the eternity future. They cross rivers without any bridge or boat. The 600 immortals of the Crimea dashed into their cause no confusion. They move as rapidly as midnight as at midnoon. Their haversacks are full of good bread and pickles, and clusters of richest vintage and bottles of agonizing tears. With a regular tread that no order of "double quick" can hasten, or obstacle can slacken, their tramp is on and on and on and on while mountains crumble and rivers flow and the generation passeth away, and another generation cometh.

According to the longevity of people in their particular century has a generation been called 100 years, or 50 years, or 30 years. By common consent in our nineteenth century a generation is fixed at 25 years.

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An Anniversary. This is my twenty-fifth anniversary sermon, 1869 and 1894. It is 25 years since I assumed the Brooklyn pastorate. A whole generation has passed. Three generations we have known—that which preceded our own, that which is now at the front and the one coming on. We are at the heels of our predecessors, and our successors are at our heels. What a generation it was that preceded us! We who are now in the front are the only ones competent to tell the new generation just now coming in sight who our predecessors were. Biography cannot tell it. Autobiographies cannot tell it. Biographies are generally written by special agents who have departed, perhaps by wife or son or daughter, and they only tell the good things. The biographers of one of the first presidents of the United States make no record of the president's secret books, now in the archives at the capital, which I have seen, telling how much he lost and gained daily at the gaming table. The biographers of one of the early secretaries of the United States never described the scene that day witnessed when the secretary was carried drunk from the state apartments to his own home. The biographer of Lincoln tells us that he was a man of no words, and no one would record for future times his own weakness and moral deficits. Those who keep diaries put down only things that read well. No man or woman that ever lived would dare make full record of all the things that are words of a lifetime. We who saw and heard much of the generation marching just ahead of us are far more able than any book to describe accurately to our successors who our predecessors were. Very much like ourselves, thank you. I have nature in them very much like human nature in us. At our time of life they were very much like we now are. At the time they were in their teens they were very much like you who are in your teens, and at the time they were in their twenties they were very much like you who are in your twenties. Human nature got an awful twist under a fruit tree in Eden, and through the grace of God does much to straighten things every new generation has the same twist, and the same work of straightening out has to be done over again.

A Glance at History. Another in the country districts expecting the neighbors at her table on some gala night had with her own hands arranged everything in taste, and as she was about to turn from it to receive her guests saw her little child by accident upset a plecter all over the white cloth and soil everything, and the mother lifted her hand to slap the child, but she suddenly remembered the time when a little child herself, in her father's house, where they had always before been used to candles, on the purchase of a lamp, which was a matter of pride and joy, she took it in her hands and dropped it, crashing into pieces, and looking up in her father's face, expecting chastisement, heard only the words "It is a sad loss, but never mind. You did not mean to do it." History repeats itself. Generations wonderfully alike. Among that generation that is past, as in our own and as it will be in the generation following us, those who succeeded became the targets shot at by those who did not succeed. In those times, as in ours, a man's bitterest enemies were those whom he had befriended and helped. Hates, jealousies and revenges were just as lively in 1849 as in 1894. Hypocrisy smiled and looked solemn then as now. There was just as much aversion among the apple barrels as now among the cotton bales, and among the wheelbarrows as among the locomotives. The tallow candles saw the same things that are now found under the electric lights. Homespun was just as proud as is the modern fancy plaid. Twenty-five years—yes, 25 centuries—have not changed human nature a particle. I saw this for the

encouragement of those who think that our times monopolize all the abominations of the ages. One minute after Adam got outside of paradise he was just like you, O man! One step after Eve left the gate she was just like all the females. All the faults and vices are many times centenarians. Yes, the cities Sodom, Gomorrah, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Heliopolis and ancient Memphis were as much worse than our modern cities as you might expect from the fact that the modern cities have some what yielded to the restraints of Christianity, while those ancient cities were not limited in their abominations.

Born at the Right Time. Yes, that generation which passed off within the last 25 years had their bereavements, their temptations, their struggles, their disappointments, their successes, their failures, their gladness and their griefs, like these two generations now in sight, that in advance and that following. But the 25 years between 1869 and 1894—how much they saw! How much they did! Within that time have been performed the miracles of the telephone and the phonograph. From the observatory other worlds have been seen to have in sight. Six presidents of the United States have been inaugurated in this city. The Chicago and New York, once three days apart, now only 24 hours by the vestibule limited. Two additional railroads have been built to the Pacific. France has passed from monarchy to republic ever by the mayor of the city and Ex-Secretary of the Navy General Tracy, and to be participated in by senators and governors and prominent men from north, south, east and west. The subject of the sermon today was "The Generations," the last being Ecclesiastes, the first generation passeth away, and another generation cometh.

There are not 10 men or women on this earth so prominent as the generation now 25 years ago. The crew of this old ship of a world is all changed. Others at the helm, others on the "lookout," others climbing the rigging. Time is a doctor who with potent medicine has put an entire generation in the hospital. Time, like another Prometheus, has roughly prodded parliament and with iconoclasm driven nearly all the rulers except one queen from their high places. So far as I observed that generation, for the most part they did their duty. Gladly exceptions, but so far as I knew them they did quite well, and many of them gloriously well. They were born at the right time, and they died at the right time. They left the world better than they found it. We are indebted to the way for our coming. Eighteen hundred and ninety-four reverently and gratefully salutes 1869. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

An Anthem. There are fathers and mothers here whom I baptized in their infancy. There is not one person in this church's board of session or trustees who was here when I came here. Here and there in this vast assembly is one person who heard my opening sermon in Brooklyn, but not more than one person in every 500 now present. Of the persons who gave me a unanimous call with me I came only three, I believe, are living. With this sermon is not a dirge. It is an anthem. While this world is appropriate as a temporary stay, as an eternal residence it would be a dead failure. It would be a dreary sentence if our race were doomed to remain here 1,000 winters and 1,000 summers. God keeps us here, not long enough to give us an appetite for heaven. Had we been born in celestial realms we would not have been able to appreciate this world. It is a good many rough blasts in this world to qualify us to properly estimate the superb climate of that good land where it is never too cold or too hot, too cloudy or too glaring. Heaven will be more to us than to those who never saw it, never tempted or sick or bereaved or tried or disappointed. So you may well take my text out of the minor key and set it to some tune in the major key. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

Nothing can rob us of the satisfaction that uncounted thousands of the generation just past were converted, comforted and harvested for heaven by this church, whether in the present building or the three preceding buildings in which they worshipped. The two great organs of the previous churches went down in the memorable fires, but the multitudinous songs they led year after year not recalled or injured. There is no power in earth or hell to kill the truth. It is impossible to arrest a hosanna. What a satisfaction to know that there are many thousands in glory who once eternal welfare this church wrought mightily! Nothing can undo that work. They have ascended, the multitudes who served God in that generation. This chapter is gloriously ended. But that generation has left its impression upon this generation.

A sailor was dying on shipboard, and he said to his mates: "My lads, I can only say 'If I can get any Scripture, I will take it with me.' I shall die, and that keeps ringing in my ears. 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' Can't you think of something else in the Bible to cheer me up?" Well, sailors are kind, and they tried to think of some other passage of Scripture to cheer him up. One of the crew, a young man, said: "I will give you a new motto, but they could not read it. One of them said: 'Let us call up the cabin boy. His mother was a Christian, and I guess he has a Bible.' The cabin boy was called up, and the dying sailor asked him if he had a Bible. He said: "Yes, I have. I could not exactly find it, and the dying sailor scolded him and said, 'Ain't you ashamed of yourself not to read your Bible?' So the boy explored the bottom of his trunk and brought out the Bible, and the dying man took it and said, 'This is just fitted the dying sailor's case. 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanse us from all sin.' That helped the sailor to die in peace. So one generation helps another, and good things written or said or done are reproduced long afterward.

Character in an Old Glove. It is perhaps worth noticing that a new use has been found for old gloves. All who may be smitten with a psychological mania that chronicly, capriciously, scarpulously and graphically have separately or collectively failed to satisfy have now before them a new oracle known as "manicology." All they have to do is to send a pair of old gloves—and a few postage stamps—to the manicologist, and this enterprising gentleman will send them a copy of their "prospects in life." Documents were sent in a sort of universal and yet mysterious language, with which only the manicologist is as yet acquainted.—Lady's Pictorial.

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persecution or tribulation, and I have 65 ministers of the gospel who are misrepresented that if the misrepresentation be virulent enough, and the persecution be severe enough, there is nothing that so widens one's field of usefulness as hostile attack, if you are really doing the Lord's work. The bigger the lie told about me the bigger the demand to see and hear what I really was doing. From one stage of sermonic publication to another the work has gone on until week by week and for about 25 years I have had the world for my audience as no man ever had, and today more so than at any other time. This grand information that my sermons go now to about 25,000,000 of people in all lands. I mention this not in vain boast, but as a testimony to the fact that God answers prayer. Would God I had better occupied the field and been more consecrated to the work! May God forgive me for lack of service in the past and double and quadruple my field exercise in the future.

And now I twist a garland for this departed generation. It need not be costly, perhaps just a handful of clover blossoms from the field through which they used to walk, or as many violets as you could hold enough to make a wreath, and the forerunner, plucked out of the garden where you used to walk in the cool of the day. Put these old fashioned flowers right down over the heart that never again will ache, and the feet that will never again be weary, and the ambition that forever cease to toil. Peace, father! Peace, mother! Everlasting peace! All that for the generation gone.

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LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

When the sound of creaking cordage ceases and the gangway's down, O'er its troop the folks from Sweden To a land to them unknown. Ask what place they want to go to, "Vanta-gota—Minae-tota!" Smiling girls with yellow hair, Death of red in their cheek. Blue eyes, plump and very fair, Scarlet lip, expression meek—Lord! Since Sweden's sent her quota "Vanta-gota—Minae-tota!" —Philip L. Barker in Chicago Record.

WALTZED HER AWAY.

All society was agreed upon one point—that for me there were but two suitable fiancées—my cousin Gontran, the duke de Lannis, and the Duke de Courtain. I saw him—at the ball of the De Fresnes. He did me the honor to dance three times with me, and I went home absolutely intoxicated with joy. But the joy was of short duration, for the next day he said to his brother, who told his sister, who told me: "It seems that I am to marry my cousin Marceline. Last evening I was literally thrown into her arms. Out of pure goodness of soul I took pity on the poor little schoolgirl and danced with her three times. But there must be no more of it. I have not yet had enough of life. Besides I know of nothing more ridiculous than marriage between cousins."

But that was not all. He also said to Robert, "I saw her in evening dress last night for the first time, and she is so thin." That night, after Gabriel had told me all this, I disrobed before the mirror and studied my poor little shoulders with their great hollows and had a fit of weeping. Mamma came in the middle of it. "My angel, what is it?" She took me in her arms. "But I could not speak. The tears choked me. 'My treasure, you pain me. Speak, dearest.' Then, to reassure her, I managed to say between my sobs: 'It is because I am thin, mamma! Gontran, last evening, thought I was so thin!'" Theroupan mamma began to laugh. She told me that at 17 she was much thinner than I, and she assured me very solemnly that I would certainly develop.

That winter of my first season mamma took me to a dozen great affairs, but they were occasions of mourning and sorrow, for Gontran was not there. He did not want to marry. He even told me so. I did not know then that this was by order of my mother. One day about 4 o'clock in the afternoon—it was the second day of June—mamma came into my room with a look on her face that was new to me. "My child," she said, "my child."

She had no need to say more. I understood. All the evening before at the Prince de Veaux's M. de Courtain had been with me, and the next morning his mother had told mamma that her son knew of nothing more beautiful than my face. Mamma tried to make me listen to reason. If I refused her I threw away a splendid chance. The Duke de Courtain was the mark at which all the national guns were pointed. Great name, great position, great fortune. For me, I had but one word to oppose to all these just and proper remarks—Gontran! Gontran! Gontran! the convent, and the most severe convent at that—Carmel.

M. de Courtain was perfection. I listened to his praise all the afternoon and hated him. The more he was enlarged the more I turned from him. With Gontran I could be quite at my ease, for he never imposed one with his superiority. I knew but little, but my ignorance, compared with his, was erudition. Mme de Courtain had called to ask my hand for her faithless son. I do not know what mamma said to her after my refusal. I only know that I was left for awhile in peace.

And where was Gontran through the long summer? Making a tour of the world very quietly and quite at his ease. I learned afterward that this also was mamma's doing; that when he was in Japan he had brought me a number of lovely little things, placed in a tiny case that bore my name. The case had been sent to mamma, but I had never seen it. All that year one name was sounded in my ears—Courtain, Courtain, always Courtain. He had all the virtues under heaven. My determination began to weaken, I say it to my shame. After all, what advantage there was in being a married woman! Absolute freedom would be accorded me. Then the thought of being a duchess was not displeasing. All winter mamma displayed perfect taste and exquisite sweetness. She never urged, never tormented me. I know, however, that she said to her friend, Mme de Nelly: "My dear, she will yield before the 20th of June. It must be so."

On that date we left Paris for Aix-les-Bains. And I did not continue to say no with the savage energy of last year. I only awaited Gontran's return. I knew that he would reach Paris on the 2d or 3d of April. The following day he would certainly come to see us. And so it happened. He called about 3 o'clock, before mamma had quite completed her toilet. I was alone. I ran to him. "Ah, Gontran, how happy I am to see you!" And I kissed him without ceremony. He kissed me in return, was very much affected and began to speak such gentle, kind words that my heart melted. He found me a new creature. "I was no longer thin. I had grown taller and fuller. But just then mamma came in, then papa, and then my brother George. An odious conversation regarding the merits of English and French boats followed—how the French boats made better time, how the food on them was so much finer, and so on. It was so enjoyable! It was not until three days after that we met him again, by accident, but he was no longer himself. He was icy. His good morning was icy; the shake of his hand was icy; his words icy. He was awkward and embarrassed. He quickly lost us in the crowd and reappeared no more.

I returned to throw myself once more into the arms of my mother and cry out, "Yes, I shall marry De Courtain!" How many times De Courtain! The 17th of May did I repeat the operation! It came to be a settled thing that no sooner did mamma see me dressed

than she mechanically opened her arms to receive her daughter, crying, "Yes; I will marry Courtain," and soon after, "No; I will not!" But the "I will not!" became more and more rare. M. de Courtain was a model of tact, of kindness and of resignation. He waited, always in black, always buttoned, with inexhaustible patience. Mamma was invariably engaged with Mme de Courtain.

At last the 17th of May arrived. It was tacitly understood that upon that evening I would say yes to the patient lover, and the engagement would be formally announced before all the world. I was restless all day and glad when 11 o'clock in the evening found mamma and me at the home of Mme de Veaux, who was giving a great ball. As I entered I became suddenly aware that I was the center of attraction. A line had formed itself on either side, and little ovals of surprise and admiration went deep into my heart. M. de Courtain came up to us. He wanted to ask my hand for all the waltzes, for all the quadrilles, for all the evening, for all my life. I answered: "Later on. Presently. I feel a little fatigued."

My eyes roamed listlessly over the ball room and perceived, with a start, two other eyes, fixed, settled upon me—two eyes that I knew well, but found it difficult to recognize, so big had they grown in that concentrated, wondering look. Suddenly their owner arose and turned toward me. A glance aside showed me Courtain slowly and laboriously making his way toward me from another corner. My cousin looked at the same time and saw him. Then it became a race between the two men. Gontran intrepidly cut through all the waltzers, but he reached me before Courtain. He came up to me precipitately. He caught my hand; he put his arm about me. We danced gaily, wildly, furiously. What a waltz! He said to me: "I love you; I love you! You are grace and beauty itself. There is not another woman here half so lovely! And it is I who shall marry you! Do you hear? I, and no other!" "Ah, my dear, if you had not come tonight, my engagement to M. de Courtain would have been officially announced tomorrow."

"Yes, but I have come, and I am here holding you fast. I have discovered that there is not another woman like you. I love you!" "Slower, slower, I pray you. I am falling. Everything is turning around. Stop!" "No, no; we shall not stop. If we stop, your mother will stop us, and I have more to say to you—much more. Swear that you will be my wife."

"Yes; I swear it. But enough—enough!" He held me so tightly, and his face was pressed so close to my face, his lips so close to mine, that I grew suddenly faint and slipped down into his arms. The next day our engagement was announced. The waltz had created a scandal. It was imperative.—Miss Wicket's Sentinels.

A Story Lincoln Told Grant. Chronologically the talk had come to Grant's journey east to assume general command and his first meeting with Lincoln. "Did he give you his impression of Lincoln when he returned from that interview?" I asked. "Not exactly," answered Colonel

Grant. "You see, I was with him at the time." "In Washington?" "Yes. In Washington and in the White House, with him and Lincoln." "Is it true that Lincoln quoted a story about Captain B. Sherry and the Mackerel brigade from the Orpheus C. Kerr papers to your father at that meeting?" I asked. "Very likely, though I don't remember the story that I do remember hearing him tell my father that day was about Jocko. Jocko was the commander of an army of monkeys in a monkey war, and he was always sure that if his tail was a little longer he could end the monkey war. So he kept asking the authorities of the monkey republic for more of a tail. They got other monkey tails and applied them on his. His spliced tail got too long to drag after him, and they wound it around his body. Still he wanted more, and they wound his spliced tail about his shoulders. Finally it got so heavy that it broke his back. Mr. Lincoln applied the story to the cases of generals who were always calling for more men and never did anything with them."—McCure's Magazine.

Shrubs For Shady Places. The fragrant bush honeysuckle does finely in such a place. The flowering raspberry grows in the greatest abundance wild in hollow and moderately damp places in woods. Snowberry and red Indian currant bushes do nicely in shady places; so do common privets. Most all kinds of trailing honeysuckles thrive in the shade so far as growing well is concerned; so do trailing roses like Wichuriana nitida and lucida grow in the shade. In dry, somewhat shady ravines barberry bushes, sweet fern and wild myrtle are at home, and in the better ground mahonia shrub, yellow root and evergreen euonymus should thrive. Then there are mountain laurel, wild huckleberries, blueberry and upland huckleberry bushes, maple leaved viburnum and lots of others.

Mother Have You a Baby? If so, get from your druggist to-day for 25 cents, a bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. Every baby often has distressing colic. Dr. Hand's Colic Cure gives immediate relief by removing wind from the stomach and quieting the nerves, giving restful sleep. Mother, think of the worry and anxiety this saves you. If your baby is teething, Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for 25 cents soothes and relieves all pain. Sold by all druggists. A Berlin bird fancier died lately of a peculiar form of consumption contracted in consequence of receiving into his nostrils parasites common to canary birds. A university institute of physiology and an institute designed especially for carrying on electrobiological researches have been founded at Brussels by M. Salvy, a wealthy Belgian. A granite fountain is to be erected in front of Cooper Union, New York city, the gift of Mrs. Marie Guise Newcomb, the artist, who raised the necessary money by selling one of her works.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists. TO HORSE OWNERS. For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or overworked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists. D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

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On that date we left Paris for Aix-les-Bains. And I did not continue to say no with the savage energy of last year. I only awaited Gontran's return. I knew that he would reach Paris on the 2d or 3d of April. The following day he would certainly come to see us. And so it happened. He called about 3 o'clock, before mamma had quite completed her toilet. I was alone. I ran to him. "Ah, Gontran, how happy I am to see you!" And I kissed him without ceremony. He kissed me in return, was very much affected and began to speak such gentle, kind words that my heart melted. He found me a new creature. "I was no longer thin. I had grown taller and fuller. But just then mamma came in, then papa, and then my brother George. An odious conversation regarding the merits of English and French boats followed—how the French boats made better time, how the food on them was so much finer, and so on. It was so enjoyable! It was not until three days after that we met him again, by accident, but he was no longer himself. He was icy. His good morning was icy; the shake of his hand was icy; his words icy. He was awkward and embarrassed. He quickly lost us in the crowd and reappeared no more.

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