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The one time in a man's life when he wants the earth is when he falls overboard in mid-ocean. —Philadelphia Record.

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with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. Other good combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Cataracts. Send for testimonials free.

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The cataract that falls from the prostate man's lips becomes a dagger in somebody's breast. —Ran's Horn.



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## THE GREATEST SOLDIER.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, as a National Guard Chaplain.

His Annual Sermon Before the Thirtieth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y.—The Lessons Afforded by the Great Soldier, Joshua.

The following annual sermon was delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in his capacity of chaplain of the Thirtieth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., in Emory Memorial Church, Brooklyn. His subject was: "The Greatest Soldier of All Time," the text being:

There shall not be any man able to stand before thee all the days of thy life.—Joshua 1, 5.

The "Gallant Thirtieth," as this regiment is generally and appropriately called, has gathered together for the worship of God, and to hear the annual sermon. And first I look with hearty salutation into the faces of the veterans, who, though now not in active service, have the same patriotic and military enthusiasm which characterized them, when, in 1863, they bade farewell to home and loved ones and started for the field, and risked all they held dear on earth for the re-establishment of the falling United States government. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and you showed yourselves willing to give lives. We hail you. We thank you! We bless you, the veterans of the thirtieth. Nothing can ever rob you of the honor of having been soldiers in one of the most tremendous wars of all history, a war with Grant, and Sherman, and Hancock, and Sheridan, and Farragut on one side, and Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, and Longstreet on the other. As in Greek assemblages, when speakers would arouse the audience, they shouted "Marathon!" so if I wanted to stir you to acclamation I would only need to speak of the "Lookout Mountain," "Chancellorsville," "Gettysburg," and though through the passage of years you are forever free from duty of enlistment, if European nations should too easily and too quickly forget the Monroe doctrine, and set aggressive foot upon this continent, I think your ankles would be supple again, and your arms would grow strong again, and you would be keen enough to follow the stars of the old flag wherever they might lead.

And next, I greet the colonel and his staff, and all the officers and men of this regiment. It has been an eventful year in your history. If never before, Brooklyn appreciated something of the value of its armories, and the importance of the men who there drill for the defense and safety of the city. The blessing of God be upon all of you, my comrades of the Thirtieth Regiment! And looking about for a subject that might be most helpful and inspiring for you, and our veterans here assembled, and the citizens gathered to-night with their good wishes, I have concluded to hold up before you the greatest soldier of all time—Joshua, the hero of my text.

For the most part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on the bank and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha! what they can do is to stand until the freshet falls; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after awhile they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say: "What's the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the River Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain of the text, looks at his army and cries: "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet than by an Almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank, they clap their shields and their cymbals, and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they have stopped; thirty miles up yonder they halted. On this side the waters roll off toward the salt sea. But on the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—as the Almighty hand is taken away those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Alas, alas; what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have stayed parted? because perhaps we may want to go back, Oh, Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through, now swing about the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. I declare it in your hearing to-day, victory ahead, water forty feet deep in the rear. Triumph ahead, Canaan ahead; behind you death and darkness and woe and hell. But you say: "Why didn't those Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance—standing on the top of the bank thirty or forty feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell

you why. God had made a promise, and He was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command: "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of rebels, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no sword, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument, and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude, rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall—not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled; he thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet, he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall. It isn't philosophy." And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted, and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out, and showing it was not possible that such a cause should produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caritative, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position, he would not have got many votes. Joshua's stock was the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelites army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host: "Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry, "Down, Jericho; down, Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and move and rock. Stand firm, under the falls. Crash! go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces; the air is blackened with the dust. The huzzas of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua, standing there in the debris of the wall, hears a voice saying: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is: "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai, it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you must stay here while we go and capture it. They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reitards. The northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. Anybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take you. Look at the church of God on the retreat. The Borsonian cannibals ate up Munson, the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people. "Fall back, oh church of God! Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Borsonian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say: "Fall back, oh church of God! Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back!" Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say: "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation. Fall back!" Friends of God have never any right to fall back.

Joshua fell on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says: "Oh, Lord God, wherefore hast Thou at this brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites, to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth."

God comes and arouses him. How does He arouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says: "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you, with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back to him. The old man, that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now let us go up and capture the city of Ai; let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends a comparatively small battalion up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. This battalion in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of this scattered or seemingly scattered battalion, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying battalion of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelites prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory; and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzzas of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gideon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They sent word: "There are five kings after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something that they say: "That is Joshua; that is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and they begin to retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites, with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads, retreat, the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hailstones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens, with bullets of iron, pounds the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon.

"Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory." "But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate. What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplexy fit? No. He is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gideon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, he cries: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Aijalon." And they stood still. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays or by the stopping of the whole planetary system, I do not know, and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and infidel scientists to settle, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What," you say, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out and battle for God, and the truth, and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged, and prolonged, and prolonged.

Robert McChesne was a consumptive Presbyterian. It was said when he preached, he coughed so it seemed as if he would never preach again. His name is fragrant in all Christendom, that name mightier to-day than was ever his living presence. He lived to preach the gospel in Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Dundee, but he went away very early. He preached himself into the grave. Has Robert McChesne's sun set? Is Robert McChesne's day ended? Oh, no! His dying delirium was filled with prayer, and when he lifted his hand to pronounce the benediction upon his country, he seemed to say: "I can't die now; I want to live on and on. I want to start an influence for the church that will never cease. I am only thirty years of age. Sun of my Christian ministry, stand still over Scotland." And it stood still. But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is one hundred and ten years old. Washington went down the Potomac, and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Aspley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After one hundred and ten years he has to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the king of terror. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle, it is going to be Joshua's victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done.

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over one hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arms that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gideon, and for the foot the moon that stood still in the valley of Aijalon.

—Nations like individuals, live or die, but civilization can not perish.—Mazzini.

—None pities him that's in the snare, who, warned before, would not beware.—Herriek.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Isaac Watts thought the world contained no finer reading than the Psalms of David. He paraphrased many if not most of them in English verse.

—Sir Joshua Reynolds greatly enjoyed the old English plays. He said they contained more real merit than all other English literature combined.

—Petrarch wore his hair in long curls and describes himself as turning a corner with great caution on a windy day lest the breeze should disarrange his locks.

—Frederick Bonner, of the New York Ledger, and Henry E. Abbey, the electrical manager, were each fined \$103 by Justice Lawrence, of the New York supreme court, for failure to do jury duty.

—Charles I. of England was cut in speaking to the gentlemen of his court and to the common people he was never known to speak at all. His personal unpopularity had much to do with his downfall.

—George Latimer, whose rescue from slavery in 1843 is a national remembrance, is still living in Lynn, Mass., but in such poor circumstances that the people of Boston are raising a fund for him.

—Gen. Martinez Campos, who has been sent over from Spain to subdue the Cuban insurrection, is sixty-one years old. He has been an officer for nearly forty years and during half that time the first soldier of Spain.

—Mr. John R. Wilson, of Salt Lake City, has secured a piece of the Charter Oak tree of Hartford, which will be made into a table, on which it is proposed to have the governor sign the first bill passed by the Utah legislature.

—Myron J. Whitney, of Syracuse, N. Y., has filed a claim against the state board of claims, in which he asks for \$1,320,000, or \$5,000 a day for the 264 days during which he was confined without due process of law in the state insane asylum.

—On the field of Waterloo a topaz seal, set in gold was recently found, bearing the arms and motto of Viscount Barrington. It belonged to Ensign Barrington, who was killed at Quatre Bras, June 16, 1815, and had lain undiscovered for nearly eighty years.

—The Princess Mercedes, of Spain, now in her thirteenth year, enjoys the distinction of being the only ex-queen of Spain during the six months after the death of her father, Alfonso XII., and before the birth of her brother, the present king.

—Ex-Capt. Dreyfus has arrived in the penal colony of Cayenne and is interned on Devil's Island. He is allowed to walk in an enclosure which he cannot leave without running the risk of being fired at by his warders, who, six in number, watch him carefully both night and day.

—Felix Faure, president of France, can give Emperor William as good as he sends. "The French army," said M. Faure, recently, "is the safeguard and the hope of the country, the constant object of the solicitude of the government of the republic. It can, under all circumstances, reckon on the affectionate attention of the president of the republic."

—Lieut. Charles Clark Jameson, of the Fifteenth Infantry, stationed at Fort Sheridan, has received the coveted prize of a transfer to the ordnance department of the army as a first lieutenant. This officer made a reputation for himself during the strike last year at Chicago by taking his place on the pilot of a locomotive and forcing his way through the blockade with his men.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Nothing but thorns and thistles will grow in tracks made by the cloven hoof.—Ran's Horn.

—Mack—"Was the girl Higbee married considered a good match?" Robbins—"I imagine so." She fires up at the least provocation.—Brooklyn Life.

—I have unlearned contempt. It is a sin that is engendered earliest in the soul, and doth best like a poison worm, feeding on all its beauty.—N. F. Willis.

—A feller don't know what to do," complained Tommy. "The kids that maw wants me to play with, their mothers don't want 'em to play with me."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Which is my part in this duet?" asked the prima donna of her husband, who was the tenor. "Your part? Here it is, of course. The one with the last word in it."—London Punch.

—Chambermaid (to cook, who is engaged to a negro): "So this is one of his love letters. Why, it is full of blots." Cook—"Blots? Nonsense! Those are his tears."—Filagende Blatter.

—A Cool Deed.—"I saw a cool deed this morning," remarked Fangle at the supper-table. "What was it?" asked his wife with interest. "The title to an ice-house," replied the wretch.—Harlem Life.

—Fozzleton—"Every time you measure me for a pair of trousers you measure me a little shorter."—Tallor—"That isn't my fault." Fozzleton—"Why not?" Tallor—"Because you always come in that way."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Dauber—"I heard a fine compliment paid to my painting of 'Mephistopheles' to-day." Critique—"What was that?" Dauber—"A fellow looked at it for awhile and said: 'Well, that looks like the devil.'"—Philadelphia Record.

—"Well," said one bacillus to another, "how are you and your human being getting along?" "It's a pretty close struggle," was the reply, "as to which of us can hold out the longer under the doctor's medicine."—Washington Star.

—Stage Carpenter—"Say, the furnace is clean out of what, and the house is like a barn." Undaunted Manager—"All right, change the bill to 'Sea of Ice,' and the audience will think we are giving them a new thing in realism."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A boy at a crossing begging something of a gentleman, the latter told him that he would give him something as he came back. "Your Honor," replied the boy, "you would be surprised if you knew how much money I lose by giving credit that way."—Household Words.

—A story is told of Mr. Balfour's recent golf-starring tour. He had made an iron shot in which he had sent the ball almost half as far as the ball. "What did I hit?" he asked his caddy, as he looked round to discover a hidden boulder or a decapitated stump. The only reply was about as crushing as could have been compressed into a single word—"Scotland."—Exchange.

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**Royal Baking Powder.**  
It is Absolutely Pure.  
All others contain alum or ammonia.

"Very fine child, sir. I congratulate you. I don't hesitate to say that it is one of the largest babies I have ever seen." "Make it the largest, doctor. Don't mind me—I'm an affidavit editor myself."—Brooklyn Life.

Jones-Brown—"Why do you go into acetylene?" Brown-Jones—"To get a wife. And you?" Jones-Brown—"To get away from one."—Life.

He fancied himself enlightened because he sees the deficiencies of others; he is ignorant, because he has never reflected on his own.—Bulwer.

Milroy has carefully marked, in his brain, the intense selfishness which would rather reign in hell than serve in Heaven.—Coleridge.

When we eloquent as angels, yet we should please some people more by listening than by talking.—Colton.

SUBSCRIBER—"Why is my paper so damp every issue?" Editor—"Because there is so much dew on it."—Christian Register.

A ROBBY sometimes runs away with its rider, but unfortunately it can't throw him and kill him.—Galveston News.

Most people would make a success of life if they only had a friend to do their thinking.—Milwaukee Journal.

WHERE one person desires to be heard ten are satisfied with being seen.—Milwaukee Journal.

"No, MAUDIE, dear, it is not good form to wear baggy trousers with a sack coat."—Philadelphia Record.

SUR—"No, Mr. Baker, I cannot marry you." He—"Do your parents object?" She—"No, I do."—Harlem Life.

LAWYER—"We'll get at the truth." Client—"Well, you know what to do with it when you get at it."—Brooklyn Life.

SELF-DENIAL is the result of a calm, deliberate, invincible attachment to the highest good.—G. Spring.

MAN is the merriest, the most joyous of all the species of creation. Above and below him all are serious.—Addison.

"Envy man," said Uncle Eben, "dat prides hisself on bein' a pessimist, an' er walkin' denunciation ob his wife's cookin'."—Washington Star.

NO MAN ever did a designed injury to another, but at the same time he did a greater to himself.—Home.

"When er man talks er tremenjous sight 'bout what a good fren' ob yur'n he is," said Uncle Eben, "listen ter 'im, but don't trade houses wit' 'im."—Washington Star.

"Now, Charles, let us make a list of your debts." "One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."—Filagende Blatter.

I HAVE played the fool, the gross fool, to believe the bosom of a friend would hold a secret mine could not contain.—Massinger.

Jess—"Well, what did papa say when you asked him for my hand?" Jack—"He gave me the refusal of it."—Exchange.

"Don't cloud," said Uncle Eben, "hab er silver linin'. De trouble an' er how ob men ain't got energy 'nuff ter bustle an' tu'n de cloud wrong side out."—Washington Star.

LOOK OUT FOR BREAKERS AHEAD

When plumes, eruptions, bolts, and like manifestations of impure blood appear, they wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood purifier; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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—The Times

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