Talmage's Sermon.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth religion as an exhilaration, and urges all people to try its uplifting power; text, Proverbs iii, 17, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

You have all heard of God's only begotten Son. Have you heard of God's daughter? She was born in heaven. She came down over the hills of our world. She had queenly step. On her brow was celestial radiance. Her voice was music. Her name is Religion. My text introduces her. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." But what is religion? The fact is that theological study has had a different effect upon me from the effect sometimes produced. Every year I tear out another leaf from my theology until I have only three or four leaves left—in other words, a very brief and plain statement of Christian belief.

An aged Christian minister said: "When I was a young man, I knew everything; when I got to be 35 years of age, in my creed I had only a hundred doctrines of religion; when I got to be 40 years of age, I had only 50 doctrines of religion; when I got to be 60 years of age, I had only 10 doctrines of religion; and now I am dying at 75 years of age, and there is only one thing I know, and that is that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And so I have noticed in the study of God's word, and in my contemplation of the character of God and of the eternal world, that it is necessary for me to drop this part of my belief and that part of my belief as being nonessential, while I cling to the one great doctrine that man is a sinner, and Christ is his Almighty, and divine Saviour.

Now, I take these three or four leaves of my theology, and I find that, in the first place and dominant above all others, is the sunshine of religion. When I go into a room, I have a passion for throwing open all the shutters. That is what I want to do this morning. We are apt to throw so much of the sepulchral into our religion and to close the shutters and to pull down the blinds that it is only through here and there a crevice that the light streams. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a religion of joy indescribable and unutterable. Wherever I can find a bell I mean to ring it.

Sunshine of Religion.

If there are any in this house this morning who are disposed to hold on to their melancholy and gloom, let them now depart this service before the fairest and the brightest and the most radiant being of all the universe comes in. God's Son has left our world, but God's daughter is here. Give her room! Hail, Princess of Heaven! Hail, daughter of the Lord God Almighty! Come in and make this house thy throneroom!

In setting forth this idea the dominant theory of religion is one of sunshine. I hardly know where to begin, for there are so many thoughts that rush upon my soul. A mother saw her little child seated on the floor in the sunshine and with a spoon in her hand. She said, "My darling, what are you doing there?" "Oh," replied the child, "I am getting a spoonful of this sunshine." Would God that today I might present you with a gleaming chalice of this glorious, everlasting gospel sunshine!

First of all, I find a great deal of sunshine in Christian society. I do not know of anything more doleful than the companionship of the mere funmakers of the world—the Thomas Hoods, the Charles Lambs, the Charles Mathewses of the world—the men whose entire business it is to make sport. They make others laugh, but if you will examine their autobiography or biography you will find that down in their soul there was a terrific disquietude. Laughter is no sign of happiness. The maniac laughs. The hyena laughs. The loon among the Adirondacks laughs. The drunkard, dashing his decanter against the wall, laughs.

There is a terrible reaction from all sinful amusement and sinful merriment. Such men are cross the next day. They snap at you on exchange or they pass you, not recognizing you. Long ago I quit mere worldly society for the reason it was so dull, so inane and so stupid. My nature is voracious of joy. I must have it.

Promotes Longevity.

I always walk on the sunny side of the street, and for that reason I have crossed over into Christian society. I like their mode of repartee better. I like their style of amusement better. They live longer. Christian people, I sometimes notice, live on when by all natural law they ought to have died. I have known persons who have continued in their existence when the doctor said they ought to have been dead ten years. Every day of their existence was a defiance of the laws of anatomy and physiology, but they had this supernatural vivacity of the gospel in their soul, and that kept them alive.

Put 10 or 12 Christian people in a room for Christian conversation, and you will from 8 to 10 o'clock hear more resounding glee, see more bright strokes of wit and find more thought and profound satisfaction than in any merely worldly party. Now, when I say a "worldly party," I mean that to which you are invited because under all the circumstances of the case it is the best for you to be invited, and to which you go because under all the circumstances of the case it is better that you go, and, leaving the shawls on the second floor, you go to the parlor to give formal salutation to the host and the hostess and then move around, spending the whole evening in the discussion of the weather and in apology for treading on long trains and in effort to keep the corners of the mouth up to the sign of pleasure and going around with an idiotic he-he about nothing until the collation is served and then, after the collation is served, going back again into the parlor to resume the weather and then at the close going at a very late hour to the host and hostess and assuring them that you have had a most delightful evening and then passing down off the front steps, the slam of the door the only satisfaction of the evening.

O young man come from the country to spend your days in city life, where are you going to spend your evenings? Let me tell you, while there are many places of innocent worldly amusement, it is most wise for you to throw your body, mind and soul into Christian society. Come to me at the close of five years and tell me what has been the result of this advice. Bring with you the young man who refused to take the advice, and who went into sinful amusement. He will come dissipated, shabby in apparel, indisposed to look any one in the eyes, moral character 85 per cent off. You will come with principle settled, countenance frank, habits good, soul saved, and all the inhabitants of heaven, from the lowest angel up to the archangel and clear past him to the Lord God Almighty, your coadjutors.

Joys of Christian Life.

This is not the advice of a misanthrope. There is no man in the house to whom the world is brighter than it is to me. It is not the advice of a dyspeptic—my digestion is perfect; it is not the advice of a man who cannot understand a joke or who prefers a funeral; it is not the advice of a wornout man, but the advice of a man who can see this world in all its brightness, and considering myself competent in judging what is good cheer I tell the multitudes of young men that there is nothing in worldly associations so grand and so beautiful and so exhilarant as in Christian society.

I know there is a great deal of talk about the self denials of the Christian. I have to tell you that where the Christian has one self denial the man of the world has a thousand self denials. The Christian is not commanded to surrender anything that is worth keeping. But what does a man deny himself who denies himself the religion of Christ! He denies himself pardon for sin; he denies himself peace of conscience; he denies himself the joy of the Holy Ghost; he denies himself a comfortable death pillow; he denies himself the glories of heaven. Do not talk to me about the self denials of the Christian life. Where there is one in the Christian life there are a thousand in the life of the world. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Again, I find a great deal of religious sunshine in Christian and divine explanation. To a great many people life is an inexplicable tangle. Things turn out differently from what was supposed. There is a useless woman in perfect health. There is an industrious and conscerated woman a complete invalid. Explain that. There is a bad man with $20,000 of income. There is a good man with $800 of income. Why is that? There is a foe of society who lives on, doing all the damage he can, to 75 years of age, and here is a Christian father, faithful in every department of life, at 35 years of age taken away by death, his family left helpless. Explain that. Oh, there is no sentence that oftener drops from your lips than this: "I cannot understand it; I cannot understand it."

Grand Consolations.

Well, now religion comes in just at that point with its illumination and its explanation. There is a business man who has lost his entire fortune. The week before he lost his fortune there were 20 carriages that stopped at the door of his mansion. The week after he lost his fortune all the carriages you could count on one finger. The week before financial trouble began people all took off their hats to him as he passed down the street. The week his financial prospects were under discussion people just touched their hats without anywise bending the rim. The week that he was pronounced insolvent people just jolted their heads as they passed, not tipping their hats at all, and the week the sheriff sold him out all his friends were looking in the store windows as they went down past him.

Now, while the world goes away from a man while he is in financial distress, the religion of Christ comes to him and says: "You are sick, and your sickness is to be moral purification. You are bereaved. God wanted in some way to take your family to heaven, and he must begin somewhere, and so he took the one that was most beautiful and was most ready to go." I do not say that religion explains everything in this life, but I do say it lays down certain principles which are grandly consolatory. You know business men often telegraph in cipher. The merchant in San Francisco telegraphs to the merchant in New York certain information in cipher which no other man in that line of business can understand, but the merchant in San Francisco has the key to the cipher, and the merchant in New York has the key to the cipher, and on that information transmitted there are enterprises involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now, the providences of life sometimes seem to be a senseless rigmarole, a mysterious cipher, but God has a key to that cipher, and the Christian a key to that cipher, and though he may hardly be able to spell out the meaning he gets enough of the meaning to understand that it is for the best. Now, is there not sunshine in that? Is there not pleasure in that? Far beyond laughter. It is nearer the fountain of tears than boisterous demonstration. Have you never cried for joy? There are tears which are eternal rapture in distillation.

Everything Explained.

There are hundreds of people who are walking day by day in the sublime satisfaction that all is for the best, all things working together for good for their soul. How a man can get along through this life without the explanation is to me a mystery. What, is that child gone forever? Are you never to get it back? Is your property gone forever? Is your soul to be bruised and to be tried forever? Have you no explanation, no Christian explanation, and yet not a maniac? But when you have the religion of Jesus Christ in your soul it explains everything so far as it is best for you to understand. You look off in life, and your soul is full of thanksgiving to God that you are so much better off than you might be. A man passed down the street without any shoes and said: "I have no shoes. Isn't it a hardship that I have no shoes? Other people have shoes. No shoes, no shoes!" until he saw a man who had no feet. Then he learned a lesson. You ought to thank God for what he does instead of grumbling for what he does not. God arranges all the weather in this world—the spiritual weather, the moral weather as well as the natural weather. "What kind of weather will it be today?" said some one to a farmer. The farmer replied, "It will be such weather as I like." "What do you mean by that?" asked the other. "Well," said the farmer, "it will be such weather as pleases the Lord, and what pleases the Lord pleases me."

Oh, the sunshine, the sunshine of Christian explanation! Here is some one bending over the grave of the dead. What is going to be the consolation? The flowers you strew upon the tomb? Oh, no! The services read at the grave? Oh, no! The chief consolation on that grave is what falls from the throne of God. Sunshine, glorious sunshine—resurrection sunshine!

Supernatural Vision.

Again, I find a great deal of the sunshine of this Bible and of our religion in the climacteric joys that are to come. A man who gets up and goes out from a concert right after the opening voluntary has been played and before the prima donna sings or before the orchestra begins has a better idea of that concert than that man has who supposes that the chief joys of religion are in this world. We here have only the first note of the eternal orchestra. We shall in that world have the joy of discovery. We will in five minutes catch up with the astronomers, the geologists, the scientists, the philosophers of all ages, who so far surpassed us in this world. We can afford to adjourn astronomy and geology and many of the sciences to the next world, because we shall there have better apparatus and better opportunity. I must study these sciences so far as to help me in my work, but beyond that I must give myself to saving my own soul and saving the souls of others, knowing that in one flash of eternity we will catch it all. Oh, what an observatory in which to study astronomy heaven will be, not by power of telescope, but by supernatural vision, and, if there be something doubtful 10,000,000 miles away, by one stroke of the wing you are there, by another stroke of the wing you are back again, and all in less time than I tell you, catching it all in one flash of eternity.

And geology! What a place that will be to study geology when the world is being picked to pieces as easily as a schoolgirl in botanical lessons pulls the leaf from the corolla! What a place to study architecture, amid the thrones and the palaces and the cathedrals—St. Mark's and St. Paul's rookeries in comparison.

Sometimes you wish you could make the tour of the whole earth, going around as others have gone, but you have not the time, you have not the means. You will make the tour yet during one musical pause in the eternal anthem. I say these things for the comfort of those people who are abridged in their opportunities—those people to whom life is humdrum, who toil and work and toil and work and aspire after knowledge, but have no time to get it and say, "If I had the opportunities which other people have, how I would fill my mind and soul with grand thoughts!" Be not discouraged, my friends. You are going to the university yet. Death will only matriculate you into the royal college of the universe.

Peace Sublime.

What a sublime thing it was that Dr. Thornwell of South Carolina uttered in his last dying moments! As he looked up he said, "It opens; it expands, it expands." Or as Mr. Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," in his last moment or during his last hours looked up and said, as though he saw something supernatural, "Light!" and then as he came on nearer the dying moment, his countenance more luminous, he cried, "Light!" and at the very moment of his departure lifted both hands, something supernatural in his countenance as he cried "Light!" Only another name for sunshine.

Besides that, we shall have all the pleasures of association. We will go right up in the front of God without any fright. All our sins gone, there will be nothing to be frightened about. There our old Christian friends will troop around us. Just as now one of your sick friends goes away to Florida, the land of flowers, or to the south of France, and you do not see him for a long while, and after awhile you meet him, and the hollows under the eyes are all filled, and the appetite has come back, and the crutch has been thrown away, and he is so changed you hardly know him. You say, "Why, I never saw you look so well." He says: "I couldn't help but be well. I have been sailing these rivers and climbing these mountains, and that's how I got this elasticity. I never was so well." Oh, my friends, your departed loved ones are only away for their health in a better climate, and when you meet them they will be so changed you will hardly know them, they will be so very much changed, and after awhile, when you are assured that they are your friends, your departed friends, you will say: "Why, where is that cough? Where is that paralysis? Where is that pneumonia? Where is that consumption?" And he will say: "Oh, I am entirely well! There are no sick ones in this country. I have been ranging these hills and hence this elasticity. I have been here now 20 years, and not one sick one have I seen. We are all well in this climate."

Join the Chorus.

And then I stand at the gate of the celestial city to see the processions come out, and I see a long procession of little children with their arms full of flowers, and then I see a procession of kings and priests moving in celestial pageantry—a long procession, but no black tasseled vehicle, no mourning group—and I say: "How strange it is! Where is your Greenwood? Where is your Laurel Hill? Where is your Westminster abbey?" And they shall cry, "There are no graves here." And then listen for the tolling of the old belfries of heaven, the old belfries of eternity. I listen to hear them toll for the dead, but they toll not for the dead. They only strike up a silvery chime, tower to tower, east gate to west gate, as they ring out, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Oh, unglove your hand and give it to me in congratulation on that scene! I feel as if I could shout. I will shout. Dear Lord, forgive me that I ever complained about anything. If all this is before us, who cares for anything but God and heaven and eternal brotherhood? Take the crape off the doorbell. Your loved ones are only away for their health in a land ambrosial. Come, Lowell Mason. Come, Isaac Watts. Give us your best hymn about joy celestial.

What is the use of postponing our heaven any longer? Let it begin now, and whosoever hath a harp let her thrum it, and whosoever hath a trumpet let him blow it, and whosoever hath an organ let him give us a full diapason. They crowd down the air, spirits blessed, moving in cavalcade of triumph. Their chariot wheels whirl in the Sabbath sunlight. They come. Halt, armies of God! Halt until we are ready to join the battalion of pleasures that never die.

Oh, my friends, it would take a sermon as long as eternity to tell the joys that are coming to us. I just set open the sunshiny door. Come in, all ye disciples of the world who have found the sunshiny door. Come in, all ye disciples of the dance, and see the bounding feet of this heavenly gladness. Come in, ye disciples of worldly amusement, and see the stage where kings are the actors and burning words the footlights and thrones the spectacular. Arise, ye dead in sin, for this is the morning of resurrection. The joys of heaven submerge our soul. I pull out the trumpet stop. In thy presence there is a fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

Blest are the saints beloved of God;
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood.
Brighter than angels, lo, they shine,
Their glories splendid and sublime!

My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wing and soar away;
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

Oh, the sunshine, the glorious sunshine, the everlasting sunshine!

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Georgia's Giant Sycamore Tree.

Dougherty county now lays claim to the champion big tree of Georgia. It was discovered several weeks ago by employees of the Red Cypress Lumber company who were engaged in cutting timber. It rears its head from the midst of a thick swamp where hard wood trees abound, and to this is due the fact that it was not discovered sooner.

This giant of the swamp is a sycamore. It is on a little knoll, and, except in seasons when a great deal of rain had fallen, its trunk is not reached by water. A foot from the ground its trunk is 44 feet in circumference. For 20 feet above the ground the body of the great tree is round and symmetrical, but at that point it branches into four sections, any one of which would make a giant tree if standing alone. The four arms of the big sycamore do not spread out, as would seem natural, but reach skyward, almost perpendicularly. The tree is pronounced by all who have seen it a curiosity and places "in the shade" all the known trees in Georgia.—Atlanta Constitution.

Cleared His Conscience.

An unknown correspondent the other day wrote to Mrs. W. D. Clark of Frankfort, Ind., saying that he was recently converted at a revival meeting and now felt wonderfully blessed. "I have been trying to read my title clear to mansions in the skies," he said, "but cannot get my mind higher than your chicken house." He added that some years ago he had stolen some fowls belonging to Mrs. Clark, and he inclosed a $5 bill by way of restitution.

THE PALISADES PARK.

It Will Be, It Is Said, the Finest One in the World.

New York is soon to become half owner of the finest park in the world along the Palisades. The New Jersey legislature, by empowering commissioners to purchase the cliffs, has made the park "as good as done."

One does not slight Riverside drive and the shore road at Bay Ridge in calling the Palisades park pre-eminent in beauty. The cliffs are nearly 400 feet in height. Looking up past them, one gets that deep blue tint in the sky unvexed by side lights that dwellers upon flat land never see. Birds and animals find shelter on the slopes, flowers of remarkable size and brilliance grow in the shade, and many springs gush from the rock. Two considerable brooks brawl down the steep. One forms in its descent a natural amphitheater that would be famous if it were in Westmoreland. The water that "comes down at Lodore" is not half so picturesque.

It is sundown at 4 o'clock in summer along the base of the cliffs. This explains an almost tropic luxuriance of vegetation nowhere else found about New York. The Hudson is shallower near the Palisades than on the eastern side, thus providing natural beaches for boat landings. Everywhere are traces of former blasting, windrows of broken stone extend into the water where stagings used to run, and between these the shore recedes in shallow bays of almost rhythmic recurrence. Nature quickly hides the scars. A few of these old abandoned workings would one suspect what havoc had been wrought. The grass and the mountain laurel and the dogwood in their season cover up the gashes.

If there is near any great city such a park as this will be, New York would like to hear of it. Wider is the outlook from the Kalimegdan in Belgrade, but it is upon the plains of Hungary, just there more fertile than picturesque. Stamboul might have as fine a park, but hasn't seen fit to make it. The Rheinanlagen at Coblentz are small by comparison. Hampstead heath is notable mainly because it is so near London. The famed pleasure spots of Paris, Vienna and Berlin borrow more from art than nature.

The people should have their new domain turned over to them as soon as possible. It wants no "laying out." But for one broad road along the shore the nearer to a state of nature it is left the better.—New York World.

MAN EATING LIONS.

The Belgians Abandon One of Their Stations on Account of Them.

The Katanga company, which is developing the rubber and other resources of a large district in the upper Kongo basin, has abandoned the station of Kululu which it had established on Lake Moero. Though a great deal of labor had been expended in making this station a large and desirable post the region around it became infested with man eating lions. It was therefore decided to seek another location. Quite a number of natives in the service of the state were killed by these lions within a few weeks. The victims were dragged into the jungle and eaten. Many men saved their lives only by climbing trees, thus getting out of reach of the howling beasts beneath them. Everywhere along the paths and brooks the lions lay in wait for their prey, and no man knew when he might be struck to earth by the terrible foe lurking in the jungle all ready for the fatal spring.

A man eating lion is one that has tasted human flesh, likes it better than the meat of any of the animals upon which its kind is wont to prey and therefore will eat nothing else if it is able to kill man, woman or child. In the past three years it has been more than usually in evidence in east Africa between Victoria Nyanza and the Indian ocean. The man eaters killed many natives and also a considerable number of laborers on the Uganda railroad. They filled the thousands of Indian and black laborers with such terror that the men finally refused to work until all the lions had been killed.

When man eating lions come to the neighborhood of human habitations, one of two things must be done—either the inhabitants must get out of the country, for their lives are not safe there for a moment, or else they must kill every lion of the man eating type that has come into their district. It is very fortunate that lions of this type are comparatively few in number. If all lions were man eaters, Africa would become uninhabitable, unless the world organized a gigantic lion hunt to wipe the whole species out of existence.—New York Sun.

Safer Life Insurance.

I have seen in Europe "mortuary" buildings to which the bodies of the supposed dead are taken and carefully cared for under the best medical inspection until death is absolutely certain, says Our Dumb Animals.

Now (in my own case), if such a building could be established in Boston, I should be glad to pay $100 for myself and each of my near friends to be insured that my own body and theirs shall be thus carefully cared for after supposed death and also agree to pay another $100 or more in case that after being carried to the mortuary consciousness shall return, and I think there are thousands of people in Boston alone who would be glad to do the same. I am quite sure that if any responsible life insurance company or crematory company or corporation organized for the purpose will undertake to thus insure against premature burial or cremation it will not only do a great work for humanity, but be largely rewarded by a great financial success.

The Republican House.

Miss Perine, the present owner of the house in Ripon, Wis., in which it is said the name "Republican" was first used as applied to the present party by a small company assembled there, has offered to sell the structure to the Wisconsin State Historical society. The society, however, is without sufficient funds to accept the offer. The building was originally a schoolhouse and was altered into a dwelling house. It was at one time owned by ex-Governor Peck of Wisconsin.

What Happened to the Cod.

An angler at Half Moon bay caught a small fish and allowed it to swim at the end of the line while he rolled a cigarette. A 12 pound cod swallowed the little fish and was landed.—Los Angeles Times.

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This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for all stomach troubles.

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Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size

THE LIBERTY TREE.

It Stands on the Campus of St. John's College, Annapolis.

In a paper on the "Historic Trees of America" W. W. Rowlee says:

"The Washington elm is more widely known than any historic tree in America, but it must share with the Liberty tree of Annapolis the honor of playing a part in rocking the cradle of liberty. The Liberty tree is a tulip tree (Liriodendron tulipifera, sometimes called tulip poplar.

"Tradition says that the people of Annapolis met in the troublesome days before the Revolution to consult together and listen to Samuel Chase in his arraignment of King George. At that time its spread of branches was far beyond anything known of it by this generation. It is also a tradition that Washington and Lafayette banqueted in its shade. They certainly were at Annapolis at times in Annapolis and were entertained at St. John's college, upon whose campus the tree stands.

"Through the kindness of President Thomas Fell of St. John's college the writer is able to quote from a history of Annapolis the following reference to the Liberty tree:

"'The earliest traditions handed down to us of the imperial poplar tree that adorns the college campus is that it served as the canopy under which the colonists and Indians made a treaty of peace. As history records only one document of this kind signed here, this treaty must have been the one agreed between the colonists and the sturdy Susquehannocks in 1652.

"'The next public use of it, we find in "Eddies' Letters," was when the inhabitants assembled under it to determine whether or not persons who have not joined the Association of Patriots should be driven out of the colony. In 1825 General Lafayette was entertained under it, and after that there were frequent mentions in the Maryland Gazette of Fourth of July celebrations taking place under its ample shade.'

"About 1840 several youths were playing under this tree with that very dangerous but frequent adjunct of juvenile sport—gunpowder. They had about two pounds of it. They placed it in the hollow of the tree, where it was ignited and exploded, rending to the grand old tree. The citizens of Annapolis repaired in force for its rescue, the firemen bringing out the city fire engine and deluging the tree with water. The boys' escapade was no doubt greatly denounced, but the juveniles had done better than their denunciators thought or the juveniles intended. The tree had fallen into a state of decay that threatened its life. The next year it put forth its branches with its youth renewed. The explosion had destroyed the worms that were gnawing away its vitals.

"How long this monarch of a primeval forest has existed none can tell. An octogenarian tells me he remembers it in 1812. It seemed as large then as now. If in 1652 it was of such imposing growth that it was selected as the scene of so important an event as the making of a treaty of peace by the whites with their savage foes, may we not infer it lived before Columbus discovered America? On July 13, 1888, it was 29 feet in circumference two feet from the ground and stood about 150 feet high. One-third of the trunk is gone and is now bearded up. The body of the tree is a mere shell—a marvel how its life can be maintained—and thousands of tulips bloom on its branches in their season."—Baltimore Sun.

Is This a Slander on Mrs. Botha?

Mrs. Botha is a charming woman to meet, but what do you think she said in my hearing two days before the British entered Pretoria? Her black maid was cleaning Mrs. B.'s bedroom on the previous day. She lifted a table so awkwardly that Mrs. Botha feared she would drop it. Said Mrs. Botha: "I looked around for something to beat her with. I could only find a copper poker, and I gave her a good whipping with that. Luckily I only hit her on the back, for had I hit her on the head I should have killed her, for I bent the poker so" (crooking her fingers). "I then went into the kitchen and gave the other (black) girl a beating with the broom. I thought I would do it before the English came in, for I know I can't do it after." What do you think of this for the wife of the commandant general, the man who ranked next to the president?—Pretoria Letter in London Outlook.

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been dosed with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up—driven from the surface to break out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted in early life, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards.

Like Begets Like. **The Sin of the Parent.**

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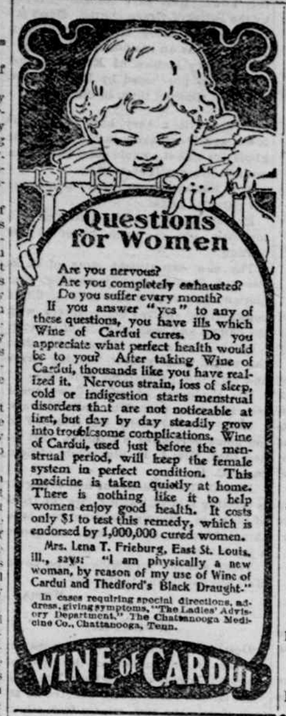

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20,000 cords Poplar Wood and 30,000 Chestnut Ties wanted. Delivered either on shore or vessel. Advance payments made if satisfactory arrangements can be made. JAS. M. STUBBS, Gleans, Gloucester Co., Va. C. H. ANDERTON, Saluda, Va., Agent for Northern Neck

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At 3 cents a piece is pretty cheap. We have some at that price. Other patterns at other prices. We'll be glad to send samples.

We sell good paint cheap.

Write us if you expect to paint or paper.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Men's, Boys' and Children's Ready Made Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises and Umbrellas.

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POPLAR WOOD WANTED.

Having a contract direct with the mill I am in a position to handle Poplar Wood this season to good advantage. Those who contemplate working any Poplar Wood his season will do well to get my prices before selling. Correspondence solicited and promptly answered.

White Oak and Chestnut Ties also wanted.

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H. R. GOULDMAN,

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THE KENMORE SHOE CO., FREDERICKSBURG,

use no shoddy leather. Every pair of shoes is warranted by them, and if, with reasonable wear, they do not give satisfaction, the dealer is authorized to make it so.

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LANCASTER UNION LODGE, No. 88, A. F. & A. M., KILMARNOCK, VA. Stated Communications monthly—Thursday after the third Monday, 11 a. m. J. B. CRALLE, Sec'y, Kilmarnock, Va.

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We do the most popular Insurance business in the State. When your house burns you get your money.

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INDIAN TAR BALSAM, THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

GUARANTEED TO CURE:

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Diptheria, Croup, Lung Disease, Whooping Cough, La Grippe, Influenza, Catarrh, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Lameness, Sprains, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Piles, Mumps, Chapped Hands and Lips.

NO CURE, Price 25 cts., NO PAY.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE Indian Tar Balsam Co., BALTIMORE, MD.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HENRY MURR'S CELEBRATED BALTIMORE ICE CREAM. —MANUFACTURED AT— 521 S. CHARLES STREET Baltimore, - - - Md.

Attention is called to Henry Murr's Ice Cream. He is one of the oldest and most reliable manufacturers of Ice Cream now in Baltimore. He uses nothing but the purest ingredients, and it is always kept up to a high degree of excellence. Shipping capacity 500 gallons in patent air-tight tubs. All orders met with prompt attention.

G. A. Zirckel & Co., —SOLE AGENTS FOR— Tower's Oiled Clothing, Hats, etc. Mermaid Brand— Mackintoshes & Rubber Clothing. —JOBBERS OF— Goodyear Glove, Boston, Bay State, Woonsocket and Rhode Island Rubber Boots and Shoes.

Jobs in rubbers at all times. Write for special list. 1821-1829 Canton Ave., BALTIMORE.

Steamer Owen Dillard.

Mail and passengers to and from White Stone, Irvington, Weems, Millenbeck, Merry Point and Urbana, daily (except Sunday).

SCHEDULE:

Leave—White Stone, 7 a. m.; Irvington 7.45; Weems, 8.15; Millenbeck, 9; Merry Point, 9.30; arrive Urbana, 11.30 a. m.

Leave—Urbana, 2 p. m.; Millenbeck, 3; Merry Point, 3.30; Weems, 4.30; Irvington 5; arrive White Stone, 9 p. m.

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SPRING SCHEDULE.

WEEMS STEAMBOAT CO.,

Baltimore, Fredericksburg and Rappahannock River Routes. Norfolk and Rappahannock River Route.

On and after Tuesday, March 26th steamers Richmond, Lancaster and Essex will leave pier 2, Light Street, Baltimore, every Tuesday and Friday at 4:30 p. m. for Fredericksburg and all wharves on the river. Returning, will leave Fredericksburg at 2:30 p. m., (tide permitting,) Monday and Thursday, Leedstown at 4:30 a. m. Tuesday and Friday for Baltimore.

Leave Baltimore Wednesday and Thursday at 4:30 p. m. for Tappahannock and all wharves below, except Bay Port. Returning will leave Tappahannock at 8 a. m. on Monday and Thursday for Baltimore.

NORFOLK ROUTE.

Will leave Tappahannock for Norfolk at 1 p. m. Friday, stopping at all landings. Will leave Norfolk at 6 p. m. Saturday for Tappahannock, calling at all landings.

No freight received for out-going steamers after 4 p. m. on sailing days.

HENRY WILLIAMS, Agt. Baltimore.
W. D. SCOTT, Agt., Fredericksburg.
KEY COMPTON, Agt., Norfolk.

Potomac River Route.

Beginning Tuesday, March 26th, steamers Northumberland and Potomac will leave pier 9, Light Street, Baltimore, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5 p. m., for Alexandria and Washington, calling at all of the usual landings. Beginning Thursday, March 28th, will leave 7th Street Wharf, Washington, at 4 p. m., Thursday, Sunday and Tuesday, going as far as Leonardtown on these evenings. Will leave Leonardtown at 6 a. m., Kinsale at 12 m., Miller's at 5 p. m., Grason's at 6 p. m., and Bacon's at 7 p. m. Monday