

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DEFEATS OF OBLIVION LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"He Shall Be No More Remembered"—Job, xlii, 18—"The Righteous Shall Be in Everlasting Remembrance"—Psalms cxi, 6.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.] Washington, Sept. 29.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how any one can be widely and forever recollected and cheers despondent Christian workers; texts, Job xlii, 18, "He shall be no more remembered," and Psalms cxi, 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Of oblivion and its defeats I speak today. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, states, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of eons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all other dictionaries "Oblivion." It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it today if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to route it, to demolish it.

Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are together, inseparable, and to each other indispensable, and then they part, some by marriage going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it and obliterate it. So the generations vanish. Walk up Pennsylvania avenue, Washington; Broadway, New York; State street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia; the Strand, London; Princess street, Edinburgh; Champs Elysees, Paris; Unter den Linden, Berlin, and you will meet in this year, 1901 not one person who walked there in the year 1801. What engulfment! All the ordinary efforts at perpetuation art dead failures. Walter Scott's Old Mortality may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while Old Mortality is cutting one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies devoured of bookworms or unread of the rising generations. All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up because the name of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant. The city of Rome stands today, but dig down deep enough, and you come to another Rome, buried, and go down still farther, and you will find a third Rome. Jerusalem stands today, but dig down deep enough and you will find a Jerusalem underneath and go on and deeper down a third Jerusalem. Alexandria, Egypt, on top of an Alexandria, and the second on top of the third. Many of the ancient cities are buried thirty feet deep or fifty feet deep or 100 feet deep. What was the matter? Any special calamity? No. The wind and waves and sands and flying dust are all undertakers and gravediggers, and if the world stands long enough the present Washington and New York and London will have on top of them other Washingtons and New Yorks and Londons, and only after digging and boring and blasting will the archaeologists of far distant centuries come down as far as the highest spires and domes and turrets of our present American and European cities.

The Roll of Armies.

Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin I. or of Charles Martel or of Mariborough or of Mithridates or of Prince Frederick or of Cortes, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of the 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,700,000 infantry and the 200,000 cavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Stand in line the 1,000,000 men of Sesostris, the 1,200,000 men of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa, the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylae and call the long roll. Not one answer. At the opening of our civil war the men of the northern and southern armies were told that if they fell in battle their names would never be forgotten by their country. Out of the million men who fell in battle or died in military hospitals you cannot call the names of a thousand, nor the names of 500 nor the names of 100 nor the names of fifty. Oblivion! Are the feet of the dancers who at the ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels the night before Waterloo all still? All still. Are the ears that heard the guns of Bunker Hill all deaf? All deaf. Are the eyes that saw the coronation of George II. all closed? All closed. Oblivion! A hundred years from now there will not be a being on this earth that knew we ever lived.

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name and from the faded ink with great effort find that some person by our name was born somewhere in the nineteenth century, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in a village in

Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother? Will you describe the style of the hat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June? Oblivion! That mountain surge rolls over everything. Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a chip of that granite. The sea is triumphing over the land, and what is going on at our Atlantic coast is going on all around the world, and the continents are crumbling into the waves, and while this is transpiring on the outside of the world, the hot chisel of the internal fire is digging under the foundations of the earth and cutting its way out toward the surface. It surprises me to hear the people say they do not think the world will finally be burned up when all the scientists will tell you that it has for ages been on fire.

Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside raging to get out. Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a school-boy's india rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pedestal for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axle-tree of the constellations will break and let down the populations of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar, mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow everything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if not for the merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of the state and national libraries today are only morgues, in which dead books are waiting for some one to come and recognize them. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3,000 years ago would snarl at us, saying, "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind were not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die, their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon. This world was hardly a comfortable place to live in before the middle of the eighteenth century. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe, the fountain of forgetfulness, are a healthful draft. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one-sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts.

Why We Should Be Remembered. Now, I have told you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously remembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindness in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the curbstone and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man swamped by the stringency of the money market that times would after awhile be better? Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more?" Did you tell a man clear discouraged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide that for him was near by a laver in which he might wash and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear? What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. They have no cutlass to part that cable. They have no strength to hurl into oblivion that benefaction. Has Paul forgotten the inhabitants of Malta, who extended the island hospitality when he and others with him had felt, added to a ship-

wreck, the drenching rain and the sharp cold? Has the victim of the highwayman on the road to Jericho forgotten the good Samaritan with a medicament of oil and wine and a free ride to the hostelry? Have the English soldiers who went up to God from the Crimean battlefields forgotten Florence Nightingale? Through all eternity will the northern and southern soldiers forget the northern and southern women who administered to the dying boys in blue and gray after the awful fights in Tennessee and Pennsylvania and Virginia and Georgia, which turned every house and barn and shed into an hospital and incarnated the Susquehanna and the James and the Chattahoochee and the Savannah with brave blood? The kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in the appreciation of others as the gates of heaven will stand, as the "house of many mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will stand.

Defeat of Oblivion.

Another defeat of oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man, every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last. Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ; that you, by prayer or gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky. We teach a Sabbath class or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passerby or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting or preach a sermon and go home discouraged, as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down.

There is no sublimer art on earth than architecture. With pencil and rule and compass the architect sits down alone and in silence and evolves from his own brain a cathedral or a national capitol or a massive home before he leaves that table, and then he goes out and unrolls his plans and calls carpenters and mason and artisans of all sorts to execute his design, and when it is finished he walks around the vast structure and sees the completion of the work with high satisfaction, and on a stone at some corner of the building the architect's name may be chiseled. But the storms do their work, and time, that takes down everything, will yet take down that structure until there shall not be one stone left upon another. But there is a soul in heaven.

Graven on God's Hand.

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned or the face of a dead general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage. This custom of tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out. It may have been there fifty years, but when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that he has tattooed us upon his hands. There can be no other meaning in the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!" It was as much as to say: "I cannot open my hand to help, but I think of you. I cannot spread across my hands to bless but I think of you. Wherever I go up and down the heavens I take these two pictures of you with me. They are so wrought into my being that I can not lose them. As long as my hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of my hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of my hands, for myself to look at and study and love. Though I hold the winds in my fist, no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of my hand, its billowing shall not wash out the record of my remembrance. Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!"

Spaniards Proposed a Bullfight.

They tell a story to the effect that when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals proposed to establish a branch in a leading city of Spain the municipal body courteously accepted the proposal and offered to hold a bull fight at once to furnish the funds.—Troy Times.

Australian Apples.

Parts of Australia are becoming lively rivals to Canada and the United States in the European apple trade. Tasmania, especially, has been found a first-class apple-raising country. There are 8,373 acres in apple orchards there and the product in 1890 was 363,915 bushels.

He Makes Sick Well

Illinois Has
Thaumaturgus
in Swiss Hermit

Another divine healer has sprung up, this time in Illinois. He is a Swiss hermit, Bernhardt Wourth, who lives at Eight Mile Grove, a little settlement near Rock Falls. Hundreds have visited his cabin that he might place his hands on their heads and cure them of their afflictions. According to a Rock Falls correspondent, his healing is simple. All that he does is to ask the seeker what disease he is suffering from and then, after pronouncing his first name three times and muttering a few mysterious sounds, says, "You be cured," and the patient walks away well.

Wourth was born in Switzerland 65 years ago and came to this country when young and has been a farmer almost all his life until he accidentally discovered his power by placing his hand on the head of a sick child,

which became better immediately. The fame of the cure spread and at first Wourth was jealous of his power and afraid of losing it or offending the source from which it came, and even now will refuse certain kinds of food at the table, "because I lose the power," he says.

He has visited Chicago several times at the urgent request of his followers who live there. His appearance is always a signal for a large gathering of the curious and those who come to be cured. He refuses all pay for his services and his disciples who have endeavored to slip coin into his pocket unnoticed have been rebuked harshly. Those who have been cured say there is a tingling sensation felt when he places his hands upon them, after which they are entirely free from pain and their disease vanishes.



BERNHARDT WOURTH.

A CIVIL WAR HORSE RACE.

A Story That Goes to Show That War Is Not All Tragedy.

War is not all tragedy. Our "boys" on both sides in the civil war found plenty of time between battles to amuse themselves with a variety of sports. In Kentucky there was some sort of horse race every time an army paused to take a long breath. On one occasion Lieut. Saunders, of the Kentucky, matched his "Blue Grass" thoroughbred against a wiry little mustang owned by Capt. Garland, of the Texas, for \$500 a side. Saunders was to ride his own horse, but the captain, being a large man, had to find a jockey for his mustang, and in looking among the troops chose a young private in Saunders' own regiment, a Louisville boy of the name of John Eston Keller, a cousin of the famous author of John Eston Cooke.

The race was called on the following day at 3 o'clock. Saunders was promptly at the post with his splendid brown mare, but no rider appeared for the Texan's mustang. "I got a young chap to promise to ride last night," said Capt. Garland to the judges, "but he hasn't turned up. I don't remember his name and don't know where to find him." Keller advanced from the crowd, saying: "I'm the person you are talking about, I reckon, but I thought the whole thing was a joke. Do you mean that you really want me to ride that mustang against Lieut. Saunders' mare?" "Of course I do," returned the captain. "I mean business. It's a bona fide match, and if I don't run I'll pay forfeit. Get up!" "Any tricks?" "No. Perfectly sensible little horse and as honest as you are yourself. Do all you ask of him." When the signal was given the mare led off, with the mustang at her withers.

It was a half-mile track somewhere in the southern part of the state, and the race being a mile, the horses had to go around twice. Soldiers thronged the course, leaving only a narrow lane for the contestants. Passing the judges on the first lap, the mustang was lying easily alongside the mare, not having lost an inch. Capt. Garland shouted to Keller: "Get at him with your whip! He'll stand punishment all the way home! Let him have it!" Mr. Keller, telling of the race the other day, said: "I knew he was a good little horse, with the determination and grit of a bulldog, so I lit into him. I flogged him every step of the way home. In vain the mare tried to shake him off. Saunders whipped and spurred, rode with his head, hands, arms and knees. My mount gradually crept up, and when he finished was just a short neck in front. I reckon I was the most surprised man in the regiment, and in a few minutes the saddest, too. By winning that race I had broke every man in the command. The poor boys had but their three months' pay on the mare, and all their tobacco, sugar, etc., blankets, pocket-knives, and

nearly everything else that a soldier has about him. For awhile I was mighty unpopular."

MODERN SHIP WRECKERS.

Their Business Instead of Destroying Ships Is to Save Them.

Although the work of destroying derelicts at sea falls upon government shoulders, it is not a little remarkable that the work of salvage—the work of raising wrecks, and of rescuing derelicts, when possible, from destruction—is entirely in the hands of private corporations.

It is an interesting experience to spend a morning in the offices of one of the great salvage "wrecking" companies, which have now become so essential for the welfare of a maritime nation, not only because they save the majority of fine vessels that are driven into positions of peril, but because they keep clear channels in all the world's ports.

On one of the walls a large slate will be noticed which tells the exact position of every ship that has recently been disabled. If the day happens to be stormy, with great seas rolling outside the harbor, the telephone and telegraph wires are kept busy.

Instructions flash over the wires; specially constructed boats, fitted with every necessity, from divers to derricks, are dispatched with all haste to the scene of the accident; officials hurry to the fatal spot, while the company's photographer puts his traps together to be able to provide pictorial reports of the work as it progresses.

From rendering assistance to harbor tugs which have run aground—a task which occupies only a few hours—the work ranges to saving great liners or disabled ships of war, involving operations on gigantic scales, not likely to be completed within weeks, or even months.

The old-time word "wreckers" has today completely lost its original meaning and fascination. The wreckers of romance and history lived by plundering wrecks, for which they themselves were responsible as often as not. The wreckers of today live by an honorable calling, for the wrecking of a ship now means the saving of ship and cargo for the benefit of her lawful owners.

Separate Cars for Smoking Women.

The courts of Belgium are to be called up soon to decide an interesting question—whether the railroad companies must provide separate cars for women who want to smoke. A young woman recently lighted a cigarette in a carriage reserved for women. Her traveling companions immediately protested and threatened to complain to the guard as soon as the car stopped. When the young woman reached her destination she consulted a lawyer who has taken the question into the courts.

A hard case—the mummy.

Plans Clubs For Farmers.

At a meeting of the Farmers' Institute committee on clubs and organization, held in Chicago, elaborate plans were made for the coming year. Clubs of twelve families each are to be organized in all parts of the state. When organized the clubs are to meet once a month, the day being Wednesday when the moon is nearest full. The twelve families will assemble at the house of a different family each month, each family thus entertaining the others once a year.

Chanler Declared Sane.

John Armstrong Chanler, divorced husband of Amelia Rives, now Princess Troubetzkoy, the Virginia authoress, and who escaped from a New York asylum a year ago and whose recent appearance near his old Virginia home caused a widespread sensation, has been declared sane by Circuit Judge John E. Mason of Louisa Co., Va. Judge Mason has directed that all funds in the trustee's hands be turned over to Chanler in his own right.

A FEARLESS PHYSICIAN.

Benton, Ill., Sept. 30th.—Much comment has been caused by the action of Dr. R. H. Dunaway, a physician here, who for over a year past has been recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills to those of his patients who suffered from Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or other Kidney Troubles.

Dr. Dunaway also published an open letter last May stating positively that he himself had been cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and that, after he had concluded he was going to die.

He is a well man today and says he feels it his duty to do as he has done and is doing because Dodd's Kidney Pills saved his life.

Admiral Sampson has bought a house in Washington, and, it is said, will soon make his permanent home there.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive and known cure for the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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I do not believe Pilo's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

The habit of looking at the bright side of things is better than an income of a thousand a year.—Hume.



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