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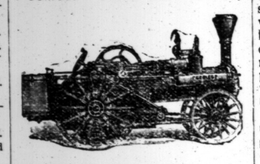
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Roman Standards.

In the Roman army there was a very highly developed system of military ensigns, which, just as among modern nations, were regarded not merely as a rallying point for a given body of men but as an emblem of the state, and were therefore surrounded with a veneration which degenerated into idolatry. From a tactical point of view the Roman standards were of more importance than the flag at the present day, for the movements of the troops were entirely regulated by them.

Accordingly as they were raised and carried forward, planted in the ground, or turned toward the rear, in obedience to the soufids of the horns of the "cornicines," the army broke up its camp and marched, or retreated and halted. In the camp the standards were planted before the General's tent, where their presence sanctified the spot as though it were a temple, and rendered it a safe depository for the booty collected by the legion. It was to the standards the soldiers swore allegiance, and the first step of a pretender who sought to become Emperor was to seize the standards, as he thereby secured the fidelity of the legion.

On feast days the "dusty, awe-inspiring standards," as Pliny calls them, were anointed with perfumes and decorated with garlands; on days of mourning they were stripped of their ornaments, and if, when the order to march was given, their bearers found it difficult to loosen them from the earth, it was looked upon as a fatal omen.—All the Year Round.

Fruit Eating to Cure All Ills.

A new society of cranks has been started by a former lieutenant in the German army. His name is Wathe. He is the leader of a new "ism" and as such sailed recently from San Francisco to Honolulu. The Fruitarians" is the name of the new society he represents, and their belief—or rather notion—is that modern civilization is full of vanities and strange notions, and greatly needs reforming. The members eat nothing but ripe fruit, eschew cooked food of any kind, and drink only water. They are to live in huts, bare of the comforts of civilization, and go naked. Ex-Lieut. Wathe intends to buy a large tract of land in the Sandwich Islands, or perhaps a small island outright, for the purpose of founding a colony.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Everlasting Life."

TEXT: "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest."—Micah ii., 10.

This was the drum beat of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition, but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells by long exposure and much ringing lose their clearness of tone, but this rousing bell of the gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life a great many vexations and annoyances take after us. We may have our holidays and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man come to middle life who has found entire rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns and hung the clouds and sharpened the tusks, from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that He did not make this world as a place to loiter in. God does everything successfully, and this world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does right well for a few hours. Indeed it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water, or hung up those brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill and bird and ocean, so that God has but to lift His hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But, after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They builded themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money markets. They had stock in the most successful railroads and in "safety deposits" great rolls of Government securities. They had emblazoned carriages, high mettled steeds, footmen, plate that confounded lords and senators who sat at their tables, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canvas on the walls, exquisite poem of music rising among palaces of bronze and dropping soft as light on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. But here the embroidered curtain and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights. It is 11 o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids and the air float through the half opened lattice drowsy with midsummer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety and trouble. But, no, they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They break in the canopy. With rough touch they startle his ruises. They cry out at 12 o'clock at night "Awake, man! How can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that fire bell! Is your district? How if you should die soon? Awake, man! Think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up!" Riches sometimes take wings! How if you should get poor? Wake up!" Rising on one side, the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room and whom the lamplight from his forehead and says: "Alas, for all this scene of wealth and magnificence—no rest!"

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said: "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is consignal infidelity, in that one, a daughter lost, in that, a dissolute father, in that, an idiot child, in that, the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says: "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an act that would be famous!" The tide turns in his favor. He name is on 10,000 lips. His is bowed to and sought after and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. His name is on the mantled bosom. From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From housetops, as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. He is here at last. It is all over. At last. On pillow stuffed with a nation's praise let him lie down. Hush all disturbant voices! In his dream let them the hooting throng, and across it a voice shouts, "Make way!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor?" Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Hesitate to the execration of those who once caressed you. By tomorrow night there will be multitudes searching at the words which last night you accepted would be universally applauded. Can you sleep even everything depends upon the next turn of the great tragedy! Up, man. Off this pillow. The man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up and, looking out upon the midnight, sees nothing except the flowers that line on his stand, of the stool from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan for a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he gets his first lawyer's brief, exultant when he train spiked over his first political rival, yet, sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims, "No rest, no rest."

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster: "What a statesman! What wonderful exposition of the constitution! A man for any position." That same world said a few awhile: "Down with him! He is an office seeker. He is a sot. He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. Jeffrey thought that if he could only be quite that would be the making of him; got to be judge and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes, won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment when poets and orators and duchesses were adoring his genius wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt when he wrote of the

Last, we, modest crimson tipped flower. Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; did it; tremble, then diet, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military books which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumphs. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena; but, oh, what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in triumph; the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silver tongued Sheridan in the midday of his power harangued the people of Britain, and how they howled at and execrated him when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them.

This world for rest? "Aha!" cry the waters, "no rest here! We plunge to the sea." "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest here! We crumble to the plain." "Aha!" cry the towers, "no rest here. We follow Babylon and Thebes and Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers; they fade. No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for man; he must work, toil, suffer and slave.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California large companies were made up and started off to get their fortune. To-day I want to make up a party for the land of gold. I hold in my hand a deed from the proprietor of the estate, in which he offers to all who will join the company 10,000 shares of infinite value in a city whose streets are gold, whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the crusaders—how that many thousands of them went off to conquer the holy sepulcher. I ask you to join a grander crusade, not for the purpose of conquering the sepulcher of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers. He tests their eyesight, he sounds their lungs, he measures their statures. They must be just right or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your moral or physical stature, whatever your dissipations, whatever your weakness, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest."

Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you may all join it. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place to rest in. There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary!—weary with sin, weary with trouble, weary with bereavement. Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a thousand conflicts, in which you have bled at every pore, and you sigh, "O, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest." You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drunk it to the dregs, and still the thirst gnaws at your tongue, and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased pleasure through every valley, by every stream, and every brightness and under every shadow, but just at the moment when you were ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylph of the wood she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry dock to repair the split bulwark.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fingers worn with the needle that in this world you may never lay down, ye discouraged ones who have been waging a hand fight for bread, ye to whom the night brings little rest and the morning more drudgery—oh, ye of the weary hand, and of the weary side, and the weary foot, hear me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. Look at their hands; look at their feet; look at their eyes. It cannot be that those bright ones ever toiled? Yes, yes! These packed the Chinese teaboxes, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These swaltered on Southern plantations, and one night after the cotton picking went up as white as if they had never been black. Those died of overtoil in the Lowell carpet factories, and these in Manchester mills. Those helped build the pyramids, and these broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build; heaven is done. No more garments to weave; the robes are finished. No more harvests to raise; the garners are full. Oh, sons and daughters of toil, arise! You and depart, for that is your rest!

Scovil McCallum, a boy of my Sunday-school, while dying said to his mother "Don't cry, but sing, sing:

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary."

Then, putting his wasted hand over his heart, said, "There is rest for me."

Oh, ye whose locks are wet with the dews of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy because those well known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, you let is your rest! There is David triumphant, but once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned, but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant, but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Parson radiant with immortal health, but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough tonight. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic harps. No tremor in the everlasting song, but rest—perfect rest—unending rest.

Into that rest how many of our loved ones have gone! Tiny little children had been gathered up into the bosom of Christ. One of them went out of the arms of a widowed mother, following its father, who died a few weeks before. In its last moment it seemed to see the departed father, for it said, looking upward with heavenward countenance, "Papa, take me up!"

Others put down the work of midlife, feeling they could hardly be spared from the office or store or shop for a day, but are to be spared from it forever. Your mother went, having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindness for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God great price, suddenly her countenance was transfigured, and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that great cloud of witnesses that hover about the throne.

Glorious consolation! They are not dead. You cannot make me believe they are dead. They have only moved on. With more love than that with which they greet us on earth, they watch us from their high place, and their voices cheer us in our struggles for the sky. Hail, spirits blessed, now that ye have passed the flood and won the crown! With weary feet we press up the shining way, until in everlasting reunion we shall meet again. Oh, won't it be grand when, our conflicts done and our parting over, we shall step hands and cry out, "This is heaven"

JUMPED FROM THE TOWER.

A Prominent Bank President Kills Himself at Richmond.

Colonel J. M. Winstead, one of the most prominent citizens of Greensboro, N. C., and president of the Piedmont and the People's Bank, of that city, committed suicide in Richmond by jumping from the tower of the City Hall to the pavement below, a distance of ninety-four feet. His body fell upon an iron railing upon the pavement and was horribly mangled, every bone in the body being broken except the skull. Several persons witnessed the suicide.

The unfortunate man before making the fatal leap removed his shoes and threw them, with his cane, to the pavement. They struck the sidewalk about two seconds before the body. This fact precludes the idea that the fall was an accident. Three notes and a check were found upon the body, the entire amount of which was a little over $3.00.

Colonel Winstead arrived in Richmond from the South and registered at Ford's Hotel. He appeared to be in good spirits. He ate breakfast at the hotel and conversed with several gentlemen at the table. At 8 15 A. M. he appeared at the City Hall and expressed a desire to go up into the tower of the building. The keys were procured for him and he was given some instructions as to closing the windows and doors when he left the tower. He showed no signs whatever of being excited, and proceeded to the tower alone.

The motive for the suicide is a mystery. Colonel Winstead was a native of Person County, N. C., and was about 70 years of age. Under the Grant Administration his brother, Colonel C. S. Winstead, was collector of internal revenue for the Greensboro District, and deceased was his deputy. He afterwards engaged in the banking business and became president of the Piedmont Bank and the People's Bank, of Greensboro, which positions he held at the time of his death.

It is reported from Shanghai that the Japanese minister to Corea has been killed by his own troops. The efforts to float a Chinese loan of 1,000,000 taels is said to have failed. Russia will send nine warships to the Pacific.

Tobacco Caused Consumption—Nodobac Cures the Tobacco Habit and Consumptive Gets Well.

TWO RIVERS, Wis., Aug. 25.—[Special.]—Great excitement and interest has been manifested in this recovery of an old time resident of this town, Mr. Jno. Banker, who has for several years been considered by all his friends a hopeless consumptive. Investigation shows that for over thirty-two years he used three and a half pounds of tobacco a week. A short time ago he was induced to try a tobacco habit cure called "No-To-Bac." Talking about his miraculous recovery today he said: "Yes, I used No-To-Bac, and two boxes completely cured me. I thought, and so did all my friends, that I had consumption. Now they say, as you say, 'how healthy and strong you look, Jno.' and when ever they ask me what cured my consumption I tell them No-To-Bac. The last week I used to cough I lost four pounds. This morning I began the use of No-To-Bac I weighed 147 4 pounds; to-day I weigh 163, a gain of 42½ pounds. I eat heartily, and sleep well. Before I used No-To-Bac I was so nervous that when I went to drink I had to hold the glass in both hands. To-day my nerves are perfectly steady. Where did I get No-To-Bac? At the drug store. It is made by the Sterling Remedy Company, general western office, 45 Randolph street, Chicago, New York office, 10 Spruce street, but I see by the printed matter that it is sold by all druggists—I know all the druggists in this town keep it. I have recommended it to over one hundred people and do not know of a single failure to cure."

Walking is slow traveling until you overtake a snail.

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
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NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 10	@	$ 4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	58¾		58¾
RYE—Western	48		50
CORN—No. 2	61		62
OATS—No. 2	34¼		34¼
BUTTER—State	18		22
Extra State	16		17
CHEESE—State	7		9

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@	$ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	56		56¼
CORN—No. 2	61		62
OATS—No. 2	33½		34
BUTTER—State	21		23
EGGS—Penna. fr	16		17

UNFORTUNATELY similar misstatements are not all of good sound judgment. —Syracuse Courier.

Took Charge of Him.

It is often said that a benefit conferred does more to promote friendship than a favor received. If you would cultivate a friendly feeling toward another, do him a kindness; if you would secure his lasting friendship, get him to do you a kindness. There is some truth, at any rate, in this view of the case; and it applies even to dogs, as is shown strikingly by a story related in "Gold, Sport and Coffee-Planting in Mysore," by Mr. R. H. Elliot.

Mr. A. told me that he once wounded a tiger which afterward sprang on him, knocked him down, and seized him by the hand and arm. With Mr. A. was a large dog, which at once attacked the tiger, and diverted him from Mr. A. After driving off the dog, the tiger returned to Mr. A., and commenced worrying him, but was again attacked by the dog.

The dog was driven off three or four times, but the tiger was all the while losing strength, and finally died. The dog was uninjured. Now comes the curious part of the story.

The dog, which was not affectionate, belonged to Mr. A.'s brother, and previously had taken no interest in any one but his master. Now, however, he refused to go home with his master, but stuck closely to the wounded man, and when some carbolic acid, which caused pain, was applied by Mr. A.'s brother to the wound, the dog began to growl and show other signs of displeasure.

He would not allow anyone to come near Mr. A. except his own special servant, and lay under the bed with his nose sticking out, keeping close guard.

When Mr. A. was carried to the doctor, some thirty-five miles away, the dog went, too, and on the doctor's applying carbolic acid and setting the bones, which caused the patient to cry out, the dog at once seized the doctor by the leg.

In about three months Mr. A. was quite cured. After that the dog lost all interest in him, and returned to his master; and if he met Mr. A. by chance, merely acknowledged his recognition of him by the faintest wag of his tail.

A year afterward, happening to meet the doctor, whom he had not seen in the meantime, he at once flew at him and seized him by the trousers.



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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.
Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.
Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Tea from Africa.

In the colony of Natal tea continues to be largely grown in the coast districts, chiefly in Victoria County and the Lower Umzimkulu division. The area under cultivation may be put down at about 2,200 acres.

Frosts of '52.

On the night of June 11, 1852, there were heavy frosts all over New England, and in Livingston County, New York, 300 sheep that had been sheared a few days before were frozen to death.

If you do not believe in letting bad enough a one some folks will denounce you as a dangerous radical.

Good Advice.

Sixty years ago the incumbent of a church in Hull used to be called Vicar Bromby. In appearance he was not unlike Socrates, and people did say that he was better acquainted with Seneca than with St. Paul.

Just after the passage of the first reform bill, in 1832, he preached a sermon in which he uttered this wholesome Socratic passage:

"In these days we hear a great deal about reform. Let me give you a piece of advice: the best reform is to make one person better. I need not say who the person may be."

Those who have the most



have it, as a rule, because they save the most. They're more economical. These people buy Pearline. Proof—in all stores of the better class throughout the land, you'll find the sales of Pearline far in the lead. Now, these economical people wouldn't use Pearline for their washing and cleaning, if they didn't find it to be just what we say—the most economical in every way. Would they?

Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 440 JAMES PYLE, New York.

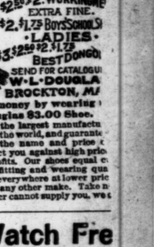
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