T. J. SMITHERS,
DENTIST, EASTON, MD.
Office corner Washington and Cabinet Sts.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,
Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.
Office at his residence on Washington street.

DRS. W. T. KELLEY & BRO.
DENTISTS, Easton, Md.
Office in the Shanahan Building, Dover St.

LEWIS BUFFETT, M. D., D. D.
DENTIST, Easton, Md.
Office in Masonic Temple.

R. RASTALL WALKER,
Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Maryland.
Office on Dover Street, formerly occupied by Dr. J. F. Mokerson.

J. C. & C. MULLIKIN,
Attorneys-at-Law, Easton, Maryland.
Offices: Cor. Dover and Washington Sts.

J. S. GARRISON, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Office and residence, two doors east to Rose Avenue, Dover Street.
Office Hours—8 to 10 A. M., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M.

How to Make More Money!
Have your Butter sweet and a beautiful color, by using
Improved Butter Color.
SOLD BY
Dawson & Jenkins,
and you will always have money. Price 25 cents, enough for five hundred pounds

DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND CHEMICALS,
Fancy and Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Etc.
W. O. HUGHES.
Washington Street.

SACKENDORPH'S PATENT SECTIONAL
Steel Ceilings and Side Wall Finish.
For Churches and Residences. Catalogue, prices and estimates, on application to the Sole Manufacturers,
THE PEASE IRON ROOFING & COR. CO., (Ltd.) Philada., Pa.
Also makers of Lightning, Fire and Storm-Proof Steel Roofing and Siding. Get circular.

A Great Push for Fall Business.

What are Wanamaker & Brown after? Last year they could hardly wait on the crowds. They took out their front, enlarged the holding capacity of their store fifty per cent, sold Suits at $5 and Trousers at $2. What next?

Why more of the same sort of prices and better goods for you. We haven't half the business we can attend to. We've prepared goods by the carload. Next thing is to sell.

We'll sell—no doubt about that, we've fixed the prices where every customer is sure to become a purchaser. The keynote of the season—Lower prices for all sorts of clothes—Best Suits, Every day Suits—everything in the Clothing line.

No greater Clothes selling possible than $5 and $6.75 Suits. $20 and $25 kinds Black Suits for $13.50 and $16.50 this season. ubstantially half prices for Fall and Winter Overcoats.

Prices will be no lower. Materials are rising. Iron is on the upgrade. We're told we're getting too little. The way we're selling, it will take half the money or about half to buy what you're used to in clothes. Boys Clothes, too—same rate, about one-half prices.

No change in the Railroad Fare conditions. Purchasers of reasonable amount of our goods are entitled under our rules to their carfare paid.

WANAMAKER & BROWN
SIXTH AND MARKET PHILADELPHIA

PATENTS
Obtained, and all *PATENT BUSINESS* attended to for *MODERATE FEES*. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from *WASHINGTON*. Send *MODEL, DRAWING or PHOTO* of invention. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make *NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED*.
Letters, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State, County, City or Town, write to
A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
Best In the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!
(Trade)

HARDWARE IN SEASON.
Carriage Blankets, Robes and Horse Covers cheaper than ever before. Guns and Ammunition.
Large stock of Loaded Shells, with both black and smokeless powders. Pocket and Table Cutlery, including a good assortment of both Rodgers' and IXL Knives. Carriage, Wagon and Plow Harness at remarkably low prices.
Lightning Corn Shellers. This Sheller took the first Premium at last Talbot Fair. Auburn Farm Wagons. Also took first premium. Sausage Cutters and Stuffers, Axes and all other seasonable goods in large supply. Linen Dusters and Summer Horse Covers at and below cost as follows:

Dusters, 22c.,	sold this season for	35c.	Dusters, 50c.,	sold this season for	75c.
" 25c.,	" " "	40c.	" 57c.,	" " "	90c.
" 30c.,	" " "	50c.	" 75c.,	" " "	$1.00
" 35c.,	" " "	60c.	" 75c.,	" " "	1.10
" 42c.,	" " "	75c.	" $1.00	" " "	1.50

E. T. NICOLS,
EASTON, MD.

Griffith's Greeting.

We have the assurance, based upon the condition of the market, to say we will have a prosperous business year, both as to the amount of business and advancing prices. We are bending all our energies that way and we ask the hearty co-operation of our patrons to make 1895 a great success.

Griffith the Grocer

ROBERT B. DIXON & CO.
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Lumber & Building Material,
North Carolina Locust Posts, Very Extra Cypress Shingles,
FENCING, Both Hemlock and North Carolina.
DEALERS IN
Anthracite and Cumberland Coals and Fertilizers.
We are selling the above at lowest prices to suit the times.

LUMBER.
GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.
414 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.
We offer you, delivered to Wharf or Depot in Baltimore:
1 inch Yellow Pine Boards, (Edge,) $12.50 per M.
1 " Worked Yellow Pine Flooring, 15.00 "
6x20 Sawed Cypress Shingles, - 6.00 "
These goods are excellent value for the money. We have higher grades at higher prices. If you wish prices on other goods, write us and we will reply promptly.
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, Etc.
SHINGLES.

HUMPHREYS'
Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.
It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate. Cures Permanent.
It Cures BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. Relief instant.
It Cures TORN, Cut and Lacerated Wounds and Bruises. Quick.
It Cures BOILS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is Infallible.
It Cures INFLAMED or CAKED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.
It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.
Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and $1.00.
Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.
WITCH HAZEL OIL

Best Pigments, Best Linseed Oil, Best Results.
Pyramid PURE Oil Colors
ECONOMY
is the result of using
PAINTS
NOT affected by Fire, Scalding Steam, Acids or Salt Air. PYRAMID PAINTS are FIRE and WATER PROOF, and will stand where ordinary Paints blister and peel off.
Made only by
The Pyramid Paint Co.,
11th and Ridge Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA. - - PENN.

Dictionary of United States History
By J. FRANKLIN JAMESON, Ph.D.,
Professor of History, Brown University, formerly of Johns Hopkins University; Editorial Contributor to "Century Dictionary;" Author of "Historical Writing in America."
Illustrated with Nearly 300 Elegant Portraits of Distinguished Americans.
The subject is of the greatest interest.
The author has a national reputation.
The Book is comprehensive and accurate.
It is written in a clear, attractive, and interesting style.
Every College Professor, Teacher, Minister, Lawyer and Doctor needs it.
Every Merchant, Mechanic, Farmer, and Laborer needs it.
Every Man and Woman, Boy and Girl needs it.
It is a valuable and necessary for all who speak the English language.
It contains 750 large, 8vo pages of valuable matter.
It contains 350,000 words of solid historical facts.
It contains nearly 300 portraits of illustrious Americans.
It is arranged alphabetically in Dictionary form, so that the information sought is readily obtained.
The book is in one volume and convenient in size and form to use.
It includes every historical fact of value in relation to the country.
It includes the biography of every historically prominent person in the United States.
It will be valuable to every person, every day in the year.
Sample copies sent prepaid on receipt of price.
Fine English Cloth Binding, stamped in Gold $1.00
Half Morocco, Full Sheep, Marbled Edges 2.00
Full Mor. Gold Back and Side Stamps, Marbled edges 2.50
Full Sheep, Spring Back, Marbled edges 3.00
Exclusive territory. Agent's Outfit, $1.00.
Salary paid to Successful Agents.
PURITAN PUBLISHING CO.,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

AGAINST A 16-TO-1 RATIO.
The Radical Silver Men Out-voted by the Farmers' National Congress.
The meeting of the Farmers' National Congress held at Atlanta, Ga., furnished a sensation in the vote on an amendment to a resolution pe loining Congress to enact laws protecting the parity of gold and silver and providing for the international conference. The amendment provided that Congress be invited to consider how to preserve a ratio of not higher than 16 to 1, and it was lost by a vote of 251 to 1 4. The delegates from the Western States voted for the amendment.
The fight was made squarely on the merits of the question, and the issue was in no way clouded with parliamentary technicalities. Those delegates who favored the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1 voted for the amendment, and it was lost by a majority of 147. The victory of the sound money element in the congress was emphasized late in the day, when a resolution declaring opposition to the further issue of interest-bearing Treasury bonds or notes under any circumstances was lost.
A resolution favoring Congressional enactment against the beef trust was adopted.

Dr. Ellenbogen, of Vienna, the Austrian delegate to the socialist congress now in session in Breslau, was arrested on the ground that he is an obnoxious foreigner.

FINE JEWELRY DIAMONDS
AMERICAN SWISS WATCHES
SOLID SILVERWARE
BRIC-A-BRAC
BRONZES CLOCKS WEDDING PRESENTS
J. S. McDOWELL
6 & 8 N. CHARLES ST.
BALTIMORE MD.

FENCING
WIRE ROPE SELVAGE
McMULLEN
Poultry, Farm, Garden, Cemetery, Lawn, Railroad and Rabbit Fencing.
Thousands of miles in use. Catalogue Free. Freight Paid. Prices Low.
The McMULLEN WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO.
114, 116, 118 and 120 W. Market St. CHICAGO, ILL.

PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS.
CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. $3 a year. Sample copies sent free.
Building Edition, monthly, $2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address,
MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

A YOUNG LADY KILLED.

Miss Stella West, of Savannah, Shot Herself Accidentally.

Miss Stella West, one of the most prominent young society leaders of Savannah, Ga., accidentally shot and killed herself at the country residence of her parents at Montgomery. The family was preparing to move into the city, and Miss West was fixing a revolver that had been presented to her for protection while in the country. She was unable to extricate the chamber and in some way a cartridge was discharged. The ball struck below the clavicle and glanced upward.

Miss West died an hour later. She was twenty-one years of age, extremely pretty and a great favorite. Her father was the late James R. West, agent of the Baltimore Line of steamers.

The Havana correspondent of the London Times is convinced that Captain-General Campos is preparing for a detailed occupation of the Island of Cuba to last for a year or longer.

A Giant's Trouble.

He was a giant in size, the picture of health and strength, with iron muscles, a famous athlete. He pursued his training excessively to hold his fame, and doubtless trained too much. With all his exercise the man was nervous, restless and sleepless, and the racking pains took hold upon him. He could not understand his condition, for neuralgia had set in when he thought himself in perfect health. So in all conditions it will take hold of the nerves. They had been enfeebled in his case, and they are enfeebled in a thousand cases in as many different ways. He was well advised and followed directions of experienced people. Soon his nerves began to be toned and quieted and in a short time the pains ceased altogether. He had used St. Jacobs Oil freely and a cure followed, and so will it follow in all cases and conditions.

Blind Man—"How's everything this morning, Jerry?" Logless Man—"Oh, I can't kick. How do you like it?" Blind Man—"Out of sight."

When Nature
Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

A delicate silence is the strongest protest that one can be offered.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The successor of Prince Cantacuzene as Russian ambassador at Washington, is his own brother-in-law.

At The Office
you may have a sudden bilious attack or headache when it is impossible for you to leave your work. If you have a box of Ripans Tabules in your desk a tabule taken at the first symptom will relieve you.

"How do you like my new suit?" "It's immense; what did you pay for it?" "The price"—measuredly—"was $45."

There is Pleasure and Profit
and satisfaction in abating troublesome and painful ills by using Parker's Ginger Tonic.

A Newark (N. J.) child, born with two webfingers, twelve toes and a double palate, lived only a few hours.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Some people keep their nails in mourning as if their fingers were dead.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"It's a good thing you married a chemist, Nancy; you always have a retort ready."

It is So Easy to Remove Corns With Hindercorn, we wonder so many endure them. Get it and see how speedily it takes them off.

The death of John Dunn, a Zulu chief, made orphans of seventy children.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

A fisherman at Clinton, Mo., caught a three-foot water moccasin snake on a hook baited with a rog.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALLIE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 30, '95.

"I wish I were a man! I would do something noble, self-sacrificing." "Propose to a girl like yourself?"

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Montana's first house is still inhabited.

Fall Medicine
Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, prevalence of fevers and other diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and bodily health vigorous by taking
Hood's Sarsaparilla
The One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.
KENNEDY'S
Medical Discovery.
DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,
Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.
He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.
A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.
When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.
If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.
A change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Your Poor Tired Husband.
He has worked hard all week.
Let him sleep late Sunday morning, then treat him to a breakfast of
Heckers' Buckwheat Cakes.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "An Angelic Rescue."

TEXT: "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?"—Genesis xxii., 7.

Here are Abraham and Isaac, the one a kind, old, gracious, affectionate father, the other a brave, obedient, religious son. From his bronzed appearance you can tell that this son has been much in the fields, and from his shaggy dress you know that he has been watching the herds. The mountain air has painted his cheek rubicund. He is twenty or twenty-five or, as some suppose, thirty-three years of age, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times and the fact that a son never is anything but a boy to a father. I remember that my father used to come into the house when the children were home on some festal occasion and say, "Where are the boys?" although "the boys" were twenty-five and thirty and thirty-five years of age. So this Isaac is only a boy to Abraham, and this father's heart is in him. It is Isaac here and Isaac there. If there is any festivity around the father's tent, Isaac must enjoy it. It is Isaac's walk, and Isaac's apparel, and manners, and Isaac's prospects, and Isaac's prosperity. The father's heartstrings are all wrapped around this boy and wrapped again, until nine-tenths of the old man's life is in Isaac. I can just imagine how lovingly and proudly he looked at his only son.

Well, the dear old man had borne a great deal of trouble, and it had left its mark upon him. In hieroglyphics of wrinkle the story was written from forehead to chin. But now his trouble seems all gone, and we are glad that he is very soon to rest forever. If the old man shall get decrepit, Isaac is strong enough to wait on him. If the father get dim of eyesight, Isaac will lead him by the hand. If the father become destitute Isaac will earn him bread. How glad we are that the ship that has been in such a stormy sea is coming at last into the harbor. Are you not rejoiced that glorious old Abraham is through with his troubles? No, no! A thunderbolt! From that clear eastern sky there drops into that father's tent a voice with an announcement enough to turn black hair white and to stun the patriarch into instant annihilation. God said, "Abraham!" The old man answered, "Here I am." God said to him: "Take thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah and offer him there as a burnt offering." In other words, slay him; cut his body into fragments; put the fragments on wood; set fire to the wood and let Isaac's body be consumed to ashes.

"Cannibalism! Murder!" says some one. "Not so," said Abraham. I hear him soliloquize: "Here is the boy on whom I have depended. Oh, how I loved him! His was given in answer to prayer, and now must I surrender him? O Isaac, my son! Isaac, how shall I part with you? But then it is always safer to do as God asks me to. I have been in dark places before, and God got me out. I will implicitly do as God has told me, although it is very dark. I can't see my way, but I know God makes no mistakes, and to Him I commit myself and my darling son."

Early in the morning there is a stir around Abraham's tent. A beast of burden is fed and saddled. Abraham makes no disclosure of the awful secret. At the break of day he says: "Come, come, Isaac, get up! We are going off on a two or three days' journey." I hear the ax hewing and splitting amid the wood until the sticks are made the right length and the right thickness, and then they are fastened on the beast of burden. They pass on. There are four of them—Abraham, the father; Isaac, the son, and two servants. Going along the road I see Isaac looking up into his father's face and saying: "Father, what is the matter? Are you not well? Has anything happened? Are you tired? Loan on my arm." Then, turning around to the servants, the son says, "Ah, father is getting old, and he has had trouble enough in other days to kill him!"

The third morning has come, and it is the day of the tragedy. The two servants are left with the beast of burden, while Abraham and his son Isaac, as was the custom of good people in those times, went up on the hill to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood is taken off the beast's back and put on Isaac's back. Abraham has in one hand a pan of coals or a lamp and in the other a sharp, keen knife. Here are all the appliances for sacrifice, you say. No, there is one thing wanting. There is no victim—no pigeon or heifer or lamb. Isaac, not knowing that his good people in those times went up on the hill to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood is taken off the beast's back and put on Isaac's back. Abraham has in one hand a pan of coals or a lamp and in the other a sharp, keen knife. Here are all the appliances for sacrifice, you say. No, there is one thing wanting. There is no victim—no pigeon or heifer or lamb. Isaac, not knowing that he is to be the victim, looks up into the father's face and asks a question which must have cut the old man to the bone, "My father!" The father said, "Yo son, here I am." The son said, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" The father's lip quivered, and his heart fainted, and his knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind and soul shiver in sickening anguish as he struggles to gain equipoise, for he does not want to break down. And then he looks into his son's face with a thousand rushing tendernesses and says, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb."

The twain are now at the foot of the hill, the place which is to be famous for a most transcendent occurrence. They gather some stones out of the field and build an altar of three or four feet high. Then they take this wood off Isaac's back and sprinkle it over the stones, so as to help and invite the flame. The altar is done—it is all done. Isaac has helped to build it. With his father he has discussed whether the top of the table is even and whether the wood is properly prepared. Then there is a pause. The son looks around to see if there is not some living animal that can be caught and butchered for the offering. Abraham tries to choke down his fatherly feelings and suppress his grief in order that he may break to his son the terrible news that he is to be the victim.

Ah, Isaac never looked more beautiful than on that day to his father. As the old man ran his emaciated fingers through his son's hair he said to himself: "How shall I give him up? What will his mother say when I come back without my boy? I thought he would have been the comfort of my declining days. I thought he would have been the hope of ages to come. Beautiful and loving, and yet to die under my own hand. O God, is there not some other sacrifice that will do? Take my life and spare his! Pour out my blood and save Isaac for his mother and the world!" But this was an inward struggle. The father controls his feelings and looks into his son's face and says, "Isaac, must I tell you all?" His son said: "Yes, father; I thought you had something on your mind. Tell it." The father said, "My son, Isaac, thou art the lamb!" "Oh," you say, "why didn't that young man, if he was twenty or thirty years of age, smite into the dust his infirm father? He could have done it." Ah, Isaac knew by this time that the scene was typical of a Messiah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's necks and wailed out the parting. Awful and matchless scene of the wilderness! The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. The cry, "My son, my son!" The answer, "My father, my father!"

Do not compare this, as some people have, to Agamemnon willing to offer up his daughter, Iphigenia, to please the gods. There is nothing comparable to this wonderful obedience to the true God. You know that victims for sacrifice were always bound, so that they might not struggle away. Rawlings, the martyr, when he was dying for Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith who held the manacles, "Fasten those chains tight now, for my flesh may struggle mightily." So Isaac's arms were fastened, his feet are tied. The old man, rallying all his strength, lifts him on to a pile of wood. Fastening a thong on one side of the altar, he makes it span the body of Isaac, and fastens the thong at the other side of the altar, and another thong, and another thong. There is the lamp flickering in the wind ready to be put under the brushwood of the altar. There is the knife, sharp and keen. Abraham—struggling with his mortal feelings on the one side and the commands of God on the other—takes that knife, rubs the flat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, comes up to the side of the altar, puts a parting kiss on the brow of his boy, takes a message from him for mother and home, and then lifting the glittering weapon for the plunge of the death stroke—his muscles knitting for the work—the hand begins to descend. It fails! Not on the heart of Isaac, but on the arm of God, who arrests the stroke, making the wilderness echo with the cry, "Abraham, Abraham, lay not thy hand upon the lad, nor do him any harm!"

What is this sound back in the woods? It is a crackling as of tree branches, a bleating and a struggle. Go, Abraham, and see what it is. Oh, it was a ram that, going through the woods, has its crooked horns fastened and entangled in the brushwood and could not get loose, and Abraham seizes it gladly and quickly unloosens Isaac from the altar, puts the ram on his place, sets the lamp under the brushwood of the altar, and as the dense smoke of the sacrifice begins to rise the blood rolls down the sides of the altar and drops hissing into the fire, and I hear the words, "Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world!"

Well, what are you going to get out of this? There is an aged minister of the gospel. He says: "I should get out of it that when God tells you to do a thing, whether it seems reasonable to you or not, go ahead and do it. Here Abraham couldn't have been mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinctly that it was not certain whether he called Sarah or Abimelech or somebody else, but with divine articulation, divine intonation, divine emphasis, he said, 'Abraham!' Abraham rushed blindly ahead to do his duty, knowing that things would come out right. Likewise do so yourselves. There is a mystery of your life. There is some burden you have to carry. You don't know why God has put it on you. There is some persecution, some trial, and you don't know why God allows it. There is a work for you to do, and you have not enough grace, you think, to do it. Do as Abraham did. Advance and do your whole duty. Be willing to give up Isaac, and perhaps you will not have to give up anything. 'Jehovah-Jireh' —the Lord will provide." A capital lesson this old minister gives us.

Our yonder in this house is an aged woman, the light of heaven in her face. She is half way through the door. She has her hand on the pearl of the gate. Mother, what would you get out of this subject? "Oh," she says, "I would learn that it is in the last pinch that God comes to the relief. You see, the altar was ready, and Isaac was fastened on it, and the knife was lifted, and just at the last moment God broke in and stopped proceedings. So it has been in my life of seventy years. Why, sir, there was a time when the flour was all out of the house, and I set the table at noon and had nothing to put on it, but five minutes of 1 o'clock a loaf of bread came. The Lord will provide. My son was very sick, and I said: 'Dear Lord, you don't mean to take him away from me, do you? Please, Lord, don't take him away. Why, there are neighbors who have three and four sons. This is my only son. This is my Isaac. Lord, you won't take him away from me, will You?' But I saw he was getting worse and worse all the time, and I turned round and prayed, until after awhile I felt submissive, and I could say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!' The doctors gave him up, and we all gave him up. And, as was the custom in those times, we had made the grave clothes, and we were whispering about the last exercises, when I looked and I saw some perspiration on his brow, showing that the fever had broken, and he spoke to us so naturally that I knew he was going to get well. He did get well, and my son Isaac, whom I thought was going to be slain and consumed of disease, was loosened from that altar. And, bless your souls, that's been so for seventy years, and if my voice were not so weak, and if I could see better, I could preach to you younger people a sermon, for though I can't see much I can see this—whenever you get into a tough place and your heart is breaking, if you will look a little farther into the woods, you will see, caught in the branches, a substitute and a deliverance. 'My son, God will provide Himself a lamb.'"

Thank you, mother, for that short sermon. I could preach back to you for a minute or two and say, never do you fear! I wish I had half as good a hope of heaven as you have. Do not fear, mother. Whatever happens, no harm will ever happen to you. I was going up a long flight of stairs and I saw an aged woman, very decrepit and with a cane, creeping on up. She made but very little progress, and I felt very exuberant, and I said to her, "Why, mother, that is no way to go upstairs," and I threw my arms around her and I carried her up and put her down on the landing at the top of the stairs. She said: "Thank you, thank you. I am very thankful." O mother, when you get through this life's work and you want to go upstairs and rest in the good place that God has provided for you, you will not have to climb up, you will not have to crawl up painfully. The two arms that were stretched on the cross will be flung around you, and you will be hoisted with a glorious lift beyond all weariness and all struggle. May the God of Abraham and Isaac be with you until you see the Lamb on the hilltops.

Now, that aged minister has made a suggestion, and this aged woman has made a suggestion. I will make a suggestion: Isaac going up the hill makes me think of the great sacrifice. Isaac, the only son of Abraham. Jesus, the only son of God. On those two "onlys" I build a tearful emphasis. O Isaac! O Jesus! But this last sacrifice was a more tremendous one than the first. When the knife was lifted over Calvary there was no voice that cried "Stop!" and no hand arrested it. Sharp, keen and tremendous it cut down through nerve and artery until the blood sprayed the faces of the executioners, and the midday sun dropped a veil of cloud over its face because it could not endure the spectacle. O Isaac of Mount Moriah! O Jesus of Mount Calvary! Both could God have thrown away into annihilation a thousand worlds than to have sacrified His only Son. It was not one of the ten sons; it was His only Son. If He had not given up Him, you and I would have perished. "God so loved the world that He gave His only—" I stop there, not because I have forgotten the quotation, but because I want to think, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Great God, break my heart at the thought of that sacrifice. Isaac the only, typical of Jesus the only.

You see Isaac going up the hill and carrying the wood. O Abraham, why not take the load off the boy? If he is going to die so soon, why not make his last hours easy? Abraham knew that in carrying that wood up Mount Moriah Isaac was to be a symbol of Christ carrying his own cross up Calvary. I do not know how heavy that cross was—whether it was made of oak or acacia or Lebanon cedar. I suppose it may have weighed 100 or 200 or 300 pounds. That was the lightest part of the burden. All the sins and sorrows of the world were wound around that cross. The heft of one, the heft of two worlds—earth and hell were on His shoulders. O Isaac, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Moriah! O Jesus, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Calvary, the agonies of earth and hell wrapped around that cross! I shall never see the heavy load on Isaac's back that I shall not think of the crushing load on Christ's back. For whom that load? For you. For you. For me. For me. Would that all the tears that we have ever wept over our sorrows had been saved until this morning, and that we might now pour them out on the Inquisitor, the lash and feet and heart of the Son of God.

You say: "If the young man was twenty or thirty years of age, why did not he resist? Why was it not Isaac binding Abraham, instead of Abraham binding Isaac? The muscle in Isaac's arm was stronger than the muscle in Abraham's withered arm. No young man twenty-five years of age would submit to have his father fasten him to a pile of wood with intention of burning." Isaac was a willing sacrifice, and so a type of Christ who willingly came to save the world. If all the armies of heaven had resolved to force Christ out from the gate, they could not have done it. Christ was equal with God. If all the battalions of glory had armed themselves and resolved to put Christ forth and make Him come out and save this world, they could not have succeeded in it. With one stroke He would have toppled over angelic and archangelic dominion.

But there was one thing that the omnipotent Christ could not stand. Our sorrows mastered Him. He could not bear to see the world die without an offer of pardon and help, and if all heaven had armed itself to keep Him back, if the gates of life had been bolted and double barred, Christ would have flung the everlasting doors from their hinges, and would have sprung forth, scattering the blistering hosts of heaven like chaff before the whirlwind, as He cried: "Lo! I come to suffer. Lo! I come to die." Christ—a willing sacrifice. Willing to take Bethlehem humiliation, and Sanhedrin outrage, and whipping post maltreament, and Golgotha butchery. Willing to be bound. Willing to suffer. Willing to die. Willing to save.

How does this affect you? Do not your very best impulses bound out toward this pain struck Christ? Get down at His feet, O ye people. Put your lips against the wound in His right foot and help kiss away the pang. Wipe the foam from His dying lip. Get under the cross until you feel the baptism of His rushing tears. Take Him into your heart with warmest love and undying enthusiasm. By your resistances you have abused Him long enough. Christ is willing to save you. Are you willing to be saved? It seems to me as if this moment were throbbing with the invitations of an all compassionate God.

I have been told that the cathedral of St. Mark stands in a quarter in the center of the city of Venice, and that when the clock strikes 12 at noon all the birds from the city and the regions round about the city fly to the square and settle down. It came in this wise: A large hearted woman, passing one noonday across the square, saw some birds shivering in the cold, and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them. The next day, at the same hour, she scattered more crumbs of bread amongthem, and so on from year to year until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice, and now, at the first stroke of the bell at noon the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has struck 12 the square is covered with them. How beautifully suggestive! Christ comes out to feed thy soul to-day. The more hungry you feel yourselves to be the better it is. It is noon, and the gospel clock strikes 12. Come in flocks! Come as doves to the window! All the air is filled with the liquid chime: Come! Come! Come!

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Senator Blackburn is grieving himself these days because Vice-President Stevenson has not seen fit to come out for free silver. Mr. Stevenson was the classmate, roommate and constant companion of Senator Blackburn at Center College, Danville, Ky., and their acquaintance has ever since been of the closest character.

District Attorney J. R. Fellows, of New York, has resolved to donate his law library of 30,000 volumes to the new library of the Court of General Sessions, which owes its existence to the efforts of Judges Fitzgerald and Cowing and Recorder Goff. With the 2,000 volumes donated by Colonel Fellows and the sum of $5,000, which was set aside some years ago for this purpose, it is expected that an excellent beginning can be made for a valuable collection of books treating of criminal law.

Professor E. E. Barnard, of Lick Observatory, California, has just concluded an important bit of a tronomical work which represents the most patient and wonderful labors. This work consists in the measurements of the four largest asteroids. For many years Vesta was considered the largest, Ceres next and then Pallas and Juno, but by means of the Lick telescope and a micrometer Professor Barnard puts Ceres as leader with a diameter of 485 miles; Pallas next with 304; then Vesta, 248, and Juno, 118. Vesta got the credit for its greater size in the past because it is four times brighter than Ceres.

Lord Scully, or as he is familiarly known, "Backsett" Scully, of Ireland, has moved to New York, in order to take out naturalization papers. Scully is well known out West, as he is the owner of many thousand acres of farming lands in Illinois, Missouri and Kansas. His action in moving to the United States to become a citizen is for the purpose of removing all doubts about his right to acquire more land. Scully owns in Illinois from 80,000 to 100,000 acres. Much of this land was acquired from the Government at $1.25 an acre. Large tracts were obtained at 50 cents to $1 an acre through the use of soldiers' land warrants. He bought lands in Illinois until prevented by the adoption of a new law. Several attempts have been made to compel him to pay an income tax, but without result. One case was taken to the Supreme Court before he won. He now owns more than a whole county in Kansas, large portions of counties in Nebraska, slices of Missouri counties and sections in other States.

In Corea the anti-reform party has broken into the palace and the Queen's life is said to be in danger.

Invading Japan.
An advance guard of the Salvation Army has arrived in Japan.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

IN GOOD HEALTH AT SEVENTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE.

Miss Cornwall's Wonderful Recovery of Health—Became Well in Two Months After an Illness of Six Years.

From the Register, New Haven, Conn.

In this rapid age of ours when so many men and women are old at fifty, one who has lived three-quarters of a century, and then, after debility and suffering, regains health and vigor, must be regarded with a feeling akin to wonder. A New England lady has been found who has had this remarkable experience.

In the family of Clarence Williams, a Cheshire farmer on the Meriden road, Cheshire, Ct., lives Miss Cornelia Cornwall, a lady seventy-three years of age. For several years Miss Cornwall's health has been declining very rapidly, caused by a general debility. Her friends feared that the respected lady had not long to live; but a kind Providence directed the aged lady, and in a newspaper advertisement Miss Cornwall read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—a few boxes of which she procured at once, and with the result that is best told in her own words.

"About six years ago," Miss Cornwall began, "my health commenced to fail. I suffered from loss of appetite and pains in different parts of my body. My condition gradually grew worse until my limbs were apparently unable to bear my weight, and I could no longer go up stairs without the assistance of some one.

"I consulted physicians who prescribed medicines for my blood. These I continued to take for several months, but without any effect. The sense of feeling in my lower limbs seemed to be leaving me, and I began to fear that it was hopeless to look for a cure. I was still suffering terribly from the pains through my body, when I chanced to read the story of a cure that had been effected with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I discovered that the town druggist here had none on sale, so I sent immediately to the headquarters in Schenectady, N. Y., and secured two of the boxes of the pills.

"Last December I commenced using the pills regularly, and a month after I had been taking them, I felt greatly benefited by their use. The feeling in my limbs came back again, and in two months I was able to go about the house as I had been accustomed to a year before. Now, as you can see, I am enjoying good health. The pallor in my face was removed by the pills. A number of my friends in the neighborhood were complaining of symptoms somewhat similar to my own, and I recommended that they take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They did so, and they tell me that they have been very much benefited by their use. I still continue to take the pills, though there is not so much necessity for them at present. As a purifier of the blood, I consider the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a wonderful medicine."

Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk, or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

MURDERED BY MOSLEMS.

Armenians Killed in the Market Place of Akhissar.

A despatch from Constantinople, Turkey, says that reliable news has been received that fifty Armenians were killed and a number wounded at Akhissar, in the villayet of Adin, on the Anatolian Railway, by