HIS GLORIOUS FAITH.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.

He Sums Up the Evidence of the Bible and That of the Dying Christian to Prove a General Hope—A Sermon of Absorbing Interest.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 24.—Dr. Talmage has been for a few days preaching and lecturing in Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and his sermon is on a theme which will absorbingly interest all who read it. He returns this week to Washington. The subject is "Heavenly Recognition," and the text, II Sam. xii, 23, "I shall go to him."

There is a very sick child in the abode of David the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace stairs and, bending over the pillow, blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the king of terrors. Alas, for David the king! He can neither sleep nor eat and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of woe.

I Shall Go to Him.

What are courtly attendants or victorious armies or conquered provinces under such circumstances? What to any parent is all splendid surrounding when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. There, in that great house, two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the king, but they cannot make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the matter, and David hears them, and he looks up and says to them, "Is the child dead?" "Yes, he is dead."

David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child! No gravedigger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the hoofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat and exclaims, "I shall go to him!"

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth, will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other, and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together. And how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm. John went up on one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said, "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiration and looked off upon it again, and he said, "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration and looked off again and he said, "A hundred and forty and four thousand and thousands of thousands." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again and exclaimed, "A great multitude that no man can number."

Now, I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a falsity? Is this doctrine of future recognition of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granitic foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question! Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead. Tremendous question! It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill. Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold, scholarly hand, on gilt edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say, "Ah, that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand and on what seems to be a torn out leaf of a book, and there and here is the mark of a tear, and I say, "Oh, that is a broken heart, and it wants to be comforted."

From Theory to Certainty.

The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of positive certainty. People say: "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulcher.

Now, when you are going to build a ship you must get the right kind of timber. You lay the keel and make the framework of the very best materials—the keelson, stanchions, plank shear, counter timber, knees, transoms—all iron or solid oak. You may build a ship of lighter material, but when the cyclone comes on it will go down. Now, we may have a great many beautiful theories about the future world built out of our own fancy, and they may do very well as long as we have smooth sailing in the world. But when the storms of sorrow come upon us, and the hurricane of death, we will be swamped, we will be foundered. We want a theory built out of God's eternal word. The doctrine of future recognition is not so often positively stated in the word of God as implied, and you know, my friends, that that is, after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. Your friend travels in foreign lands. He comes home. He does not begin by arguing with you to prove that there are such places as London and Stockholm and Paris and Dresden and Berlin, but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not so positively state this theory as all up and down its chapters take it for granted.

What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation? We read in the first book of the Bible: Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions. Of course it means that. It cannot mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible four times that is taken for granted. The whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of the purple clusters of consolation. James, John and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the glories of the celestial. Christ's garments glow, and his face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who have been for years in heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only 5, 10, 20, 30 years ago?

Recognition.

The Bible indicates, over and over again, that the angels know each other, and then the Bible says that we are to be higher than the angels. And if the angels have the power of recognition, shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capacity? What did Christ mean, in his conversation with Mary and Martha, when he said, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say: "Don't cry. Don't wear yourselves out with this trouble. You will see him again. Thy brother shall rise again."

The Bible describes heaven as a great home circle. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as a sleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep, shall we not know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes! We will know each other a great deal better then than now, "for now," says the apostle, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." It will be my purified, enthroned and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned and glorified body.

Now, I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying: "I hope it is so. I have an idea it is so. I guess it is so." Be able to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind and soul, "I know it is so!"

There are, in addition to these Bible arguments, other reasons why I accept this theory. In the first place, because the rejection of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner, we have been so long familiar? Will death come and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives, "Son, remember." If the exiled and the lost remember, will not the enthroned remember?

You know very well that our joy in any circumstance is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We cannot see a picture with less than four eyes or hear a song with less than four ears. We want some one beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies, and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our friends with us when there rise before us the thrones of the blessed and when there surges up in our ear the jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a contraction. It is an expansion. If I know you here, I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have 1,000,000 eyes. It will be immortality gazing on immortality, ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit, victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him, "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said, "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

The World Expects It.

Again, I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God implanted, and if God implanted it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes: "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death, I could even be able to die often."

Among the Danes, when a master dies his servant sometimes slays himself that he may serve the master in the future world. Cicero, living before Christ's coming, said: "Oh, glorious day when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene to associate with the divine assemblage of departed spirits, and not only with the one I have just mentioned, but with my dear Cato, the best of sons and most faithful of men. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained. It was because I was supported by the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated."

The Norwegian believes it; the Indian believes it; the Greenlander believes it; the Swiss believe it; the Turks believe it. Under every sky, by every river, in every zone, the theory is adopted. And so I say a principle universally implanted must be God implanted, and hence a right belief. The argument is irresistible.

Again, I adopt this theory because there are features of moral temperament and features of the soul that will distinguish us forever. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by the color of the eye, or the length of the hair, or the facial proportions? Oh, no! It is by the disposition as well, by natural affinity, using the word in the very best sense and not in the bad sense. And if in the dust our body should perish and lie there forever, and there should be no resurrection, still the soul has enough features and the disposition has enough features to make us distinguishable. I can understand how in sickness a man will become so delirious that he will not know his own friends, but will we be blasted with such insufferable idiocy that, standing beside our best friends for all eternity, we will never guess who they are?

One Reason For Belief.

Again, I think that one reason why we ought to accept this doctrine is because we never in this world have an opportunity to give thanks to those to whom we are spiritually indebted. The joy of heaven, we are told, is to be inaugurated by a review of life's work. These Christian men and women who have been toiling for Christ, have they seen the full result of their work? Oh, no!

In the church at Somerville, N. J., John Vredenburgh preached for a great many years. He felt that his ministry was a failure, although he was a faithful minister preaching the gospel all the time. He died, and died amid discouragements, and went home to God, for no one ever doubted that John Vredenburgh was a good Christian minister. A little while after his death there came a great awakening in Somerville, and one Sabbath 200 souls stood up at the Christian altar espousing the cause of Christ, among them my own father and mother. And what was peculiar in regard to nearly all of those 200 souls was that they dated their religious impressions from the ministry of John Vredenburgh. Will that good Christian man before the throne of God never meet those souls brought to Christ through his instrumentality? Oh, of course he will know them! I remember one Sabbath afternoon, borne down with the sense of my sins and knowing not God, I took up Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." Oh, what a dark afternoon it was, and I read the chapters, and I read the prayers, and I tried to make the prayers my own. Oh, I must see Philip Doddridge! A glorious old book he wrote! It is out of fashion now.

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Cannot there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died, leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the throne of God now. Years pass, and that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian and dies and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented. Let them confront each other, the son and the mother. "Oh," she says to the angels of God, "rejoice with me! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah, I never expected to see this lost one come back." The Bible says nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God, will it not know Dr. Abeel? When India comes, will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God, will they not know David Brainerd?

I see a soul entering heaven at last with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be here." A voice from a throne says: "Oh, you forget that Sunday school class you invited to Christ! I was one of them." And another voice says: "You forget that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread and told of the heavenly bread. I was that man." And another says: "You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to me." And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne and cry, "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say, "It shall be the 'Harvest Home.'"

Theory Confirmed by the Dying.

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of future recognition is that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory. I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments parents see their departed children and children see their departed parents! I came down to the banks of the Mohawk river. It was evening, and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw some one waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, and the boat came across, and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the setting day tingeing the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never sat by such a deathbed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry: "Hark! Look!" You hearkened, and you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after awhile died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world and cried out, "Mother!" Do you tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me: "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where one of my neighbors was dying. He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened, and I heard them too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras or Antioch or Jerusalem? Oh, no, our glorified kindred are going to troop around us.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go roundabout with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven is more like this: You are seated in the eveningtide by the fireplace, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While your are seated, talking and enjoying the evening hour, there is a knock at the door, and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent, for years you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle where they are waiting for us. Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "Mister?" You were never anything but James or John or George or Thomas or Mary or Florence to her. Will you not know your child's voice—she of the bright eye and the ruddy cheek and the quiet step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it? You could not help but know it.

Consolation.

Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart, it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. When I was a lad, I used to go out to the railroad track and put my ear down on the track, and I could hear the express train rumbling miles away and coming on, and today, my friends, if we only had faith enough, we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrection victory.

Oh, heaven, sweet heaven! You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it—h-e-a-v-e-n, heaven. But now when you want to spell that word you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love and beauty and joy you spell it out as never before in songs and halleluiahs. O ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion! Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them!

How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shiny shore you will talk it all over. The heartaches, the loneliness, the sleepless nights, the weeping until you had no more power to weep because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of vacant chair and empty cradle and little shoe only half worn out, never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought that the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them, and in the effort the dream broke, and you found yourself standing amidroom in the midnight — alone. Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and down in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are; heaven where we expect to be. In the east they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage, and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would today bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices.

From Earth to Heaven.

Oh, how they bound in, these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness. Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing. They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne, the circle, hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the daybreak and the shadows flee away. Turn, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christian dies! We say, "Close his eyes." In heaven they say, "Give him a palm." On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In heaven they say, "Hoist him on a throne." On earth it is, "Farewell, farewell." In heaven it is, "Welcome, welcome." And so I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he steps into the river, and the water comes up to the ankle. He says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not death." And he wades still deeper down into the waters until the flood comes to the knee, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell me, tell me, is this death?" And Christ says, "No, no, this is not death." And he wades still farther down until the wave comes to the girdle, and the soul says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." And deeper in wades the soul till the billow strikes the lip, and the departing one cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." But when Christ had lifted this soul on a throne of glory and all the pomp and joy of heaven came surging to its feet then Christ said, "This, O transported soul, this is death!"

ISLAND PYGMIES.

A Familiar Talk About Some Very Little Animals.

It is curious that almost all of the animal pygmies, whether of the present age or of the past, seem to come from islands, usually the islands of the southern seas, although the Shetland and the Orkney isles, where the dwarf ponies scramble over the rugged rocks, are exceptions.

In the island of Ceylon, with its giant spiders, with their nets spun with yellow silk twisted as thick as a rope in comparison with our flimy, gossamer threads, and giant butterflies with emerald wings, are also wonderful pygmy creatures. There are little bulls, the Brahman, or sacred oxen, not more than 30 inches in height at their largest growth, and generally only 22. They are very pretty, with their silky hides and their legs like those of the deer, though they have deep dewlaps and humped necks, like the zebu breed.

These bulls are swift, keeping up a long, swinging trot or run, and they go for great distances without food or water, if necessary. Reins are fastened to a ring in the cartilage of the nose, and most of the freight of the island is carried by these little creatures in their small two wheeled carts.

Another pretty pygmy found in the Ceylon forests is the graceful musk deer, not more than 10 inches in height and 12 or 14 inches in length. It is exquisitely formed, like the antelope, and is gray, dappled with white spots. In the Sunday islands is another species of deer, not much larger than a cat.

The pygmy marmoset does not come from an island, but from Brazil, whose great river, however, gives its bordering forests many of the conditions of island life. These dwarf monkeys are only 4 inches tall when standing up, and Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller tells of two that could wrestle and tumble in a lady's open palm, sit on the edge of a teacup, hide in all kinds of small places and perch together on a lead pencil. They are full of fun and mischief and are incessantly scolding, chattering and leaping from one tall object to another. Their color is a pretty gray, and they have very long tails, ringed with black and gray, also funny little dark tufts of hair, like whiskers, on each side of the face.

One of the oddest dwarfs is a dwarf elephant. Several are in this country. They are wonderfully sagacious and quick of intelligence. In the island of Malta the fossil remains are found of a race of pygmy elephants no bigger than a sheep, and the babies of this species might no doubt have been easily held on the palm of a man's hand. Another fossil pygmy is that of a horse, said to be no larger than a fox.

We rarely hear of ocean pygmies, but a pygmy whale, perfectly formed, with all the characteristics of its immense kindred, the sperm whales, the largest living animals known, has recently been discovered. The large whale is 80 feet in length, while the pygmy one is only 8.

The human pygmies—at least, the pygmy races, such as the little folk of the banana forests in Africa and the undersized Rock Veddalis of Ceylon—are not at all intelligent and seem like children arrested in their earliest stages, but individual dwarfs have been very quick witted and of a fiery spirit, like the valiant little Geoffrey Hudson, who was knighted by King Charles.—Ella F. Mosby in Philadelphia Times.

The "Lampist."

An "assistant lampist" is about to be chosen for the postoffice building. As indicated by his title, he will assist the "lampist." The only important part of the proceeding is that the department, presumably through the personal efforts of Postmaster Hesing, is trying to force a new word into the language. It has taken the ordinary word "lamp," wantonly added "ist" to it and called the result a person "who doesn't know enough to be an electrician, but who is too well posted to be designated a lamp trimmer." The work of the "lampist" is to care for the lamps, or as many as convenient.—Chicago Tribune.

An Error Corrected.

There is not a hospital in the United States or anywhere else which was not built by people who believe in the deity of the Jesus Christ.—Interior.

Not quite right, brother, not quite. Mount Sinai hospital, in this city, is a very good hospital. If you ever get injured in this city, you could go to a worse place than Mount Sinai hospital. Then Rabbi Gotthcil would call upon you, and wouldn't he have you somewhat at a disadvantage?—Christian Work.

The Doleful One.

He who thinks to entertain the work with tales about his hard luck has queer ideas of what constitutes amusement.—Milwaukee Journal.

Now That The Election is Over

Let us settle down to business, and here is your chance to make money by saving from 15 to 30 per cent on everything in our line.

Our entire stock must be closed out by the first of January, to make a change in business, and we will positively save you from 15 to 30 per cent on all

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs.

Window Shades, Lace Curtains,

Portiers, Table Covers,

Blankets, Bed Spreads,

Table Linens, Towels, Napkins,

Silk and Cotton Draperies,

Hosiery, Corsets, Gloves,

Handkerchiefs, Underwear,

Trunks, Teiescopes, Satchels,

You can make your own prices on Wraps, Dress Goods, Dress Trimmings, Laces, Ruchings and Collars. Ribbons and Embroidery Silks at and below cost. All of these extra cheap 25 cents articles in Scissors, Spoons, Knives and Forks, Solid Silver Thimbles and fancy articles, are now 20 cents.

The largest stock of China, Glass, Queensware and Lamps in town, but they must go at some price. 100 Portable Heaters at 50c, worth $1.00. Headquarters for the best Sewing Machines at the lowest prices. See our $18 Machine.

Agent for Old Staten Island Dyeing Establishment. Come and see us

J. E. SHANNAHAN.



Do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and think you can get the best made, finest finish and

MOST POPULAR SEWING MACHINE

for a mere song. Buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing. There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the **NEW HOME.**

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co.

ORANGE, MASS. BOSTON, MASS. 25 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL. ST. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TEXAS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ATLANTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

J. E. Shannahan.

PureFood

You agree that baking powder is best for raising. Then why not try to get its best results? Just as easy to get all its good—none of its bad, by having it made with digestion-aiding ingredients as in KEYSTAR: greatest raising strength, no bad effects. No use clogging the stomach with what never helps make flesh and blood.

KEYSTAR is the one all digestible baking powder. Just right for best baking results; harmless to a delicate digestion. $1000 forfeit if made with alum or other bad. Fresh, sweet and pure, all foods raised with it digest so easily that you are quickly surprised with better appetite and health.

Keystar BAKING POWDER

1/4 lb CAN 12 ¢. 1/2 lb 22 ¢. 1 lb 40 ¢.

FACTORY RED BANK, N.J.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,

beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address

MUNN & CO.,
361 Broadway, New York.

MONEY TO LOAN.

$8000 to loan on Mortgages on Real Estate in sums to suit. 12-12-tf A. L. THARP.

FOR RENT.

The store occupied by Nichols & Bro. on Dover Street for rent from August 1st, 1896. Apply to A. B. HARDCATLE. tf Treas. Masonic Hall Assn.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or Women to travel for responsible established house in Maryland. Salary $780, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago. 9-26-13-5-87