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HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

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PEACE EVERLASTING

Rev. Dr. Talmage Draws a Lesson From the River.

Shall Our Lives Be Rivers of Life or Rivers of Death to Our Fellow Men?—The Conditions of Peace.

[Copyright, 1905, by Louis Klopsch.]

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 12.—Under the figure of a river the preacher shows in this sermon the benefits that accrue to men who serve and obey God. The text is Isaiah xlviii, 18, "Then had thy peace been as a river."

What art thou doing, O prophet of Israel? Art thou taunting thy people with the blessing they had missed through forsaking God and disregarding thy teaching? When trouble swoops art thou one of those who say: "I told you so? If you had only taken my advice you would not be in the difficulty you are in today. If you will make your bed out of thorns and thistles instead of rose leaves, then upon the thorns and thistles you must lie." Are you like an executioner who upbraids and derides the trembling murderer whose life he is soon to strangle with the rope? In drawing your enchanting picture of peace flowing like a river before a people harassed by powerful foreign enemies and disturbed by internal dissensions are you not merely adding to their distress, as the mirage of the desert aggravates the thirst of the dying traveler? Are you saying to your miserable people: "Look at those beautiful banks watered by the river, rich in flora and tuneful with singing birds. They would have been all yours if you had not wandered into the desert of sin, but now they are lost to you forever."

"Ah, no," says the prophet Isaiah, "it is not to aggravate their thirst that I tell them of this river, but to invite them to return to the way from which they have wandered; not to exult over their misfortunes, but to warn them of the consequences of sin. I am not here glorying in the suffering of God's fallen ones. My river is not composed of the black waters of the river Styx, but from the flowing crystal waters of the river of life. I am like a loving father whose wayward son has disregarded warnings and has sinned and brought himself into trouble, and the father sorrows with him and pleads with him to repent and assures him that if he will forsake his sin his wickedness shall be forgiven and his peace shall be like a river, as though he had never sinned." May God help us as we use the banks of the Jordan or the Rhine or the Tiber or the upper Thames or the banks of our own poetic Hudson for a sacred pulpit. Such a river bank today may become as sacred a pulpit as that in the chancel of Westminster abbey or St. Paul's or Canterbury cathedral, even though bishop's hand has not consecrated it or ecclesiastical convocation dedicated it.

The pleading river, in the first place, teaches us that the divine peace which comes to man must come as the result of natural law in the spiritual life. It is not the result of haphazard. It is not a miracle as we in the broad sense term a miracle. It does not come as a miraculous wind which might dig up a seed in some Italian garden and in its teeth lift it above Alpine crag and carry it over land and sea and without human aid plant it as an exotic upon the banks of the Ohio or the Monongahela river. But the divine peace comes to man as the result of a rational cause. It has a rational source, as a river has a natural source; it has a natural flow, as the Jordan has a natural flow, and it has a rational outlet, as the Amazon empties itself into the Atlantic or the Ganges finds a resting place in the huge reservoir of the Bengal gulf.

A river cannot disobey natural law. A river cannot become a free lance among rivers. A river cannot do anything that specific gravity says "thou shalt not do." This fact is demonstrated everywhere. I climb one of the tall pyramids of the Rocky mountains. There upon the highest peak I find what is called a watershed. Then as I stand upon this watershed I repeat to myself the beautiful words of the poet:

God sent his messenger, the rain,
And said unto the mountain brook,
"Rise up and from thy caverns look
And leap with naked, snow white feet
From the cool hills into the heart
Of the broad, arid plain."

But, though the mountain brooks may leap from the cool hills into the heat of the broad, arid plain, it makes a great deal of difference into what plain that falling raindrop shall go, whether it falls one inch to the right or one inch to the left of the Rocky mountain watershed. One inch to the right it flows into the gulf of Mexico; one to the left it flows into the waters of the Pacific. The waters of a river must obey natural law. Now, if God's laws are inexorable in regulating the source and the course of a river, are they not equally inexorable in reference to the source and the course of his divine peace, which is like a river?

You must obey God's laws before you can enjoy God's peace. To resist them, to disobey him, is to set yourself against omnipotent power and infinite wisdom. It is not necessary that God should punish you for it; you bring the punishment on yourself in failure and disappointment and eternal wreck. Your whole nature is given over to anarchy and lawlessness. Only as you yield to his will do you put yourself in line with the eternal order and enter into peace. I do not care how much you may think your way is better than God's ways, one fact you must understand—you cannot get the divine peace, which is like a river, unless you bring yourself into harmony with God's laws and obey God's commandments.

Naaman had to learn this lesson before he could be cured of his leprosy. His way was that the prophet should come out to him and stand and call on the name of the Lord and strike his hand over the place. God's way was that he dip seven times in the Jordan. When he took God's way he was cured, but not until he took it. God's way can cure you, O immortal, of your sin. Are you ready to welcome this divine peace, like a river, which will come to you through Jesus Christ? The way of the cross is the source of this peace. From the mount of Calvary that stream gushes forth, as from Mount Hermon flows the Jordan and from the Adirondacks the mighty Hudson.

But the pleading river teaches us another lesson about the divine peace which passeth all understanding. The longer a disciple of Jesus Christ lives a Christian life the deeper and wider does the river of his peace become. It should deepen and widen and grow more majestic in volume, even as the waters of the Hudson grow deeper and wider as they slip past the highlands and lap the feet of the Palisades and sweep on in their grandeur to the place where they are married to the waters of the mighty deep at the nuptial altar of Governors island, in upper New York bay. It should go on growing deeper and wider, even as become the waters of the river Orinoco where they empty themselves into the unfathomable depths of the sea. When, in 1498, Christopher Columbus for the first time touched the mainland of South America and saw this great river, one of his officers congratulated him because he had discovered another island. The immortal explorer replied: "No such river as that flows from an island. That mighty torrent drains the waters of a continent." The pleading river of God's peace grows wider and deeper as we travel along its banks in the journey of life. At the beginning of our Christian course it may seem a small stream, but as the years pass and our feet come nearer and nearer to the great ocean of eternity the volume of the river increases until it becomes a peace that passeth understanding.

Is this increasing power true in reference to our spiritual peace? As you compare your present life with that of your spiritual life ten, twenty, thirty years ago are you conscious that you love God more now than you did then? Do you read the Bible more now than you did when you joined the church and prepared for your first communion? Is your enjoyment of prayer and your dependence upon it more intense now than they were at first? Are you striving more earnestly than formerly to gather the showers of blessing that are everywhere falling around you into your own spiritual nature? Are you more ready now than at the beginning of your Christian career to go into the house of a neighbor on whom sickness or bereavement has fallen to administer comfort and to cheer him with reminders of God's promises? There is something awfully wrong with a Christian who, while his wealth and mental power increase with the passing years, finds that his spiritual nature does not widen and deepen like the pleading river of God's peace.

Indeed, I sometimes think that our so called peace is not like a river at all. It is more like a brackish, stagnant pool or as a dried up well that gives forth no water. "There was a very good well here once," said an old farmer in reference to a certain drinking trough. "Indeed," answered a preacher on his vacation, "is that so? I wonder what is the matter with it. How did it get filled up?" "Neglect, sir," answered the farmer. "First a little rubbish got in it, then a little more and a little more and a little more. The dirt and refuse were not cleared out, and the water grew worse and worse and less and less until at last the well became choked up. I wonder if there is any water at the bottom of this well?" "Yes," said the preacher, "I wonder if there is any water at the bottom of the well?" Is that the figure of our peace? Is it a well and not a river?

As the Mississippi river is fed by the Missouri, the Ohio, the Tennessee and the Red rivers and indirectly by the Allegheny, the Monongahela, the Yellowstone and the Platte, so from many sources might the river of our peace receive the waters of blessing, but instead we allow the dirt and refuse of this world to choke the passages by which they might enter and our river dwindles into a stagnant pool. Have we become dried up spiritual wells? As the tourists dropping pebbles into Jacob's well have choked it up, some of us have choked up our gospel wells. Years ago we dropped the pebble of Sabbath desecration into it. Years ago in went another pebble—absence from Sunday school and church worship. Years ago we took to reading the Sunday newspapers instead of the Bible. No wonder that our peace, which should pass all understanding and be like a river, widening and deepening each year, is like a brackish, stagnant pool or dried up like Jacob's well. If it be not like a river, the fault is ours and not God's. God is pouring down upon us everywhere his showers of spiritual blessing, which we should gather, freshet-like, into the river beds of our hearts.

But the pleading river not only teaches our relationship to God, but also our practical spiritual relationship to our fellow men. It clearly and emphatically and distinctly says, "Gospel peace must be eyes to the blind, food for the hungry, clothing for the naked and happy firesides for the homeless." It teaches man that the first great commandment is to love the Lord our God with all our soul and strength and mind. And the second is like unto it; we must love our neighbors as ourselves. It is a law of our nature that peace and happiness come to us through service to others. No man is so happy as he who has made another happy. No pillow is so restful as that of him who has relieved the anxiety of his brother. The peace that passeth understanding never fills the heart that cherishes selfish desires or turns away from another's misery.

How is it with America? "I would like to see America, but the people are not as great as you think," said Thomas Carlyle to an American visitor. "You may boast of your democracy or any other 'cracy' or any other kind of political rubbish, but the reason why your laboring folks are so happy is that you have a vast deal of land for a very few people." True, Thomas Carlyle, true. But what would our lands be worth if we did not have our mighty rivers to water them? Whence could our cattle find water to drink and grass to eat but for the rivers? How could our grain lift its golden cheek to be kissed of the sun unless its roots once waded knee deep in the mud? What makes the Atlantic coast, especially New England, have the most fertile valleys? The rivers. What makes Sahara one great sea of sand? The absence of the rivers. Yes, as the Egyptians for centuries worshiped the river Nile because its rise or fall meant to them food or famine, clothing or nakedness, prosperity or poverty, health or disease, the rivers of our land are the source of fertility to the soil and prosperity to our people. If the peace of our hearts is to be like a river it must give help temporal and spiritual to all around us.

Are we temporal and spiritual "rivers of life" to our fellow men? Some of us are truly "rivers of death" or "rivers of seclusion." Our lives are like the stygian stream in the great Mammoth cave of Kentucky. We are surrounded by grandeurs and beauties on every side, but we have walled ourselves in by solid rock, where we can do no good to others and where others cannot do any good to us.

Or our lives, if they are not like the Styx of a Mammoth cave, supporting only a few blind fish swimming hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, may be like the wonderfully suggestive beauties of a Luray cave of old Virginia, which likewise are doing no good to any one. That Luray cave is a marvelous place. Though its beauties were buried for centuries, yet under the flash of light it looks as though its walls had been erected only yesterday and, like the Taj Mahal of India, are a glittering mass of dead precious stones. Yonder stand the columns of stalagmite as statuary in vestal garments of purest white. Here are the drippings of a cataract, as though the mad rush of a Niagara had been instantly halted and, like an open mouthed lion, dared not utter one growl, although even now we seem to hear the echo of its last wild, mad roar. Yonder is the "ballroom," where our imagination tells us the nymphs and the fairies used to sport and dance and make merry. Near to this "ball hall" is the "cemetery ridge," where those nymphs and fairies were buried ages on ages ago. Here are the "hanging veils of the goddesses," so thin that through them flashes the light of our guides' lamps, so red that they seem to have been dipped in the blood of the soldiers who over this very mountain once followed Stonewall Jackson in his last raid or into the blood of those soldiers who recoiled before the cavalry charge of "Lightning Horse" Phil Sheridan. From yonder cathedral, with its domes and spires and steeples and minarets and strange carvings, there come echoing up the solemn notes of an organ which roll and swell and thunder and whisper and pray and chant and die. From out of every grotto stretches some hand or lifts some snowbank or flaps some wing or, like a cat's eye, blinks some emerald or, tiger-like, glares the bloodshot eyeball of some ruby or flashes some emerald. And while all the chimes of all the towers are beginning to ring suddenly a stalactite many tons in weight breaks loose and crashes upon the floor. It shivers, rolls over once or twice and then lies still, to be decomposed by the coming ages. A marvelous and enchanting place is Luray cave of old Virginia.

All its walls are strangely sculptured,
Column high and chasm wide.
'Tis the place where all the shadows
Of the past years silent bide.

But when I stood within the walls of that fascinating place I said to myself: How like selfish man is this cave! His heart is a heart of stone. Amid the sufferings and troubles of a sinful world, with all his vast resources for doing good, he buries himself in a walled citadel, which is called his home or his store. He lives, he breathes, he eats, he sleeps, he works for himself, and himself alone. Oh, brother, may your gospel peace be not like the glittering grandeur hidden in the darkness of a Luray cave in Virginia or of a silent river Styx flowing through the dark halls of a Mammoth cave of old Kentucky! May it be a river of life, bringing peace and joy and hope to all who are willing to bend down their parched and sinful lips to lap of the spiritual waters.

But I cannot close this sermon upon this beautiful text without finding one more symbol. The pleading river is not only a river of consecration to God, but a river of triumph. It is not only the crystal gates through which, as the Jordan of death, we shall enter the tomb, but it is the crystal gates by which we shall leave the wilderness of trouble and earthly wanderings and enter into the promised land of heaven and eternal joy. Shall our peace, which is like a river, stop at the brink of the grave?

Oh, for the peace, the everlasting peace, of God, which is like a river!

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Gentlemen:—I have been using your Nerve and Bone Liniment on my back and find it acts like a charm. For eight days I had been on my back and could not move and after two applications I am now out and to business.
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Ripberger Bros. will give away a box of "El Manejo" cigars Saturday night.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS

Sunday School Lesson for April 9, 1905

Specially Prepared for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—John 11:32-45; Memory verses, 33-36. Read all of the chapter.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life."—John 11:25.

TIME.—January or February, A. D. 30. About three months after last Sunday's lesson, and about two months before Jesus' crucifixion.

PLACE.—The message of Lazarus' sickness came to Jesus while He was at Bethabra in Perea, beyond Jordan, where John had baptized Him. (Compare John 10:40 with 1:28.) Lazarus' home was in Bethany, on the Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.—The resurrection: John 11; 5:21-29; 6:39, 44; 14:19; Rom. 8:10, 11; 1 Cor. 15; 6:14; 2 Cor. 4:14; 5:1-5; 1 Thes. 4:14-17; Phil. 3:21; 2 Tim. 1:10.

Its Moral Application: Rom. 6:4-11, 13; 2 Cor. 4:10, 11; Col. 2:12; 1 Pet. 2:19-21; 2 Tim. 2:11, 12.

V. 7. "Then said Jesus unto them again." Interpreting and applying and making plainer the parable He had spoken and which they did not understand. "I am the door of the sheep." The door symbolizes the means of entrance, by which the flock can get into the fold, with its safety, shelter, food and care. Compare the narrow way and strait gate of Matt. 7: 14.

V. 8. "All that ever came before Me." Claiming to be the Messiah, the Deliverer and to give to the sheep an entrance to the fold and all that a true shepherd gives. "Are thieves." Who gain their booty by craft. "And robbers." Who gain their booty by force, suggesting organized bands. "Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character in the two great offices of the church—those of bishop and pastor.

V. 9. "By Me." The true Shepherd and Messiah. The door symbolizes protection. "If any man enter in." By accepting me as his Messiah, Teacher, Saviour and King. "He shall be saved." One use of a door is to shut out thieves and enemies of every kind. "And shall go in and out." The door symbolized a means of going out as well as of coming in. It is a sign and a means of liberty. We must go in to learn to trust, to rest, to think, before we can go out to do good to others, or to learn best the outer world, and make outward things a part of the kingdom. And the going in will avail us little unless we go out, and put into action what we learn within.

V. 10. "I am come that they might have life . . . abundantly." Jesus does for His disciples what the shepherd cannot do for his sheep. He gives life, eternal life to them. He feeds and inspires this life more and more.

V. 11. "Giveth His life for the sheep." Jesus, the son of God, came from Heaven to save men. His whole life was given for the sheep. Then he died on the cross to make atonement for them, bearing their sins on the cross.

V. 12. "But he that is an hireling." "The shepherd in the east is usually the owner or the son of the owner of the flock, though sometimes an agent, whose salary is a fixed proportion of the produce, as Jacob under Laban. The hireling is a man who happens to be hired for fixed wages, merely for the day, and has no further interest in the flock." —Canon Tristram.

V. 14. "I . . . know My sheep." An oriental shepherd has a name for each of his sheep, as we have for horses and dogs, "even in a flock of hundreds or thousands."

"It might be well for the class, if there are any Christians in it, to pause here and have a little experience-meeting, each one telling how and when and where the Shepherd found him. One of the most interesting ministers' meetings that I ever attended had for its topic the question, 'How the Saviour found me.' The Saviour was the same, and the result was the same; but what a difference there was in the process of finding!"—H. C. Trumbull.

V. 16. "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." The Gentiles, who were not in the kingdom of God, but would be brought in as members of the church He was soon to found. "They shall hear My voice:" They will listen to the gospel, and to the voice of God in their souls, and accept His invitations, and become the sheep of His flock. "And there shall be one fold:" "Better, 'one flock' (R. V.); no one exclusive inclosure of an outward church—but one flock, all knowing the one shepherd and known of him."—Alford. "And one flock because one shepherd; not one in creed, or organization, or method of worship, but one in Jesus Christ."—Abbott.

V. 17. "Therefore doth my Father love Me:" Because He was in such sympathy with His father that He was willing to die to carry out His saving purpose. "That I might take it again:" The taking His life again was essential to salvation. Otherwise He would have ceased to be the Good Shepherd.

V. 18. "No man taketh it from Me." "Two points are insisted on; (1) that the Death is entirely voluntary; (2) that both Death and Resurrection are in accordance with a commission received from the Father."—Camb. Bible.

Figs and Thistles.

An agnostic is one who does not know whether he knows or not.

"Joy cometh in the morning"—not after the night's dissipation.

When you see a man with a big sign of a saint, don't trust him with a cent.

The religion that makes you feel like fighting your brother never came from your Father.

Some people think the road to Heaven is a switch-back where they need the descent into sin to give the impetus for the rise into glory.—Ram's Horn.

Croup is quickly relieved, and Whooping Cough will not "run its course" if you use the original Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar. This cough syrup is different from all others because it acts on the bowels. You can not cure Croup and Whooping Cough until you rid the system of all congestion, by working off the cold through a copious action of the bowels. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar does this, and cures all Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. No opiates. Sold by Anderson Drug Co

Women find quick relief in Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup.

Year of Disaster.

Without including the last week, in accidents in North America in which five or more persons were killed the year 1904 witnessed the death of 3,224 persons. The burning of the Iroquois theater, Chicago, and the wreck of the Duquesne flyer, near Pittsburg, occurred in the last week of 1903, and their death roll of 800 is not counted in the figures given. The wreck of the steamship Norge, with 646 lost, is included, most of the passengers having tickets for this country. By far the worst accident of 1904, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, was the destruction of the New York excursion steamer General Slocum, which burned in June, with a loss of 1,020 lives. The worst railway accidents were a collision at Willard, Kan., 17 killed; collision at Jackson, Utah, 24 killed; collision at Kewanee, Mass., 43 killed; derailment at Litchfield, Ill., 24 killed; collision at Midvale, N. J., 16 killed; Sunday school excursion collision at Chicago, 20 killed; train through bridge at Eden, Col., 94 killed; collision at Hodges, Tenn., 58 killed, and collision at Warrensburg, Mo., 29 killed. Tornadoes during the year killed 38 at Moundville, Ala.; 12 at St. Paul; 5 at Jamestown, N. Y., and 98 in eastern Cuba. The worst tornado in the United States occurred in January, in Alabama. The worst explosion was in a mine at Cheswick, Pa., which cost 186 lives. An infernal machine explosion at Independence, Col., killed 13. The worst elevator accident was in St. Louis, with 8 killed. Ten persons were suffocated by coal gas at Williamstown, Pa. There was hardly a month without a loss of numerous lives in tenement house fires. Nine school children were suffocated in a vault at Pleasant Ridge, O. Eight children were drowned while bathing at Alton, Ill. The average number of deaths in these larger accidents of the year was 325 a month. It is a heavy waste of life from preventable causes.

Football Lunacy.

A recent Chicago dispatch to the Kansas City Journal says: "Football players, according to Jere Delaney, trainer of the Northwestern eleven, are subject to an ailment similar to softening of the brain, which leads not only to the making of peculiar statements, but causes strange actions which sometimes are amusing. The exact cause of the trouble, Trainer Delaney said, he is unable to fathom. He declared, however, that it results more from the long continued physical and nervous strain to which the men are subjected during the three months of rigid training which they are forced to undergo than from the blows, kicks and bumps they receive on their skulls during games. "It is known," said Delaney, "that every player of the game fights his games over again in his dreams, but only by the men who are in close touch with the players it is recognized that they are given to constant dreaming, during which they make strange motions, as if struggling with an imaginary opponent." According to Delaney, the athletes are given to almost childish methods of play when at rest. An instance related by the trainer was of a man who during more than an hour pored over a map of the United States, drawing lines with his index finger and imagining he was traveling over the country which his fingers crossed.

Wives and Crime.

Somebody who has been canvassing a western prison reports that 69 per cent. of the inmates attribute the crimes which led to their imprisonment to the extravagance of their wives. Fiddlesticks! righteously exclaims the Rochester (N. Y.) Herald. A more improbable story was never imagined, and it must have been a sanguinary sort of a person thus imposed upon. In the first place, it may be doubted that 69 per cent. of the inmates of the average prison are married; but if they are, it isn't at all likely that more than two or three out of 100 are the victims of a wife's extravagance. Man is too fond of attributing his misfortunes to some one else—his wife, if need be. He is ashamed to confess himself a fool, but has no hesitation in deliberately advertising himself a liar. If a searching and honest investigation could be made of the circumstances which lead men to commit crimes on account of women we think it would establish the fact that it was some other woman who was to blame, rather than the wife, and in spite of her. The man who respects women and cleaves unto his wife is in little danger of the penitentiary.

A Jamaica newspaper correspondent at Panama says: "There are more gambling 'hells' in Panama than in any other city of its size on earth. Fortunes are lost nightly, and suicides are so common that they receive no notice either from the public or the press."

Fully 1,000,000 gallons of applejack have been distilled this year in northern New Jersey. The low prices prevailing for apples make this method of disposing of the fruit more profitable to the owners of orchards.

It has been decided by a Brooklyn court that a man who dyed his hair is weak-minded. And a woman who blondines hers is light headed.

A horse and a hog, owned by an Enon (O.) man, engaged in a fierce battle recently. The horse was so badly injured that it had to be killed.

A Thousand Dollars Worth of Good.

"I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones with excruciating pain," says A. H. Thurnes, a well known coal operator of Buffalo, O. "I got no relief from medicine until I began taking Foley's Kidney Cure, then the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick-dust-like substance and now I have no pain across my kidneys and I feel like a new man. It has done me $1000 worth of good." Foley's Kidney Cure will cure every form of kidney or bladder disease. Sold by W. B. Agnew.

WHAT CAUSED THE WRECK?

The Engineer Was Sleepy from Alcohol, Which Is the Base of Anaesthetics.

In conversation with a railroad engineer whom I was treating for alcoholism recently, I asked him the above question, referring to a horrible wreck which occurred not long since on one of our western roads.

"Whisky," he answered laconically.

"Do you mean to say that the engineer or conductor, or both of them, were drunk?" I asked.

"Well, not just what you call drunk, perhaps, but dull, sleepy, stupid. They failed to read and understand their orders, or forgot them. You know, doctor," he added, "that a man who is addicted to drink is never in his normally abnormal condition unless he has a few drinks, and even then he does not see good and forgets readily."

This man had discovered practically what Prof. Krepelin, of Heidelberg, has so fully demonstrated experimentally, to-wit, that even a very small quantity of liquor renders the vision less acute and dulls the memory.

I believe this effect to be due to the anaesthetic action of alcohol, which paralyzes the faculty of attention, which is such an indispensable prerequisite to good memory.

That alcohol is an anaesthetic there can be no reasonable doubt, in view of the fact that it is the base of the principal anaesthetics and the greatest of all hypnotics.

When alcohol is acted upon by chloride of lime, chloroform results. When alcohol is acted upon by sulphuric acid sulphuric ether results. When alcohol is acted upon by chlorine chloral results. Now, as none of these three agents possesses any anaesthetic properties, either singly or combined, and each produces an anaesthetic when combined with alcohol, the conclusion is inevitable.—T. J. Savage, M. D., in American Issue.

A TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

How a Remarkable Movement Was Started in Ceylon—Its Growth.

A correspondent, who has just returned from Ceylon, writes to the Christian World about a very remarkable temperance movement in that island. It had a singular beginning. A wealthy Sinhalese and some of his friends were having a jovial time in a tavern over their arrack. A dispute arose with the tavern keeper and the whole company determined never to touch arrack again. They founded a society which practically all the men of their village joined. The news of this movement was published in the vernacular press, with the result that the idea was taken up rapidly in all the towns and most of the villages of South Ceylon. Largely attended meetings have been held, and, after speeches denouncing the liquor traffic, pledges are signed. Well-organized processions go through the villages singing temperance songs, which rouse great enthusiasm. The movement is distinctly a Buddhist movement, and the appeal is made to the doctrines of Buddha, though Christian missionaries are sometimes asked to speak. Those who break their pledges are rigorously dealt with. In Ceylon the liquor traffic is a government monopoly, and though Buddhists, the missionary societies and planters' associations have many times petitioned against the liquor trade being encouraged, it has extended at an appalling rate during recent years. This new movement has greatly checked it; the taverns becoming deserted, and the liquor sellers, who rent from the government, taking a hint from their fraternity in this country, are already appealing for "compensation."—Alliance News.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.—Emerson.

It is much easier to "rectify" whisky than it is to rectify the evil that it causes.

The saloon comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation.

If we had a million pens every one of them would write: "Train the children to banish the drink fiend."

Whisky and immorality take the edge off human character, they weaken it in every spot from top to bottom.

The state hires teachers to tell the boy about the physiological effects of alcohol, and licenses saloons to show him these effects.—New Herald.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that stings.
—John Pierpont.

Collier's Weekly recently printed a half-tone, representing a square pile of cases within a paling, it being labeled "The Enemy Within the Lines at Port Arthur." It was made from a photograph taken before the war and representing 3,000 cases of vodka.

Work of the Saloon.

In Ohio, during the present year, there have been ten men executed for murder, and five more convicts are awaiting the day of their execution. This is a terrible record, and it is, without doubt, chiefly due to the demoralizing, murder-inciting work of the saloons.—Religious Telescope.

Men Past Sixty in Danger.

More than half of mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostate gland. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Mr. Roddey Burnett, Rock Port, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 91 years old."

AFTER GRIPPE.

Or Any Severe Sickness Our Druggists, H. C. Crute & Co., Advise Farmville People to Take Vinol.

Every Person Recovering From a Severe Illness May Be Quickly Restored to Health and Strength by Vinol.

Mrs. G. I. Partridge, of Franklin, Mass., who recently celebrated her 60th wedding anniversary, writes:

"The grippe left me in a very weakened condition—no appetite, thin, nervous and no vitality. Nothing seemed to help me until a friend brought me a bottle of your Vinol. I commenced to take it, and it gave me a hearty appetite, my health and strength returned until I feel like a new creature. I consider Vinol a wonderful medicine for any one who has had a severe sickness; it makes strength and vitality so fast."

MRS. G. I. PARTRIDGE.

We have never sold in our store such a valuable strength creator and health restorer for the convalescent as Vinol. This is because Vinol contains in a concentrated form all of the vital principles of cod liver oil, but without a drop of oil to upset the stomach and retard its work.

Vinol purifies and enriches the blood, tones up the digestive organs, and strengthens every organ of the body to do its work as nature intended.

We ask every person in Farmville who has been ill to try Vinol on our guarantee to build them up and make them well and strong. We return money if it fails. H. C. Crute, & Co., Druggists.

It is a pleasure to take Dr. Dade's Little Liver Pills and enjoy their tonic effect upon the liver. Sold by Anderson Drug Co.

Everything you eat will taste good and do good if you take Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets. Sold by Anderson Drug Co.

Stop That Cough

before it stops you. Dr. David's Cough Syrup will cure it, as numbers will testify. It is the best on earth. Large bottles 25 cents at White & Co. and Winston Drug Co.

Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment

best on earth for rheumatism, strains sprains and all pains. Unequaled for both man and beast. Large bottle 25 cents, at White & Co. and Winston Drug Co

Will Interest Many.

Every person should know that good health is impossible if the kidneys are deranged. Foley's Kidney Cure will cure kidney and bladder disease in every form, and will build up and strengthen these organs so they will perform their functions properly. No danger of Bright's disease or diabetes if Foley's Kidney Cure is taken in time.

Pirating Foley's Honey and Tar.

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. Ask for FOLEY'S Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered as no other preparation will give the same satisfaction. It is mildly laxative. It contains no opiates and is safest for children and delicate persons. Sold by W. B. Agnew.

Last Hope Vanished.

When leading physicians said that W. M. Smithart, of Pekin, Ia., had incurable consumption, his last hope vanished; but Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, kept him out of his grave. He says: "This great specific completely cured me, and saved my life. Since then, I have used it for over 10 years, and consider it a marvellous throat and lung cure." Strictly scientific cure for Coughs, Sore Throats or Colds; sure preventive of Pneumonia. Guaranteed, 50c and $1.00 bottles at White & Co's. drug store. Trial bottle free.

Cheated Death.

Kidney trouble often ends fatally, but by choosing the right medicine, E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Iowa, cheated death. He says: Two years ago I had Kidney Trouble, which caused me great pain, suffering and anxiety, but I took Electric Bitters, which effected a complete cure. I have also found them of great benefit in general debility and nerve trouble, and keep them constantly on hand, since, as I find they have no equal." White & Co., druggists, guarantee them at 50c.

The Right Name is DeWitt.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cools, soothes and heals cuts, burns, boils, bruises, piles and all skin diseases. K. E. Zikefoose, Adolph, W. Va., says: "My little daughter had white swelling so bad that piece after piece of bone worked out of her leg. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her." It is the most wonderful healing salve in the world. Beware of counterfeits. Sold by W. B. Agnew.

Forget About Your Stomach.

If your digestion is bad the