

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sounds the praises of the

The Renewal a Stain.

Vacation is over. Again the school bells ring at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been "kissed by strawberries," have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

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world's Redeemer and puts before us the portraits of some of his "great disciples and exponents; Text, John II, 31. "He that cometh from above is above all." The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger, which diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all music, the gracefulness line in all scripture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedral grandeur and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of 24 letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and the omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out with those two letters and all the letters between them. "I am the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end the first and the last," or if you prefer the words of the text, "above all."

It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan attitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend at thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain, but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens, but the height was not great enough and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Jah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all well unite in the words of the text and say, "He that cometh from above is above all."

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the world that all laymen as well as all clergymen have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil, individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes of a few phrases.

BRIDGE BETWEEN SOULS.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be mis-used, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words.

"Let there be light, and light was. Of course thought is the cargo, and words are only the ship, but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sunday school classes, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ, and heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes. Milton employed 8,000 different words for poetic purposes. Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than 1,000 words that we can manage, less than 500, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ, we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ, the conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have 18 flags by which they give signals, but those flags they can put into 66,000 different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations indefinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to young men who are after a while going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

THE HARVEST OF GRACE.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are these gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has no color, compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, lighting up dying beds, with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for the direct guilt. Sweetest comfort for the ghostliest agony. Grandest resurrection for the darkest sepulchre. Oh, what a gospel to preach Christ over all in it. His birth, his suffering, his miracles, his parables, his sweats, his tears, his blood, his atonement, his intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of Heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and the forerunner.

The royal robes of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful that after he had put it off no one ever dared put it on, but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the wretched and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin

Luther to Staupitz, "My sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that had made him quake, and when he found how through Christ he was pardoned and saved he wrote to a friend saying: "Come over and join us, great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God, but we who have been such very awful sinners praise his grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first rate spiritual trim and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them and then offered us the receipt.

MANLINESS IN DEATH.

Again I remark that Christ is above all in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise.

A thousand feet underground, by light, of torch toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery rat-lines and broken on the halyards, we may die a sailor's death. On a mission of mercy in hospital amid broken bones and reeking leprosy and raging fevers we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But after all there are only two styles of departure, the death of the righteous and of the wicked, and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home! You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want the room still. You do not want any curious stranger standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hands pilot us heaven's harbor? Can an earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon his infernal archery? No, no! Alas, poor soul, if that is all? Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and far from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ would say through the solitudes: "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angles coming and going, and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Sir Charles Hare in his last moment had such rapturous vision that he cried, "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his fingers upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed its halting beats until his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worn-out missionary, when in the Mamartine dungeon he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN. Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of his suffering, in silence first, afterwards breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say, "This is Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus



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Our Coats for fall are par excellence, your tailor could not put such work on an individual Coat for less than twice what we ask you.

We've some beautiful Covert Coats of Light Whip Cord and Vienna's that fill fashion's decree exactly, costs \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$15 each.

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PROWSE BROS.

The Wonderful Cheap Men.

whom we preached at Corinth and in Capadocia and the Antioch and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say, "This is Jesus who took us in his arms and blessed us and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our hearts broke." Many who had wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is Jesus who pardoned us, and he made us white as snow. Mercy, boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverance and peculiar mercies, recited them as by the solo, all the voices will come together in a great chorus which shall make the arches re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and peace and triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$100,000 to have his heart after his decease taken and deposited in the Holy Land, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the holy land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and, lo, the bells of the city rang again for joy, and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and, lo, the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands to sing praises with all, and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

GEESSE FOR QUILLS.

In the last century geese were raised in Russia and Poland in vast flocks, almost entirely for the sake of their quills.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

The English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children secured the conviction and punishment of nearly 3000 culprits last year.

When you ask for Eddy's Powders sure you get KUMFORT. Never accept a substitute. It is better to be safe than sorry and you may be sure that KUMFORT are the best. All Druggists in 10 and 25c sizes.

FLORIDA'S TOBACCO CROP.

Florida is having the largest tobacco crop ever raised in that state; 1000 pounds to the acre, worth from \$400 to \$500.

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INHERITANCE TAX OF FRANCE.

In 1890 the inheritance tax in France produced the amount of 198,000,000 francs (\$38,357,760.)

Bicyclists and all athletes depend on BENTLEY'S Liniment to keep their joints limber and muscles in trim.

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There are 1700 Indians in Arizona owning farms.

To cure a headache in ten minutes use Kumfort Headache Powders

For the masses not the classes BENTLEY'S Liniment is the family medicine chest. Price 10 and 25c.

AN ENORMOUS CONSUMPTION.

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KUMFORT Headache Powders are safe, pleasant, and effectual. They contain no opiates or any harmful drug. They create no habit from continued use.

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Its name is on two continents, associated with the successful treatment of the most common and aggravating disease—Dandruff.

Coke Dandruff Cure as a hair tonic goes to the root of the disease, cures the dandruff stops the falling of the hair, increases its quantity and quality, and gives it the strength and lustre that all healthy hair was intended to have.

Coke Dandruff Cure as a hair dressing is unequalled. \$1.00 a bottle at all druggists.

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