

NDAY'S  
OF REV. DR. ...  
STERLING DISCOURAGES.  
"The Coming Redemption,"  
And the streets of the city shall be  
boys and girls playing in the streets  
Zachariah vill., 5.  
of our cities redeemed! Now,  
and girls who play in the streets run  
and girls that multitudes of them and in  
in the coming time spots of  
will be so moral that the  
will be as safe in the public thorough-  
in the nursery.  
and printing process for the most  
our day are busy in discussing the  
of the cities at this time; but would  
be healthfully encouraging to all  
workers, and to all who are toll-  
make the world better, if we should  
while look forward to the time  
our cities shall be revolutionized by  
of the Son of God, and all the

ing shall be gone from the world.  
has a pride in the city of his  
or residence, if it be a city distin-  
for any dignity or prowess. Cassius  
of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua,  
of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens,  
of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus.  
ould have no special interest in the  
man who had no special interest in the  
his birth or residence—no exhilara-  
of the evidence of its prosperity or its  
establishment, or its intellectual ad-  
vancement.  
I have noticed that a man never likes a  
where he has not behaved well! People  
have had a free ride in the prison van  
like the city that furnishes the vehicle.  
I had Argos and Rhodes and Smyrna  
to prove themselves the birthplaces of  
I conclude at once that Homer  
well. He liked them and they liked  
We must not waste our laudable city  
or, with the idea of building ourselves  
at any time, try to pull others down.  
at any time, continue to point to its Faneuil  
and to its Common, and to its superior  
national advantages. Philadelphia must  
point to its Independence Hall, Wash-  
ington, and its Girard College. Wash-  
ington must continue to point to its won-  
derful buildings. If I should find  
a Capitoline building from any city, having no  
an account of that city having been the  
of its nativity, or now being the place  
of its residence, I would feel like asking:  
what mean thing have you done there?  
or outrageous thing have you been guilty  
of that you do not like the place?  
I think we ought—and I take it for  
granted you are interested in this great work  
of civilizing the cities and saving the  
—we ought to toil with the sunlight in  
faces. We are not fighting in a miser-  
able Ball Run of defeat. We are on our way  
to victory. We are not following the  
on the black horse, leading us down to  
darkness and doom, but the Rider  
on the white horse, with the moon under  
his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara.  
Conqueror, hail!  
I know there are sorrows, and there  
are, and there are sufferings all around  
us; but as in some bitter, cold winter,  
when we are threshing our arms around  
to keep our thumbs from freezing, we  
of the warm morning day that will after  
the sun come, or in the dark winter night we  
up and see the northern lights, the win-  
dows of heaven illuminated by some great  
star—just so we look up from the night  
of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness  
our cities, and we see a light streaming  
down from the other side, and we know  
we are on the way to morning—more than  
on the way to "a morning without  
sun."  
I want you to understand, all you who are  
fighting for Christ, that the castles of sin are  
going to be captured. The victory for  
Christ in these great towns is going to be so  
complete that not a man on earth or an  
angel in heaven, or a devil in hell will dis-  
sent. How do I know? I know just as  
certainly as God lives and this is holy truth.  
The Bible is full of it. If the Nation is  
saved, of course all the cities are to be  
saved. It makes a great difference with you  
and me whether we are toiling on to-  
ward a defeat, or toiling on toward a vic-  
tory.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which  
I speak, I have to remark there will be  
greater financial prosperity than our cities  
ever seen. Some people seem to have  
a morbid idea of the millennium, and they  
think when the better time comes to our  
cities and the world people will give their  
heads up to psalm-singing and the reciting of  
religious expressions, and all social  
ills will be purified. There will be no hilarity,  
as all business will be purified, there  
will be no enterprise. There is no ground  
for such an absurd anticipation. In the  
time of which I speak, where now one for-  
tune is made, there will be a hundred for-  
tunes made. We all know business pros-  
perity depends upon confidence between  
man and man. Now when the time comes  
of which I speak, and when all double deal-  
ing, all dishonesty, and all fraud are gone  
out of commercial circles, thorough confi-  
dence will be established and there will be  
business done, and larger fortunes  
made, and mightier successes achieved.  
The great business disasters of this country  
come from the work of reckless specu-  
lators and infamous stock gamblers. The  
root of business is crime. When the  
dishonest shall be hurled back to the wrong, and  
all have purified the commercial code, and  
all have thundered down fraudulent estab-  
lishments, and shall have put into the hands  
of honest men the keys of business, blessed  
will be the bargain makers. I am not talk-  
ing in an abstraction. I am not making a guess.  
I am telling you God's eternal truth.  
In that day of which I speak, taxes will be  
nothing. Now, our business men are  
taxed for everything. City taxes, county  
taxes, State taxes, United States taxes, stamp  
taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—  
taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have  
to make a small fortune every year to pay  
their taxes. What fastens on our great in-  
dustries this awful load? Crime, individual  
dishonesty. We have to pay the board of  
the criminals who are incarcerated in our pris-  
ons. We have to take care of the orphans of  
those who plunged into their grave through  
municipal indifferences. We have to support  
the municipal governments, which are vast  
and expensive just to provide for the ordi-  
nary necessities of life, and tremendous  
to support the almshouses and police sta-  
tions, and all the machinery of municipal  
government. The tax payers.  
But in the glorious time of which I speak,  
the tax payers will have ceased. There  
will be no need of supporting criminals there;  
there will be no criminals. There will be no  
prisons of vice. There will be no orphan as-  
sumptions for parents will be able to leave a com-  
fortable inheritance for their children. There will be no  
need of large sums of money for some  
kind of improvement, which moneys be-  
long to the improvement of the people. No  
need of terminating the vast expenses  
of the people. No imposing of taxes to  
pay for the black and arson and slander  
of the blackmail. Better factories. Grand ar-  
mories. Finer equipments. Large for-

# THERE IS NO SECRET IN THIS WOMAN'S CASE.

Mrs. Campbell Wishes Her Letter Published So That the Truth May Be Known.

OF the thousands of letters received from women all over the world by Mrs. Pinkham, not one is given to the public unless by the wish of the writer. Thus absolute confidence is established between Mrs. Pinkham and her army of patients; and she freely solicits a letter from any woman, rich or poor, who is in ill health or ailing.

In the case of Mary E. Campbell of Albion, Noble Co., Ind., her suffering was so severe, her relief so suddenly realized, and her gratitude so great, that she wishes the circumstances published, in the hope that others may be benefited thereby. She says:

"My physician told me I had dropsy and falling of the womb. My stomach and bowels were so bloated I could not get a full breath. My face and hands were bloated badly. I had that dreadful bearing down pain, backache, palpitation of the heart and nervousness.

"One of my physicians told me I had something growing in my stomach; and the medicine that I took gave me relief only for a short time. I thought I must die. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it worked like a charm.

"After taking the first bottle I could walk across the street; now I am well. I advise all my friends to take it, for it is surely the most wonderful medicine for female ills in the world. I feel that my cure is miraculous."

MARY E. CAMPBELL, Albion, Noble Co., Ind.



Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never in the history of Mrs. Pinkham's wonderful Compound has the demand for it been so great as it is to-day. Druggists say it is wonderful. From Maine to California, from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence, come the glad tidings of woman's suffering relieved by it. All intelligent women now acknowledge its reliability.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

tunes. Richer opulence. Better churches. In that better time, also, coming to these cities, Christ's churches will be more numerous and they will be larger, and they be more devoted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that churches are envious of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no ascription, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness.  
In that day of which I speak, do you believe there will be any midnight carousals? Will there be any kicking off from the marble steps of shivering mendicants? Will there be any unwashed, uncombed children? Will there be any blasphemers in the streets? Will there be any inebriates staggering past? No. No wine stores. No larger beer saloons. No distilleries, where they make the three Xs. No bloodshot eyes. No bloated cheek. No instrument of destruction. No fist-pounding forehead. The grandchildren of that woman who goes down the street with a curse, stoned by the boys that follow her, will be the reformers and philanthropists and the Christian men and the honest merchants of our cities.  
Then, what municipal governments, too, will we have in all the cities. Some cities are worse than others, but in many of our cities you just walk down by the city hall and look in at some of the rooms occupied by politicians, and see to what a sensual, loathsome, ignorant, besotted crew city politics is often abandoned. Or they stand around the City Hall picking their teeth, waiting for some emoluments of crumbs to fall to their feet, waiting all day long, and waiting all night long.  
Who are those wretched women taken up for drunkenness, and carried up to the courts, and put in prison of course? What will you do with the grogshops that make them drink? Nothing. Who are those prisoners in jail? One of them stole a pair of shoes. That boy stole a dollar. This girl snatched a purse. All of them criminals damaging society less than twenty or thirty dollars. But what will you do with the gangsters? Nothing. Who are those boys who have a right to be called a pair of shoes? Nothing. What shall I do with that one who breaks through and destroys the purity of a Christian home, and with an adroitness and perfidy that beats the strategy of hell, runs a straitened shrieking soul into ruin? Nothing. What will you do with those who perjure large young men, getting him to perjure large sums of money from his employer—the young man who came to an officer of my church and told the story, and frantically asked what he should do? Nothing.

All we do well to punish small crimes; but I have sometimes thought it would be better in some of our cities if the officials would only turn out from the jails the petty criminals, the little offenders, ten-dollar desperados, and put in their places some of the monsters of iniquity who drive their roan span through the streets so swiftly that honest men have to leap to get out of the way of being run over. Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christian men will sometimes engage in until God puts the finger of His retribution into the collar of their robe of hypocrisy and rips it clear to the bottom! But all these wrongs will be righted. I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumbling of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the Church of God going to be, or are good men going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations. Three hundred and sixty bells rang in Moscow when one prince was married; but, when in righteousness and peace kiss each other in all the earth, ten thousand times ten thousand bells shall strike the jubilee. Poverty, ignorance, hunger, fed. Crime banished. Ignorance enlightened. All the cities saved. Is not this a cause worth working in?  
Oh, you think sometimes it does not amount to much! You toil on in your different spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith and say: "It does not amount to anything, you might as well quit that." Why, when Moses stretched his hand over the Red Sea, it did not seem to mean anything especially. People came out, I suppose, and said: "Aha!" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He wanted the sea parted. It did not amount to anything, this stretching out of his hand over the sea. But, after a while, the wind blew all night from the east, and the waters were gathered into a glittering parade on either side, and the billows reared as God pulled back on their crystal bins! Wheel into line, O, Israel! march! march! Pearls crashed under feet. Flying spray gathers into rainbow arch of victory for the conquerors to march under. The shouts of hosts on the beach answering the shouts of hosts amid sea. And when the last line of Israelites reach the beach the cymbals clap, and the shields clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift-fingered wings on the white keys of the team play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow.  
So you and I go forth, and all the people of God go forth, and they stretch forth their hand over the sea, the hoiling sea of crime and sin and wretchedness. "It does not amount to anything," people say. Don't! God's winds of help will, after a while, begin to blow. A path will be cleared for the army of Christian philanthropists. The path will be lined with the treasures of Christian

benignance, and we shall be greeted to the other beach by the clapping of all of heaven's cymbals, while those who pursued us and derided us and tried to destroy us will go down under the sea and all that will be left of them will be cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot, or thrust out from the fonn the breathless nestral of a riderless charger.  
Meeting of New York Anarchists.  
New York, Sept. 18.—A meeting of anarchists, the majority of whom were Hebrews who hold the feast of Yom Kippur in contempt, was held in Clarendon hall yesterday afternoon, and the 500 people who composed the audience listened to a number of rather inflammatory speeches. The principal speaker was Herr Most, the well known anarchist, who delivered his address with great earnestness and worked up his audience to the highest pitch of excitement. He denounced all forms of government, private property and all religions.  
No Pardon for McKane.  
New York, Sept. 21.—The Herald contains the following: Notwithstanding the many rumors to the effect that John Y. McKane is to be released from Sing Sing, information has been obtained from a source near to Gov. Morton that such is not the case. The governor has determined that he will not issue a pardon to McKane during his term of office, and that McKane should serve the full term for which he was sentenced.  
Joseph C. Sibley for Congress.  
Erie, Pa., Sept. 18.—Hon. Joseph C. Sibley was formerly nominated by the democratic party as its candidate for congress from this district yesterday. The conferees from Erie and Crawford counties met at Conneaut lake and complied with instructions imparted by the democratic convention of the twenty-sixth congressional district. The populist conferees met at Union City last Saturday and placed Mr. Sibley in nomination as their candidate for congress.

Cotton Mill Starting Up.  
Salem, Mass., Sept. 18.—At a meeting of the Naumkeag Steam Cotton company it was voted that 400 looms in mill No. 4 should be started next Monday, giving employment to 100 hands. Mill No. 3 will not be started as yet. The hands in No. 5 will work four days a week. The plant has been idle since June 15.  
Rescued by the Czar's Yacht.  
Copenhagen, Sept. 18.—The czar's new steam yacht Standard, which went on a trial trip in the North sea, has arrived here. She reports that she found the Norwegian steamer Corisande in a sinking condition, and took off her crew, landing them at this port.  
To Run on Half Time.  
Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 18.—Notice has been posted in Farnum cotton mills Nos. 2 and 3 that beginning next week the mills will run half time. Slack demand for goods is the assigned cause. About 700 hands are affected.  
A Vanderbilt After Mar Lodge.  
London, Sept. 18.—The Daily Mail says it is reported that the Duke of Life, son-in-law of the Prince of Wales, is negotiating with one of the Vanderbilts for the sale of Mar Lodge, Braemar.  
The Courier-Journal's Silver Editorials.  
Louisville, Sept. 18.—The Courier Journal explains that its free-silver editorials in 1886 were written by the commercial editor, whose mind was impaired, and who was soon placed in an asylum, where he died.  
British Coal Steamship Wrecked.  
Nassau, N. P., Sept. 21.—The British steamer viceoy, Capt. Rollo, from Philadelphia for Havana with coal, was wrecked on the island of Abaco on the 17th inst. She is a total loss. Her crew arrived here safely.