P. R. R.

Stations	No 1 a m	No 3 p m	No 5 p m
Oswayo	7 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	1 [illegible]
Tyler	7 05	4 40	1 10
Coudersport	7 15	4 50	1 20
Ross Lake	7 18	4 53	1 23
Andrews Settlement	7 21	4 56	1 26
Gimlet	7 [illegible]	5 00	1 30
Chapman's	7 29	5 06	1 37
Germania	7 [illegible]	5 [illegible]	1 [illegible]
Payneville	7 45	5 22	1 53
Gaskill	7 [illegible]	5 [illegible]	1 [illegible]
Whitesville	7 51	5 28	1 59
Edwards Crossing	8 02	5 40	2 10
Barney's Mill	8 16	5 53	2 12
Rexville	8 [illegible]	6 01	2 [illegible]
Rough & Ready	8 28	6 05	3 31
GREENWOOD	8 30	6 15	3 40
Norton Hollow	8 40	6 17	3 58
Hunnetts	8 45	6 23	4 [illegible]
Fall Creek	8 55	6 32	4 20
Hornellsville	9 00	6 35	4 25
Erie Junction	9 06	6 40	4 [illegible]

AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS.

GREENWOOD.

Summery weather now.

Vegetation is booming.

Byron Ruger and wife and Samuel Pease and wife wheeled to Hornellsville Saturday, returning Sunday.

Perry French of Hammondsport and his sister, Sarah Norton of Canisteo, visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John French, Saturday.

Leo Stephens of Canisteo visited at Alzina Stephens' Sunday.

Fred White and Vern Johnson went to Hornellsville on their wheels Monday.

Mrs. Catherine Brundage was called to Canisteo Thursday on account of the illness of her daughter, Mrs. E. Chilson.

Harry and Lynn Norton and the Misses Andrews of Canisteo visited N. Shaut's Sunday.

A. Swan and Lena Shaut visited her sister, Cora Gilbert, at Elmer, Pa., Sunday.

Henry Miner came home sick last week with grip.

John Paine, Sr. is at Whitesville working at masonry for Mr. Baker.

Clarence Webster and Mrs. Arthur Ruger of Elm Valley visited Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Webster Saturday and Sunday.

Superintendent Geo. Brown of the N. Y. & Pa. R. R. and W. G. Kellogg are looking over the route for the extension of the railroad from Millport west.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Connor were called Thursday to Hornellsville to attend the funeral of his brother, William O'Connor.

G. W. Smith has the Austin building about ready for business; that is, the interior thereof.

Jo. Minard of Hornellsville was in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Robinson of Andover were the guests of N. E. Coston Wednesday.

Ed. Miner of Canisteo was in town Monday on telephone business.

Art Taylor has his new barn enclosed.

Newell E. Austin has gone to West Union to rebuild and repair Mrs. Smith's barns.

We learn as we go to press that Wileman Edwards of Canisteo, formerly of this place, died Monday of this week.

George Stephens, who has done the cheese-making at the lower factory, has quit the business, and Dever Stephens has taken his place at the cheese vats.

Rev. W. A. Scribner was a caller in this city Monday.

Mabel Lewis was the guest of Mrs. Bradshaw Warriner over Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Vaughn of Rexville were in town Monday.

Woodward & Young have started their peddling wagon out on its annual pilgrimage.

Drs. Brainard of Andover and Probasco of Whitesville performed an operation on Darwin Barney of West Union for dropsy, removing about 12 quarts of water by tapping.

Mrs. G. D. Woodward, who has been sick for some time, and who suffered a relapse Friday, is improving again.

We received a letter from Iowa, written several days ago, stating that fruit trees were loaded out and in blossom, and spring grain sown and up. That beats us.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Education of Greenwood Union School it was voted to charge an admission fee of 10 cents for each subject taken at Regents examination by those not attending our school.

There will be graduating exercises at the annual commencement of the Union School of this place, at the close of the school year. The requirements for graduation have been raised and graduates now have to possess a Regents diploma, and the graduating class will therefore be smaller than usual. Several of the large schools of the county have none this year.

Mrs. Chas. Cheesman of Andover, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. Loper, returned home Friday.

E. W. Tucker and A. J. Van Dusen of Westfield, Pa., were in this city Saturday.

Painters and paper hangers are in good demand at present. All want them at once.

A. C. Crandall of Andover was a caller at Greenwood on Monday.

Al. Brown, the clothier, was looking up customers in Greenwood Friday. He carries a fine line of samples.

G. W. Whiting, A. Slawson, John Tanner, John Slawson and Will King of Canisteo were in Greenwood Friday on business.

Thomas Eagan has gone to Canisteo to take the place in the N. Y. & Pa. R. R. office lately vacated by Ned Crary.

Mrs. J. J. Guyon has been sick with grip, and is now recovering.

Wm. B. Miller of Jasper was in Greenwood on business Monday.

Joshua Saunders and Jerry Saunders made a business visit to Greenwood Friday.

The Greenwood hotel has received a new coat of paint at the hands of Den. and Court. Freeland.

Mrs. J. C. Turner and son Arthur of Wellsville, who expected to move to Greenwood last week, were delayed by Arthur's sickness.

It shines for all, Venus. The best five cent cigar on earth. Try one. For sale by G. M. Webster & Co., Greenwood, N. Y.

Church Directory.

M. E. CHURCH.

Preaching at 11 a. m.
Class meeting at 12 m.
Sunday School at 12 m.
Junior League at 3 p. m.
Epworth League at 6 p. m.
Preaching at 7 p. m.
Rev. C. E. Sutton, pastor.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Young People's Christian Union at 3 p. m.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Sunday School at 12 m.
Y. P. S. C. E. at 3 p. m.
Preaching at 7 p. m.

Beware of a Cough

A cough is not a disease but a symptom. Consumption and bronchitis, which are the most dangerous and fatal diseases, have their first indication in a persistent cough, and if properly treated as soon as this cough appears are easily cured. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has proven wonderfully successful, and gained its wide reputation and extensive sale by its success in curing the diseases which cause coughing. If it is not beneficial it will not cost you a cent. For sale by Benedict & Van Nov, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

Bennett's Creek.

Rev. Wm. Stocum is visiting his mother at Galeton.

Earl Vanderhoef commenced work for W. C. Bassett in the cheese factory last Saturday.

Dr. Vaughn of Rexville was called to this place Sunday to see Mrs. Florence Jeffers who is quite ill.

The Williams family will give an exhibition at the Putnam school house Monday night.

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet with Mrs. F. L. Bassett Thursday, May 17th, for supper.

Mrs. Phebe Kernan and son of Rexville visited at E. D. Conklin's Sunday.

Our school has had another change of teachers, and Miss Trowbridge of Whitesville is again at the helm. Truly, "variety is the spice of life."

J. W. Norton and family spent Sunday with Mr. Norton's parents at Norton Hollow.

Biliousness is a condition characterized by a disturbance of the digestive organs. The stomach is debilitated, the liver torpid, the bowels constipated. There is a loathing of food, pains in the bowels, dizziness, coated tongue and vomiting, first of the undigested or partly digested food and then of bile. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets allay the disturbances of the stomach and create a healthy action and regulate the bowels. Try them and you are certain to be much pleased with the result. For sale by Benedict & Van Noy, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

YOUNG HICKORY.

N. H. Seely of Westfield, Pa., was calling on friends on Sunday and Monday of last week.

Miss Mamie Grinolds visited her aunt, Mrs. Libbie Briggs, at Westfield, on Sunday of last week.

J. O. Potter and wife called on their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Lewis, at Greenwood, on Monday.

James Johnson, who owns the J. Smith farm, had a runaway on Monday, his colt becoming frightened. The colt ran into a piece of woods and entangled itself in the brush was easily caught.

The Ladies' Aid Society at Mrs. F. D. Short's Wednesday.

Roy Plaisted is attending school at Troupsburg.

Our school closed on Friday. N. E. Willis has a new horse.

Clarence Bates raised his barn on Saturday. C. House is doing the carpenter work. Mr. Bates had his ankle very badly hurt by a heavy timber rolling on it.

R. J. Card visited friends in Addison on Saturday and Sunday.

Wm. Colgrove and wife and mother visited friends at South Troupsburg Sunday.

Rev. Frank Mead of Borden preached at this place Sunday.

A Mormon Sunday-school is now held at F. J. Aubel's.

F. D. Short's mother and niece of Shortsville, Pa., is visiting him for a short time. C. O. D.

Tortured a Witness.

Intense suffering was endured by witness T. L. Martin of Dixie, Ky., before he gave this evidence: "I coughed every night until my throat was nearly raw; then tried Dr. King's New Discovery which gave instant relief. I have used it in my family for four years and recommend it as the greatest remedy for coughs, colds and all throat, chest and lung troubles. It will stop the worst cough, and not only prevents but absolutely cures consumption. Price 50c. and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed. Trial bottles free at L. A. Burrows' and all other drug stores.

CORWIN HILL.

Miss Ena Manning of Elm Valley came up to T. Comstock's, East Hill, last Saturday, on her wheel. Mrs. Jennie Manning and Miss Grace Fuller took her home in a carriage Sunday.

Mrs. C. Mix, who has been suffering with rheumatism, is reported improving.

Mrs. R. Pease and Mrs. Flora Cook called on friends in this place one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Cochrane of Elm Valley visited John Cochrane's people last Sunday.

O. Swarts of West Greenwood was in this place on business Monday.

Arthur Erkson of East Valley came up here on a business trip the fore part of the week.

A Woman's Awful Peril.

"There is only one chance to save your life and that is through an operation," were the startling words heard by Mrs. I. B. Hunt of Lime Ridge, Wis., from her doctor after he had vainly tried to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and severe jaundice. Gall stones had formed and she constantly grew worse. Then she began to use Electric Bitters which wholly cured her. It's a wonderful stomach, liver and kidney remedy. Cures dyspepsia, loss of appetite. Try it. Only 50 cents. Guaranteed. For sale by L. A. Burrows, and all other druggists.

JASPER.

A fine growing time, and some of our smart farmers are done with their oat seeding but the cold north wind and frost will have a good effect in killing thousands of fruit and forest worms; at least it looks so on our farm.

W. A. Scribner and wife and son have been at their former residence and with their son and daughter visiting for a few days and attended church at the Gully on Sunday.

S. W. Dennis is pressing hay for Ali, Zeh.

Our new minister, Brother Cole, with his bright little family have arrived at the Gully.

John Quigley was in Hornellsville Wednesday and returned accompanied by his wife, who has been at work at the Sherwood House for two weeks in the place of the cook, who had left that house.

A party of young folks gathered at Ross Brown's Friday and surprised him. A good time was reported.

Frank Holse has moved to Canisteo.

The sawyers of the Burdick Mill on the Holt farm took a vacation and went home on Saturday and expect to return Monday.

Marcus Milligan and mother attended the funeral of Mrs. Lorenzo Chilson held in Canisteo on Friday last.

Fred McMinds has moved a part of his goods into his father's house until he can build a house.

Ross Dennis and partner went to Alfred Saturday to visit his sister, Ora Dennis.

Mrs. L. A. Dennis has the new steel fence completed around the lawn, and it is a beauty.

Rose Knight, a young girl of 14 years, walked from Russell Brown's to her home in Greenwood on Saturday, a distance of 5½ miles, which shows what a girl of pluck can do while a nice village girl would have to keep a bike to go only one block from home to get the mail.

Herb White is getting quite numerous and some begin to think and talk about matches, but it's all right, Herb should look Hale and hearty while Maude looks White and nice.

W. B. Wentworth having bought one half interest in the Walwrath Mill at Jasper, contemplates moving in the village next fall.

The Bradley mill has been idle nearly a month on account of no help to run it.

Dell Miller returned to the Hopper factory and will resume his cheese-making Monday.

Many calves and lambs have died this spring, and who is able to give the reason? As a general thing stock looks the worse for years and among the good farmers too. Now if anyone knows the reason and the remedy don't be afraid to speak.

Will Kellogg has so far recovered as to be able to resume business again in the cheese factory.

Calvin Dibble and wife called on Mrs. Jerome Schoonover on Sunday.

Ed. Roner and Doro Bailey are at work for a while for Marcus Milligan.

A new telephone is under consideration and on a new plan. The phone can be carried in the pocket and the wire will be made of rubber, and when a man goes away he can put the phone into his wife's pocket (if he can find it) and one is in his own, talk to her if she is at home and no one can hear them; but most men rather talk with some other man's wife, and so we think the machine will not meet with success.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Homes Wanted.

For a boy 10 years old, and a black eyed boy baby 5 months old. Good references will be required. Apply to D. C. Grunder, Superintendent of the Poor, Angelica, N. Y.

Impossible to fore see an accident Not impossible to be prepared for it. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Monarch over pain

SAUNDERS.

Miss Lizzie Card is working for Henry Smith.

Frank Davis attended the band meeting at Genesee Forks Saturday night.

Misses Lerah Badgers and Mabel Brinnen of Mills, Pa., visited at the former's grandfather, T. R. Saunders, Sunday.

Sunday-school was organized last Sunday. The following were elected: Superintendent, Mrs. Albert Saunders; Vice President, David Crandall; Secretary, Mabel Smith; Treasurer, Ralph Lewis; Teachers, David Smith, Mrs. Joshua Saunders, Mrs. A. Saunders, Mrs. Alonzo Sluyter, Mrs. John Wilson and Edith Howard.

John Martin and wife of Andover visited T. R. McDonald this week.

Mabel Smith visited friends in Harrison Valley Saturday.

A Fast Bicycle Rider

Will often receive painful cuts, sprains or bruises from accidents. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and heal the injury. It's the cyclist's friend. Cures cutting, chapped hands, sore lips, burns, ulcers and piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Try it. Sold by L. A. Burrows and all other druggists.

When a woman doesn't take an interest in her housework—
When the least exertion tires her—
When her backaches constantly—
When her heads ches—limbs ache, and she feels generally miserable, it's a pretty sure indication that her kidneys are not doing their duty.

That backache is simply kidney ache—

The poison the kidneys should take out of the blood is left in, and is breeding all sorts of dire diseases—

But you can stop it—

Doan's Kidney Pills

Act directly on the kidneys—strengthen them, help them to do their duty

Read what one grateful woman has to say about it.

Miss Carrie A. Miller of 23 Clinton street, Seneca Falls, says:

"On the 1 mark this statement about Doan's Kidney Pills: At first when I noticed pain in my back I did not attach much importance to it, but as time went by it became constant; very distressing when lying down, and painful to stoop, straighten up or lift anything. I was uncertain what caused the trouble, but I judged from the symptoms it was a rheumatism. Reading about Doan's Kidney Pills interested me, and thinking they might help me I got a box at a drugstore. The first box did me so much good that I got more. They relieved the backache and convinced me that as a kidney remedy Doan's Kidney Pills are unrivalled. As a proof that my estimate of Doan's Kidney Pills was correct, I positively assert that I have kept them in the house for the last four years, and if I felt the slightest need of them I took a dose without delay. They always do the work."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers for 50 cents a box, but will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

LADIES ATTENTION!

PRICES THAT DEFFY COMPETITION.

One Large Bread Knife,
One Large Butcher Knife,
One, Paring Knife.
The three for 25 Cents.

If any should happen to be defective bring back and we will replace with new ones free.

SHAW & PLAISTED,

GREENWOOD, N. Y.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson for the International Series for May 20, 1900—Parable of the Sower.

[Prepared by H. C. Leuington.]

THE LESSON TEXT.

(Matthew 13:1-8, 18-23.)

1. The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side.

2. And great multitudes were gathered together unto Him, so that He went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

3. And He spake many things unto them in parables, saying: Behold, a sower went forth to sow;

4. And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side: and the fowls came and devoured them up:

5. Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no depness of earth:

6. And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

7. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them:

8. But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

18. Hear ye, therefore, the parable of the sower.

19. When anyone hareth the Word of the Kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the way side.

20. But he that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that hareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it;

21. Yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for awhile; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the Word, by and by he is offended.

22. He also that received seed among the thorns is he that hareth the Word; and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the Word, and he becometh unfruitful.

23. But he that received seed into the good ground is he that hareth the Word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundredfold, some 60, some 30.

GOLDEN TEXT—The seed is the Word of God.—Luke 8:11.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In the short period that intervenes between the events of last lesson and those of the present lesson Jesus had made with His disciples a tour of Galilee.

Shortly after His return to Capernaum Jesus began preaching by the seaside. A great multitude soon gathered, so great that Jesus used a boat a little out from the shore for a pulpit. The ground rising directly from the water formed a vast amphitheater and here the people listened to the words of the Master.

The Sower and the Sowing.—Jesus in His explanation does not tell us who the sower was. All who teach Divine truths may be considered as sowers, but probably for this parable the sower was Jesus, who sowed the good seed in the hearts of men by His life on earth and teaching. The sowing was broadcast. Some of the seed fell by the wayside, some upon stony places, some among thorns, and some into good ground. We sometimes hear of people who complain that they have had "no chance in life." This can hardly be true of anyone who has heard the teaching of Jesus. The good seed has fallen in the promising places as well as the unpromising. Two things Jesus evidently meant to teach: (1) That He had sowed the good seed in His possession among all classes and conditions of men; and (2) that those who wished to be sowers of this seed should not choose their field of work. We can tell what is good ground for wheat growing, but the hearts of men are hidden from our sight, and there may be good soil where we least expect it.

The Seed and the Soil.—The seed, we are told, was good seed. If it does not grow then we can safely conclude that the fault is not in the seed but in the soil. The hearts of men form the soil, and our own heart is a part of that soil. We can change that soil and make it what we will. The doctrine of this parable is not fatalistic. The element of human choice comes in right here. The seed that has been sown was good. Corinthians think this is a splendid city. You think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

You see, my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas of Heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the new Jerusalem, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth, how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate: That after all the nations have been gathered to Heaven there will be room for each soul, a room 16 feet long and 15 feet wide. It would not be large enough for you. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetic ians calculated.

I first remark that we can get no idea of the health of Heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek and a spring in your step and an exuberance of spirits and a clearness of eye that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp strings and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The alve that now float upon the earth are not like those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth contrasted with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a cripple. Perhaps you see her step now and hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses—health of vision, health of joints, immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air, health floating in all the streams, health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no side aches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete. That old woman that groaned and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on cranks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side.

The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticoes and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple lavished on the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which from apertures at the side there rushed waters everywhere known for healthgiving qualities. Around these basins, twined into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the Corintharii, paced up and down to see that no stone was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, towers and temples (1,000 slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh, it was not to rustics, who had never seen anything grand, that Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. The statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Two million Americans suffer the torturing pangs of dyspepsia. No need to. Burdock Blood Bitters cures. At any drug store.

Consumption

is robbed of its terrors by the fact that the best medical authorities state that it is a curable disease; and one of the happy things about it is, that its victims rarely ever lose hope.

You know there are all sorts of secret nostrums advertised to cure consumption. Some make absurd claims. We only say that if taken in time and the laws of health are properly observed,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will heal the inflammation of the throat and lungs and nourish and strengthen the body so that it can throw off the disease.

We have thousands of testimonials where people claim they have been permanently cured of this malady.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Uniform Examinations | 1900.

FIRST GRADE

January 11th and 12th, Alfred.
August 9th and 10th, Wellsville

SECOND AND THIRD GRADES.

January 11th and 12th, Alfred.
April 12th and 13th, Cuba.
August 9th and 10th, Wellsville.
November 8th and 9th, Friendship.

Normal school entrance examinations will be held in January, April and August at the same time and place of holding uniform examinations.

Teachers desiring to be ready to teach at the next school year, whose certificates expire July 31st, 1900, should take the first examination of the year. O. M. BURDICK, Com.

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Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

Safe, Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHI-CHES-TER-S ENGLISH, in red and gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists.

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THE NEW JERUSALEM

Dr. Talmage Lifts the Curtain from Eternal Felicities.

The Glories of Heaven Surpass the Comprehension of the Finite Mind—There Will Be No Parting There.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.] Washington, May 13.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage lifts the curtain from eternal felicities and in an unusual way treats of the Heavenly world. Text, I. Corinthians, 2:9: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

The city of Corinth has been called "the Paris of antiquity." Indeed, for splendor the world holds no such order to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharfs, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on cranks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side.

The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticoes and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple lavished on the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which from apertures at the side there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twined into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the Corintharii, paced up and down to see that no stone was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, towers and temples (1,000 slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh, it was not to rustics, who had never seen anything grand, that Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. The statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

You see, my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas of Heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the new Jerusalem, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth, how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate: That after all the nations have been gathered to Heaven there will be room for each soul, a room 16 feet long and 15 feet wide. It would not be large enough for you. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetic ians calculated.

I first remark that we can get no idea of the health of Heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek and a spring in your step and an exuberance of spirits and a clearness of eye that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp strings and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up in circles of earth to join in little voices to join the anthem, little hands to take hold in the great home circle, little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river and a group on the other side. Those on this side have grown used to this to that and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place? If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely we cannot hear the joy on the other side when the group is augmented.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to Heaven. Don't cry." And the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground, and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave and, looking down, said: "Is this Heaven?" We have no idea what Heaven is. It is the grave here—was another place here—but there a merry making yonder. Nothinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus." "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying boy. "I am going to see Jesus." The missionary said: "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh, yes; that's what I want to go to Heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose Jesus should go away from Heaven—what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment and then said: "Where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh, to stand in His presence! That will be Heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross—to go around amid the groups of the redeemed and shake hands with the prophets and apostles and martyrs and with our own dear beloved ones! That will be the great reunion. We cannot imagine it now. Our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on to the banks of the Jordan and we call across the tide but they do not seem to hear. We say: "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice come back over the waters. None, none!

Unbelief says: "They are dead, and they are annihilated," but blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us differ-ent! We open that Bible and we find neither dead nor annihilated—that they never were so much alive as now—that they are only waiting for our coming and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion, we cannot grasp it now!

What a place of explanation it will be! I see every day profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and asylums for the idiotic and insane; almshouses for the destitute and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer was written on the jasper wall or sounded in the crystal anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind, and Joseph that he was cast into the pit, and Daniel that he was thrown among the lions, and that he was humpbacked, and David that he was driven from Jerusalem, and that invalid, that for 29 years he could not lift his head from his pillow, and that widow, that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. The song will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes and aching heads and exhausted hands and scourged backs and martyred agonies. But we can get no idea of that anthem here. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes, they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house! They are all mixed up with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now, by voices that were sung to sleep then in the cradle, voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break.

When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting houses joined in the chorus and city church and sailors' bethel and western cabins until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time in the music. Away, then, with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is marching on to victory. When generals come back from victorious wars do we not cheer them and shout: "Huzza, huzza?" And when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth, shall we not have for Him one loud, ringing cheer?

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