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It is a shakey business. It's a chance whether you pay more or less for the same article on the same day than your next door neighbor. Our one thought in buying, our one aim in selling, is to find your want and then meet it as no one else will.

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Men's suits in eight different styles of cloth, in the new fall pattern Every suit guaranteed to be strictly ALL WOOL and of the non-fading kind. $8.75.

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SCHAUL & ROOSA,
130 Main St. Hornellsville

AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS.

GREENWOOD.

Fair week at Hornellsville.

Hotter than ever.

Buckwheat cooked on the stalk.

Mrs. Ora Bruce is visiting her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bruce.

Miss Minnie Davis of Buffalo is spending a week with relatives in town.

Mrs. L. Rogers and son Lynn of Ulysses, Pa., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Harrison Freeland, on South Main street.

Mrs. Chichester is visiting relatives in Scio.

Mrs. Arthur Ruger of Elm Valley was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jesse Webster, Thursday.

Mrs. Wm. Young and Miss Dabra Stephens spent several days in Hornellsville last week at the home of Mrs. J. Shelley.

L. D. Holden and wife of Buffalo visited at A. P. Wilson's last week.

Mrs. A. P. Wilson and children are visiting relatives and friends in Corning and Elmira.

Mrs. Adams and her daughter and grandson are stopping with Mrs. Adams' brother, G. M. Webster.

Mrs. Dr. Smith has gone to Friendship to see her mother and sister.

Rev. C. E. Sutton and family made a trip to Bath last week.

Prof. E. Cole and wife have returned to Greenwood to re-enter the school, which opens Sept. 3d.

Miss Daisy Harris of Canaseraga, formerly of the Faculty of Greenwood Union School, was renewing former friendships last week.

Leland Burrell of Canisteo was in town Sunday and Monday.

Wm. Daily and family of Genesee were guests of his father, Edward Daily, Sunday.

Arthur Woodward has sold his residence on North Main street to Mrs. Addie Smith.

The sad news of the death of Deville Stephens by drowning near New York last week, has been received. He was a son of Mrs. Alzina Stephens of this place The widowed mother has the sympathy of the entire community.

Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Reimann, for a long time residents of Greenwood, now of Machias, are calling on former neighbors. Both Mr. and Mrs. Reimann have improved in health since leaving Greenwood.

Herbert Hoyt is back in the barber shop in the Drake building.

We learn that Earl Robles of Canisteo, who fell from a trap last week, died from his injuries Sunday morning.

Misses Howard and Phelps, who have been engaged to teach the coming year, were in town last week and engaged board with Mrs. J. Guyon.

Mrs. Bert Goff of Dryden Hill and Mrs. Smith of Avoca met with a runaway near the school house Saturday. Their horse shied off the narrow track, upsetting the carriage and throwing the occupants out, when it ran away up Main street, breaking the carriage. The ladies escaped injury.

The Wellsville Fair did not draw a very large number from this place. The "Grand Exposition" business is being overdone. The attendance, however, Thursday, was large and some exciting races were pulled off. In the afternoon running race, one horse ran away, dashing into the crowd and throwing its rider, after which it ran amuck down Main street, when it was finally caught. A gentleman and lady were reported seriously injured by being run over.

Mrs. F. D. Young went to Hornellsville Monday.

Mrs. T. O. Swan and son Andrew have gone to Pittsburg, Pa., where Mrs. Swan has several sisters.

Fred Smith of Canisteo visited his uncle, Leroy Smith, Saturday.

As the excursion train on its return from the Wellsville Fair neared Shongo Thursday, a lively fight occurred, which seemed to end in a knock out for the aggressor in the first round. We learn one party was from Shongo and the victor from Genesee. On the same train and near the same place a man fell backwards off the train into the ditch by the embankment. He was reported so full of medicine that serious injury was prevented. Pink lemonade takes the hurt out of a fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Taylor spent Sunday with Mr. King, their cousin, in Hartsville.

Mr. Whiting, agent of the Buffalo & Susquehanna, at Genesee station, made Greenwood a visit Sunday.

Mrs. Howe, of the Bargain Store, who has been sick for some time, is convalescing.

The Greenwood Cheese Factory Co.'s sale of cheese from the mile July 9 to 4th inclusive, sold at 9¼ and 9⅝ cents, netting the patrons 76¾ cents per 100 pounds of milk.

Miss Flora Jemmison of Canisteo was entertained by Anna Rollins last week.

Rev. Mr. Windsor of Mills, Pa., is going to occupy the house of Mrs. Amanda Rogers on Fulton avenue. Mr. Windsor expects to engage in evangelistic labors.

The village cheese factory make of cheese from July 8 to July 24, inclusive, sold at 9¼ and 9⅜, netting 69 2-100 cents for 100 pounds of milk.

Miss Mary Lewis expects to teach in the eastern part of the state the coming school year.

Miss Mary Woodward departs Tuesday for Lima Seminary.

Miss Mary Oatley of Andover is the guest of Alfa and Blanch Parshall.

The valley school house is to be repainted this week.

C. W. Talbot, Commissioner of Highways of Jasper, was in town Wednesday of last week. He had been letting the job of a bridge over Riggs creek, near the F. K. Alvord house.

F. F. Williams of Ithaca was in this city Monday.

W. L. Gardner of Buffalo made a business trip to Greenwood Saturday.

Mr. D. Hoyt, of the Telephone Company of Hornellsville, was looking after the company's interests here Wednesday.

Vern Johnson drove his western horse to Canisteo Monday. The horse did not get away this time.

Fay Stephens and wife, Melvin Henderson, Albert Stephens, Fred Bess and Lee Wright have gone to the lumber woods to work.

G. L. Polley of Grand Rapids, Mich., located for a couple of days in Greenwood, treating patients for deafness and catarrh.

Wesley Van Wie of Troupsburg was a caller in town Wednesday.

Miss Bertha Berger commences work at Greenwood Hotel Friday.

O. M. Haskins of Hornellsville made this city a business visit Thursday.

C. M. Tate of Corning was in town Thursday.

A trial term of the Supreme Court for this county at Bath next week. The Grand Jury will also be in session.

Some times ago the TIMES spoke of the evil results attending the wanton slaughter of birds for the purpose of adorning ladies' hats. We print in this issue an act passed by our Legislature May 2d, 1900, in relation to taking or having in possession any part of the plumage, skin or body of birds protected by the act, making the violation of the act a penal offense. We do not claim the act as a result of the article in the TIMES, but it is a timely move in the right direction.

A large attendance at the Encampment at Chicago this week.

Prevented a Tragedy.

Timely information given Mrs. Geo. Long, of New Straitsville, Ohio, saved two lives. A frightful cough had long kept her awake every night. She had tried many remedies and doctors but steadily grew worse until urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle wholly cured her, and she writes, this marvelous medicine also cured Mr. Long of a severe attack of pneumonia. Such cures are positive proof of its power to cure all throat, chest and lung troubles. Only 50c. and $1.00. Guaranteed. Trial bottles free at L. A. Burrows' and all other drug stores.

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.

Bennett's Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Morton and daughter Gladys of Oswayo are visiting at J. W. Norton's.

Miss Lottie Bassett visited in Whitesville from Wednesday until Sunday.

Misses Mary Thompson and Jessie King are visiting in Hornellsville.

Mrs. Albert Trowbridge of Greenwood visited friends here the latter part of the week.

Rev. William Slocum preached at Young Hickory this week.

Chas. Bevier was home from Pennsylvania Wednesday.

Miss Cynthia Brasted of Canisteo visited at Ray Cummings' last week.

Erwin Crusen was home a few days last week.

Mrs. Blank and family visited at A. Crusen's the past week.

Miss Clara Norton is staying at Will Wallace's in Greenwood.

Alex. King was home from Oswayo Sunday.

A Minister's Good Work.

"I had a severe attack of bilious colic, got a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, took two doses and was entirely cured," says Rev. A. A. Power, of Emporia, Kan. "My neighbor across the street was sick for over a week, had two or three bottles of medicine from the doctor. He used them for three or four days without relief, then called in another doctor who treated him for some days and gave him no relief, so discharged him. I went over to see him the next morning. He said his bowels were in a terrible fix, that they had been running off so long that it was almost bloody flux. I asked him if he had tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, and he said, 'No.' I went home and brought him a bottle and gave him one dose; told him to take another dose in fifteen or twenty minutes if he did not find relief, but he took no more and was entirely cured." For sale by Benedict & Van Noy, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

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.

Story of a Slave.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female disease quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness melancholly, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. It is a godsend to weak, sickly, run-down people. Cure guaranteed. Only 50c. Sold by L. A. Burrows, Andover, and all other druggists.

JASPER.

The telephone gathering at Boyd's grove was well attended, and a good time was reported by those present. The speeches were short, and speakers numerous. Music by Hedgesville band. J. D. Wheeler of Cameron was elected President another year, and it was voted to hold the picnic at the same place next year. Why not have it at Jasper?

W. B. Miller has shipped 125 pounds of maple sugar to his uncle in California.

Antim Huff is the boss taffy maker, he showing his ability at Boyd's grove in candy making.

J. B. Miller and wife visited at W. B. Miller's on Wednesday

S. W. Dennis is pressing hay on the Swale.

Miss Loviza Berg of Whitesville is in town.

Mrs. L. A. Dennis is afflicted with rheumatism.

The well drilled at J. B. Miller's is 70 feet deep, the last 27 feet being solid rock. When the vein was struck it filled 57 feet of water in 34 hours and at present is 68 feet of clear water, which registers 50 degrees Fht.

Rev. Cole is assisting a former Gulley pastor, Mr. Jones, in holding meetings at Dyke, near Corning.

Friends are invited to a birthday party at Samuel Mulligan's, and the anniversary of their marriage.

A new scribe from Jasper for the TIMES next week.

Mary J. Dennis is very poorly. Seymour Dennis is failing and does not know his own family much of the time.

John Quigley has taken the old barn down, preparatory to building anew.

A. H. Dennis expects to have a load of grapes and peaches for the reunion on Sept. 6th.

An ice cream social at Wallace Black's on Saturday night was well patronized, it being very warm.

Bert Dennis claims to have the best and safest four-year-old family horse in town. One night recently he drove to Greenwood and hitched her to the new railing, and somehow she got untied and started for home. She was seen by several, but it being very dark they were uncertain about the driver. She was soon missed by Mr. Dennis who went in pursuit and found she had passed Woodward's mill, under the crossing and over the bridge, and at last found her quietly feeding from a load of oats in the yard on the Miles Brundage farm with wagon and contents and horse safe and sound, having walked and trotted over a mile and not having any drive, and not scared.

A good time now to hunt apple borers and canker worms on trees, and to trim raspberry bushes and set out strawberries and asparagus, open ditches in ruts, clear and pick stone from the meadows, and haul manure on the meadows. No, there is no rest for an enterprising man.

Chinese are dangerous enemies, for they are treacherous. That's why all counterfeiters of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are dangerous. They look like DeWitt's, but instead of the all-healing witch hazel they contain injurious and dangerous ingredients. Beware of them. Sold by L. A. Burrows, Andover, and all other druggists.

Woodward & Young's

GREENWOOD, N. Y.

THE NEW ROYAL SEWING MACHINE

Four Drawer Machine $16.50.

Drop Head - $18.00

Cabinet - - $20.00

Call and see them, they are beauties.

Old Age Postponed.

TRADE MARK Palmo Tablets

CURE NERVOUS DEBILITY.

For Sale by Benedict and Van Noy, Andover, N. Y.

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH

Better than a Piano, Organ, or Music Box, for it sings and talks as well as plays, and don't cost as much. It reproduces the music of any instrument—band or orchestra—the stories and songs—the old familiar hymns as well as the popular songs—it talks equally well in all languages. See that Mr. Edison's signature is on every machine. Catalogues of all dealers, or NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 135 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson for the International Series for September 9, 1900—The Parable Real Earth.

[Prepared by H. C. Leninghton.]

THE LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 10:1-11, 17-20.)

1. After these things the Lord appointed other 70 also, and sent them two and two before His face into every city and place, whither He Himself would come.

2. Therefore said He unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth laborers into His harvest.

3. Go your ways: behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves.

4. Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes: and salute no man by the way.

5. And into whatsoever House ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house.

6. And if the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it; if not, it shall turn to you again.

7. And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give; for the laborer is worthy of his hire. Go not from house to house.

8. And into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you, eat such things as are set before you.

9. And heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.

10. But into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you not, go your ways out into the streets of the same, and say:

11. Even the very dust of your city, which cleaveth on us, we do wipe off against you; notwithstanding be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.

* * * * * * *

17. And the 70 returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name.

18. And He said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from Heaven.

19. Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you.

20. Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in Heaven."

GOLDEN TEXT.—The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.—Luke 10:2.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

After the feast of tabernacles Jesus returned to Galilee. He was there but a short time when He prepared to leave on what He knew was His last journey to Jerusalem. He sent messengers into a Samaritan village to prepare a place for Him, but the Samaritans refused to receive Him, so they were compelled to go to another town. On the way He was met by those who wanted to be followers, but were not quite ready. To them He said: "No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

The Seventy Sent Forth (Verses 1, 2.).—Once Jesus had appointed 12 disciples to be with Him, learn of Him, and preach His evangel. Now He appoints 70 others for a special service. They were to go two by two into those places where Jesus was to come. Their work was to be a great one in visible results. The fame of the Christ, dedeed Jesus, was great, but the laborers few. They were not only to work themselves, but were to pray earnestly that God should prepare the hearts of others that they might go into the same work.

Instructions to the Seventy (Verses 3-11.).—For their journey Jesus tells them not to be burdened by unnecessary baggage, carrying only what they could wear. This was because there was need of haste. The same reason applies to the command to "salute no man by the way." We are told that the Jewish salutations were elaborately formal, and occupied so much time as to be a serious hindrance when there was reason for haste. When accosted by the conventional "Peace be with thee!" they were to reply: "On thee be peace!" and pass on without stopping for further formalities. Expedition was to be their watchword.

When they arrived in a town they were to partake of whatever hospitality it afforded. If they were welcomed, they were to make their home in the house and in the town in which they might. They were not to go from house to house, as was the custom of travelers, but were to attend strictly to their mission, that of healing the sick and preaching the coming of the kingdom of God.

When met with opposition they were to retaliate in no way, but simply go on after warning them that the kingdom of God had come near them, and that from thenceforth the responsibility would be upon themselves for its rejection.

Result of Their Labors (Verses 17-20.).—The 70 did as instructed and returned to Jesus. Their mission had been highly successful. Even the demons had been subject to them in the name of Jesus. Even Jesus had seen a vision of what He was to see accomplish, for He had seen the fall of Satan from his power over the hearts of men, so swift and unmistakable as a lightning flash in the skies.

A Warning to Disciples.—However Christ feels He must warn His disciples against the elation coming from success. "Rather," He says: "Rejoice, because your names are written in Heaven." Rejoicing because of success would have been a selfish feeling. But rejoicing because of salvation, which it may at first seem more selfish, keeps the disciple on the watch for the unseen enemies of the soul.

The instructions to the 70 disciples suggest an effective method of work for today. Let there be no show, no advertising, and no unnecessary expense.

Prudence.

Progress seems to be indispensable as an evidence of being led by the Spirit of God. I need no assurance of the certainty of the promises, I know that a good work begun shall be carried on; but that is no consolation till I feel that it is begun.—Ann Taylor.

A Prayer.

O Lord, if my will may remain right and firm toward Thee, do with me whatsoever it shall please Thee. For it cannot be anything but good, whatsoever Thou shalt do with me.

In India, the land of famine, thousands die because they cannot obtain food. In America, the land of plenty, many suffer and die because they cannot digest the food they eat. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. It instantly relieves and radically cures all stomach troubles. Benedict & Van Noy, Andover; E. Breeze, Elm Valley.

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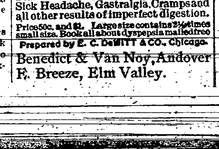
Tasteless. Odorless.

Can be given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee, Without Patient's Knowledge.

Dr. Brown's White Ribbon Remedy is the only reliable, safe, quick and permanent cure for intemperance that can be given to the patient without their knowledge. It is PURE, CLEAR, ODORLESS, TASTELESS.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure, or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants. Whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate or a "tippler," a social drinker or a drunkard, White Ribbon Remedy will cure. *It is impossible for any one to use alcoholic liquors after using this specific.* By mail, $1.00. Trial package free.

Dr. Wm. R. Brown, 218 Tremont Street Boston, Mass.



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Benedict & Van Noy, Andover
E. Breeze, Elm Valley.

A GLORIOUS FUTURE.

Dr. Talmage Tells of the Heritage of God's Children.

Sermon Suggested by His Contact with Imperial Splendors of Europe—The Royal House of Jesus.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

Washington, Aug. 26.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who, during his journey homeward, has seen much of royal and imperial splendors in passing through the capitals of Europe, shows that there is no higher dignity nor more illustrious station than those which the Christian has as a child of God; text, Judges 8:18: "Each one resembled the children of a king."

Zebah and Zalmunna had been off to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal resemblance. "Each one resembled the children of a king." That description of people is not extinct. There are still many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth or patriotism or intelligence. The name of Washington among us will always represent patriotism. The family of the Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth. The loss of $40,000,000 in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience, and within a few years they have loaned Russia $12,000,000, Naples $25,000,000, Austria $40,000,000 and, Eng., and $200,000,000, and the stroke of their pen on the counting-room desk shakes everything from the Irish sea to the Danube. They open their hand and there is war; they shut it and there is peace. The Romanoffs of Russia, the Hohenzollerns of Germany, the Bourbons of France, the Stuarts and Guelphs of Great Britain, are houses whose names are intertwined with the history of their respective nations symbolic of imperial authority.

But I preach of a family more potential, more rich and more extensive—the royal house of Jesus, of whom the whole family in Heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the cross; all of us are children of the King.

First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greaty celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the ancestral line gives luster to the family name. In our line was a King and a Conqueror. This for the best, dearest Jesus, was great, but the laborers few. They were not only to work themselves, but were to pray earnestly that God should prepare the hearts of others that they might go into the same work.

Instructions to the Seventy (Verses 9-11.).—For their journey Jesus tells them not to be burdened by unnecessary baggage, carrying only what they could wear. This was because there was need of haste. The same reason applies to the command to "salute no man by the way." We are told that the Jewish salutations were elaborately formal, and occupied so much time as to be a serious hindrance when there was reason for haste. When accosted by the conventional "Peace be with thee!" they were to reply: "On thee be peace!" and pass on without stopping for further formalities. Expedition was to be their watchword.

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in the verge of the grave and look down into it. First, those nearest the departed come, then those next of kin, until they have all looked into the grave. So, when trouble and grief go down through the heart of one member of the family, they go down through them all. The sadness of one is the sadness of all. A company of persons join hands around an electric battery; the two persons at the ends of the line touch the battery, and all the circle feels the shock. Thus, by reason of the filial, maternal and paternal relations of life, we stand so close together that when trouble sets its battery all feel the thrill of distress. In the great Christian family the sorrow of one ought to be the sorrow of all. Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one bereaved? We are all bereaved.

Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe.

If you rejoice at another's misfortune you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats, and the vulture of prey is standing upon your soul and not the Dove of the Spirit.

Next, I notice the family property. After a man of large estate dies, the relatives assemble to hear the will read. So much of the property as he willed to his sons and so much to his daughters, and so much to benevolent societies. Our Lord Jesus hath died, and we are assembled to hear the reading of the will read. He says: "My peace I give unto you." Through His apostles He says: "All things are yours." What, everything? Yes, everything! This world and the next. The distinguished families there are old palaces hanging on the wall. They are called the "heirlooms" of the estate. They are very old, and have come down from generation to generation. So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heirlooms of our royal family. The morning breaks from the east. The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until sky lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song. Tree's leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey makers in the log and beak against the bark, and squirrels chattering on the rail, and the call of the hawk out of a clear sky make you feel glad. The sun, which kindles conflagrations among the castles of cloud and sets minaret and dome aflame, stoops to paint the lily white and the buttercup yellow and the forget-me-not blue. What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shepherd guarding the flocks afield! Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the downcast and lowly! Light for aching eyes and burning brain and wasted captive! Light for the smooth brow of childhood and for the furrowed brow of decrepitude! Light for queen's coronet and for sewing girl's needle! Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the plain and morning it on the sky in loops of fire. It is the heirloom of our family. And so is the night. It is the full moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors, and the ocean, under her glance, comes up with great tides, panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window pane into his cabin, and to the sick it seems a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill Heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and standing beneath the great throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the sea. No mother ever more sweetly guarded the sick cradle than night long this great mother of the sky bends over the weary, heart sick, slumbering earth. Whose is this black framed, black tasseled picture of the night? It is the heirloom of our family. Ours the grandeur of the spring, the crystals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the odors of the garden, the harmonies of the air.

You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get into it. Some of you at the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them and the cattle that pasture them—all these mountains and the precious things hidden beneath them—and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the Alpine hurricane—all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of Heaven and see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at a Saviour's nativity. For us they will wheel into line and with their flaming torches add to the splendor of our triumph on the day for which all other days were made. In the third walk go around the eternal city. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots and the wedding peal of its great towers. The bell of Heaven has struck 12. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the times that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes and exclaim: "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!" As these tides of glory rise we have to retreat and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness and thanksgiving and triumph.

What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the Bridegroom of earth and Heaven, offers you His heart and His hand, saying in the words of the Canticles: "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." And once having put on thy hand the signet ring of His love, you will be endowed with all the wealth of earth and all the honors of Heaven.

Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country place where you grew up. You sat on the doorstill. You heard the footsteps of the rain on the garret roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You thrashed the orchard for apples and the neighboring woods for nuts, and everything around the old home seems to be of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. "In my Father's house are many mansions." When we talk of mansions we think of Chatsworth and its park nine miles in circumference and its conservatory that astonishes the world, its galleries of art that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova and Thorwaldsen, of the kings and queens who have walked its stately halls, or, flying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwellings of dukes and princes and queens are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars and swung the doors from the east. The angels built it, there and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire, and the lowest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem and the shortest life a song for ever.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful flower, Victoria Regia, five feet in diameter. But our lily of the valley need no shelter from the rain and blast, and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all Heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion, which is firm as the day it was built. Its walls are covered with the ivy of many ages, and the arms at the gateway are alboom with the century plants of eternity, the queens of Sheba hath walked its halls, and Esther and Marie Antoinette and Lady Huntingdon and Cecil and Jeremy Taylor and Samuel Rutherford and John Milton and the widow who gave two mites and the poor men from the hospital—these last two perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

A family mansion means reunion. Some of the families are now all but scattered. The children married and went off to St. Louis or Chicago or Charleston. But perhaps once a year you come together at the old place. How you run up the old paths that you has been silent for years. Father and mother do not play on it. How you bring out the old relic and rummage the garret and open old scrapbooks and shout and laugh and cry and talk over old times, and though you may be 33 years of age, act as though you were 16. Yet soon it is good-by at the car window and good-by at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion of Heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of the grave. There will be Grace and Mary and Martha and Charlie and Lizzie and all the darlings of your household, not pale and sick and gasping for breath, as when you saw them last, but their eyes bright with the luster of Heaven and their cheeks roseate with the flush of celestial summer.

What clasping of hands! What embracings! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! You say, I thought there were no tears in Heaven?" There must be, for the Bible says that "God shall wipe them away," and if there were no tears there how could He wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief or tears of disappointment, they must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say: "What, child of Heaven, is it too much for thee? Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee." Then He will take one around us and the other arm around our loved ones He shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

While I speak some of you with broken hearts can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say: "Oh, blessed day, speed on! Toward thee I press with quickened pulse! Let the chariots of God come down! Let the trumpet sound! Let the dead come forth! Let the sea give up its treasures! Let the grave give up its treasures! Let the sky give up its treasures! Let the heart give up its treasures! Let the eyes give up their treasures! Let the lost treasures of my heart. Oh, be not angry with me. One look at the were Heaven. But all these treasures are Heaven enclosing Heaven, Heaven overtopping Heaven, Heaven commingling with Heaven!"

I was at Mount Vernon and went into the dining-room in which our first president entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But, oh, the banquet hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide, for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the tree by the river gather the 12 manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets carry in the bread of which if man eat he shall never hunger. Take all the shout-torn flags of earthly conquest and intwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp and Gabriel with his trumpet and Miriam with the timbrel, for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of Heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine!

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5 20 p. m. No. 1, daily accomodation for Salamanca.

EAST.

9 25 a. m. No 6, daily, accommodation for Hornellsville.

No. 8, daily solid Vestibule train, for Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, New York and Boston, connections for Philadelphia and Washington, also connecting for points on Buffalo and Rochester Divisions. Stops at Wellsville at 10 11 a. m.

1 26 p. m. No. 14, daily, for Hornellsville, Addison, Corning, Elmira, Waverly, Owego, Binghamton and New York.

4 44 p. m. No 18, daily, accommodation for Hornellsville connecting for points on Buffalo and Rochester Divisions.

7 18 p. m., No. 12, daily for Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, Boston and New York, through Pullman sleepers.

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TIME TABLE,

Takes effect June 11, 1899.

NORTH

New York Express, leaves Wayland, leaves Hornellsville at 3.30 p m, arriving at Wayland at 6.40 p m.

New York and Buffalo Express, leaves Hornellsville at 9 40, arriving at Wayland at 10.45.

9.00 a m Angelica accommodation, arriving at Canaseraga at 9.45, Angelica at 11.10

Accommodation, leaves Hornellsville junction at 4.30 p m, arriving at Wayland at 5.10

Angelica Express, leaves Hornellsville junction at 6.35 p m, arriving at Canaseraga at 6.44, Angelica, 7.25

Accommodation, leaves Hornellsville at 1.15 p m, arriving at Wayland at 2.15

SOUTH

New York Express, leaves Wayland at 6.45 a m, arriving at Hornellsville at 7.55.

New York and Buffalo Express, leaves Wayland at 10.45 arriving at Hornellsville at 11.55.

Accommodation, leaves Wayland at 2.30 p m, arriving at Hornellsville at 4.35

Express, leaves Wayland at 6.05 p m, arriving at Hornellsville Junction at 6.35

Angelica Express, leaves Angelica at 8.30 p m, arriving at Canaseraga at 4.10

Express, leaves Angelica at 7.00 p m, arriving at Canaseraga at 6.10, Hornellsville, at 6.40

S. M. BLAIR, General Supt.
CHAS. H. HAMMOND, G. P. A.