

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Vivid Pictures of the Celestial Home.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In a unique way the heavenly world is discoursed upon by Dr. Talmage in this sermon under the figure of a home; text, John xiv., 2, "In My Father's house are many rooms."

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered heaven as an alternative, a stimulant and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that, though now they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says: "In My Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room, that is George's room, that is Henry's room, that is Flora's room, that is Mary's room, and the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes, and the daughters are married or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and, seated by the evening stand, they say, "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further by, and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full.

Millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first He lived alone in the great house, but after awhile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacant. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets and worship with them in the temple and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, heaven will be so large that if one wants an entire room to himself or herself it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be 12,000 furlongs and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 948 sextillion 988 quintillion cubic feet, and then, reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over 5,000,000,000,000 rooms, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only seventeen feet by sixteen, it should be larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, St. James or Winter palace. "In my Father's

house are many rooms."

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardswoman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greets all newcomers. He redeemed them, and He has the right to the first embrace on arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about Him or talked about Him or sang about Him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime will it be, just for one second to see Him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of Him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an orator is a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of His appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggar all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul! The soul and Jesus!

But now into that reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk, enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sickness or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them—so radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant. Though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say: "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, my lost friend! Are we here together!" What scenes in that reception room of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son; Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gossiped, and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth, but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is the throne room. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war, one eventide in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people, I found myself being closely inspected by the government officials, who, from my complexion, judged me to be a German and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanation in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and if so, how much more

the throneroom! A dazzling place is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who ever saw the throneroom of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chalice, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throneroom of Charles Emmanuel of Sardinia, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy. But the throneroom of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the thronerooms that ever saw scepter wave or crown glitter or foreign ambassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and cowering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside Him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne." You see, we are princes and princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Amsterdam or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant woman seeking the prophet for her child's cure, but it will be found out after a while who we are when we get into the throneroom. Aye, we need not wait until then. We may by prayer and song and spiritual uplifting this moment enter the throneroom. O King, live forever! We touch the scepter and prostrate ourselves at Thy feet.

Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key; but, if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords and no music in the land of complete harmony?

In that music room of our Father's house you will some day meet the old masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose, and James Montgomery and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy, and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand," and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light," and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week, but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay thirty-six years, and side by side Augustus Toplady, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calvinists, and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a songmaker as he was great as a preacher and the author of "The Village Hymns," and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle, and many who were passionately fond of music, but could make none themselves, the poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna and the poorest players there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh, that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and anthem! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four and twenty elders chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead! "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings, whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany case or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, no! Everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian, and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth, we would consider it a domestic disaster if they staid children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we

meet in the family room of our Father's house we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured, while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there.

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way, and Christ is the way, and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door, and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a role of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysolite is nothing, illuminated panels of sunrise and sunset nothing, the aurora of the northern heavens nothing, compared with the splendor with which I have garnished them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you no see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hills the old family homestead?" "In my Father's house are many rooms."

The Story of a Furnace.

The host looked at his guest. "Come down to the basement," he said, with a slight wink; "I want to show you my furnace."

The hostess glanced up with a queer little smile. "Mr. Stiverson is quite daft about his furnace, Mr. Jolloboy," she said. "I've no doubt he'll have you down there every time he opens a damper."

The host turned away and choked slightly, and then they stepped down the stairs together. Mr. Stiverson went straight to the furnace room, and reaching above the bricked heater, pulled down a squat black bottle and a small glass. He filled the latter.

"Here's to the furnace," he said with a hoarse chuckle, as he passed the glass to his guest. "Have to be a little careful, you know, on account of the old lady. Best woman in the world, of course, but prejudiced. How's that?" The guest gulped and took down the contents of the glass. "Now, what would you call that?"

"Well," replied the visitor with a grimace, "to be frank with you, I would call it a mighty good sample of spoiled cedar vinegar."

"Eh! what?" And the host hastily poured out a glass and took a mouthful. "Wow-w-w! So it is. Hang it all, the old lady has discovered the hiding place! Wonder what in thunder she did with the real stuff? Heavens! what a contemptible trick. Let's go upstairs." And they went.

"How did Mr. Jollyboy like the furnace?" inquired the hostess as she looked up with a pleasant smile. The acculturated guest did his best to call up a smile in return.

"It's a splendid furnish—I should say furnace," he remarked. "I don't think I ever saw one with better appointments outside and inside."

"And on top, too?" queried the hostess sweetly. Then she pointed to the open register at her feet.

"It's quite wonderful," she added, "how distinctly the sound of voices in the furnace room below comes up through the register. I could hear every word you said!" Then she laughed softly.

But the men made no comment.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rheumatism—Catarrh, are Blood Diseases—Cure Free!

It is the deep-seated, obstinate cases of Catarrh and Rheumatism that B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) cures. It matters not what other treatments, doctors, sprays, liniments, medicated air, blood purifiers, have failed to do. B. B. B. always promptly reaches the real cause and roots out and drives from the bones, joints, mucous membrane, and entire system the specific poison in the blood that causes Rheumatism and Catarrh. B. B. B. is the only remedy strong enough to do this so there can never be a return of the symptoms. Don't give up hope but ask your druggist for B. B. B.—Botanic Blood Balm of 3 Bs.—Large bottles \$1, six bottles (full treatment) \$5. B. B. B. is an honest remedy that makes real cures of all Blood Diseases after everything else fails. We have absolute confidence in Botanic Blood Balm; hence, so you may test it, we will send a Trial Bottle Free on request. Personal medical advice free. Address Blood Balm Co., 330 Mitchell St., Atlanta Ga.

—A Kansas man is having a violin made from a piece of the pulpit of the first church of the Pilgrim Fathers, near Boston.

Joseph Stockford, Hodgdon, Me., healed a sore running for seventeen years and cured his piles of long standing by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures all skin diseases. Evans Pharmacy.

Freak Farms.

Farmers of Indiana are raising strange products these days, the list including tomcats, skunks, weasels, rabbits and frogs. Herman Euler, at New Harmony, Posey County, has ten acres devoted to raising and breeding Angora cats. Some sell for as much as \$25 apiece. During the last year he has raised 3,000 for the Eastern markets.

A mile away is a leech farm. It is the only one in the country, and the industry is carried on in moss filled vats. The original leeches came from Germany.

Nathan Meyer has a rabbit farm of sixty acres, near Wabash. This year he expects to raise 1,000,000 rabbits. The meat is edible, the pelts are in great demand, and some of the rabbits are sold as pets. From the hair crush hats are made.

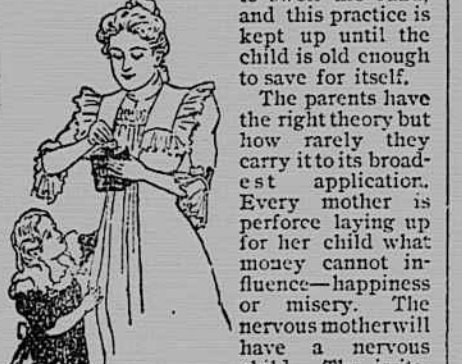
There are six big skunk farms in Indiana, where the little animals are raised by the thousands. Their pelts sell for from \$1.50 to \$2 apiece.

Mark Beeger has a large peppermint farm in St. Joseph County, and some Poles have an enormous peppermint farm on the Michigan-Indiana line.

The most freakish notion is to artificially fatten watermelons. The farmers do it by performing a surgical operation on the stem, inserting a cotton fuse, which is passed through the cork of a bottle full of sweetened water.

The night watchman who struck a match in the powder mill at Santa Clara, Cal., to see what time it was has not been able to tell anybody since whether his watch had stopped or not.

A very pretty custom obtains among certain classes by which the newly married pair starts a savings bank for the child yet to be. Every day a penny or a dime, as the case may be, is dropped into the bank to swell the fund, and this practice is kept up until the child is old enough to save for itself.



The parents have the right theory but how rarely they carry it to its broadest application. Every mother is performing laying up for her child what money cannot influence—happiness or misery. The nervous mother will have a nervous child. The irritable and fearful mother cannot have a happy and cheerful child. In mind and body the child will reflect the mother's condition.

The best preparation for motherhood is made by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Its perfect control over the sensitive feminine organism gives it a natural influence over the mind. It banishes anxiety and fear. It does away with the misery of morning sickness. It gives vitality and elasticity to the organs peculiarly feminine, and makes the trial of motherhood easy and brief. It makes healthy mothers, capable of nursing and nourishing the babes they bring into the world. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant. Accept no substitute.

Mrs. Axel Kjer, of Gordonville, Cape Girardeau Co., Mo., writes: "When I look at my little boy I feel it my duty to write to you. Perhaps some one will see my testimony and be led to use your 'Favorite Prescription' and be blessed in the same way. This is my fifth child and the only one who came to maturity; the others having died from lack of nourishment—so the doctor said. I was not sickly in any way and this time I just thought I would try your 'Favorite Prescription.' I took nine bottles and to my surprise it carried me through, and gave us as fine a little boy as ever was. Weighed ten and one-half pounds. He is now five months old, has never been sick a day, and is so strong that everybody who sees him wonders at him. He is so playful and holds himself up so well. I would like to see this in print for so many have asked me, 'Do you think these are the testimonials of the people, or has Dr. Pierce just made them up and printed them?'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness.

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WITH a view of changing my investment I will offer for sale on next Saturday, December 4, 1899, before the Court House in Anderson, S. C., if not sold at private sale before, my Plantation, containing 322 acres, more or less, situated near the Town of Belton, S. C., subdivided as follows:

TRACT NO. 1—57½ acres, known as the Wilkes Place.

TRACT NO. 2—50½ acres, known as the Martin Place.

TRACT NO. 3—97 acres, known as the Caroline Ellison Place.

TRACT NO. 4—120 acres, known as the Wm. Ellison Place, including 36 acres of woodland, originally part of George Telford land.

Terms—One-third cash, balance in one and two years, with interest at eight per cent per annum. Purchasers to pay for papers and stamps.

W. F. COX, Nov 15, 1899

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TAR MINT Will stop any Cough when it first begins. It will stop most Coughs after they get bad. But the best way is to take it at the first sign of a Cold. It ought to be right at your elbow all the time. Tar Mint Is the BEST REMEDY for COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Don't buy any other kind.

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Trade is on the increase, but we want it to increase more. THOUSANDS of Farmers can testify that "Old Hickory," "Tennessee," "Studebaker" and "Milburn" Wagons are the lightest running and will wear longer than other makes on the market. You may find in this County these Wagons that have been in constant use for the past twenty years.

We also have on hand a large and varied assortment of BUGGIES and CARRIAGES, and among them the celebrated "Babcock's," "Columbias," "Tyson & Jones," "Columbus," and many other brands.

Our record for selling first-class Goods is evident by the brands mentioned above, that we have exclusive sale for in Anderson County.

Our "Young Men's" Buggy has no equal. Have also a large and select line of HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, &c., and have recently secured exclusive control and sale of the celebrated "Matthew Heldman" Harness, which is well known in this County, and needs no "talking up."

The Wagon and Buggy manufacturers are advancing prices on all their goods on account of the advance in price of a 1 the material, and in consequence we will have to advance our prices from \$5.00 to \$10.00 a job; but we wish to give you a chance to buy before the rise, so you had better join in the procession and buy one of our Buggies or Wagons at once, for on and after September 1st next our prices will be at least \$5.00 higher than at present. We regret having to do this, but cannot get around it. Buy now and save this advance.

JOS. J. FRETWELL. Will still sell you a first-class Buggy for \$30.00. Carriage \$85.00.

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GOT every grade you are looking for. We know what you want, and we've got the prices right. Can't give it to you, but we will sell you high grade Flour 25 to 35c cheaper than any competition. Low grade Flour \$3.00 per barrel.

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