SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Mend the Nets."

TEXT: *"James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, who also were mending their nets."*—Matthew iv., 21.

"I go a fishing," cried Simon Peter to his comrades, and the most of the apostles had hands hard from fishing tackle. The fisheries of the world have always attracted attention. In the Third century the queen of Egypt had for pin money four hundred and seventy thousand dollars, received from the fisheries of Lake Mœris. And if the time should ever come when the immensity of the world's population could not be fed by the vegetables and meats of the land, the sea has an amount of animal life that would feed all the populations of the earth, and fatten them with a food that by its phosphorus would make a generation brainy and intellectual beyond anything that the world has ever imagined. My text takes us among the Galilean fishermen. One day, Walter Scott, while hunting in an old drawer, found among some old fishing tackle the manuscript of his immortal book "Waverley," which he had put away there as of no worth, and who knows but that to-day we may find some unknown wealth of thought while looking at the fishing tackle in the text?

It is not a good day for fishing, and three men are in the boat repairing the broken fishing nets. If you are fishing with a hook and line and the fish will not bite it is a good time to put the angler's apparatus into better condition. Perhaps the fish you hauled in was so large that it your tackle snapped. Or if you were fishing with a net there was a mighty floundering of the scales, or an exposed nail on the side of the boat which broke some of the threads and let part or all of the captives of the deep escape into their natural element. And hardly anything is more provoking than to nearly land a score or a hundred of trophies from the deep and when you are in the full glee of hauling in the spotted treasures through some imperfection of the net they splash back into the Wave.

This is too much of a trial of patience for most fishermen to endure, and many a man ordinarily correct of speech in such circumstances comes to an intensity of utterance unjustifiable. Therefore no good fisherman considers the time wasted that is spent in mending his net. Now the Bible again and again represents Christian workers as fishers of men, and we are all sweeping through the sea of humanity some kind of a net. Indeed, there have been enough nets out and enough fishermen busy to have landed the whole human race in the kingdom of God long before this. What is the matter? The Gospel is all right, and it has been a good time for catching souls for thousands of years. Why, then, the failures? The trouble is with the nets, and most of them need to be mended. I propose to show you what is the matter with most of the nets and how to mend them. In the text old Zebedee and his two boys, James and John, were doing a good thing when they sat in the boat mending their nets.

The trouble with many of our nets is that the meshes are too large. If a fish can get his gills and half his body through the network, he tears and rends and works his way out and leaves the place through which he squirmed a tangle of broken threads. The Bible weaves faith and works right together. The law and the Gospel, righteousness and forgiveness. Some of our nets have meshes so wide that the sinner floats in and out and is not at any moment caught for the heavenly landing. In our desire to make everything so easy, we relax, we loosen, we widen. We let men after they are once in the Gospel net escape into the world and go into indulgences and swim all around Galilee, from north side to south side and from east side to west side, expecting that they will come back again. We ought to make it easy for them to get into the kingdom of God, and as far as we can, make it impossible for them to get out.

The poor advice nowadays to many is: "Go and do just as you did before you were captured for God and heaven. The net was not intended to be any restraint or any hindrance. What you did before you were a Christian, do now. Go to all styles of amusement, read all the styles of books, engage in all the styles of behavior as before you were converted." And so through these meshes of permission and liberty they wriggle out through this opening and that opening, tearing the net as they go, and soon all the souls that we expected to land in heaven before we know it are back in the deep sea of the world. Oh, when we go a-Gospel fishing let us make it as easy as possible for souls to get in, and as hard as possible to get out.

There should be no rivalry between churches. Each one does a work peculiar to itself. There should be no rivalry between ministers. God never repeats Himself, and He never makes two ministers alike, and each one has a work that no other man in the universe can accomplish. If fishermen are wise, they will not allow their nets to get tangle, or if they accidentally get intertwisted, the work of extrication should be kindly and gently conducted. What a glad spectacle for men and angels when on our recent dedication day ministers of all denominations stood on this platform and wished for each other wide prosperity and usefulness, but there are cities in this country where there is now going on an awful ripping and rending and tearing of fishing nets. Indeed, all over Christendom at this time there is a great war going on between fishermen, ministers against ministers.

Now I have noticed a man cannot fish and mend at the same time. He either neglects his net or his musket. It is amazing how much time some of the fishermen have to look after other fishermen. It is more than I can do to take care of my own net. You see the wind is just right, and it is such a good time for fishing, and the fish are coming in so rapidly that I have to keep my eyes and hand busy. There are about two hundred million souls wanting to get into the kingdom of God, and it will require all the nets and all the boats and all the fishermen of Christendom to safely land them.

Oh, brethren of ministry! Let us spend our time in fishing instead of fighting. But if I angrily jerk my net across your net, and you jerk your net angrily across mine, we will soon have two broken nets and no fish. The French revolution nearly destroyed the French fisheries, and ecclesiastical war is the worst thing possible while hauling souls into the kingdom. I had hoped that the millennium was about to dawn, but the nation is yet too fond of the lamb. My friends, I notice in the text that James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, were busy not mending somebody else's nets but mending their own nets, and I rather think that we who are engaged in Christian work in this latter part of the nineteenth century will require all our spare time to mend our own nets. Not help us in the important day!

In this work of reparation we need to put into the nets more threads of common sense. When we can present religion as a practicality we will catch a hundred souls where now we catch one. Present religion as an intellectuality and we will [illegible] in the fisheries there are [illegible] across the waters what are called gill nets, and the fish put their heads through the meshes and then cannot withdraw them because they are caught by the gills. But gill nets cannot be of any service in religious work. Men are never caught for the truth by their heads; it is by the heart or not at all. No argument ever saved a man, and no keen analysis ever brought a man into the kingdom of God. Heart work, not head work. Away with your gill nets! Sympathy, helpfulness, consolation, love, are the names of some of the threads that we need to weave in our Gospel nets when we are mending them.

Again, in mending our nets we need also to put in the threads of faith and tear out all the tangled meshes of unbelief. Our work is successful according to our faith. The man who believes in only half a Bible, or the Bible in spots; the man who thinks he cannot persuade others; the man who halts, doubting about this and about that, will be a failure in Christian work. Show me the man who rather thinks that the garden of Eden may have been an allegory, and is not quite certain but that there may be another chance after death, and does not know whether or not the Bible is inspired, and I tell you that man for soul saving is a poor stick. Faith in God and in Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, and the absolute necessity of a regenerated heart in order to see God in peace, is the thread you must have in your mended net or you will never be a successful fisher for men. Why, how can you doubt? The hundreds of millions of men and women standing in this church on earth, and the hundreds of millions in heaven, attest the power of the Gospel to save. With more than a certainty of a mathematical demonstration, let us start out to redeem all nations. The rottenest thread you can tear out of your net is unbelief, and the most important thread you are to put in it is faith. Faith in God, triumphant faith, everlasting faith. If you cannot trust the infinite, the holy, the omnipotent Jehovah, who can you trust?

Oh, this important work of mending our nets! If we could get our nets right we would accomplish more in soul-saving in the next year than we have in the last twenty years. But where shall we get them mended? Just where the old Zebedee and his two boys mended their nets—where you are. "James, why don't you put your oar in Lake Galilee, or hoist your sail and land at Capernaum or Tiberias or Gardara, and sound on the bank mend your net? John, why don't you go ashore and mend your net? No, they sat on the guards of the boat, or at the prow of the boat, and they took up the thread and the needle, and the moors and the wooden blocks, and went to work: sewing, sewing; tying, tying; weaving, weaving, pounding, pounding, until, the net mended, they push it off into the sea and drop paddle and hoist sail, and the outcast went through amid the shoals of fish, some of the descendants of which we had for breakfast one morning while we were encamped on the beach of beautiful Galilee. James and John had no time to go ashore. They were not fishing for fun, as you and I do in summer time. It was their livelihood and that of their families. They mended their nets where they were, in the ship.

"Oh," says some one, "I mean to get my net mended, and I will go down to the public library, and I will see what the scientists say about evolution and about 'the survival of the fittest,' and I will read up what the theologians say about 'advanced thought.' I will leave the ship awhile, and will go ashore and stay there until my net is mended." Do that, my brother, and you will have no net left. Instead of their helping you mend your net, they will steal the pieces that remain. Better stay in the Gospel boat, where you have all the means for mending your net. What are they, do you ask? I answer all you need you have where you are, namely, a Bible and a place to pray. The more you study evolution, and adopt what is called advanced thought, the bigger fool you will be. Stay in the ship and mend your net. That is where James the son of Zebedee and John his brother staid. That is where all who get their nets mended stay.

These dear brethren of all denominations, afflicted with theological fidgets, had better go to mending nets instead of bewaking them. Before they break up the old religion and try to foist on us a new religion let them go through some great sacrifice for God that will prove them worthy for such a work, asking the advice of Talleyrand to a man who wanted to upset the religion of Jesus Christ and start a new one, when he said: "Go and be crucified and then raise yourself from the dead on the third day!" Those who propose to mend their nets by secular skeptical books are just like a man who has just one week for fishing, and six of the days he spends in reading Isaak Walton's "Complete Angler," and Wheatley's "Rod and Line," and Scott's "Fishing in Northern Waters," and Pullman's "Vade Mecum of Fly Fishing for Trout," and then on Saturday morning, his last day out, goes to the place where the fish are, but that day the fish will not bite, and late on Saturday night he goes home with empty basket and a disappointed heart.

Meanwhile a man who never saw a big library in all his life, has that week caught with an old fishing tackle, enough to supply his own table and the table of all his neighbors, and enough to salt down in barrels for the long winter that will soon come in. Alas! Alas! Alas! when the Saturday night of our life drops on us it shall be found that we have spent our time in the libraries of worldly philosophy, trying to mend our nets, and we have only a few souls to report as brought to God through our instrumentality, while some humble Gospel fisherman, his library made up of a Bible and an almanac, shall come home laden with the results, his trophies the souls within fifteen miles of his log cabin meeting house.

In the time of great disturbance in Naples in 1649 Massaniello, a bare footed fishing boy, dropped his fishing rod, and by strange magnetism took command of that city of six hundred thousand souls. He took off his fishing jacket and put on a robe of gold in the presence of howling mobs. He put his hand on his lip as a signal, and they were rent. He waved his hand away from him, and they retired to their homes. Armies passed in review before him. He became the nation's idol. The rapid rise and complete supremacy of that young fisherman, Massaniello, has no parallel in all history. But something equal to that and better than that is an everyday occurrence in heaven.

God takes some of those, who in this world were fishers of men, and who toiled very humbly, but because of the way they mended their nets and employed them after they were mended, and suddenly hoists them and robes them and scepters them and crowns them and makes them rulers over cities, and He marches armies of saved ones before them in review, Massaniellos unhonored on earth, but radiated in heaven. The fisher boy of Naples soon lost his power, but those people of God who kept their nets mended, and rightly sewung them shall never lose their exalted place, but shall reign forever and ever and ever. Keep that reward in sight.

But do not spend your time fishing with hook and line. Why did not James, the son of Zebedee, sit on the wharf at Tam, his feet hanging over the lake and with a long pole and a worm on the hook dipping into the wave, wait for some mullet to swim up and be caught? Why did not John, the beloved, have afternoon trying to catch one eel? No; that work was too slow. These men were not mending a hook and line; they were mending their nets. So let the church of God not be content with having here one seal and next month another seal brought into the kingdom." Sweep all the seas with nets—scoop nets, seine nets, drag nets, all encompassing nets—and will the treasures in by hundreds and thousands and millions, and nations be born in a day, and the hemispheres shake with the shout of a renovating world. Do you know what will be the two most tremendous hours in our heavenly existence? Among the quadrillions of ages which shall roll on, what two occasions will be to us the greatest?

The day of our arrival there will be to us one of the two greatest. The second greatest, I think, will be the day when we shall have put for paradise those before us what Christ did for us and what we did for Christ—the one so great, the other so little. That will be the only embarrassment in heaven. My Lord and my God! What will we do and what will we say when on one side are placed the Saviour's great sacrifices for us and our small sacrifices for Him—His exile, His humiliation, His agonies on one hand, and our poor weak, insufficient sacrifices on the other? To make the contrast less overwhelming, let us quickly mend our nets and like the Galilean fishermen may we be divinely helped to cast them on the right side of the ship.

NO PERPETUAL MOTION PATENTS.

Why the Government Stopped Taking the Fees of the Cranks.

The Patent Office has recently ceased to be a party to the fraud of perpetual motion. Until three years ago it was customary to take "first fees" ($15) from the perpetual motion cranks as well as from all other would-be inventors. Then, in course of time, a letter was sent to the perpetual motion applicant telling him that his claim was based upon an irrational principle, and that he must furnish a working model. Of course, that was the end of the application. The model never came, and the fee remained in the Treasury.

About three years ago Principal Examiner William L. Aughinbaugh went to the Commissioner and suggested that, as rejection of the perpetual motion claim was inevitable, it would be fairer to refuse the first fees of such claimants and to send them a circular immediately upon the filing of their applications telling them that no consideration would be given their papers until a working model was filed. This course has been pursued ever since. But repeatedly the discoverer of perpetual motion has been very indignant at the rejection of his tendered fee. One way that has been adopted by the cranks to get around the new rule intended for their benefit is to drop the claim of perpetual motion and put in the drawings for a "motor." Notwithstanding the policy of the Patent Office to discourage the perpetual motion craze, and to save time and money for people, at least two or three claims of this character are put in every month.

Not long ago a Kansas man claimed to have set up the perpetual motion machine, and to have it in operation at his home. He wrote to the Patent Office to know if the affidavit of Senator Plumb would be accepted instead of the working model as the basis for a patent. The examiner felt obliged to refuse. Sometimes the perpetual motion inventor appears with a pocket full of bearings and connections which he asks the examiner to accept as evidence that he has solved the problem. But the examiner insists that he must see the perpetual motion before he grants the patent.

Last summer a New York lawyer named Todd came all the way to Washington with parts of a machine, and had quite a controversy with the office because the patent was refused. He insisted that he had seen the machine in operation, that it was running day after day, and keeping a cider press going to boot. There was no deviating from the rule. The lawyer went back to New York, saying that he would produce the machine. He was not seen again until the centennial celebration recently, when he reminded the examiner of the case and told how he had been fooled. At the time of making application the lawyer really believed that his client had discovered the long-sought principle. But when he got back to New York and told that the patent had been refused the client confessed. The perpetual motion was no motion at all. Power was concealed in the cider press. It ran the press and the press made the perpetual motion machine go, too. The inventor had been charging 10 cents admission to see perpetual motion. He had fooled the public and his lawyer, and hoped to slip through a claim.—*Globe-Democrat.*

— WHEN a young man, the late Charles Bradlaugh was a strong believer in Christianity, and a member of a Bible class in the parish Sunday school. While thus studying the Bible, he came across one or two apparent contradictions, and went to the rector for light. But the rector was a stern man of the old school, and, instead of helping the young man out of his difficulty, rebuked him severely for daring to find any difficulty in God's book, and advised him to believe everything he read in it without asking any questions. The advice was well meant, but it was the worst that could have been given in this particular case. The young man at once quit studying the Bible or believing in it, and the rest of his career is known to the world.

— IN New York, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has begun the erection of a building for free public baths, with twenty-four large apartments for the bathers, using shower or spray baths instead of plunge baths or tubs. Tickets bathing for a towel and a cake of soap will be sold at five cents each. There will be accommodations to wash 1,000 persons daily.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Their Proper Sphere—'Twas a Dark Secret—She Judged from Experience—Wanted a Change, Etc. Etc.

THEIR PROPER SPHERE.

The rain and the hen have their proper spheres.
As everything earthly must;
And whereas the hen can lay an egg,
It takes rain to lay the dust.
—[Detroit Free Press.

'TWAS A DARK SECRET.

"What, my angel," exclaims the young husband, bursting into the kitchen, "doing the cooking yourself? What is it?"

"Why, Edgar, how foolish of you! How in the world can you expect me to tell until I see what it turns out?"

SHE JUDGED FROM EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Sharpaye (at a hotel)—That couple try to act as if they had been married for years, but I know they are on their wedding tour.

Mr. Sharpeye—Guess not.

Mrs. S.—Yes, they are. He gave her the tenderloin of the steak.—[New York Weekly.

WANTED A CHANGE.

"What kind of a sandwich shall I help you to, dear?" said Mrs. Enpeck to her husband at the church fair.

"Anything but tongue will do," he whispered behind his hat.

DREW A CROWD.

Jones—I hear you had a dog show in your town last week. How did it go on?

Adams—Splendidly. It was a howling success.—[Kate Field's Washington.

IT HURT THEIR FEELINGS.

Attendant (in the menagerie)—You mustn't annoy the animals, mister.

Rayner—Why—aw—I'm not doing so, me good man.

Attendant—Yes, you are. You've been looking steadily at those monkeys for the last ten minutes.—[Judge.

TRULY PATHETIC.

Day—I read a mighty pathetic story to-day. A poor widow who, for seven years, had seen herself slowly sinking with a fatal disease, was at last obliged to take to her bed; she had given up hope, when an article in a newspaper caught her eye.

Weeks—And?

Day—She took four bottles and was cured!

A LABOR-SAVING DEVICE.

Visiting Constituent—And do you get many requests for autographs?

Great Man—Yes; it gives me a good deal of trouble to answer them.

Visiting Constituent—Why don't you let your son do it for you?

WISDOM.

"Do you practice in your own family, doctor?"

"Yes, madam."

"And what medicines do you prescribe?"

"None."

REGINALD'S SUBTERFUGE.

"Reginald," exclaimed an up-town bride of two months, as she returned from a shopping tour, "I saw the loveliest diamond necklace imaginable to-day; and so cheap, too; it can be bought for a mere song." Then she paused to hear what remark Reginald would make. "My darling," quoth he, "you know how gladly I would grant you every wish; but I grieve to say that in this case I am unable to do so. Nature has not endowed me with the power of producing vocal melody. I could not sing though I should be promised a solitaire for every note."

THE USUAL THING.

Tailor—We expect to be a little hard up, sir, and may I ask when you will pay for this suit?

Travers—Oh, in about six months.

Tailor (to bookkeeper)—Make a memorandum to bring suit against Mr. Travers in six months.—[Clothier and Furnisher.

A PARTING SHOT.

Mr. B.—My dear, your butcher gives you short weight for your money.

Mrs. B.—But consider also, my dear, the long wait you give him for his.—[Frank Leslie's.

NARROW QUARTERS.

Chappie—I've had you in my mind all day, old fellow.

Cynicus—I felt cramped, but could'nt imagine what the cause was.

WHAT THE DETECTIVES GOT.

"And how is the pursuit of the thief who robbed my house getting along?" asked an anxious-faced gentleman of the detective in charge at headquarters.

"Don't worry, sir," exclaimed the detective, gleefully; "we've got there at last. You'll see your man here in a few days."

"Good! You've got him, then?"

"No, not exactly, but we've got a theory."—[Chicago Times.

WONDERFUL SKILL.

Old Doctor—No, sir. I never have a patient die on my hands; never!

Young Doctor—How do you manage it?

Old Doctor—When I find that a man is going to die I get him to call in another doctor.

CONTENTMENT.

"I don't see why it is that Briggs is never cast down. No matter what trouble he has he is always cheerful. Does he belong to a church?"

"No. He whistles."

A SACRED OFFICIUM.

Author—What do you think of my new book? Do you think I kill off too many of the characters at the end?

Friend—No; but it would have been better if you had killed them all off at the beginning.

IMMATERIAL.

"O, you—you—infamous—what shall I call you?" exclaimed the enraged kitchen lady.

"Call me wot you please, ma'am," replied the imperturbable milkman, whose horse had stamped and spattered red muddy water all over her. "Call me wot you please," he repeated coridsily, as he gathered up his lines and drove off. "Th' hain't no rule for the pernunciation of proper names."—[Chicago Tribune.

A SOLEMN MOMENT.

After the bridal party partook of a sumptuous banquet, a younger brother of the bride got up and said solemnly, raising his glass:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have to propose a toast, which, however, must be drunk standing. Please take your glasses and rise up. Now," said the young scapegrace, "if you will remain standing for a few minutes, I'll find out who has been sitting on my new stove-pipe hat."—[Texas Siftings.

RIPE ENOUGH.

First Egg—What are you going to do for a living?

Second Egg—I expect to become a spring chicken. And you?

First Egg—I am going on the stage.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

OVERSENSITIVE.

Freshly, '94 (to Miss Autumn, who has just made a sarcastic remark)—You are withering, Miss Autumn.

Miss A.—Sir—r—r—r?!!!—[Harvard Lampoon.

AN EXPERIENCE.

"Can I sell you a burglar alarm, madam? It is an ingenious contrivance that warns you whenever a burglar enters your house."

"No, I bought one from you last year."

"Is it broken, madam?"

"No, stolen."

SOMETHING MISSING.

He (entering his bachelor apartment)—These are my household gods.

She—But isn't there something missing?

He—What?

She (modestly)—A household goddess.

MIGHT BE WORSE OFF.

"Oh, dear," sighed Tompkins, "this moving makes me wish I was dead!"

"Humph!" said his wife, "if you were dead you'd want to move, I guess."

HIS WEDDING PRESENT.

Mrs. Brown—And what are you going to give Maud Gray for a bridal present, Mr. White?

Mr. White—Oh, I've settled upon something that I thought lovely, and I know it is just the thing she wants badly.

Mrs. Brown—What is it? Do tell me!

Mr. White—A packet of letters she wrote me while we were engaged.—[Harper's Bazaar.

ROPED IN.

"Your son got badly roped in out west, didn't he?"

"Yes, but it might have been worse. Fortunately the rope broke just after they left him."

ECHOES OF TO-DAY.

He pastes the ball with fury,
Determined to do his worst,
And the umpire gently murmurs,
"Out
At
First!"

AN UNDERCUT.

Jenny (at the window)—There go Clara and Tenny. I don't like those girls.

Kitty—But you must learn to like them, dear, now that you are engaged to Tom.

Jenny—What has that to do with my liking or disliking them?

Kitty—They have both agreed to be sisters to him.—[Puck.

DOING A FAVOR.

"Mary," said the lady of the house as the cook was leaving, "I think you are treating me shamefully, leaving without a day's notice."

"Indeed, I'm sorry, mum, an' if a reference will be of any use to you, mum, I'll give you one cheerfully."

GOOD FOR HIS BUSINESS.

"Twenty dollars is rather high for a mite of a room like this," said the doctor.

"Yes, it seems so," said the landlady; "but then you must remember that the house is very unhealthy, and that there are most always two or three sick people in it."—[Epoch.

A SATISFACTORY ANSWER.

Guest (in restaurant)—Waiter, are you sure these eggs are fresh laid?

Waiter—Yessir, indeed, sir; 'tain't two minutes since they was laid on the plate.

HOW HE PROPOSED.

Mr. Slowboy—Miss Passe, what do think is the best name for a girl?

Miss Passe (looking deep into his eyes)—That of the only man she ever loved.—[Light.

— THERE has been on exhibition at the store of L. P. Bell, Jackson, Ga., an ear of corn that is a curiosity. It is often the shape of an ordinary ear, but each grain has a separate shuck on it, hiding the grain completely.

LITTLE INVENTIONS.

BRIGHT IDEAS THAT HAVE MADE MILLIONS.

A Shoehorn Made Over By a Rubber Ball—The Cotton Tie—The Fifteen Puzzle, Etc.

In reply to the question, "What is a patent?" the Yankee inventor once said: "It is the right to sue somebody," and the answer really embodies the most comprehensive definition of the word that could be found. The Patent Office annually issues about twenty-four thousand patents, and it is safe to say that out of them not less than half that number of lawsuits are evolved.

As a rule the little inventions—that is, those which seemed really insignificant, have brought forth the greatest fortunes.

The man who invented the tin-rattle for babies retired with $1,000,000 to the good.

The return-ball, which consisted of an ordinary rubber or wooden ball to which was attached a long elastic cord, was invented by a shoemaker in New York. It met with universal favor and the man who originated the idea found that it profited him to the extent of $50,000 per annum. It is said by those who are supposed to know that he never secured a patent on the device, but instead bought up all the rubber balls in the market, attached to them the elastic cords and reaped his fortune while others were hustling around to find enough rubber balls with which to compete for the prize.

The wire bottle-stopper is a very simple contrivance and yet it has earned an immense fortune. It was invented and patented by a man named Charles Quillett, who subsequently sold it for $1,000 to one Carl Huter.

In the mean time a man named Putnam had invented another design of the same thing, which was the detachable wire over the top of the cork. In some way one infringed upon the other and a lawsuit was begun. But the parties got together, consolidated their interests and coined money.

One of the remarkable "simple" inventions is the cotton-tie. Formerly all cotton bales were tied with rope, but there were many objections to this process which hundreds of men sought to overcome, and at last one by the name of Coons invented what was known as the "arrow-head" tie for an iron strap. The tie went into immediate use, thousands of "improvements" were patented, and millions of the straps were sold until millions of dollars were realized. The man who at present controls the patent and the numerous assignments connected therewith, made to him by the various inventors of improvements, has purchased the famous Navarro Flats in Fifty-seventh street, and is the possessor of a large fortune besides.

Everybody remembers the "Fifteen-puzzle." Fifteen little blocks were placed in a square box, which was made to hold sixteen. The sixteenth space was left vacant, and block "fifteen" was placed between blocks "thirteen" and "fourteen." The problem was to arrange them in order without removing a block from the box. The idea was originated by a cripple, and from it he is said to have amassed a large fortune. The puzzle went everywhere—in the homes of the rich and poor alike.

"Pharaoh's serpent" was the invention of a Brooklyn man. It consisted of a little pill, to which a lighted match was touched, when a snake crawled forth and writhed and twisted after a lost serpentine and fascinating fashion. It pills sold like wild-fire—which, indeed, they were—and brought the inventor between $50,000 and $100,000, at it also cost him his life. In working on an "improvement" in his laboratory he inhaled the fumes of the chemicals he was using and died from the poisonous effects produced upon him.

Mr. Munn, of the Scientific American, has many interesting stories about patents and inventors, for all the world—i. e., the American world—goes to him or his paper with ideas upon which he is expected to venture the fortune which his publication has brought him. He gave the gimlet-pointed screw has brought more wealth to different men than many silver and gold mines of the west. A man named Walter Aiken was the first to think of it and he realized a handsome fortune. Aiken's father, by the way, invented a saw-set which brought him $100,000 or more.

A Yankee who first thought of putting copper tips on children's shoes, for his check became good for magnificent sums.

Sometimes many years elapse before the good qualities of an invention are appreciated. The patent upon roller-skates had nearly expired before it realized any profit. Then somebody started a rink, and so made the skate inventor worth a million dollars.

Who has not seen the "Dancing Jim Crow"? Who would believe that it was worth $75,000 a year to its inventor? Yet it is true.

One of the largest fortunes ever realized from a patent was made by the man who conceived the idea of putting emery powder on cloth, and the inventor of glass to hang over gas burners proved to be a veritable lamp of Aladdin.

The rubber tip for lead-pencils made $70,000. The pen for shading with different colors brings an annual income of $200,000, and in the year 1887 it was proved by testimony in a second legal suit, the inventor of metal plates for the protection of the soles and heels of shoes realized a profit of $1,250,000.—[New York World.

— The greatest number of Lutheran ministers in any one State is to be found in Pennsylvania.

— There are some 1,300 miles of street railways in London.

Hot for the Eyes.

"Speaking of pepper," said an old ex-detective the other day, "reminds me of cayenne pepper. The two will always be associated in my mind together."

"Get a dose?"

"I did; and if there is anything else like it on earth, I don't know the name of it."

"Relate."

"It was in Toronto, and a good many years ago. I had gone there after a thief named Billy Miles, who robbed the till of a store on Jefferson avenue. I went there to locate him and have him arrested, and I found him at the door of a saloon. He was as pleasant as peaches, offered to come over without papers, and asked me in to take a drink. He was so pleasant that I had no suspicions of the dose in store for me. We entered, walked to the bar, and I was just drinking a glass of ale, when—whiff! whew! Halifax!"

"Peppered you, eh?"

"A handful of cayenne right in my face and eyes, and I don't believe the man who is burned at the stake can suffer more than I did. I fainted away from the pain, and it was eight days before I could see daylight. My eyes have never been right since, nor will they ever be."

"And you never got even?"

"Well, yes. It wasn't six weeks after that when Billy was lost with a craft on Saginaw Bay, and his body came ashore floated with a life-preserver. They said he must have laid at least twenty-four hours in the water, but his death was painless compared with the dose he gave me."—*Free Press.*

— New York talks of a thirty-four story-pal ace.

— It is said that a man can live like a lord in China on $2 a day.

— Hot water is now automatically supplied in Paris by a penny-in-the-slot machines.

— Afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

— There are 4,000 organized socialists in Pennsylvania.

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Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Croup, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera-Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Pamphlets free. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cts. per bottle, 6 bottles, Express paid, $2. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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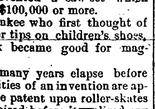

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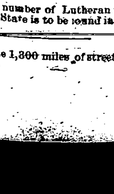

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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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— A Kansas paper tells an interesting cow story. The cow in question lost her calf. After it died, she transferred her affections to the 14-year-old son of her owner, for whom she manifests a strange fondness. She licks him just as she would a calf, and no one but the boy can do anything with the dumb creature. The other day the lad had occasion to go to town, and, as he remained away until after milking time, his sister put on a suit of his clothes and went into the barnyard, and succeeded in deceiving the cow until she (the cow) happened to see the boy coming up the road, when she kicked the pail over and made a bound in the direction of the youth; showing the most unmistakable evidence of delight.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

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The object of the manufacturers of Dobbins's Electric Soap has been 24 years to make this soap of such *superior quality* that it will give *universal satisfaction.* Have they succeeded? Ask your grocer for it. Take no other.

— It takes eight and one-half acres to keep a cow in New York State.

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Rheumatism Sciatica Back Aches Aches all Aches NEURALGIA.

IT HAS NO EQUAL. IT IS THE BEST.

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The Earth is a Hugh Dynamo.

Every day the needle of the magnetic compass has been observed to sway first one way and then the other upon its pivot with no apparent cause, thus varying from the true meridian of a place. Scientists have for many years been trying to account for this. One of them has just published his theory of the cause of the disturbance. He ascribes it to electricity, assuming that the earth is whirling on its orbit between two magnetic fields, and that the varying intensity of the current one way or the other produces the disturbance of the magnetic needle. The two magnetic currents, he believes, are streaming to us from the sun, one being produced by the corona, the other coming directly with the sun's rays in straight lines. In other words, according to this theory, electricity is generated by the sun. It reaches us the same way as sunlight does, and the conclusion is that it is akin to, if not identical with, sunlight itself. The revolving earth is the gigantic dynamo which excites the electric currents and makes them manifest.—[San Francisco Examiner.

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"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

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