SUNDAY SERMON.

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

The Many Temptations Which Beset Young Men—Evils Resulting From Getting Into Debt—An Irreligious Life Always Destroys Young Men's Morals.

TEXT: "As an ox to the slaughter."—Proverbs vii, 22.

There is nothing in the voice or manner of the butcher to indicate to the ox that there is death ahead. The ox thinks he is going on to a rich pasture field of clover where all day long he will revel in the herbaceous luxuriance, but after awhile the men and the boys close in upon him with sticks and stones and shouting and drive him through bars into a doorway, where he is fastened, and with well aimed stroke the ax fells him, and so the anticipation of the redolent pasture field is completely disappointed. So many a young man has been driven on by temptation to what he thought would be paradisaical enjoyment, but after awhile influences with darker hue and swarthier arm close in upon him, and he finds that instead of making an excursion into a garden he has been driven "as an ox to the slaughter."

We are apt to blame young men for being destroyed when we ought to blame the influences that destroy them. Society slaughters a great many young men by the behest: "You must keep up appearances. Whatever be your salary, you must dress as well as others, you must give wine and brandy to as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments and you must live in as fashionable a boarding house. If you haven't the money, borrow. If you can't borrow, make a false entry or subtract here and there a bill from a bundle of bank bills. You will only have to make the deception a little while. In a few months or in a year or two you can make it all right. Nobody will be hurt by it, nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By that awful process 100,000 men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man who has not sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money—money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong. If you have money enough of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrow money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel down grade. Borrow for necessities; that may be well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is servant of the lender. It is a bad state of things when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt, more of them would keep out of it. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, with a mind towering above the centuries? It induced him to take bribes and convict himself as a criminal before all ages. What did debt do for Walter Scott, broken hearted at Abbotsford? Kept him writing until his hand gave out in paralysis to keep the sheriff away from his pictures and statuary. Better for him if he had minded the maxim which he had chiseled over the fireplace at Abbotsford, "Waste not, want not."

The trouble is, my friends, that people do not understand the ethics of going in debt, and that if you purchase goods with no expectation of paying for them, or go into debts which you cannot meet, you steal just so much money. If I go into a grocer's store and I buy sugars and coffees and meats with no capacity to pay for them, and no intention of paying for them, I am more dishonest than if I go into the store, and when the grocer's face is turned the other way I fill my pockets with the articles of merchandise and carry off a ham. In the one case I take the merchant's time, and I take the time of his messenger to transfer the goods to my house, while in the other case I take none of the time of the merchant, and I wait upon myself, and I transfer the goods without any trouble to him. In other words, a sneak thief is not so bad as a man who contracts debts he never expects to pay.

Yet in all our cities there are families who move every May day to get into proximity to other grocers and meatshops and apothecaries. They owe everybody within a mile of where they now live, and next May they will move into a distant part of the city, finding a new lot of victims. Meanwhile you, the honest family in the new house, are bothered day by day by the knocking at the door of disappointed bakers and butchers and dry goods dealers and newspaper carriers, and you are asked where your predecessor is. You do not know. It was arranged you should not know. Meanwhile your predecessor has gone to some distant part of the city, and the people who have anything to sell have sent their wagons and stopped there to solicit the "valuable" custom of the new neighbor, and he, the new neighbor, with great complacency and an air of affluence, orders the finest steaks and the highest priced sugars and the best of the canned fruits and perhaps all the newspapers. And the debts will keep on accumulating until he gets his goods on the 30th of next April in the furniture cart.

No wonder that so many of our merchants fail in business. They are swindled into bankruptcy by these wandering Arabs, these nomads of city life. They cheat the grocer out of the green apples which make them sick, the physician who attends them during their distress and the undertaker who fits them out for departure from the neighborhood where they owe everybody when they pay the debt of nature, the only debt they ever do pay.

Now our young men are coming up in this depraved state of commercial ethics, and I am solicitous about them. I want to warn them against being slaughtered on the sharp edges of debt. You want many things you have not, my young friends. You shall have them if you have patience and honesty and industry. Certain lines of conduct always lead out to certain successes. There is a law which controls even those things that seem haphazard. I have been told by those who have observed that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will go to the dead letter office every year through misdirection; that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will [illegible] for lack of postage stamps [illegible] forgetfulness of the senders; [illegible] is possible to tell just how many [illegible] in the streets by slipping on [illegible]. In other words, there are [illegible]. The most insignificant event [illegible] in the link between two [illegible] of the past and the [illegible] future. Read the right way and you will come out at the [illegible] [illegible] man and tell me what [illegible] is and what his mental [illegible] his habits, and I will tell [illegible] his destiny for this world and his destiny for the world to come, and I will not make [illegible] out of the 500. All this makes me solicitous in regard to young men, and I want to make them nervous in regard to the contraction of unpayable debts.

When a young man willfully and of choice, having the comforts of life, goes into the contraction of unpayable debts, he knows not into what he goes. The creditors get after the debtor, the pack of hounds in full cry, and alas for the reindeer. They jingle his doorbell before he gets up in the morning, they jingle his doorbell after he has gone to bed at night. They meet him as he comes off his front steps. They send him a postal card or a letter in curtest style, telling him to pay up. They attach his goods. They want cash or a note at thirty days or a note on demand. They call him a knave. They say he lies. They want him disciplined in the church. They want him turned out of the bank. They come at him from this side and from that side and from before and from behind and from above and from beneath, and he is insulted and gibbeted and sued and dunned and sworn at until he gets the nervous dyspepsia, gets neuralgia, gets liver complaint, gets heart disease, gets convulsive disorder, gets consumption.

Now he is dead, and you say, "Of course they will let him alone." Oh, no! Now they are watchful to see whether there are any unnecessary expenses at the obsequies, to see whether there is any useless handle on the casket, to see whether there is any surplus plait on the shroud, to see whether the hearse is costly or cheap, to see whether the flowers sent to the casket have been bought by the family or donated, to see in whose name the deed to the grave is made out. Then they ransack the bereft household, the books, the pictures, the carpets, the chairs, the sofa, the piano, the mattresses, the pillow on which he died. Cursed be debt! For the sake of your own happiness, for the sake of good morals, for the sake of your immortal soul, for God's sake, young man, as far as possible keep out of it!

But I think more young men are slaughtered through irreligion. Take away a young man's religion and you make him the prey of evil. We all know that the Bible is the only perfect system of morals. Now, if you want to destroy a young man's morals, take his Bible away. How will you do that? Well, you will caricature his reverence for the Scriptures, you will take all those incidents of the Bible which can be made mirth of—Jonah's whale, Sampson's foxes, Adam's rib. Then you will caricature eccentric Christians or inconsistent Christians. Then you will pass off as your own all those hackneyed arguments against Christianity which are as old as Tom Paine, as old as Voltaire, as old as sin. Now you have captured his Bible, and you have taken his strongest fortress. The way is comparatively clear, and all the gates of his soul are set open in invitation to the sins of earth and the sorrows of death, that they may come in and drive the stake for their encampment.

A steamer 1500 miles from shore, with broken rudder and lost compass, and hulk leaking fifty gallons the hour, is better off than a young man when you have robbed him of his Bible. Have you ever noticed how despicably mean it is to take away the world's Bible without proposing a substitute? It is meaner than coming to a sick man and steal his medicine, meaner than to come to a cripple and steal his crutch, meaner than to come to a pauper and steal his crust, meaner than to come to a poor man and burn his house down. It is the worst of all larcenies to steal the Bible which has been crutch and medicine and food and eternal home to so many. What a generous and magnanimous business infidelity has gone into—this splitting up of lifeboats and taking away of fire escapes and extinguishing of lighthouses! I come out and I say to such people, "What are you doing all this for?" "Oh," they say, "just for fun." It is such fun to see Christians try to hold on to their Bibles! Many of them have lost loved ones and have been told that there is a resurrection, and it is such fun to tell them there will be no resurrection! Many of them have believed that Christ came to carry the burdens and to heal the wounds of the world, and it is such fun to tell them they will have to be their own savior! Think of the meanest thing you ever heard of, then go down 1000 feet underneath it, and you will find yourself at the top of a stairs 100 miles long; go to the bottom of the stairs, and you will find a ladder 1000 miles long; then go to the foot of the ladder and look off a precipice half as far as from here to China, and you will find the headquarters of the meanness that would rob this world of its only comfort in life, its only peace in death and its only hope for immortality. Slaughter a young man's faith in God, and there is not much more left to slaughter.

Now what has become of the slaughtered? Well, some of them are in their father's or mother's house, broken down in health, waiting to die; others are in the hospital, others are in the cemetery, or, rather, their bodies are, for their souls have gone on to retribution. Not much prospect for a young man who started life with good health and good education and a Christian example set him, and opportunity of usefulness, who gathered all his treasures and put them in one box, and then dropped it into the sea.

Now, how is this wholesale slaughter to be stopped? There is not a person who is not interested in that question. The object of my sermon is to put a weapon in each of your hands for your own defense. Wait not for Young Men's Christian Associations to protect you or churches to protect you. Appealing to God for help, take care of yourself.

First, have a room somewhere that you can call your own. Whether it be the back parlor of a fashionable boarding house or a room in the fourth story of a cheap lodging I care not. Only have that one room your fortress. Let not the dissipater or unclean step over the threshold. If they come up the long flight of stairs and knock at the door, meet them face to face and kindly yet firmly refuse them admittance. Have a few family portraits on the wall, if you brought them with you from your country home. Have a Bible on the stand. If you can afford it and can play on one, have an instrument of music—harp or flute or cornet or melodeon or violin or piano. Every morning before you leave that room pray. Every night after you come home in that room pray. Make that room your Gibraltar, your Sevastopol, your Mount Zion. Let no bad book or newspaper come into that room any more than you would allow a cobra to coil on your table.

Take care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two or three or four flights of stairs; your help will come through the roof, down from heaven, from that God who in the 6000 years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in regard to your adverse worldly circumstances, in passing, that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, young man, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who thirty years from now are the millionaires of this country, who are the orators of the country, who are the poets of the country, who are the strong merchants of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and [illegible] alone with you [illegible]

There is no class of persons that so stir my sympathies as young men in great cities. Not quite enough salary to live on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by the most of the clerks in the store, and most of the operatives in the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against that young man forty miles the hour, and he in a frail boat headed up stream, with nothing but a broken oar to work with. Unless Almighty God help them they will go under.

Ah, when I told you to take care of yourself you misunderstood me if you thought I meant you are to depend upon human resolution, which may be dissolved in the foam of the wine cup or may be blown out with the first gust of temptation. Here is the helmet, the sword of the Lord God Almighty. Clothe yourself in that panoply, and you shall not be put to confusion. Sin pays well neither in this world nor the next, but right thinking and right believing and right acting will take you in safety through this life and in transport through the next.

I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make some fifteen years ago. It was a very short prayer, but it was a tremendous prayer: "O Lord, help us! We find it so very easy to do wrong and so hard to do right! Lord, help us!" That prayer, I warrant you, reached the ear of God and reached His heart. And there are 100 men who have found out—1000 young men, perhaps, who have found out—that very thing. It is so very easy to do wrong and so hard to do right.

I got a letter one day, only one paragraph, which I shall read:

"Having moved around somewhat, I have run across many young men of intelligence, ardent strivers after that will-o'-the-wisp—fortune—and of one of these I would speak. He was a young Englishman of twenty-three or twenty-four years, who came to New York, where he had no acquaintances, with barely sufficient to keep him a couple of weeks. He had been tenderly reared, perhaps I should say too tenderly, and was not used to earning his living and found it extremely difficult to get any position that he was capable of filling. After many vain efforts in this direction he found himself on a Sunday evening in Brooklyn, near your church, with about $3 left of his small capital. Providence seemed to lead him to your door, and he determined to go in and hear you. He told me his going to hear you that night was undoubtedly the turning point in his life, for when he went into your church he felt desperate, but while listening to your discourse his better nature got the mastery. I truly believe from what this young man told me that your sounding the depths of his heart that night alone brought him back to his God whom he was so near leaving."

That is the echo of multitudes. I am not preaching an abstraction, but a great reality. O friendless young man, O prodigal young man, O broken hearted young man, discouraged young man, wounded young man, I commend to you Christ this day, the best friend a man ever had. He meets you this morning. Despise not that emotion rising in your soul; it is divinely lifted. Look into the face of Christ. Lift one prayer to your father's God, to your mother's God, and this morning get the pardoning blessing. Now, while I speak, you are at the forks of the road, and this is the right road, and that is the wrong road, and I see you start on the right road.

One Sabbath morning at the close of the service I saw a gold watch of the world renowned and deeply lamented violinist, Ole Bull. You remember he died in his island home off the coast of Norway. That gold watch he had kept wound up day after day through his last illness, and then he said to his companion, "Now, I want to wind this watch as long as I can, and then when I am gone I want you to keep it wound up until it goes to my friend, Dr. Doremus, in New York, and then he will keep it wound up until his life is done, and then I want the watch to go to his young son, my especial favorite."

The great musician who more than any other artist had made the violin speak, and sing, and weep, and laugh, and triumph—for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if all earth and heaven shivered in delighted sympathy—the great musician, in a room looking off upon the sea, and surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death. While all the world was mourning at his departure sixteen crowded steamers fell into line of funeral procession to carry his body to the mainland. There were 50,000 of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheater of the hills waiting to hear the eulogium, and it was said when the great orator of the day with stentorian voice began to speak the 50,000 people on the hillsides burst into tears. Oh, that was the close of a life that had done so much to make the world happy! But I have to tell you, young man, if you live right and die right, that was a tame scene compared with that which will greet you when from the galleries of heaven the 144,000 shall accord with Christ in crying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" And the influences that on earth you put in motion will go down from generation to generation, the influences you wound up handed to your children, and their influences wound up and handed to their children, until watch and clock are no more needed to mark the progress, because time itself shall be no longer.

Monticello, N. Y., Aug. 16.—Ira Simms and John Honziger of White Lake were drowned in Black lake while rowing. Martin Sprague, who was with them, swam ashore and gave the alarm. He was nearly exhausted. Both young men were well thought of. Their bodies have been recovered.

Fire at Sharon Springs.

Sharon Springs, N. Y., Aug. 16.—Fire broke out at 2 o'clock in the Pavilion laundry, causing considerable excitement. One person was injured. The fire consumed the laundry and an ice house 200 feet from the hotel. The hotel was uninjured.

Italian Minister of Justice Dead.

Rome, Aug. 16.—Senator G. Costa, minister of justice, is dead. Shortly before he expired he sent a touching deathbed telegram of farewell to King Humbert. Marquis di Rudini, the premier, will temporarily assume the portfolio.

Postmaster Charged With Embezzlement.

Colchester, Ills., Aug. 16.—Postoffice inspectors have sworn out a warrant for the arrest of Postmaster H. C. Jones on a charge of embezzling $900 of the funds of the office. Jones' bondsmen have taken charge of the office.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Do not look for wrong and evil:
You will find them if you do.
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness:
You will meet them all the while.
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

A SPARROW THAT RODE A WHEEL.

Birds have all sorts of queer adventures, and one of the oddest of recent days is that which befell a sparrow at Anderson, Ind. It flew into a knife and bar manufactory, and, getting too near a small wheel, was sucked in. The workmen noticed it go into the wheel, but, knowing that the cylinder was revolving at a speed of 180 revolutions a minute, took it for granted that the bird had been killed. When the factory shut down at noon the men were astonished to hear a gentle chirp from the wheel, and, lo! there was the sparrow, as well as ever. They found that the bird had clung to the strengthening rod, on the inside of the wheel, and was in a semi-dazed condition. They picked it up and put it on a table, and thence, after collecting its wits, the little bird flew to freedom. The wheel in which the bird rode made 31,000 revolutions while he was in it, and so the tiny feathered creature traveled seventy-three and eight-tenths miles in the embrace of a fly-wheel.

SO HOT!

"Oh, it is so hot!" said Betty. "It is so hot! Mammy, I don't know what I shall do, it is so hot!"

Now Betty was not doing anything. She was sitting by the window, with her head on the sill, and the shade of the big horsechestnut-tree made a little coolness; so mammy went on with her mending and said nothing, except that it was hot, and she was sorry for Betty.

Presently Betty saw a hand-organ man with a monkey coming. She raised her head, and he stopped under the window and began to play.

"O mammy," cried Betty, "the monkey is dancing! May I go out and dance, too? Oh, he is such a dear little monkey! Now he is climbing up the fence, and walking along the top. O mammy, may I climb up and walk along the fence? Please, mammy, say I may!" And Betty jumped up and down, and danced little steps like the monkey's and tried to look like him, but fortunately did not succeed.

"I thought it was so hot!" said mammy. "Do you think dancing will make you cooler, Betty?"

"I don't think it is so hot now," said Betty. "Not quite so hot, mammy. You see, I didn't know what to do then. It's always hotter when you don't know what to do, but now I do know."

"MONKEY MEN" OF NEW GUINEA.

The celebrated "monkey-men of the Dourga Strait" are not an invention of Darwinians searching for the missing link as might be supposed, but an actual tribe of Papuan savages whose haunts along the coast of New Guinea have been explored by naturalists. There is nothing mythical about them.

The monkey men are so called because of their tree-dwelling habits. They are accustomed to traveling in the tree-tops from their infancy and they swing themselves along through the mangrove forests from bough to bough, men, women and children together, as easily as if they were on the ground. They sleep in villages built on the high ground back of the mangrove swamps, but when alarmed they at once take to the swamps, where the soft ooze makes it impossible for their enemies to follow them except by climbing, as they do. When the swamp is once gained they climb to the tree-tops and are soon out of sight, swinging along by the hands, almost exactly as a family of gorillas would do.

In color they are very black, but their hair is straight and they are not below the level of the Hottentot in intelligence. They wear little or no clothing. Their principal weapon is the bow. They are skilful oarsmen and always stand erect when paddling.

They are afraid of strangers and are apt to take to the trees on the least alarm, but their inordinate love of tobacco makes them approachable by those who know their habits.

It is said that they are cannibals. If so they are no worse than most of their neighbors of the Papuan race, and their life in the tree-tops is not responsible for it.

THE FIRE-FLY.

Hundreds of these common but interesting beetles now may be seen every evening about nine o'clock, as they leave their resting places in hedges and in vines, and flash their lights, which are brilliant as stars twinkling in twilight.

"By what process do they produce the beautiful flashes of light?" That is a question frequently asked; and as entomological books fail to give a satisfactory reply, the following explanation may be interesting to readers of The Free Press:

I have made a special study of the light, and carefully examined the mechanism of the illuminating segments in both male and female specimens. The light emitted, when tested by the spectroscope, gives a brilliant spectrum, which is continuous through all the colors from the red to the violet rays. The illuminating organs consist of distinct spherical cells, each one of which is about 1-2,000th part of an inch in diameter; and the beetle has power to illuminate one or many of these cells at will, producing light of corresponding intensity. The cells contain a fluid saturated with phosphorus; and the covering of the cell is so thin that atmosphere coming in contact with them may affect the contents.

It has been suggested that the beetle produces the flashes of light or renders [illegible] that the flash of light is made in some way.—We may clearly trace a connection between the spiracles and tracheae (spiral air tubes) of the beetle and each of the illuminating cells, and find that the little creature renders the phosphorus contained in the cells luminous by feeding air upon them. The cells when thus excited emit light from their surface.

We may imitate the act of the beetle by dissecting one and placing the illuminating organ under a microscope, covered by a thin glass cover. When the cover is lifted so as to admit a little air, the cells become luminous.

We may add that the name "fire fly" is a misnomer, as the "lightning bug" is a true beetle, belonging in the natural order coleoptera, and in the family lampyridae.

PHILIP'S TRUE STORY.

Then it was Philip's turn. "Well," he said, "I will tell a truly honest story—a very truly honest one. Once on a time there was a cat that was very fond of a mouse—"

"Philip Patten, you said 'twas a true story!"

"A solomon-honest true story, so there!"

Both Madge and Dicky looked indignant, and even mamma's eyes were rather sober; but mamma only said: "Hush, hush! Let Philip finish his story, children."

"Ve-ry fond of a mouse," continued the little story-teller, calmly. "It was a big black cat with yellow freckles, and the mousie was gray. That's my firstly. Secondly—"

Philip put his hands squarely on his knees, man-wise.

"Secondly, once on a time there was a fox that was ve-ry fond of a little soft, tender chicken—"

"Why, Phil-up Pat-ten!"

"Oh, how I should think your conscience'd ache!"

"He was ve-ry fond of that little chickie, you know. Thirdly, once on a time there was a roaring, raging wolf that was ve-ry fond of a little cosset lamb—"

Madge put her fingers in her ears, too shocked to listen, but in a minute she took them out again. Dicky's round little face looked sorrowfully across at Philip; but mamma was watching the little mischief-twinkles gather in Philip's eyes, and waited.

"How fond that wolf was of the cosset lambie! Lastly, once on a time there was a little girl that was ve-ry fond of blueb'ry jam! Oh my, how fond she was!"

Philip's voice was impressively solemn, but the mischief-twinkles danced. He looked right at Madge.

"It was very nice jam, and the little girl was nice, too. She had crinkles in her hair and she b'longed to a brother that told truly-honest stories. Wait! I'm not done. I've got to tell how the cat was so fond of the mouse she ate him up, and the fox was so fond he ate the chicken up, and the roaring wolf ate up the cosset lamb 'cause he was so fond of him, and the little girl—"

"Oh my!" laughed Madge. "I ate up the blueb'ry jam! What a com'cal story, Philip Patten!"

"And a 'truly-honest' one, too," mamma said, clapping her hands in applause.

A Roof Garden of His Own.

A. Hospe, Jr., who lives at 17th and Davenport street, has a unique roof garden attached to his residence. Several years ago he built a brick one-story addition to his home. Afterward he planted a sprig of wild grapevine at the southwest corner of the house. The vine grew, and continued to grow till the growth became wonderful. It covered the south side of house, including the brick addition. It then sought to continue its meanderings over the roof. Mr. Hospe put some frames on the roof of the addition, and covered them with lattice wire, forming a canopy eight to ten feet high. The vine took advantage of the opportunity offered it and covered those wires with its thick verdure, leaving vacancies only where the wire had been arranged to accommodate entrances to the bower, and to furnish light. The vine is so thickly entwined over the frames that it furnishes shade and a cool resort in the warmest of weather.

Mr. Hospe put a slat floor over the tin roof of the addition, placed a cot, rustic chairs and other comfortable seats within the bower, fixed up a nook for his pet parrot and other birds, and has almost Babylonian comforts on his own homestead. Entrance to the roof garden can be made from the yard by means of a stairway, or from a door leading from the hall on the second floor of his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hospe invited a number of their friends in last evening to spend the heated hours in this delightful retreat; and their two daughters entertained a large party of young friends at the same time.—Omaha (Neb.) Bee.

Nutritive Value of Corn Meal.

Professor Atwater, who has for many years been engaged in investigations relating to foods for the United States Department of Agriculture, has been led to the conclusion, as the result of exhaustive studies on the subject, that, considered from an economical standpoint, corn meal has the highest nutritive value of all foods. Ten pounds of corn meal possess more than eight pounds of actual nutriment, while the same quantity of potatoes possesses but three and three-fourths pounds of nutritive material.—Modern Medicine.

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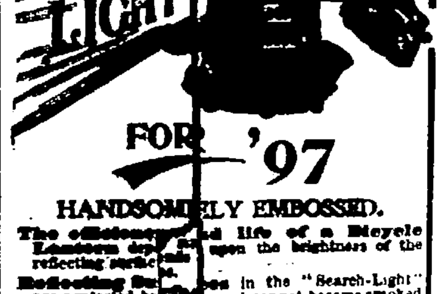

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New Adjustments. The Bracket and Oil Reservoir are so constructed, that the operation of these parts is simpler than heretofore.
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GIVEN BY THE
World's Columbian Exposition
HAS BEEN AWARDED TO THE
Davis Sewing Machine Co.
[illegible]
DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO.
DAYTON, OHIO. CHICAGO, ILL.

[illegible] E. W. [illegible] rabbits. [illegible] to say, [illegible] sprang up [illegible] a Jersey [illegible] tant com[illegible] grew up [illegible] en. The [illegible] d to graze [illegible] bbit plays [illegible] ning, when [illegible] abbit goes [illegible] and caress [illegible] ffectionate [illegible] Ky.) News.

[illegible] oes. At this [illegible] hot, and get [illegible] ing feet or [illegible] e. It cools [illegible] y. Cues and [illegible] feet, blisters [illegible] and bunions [illegible] fort. Try it [illegible] d shoe stores [illegible] E. Address,

[illegible] ught never [illegible] ngers. It [illegible] bbing [illegible] The [illegible] easi[illegible] of the [illegible] suppur[illegible] carefully [illegible] that the [illegible] out by [illegible] lids have [illegible] n hot water; [illegible] is beneficial and soothing, [illegible] mperature should not be [illegible] heat. If the lids stick [illegible] the morning lightly ap[illegible] until they easily open. [illegible] darkening or painting of the [illegible] urious. If the eyebrows or [illegible] ut easily and are thin, rub [illegible] y night, just before sleep[illegible] coa butter or vaseline. Par[illegible] ade applied to the brows [illegible] morning is said to be ex[illegible] promote their growth and [illegible] earance.

[illegible] n who are now raising [illegible] steamer fare to Alaska will [illegible] remember that the walking [illegible] good coming back.

[illegible] FFERING WOMEN.

[illegible] any of Them Have Quietly [illegible] d Advice That Made Them Well.

[illegible] if you find that in spite of [illegible] faithfully your family doc[illegible] c, you are not getting well, [illegible] ou not try another course? [illegible] many a woman has quietly [illegible] o Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, [illegible] ting her symptoms plainly [illegible] y, and taken her advice, which [illegible] ptly received. The following letter is a [illegible] retty strong [illegible] confirmation of [illegible] r claims: "I had been sick for six months; one doctor told me I would have [illegible] o go to a [illegible] ospital [illegible] ell.

JESTS AND YARNS. [illegible]

MUSICAL NOTE.

He—When you were abroad, Miss Parvenue, how did you like the Matterhorn?
She—I—I don't believe I heard it.

THE SOCIETY MOTHER'S DUTIES.

Little Miss Awsoo—"What is mamma for?"
Little Miss De Fashion—"Why, they is to scold the nurses when we make a noise."

VERY CLOSE.

"Isn't there some sort of a relationship between Madge and Mr. Dashing?"
"Oh, yes, indeed; he was the first man she was ever engaged to."

WHY HE DIDN'T KNOW IT.

Barber—You say you have shaved here before? I don't remember your face.
Customer—Probably not. It has healed up since.

AN EFFECT.

He—How dull it was at Wilkins' party last night.
She—Yes; in the early part of the evening. It got brighter soon after you left.

FEW AND FAR BETWEEN.

Browne—Who wrote "Birds of a feather flock together?"
Towne—Some idiot who had never been out shooting.

A PATRIOT.

Ten Broke—Let me hold your hand.
Penelope—The one that shook Queen Victoria's?
Ten Broke—No, the one in which you carry your pocketbook.

HOSTILITIES END.

First Indian—I have met my old foe, Scrapping Squirrel, and I have buried the hatchet.
Second Indian—Where?
First Indian—In his neck.

MORE USEFUL.

Perdita—So you are really engaged to him. Where is your engagement ring?
Penelope—I haven't got any. I made him give me a bicycle instead.

HIS OWN PROVERB.

"He gives twice that gives quickly," urged the collector earnestly.
"True," responded Snagge calmly, "but I've often noticed that he that gives slowly very frequently doesn't have to give at all."

FOILED.

She (insinuatingly)—There are more single than married men in the penitentiaries.
He (hastily)—Yes; that shows that there are a great many men who would rather go to prison than get married.

NOT THE RIGHT SHADE.

Miss De Style—"What? Going to cut the De Goode girls?"
Mrs. De Style—"Why, yes, ma—I have to at this season of the year. They have skins that never tan, and guests will think we associate with people who stay in town all summer."

BROTHERLY SOLICITUDE.

Bertie (mournfully)—I s'pose it'll take a hundred years for you to be big enough to have beaux!
Gertie—I s'pose so.
Bertie (despairingly)—And Dicky Jones has more fun playing tricks on his big sister's ones! Oh, I ain't got anything to live for!

CAUSE FOR REJOICING.

Sunday School Teacher—And when the prodigal son returned home his father fell upon his neck and blessed him—why did he do that?
Scholar—'Cause he was so glad to think he didn't come back with a wife and family, I s'pose.

GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.

"Sweets to the sweet," murmured young Mr. Goslin as he handed the sugar to Miss Fosdick.
"Spoons to the spoony," replied that young lady, passing him the spoon holder.

WAITING FOR WORK.

"I assure you, madam," said he, "that I would not be begging my bread from door to door if I could but procure employment at my profession."
"Poor man," replied the good woman as she handed out a pie, "what is your profession?"
"I am an airship pilot, madam."

UNPROMISING OUT-LOOK.

"Mamma," said little Fanny Fangle, "I've been watching the people moving in next door, and there are only two children's wheels."
"Well, my dear, what of that?"
"Why, there are four of us children, and we'll just have to take turns borrowing them."

COMPARATIVE COST.

Handel Bar—Your wheel may be a very good one, but it can't quite come up to mine. Why, Great Sprockets! I paid [illegible] hundred and eighty dollars for mine. [illegible] paid only ninety for yours.
[illegible] chleigh—That's all true enough. [illegible] must consider this fact: Besides [illegible] ty dollars I have paid over one [illegible] ars for repairs thus far this [illegible]

[illegible] toria's Tutor.

[illegible] Lord Grey came into [illegible] proposed that a Bish[illegible] appointed to preside [illegible] ation of the young Prin[illegible] This proposal was fre[illegible] d upon the Duchess of [illegible] sted it, perfectly satisfied [illegible] city of Rev. Mr. Davys, [illegible] r. When it was potated [illegible] that a dignitary of the [illegible] t to undertake the im[illegible] the Duchess replied: [illegible] y can be no difficulty, in [illegible] Davys to the dignities [illegible]

[illegible] have lately floated the Stars and Stripes [illegible] a mile above the summit of Pike's Peak, and claim that it is the highest point ever attained by Old Glory.

Of the thousands of prisoners released from jails in India on Jubilee Day, some have voluntarily returned to jail, while others are committing burglary and other offences.

In order to reach the deep-water sailormen on the great lakes, the Navy Department has decided to establish recruiting stations in several of the lake cities. The Bureau of Navigation has just issued an order notifying recruiting officers that native-born Americans be regarded with especial favor.

The English sparrow has spread far hence and increased rapidly. The farmers of the Province of Ontario are complaining that he is an unmitigated nuisance to them, and they insist that he should be exterminated as soon as possible. He drives away the insectivorous and singing birds and does nothing to compensate for their loss.

A patent has been allowed by the British Patent Office for making gold. A similar application has been made to the United States Patent Office, and the Treasury Department has undertaken to test the process. Sensational versions of this fact have appeared in some of the daily papers, but the patent has so far been withheld, and it is not probable that it will be granted.

No one disputed the dictum of a Chinese physician who had been called to attend a Celestial who had fainted in a store at Portland, Oregon, when the doctor said, after filling the prostrate man's mouth and nose with red paint: "Him blow out paint, him all same not yet dead; him no catch 'im wind, no blow out paint, him heap dead." The man didn't blow out the paint and the coroner was called.

"In one respect," says an English paper, "the Siamese Army is superior to every other, and that is in its elephant corps. Eight hundred of these animals, which are stronger, though smaller, than those of India, are organized into a special corps, commanded by a retired Anglo-Indian officer; and their heads, trunks and other vulnerable parts are protected against bullets by India rubber armor."

"The Railway and Engineering Review" raises the question "whether the present tendency toward heavier track, more powerful locomotives and larger cars has not reached its practical limit, if, indeed, it has not already exceeded it. The fact that a railroad is primarily designed and operated for the purpose of making money is too often lost sight of, and some officials in charge of the various departments are apparently impressed with the idea that its chief use is for the exploitation of their various hobbies."

As knowledge of the Klondike region increases, says the New York Times, it will probably be discovered that to live from the resources of the country is not impossible or even especially difficult. From time immemorial men have managed to subsist in places fully as cold and much more sterile. Most of the Yukon Valley is heavily wooded, and wherever trees grow there are animals and the possibility of raising at least a few rapidly maturing crops. This, of course, will be of no immediate advantage to the multitudes now hurrying northward through the passes to camp on an open plain just as winter begins, but it will have much to do with the future development of the new gold fields.

A Liverpool medical man was called in to attend a patient seized with cholera cramps as the result of excessive drinking, and found together about a dozen persons, mostly young women, in a room with full glasses before them, a three-gallon jar of strong ale on the table, and several bottles of whiskey, which from time to time were replenished. This remarkable session was kept up for five days. It was in celebration of a wedding, and all had saved up for weeks in anticipation of the event. The father pawned his watch, and most of his furniture; one young fellow pawned his coat, hat and watch. The whole party, twenty or thirty in number, slept together on the floors, or anywhere, the house being a small three-roomed cottage in one of the streets of Tox Teth Park. When the five days' revel was ended they all "proceeded to the house of Father Nugent and signed the pledge."

There was a narrow escape from a unique fatality in the Treasury Department at Washington. The vast accumulation of paper money and coin was being counted, an incident in the change of United States Treasurers. As fast as the bags of silver are weighed they are passed along from one man to another and piled from floor to ceiling in one of the steel vaults under the department building. It was suddenly noticed that the great pile of bags was toppling, and at the cry of warning the six men in the vault had barely time to escape before the mass came tumbling down with a crash. The [illegible] were broken in the fall and the [illegible] silver coin was heaped on the [illegible] The [illegible] filled up, new bags were procured and the money was carefully counted and sealed in the regular way. It took a whole day to get the money back into the bags.

A year or so ago Major Rose, the Texas Commissioner of Agriculture, secured some cottonseed from Peru, which he distributed among planters of Southern Texas. In Peru this cotton does not have to be planted more than once every five or six years, the stalk standing through the winter and coming out green in the spring, like sugar-cane. It was thought probable that the cotton would grow equally as well in Southern Texas, but thorough experiment proves it to be a total failure. Among others who received seed from Major Rose was L. Allen, of San Antonio. Mr. Allen planted the seed on his farm, just south of that city, where the cotton came up, looked well and prospered finely during last year's drouth, when ordinary Texas cotton was almost burned up. The winter proved too severe for it, however, and in a letter to Major Rose Mr. Allen says he dug up some of the roots, and in each instance found them dead and perfectly devoid of life.

A Missourian, in speaking of Governor Stevens, of his State, said today: "He is a kindly disposed man, and has many eccentricities. He has amused the people more than once since he took his office. It had been the custom in Missouri for some years for the Governor to release two prisoners on each of the three principal holidays—July 4, Thanksgiving Day and December 25. Governor Stevens, without giving any reason at all, increased the number to three, and will exercise clemency on that ratio during his term. He calls the men in and gives them a little talk before bestowing their pardon upon them. He lectures them as to their duty, warns them against falling back into old ruts, points out how they may hope to regain the confidence of people, and, in parting, gives each a cordial handshake. He makes the whole proceeding as fatherly and as encouraging as possible. He caused the latest trio he released to stare at him pretty hard when he remarked that he had no doubt there were many innocent men in prison, and many men who ought to be in prison walking the streets free.

The continual growth of the great cities of the world has of late attracted much attention, particularly on the part of students of sociology and hygiene, and at the recent Hygienic Congress this subject was treated in a lecture by Dr. Stephan Sedleczek, who produced statistics of the increase in population of the greatest cities of the world since 1800. He showed some very interesting facts. The population of Amsterdam, Birmingham, Brussels, Manchester and Rome doubled in that period; Copenhagen and Marseilles have now a population three times as large as at the beginning of this century; London, Lyons, Paris, St. Petersburg and Prague have quadrupled in the number of inhabitants within the last ninety years; Breslau, Dresden, Hamburg, Cologne and Vienna have five times as many people; Leeds, Liverpool and Warsaw six times as many; Glasgow and Sheffield seven times as many; Munich eight times as many; Berlin, Budapest and Leipsic, nine times as many; Baltimore, ten times as many; New York and Philadelphia, twenty-five times as many; Chicago, 245 times, and Brooklyn, 339 times as many as ninety years ago. Dublin, while slightly larger now than ninety years ago, has lost 17,000 inhabitants within the last forty years, and is the only large city in Europe which shows a retrograde movement in its population.

As much glory as Nansen brought to Norway from the north a certain Lieut. De Gerlache is about to seek for Belgium at the other end of the world. His vessel, the steam bark Belgica, is now at Antwerp preparing for an exploring voyage to the Antarctic, and the residents of the city are intensely interested in both ship and commander. When she arrived to take in stores she was greeted with salutes from the fort at Saint Anne, (Tete de Flandre,) and all the shipping in port was decorated in honor of the handsome little vessel. Her hull is protected by a formidable armor of the hardest possible wood, bois de fer, as a protection against the pressure of antarctic ice. At her bows she carries a powerful steel spur for cutting her way through ice floes. The interior arrangements are cleverly made with a view to comfort, warmth, and economy of space, for not a single corner is wasted. The cabins and saloons are heated from the engine rooms, and as an extra precaution layers of felt are laid in between all the partitions to prevent the heat from escaping. The latest implements and machinery for whaling are on board the Belgica, whose appearance is unique, and whose barrel, perched on the top of her mast for the "lookout," catches the eyes of the curious. The Belgica registers 250 tons, and makes seven knots with her 150-horse power engine, though with sails she can easily make nine knots. There is on board the usual stock of [illegible] snow-shoes, [illegible] splendid collection [illegible]

English Ducking Stools.

Warwickshire boasts the possession of a larger number of ducking stools than any other English county, and two of the eldest have just been brought into public notice. The Warwick Town Council has carefully repaired the curious instrument of punishment which visitors to the crypt of the famous Beauchamp church there are familiar with. Kenilworth also possesses a well-preserved ducking stool.

Orange Peel as Disinfectant.

Dried orange peel allowed to smoulder on a piece of red-hot iron or an old shovel will kill any bad smell in existence and leave a fragrant one behind instead.—New York Journal.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called Grain-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-quarter as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for Grain-O.

If You Cannot Get Dreydoppel

Soap of any dealer in your town, write to the manufacturer and give the names of the storekeepers. Address William Dreydoppel, the practical soap-maker and chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.

As unique an operation as was ever attempted was performed at the Cincinnati Hospital when the severed right ear of Jacob Bernhard was reattached to his head by means of fine silk threads. The accident which made the operation necessary occurred when Bernhard, who is a teamster, was driving down Central avenue. Just at the corner of Third street one of the horses attached to the wagon shied at some obstruction in the street, and Bernhard was thrown from his seat.

The jolt was so sudden that he came down head foremost, striking the wheel, the sharp tire of which cut off his right ear as clean as it might have been done by a razor. When picked up by the officers of Patrol No. 1 he was unconscious, and the ear, which had so suddenly been divorced from the rest of his anatomy lay beside him. With commendable foresight the officers placed the ear in an envelope, and, together with the unconscious teamster, hurried to the hospital.

As an unusual experiment, the hospital physicians, after attending to minor bruises about the patient's head, sewed the ear in place, and, if nature will assist, they hope that the severed parts will knit, and only a scar will bear witness to the close shave Bernhard has had from being deprived of a useful adjunct to his head.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

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

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1897 COLUMBIA BICYCLES

STANDARD OF THE WORLD $75 TO ALL ALIKE.

Not absolute certainty, for that isn't anywhere, but as near to [illegible] possible. The Columbia of 1897 is the culminative finish [illegible] evolution of twenty years of best bicycle building.

1896 COLUMBIAS	$60
1897 HARTFORDS	50
HARTFORDS Pat. 2	45
HARTFORDS Pat. 1	40
HARTFORDS Pats. 5 and 6	30

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[illegible] Well Bred, Soon Wed. [illegible]

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[illegible] In our preparation [illegible] apply at home. Colors [illegible] or black. The Gentlemen's favorite, because satisfac[illegible]
R. P. HALL & CO. [illegible]

Dog Driven to Suicide.

Henri Laurent, an actor of [illegible] says that the Salvation Army [illegible] sponsible for the disappearance [illegible] dog, a valuable Irish setter. [illegible] seen of the dog was when it [illegible] a mad run down Huron street [illegible] the lake. Mr. Laurent says he [illegible] the dog was driven to suicide [illegible] bers of the Salvation Army were [illegible] ing a song service at Clark and [illegible] streets when Mr. Laurent came [illegible] with his dog. The animal was [illegible] ened at the sounds of the dr[illegible] tambourine and ran across the [illegible] Mr. Laurent followed the dog, [illegible] ling and coaxing him to come [illegible] But the dog wouldn't return. [illegible] lelujah chorus burst forth fr[illegible] members of the army, and, pul[illegible] tail between his legs, the dog [illegible] for the lake, howling at every [illegible] —Chicago Times-Herald.

Prussia Has a Black Bandmas[illegible]

The Prussian army boasts, [illegible] other things, of a black band[illegible] who is now conducting a se[illegible] summer concerts in Dresden. [illegible] el Cher is his name, and he is a [illegible] ate of the Berlin Conservatory [illegible] sic. His father was an Arab [illegible] desert, but was brought up [illegible] court of the Khedive in Egypt. [illegible] Prince Albrecht, of Prussia, le[illegible] know the little pickaninny bo[illegible] took him along when he retur[illegible] Germany.

Testing Water.

To test for bad water, buy a[illegible] of saturated solution of permang[illegible] of potash. If, when a drop of [illegible] lution is added to a tumbler of [illegible] its color changes to brown, it [illegible] to drink. If it remains clear or [illegible] ly rose-colored after an hour [illegible] broadly speaking, safe. Th[illegible] should always be applied wh[illegible] throats are prevalent or diphth[illegible] typhoid fever has developed in [illegible] —The Home Doctor.

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