TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"DIVINE MISSION OF THE NEWSPAPER," HIS SUBJECT.

A Fair Statement of the Conditions That Surround Newspaperdom — The Average Daily or Weekly Paper Is an Instrument for Great Good.

WASHINGTON, March 22, 1896.—"Newspaper Row," as it is called here in Washington, the long row of offices connected with prominent journals throughout the land, pays so much attention to Dr. Talmage they may be glad to hear what he thinks of them while he discusses a subject in which the whole country is interested. His text today was: "And the wheels were full of eyes." Ezekiel x: 12. "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing." Acts xvii: 21.

What is a preacher to do when he finds two texts equally good and suggestive? In that perplexity I take both. Wheels full of eyes? What but the wheels of a newspaper printing press? Other wheels are blind. They roll on, pulling or crushing. The manufacturer's wheel, how it grinds the operator with fatigues, and rolls over nerve and muscle and bone and heart, not knowing what it does. The sewing machine wheel sees not the aches and pains fastened to it—tighter than the band that moves it, sharper than the needle which it plies. Every moment of every hour of every day of every month of every year there are hundreds of thousands of wheels of mechanism, wheels of enterprise, wheels of hard work, in motion, but they are eyeless. Not so with the wheels of the printing press. Their entire business is to look and report. They are full of optic nerves, from axle to periphery. They are like those spoken of by Ezekiel as full of eyes. Sharp eyes, near-sighted, far-sighted. They look up. They look down. They look far away. They take in the next street and the next hemisphere. Eyes of criticism, eyes of investigation; eyes that twinkle with mirth, eyes glowering with indignation, eyes tender with love; eyes of suspicion, eyes of hope; blue eyes, black eyes, green eyes; holy eyes, evil eyes, sore eyes, political eyes, literary eyes, historical eyes, religious eyes; eyes that see everything. "And the wheels were full of eyes." But in my second text is the world's cry for the newspaper. Paul describes a class of people in Athens who spent their time either in gathering news or telling it. Why especially in Athens? Because the more intelligent people become, the more inquisitive they are—not about small things, but great things.

The question then most frequently is the question now most frequently asked: What is the news? To answer that cry in the text for the newspaper the centuries have put their wits to work. China first succeeded, and has at Pekin a newspaper that has been printed every week for one thousand years, printed on silk. Rome succeeded by publishing the Acta Diurna, in the same column putting fires, murders, marriages and tempests. France succeeded by a physician writing out the news of the day for his patients. England succeeded under Queen Elizabeth in first publishing the news of the Spanish Armada, and going on until she had enough enterprise, when the battle of Waterloo was fought, deciding the destiny of Europe, to give it one-third of a column in the London Morning Chronicle, about as much as the newspaper of our day gives of a small fire. America succeeded by Benjamin Harris' first weekly paper, called Public Occurrences, published in Boston in 1690, and by the first daily, the American Advertiser, published in Philadelphia in 1784.

The newspaper did not suddenly spring upon the world, but came gradually. The genealogical line of the newspaper is this: The Adam of the race was a circular or news-letter, created by Divine impulse in human nature; and the circular begat the pamphlet, and the pamphlet begat the quarterly, and the quarterly begat the weekly, and the weekly begat the semi-weekly, and the semi-weekly begat the daily. But alas! by what a struggle it came to its present development! No sooner had its power been demonstrated than tyranny and superstition shackled it. There is nothing that despotism so fears and hates as a printing press. It has too many eyes in its wheel. A great writer declared that the king of Naples made it unsafe for him to write of anything but natural history. Austria could not endure Kossuth's journalistic pen, pleading for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I., trying to keep his iron heel on the neck of nations, said: "Editors are the regents of sovereigns and the tutors of nations, and are only fit for prison." But the battle for the freedom of the press was fought in the court rooms of England and America and decided before this century began by Hamilton's eloquent plea for J. Peter Zenger's Gazette in America and Erskine's advocacy of the freedom of publication in England.

But I discourse now on a subject you have never heard—the immeasurable and everlasting blessing of a good newspaper. Thank God for the wheel full of eyes. Thank God that we do not have—like the Athenians—to go about to gather up and relate the tidings of the day, since the omnivorous newspaper does both for us. The grandest temporal blessing that God has given to the nineteenth century is the newspaper. We would have better appreciation of this blessing if we knew the money, the brain, the losses, the exasperations, the anxieties, the wear and tear of hearts involved in the production of a good newspaper. Under the impression that almost anybody can make a newspaper, scores of inexperienced capitalists every year enter the lists, and, consequently, during the last few years a newspaper has died almost every day. The disease is epidemic. The larger papers swallow the smaller ones, the whale taking down fifty minnows at one swallow. With more than seven thousand dailies and weeklies in the United States and Canada, there are but thirty-six a half century old. Newspapers do not average more than five years' existence. The most of them die of cholera infantum. It is high time that the people found out that the most successful way to sink money and keep it sunk is to start a newspaper. There comes a time when almost everyone is smitten with the newspaper mania and starts one, or have stock in one he must or die.

To publish a newspaper requires the skill, the precision, the boldness, the vigilance, the strategy of a commander-in-chief. To edit a newspaper requires that one be a statesman, an essayist, a geographer, a statistician, and in acquisition, encyclopediac. To man, to govern, to propel a newspaper until it shall be a fixed institution, a national fact, demand more qualities than any business on earth. If you feel like starting any newspaper, secular or religious, understand that you are being threatened with softening of the brain or lunacy and, throwing your pocketbook into your wife's lap, start for some insane asylum before you do something desperate. Meanwhile, as the dead newspapers, week by week, are carried out to the burial, all the living newspapers give respectful obituary, telling when they were born and when they died. The best printer's ink should give at least one stickful of epitaph. If it was a good paper, say, "Peace to its ashes." If it was a bad paper, I suggest the epitaph written for Francis Chartreuse: "Here continueth to rot the body of Francis Chartreuse, who, with an inflexible constancy and uniformity of life, persisted in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second." I say this because I want you to know that a good, healthy, long-lived, entertaining newspaper is not an easy blessing, but one that comes to us through the fire.

First of all, newspapers make knowledge democratic and for the multitude. The public library is a hay-mow so high up that few can reach it, while the newspaper throws down the forage to our feet. Public libraries are the reservoirs where the great floods are stored high up and away off. The newspaper is the tunnel that brings them down to the pitchers of all the people. The chief use of great libraries is to make newspapers out of. Great libraries make a few men and women very wise. Newspapers lift whole nations into the sunlight. Better have fifty million people moderately intelligent than one hundred thousand solons. A false impression is abroad that newspaper knowledge is ephemeral because periodicals are thrown aside, and not one out of ten thousand people files them for future reference. Such knowledge, so far from being ephemeral, goes into the very structure of the world's heart and brain and decides the destiny of churches and nations. Knowledge on the shelf is of little worth. It is knowledge afoot, knowledge harnessed, knowledge in revolution, knowledge winged, knowledge projected, knowledge thunder-bolted. So far from being ephemeral, nearly all the best minds and hearts have their hands on the printing press today, and have had since it got emancipated. Adams and Hancock and Otis used to go to the Boston Gazette and compose articles on the rights of the people. Benjamin Franklin, De Witt Clinton, Hamilton, Jefferson, Quincy were strong in newspaperdom. Many of the immortal things that have been published in book form first appeared in what you may call the ephemeral periodical. All Macaulay's essays first appeared in a review. All Carlyle's, all Ruskin's, all McIntosh's, all Sydney Smith's, all Hazlett's, all Thackeray's, all the elevated works of fiction in our day, are reprints from periodicals in which they appeared as serials. Tennyson's poems, Burns' poems, Longfellow's poems, Emerson's poems, Lowell's poems, Whittier's poems, were once fugitive pieces. You cannot find ten literary men in Christendom, with strong minds and great hearts, but are or have been somehow connected with the newspaper printing press. While the book will always have its place, the newspaper is more potent. Because the latter is multitudinous do not conclude it is necessarily superficial. If a man should from childhood to old age see only his Bible, Webster's Dictionary and his newspaper, he could be prepared for all the duties of this life and all the happiness of the next.

Again, a good newspaper is a useful mirror of life as it is. It is sometimes complained that newspapers report the evil when they ought only to report the good. They must report the evil as well as the good, or how shall we know what is to be reformed, what guarded against, what fought down? A newspaper that pictures only the honesty and virtue of society is a misrepresentation. That family is best prepared for the duties of life which, knowing the evil, is taught to select the good. Keep the children under the impression that all is fair and right in the world, and when they go out into it they will be as poorly prepared to struggle with it as a child who is thrown into the middle of the Atlantic and told to learn how to swim. Our only complaint is when sin is made attractive and morality dull, when vice is painted with great headlines and good deeds are put in obscure corners, iniquity set up in great primer and righteousness in nonpariel. Sin is loathsome, make it loathsome. Virtue is beautiful, make it beautiful.

It would work a vast improvement if all our papers—religious, political, literary—should for the most part drop their impersonality. This would do better justice to newspaper writers. Many of the strongest and best writers of the country live and die unknown, and are denied their just fame. The vast public never learns who they are. Most of them are on comparatively small income, and after awhile their hand forgets its cunning, and they are without resources, left to die. Why not, at least, have his initial attached to his most important work? It always gave additional force to an article when you occasionally saw added to some significant article in the old New York Courier and Enquirer J. W. W., or in the Tribune H. G., or in the Herald J. G. B., or in the Times H. J. R., or in the Evening Post W. C. B., or in the Evening Express E. B. While this arrangement would be a fair and just thing for newspaper writers, it would be a defense for the public.

Once more I remark, that a good newspaper is a blessing as an evangelistic influence. You know there is a great change in our day taking place. All the secular newspapers of the day—for I am not speaking now of the religious newspapers—all the secular newspapers of the day discuss all the questions of God, eternity and the dead, and all the questions of the past, present and future. There is not a single doctrine of theology but has been discussed in the last ten years by the secular newspapers of the country. They gather up all the news of all the earth bearing on religious subjects, and then they scatter the news abroad again. The Christian newspaper will be the right wing of the apocalyptic angel. The cylinder of the Christianized printing press will be the front wheel of the Lord's chariot. I take the music of this day, and I do not mark it diminuendo—I mark it crescendo. A pastor on a Sabbath preaches to a few hundred, or a few thousand people, and on Monday, or during the week, the printing press will take the same sermon and preach it to millions of people. God speed the printing press! God save the printing press! God Christianize the printing press!

When I see the printing press standing with the electric telegraph on the one side gathering up material, and the lightning express train on the other side waiting for the tons of folded sheets of newspapers, I pronounce it the mightiest force in our civilization. So I commend you to pray for all those who manage the newspapers of the land, for all type setters, for all reporters, for all editors, for all publishers, that, sitting or standing in positions of such great influence, they may give all that influence for God and the betterment of the human race. An aged woman making her living by knitting, unwound the yarn from the ball until she found in the center of the ball there was an old piece of newspaper. She opened it and read an advertisement which announced that she had become heiress to a large property, and that fragment of newspaper lifted her from pauperism to affluence. And I do not know but as the thread of time unrolls and unwinds a little further, through the silent yet speaking newspaper may be found the vast inheritance of the world's redemption.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kindom stretch from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

RELIGION AND REFORM.

Over 600 preachers in Connecticut work for salaries that do not average more than $750 a year.

It was a Connecticut woman who refused to buy a copy of the Bible from an agent because it did not contain portraits of the presidents of the United States.

The Church of Messiah, Brooklyn, Dr. Charles R. Baker, rector, has maintained for several years a circulating library for the blind, probably the only one in the United States.

Hui Kin is the first Chinaman to be ordained as a Christian minister in the eastern part of the United States. He is a Presbyterian and has lived in New York since he came to this country, twenty years ago.

Rev. Benjamin Waugh has retired from the editorship of the London Sunday Magazine, his work in connection with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children leaving him no leisure for other labors.

Dr. Alexander Charles Garrett, bishop of northern Texas, has just been elected bishop of the newly created diocese of Dallas, Texas. Dr. Bishop has for years been one of the most aggressive missionary bishops in the Episcopal church.

A priest of the Greek church in Thessaly died lately at the age of 102. During the last years of his life his memory became so much impaired that he often forgot whether or not he had dined, and sometimes he dined twice or thrice in succession.

Rev. Dr. George W. Miller, now of St. Andrew's Methodist church, New York, has accepted a call to succeed Rev. Dr. Richard Harcourt of Grace church, Baltimore. Dr. Miller has had charge of the largest church of his denomination in Kansas City, was formerly pastor of Grace church, Wilmington, and began his ministry in Chambersburg.

The love that never speaks until it does it on a gravestone, keeps still too long.

He Had Heard Her Say So.

That it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous is well illustrated by the following amusing incident that happened a few Sabbaths ago in a well-known church, and caused no little merriment among the teachers. The superintendent was telling the wee small folks of the custom in certain countries of chaining the prisoners' hands and feet together. "And," she asked, "don't you suppose that if some one came and released them they would be happy and grateful?"

It was unanimously agreed that they would.

"And," continued the superintendent, coming to her point, "Jesus was sent to the world to release people from their sins. Are any of you here bound with the chains of sin?" "No," piped the 4-year-old of the minister, "I'm not, but my grandmother is."—Louisville Post.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

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. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal.) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists; 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Supreme Court Wit.

The grave and reverend justices of the supreme court sometimes—oftener, indeed, than might be suspected—descend from the dignity that marks their official and public life, and do not scorn to indulge in little pleasantries and frivolities that ordinary mortals enjoy. The other day Mr. Justice Gray was in a reminiscent mood and began the narration of an incident with the sentence, "When I was a little boy." Mr. Justice Shiras broke in with the incredulous remark, "You don't mean to say you were ever a little boy?"—Washington Star.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '95.

Nye's Favorite Story.

Bill Nye's pet story was the one as to how he was charged $4 for a sandwich in a village in New Jersey. He told the man who sold it that it was a high price for a sandwich, and said that he had frequently gotten a ten-course dinner with four kinds of wine for just make a speech, and finally asked the man why he charged $4 for a ham sandwich.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the sandwich man, "the fact is, by gad, I need the money."—Detroit Free Press.

Iowa farms for sale on crop payments, 10 per cent cash, balance ⅓ crop yearly, until paid for. J. MULHALL, Waukegan, Ill.

Some People Live Just for Meanness.

"I have half a notion to end my existence," said the dejected youth. "I have nothing on earth to live for."

"Better wait a while," said the Cumminsville sage. "After you get a few years older you won't want anything to live for. Just living will be considerable satisfaction."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Coe's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

A Double Punishment.

A man was in the dock charged with theft. He pleaded "Guilty," but the jury's verdict was "Not Guilty." The judge was not at all satisfied with the result of the trial and remarked to the prisoner, "You do not leave this court without a stain upon your character, for by your own confession you are a thief, and by the verdict of the jury you are a liar."—Pick Me Up.

IOWA PATENT OFFICE REPORT.

DES MOINES, March 25.—Patents have been allowed, but not yet issued, as follows: To M. Macy, of Adel, Iowa, for a gauge for flouring mill rollers. The device is very simple, strong and durable and well adapted to show whether or not the rollers are trammed or parallel while in motion. Rollers are often parallel when stationary and yet out of tram when rotating, and the device for detecting such defect is very important in milling. To C. F. Murray, of Des Moines, a practical railroad man, for a block signal system that will operate automatically to protect a train in front and rear when going in either direction. It is designed to be used at stations and on dangerous curves, etc., and is positively actuated by the passing trains. Six United States patents were issued to Iowa inventors on the 17th. Printed copies of the drawings and specifications of any one patent sent to any address for 25 cents. Valuable information for inventors about securing, valuing and selling patents sent free.

THOMAS G. AND J. RALPH ORWIG, Solicitors of Patents.

Another Penalty of Greatness.

The gifted but impecunious literary genius wrote an impassioned letter to a personal friend, asking him in the name of sweet charity to lend him $10 to keep him from starving.

"I may not get the $10," he soliloquized bitterly as he sealed it, "but some day a mercenary grandchild of his will get $100 for this letter."—Chicago Tribune.

Half Fare Excursions via the Wabash.
The short line to St. Louis, and quick route East or South,
April 7th, 21st and May 5th. Excursions to all points South at one fare for the round trip with $2.00 added.
JUNE 16th,
National Republican Convention at St. Louis.
JULY 3d,
National Educational Association at Buffalo.
JULY 9th,
Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington.
JULY 22nd,
National People and Silver Convention at St. Louis.
For rates, time tables and further information, call at the Wabash ticket office, 1415 Farnam St., Paxton Hotel block, or write GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

A photograph of Mont Blanc has been taken at a distance of fifty-six miles.

Some Georgia Philosophy.

The man that sings the loudest in church throws his head so far back that he can't see the collection basket when it comes along.

Some folks are so fond of trouble they can't enjoy honey for thinking of what might have happened if the bee had stung 'em.

The road to heaven is so narrow that some people have about decided there is not room for two at a time.

When you hear a man saying that this is a hard world, ten to one he's broken his leg trying to fly when he should have been walking.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Idle Scavenger.

The bowels act the part of a scavenger, inasmuch as they remove much of the debris, the waste effete matter of the system. When they grow idle, neglectful of duty, it is of the utmost importance that they should be impelled to activity. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters effects this desirable object without griping them like a drastic purgative. The Bitters is also efficacious for malaria, bilious, dyspeptic and kidney troubles.

Getting Ready for the Show.

Young Perkins had been paying court to the billposter's daughter for some time, but no engagement seemed to come of it. The father, becoming impatient, said to Perkins finally:

"Young man, when does your show open?"

"I haven't any show," replied Perkins.

"I thought you had, for you and Sue have been billing for some time back."

Perkins took the hint, proposed, and was accepted, and the show commenced not long after.—Texas Siftings.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

No man ever thought a woman was an angel, though many of them have lied about it.

There is pleasure and profit and no small satisfaction in abating troublesome and painful ills by using Parker's Ginger Tonic.

If you love anyone well enough to die for him, first get your life insured in his favor.

It is so easy to remove Corns with Hindercorns that we wonder so many will endure them. Get Hindercorns and see how nicely it takes them off.

Castiron pennies are in circulation in Birmingham.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Everyone makes the fatal blunder of telling their secrets so those who tell their secrets.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

When Traveling,

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver, and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

Every man has reason to be thankful that the fool killer is dead.

Large quantities of fish are being shipped from Maine to Cuba.

Poets Break Out...

in the Springtime. And a great many who are not poets, pay tribute to the season in the same way. The difference is that the poet breaks out in about the same spot annually, while more prosaic people break out in various parts of the body. It's natural. Spring is the breaking-out season. It is the time when impurities of the blood work to the surface. It is the time, therefore, to take the purest and most powerful blood purifier,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

$25.00 IN GOLD

Given to party who sends us the largest number of words, using only our firm name, with order for one lot of ten packages of our CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS on receipt of 25c. or five lots for $1.00. This is a special inducement to place our 1896 varieties in every home at less than cost. Send money order or stamps. (Preserve this as it will not appear again.) CHICAGO FLOWER SEED CO., 78 Monroe St., Chicago.

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Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa is Pure—it's all Cocoa—no filling—no chemicals. WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

"No wonder poor Dinnie's so tired, carrying all day that great big piece of 52

BattleAx PLUG

No matter how much you are charged for a small piece of other brands, the chew is no better than "Battle Ax." For 10 cents you get almost twice as much as of other high grade goods. The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as other 10 cent pieces of equal quality.