

Cleveland at the Theater.  
Mr. Cleveland made his first appearance at the theater this winter the other night, and the way in which the audience stared at him is sufficient proof of the hunger in Washington for a sight of the chief executive, and the very small gratification which the President gives to this popular desire. Of course, the president is always Washington's chief exhibit. So, it was not surprising that when he came to the theater every opera glass was leveled at him, and some inquisitive persons promenaded the aisles past the presidential box in order to have a good look. The president looked especially well. Sitting just under a cluster of electric lights, his every feature was thrown out prominently. Some one said he was a regular living picture.—Washington Special to St. Louis Republic.

The Unkindest Cut of All.  
As Shakespeare says, is to poke fun or sneer at people who are nervous, under the halflife that their complaint is imaginary or an affection. It is neither, but a serious reality. Imperfect digestion and assimilation of the food is a very common cause of nervousness, especially that distressing form of it which manifests itself in want of sleep. Herbs, such as Bitters, speedily remedies nervousness, as it also does malaria, kidney, bilious and rheumatic ailments. It weak gain vigor speedily through its use.

Good Advice.  
"There," he said, as he blotted the letter and put it in an envelope: "I don't suppose I will get any thanks for that, but there's some good advice in it, anyway."  
"Who are you sending advice to?"  
"The government at Washington."  
"And what's the ground?"  
"To get a few groundhogs for the weather bureau."—Chicago Post.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.  
The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., St. Louis, Mo.

A School Boy's Composition.  
Here is a novel composition from a progressive school boy:  
"One day I was in the country I saw a cow and I hit her with a rock a dog bit me a sow chased me I fell out of a wagon and a bee stung me and the old gobbler dropped me and I went down to the branch and I fell in and wet my pants."  
There's a whole novel for you in six lines!—Atlanta Constitution.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.  
Beware and use that old and well-tried remedy, **Maa's** and **Soremo's** Soremo for Children Teething.

Two Sayings From Cork.  
A Cork town councillor is credited with having thus spoken: "There can be no doubt of the violence of this epidemic, for I know of people lying dead from it who never died before."  
The same gentleman thus chivalrously defended a colleague: "I strongly protest against this attack on my absent friend, for surely it's not right to hang a man behind his back."—Spectator.

HOW ARE YOUR FENCES?  
A Very Important Question with Farmers and Others Just Now.

Probably there is nothing that interests the land owner more at this time of the year than fencing. They are desirous of securing the very best article they can for the purpose they desire to use it for and at the cheapest price going. While this is good business, price should not take the place of quality. In building a smooth wire fence you do not build it for temporary use but expect it to last you for years and to get this kind of an article it requires a certain amount of good material to make it.

The De Kalb Fence Co., of De Kalb, Ill., has the largest and most complete line of smooth wire fencing of any plant in the country. We desire particularly to call your attention to their goods and write them for a catalogue which they will mail you free.

No line of goods has grown so rapidly in demand or given such general satisfaction as the fencing manufactured by this company. Their steel web picket fence for lawn and yard purposes, their cabled field and hog fence for farm use, their cabled poultry, garden and rabbit fence for its use, are all they claim for them.

You will hardly do yourself justice if you do not thoroughly investigate their lines before placing your order.

The devil is the only gainer when a boy is whipped to make him go to church.

Backsliding begins when praise leaves the heart.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore so important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.  
If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HOW TO WARM THE WORLD"  
THE LATEST SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "He Casteth Forth His Ice Like Mortar: Who Can Stand Before His Cold?"—Psalm 147: 17—Devoted Sunday, March 15.

**T**HE almanac says that winter is ended and spring has come, but the winds, and the frosts, and the thermometers, in some places down to zero, deny it. The Psalmist lived in a more genial climate than this, and yet he must sometimes have been cut by the sharp weather. In this chapter he speaks of the snow like wool, and frost like ashes, the hailstones like marbles, and describes the congealment of lowest temperature. We have all studied the power of the heat. How few of us have studied the power of the frost? "Who can stand before his cold?" This challenge of the text has many times been accepted. October 19th, 1812, Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moscow. One hundred and fifty thousand men, fifteen thousand horses, six hundred pieces of cannon, forty thousand stragglers. It was bright weather when they started from Moscow, but soon something wraithier than the Cossacks swooped upon their flanks. An army of arctic blasts, with icicles for bayonets and hailstones for shot, and commanded by voice of tempest, marched after them. The flying artillery of the heavens in pursuit. The troops at nightfall would gather into circles and huddle themselves together for warmth; but when the day broke they rose not, for they were dead, and the ravens came for their morning meal of corpses. The way was strewn with the rich stuffs of the east, brought as booty from the Russian capital. An invisible power seized one hundred thousand men and hurled them dead into the snow-drifts, and on the hard surfaces of the chill rivers, and into the maws of the dogs that had followed them from Moscow. The freezing horror which has appalled history was proof to all ages that it is a vain thing for any earthly power to accept the challenge of his cold? "Who could stand before his cold?" In the middle of December, 1777, at Valley Forge, eleven thousand troops were, with frosted ears and frosted hands and frosted feet, without shoes, without blankets, lying on the white pillow of the snow bank. As during our civil war the cry was: "On to Richmond!" when the troops were not ready to march, so in the revolutionary war there was a demand for wintry campaign until Washington lost his equilibrium and wrote emphatically: "I assure those gentlemen it is easy enough seated by a good fireside and in comfortable homes to draw out campaigns for the American army; but I tell them it is not so easy to lie on a bleak hillside, without blankets and without shoes." Oh, the frigid horrors that gathered around the American army in the winter of 1777! Valley Forge was one of the tragedies of the century. Benumbed, senseless, dead! "Who can stand before his cold?" "Not we," say the frozen lips of Sir John Franklin and his men, dying in Arctic exploration. "Not we," answer Schwatka and his men, falling back from the fortresses of ice which they had tried in vain to capture. "Not we," say the abandoned and crushed decks of the Intrepid, the Resistance and the Jeannette. "Not we," say the procession of American martyrs returned home for American sepulture, De Long and his men. The highest pillars of the earth are pillars of ice; Mont Blanc, Jungfrau, the Matterhorn. The largest galleries of the world are galleries of ice. Some of the mighty rivers much of the year are in captivity of ice. The greatest sculptors of the ages are the glaciers, with arm and hand and chisel and hammer of ice. The cold is imperial and has a crown of glittering crystal and is seated on a throne of ice, with footstool of ice and scepter of ice. Who can tell the sufferings of the winter of 1433, when all the birds of Germany perished? Or the winter of 1658 in England, when the stages rolled on the Thames, and temporary houses of merchandise were built on the ice? Or the winter of 1821 in America, when New York harbor was frozen over and the heaviest teams crossed on the ice to Staten Island? Then come down to our own winters when there have been so many wrapping themselves in furs, or gathering themselves around fires, or thrashing their arms about them to revive circulation—the millions of the temperate and the arctic zones who are compelled to confess, "None of us can stand before his cold."

One-half of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the north, the cotton of the south, the flax of our own fields, the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own mines, the wood from our own forests, all employed in battling these inclemencies, and still every winter, with blue lips and chattering teeth, answers: "None of us can stand before his cold." Now this being such a cold world, God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the frost is the God of the heat; that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossoms; that the God of January is the God of June. The question is to how shall we warm this world up is a question of immediate and all-embracing practicality. In this zone and weather there are so many fireless hearths, so many broken window-panes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and flannels and thick coat are better for warming up such a place than tracts, and Bibles and creeds. Kindle that fire where it has gone out. Wrap something around those shivering limbs. Shoe those bare feet. Hat that bare head. Coat that bare back. Sleeve that bare arm. Nearly all the pictures of Martha Washington represent her in courtly dress as bowed to by foreign ambassadors; but Mrs. Kirkland, in her interesting book, gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her husband's hut in the encampment, her feet sixteen feet long by fourteen feet wide—she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick, to sew the patched garments, to console the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better picture of Martha Washington. Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glaziers at broken window-sashes, hundreds of whole-souled men and women, are necessary to warm the wintry weather. What are we doing to alleviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know ye not, my friends, there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot stand before his cold? It is useless to preach to bare feet, and to empty stomachs, and to gaunt visages. Christ gave the world a lesson in common sense when, before preaching the Gospel to the multitude in the wilderness, he gave them a good dinner. When I was a lad I remember seeing two rough woodcutts, but they made more impression upon me than any pictures that I have ever seen. They were on opposite pages. The one woodcut represented the coming of the snow in winter, and a lad looking out at the door of a great mansion, and he was all wrapped in furs and his cheeks were ruddy, and with glowing countenance he shouted: "It snows! It snows!" On the next page was a miserable tenebrous, and the door was open, and a child, wan and sick, and ragged and wretched, was looking out, and he said: "Oh! My God, it snows!" The winter of gladness or of grief; according to our circumstances. But, my friends, there is more than one way of warming up this cold world, for it is a cold world in more respects than one, and I am here to consult with you as to the best way of warming up the world. I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches and all your homes throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent. It has many pipes with which to conduct heat; and it has a door in which to throw the fuel. Once get this heater introduced, and it will turn the arctic zone into the temperate, and the temperate into the tropics. It is the powerful heater, it is the glorious furnace of Christian sympathy. The question ought to be, instead of how much heat can we absorb? how much heat can we throw out? There are men who go through the world floating icebergs. They freeze everybody with their forbidding look. The hand with which they shake yours is as cold as the paw of a polar bear. If they float into a religious meeting, the temperature drops from eighty above to ten degrees below zero. There are icicles hanging from their eyebrows.

Recently an engineer in the southwest, on a locomotive, saw a train coming with which he must collide. He resolved to stand at his post and slow up the train until the last minute, for there were passengers behind. The engineer said to the fireman, "Jump! one man is enough on this engine! Jump!" The fireman jumped and was saved. The crash came. The engineer died at his post. How many men like that engineer would it take to warm this cold world up? A vessel struck on a rocky island. The passengers and the crew were without food, and a sailor had a shell-fish under his coat. He was saving it for his last morsel. He heard a little child cry to her mother, "Oh, mother, I'm so hungry, give me something to eat—I am so hungry!" The sailor took the shell-fish from under his coat and said, "Here, take that." How many men like that sailor would it take to warm the cold world up? Xerxes fleeing from his enemy got on board a boat. A great many Persians leaped into the same boat and the boat was sinking. Some one said: "Are you not willing to make a sacrifice for your king?" and a majority of those who were in the boat leaped overboard and drowned to save their king. How many men like that would it take to warm up this cold world? Elizabeth Fry went into the horrors of Newgate prison, and she turned the impregnation and the obscenity and the filth into prayer and repentance and a reformed life. The Sisters of Charity, in 1863, on northern and southern battlefields, came to boys in blue and gray while they were bleeding to death. The black bonnet with the sides pinned back and the white bandage on the brow, may not have answered all the demands of elegant taste, but you could not persuade that soldier dying a thousand miles from home that it was anything but an angel that looked him in the face. Oh, with cheery look, with helpful word, with kind action, try to make the world warm!

Count that day lost whose low descending sun Views from thy hand no generous action done.  
It was his strong sympathy that brought Christ from a warm heaven to a cold world. The land where he dwelt had a serene sky, balsamic atmosphere, tropical luxuriance. No storm-blasts in heaven. No chill fountains. On a cold December night Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the world's frigidity. The thermometer in Palestine never drops below zero, but December is a cheerless month, and the pasturage is very poor on the hillsides. Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the cold world that cold December night. The world's reception was cold. The surf of bestormed Galilee was cold. Joseph's sepulchre was cold. Christ came, the great warmer, to warm the earth, and all Christendom to-day feels

the glow. He will keep on warming the earth until the Tropic will drive away the Arctic and the Antarctic. He gave an imitation of what he was going to do when he broke up the funeral at the gate of Nain and turned it into a reunion festival, and when with his warm lips he melted the Galilean hurricane and stood on the deck and stamped his foot, crying, "Silence!" and the waves crouched and the tempests folded their wings.  
Oh, it was this Christ who warmed the chilled disciples when they had no food by giving them plenty to eat, and who in the tomb of Lazarus shattered the shackles until the broken links of the chain of death rattled into the darkest crypt of the mausoleum. In his genial presence the girl who had fallen into the fire and water is healed of the cataplexy, and the withered arm takes muscular, healthy action, and the ear that could not hear an avalanche catches a leaf's rustle, and the tongue that could not articulate trills a quaternary, and the blind eye was relumed, and Christ, instead of staying three days and three nights in the sepulchre, as was supposed, as soon as the worldly curtain of observation was dropped began the exploration of all the underground passages of earth and sea, wherever a Christian's grave may after awhile be, and started a light of Christian hope, resurrection hope, which shall not go out until the last ceremony is taken off and the last mausoleum breaks open.

Notwithstanding all the modern inventions for heating, I tell you there is nothing so full of geniality and sociality as the old-fashioned country fireplace. The neighbors were to come in for a winter evening of sociality. In the middle of the afternoon, in the best room in the house, some one brought in a great baglog with great strain and put it down on the back of the hearth. Then the lighter wood was put on, arduous after arduous. Then a shovel of coals was taken from another room and put under the dry pile, and the kindling began, and the crackling, and it rose until it became a roaring flame, which filled all the room with geniality and was reflected from the family pictures on the wall. Then the neighbors came in two by two. They sat down, their faces to the fire, which ever and anon was stirred with tongs and readjusted on the andirons, and there were such times of rustic repartee, and story-telling, and mirth as the black stove and the blind register never dreamed of. Meanwhile the table was being spread, and so fair was the cloth and so clean was the cutlery, they glisten and glisten in our minds to-day. And then the best luxury of orchard and farmyard was roasted and prepared for the table, to meet the appetites sharpened by the cold ride. Oh! my friends, the Church of Jesus Christ is the world's fireplace, and the woods are from the cedars of Lebanon, and the fires are fires of love, and with the silver tongs of the altar we stir the flame and the light is reflected from all the family pictures on the wall—pictures of those who were here and are gone now. Oh! come up close to the fireplace. Have your worn face transfigured in the light. Put your cold feet, weary of the journey, close up to the blessed conflagration. Chilled through with trouble and disappointment, come close up until you can get warm clear through. Exchange experience, talk over the harvests gathered, tell all the Gospel news. Meanwhile the table is being spread. On it, bread of life. On it, grapes of Eshcol. On it, new wine from the kingdom. On it, a thousand luxuries celestial. Hark, as a wounded hand raps on the table, and a tender voice comes through saying: "Come, for all things are now ready. Eat, oh, friends! drink, yea, drink abundantly, oh, beloved!"

My friends, that is the way the cold world is going to be warmed up, by the great Gospel fireplace. All nations will come in and sit down at the banquet. While I was musing, the fire burned. "Come in out of the cold, come in out of the cold!"

FACTS TERSELY TOLD.

The Ascot races, were founded by Queen Anne.  
The largest landed proprietor among the peers is the Duke of Sutherland, who owns more than a million acres.  
James P. Jump of Owen, Ky., is not egotistical in claiming that he is the champion egg-eater. He recently climbed outside of twenty-two of them at one sitting.  
Cultivated plums, of which there are now several hundred varieties, all descended from the original species, which was a native of the south Caucasian country.  
It is calculated that 10,000,000 photographs of the queen, the Prince and the Princess of Wales are produced annually, and find a ready sale all over the world.  
So much has the art of dressing and dyeing feathers been developed that numbers of the seemingly rare feather boas worn have already been made from the plumage of the ordinary fowl.  
There is a gigantic "rocking-stone" or balanced boulder on the pinnacle of Tandil mountain, Buenos Ayres. It is twenty-four feet in height, ninety feet long and will weigh twenty-five tons.  
Glass is the most perfectly elastic substance in existence. A glass plate kept under pressure in a bent condition for five and twenty years will return to its exact original form. Steel comes next.  
The ancient Chinese and Japanese frequently used to draw pictures with their thumb nails. The nails were allowed to grow to a length of some eight inches, and were pared to a point and dipped in vermilion or sky-blue ink.  
Elbert, the center of the French woolen manufacture, is so well off that it has abolished nearly all its town taxes and now petitions the government for leave to do away with the octor, the duty on provisions entering the town.  
"Experience is the best teacher," remarked Plodding Pets. "Yes," said Meandering Mike; "but my personal observation is that it's a mighty poor way to study law."

Marketable, Possibly.  
New York Weekly: Housekeeper—"Want any old newspapers?"  
Junk man—"No. Newspapers ain't made of rags any more. Made of wood pulp."  
"Housekeeper—"Isn't wood pulp no use?"  
Junk man—"Guess not; but dump 'em on. If they happen to be made of maple wood maybe I can sell 'em at a maple syrup factory."  
\$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 now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon 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  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

The man who is not religious at home often tries hard to be so considered in church.  
Every mother should always have at hand a bottle of Parker's Gopher Tonic. Nothing else so good for pain, weakness, colds, and sleeplessness.  
Treasures laid up in heaven always enrich somebody on earth.

Now is the time to cure your Corns with Blanderson. It takes 1.00 a perfectly gives comfort to the feet. Ask your druggist for it. Loc.  
The life speaks lowdest when the tongue is dumb.  
I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.  
The love that never speaks until it does it on a gravestone, keeps still too long.

ITS—All this stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No other has the BEST USE. Nervousness, Trembling and Stuttering, Headache, Pain in the Back, etc. Send to Dr. Kline, 153 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
When the devil is about to strike to kill, he puts on his Sunday coat.  
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Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.

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FOR RELIEVING THROAT DISEASES, COUGHS AND HOARSENESS, use "Brown's Bronchial Trochets." Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.  
Every man makes unwritten laws that others have to keep.  
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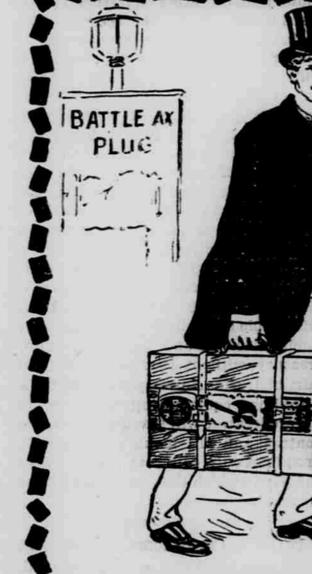
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