

Where Electric Current Jumps a Rock.
The possibility of telegraphing through space, which was fully demonstrated last year by W. H. Preece, has been turned to account in a most effective way for maintaining communication between the mainland and the Farnet lighthouse, on the southwest coast of Ireland. Formerly the difficulties of carrying a telegraph cable up an exposed rock, where it was subject to constant chafing, were almost insurmountable. The non-continuous system is now used, and works admirably. The cable terminates in the water sixty yards off, and the electric currents, sent from the shore, find their way through the distance to two bare wires they dip into the sea from the rock—Chicago Record.

A Cynic's Opinion.
Lautner in the St. James' Budget says of woman:
"The morbid craving for notoriety that women exhibit in their various spheres of life is a singular interesting study. They are ready to take up any fad that will put them in evidence."
"I know women who would lead a dancing bear down Regent street for the sake of creating a sensation."
"The striving after originality (in dress) has reached such an acute stage that the real originality lies in being quite natural."
"They want to be talked about," says the author, "and create what the Yankees call a 'splurge.'"

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, **Mrs. Wraslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.**

The Live Monkey.
A dealer in stuffed animals, who also kept a few live creatures for sale, gave his shop boy, who was permitted to sell the stuffed specimens, orders to call him when any one asked for any of the living animals, says the Youth's Companion.
One day a gentleman called and demanded a monkey.
"Any one of these?" asked the boy, who was in charge. He pointed to the stuffed specimens.
"No—I want a live monkey," answered the customer.
The boy stepped to the door of the back shop and called to his master:—"You're wanted, sir!"

Racyle Presidential Puzzle.
Men and women, boys and girls: readers of this paper if you neglected to send in your answer to the advertisement of the Presidential Puzzle in last week's issue of this paper, do not neglect to do so now. Do not put it off. Get your copy of last week's paper, cut the advertisement out.

It gives all the particulars which enables you to get the best \$100 Racyle; which, with the discount allowed by working the puzzle, makes it the cheapest as well as the best. We want at once a few Racyles in your locality as advertisements—now is your opportunity. Send us your solution of puzzle, your name and address, model wanted and height of frame.

Miami Cycle and Mfg. Co.,
Middletown, Ohio.
Truth never blushes when you look it in the face.



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 cleanliness which promotes internal organs on which it acts. It is therefore all 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 then 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.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.
If you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **\$3.**
OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS.

CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.
Ask your dealer for our \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3, and \$2.50 shoes; \$2.50, \$2, and \$1.75 for boys.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 3 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new illustrated Catalogue to Box R.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

GRIPPLE CREEK
Write for what you want to THE MICHIGAN INVESTMENT CO., Mining Exchange, Denver, Colo.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE GARDEN OF GOD" WAS LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Golden Text: Thou shalt be like a Watered Garden and like a Spring of Water Whose Waters Fall Not—Isaiah Lxviii, 2.



THE Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling antithesis and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollock, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser.

This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands, and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything in this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing-floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels; from the fish-pools of Heshbon up to the Psalmist praising God with the diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpellier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world; but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious, than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave three hundred pounds for it; he sold it for seven hundred pounds. And yet I am to tell you today of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the Church, which belongs to Christ. He bought it, he planted it, he owns it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the Church, of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide; ye rocks that fell! Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it. If the garden of the Church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come, thou, O blessed Jesus, today; walk up and down these aisles and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself.

The Church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is the place of choice flowers, of select fruits, and of thorough irrigation. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest faste will dictate something, if it be only the old-fashioned hollyhock, or dahlia, or daffodil; but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus, the blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden, and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever dowered the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you see where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the new window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting; and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, has found that they had covered it all over with flowery jasmine, running in and out amid the crevices. These flowers in Christ's garden are not, like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-blooming cereuses.

But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within; men with sharp points of character. They would almost everyone that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpness. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest crop of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister, "Doc-

tor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years."

It is harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the Church." I said, "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk-can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the Church?" Nevertheless, that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, sweetness within—the best specimen of the Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue, that we occasionally find, called "Giants of Battle," the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes, Latimers, and Samuel Rutherford. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylae. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You had a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "Giants of Battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the Church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Humboldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents; to another one.

In this garden of the Church which Christ has planted, I also find the snowdrops, beautiful, but cold-looking, seemingly another phase of winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In their music of life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the Church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there; snowdrops—always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower of all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a century plant your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion-plant of the Cross! Prophets foretold it; Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting; and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its breath is heaven. Come, O winds from the north and winds from the south and winds from the east and winds from the west and bear to all the earth the sweet-smelling savor of Christ, my Lord!

His worth if all the nations knew. Sure the whole earth would love him, too. Again, the Church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, or peaches, or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the Church, Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity; but he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the Church.

Religion is not a mere sentimental. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." In reply, I ask where did your asylums come from? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; he planted them in his garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus he laid the corner-stone to every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee he laid the corner-stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk," he laid the corner-stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison and ye visited me," he laid the corner-stone of every prison-reform association that has ever been organized. The church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit.

I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab-apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm-eaten leaves in Fontainebleau, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there; but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and

tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women—holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander, nobler collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them and you cannot get in. It is so with a king's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden, this King's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking-glass, and he saw himself and said: "There, that is true. I look just as I am; done up in body, mind, and purse." So it was of Shenstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down and amid those bowers and said: "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry and envious and frantic, and despise everything around me just as it becomes a madman to do."

O ye weary souls! come into Christ's garden today and pluck a little heartease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it, five, ten, twenty, thirty years—do you not feel as if now your honor of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? O man, what grudge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come today in some of your hearts.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In that lifeboat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered, and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went, came and went, but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman, "Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin! Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not, this moment, make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you, and heaven and earth ring with the cry, "Save me next! Save me next!" Now is the day of salvation! Now! Now!

This Sabbath is the last for some of you. It is about to sail away for ever. Her bell tolls. The planks thunder back in the gangway. She groves off. She floats out toward the great ocean of eternity. Wave farewell to your last chance for heaven. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate." Invited to revel in a garden, you die in a desert! May God Almighty, before it is too late, break that infatuation.

A Belligerent Laureate.
Alfred Austin would not sign the petition of British authors for peace between the United States and Great Britain. The cause may have been that he has no book rights in this country, and the effect may have been to aid him in securing the laureateship.—Boston Journal.

NEWSA TRIFLES.
A journal devoted to the interests of the pen, ink and paper trade claims that the world uses 3,500,000 steel pens daily.

Ancient coins, many of which antedate the Christian era, are made in large quantities in London and are sold all over the world.

The average duration of human life in European countries is greatest in Sweden and Norway and lowest in Italy and Austria.

The Bulgarian troops constantly sing on the march, like the Russians, with whom the singing almost takes the place of drums and trumpets.

It is claimed that 21,000,000 gallons of champagne are drunk every year. England heads the list of countries, with America in the second place.

Ohio has five and one-half times and Illinois five and four-fifths times the inhabitants of Maine, but Maine has more saving banks depositors than either.

That one deer does duty in many an adventure is proved by the fact that a deer shot in Weld, Me., the other day was carrying eleven bullets in its body.

The last census shows that while in twenty years the increase of men in all industries has been 150 per cent, the increase of women at work has been 1,500 per cent.

Since the cold weather began one Connecticut hardware factory has received orders for 30,000 pairs of skates. The factory will have to run night and day to fill them.

A Kennebec, Me., man was shoveling gravel out of a bank into his wagon the other day, and was naturally a little surprised when he shoveled a woodchuck into the cart with a spadeful of gravel.

The United States and Spain.
It is twenty-three years ago since we had serious trouble with Spain over Cuba, where then, as now, a revolution was in progress. An American steamer, the *Virginius*, was seized and her crew, many of whom were American citizens, were tried and condemned by a court martial and summarily shot. When the news reached this country the government at Washington demanded the immediate release of the *Virginius*, and as Spain was at first dilatory in complying with the demand there was serious talk of war between the two countries. Finally the matter was amicably settled, and from that time up to a few days ago the two countries have maintained the friendliest relations.—New York Irish World.

A Trinity of Evils.
Billiousness, sick headache and irregularity of the bowels accompany each other. To the removal of this trinity of evils Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is especially adapted. It also cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, malarial complaints, billiousness, nervousness and constipation. The most satisfactory results follow a fair trial. Use it daily.

A Nursery Dish.
An appetizing and healthful "good night" lunch for the children may be made of the scraps of nice clean bread. Put the bits, thick and thin, in a baking pan in the oven, where they will brown evenly and lightly clear through. When a light brown and crisp to the center, roll on a clean table or cloth with the rolling pin until it is a fine "grit." Bottle and keep dry. A tablespoonful or two in good, rich milk, makes a light palatable and digestible supper for anybody.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Proprs. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A temptation resisted, is a foe overcome. A roaring lion may sometimes be one that has no teeth. It would spoil nine men out of ten, to let them have their own way for a month.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine, Cure for Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Good fortune does not always ride in a gold-mounted carriage. Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Allright, Millfield, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

Every man feels the need of a good natured woman to grumble to. He who can laugh at himself, may laugh much.

Half Fare Excursions via the Wabash, the short line to St. Louis, and quick route East or South.

April 21st and May 6th. 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 2d. 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.

Putting a crown on the head, puts nothing kingly in the heart.



Picking up Knowledge

Is easy enough if you look for it in the right place. This is the right place to learn just what to do for that debilitating condition which Spring always brings. Do you want to be cured of that languid feeling, get back your appetite, sleep soundly, and feel like a new man?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do it. It has done it for thousands. It has been doing it for 50 years. Try it.

Send for the "Curebook," 100 pages free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Just as Good" never yet equalled the

S. H. & M. REGISTERED TRADE MARK. BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING.

Simply refuse the "just as good" sort. If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Sample showing fabric and materials mailed free. "Home Dressmaking," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to put on Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings sent for 25c, postage paid.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699 N. Y. City.
One of the health-giving elements of HIRE'S Rootbeer is sarsaparilla. It contains more sarsaparilla than many of the preparations called by that name. HIRE'S—the best by any test.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 3c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold every where.
LINDSEY-OMAHA-RUBBERS!

Is a prize fighter and champion in every contest with
57 JACOBS OIL
RHEUMATIC PAINS
It knocks out in every round, and on its belt is written "I CURE"



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The only brand of strictly high-grade tobacco ever sold for a low price. Not the large size of the piece alone that has made "Battle Ax" the most popular brand on the market for 5 cents, QUALITY; SIZE; PRICE.