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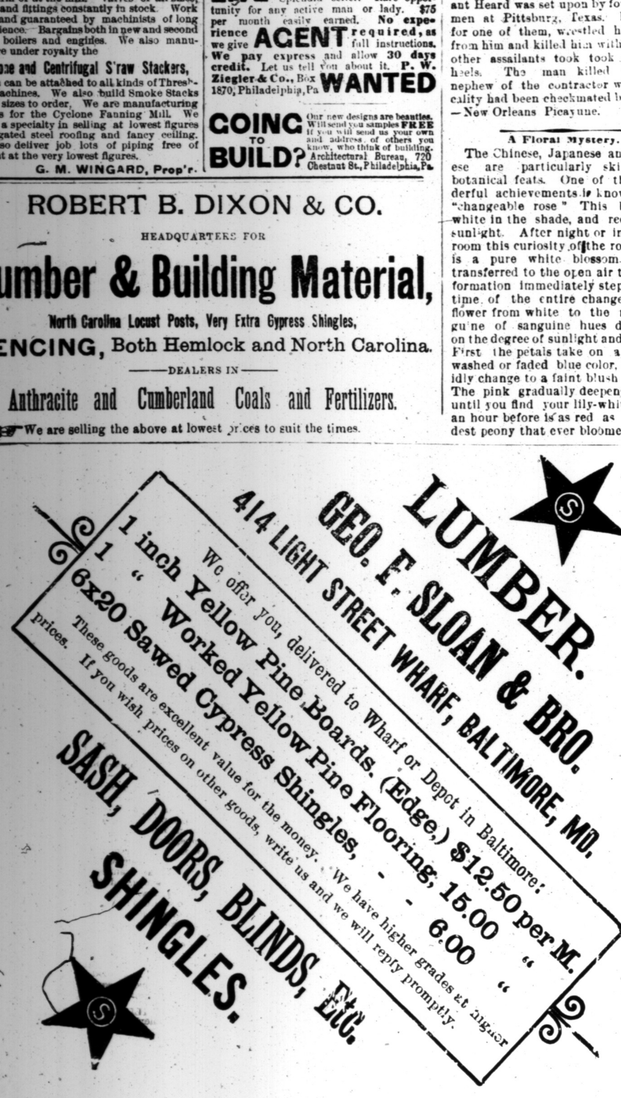


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POPULAR SCIENCE.

The herring is the most prolific of fish.

A scientific exploring expedition to Madagascar will soon leave London.

Best steel castings made for the United States Navy has a tenacity of 65,000 to 75,000 pounds to the square inch.

The meteorologists tell us that the high cirrus clouds even on the hottest summer days are wholly composed of fine crystal soft snow.

Thousands of answers have been received by the Smithsonian Institution to the offer of $10,000 for a treatise embodying some new discovery in regard to air.

In boring an artesian well at Eureka, Cal., they found charred wood at a depth of 600 feet, and at 580 took out shells and a portion of a skeleton of a bird.

Data deducted from 100 consecutive observations made on the apex of the Eiffel Tower prove that the velocity of the wind at that height is nearly four times as great as at the surface.

Some unknown mineral in the ore treated at the smelting works at Ward, Nev., changes the color of the beard and hair of the workmen until they appear to have green glass adornments on both head and face.

An English carriage building firm has built a number of vehicles illuminated inside and out by electricity. Storage or primary batteries are placed under the seats, and the lamp is fitted to the end of the wire connecting with the batteries.

The protection afforded to the earth by snow is shown by Ebermayer in the "Influence of Frosts." In one instance, the temperature of the air above the snow was six degrees below zero; under the snow the thermometer stood at thirty-three degrees.

Major Powell estimates that the evaporation from reservoirs varies from fifty to 100 inches annually. This loss reduces the amount for irrigation or other purposes that can be depended upon by about thirty per cent. The more humid the section the less the loss.

A foreign scientific journal gives the results of some recent experiments upon the vocal chords which will prove interesting to singers. A baritone who wished to become a tenor succeeded by taking a course of inhalations, beginning with benzine, going on to cafeine and chloroform and ending with curacoa; while the voice was deepened by using volatilized Norwegian tar.

The erection of immense iron structures and the enlarged use of iron for outdoor construction is attracting the attention of engineers and scientists, because of the electrolytic effects on the iron. Paints, generally, do not preserve the iron, and probably the best coating is made from a solution of asphalt and bisulphide of carbon. Sir W. Thompson advises that metal structures be connected by wires with a ball of zinc buried in moist earth.

Has Nerve and Integrity.

The following story is told about Lieutenant John W. Heard, of the Third Cavalry, who is one of the best shots in the army, and has a reputation for personal bravery which is second to none: Some time ago he was detailed as quartermaster at Fort Thomas, Arizona, where for a good while there had been an enormous lot of swindling going on and several quartermasters had made a wreck of their reputations. The contractors had had their own way for a long time, and imagined that the new management would be like the old. Bids were sent in and contracts at a certain figure were awarded for supplies, when one day Lieutenant Heard discovered that the papers setting forth the goods and figures bid by one of the contractors were missing. He instituted an inquiry and found that the papers were in the hands of the contractor. The quartermaster at once rode to town, and seeking the contractor's office demanded the papers. The contractor, smiling, refused to surrender them, telling the lieutenant that he would be taken care of in the matter. In a moment he was looking down the barrel of Lieutenant Heard's pistol. "Give me the papers," commanded the quartermaster sternly. The contractor delivered them up with all convenient haste, and Heard took them back to the post and found that they had been altered so as to defraud the Government out of thousands of dollars. A short time after Lieutenant Heard was set upon by four armed men at Pittsburg, Texas. He made for one of them, wrestled his pistol from him and killed him with it. The other assailants took to their heels. The man killed was the nephew of the contractor whose rascality had been checkmated by Heard.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Floral Mystery.

The Chinese, Japanese and Siamese are particularly skillful at botanical feats. One of their wonderful achievements is known as the "changeable rose." This bloom is white in the shade, and red in the sunlight. After night or in a dark room this curiosity of the rose family is a pure white blossom. When transferred to the open air the transformation immediately steps in, the time of the entire change of the flower from white to the most sanguine of sanguine hues depending on the degree of sunlight and warmth. First the petals take on a kind of washed or faded blue color, and rapidly change to a faint blush of pink. The pink gradually deepens in hue until you find your lily-white rose of an hour before is as red as the reddest peony that ever bloomed.

Democracy and Farm Prices.

Speaking of the extraordinary low prices for wheat and cotton, the New York Tribune says: Democratic change has made business bad, and that inevitably makes prices lower than they otherwise might be. When millions of working people are obliged to buy less food and clothing, or less expensive articles, it cannot be expected that prices of wheat or cotton will be strongly supported. The obvious difficulty is that there are too large crops, but the distinct tendency, if not the declared purpose, of the Democratic party and its policy is to turn the people out of some branches of manufacture, and thus to increase the number of those who are obliged to depend upon agriculture, and particularly upon wheat and cotton growing for a livelihood. Thus in many ways the Democratic policy tends very directly to depress prices of the great farm staples, both by stimulating larger production of them and by lessening the domestic demand for consumption.

The cotton producers of the South, as well as the wool producers of the North, feel the effects of a prolonged depression in manufactures. Wool sold last July at the lowest average ever known in this country, and although there was a little recovery in August the average is now less than five per cent. above the lowest. The consumption in this country does not yet appear to be more than sixty per cent. of the full consumption attained in 1892, and the fall of thirty-six per cent. in average price is a natural result. The decrease in consumption of cotton is not relatively as great, nor is it exactly known, but it is certainly great enough to account for much decline in price irrespective of the production.

The growers of cotton and wheat have reason to think of these things seriously this year, because it rests largely with them to uphold or to defeat the policy of the party in power. It is for them to decide, first of all, whether they want a policy which prostrates the general business of the country, or which so stimulates it that in October, 1892, it was greater than ever before. Next, they have to consider whether, irrespective of the general progress, they desire to have more people driven into agriculture, and so into the production of cotton and wheat, by the closing of many hundred factories and mills, furnaces and mines, which protective duties have made it possible to open and keep in operation. The farmers, if they see things rightly, would feel that it is of the last importance to them that the number of persons who consume their products, being engaged in other avocations, shall increase faster than the number of the products of farms. Finally, they have to consider whether the encouragement which the protective tariff gives to manufactures of cotton and wool, leather and other products which come originally from the farms, is not essential to the maintenance of an adequate market for those products.

Wilson's Deliberate Falsehood.

That a member of the American Congress should stand up in a British audience and deliberately utter grossest falsehoods about his own country, malign its industries, misrepresent its workers and belie its condition is a fact as disgraceful to the man guilty of such falsity and treachery as it is humiliating to the people whom he betrays and misrepresents. At the dinner given to Congressman Wilson in London by the British free traders in gratitude for the injury which the Democratic Congress, under Wilson's leadership, has done to American industries and American labor for the benefit of British industries and British labor, Mr. Wilson stated a deliberate falsehood which is reported as follows by cable:

"Not only is our production of cotton and food products growing more rapidly than our consumption, but we have to-day a manufacturing plant which, if it will expand, can in six months fully meet our demands for a year."

This statement is false, and Mr. Wilson when he uttered it knew it to be false. The manufacturing plant of this country was not more than sufficient to supply the actual needs of the people when a Republican tariff law gave genuine protection to American industry. Not only was the American manufacturing plant not more than sufficient to supply American consumption two years ago, but it was actually insufficient. Every manufacturing establishment was active, every person who wanted work was employed and new manufacturing establishments were being projected to supply the increasing demand created by the increasing prosperity of American labor. To clinch the falsity of Mr. Wilson's statement it may be added that two years ago this country was importing foreign manufacturing industries and plants to America to supply the needs of the American people, and that in spite of the stupendous product of American workshops there was imported and entered for consumption in 1892 competitive dutiable foreign merchandise valued at more than $155,000,000.

Then came the blight of Clevelandism and of Wilsonism. With the opening of the Democratic attack on the tariff American industry was paralyzed, multitudes were thrown out of employment, the people had no money to buy goods and the demand for manufactures fell off in proportion to the growth of distress. The Democratic tariff has since opened the barriers to a flood of foreign importations, and with goods made by foreign labor filling our markets the consumption of goods made by American labor is, of course, proportionately diminished. These facts are known to every one. They are written in the misery, the tears, the privation and destitution of millions of American families. That an American Congressman should gloat over such a situation is evidence that he is in effect a traitor to the interests of his native land, and either blind to the truth or indifferent to the sufferings of his fellow countrymen, whom he and his associates have robbed of an opportunity to support their families.—New York Press.

Effect on Foreign Trade.

It is claimed that the protective policy of the Republican party stimulates to over production all lines of goods thus protected, breaking down our markets and preventing the export of American commodities. Both of these claims are those to be false by our foreign trade under the McKinley tariff. In 1892 we exported $1,015,732,000 of American products, nearly $160,000,000 of which was from our factories. These exports, both of products and manufactured goods, were the largest ever made. Our imports in 1892 were $827,402,000, being the greatest in our history, and most of which was manufactured or partly manufactured goods imported to supply the demand in a market which the free traders claim was already oversupplied by our over-stimulated protected industries.

No Wonder.

During the first sixteen months of President Harrison's administration the receipts of Government were $110,595,414 more than during the first sixteen months of the present administration. No wonder we have to borrow money and increase the National debt.

They Fear His Pen.

The secretary bird of South Africa can whip any snake of twice its size, and Stanley says the reptiles crawl away from this bird's shadow in wild fear.

EDMUNDS ON THE ISSUES.

The Vermont Statesman Shows Up the Faults of the New Tariff.

At a dinner of the Norfolk Club in Boston ex-Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, spoke on political issues. He said, substantially:

"When we see in the Western States disorder, tumult and organized crime, we will find it comes from that organization of which we have heard so much about during the past year. The people concerned are the people mostly not born in this country, and whose citizenship is due to lax naturalization laws and lax administration of the same. Of these people, probably three-quarters are not naturalized, or never will be, and never ought to be.

"One mission of the Republican party in the future, come good or come ill for the time being, is to stand for the improvement of naturalization laws and their proper administration. The United States, in respect to these laws, will not merely be the camping ground of the people of other countries. There should be no Irish-Americans, German-Americans or Swedish-Americans, but there will be American-Irish, American-Germans and American-Swedes."

Speaking of foreign interests, the Senator said: "When General Harrison went out of office and cold water was for a second time thrown on the Republican project to construct the Nicaragua Canal, I think I have the right to say the Democratic party stood in the way of the most obvious promotion of its widest and best National interests."

Of the tariff, Mr. Edmuds said: "The reciprocity portion of the McKinley tariff was a reciprocity of exchange, and not of competition, like that of Canada, which produces the same as this country. The work of reciprocity of exchange gradually extended our trade to other countries hitherto controlled by the commerce of Great Britain and European Nations, but with one sweep of the pen this has been destroyed. After the new tariff was announced all countries immediately withdrew from the commercial arrangement with the United States, and now American exports have to pay the old-fashioned duty. When the Democratic Congress reduced the duty on coffee, in order to cheapen the poor man's breakfast table, the shippers at Rio raised the price the amount of the decrease as soon as the wires could convey the order.

"I don't think it could have been possible that a tariff could have been put in operation by all our competitors that would have worked more favorably to foreign interests. When this Democratic tariff performance was made manifest, wool in London, the great wool market of the world, immediately rose, and when wool goes up in London our manufacturing friends can tell you how much cheaper we can get it here.

"We have a Constitution which commands the President to sign a bill if he approves of it or to exercise the veto if he does not approve of it, and send it back. President Cleveland failed grievously in his bravest and manful duty in not treating that bill as it deserved to be treated."

An Astonishing Rebuke for Cleveland.

An astonishing rebuke has been administered to President Cleveland in the mutilation of the "Democratic Campaign Book," in order to expunge his famous letters to Representatives Wilson and Catchings. He need not be downcast, however. The Republican managers and the Republican press will not permit the country to forget those notable letters. They are chock full of first-class campaign matter for the Republican party, and will be certain to have [illegible] attention. "Party perfidy and party dishonor," "the communism of pelf" and "the deadly blight of treason blasting the counsels of the brave" are too good things to lose. They will not be lost.

Something Good.

To make our own troubles the means of help to the troubles of others is a noble effort for good. A well illustrated instance of this kind we recently had brought to us from Mr. Enoch L. Hanscom, School Agent, Marshfield, Me., an old Union Soldier. He says: "I may do somebody some good to state, I am a man of 63 and when 49 had a bad kind of Rheumatism set in. I was lame three years and very bad most of the time. I got St. Jacobs Oil and put it on three times and it made a cure. I am now in good health."

By a new process of electro-photography a person's internal organs may be photographed.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O
☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The electric light has been introduced into the large villages of far-off Afghanistan.

When Nature

needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Bacteria can exist in all fluids, acids and alkalies.

Are You Happy?

The man or woman who is profitably employed is generally happy. If you are not happy it may be because you have not found your proper work. We earnestly urge all such persons to write to R. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they can show you a work in which you can be happily and profitably employed.

By a new process wool is rendered fireproof.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

It would puzzle an onion to understand what there is about a rose that people like.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts. $1

The cynicism of some people seems to be a desire to make bright remarks.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Do not waste all your time explaining why others do not succeed.

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

The closer you get to a great man the smaller he looks.

Excelled by None

"For some years I have been a severe sufferer from Rheumatism. So much so that I could not attend to my business and was confined to the house for weeks at a time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and have constantly improved since. I commenced to take the medicine. I am now well and strong again. Hood's Sarsaparilla is truly excelled by none." C. F. KING, Verona, N. J. Remember
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Be Sure to get Hood's Cures
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Oarsmen Defeated."

TEXT: "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."—Jonah i., 13, 14.

Navigation in the Mediterranean Sea always was perilous, especially so in early times. Vessels were propelled partly by sail and partly by oar. When, by reason of great stress of weather, it was necessary to reef the canvas or haul it in, then the vessel was entirely dependent upon the oars, sometimes twenty or thirty of them on either side of the vessel. You would not venture outside your harbor with such a craft as my text finds Jonah sailing in, but he had not much choice of vessels. He was running away from the Lord, and when a man is running away from the Lord he has a run very fast.

God had told Jonah to go to Nineveh to preach about the destruction of that city. Jonah disobeyed. That always makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean, or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Caspian Sea. It is a very hard thing to scare sailors. I have seen them, when the brow of the vessel was almost under water, and they were walking the deck knee deep in the surf, and the small boats by the side of the vessel had been crushed as small as kindling wood, whistling as though nothing had happened. But the Bible says that these mariners of whom I speak were frightened.

That which sailors call "a lump of a sea" has become a blinding, deafening, swamping fury. How mad the wind can get at the water, and the water can get at the wind, you do not know unless you have been spectators. I have in my house a piece of the sail of a ship, no larger than the palm of my hand. That piece of canvas was all that was left of the largest sail of the ship Greece, that went into the storm 200 miles off Newfoundland. Oh, what a night that was! I suppose it was in some such storm as this that Jonah was caught.

He knew that the tempest was on his account, and he asked the sailors to throw him overboard. Sailors are a generous hearted race, and they resolved to make their escape, if possible, without resorting to such extreme measures. The sails are of no use, and so they lay hold on their oars. I see the long bank of shining blades on either side the vessel. Oh, how they did pull, the bronzed seamen, as they lay back into the oars! But rowing on the sea is very different from rowing upon a river, as last the vessel hoists the oars skip the wave and miss the stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn the frail paddles. It is of no use, no use. There comes a wave that crashes the last mast and sweeps the oarsmen from their places and tumbles everything in the confusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

This scene is very suggestive to me, and I pray God I may have grace and strength enough to represent it intelligently to you. Years ago I preached a sermon on another phase of this very subject, and I got a letter from Houston, Tex., the writer saying that the reading of that sermon in London had led him to God. And I received another letter from South Australia, saying that the reading of that sermon in Australia had brought several souls to Christ. And then, I thought why not now take another phase of the same subject, for perhaps that God who can raise in power that which is sown in weakness may now, through another phase of the same subject, bring salvation to the people who shall hear and salvation to the people who shall read. Men and women who know how to pray, lay hold on the Lord God Almighty, and wrestle for the blessing.

Bishop Latimer would stop sometimes in his sermon, in the midst of his argument, and say, "Now, I will tell you a fable," and to-day I would like to bring the scene of the text as an illustration of a most important religious truth. As those Mediterranean oarsmen trying to bring Jonah ashore are discomfited, I have to tell you that they were not the only men who have broken down on their paddles and have been obliged to call on the Lord for help. I want to say that the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts we are making to bring souls to the shore of safety and set their feet on the Rock of Ages. You have a father or mother or husband or wife or child or near friend who is not a Christian. There have been times when you have been in agony about their salvation.

A minister of Christ, whose wife was dying without any hope in Jesus, walked the floor, wrung his hands, cried bitterly and said, "I believe in the Lord, but I do not believe I am not prepared to meet God." And there, may have been days of sickness in your household, when you feared it would be a fatal sickness, and how closely you examined the face of the doctor as he came in and sat at the bedside of your child to feel the pulse, and you followed him into the next room and said, "There isn't any danger, is there, doctor?" And the hesitation and the uncertainty of the reply made two eternities flash before your vision. And then you went and talked to the sick one about the great future. Oh, there are those here who have tried to bring their friends to God! They have been unable to bring them to the shore of safety. They are no nearer that point than they were twenty years ago. You think you have got them almost to the shore, when you are swept back again. Worst than you did? Put down the oar? Oh, no, I do not advise that, but I do advise that you appeal to that God to whom the Mediterranean oarsmen appealed—the God who could still save the storm-tossed and bring the ship safely to the port! I tell you, my friends, that there has got to be a good deal of praying for our children and our friends before Christ. Ah, it is an awful thing to have half a household on one side the line and the other part of the household on the other side of the line! Two vessels part on the ocean of eternity, one going to the right and the other to the left—farther apart and farther apart—until the signals cease to be recognized and there are only two specks on the horizon, and then they are lost to sight forever.

I have to tell you that the unavailing efforts of these Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts some of us are making to bring our children to the shore of safety. There never were so many temptations for young people as there are now. The literary and the social influences seem to be against their spiritual interests. Christ seems to be driven almost entirely from the school and the pleasurable concourse, yet God knows how anxious we are for our children. We cannot think of going into heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? Would it be the son? Would it be his daughter? Would it be the eldest? Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is well and stout or the one that is sick? Oh, I hear some parent saying tonight: "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat, and I have pulled for their eternal rescue, but I can't get them to Christ." Then I ask you to imitate the men of the text and cry mightily unto God. We want more importunate praying for children, such as the father in Nigel in when he had tried to bring his six sons to Christ and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down in his prayers and said, "O God, take away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ," and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fled unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal welfare of his children! He prayed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried unto the Lord.

There are parents who are almost discouraged about their children. Where is your son to-night? He has wandered off perhaps to the ends of the earth. It seems as if he cannot get far enough away from your Christian counsel. What does he care about the furrows that come to your brow, about the quick whitening of the hair, about the fact that your back begins to stoop with the burdens? Why, he would not care much if he heard you were dead! The black-edged letter that brought the tidings he would put in the same package with other letters telling the story of his shame. What are you going to do? Both paddles broken at the middle of the blade, how can you pull him ashore? I throw you one oar now with which I believe you can bring him to harbor. It is the glorious promise, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." Oh, broken-hearted father and mother, you have tried everything else; now make an appeal for the help and omnipotence of the covenant keeping God, and perhaps at your next family gathering—perhaps on Thanksgiving Day, perhaps next Christmas Day—the prodigal may be home, and if you crowd on his plate more luxuries than on any other plate at the table I am sure the brothers will not be jealous, but they will wake up all the music in the house, "because the dead is alive again and he was lost is found." Perhaps your prayers have been answered already. The vessel may be coming homeward, and by the light of this night's stars that absent son may be pacing the deck of the ship, anxious for the time to come when he can throw his arm around your neck and ask for forgiveness for that he has been wringing your old heart so long. Glorious reunion, that will be too sacred for outsiders to look upon, but I would just like to look through the window when you have all got together again and are seated at the banquet.

Though parents may in covenant be
And have their heaven in view.
They are not happy till they see
Their all rejoicing too.

Again, I remark that the unavailing effort of the Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in the effort which we are making to bring this world back to God, His pardon and safety. If this world could have been saved by human effort, it would have been done long ago. John Howard took hold of one oar, and Carey took hold of another oar, and Abraham Judson took hold of another oar, and Luther took hold of another oar, and John Knox took hold of another oar and they pulled until they fell back dead from the exhaustion. Some dropped in the ashes of martyrdom, some on the scalping knives of savages and some into the plague struck room of the lazaretto, and still the chains are not broken, and still the despots are not demolished, and still the world is unsaved. What then? Put down the oars and make no effort? I do not advise that. But I want you, Christian brethren, to understand that the church, and the school and the college, and the missionary society are only the instrumentalities, and if this work is ever done at all God must do it, and He will do it in answer to our prayer. "They rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

Again, the unavailing effort of those Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in every man that is trying to row his own soul into safety. When the eternal spirit flashes upon us our condition, we try to save ourselves. We say, "Give me a stout oar for my right hand, give me a stout oar for my left hand, and I will pull myself into safety." No. A wave of sin comes and dashes you one way, and a wave of temptation comes and dashes you in another way, and there are plenty of rocks on which to foun ter, but seemingly no harbor into which to sail. Sin must be thrown overboard, or we must perish. There are men who have tried for years to become Christians. They believe all I say in regard to a future world. They believe that religion is the first, the last, the infinite necessity. They do everything but trust in Christ. They make sixty strokes in a minute. They bend forward with all earnestness, and then lie back until the muscles are distended, and yet they have not made one inch in ten years toward heaven. What is the reason? That is not the way to go to work. You might as well take a frail skiff and put it down at the foot of Niagara and then head it up toward the churning thunderbolt of waters and expect to work your way up through the lightning of the foam into calm Lake Erie as for you to try to pull yourself through the surf of your sin into the hope and pardon and placidity of the gospel. You cannot do it in that way. Sin is a rough sea, and longboat, yawl, pinnace and gondola go down unless the Lord deliver, but if you will cry to Christ and lay hold of divine mercy you are as safe from eternal condemnation as though you had been twenty years in heaven.

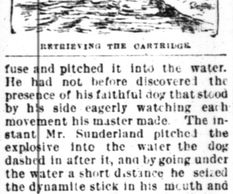
But glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our shipwrecked and dying condition and put us on the shoulder of His strength, and by the omnipotence of His gospel bear us on through all the journey of this life and at last through the opening gates of heaven! He is mighty to save. Though your sin be long and black and inexcusable and outrageous, the very moment you believe I will proclaim pardon—quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitible, infinite. Oh, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders, lashed fast to each other, that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the anchor until all the cables of the earth are exhausted, that we may touch the depth. Let the archangel fly in circuit of eternal ages in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the grace of God! It is so high. It is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to my God, that where man's oar gives out God's arm begins! Why will ye carry your sins and your sorrows any longer when Christ offers to take them? Why will you wrestle down your fears when this moment you might give up and be saved? Do you not know that everything is ready?

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of His love on all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in race of sin, take the rope of Christ. Ye who are swamped by the breakers around you, cry to Christ to pilot you into smooth, still waters. On account of the peculiar phase of the subject I have drawn my present illustrations, you see, chiefly from the water. I remember that a vessel went to pieces on the Bermudas a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board. But, the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had passed a company of adventurers went out from England, and after a long voyage they reached the place where the vessel was said to have sunk. They got into a small boat and hovered over the place. Then the divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasures rolled out—what was found afterward to be, in American money, worth $1,500,000, and the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world rejoiced over what was called the luck of these adventurers. O, ye who have been rowing toward the shore and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you to-night that your boat hovers over infinite treasure! All the riches of God are at your feet—treasures that never fail and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down now and seek them? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will be prepared for life, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? See two bands of blood stretched out toward thy soul as Jesus says, "Come to me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

DOG CAUGHT THE DYNAMITE.

Remarkable Result of an Indiana Farmer's Experience in Carp Fishing.

Farmer Sunderland, residing in Henry County, had an exciting experience while experimenting on the result of exploding dynamite in his fish pond in an effort to capture some of the big carp, writes a Muncie, Ind., correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He took a stick of the explosive, lighted a match to the


RETRIEVING THE CARTRIDGE.

fuse and pitched it into the water. He had not before discovered the presence of his faithful dog that stood by his side eagerly watching each movement his master made. The instant Mr. Sunderland pitched the explosive into the water the dog dashed in after it, and by going under the water a short distance he seized the dynamite stick in his mouth and swam to shore. He considered it a repetition of the same sport he had often before enjoyed, and his idea was to return the object to his master.

Mr. Sunderland quickly discovered that this would never do, and he ran to a fence near by, with the dog close on to him with the dangerous stuff in his mouth. John succeeded in getting on the fence, and would likely have been blown to atoms had not the explosion occurred before the dog got dangerously close. As it was, a big hole was torn out of the earth and the fence blown down for rods near by, but the man was not seriously injured. The dog needed no funeral, as not enough of him could be found to make a decent grease spot. Mr. Sunderland will satisfy himself with hook and line in the future.

COL. CHARLES DENBY.

The United States Minister to China a Personage of More Than Ordinary Interest.

The war between Japan and China has made Col. Charles Denby, United States Minister to China, a personage of more than ordinary interest. Col. Denby was born in Virginia about 68 years ago, and educated at Georgetown College and at the Virginia Military Institute. In 1853 he began studying law, was admitted to the bar, and in 1856 was sent to the Legislature. Although a Virginian he espoused the cause of the Union when the war broke out, and became Colonel of the Eighteenth Indiana Regiment. In 1863 he resigned and for twenty-two years devoted himself to the practice of law. In 1885 he was appointed Minister to China and has held the office ever since.


CHARLES DENBY.

Making Money.

A scientist suggests the use of an alloy of gold and aluminum for the making of money. He says that counterfeiting would be almost impossible, as the only alloy which can be made successfully consists of 78 parts of gold to 22 of aluminum. The product is said to be of a beautiful purple color, with ruby reflections that