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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The All Seeing."

TEXT: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"—Psalm xciv., 9.

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"Oh, how lofty are their eyes!" Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivetic sermon—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face, but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, He would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for forty years that some scientist with enough eloquence and magnetism did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on canvas thirty feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities, and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygomaxillary fissures, and the sclerotics, and the chiasma of the optic nerve, and in common parlance which you and I and everybody can understand present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our organ is and what we were. Oh, if some one should come forth from the dissecting table and from the classroom of the university and take platform, and asting the help of the Creator, demonstrate the wonders of what we are!

If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text it is only to bring out in a manner way the theological lessons at the latter part of my text. "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it excels all others in structure and in adaptation. The eyes of fish and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things, because they have not much to do. There are insects with 100 eyes, but the 100 eyes have less faculty than the human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under water and two eyes above the water, but the four insectile are not equal to the two human. Man, placed at the head of all living creatures, must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky have only a undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which, if through some crevice of the mountain they should get into the sunlight, might be developed into positive eyesight. In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God, without any consultation, created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when he was about to make man he called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a called a convention of divinity to create man I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before He created it. He cried, until chaos was irradiated with the utterance, "Let there be light!" In other words, before He introduced man into this temple of the world He illuminated it, prepared it for the eyesight. And so, after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fall, and the sun is to cease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the human eyes are no more to be profited by their shining, the chandeliers of heaven are to be turned out. God, to eliminate and to bless and to help the human eye, set in the mantel of heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day and the other for the night. To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes, seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eye are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God hoppers the eyes when He made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them and the rain dashing against the forehead should not drip into them. The eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left, so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek, instead of striking into this divinely protected human eyesight. See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters, the eyelids opening and closing 33, 00 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, going to the dust.

"Stay out," and saying to the light, "Come in." For inside curtains the iris, or pupil of the eye, contracting as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating.

The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye so marvelously constructed can see both by day and by night. Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye so marvelously constructed has one muscle to lift the eye, and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round—an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them. There also is the retina, gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve, about the thickness of a large pin—passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite camera, what a combination, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye! The eye, washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling impercessibly on the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril. A contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun, 95,000,000 miles away, and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus. The microscopist moves this magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work, but the human eye, without a touch, beholds the star and the ewalled insect. The traveler among the Alps, with one glance taking in Mont Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it.

Oh, this wonderful camera obscura which you and I carry about with us, so to-day we can take in our friends, so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light coming 95,000,000 of miles at the rate of 200,000 miles a second is obliged to bait at the gate of the eye, waiting for admission until the portcullis be lifted. Something hurled 95,000,000 of miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke! There also is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland, by which the eye is washed, and from which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands, and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh, the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye! Divinely constructed vision! Two lighthouses at the harbor of the immortal soul, under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor! What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen it flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips.

The eyes of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermon. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblages with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye the tiger, with five times a man's strength, snarls back into the African jungle. But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, and he said to his servant: "What shall I pay you in, money or in lands? Anything you ask me. I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the Emperor urged and urged again the matter he said, "Oh, Emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye!" Alas for those for whom a thick and impenetrable veil is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred. That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway, and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch, when you can't see?" "Ah," said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness, and not run me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out by the Philistines, is more helpless than the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when He saw Bartimeus with darkened retina, and the only salve He ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and saliva and a prayer, with which He cured the eyes of a man blind from his nativity. The value of the eye is shown as much by its catastrophe as by its healthful action. Ask the man who for twenty years has not seen the sun rise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of a friend. Ask in the hospital the victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in a powder blast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ or the man born blind who is to die blind. Ask him.

This morning, in my imperfect way, I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the divine revelations, the apocalypses of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of a God, to cry out in your ears the words of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spectroscope? Shall Swammerdan not know as much as his microscope? Shall Dr. Hooke not know as much as his micrometer? Shall the thing formed know more than its master? "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the center of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangel, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the habitants of other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments enough to descry them; perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to descry us. The mole cannot see the eagle mid sky, but the eagle mid sky can see the mole mid grass. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world, but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black scarfs of our obsequies.

It passes out from the guess into the positive when we are told in the Bible that the inhabitants of other worlds do come as convoy to this. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation? But human inspection, and angelic inspection, and stellar inspection, and lunar inspection, and solar inspection are tame compared with the thought of divine inspection. "You converted me twenty years ago," said a black man to my father. "How so?" said my father. "Twenty years ago," said the other, "in the old schoolhouse prayer meeting at Bound Brook you said in your prayer, 'Thou, God, seest me,' and I had no peace under the eye of God until I became a Christian." Hear it. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." "His eyelids try the children of men." "His eyes were as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee with Mine eye." Oh, the eye of God, so full of pity, so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion, so full of mercy! How it pears through the darkness! How it punishes the day! How it glares upon the offender! How it beams on the penitent soul! Talk about the human eye as being indescribably wonderful! How much more wonderful the great, searching, overwhelming eye of God! All eternity past and all eternity to come on that retina.

The eyes with which we look into each other's face to-day suggest it. It stands written twice on your face and twice on mine, unless through casualty one or both have been obliterated. "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" Oh, the eye of God! It sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathize with them. If we fight Him back, the eye of an antagonist. If we ask His grace, the eye of an everlasting friend. You often find in a book or manuscript a star calling your attention to a footnote explanation. That star the printer calls an asterisk. But all the stars of the night are asterisks calling your attention to God—an all observing God. Our every nerve a divine handwriting. Our every muscle a pulley divinely swung. Our every bone sculptured with divine suggestion. Our every eye a reflection of the divine eye. God above us, and God beneath us, and God before us, and God behind us, and God within us.

What a stupendous thing to live! What a stupendous thing to die! No such thing as hidden transgression. A dramatic advocate in olden times, at night in a courtroom, persuaded of the innocence of his client charged with murder and of the guilt of the witness who was trying to swear the poor man's life away—that advocate took up two bright lamps and thrust them close up to the face of the witness and cried, "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, behold the murderer!" and the man, practically under that awful glare, confessed that he was the criminal instead of the man arraigned at the bar. Oh, my friends, our most hidden sin is under a brighter light than that. It is under the burning eye of God. It is not a blind giant stumbling through the heavens. He is not a blind monarch feeling for the step of His chariot. Are you wronged? He sees it. Are you poor? He sees it. Have you domestic perturbation of which the world knows nothing? He sees it. "Oh," you say, "my affairs are so insignificant I can't realize that God sees me and sees my affairs." Can you see the point of a pin? Can you see the eye of a needle? Can you see a mote in the sunbeam? And has God given you that power of minute observation, and does He not possess it Himself? "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

But you say: "God is in one world and I am in another world. He seems so far off from me I don't really think He sees what is going on in my life." Can you see the sun 95,000,000 miles away, and do you not think God has as prolonged vision? But you say, "There are phases of my life and there are colors—shades of color—in my annoyances and my vexations that I don't think God can understand." Does not God gather up all the colors and all the shades of color in the rainbow? And do you suppose there is any phase or any shade in your life He has not gathered up in His own heart? Besides that I want to tell you it will soon all be over, this struggle. That eye of yours, so exquisitely fashioned and strung, and hinged and roofed, will before long be closed in the last slumber. Loving hands will smooth down the silken fringes. So He giveth His beloved sleep. A legend of St. Protobert is that his mother was blind, and he was so sorely pitiful for the misfortune that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes, and by miraculeshe saw everything. But it is not a legend when I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the resurrection morn shall gloriously open. Oh, what a day that will be for those who were groping through this world under perpetual obscuration, or were dependent on the hand of a friend, or with an uncertain staff felt their way, and for the aged of dim sight about whom it may be said that "they which look out of the windows are darkened" when eternal daybreak comes in! What a beautiful epitaph that was for a tombstone in a European cemetery: "Here reposes in God, Katrina, a saint, eighty-five years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 10, 1840."

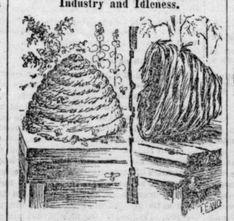
The "Robber Barons" Again.

We see nothing printed nowadays against those rascally "robber barons" who, a few years ago, were described by the free trade papers as existing merely for the pleasure of putting down the value of labor and robbing a wage earner of all that he possessed. Speaking of recent increases in wages, one of the muggiest of mugwump papers, the Springfield (Mass.) Republican has this to say:

"In all cases, we believe, the increase has been granted voluntarily, and it constitutes the most remarkable record of the kind ever known in our industrial history."

The manufacturers and other gentlemen who have recently been "voluntarily" adding to the income of their employes are the very same men who, in 1894, were described in a blackguardly way by this very same and other mugwump and free-trade sheets as the "robber barons" whose very existence even was a curse to the United States. Now that the "robber barons" are "voluntarily" increasing wages, these same scurrilous sheets regard their action as "the most remarkable record of the kind ever known in our industrial history." But when wages were advanced in 1892 they could only say that the employes had "robber barons" as their employers.

Industry and Idleness.


Protection. Free Trade.

The Kansas City Journal says that Justice Harlan "should have confined his animadversions to the proletariat." Here is a sentence which deserves solitary confinement.

THE "NECK OF TOIL."

HOW IT IS OPPRESSED BY THE "IRON HEEL OF CAPITAL."

One of Grover Cleveland's Idiotic Phrases Ridiculed by "The Sun"—The Frenzied Rhetoric of the Populist Leader Incited Labor Against Capital—Proven a Liar by Later Events.

It is pleasing and instructive to watch what Mr. Cleveland calls the "iron heel of capital" impinging on the "neck of toil." For several weeks now, at almost every industrial center in the country employers of labor have been raising the wages of their men. They have been doing it freely and unsolicited, under no sort of pressure from organized labor, and of their own volition merely. The reason is that business has revived, that the commercial outlook is full of encouragement, and that being able to improve wages they prefer to do so. Under like conditions the American employer has always done the same thing.

The converse of this proposition would appear to be that labor, when evil times overtake employers, should of its own initiative reduce wages. That is to say, labor should recognize the true nature of its relation to capital as promptly and as rationally as capital recognizes its relations and its obligation to labor. This is not a popular view of the subject, but it is common sense; and although labor does not admit the fact, it is the principle which determines the decrease in wages precisely as under other and opposite conditions it operates to raise wages.

When Mr. Cleveland started out to experiment with the tariff, and thereby plunged every manufacturing industry in the United States into such uncertainty that business could no longer be carried on with confidence or safety, the wage scale declined in every direction and ceased entirely in many. Every demagogue and every anarchistic newspaper in the country took the matter up. It was too good a chance to miss. The oppressors of labor were closing their mills or cutting down the wage scale with the merciless avarice that always marks the attitude of capital toward labor. Had not Mr. Cleveland called attention to the "scenes that were being enacted at Homestead" in the name of capital, and was it not a fitting time for every friend of toil to rally against the encroachments and extortions of the rich? Then there spread over the whole United States one vast tornado of frenzied rhetoric and unreasoning denunciation whereof the echoes died away only last spring. And now the objects of it all, or at least those who have survived the abuse and the injury heaped upon them, are emerging into the clearer air and resuming work with cheerfulness and amiability, and raising wages right and left wherever the opportunity offers.—New York Sun.

Only Six Billions Lost.

The business record of the United States, under the early periods of the McKinley and Gorman tariffs, is indicated by the bank clearings. These, as compiled by Bradstreet's, were for periods of ten months under each tariff, as follows:

BANK CLEARINGS.

Month.	September 1 to June 30, 1890-91.	1892-93.
September	$3,493,727,197	$4,900,338,442
October	4,228,287,559	5,705,989,912
November	4,103,494,261	5,336,361,851
December	4,142,445,018	4,742,561,901
January	4,366,874,055	4,930,037,393
February	3,884,515,518	4,791,922,512
March	4,408,436,199	4,158,859,257
April	4,282,322,992	4,784,267,021
May	4,337,189,327	4,736,646,344
June	4,381,785,081	4,312,805,387
Totals	$41,276,957,491	$47,423,785,174

During the first ten months of the McKinley tariff the aggregate of bank clearings in the United States was over six billion dollars greater than during the first ten months' operation of the Gorman tariff. This represents an average of $600,000,000 a month more business transacted during the McKinley tariff period than at present.

Tobacco-Weakened Resolutions.

Nerves irritated by tobacco, always craving for stimulants, explains why it is so hard to swear off. No-To-Bac is the only guaranteed tobacco habit cure because it acts directly on affected nerve centers, destroys irritation, promotes digestion and healthy, refreshing sleep. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days. You run no risk. No-To-Bac is sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Women talk better than men because they have more practice.

They Call It Overwork.

Business requires a clear head; yet how few business men—with all their sense—realize what is the trouble with their heads. They call it over-work, worry, anything but what it really is—*indigestion.* This stealthiest of ailments usually comes ill-defined as something else. Wouldn't you be convinced if a box of Ripans Tabules cleared your head and brightened up the business outlook?

Love is simple in sentiment and complex in action.

Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little; recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSTON, Eufaula, Ala.

Talk moves fast when the burden of thought is light.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1895.

A man's affection is regulated by his digestion.

Just How it Does it is Not the Question. It is enough to know that Hindercorns takes out corns, and a great relief it is. 15c. druggists.

Babies are the best educators of women.

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

The worry of the day had well.

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

Love is an infinite capacity for suffering.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Good advice is harder to take than bad.

"I Have Tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it," says a mother, and so will you when you know its revitalizing properties.

Nobody can help noticing the shortcomings of the man who is always behind time.

Summer Weakness
Is caused by thin, weak, impure blood. To have pure blood which will properly sustain your health and give nerve strength, take
Hood's Sarsaparilla
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
IMPERIAL GRANUM
IT IS
THE BEST
FOOD
FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN
JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The width of the Suez Canal is 825 feet.

The world's railroads reach 406,466 miles.

The modern system of fortification was adopted about 1500.

Women are not permitted to be photographed in China.

Immersion in sand, mud or water preserves wood for many centuries.

Every true Mohammedan endeavors to make at least one journey to Mecca

A Minnesota man has sued a barber for $500 damages for ruining his beard.

The length of the adult American wildcat is about three feet, of the tail seven inches.

There's an eighty-seven-year-old man in Eastport, Me., who is learning to ride a bicycle.

Tobacco seems to grow everywhere in this country. It is produced in forty-two States and Territories.

At Fort Yuma, Arizona, the thermometer frequently stands at 115, and when it drops to 100 the people put on their winter flannels.

A man in Unionville, Mo., claims that saltpetre is an infallible cure for snake bite, and cites personal experience in support of his claim.

About 1641 the apron was an indispensable part of every lady's dress. It was made of all sorts of costly materials and was generally bordered with fine lace.

A girl baby born the other day in Kokomo, Ind., is the fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter, a record which is thought to be unprecedented.

In South China the chopsticks are taxed, and a man who can prove that he has no chopsticks—that is, no reliable means of subsistence—may plead exempt from the capitation tax.

A piece of the Charter Oak Tree of Hartford, Conn., is to be made into a table, on which it is proposed to have the Governor of Utah sign the first bill passed by the Utah Legislature.

Japanese stockings are made with a separate compartment for the big toe, as the fastening of the sandal comes between that and the next. Few working people wear stockings at all.

Count Paul Chandon de Briailles, who died recently at Epernay, France, organized at his own expense an ambulance service of 600 beds during the war of 1870, thus saving Epernay from the severities of the German invasion.

A rattlesnake five feet long and having fourteen rattles was killed on Mount Washington, in the Berkshire Hills the other week. The man who killed it claims he has killed twenty-six other rattlesnakes in that vicinity recently.

Ex-President Harrison has a double in one of his personal friends, General A. H. Beech, of Wheeling, W. Va. His figure and stature, even to his eyes and the color of his hair, make him almost the counterpart of Mr. Harrison.

Fishing by Electric Light.

Eastern anglers are taking a leaf out of the book of the fishermen of the Pacific coast. It will be remembered that an enterprising Californian was the first in the country to utilize the idea of attacking fish by means of the electric light. He had the nets for his coast fishing studded with incandescent lamps, which were connected to the batteries in an accompanying boat. As soon as the nets were sunk the current was turned on and the incandescent filament drew fish from far and near, greatly surpassing in its effects on the hauling of the net the most irresistible of baits.

Now an Albany man has devised an "electrical net," which works very much after the same fashion, except that the light used is fixed above the water instead of below its surface. When the light is placed in position the nets are sets either to seaward of it or around it, flat upon the bottom. When the fish are drawn to the lamp a rubber which runs along the top of the net is inflated by a pump in the boat, the upper edge of the net will rise to the surface—the lower edge being held down by sinkers—and the fish are caught.

A New Yorker has made a modification of the California plan of using submerged lights. He simply puts a three-candle power lamp in a quart preserving jar, lowers it into the water, and runs it with a sewing machine battery. He recommends those who wish to follow his example not to spend $20 on a battery, but buy an electric headlook and, with three goblets securely fastened in a plain wooden box, make for themselves for about $2.50 a battery which works just as well. He says that night fishing becomes a very lively sport if the light is placed anywhere in the neighborhood of fish. They swim around and spend considerable time investigating, and when as their curiosity is satisfied they get down to business and discuss the baited hook which is dangling near by.—Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

A Midget Launch.

H. B. Weaver, the artist, has built a steam launch which he claims to be the smallest in the world. The length of the launch is nine feet, and it will carry three persons. The beam is thirty-two inches, and there is a nine-inch propeller. The engine, which, Mr. Weaver says, has been declared the smallest "marine engine in the world, is an exact pattern of those used on large steamers, and weighs only sixty-five pounds. The water and air pumps are concealed from view. The complete weight of the launch, with all equipments, is 175 pounds. Oak and cedar were used in the construction. It has secret drawers for storing brushes and materials used by an artist.

The launch and all equipments, including the engine, are the workmanship of Mr. Weaver, who is an expert mechanic as well as an artist. Mr. Weaver has been twenty years in building the launch, devoting his spare time to the work. He has named the boat Lizzie Weaver, in honor of his wife. Mr. Weaver is nearly seventy years of age, but is still active. He says he considers his launch perfectly seaworthy, and would not be afraid to sail on the ocean on it. He contemplates a trip as far as Cape Henry.—Baltimore American.

Trolley Parties.

Trolley parties have become amazingly popular in Philadelphia, and so great is the demand for cars to accommodate the excursionists that orders have to be booked several days ahead. Six or eight private excursions are run every fine evening from the city to some of the pleasant suburban places reached by the new electric lines that have in the past few months been built like a spider's web over the region round about Philadelphia. The parties are organized by clubs, church and social organizations, or often by a company of mutual friends. Special cars have been fitted up with illuminations in colored electric lights, and with conveniences for serving ice cream and cake en route, and usually the parties take a band, or at least a handful of string musicians, along. In size the parties run from one to as much as eight car loads. "Trolleosis" is the name that has been given to the craze.

A sign put in the Philadelphia trolley cars a few days ago requests passengers to "remain seated until the car stops, and then get off in the direction the car is moving."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.



There is a wide difference between theory and practice. Conceit may pass for wisdom until put to the test. Brazen self-assertion and flamboyant declamation no longer characterize Democratic councils. With bulging eyeballs they read upon the wall of their free trade temple a message of startling significance. It is a sentence of doom. This Democratic administration will go down to history as the most successful architect of ruin.—New York Mail and Express.

Who Organized It?

"There is no more talk of the 'army of the unemployed.'"—New York World.

Of course there is not. The Congressional free traders have been consigned to oblivion. There never would have been any talk of the "army of the unemployed" had they always remained there.

Every man should carry a big lot of life insurance; after his death it will help his wife in marrying again.

Carlisle's Carelessness.

Nothing can show how thoroughly the return of prosperity is dependent on the restoration of the purchasing power of the people than the tremendous error made by Secretary Carlisle in his estimates.

He figured that the Federal revenue for the year would be about $423,000,000.

His estimate is a little more than 2100,000,000 in excess of the fact.

He believed that the reduction of duties would largely increase consumption, and consequently not only make up for loss in revenue by reduction of rates, but actually increase the revenue.

The good Secretary forgot that the volume of imports is not regulated by their cheapness or dearness, but by the country's ability to pay for them.

Cheapness or dearness are not absolute; they are only relative; relative to purchasing power.

Mr. Wilson and his friends said: "We want to give the people cheap things."

Mr. McKinley and his friends said: "We want to give the people work at good wages, so that they can buy things, whether dear or cheap."

The fact that Mr. Carlisle made an error of twenty-five per cent. in his estimate shows that he has not realized the truth that where there is no purchasing power, it matters not whether things are cheap or dear.

My readers will recall my humble illustration:

A chicken is cheap in the United States at fifty cents—if you have the fifty cents; and it is dear in London at twenty-five cents—if you haven't got the twenty-five cents!—John C. Freund, in Music Trades.

Who Organized It?

"There is no more talk of the 'army of the unemployed.'