FATAL FOREST FIRES.

Eighteen Persons Burned to Death in Michigan.

A Whole Family Exterminated.—Property Destroyed.

Ten lives were lost in a forest fire which destroyed Louis Sand's lumber camp, eight miles northeast of Lake City. The bodies have been recovered, and the whole crew is now accounted for.

The dead are: Michael G. Pagan, Charles Taylor, James Hugh, Edward Roorabacher, Samuel Campbell, John Hill, Fred Sager, Hans Jacobson, Fred. Sanger, Michael Mulholland.

These ten men, with Edward Sullivan, were hemmed in at the camp by fire. A strong wind cut off all escape. Sullivan started north in the face of the fire and by some chance escaped. He is severely burnt but will live. Edward Roorabacher started west and got about twenty-five rods away before caught. Mulholland started west and got about the same distance. The remaining eight stayed too long and took refuge in a well about twenty feet deep. The top curb of the well fell and the timbers fell on the men, huddled in the well, literally cooking their heads, the remainder of their bodies being under water.

A large force of men is still scouring the adjoining country to make certain no other unfortunate has been overlooked. The camp employed sixty men. The remaining fifty were near the green timber and escaped.

The property loss is not very great, forty hogs, three horses, the camp buildings, tools, etc., tell Mr. Sand's loss.

The Thayer Lumber Company, operating near by, lost eleven cars loaded with logs in the same fire. The engine had to leave its train to make its escape.

CADILLAC, MICH.—Terrible forest fires are raging all around here. The saw-mill of Edward Margeridge, four miles south of here, was burned yesterday. The lumber camp of Louis Sands, near Lake City, was burned, and four men were burned to death. Eight others are missing. The horses were all burned and the camp totally destroyed. A farmhouse near Tusin was destroyed, and the farmer, his wife and two children lost their lives.

DETROIT, MICH.—A special despatch to the Tribune from Houghton, Mich., says: A terrible bush fire raged in Bullman's Branch and Dollar Bay. Over 1,000 acres of hardwood, four houses and seven cars of the Hancock and Calumet Railroad were destroyed. Over thirty families had to bury their household goods in the ground. Women and children were forced to fight their way over two miles to Dollar Bay through suffocating heat and smoke. Engineer Shea, with a wood train, was surrounded by fire but opened his throttle and made a race for life, while his brakeman jumped off and escaped through the woods.

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CABLE SPARKS.

THE Polish pilgrims presented 35,000 francs to the Pope.

A TREATY of commerce has been concluded between Spain and Germany.

VALUABLE books and manuscripts were destroyed by a fire in Bishop's Court, Isle of Man.

THE financial crisis in Australia is still acute. One month's holiday has been proclaimed in Queensland.

THERE was a lively altercation in the Bering sea arbitration court between Sir Charles Russell and Agent Foster.

HERR PAACSH, the Jew baiter, was sentenced to 15 months' imprisonment in Berlin for libeling Chancellor von Caprivi.

THE Norwegian radicals and socialists made a demonstration in favor of Independence and universal suffrage.

A BATTLE between the French and Siamese has occurred at Khong, in the Cambadia Valley, and several men were killed.

THE session of the Bohemian Diet was attended with violent scenes of disorder and personal encounters between the members.

THE Viking ship, which is sailing from Norway to the World's Fair, has encountered rough weather off the north of Scotland.

A CONFERENCE is now proceeding at Hull between parties representing the shipping federation and the striking union dock laborers to arrange the details for the resumption of work.

IT is reported from Rome that Archbishop Satolli has represented that the hierarchy and leading laymen in the United States favor the establishment of an American legation at the Vatican.

THE Berlin correspondent of the London News says that Emperor Williams speech on the Tempelhoer field was carefully edited and the most reckless statements stricken out before it was published.

THE Monument to William I was unveiled at Georlitz by the Emperor, who said it was the duty of Germans to maintain the Fatherland in its integrity, and to that end they must strengthen the army.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

RIDER HAGGARD's forthcoming novel is to bear the title of "The Way of the Transgressor." He has just completed it.

MATTHEW ARNOLD's "Letters" are to be brought out in the autumn. Arnold's old friend, George Russell, the under secretary for India, is editing them.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD is writing a new novel—a companion work to "David Grieve" and "Robert Elsmere." "David Grieve" has been translated into Swedish.

MARIA, Marchioness of Ailesbury, who has just died, has been for half a century one of the most prominent figures in the fashionable world of London. She was of Mr. Gladstone's age, and the two were old friends. The famous old lady was always a home ruler in a way, so much so that she has often tried Lady Salisbury's patience.

ENGLAND loves the soldier, and at the opening of the Imperial Institute last week it had a big one to admire. He was General Lord Roberts, back from India and a life of distinguished service. Many say Wolseley can't rank with him, and that he is the greatest soldier England has had since the Duke of Wellington. He is a great organizer and has made the Indian frontier impregnable.

NEW YORK is going into the skyscraper business, and proposes to set the pace from the start. The Manhattan Life Insurance Company is to put up a building 347½ feet high from sidewalk to top of dome. The foundations will be put in by aid of caissons, and will be planted 55 or 60 feet below Broadway. The building's Broadway frontage will be but 47 feet. The architectural style will be Italian renaissance.

A HALF-HOUR speech made by Gladstone in Parliament last Thursday at the dinner hour is said to be one of the most effective ever heard in Westminster. It was a reply to Chamberlain and was heard almost exclusively by sixty-five loyal Irishmen, who, when the Grand Old Man had recovered from a spell of weakness auguring ill in one of Gladstone's age, made the hall ring with cheer upon cheer. One observer said to go on living after such an effort as Gladstone made would be in the nature of an anticlimax.

A PLAN TO BREAK JAIL.

Kentucky Life Convicts Detected in a Scheme to Regain Their Liberty.

A desperate plan of an outbreak at the penitentiary in Frankfort was nipped in the bud by the vigilance of Warden Norman. For more than a week there has been a suspicion of some kind of conspiracy.

A negro convict was used by the Warden as a detective. It was learned from him that there was about fifteen in the gang all life men. George Meade, W. H. Little, Lon Brookshire Harrison, R. W. Tallent, Will Lockensmith were all locked up and knives were found in the lapels of each of their coats. One man had a file in his pocket.

The plan was either to make the break while the Sunday School teachers were coming out of the gate or to follow a wagon to the gate, where they would overpower the guards and so make their escape. Sufficient evidence has not yet been found against the others of the gang to cause their arrest, but a close watch is being kept on them.

NICARAGUA'S TROUBLES.

A Report That Both Sides Have Agreed to an Armistice

According to information received at Washington the Nicaragua revolution has taken an unexpected turn. Unofficial advices have been received at the State Department that an agreement for an armistice has been reached by the Government and the revolutionary factions in Nicaragua.

No further information than this is obtainable at the department. The source of the news is concealed, beyond the fact that it did not come direct to Secretary Gresham from Nicaragua. Evidently, however, the source is one entitled to credit, as the news is accepted as authentic at the Department. The absence of direct advices from Nicaragua is regarded as almost inexplicable.

It is expected that the cruiser Atlanta will reach Greytown in a day or two and the Alliance will probably be a few days later in reaching the west coast of Nicaragua where most of the fighting has taken place.

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SHINGLES.

THE INFANTA HERE.

Spain's Royal Princess on American Soil.

She Comes as Her Country's Representative at the Fair.

INFANTA MARIA EULALIA.

Eulalia, Infanta of Spain, Royal Princess in her own right, daughter of a Queen and aunt of a King, and Spain's representative here, is now a guest of the United States. She landed first on American soil at Jersey City and then proceeded to the National Capital to convey to our Government's head her sovereign's most kindly wishes. The reception in New York Harbor given to the Infanta, the representative of the Queen Regent of Spain to the Columbian Exposition, on her arrival at port was decidedly informal, but it was hearty and it was characteristically American.

The Reina Maria Cristina, the magnificent Spanish pleasure yacht which brought the Infanta from Havana, Cuba, had been at anchor all night outside the Hook, and at 7 o'clock the Spanish gunboat Infanta Isabel was alongside. The United States dispatch boat Dolphin, Commander Davis, who represented the Government in the reception of the Infanta down the bay, lay inside the Hook waiting for the steamship to come up. The vessels were gaily decorated with bunting. It was 9 o'clock when the Cristina's anchors were tripped and the start made for Quarantine, where the Princess was to be transferred to the Infanta Isabel. The latter's guns gave a nosy salute as the steamship started and the refrain was taken up by the Dolphin as the vessels approached.

The fleet arrived at Quarantine at 10 oclock, and after a little maneuvering the vessels dropped anchor, the Isabel taking up a position between the Dolphin and the Cristina. As the Dolphin's anchor went overboard gay bunting broke out from every masthead and guy. Then there followed a scene of commotion on the Cristina. Sailors ran up the rigging and manned the yards; her new barge was swung from the davits, and to the accompaniment of a National salute from the Isabel's battery, Eulalia and her party stepped into the barge. The Infanta's private standard fluttered from the bow, the oars dropped into the water, and in a twinkling the little craft, freighted with royalty, was alongside the Spanish war ship, over which hung a cloud of powder smoke. The Infanta was helped upon the port gangway, and closely followed by her suite passed up the gayly draped ladder and was formally received on deck. The steamboat Emmons, loaded with members of New York Spanish societies, steamed around the gunboat, and those aboard waved handkerchiefs and cheered until they were hoarse. The bands aboard the fleet struck up the National Spanish anthem, and bronzed tars on the Isabel manned the yards, as the Infanta's standard was thrown to the breeze.

Meanwhile the mahogany barge of the Dolphin had been put afloat and Commander Davis, in full dress uniform, took his seat in the stern sheets and was rowed over to the Isabel. He was escorted to the Captain's cabin, where the Infanta was installed, and was presented to her by the Spanish Minister. The meeting was pleasant and devoid of formality.

Then the Isabel turned her prow up stream, and did not stop until opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad dock at Jersey City, N. J. A chorus of whistles went up from the nearby steam craft, the Dolphin's guns boomed, and from her mainmast head broke out a magnificent silk royal purple standard, bearing in gold the crest of the Infanta's family. This was evidently a surprise to the visitors. The barge drew up alongside, and the Infanta was helped out and transferred to the Dolphin. At the port gangway the marines and sailors of the Dolphin were drawn up. In the starboard gangway stood the officers of the Dolphin, brilliant in their full dress uniforms.

Commander Davis led the way to the saloon, where the remainder of the royal party were made known to the Dolphin's officers, and then the visitors sat down to an elaborate luncheon.

More than an hour was occupied at the repast, and it was not until 2:45 o'clock that the royal visitors embarked on the Pennsylvania Company's tug Belvidere. For the third time the guns boomed out a salute as the Princess and her party landed at the pier, and, walking upon carpet laid for the purpose, made their way to the train between two lines of blue coats.

The train consisted of four cars, as follows: The composite car Premier, the dining car Magdalen, the parlor car Felicita and the special observation car Wildwood. The latter, which was the last in the train, was for the especial use of the Infanta and her husband. It is the handsomest in the possession of the Pennslyvania road.

Just before the train started Eulalia appeared on the rear platform of the last car, her face wreathed in smiles. The crowd grew wild when she bowed to them again, and catching the spirit of the moment the Princess shook her handkerchief vigorously, and as the din grew greater began to throw kisses right and left, blushing like a schoolgirl. The run to Washington was a quite one, the Infanta and suite arriving there at 8:20. They they were met by Secretary Gresham, on behalf the President.

The Infanta, Secretary Gresham, Minister Muruga and Prince Antonio entered the President's carriage, the cavalrymen saluted and the procession began to move up Pennsylvania avenue toward the Arlington.

Four buglers on horseback led, and with the four troops of cavalry, one of which was composed of colored soldiers from the "Fighting Ninth," formed the escort of the royal party. Six sergeants of cavalry acted as body guard to the Princess, and following her carriage came carriages containing her suite and the members of the receiving party.

A crowd, the like of which has not been seen since the inauguration, lined Pennsylvania avenue on either side. When the Arlington was reached the Princess alighted upon the arm of Secretary Gresham, and followed by her husband, the Prince, and the Spanish Minister, entered the summer annex.

A large bunch of sweet peas stood on a table in the parlor, and other floral gifts were around, but the chief among them rested upon the table in the Princess' private drawing-room, on the second floor. It was a tribute from Mrs. Cleveland, and consisted of a huge basket of magnificent American Beauties, orchids and lilies of the valley.

Immediately upon entering the house the Princess passed into the reception room, accompanied by Secretary Gresham and Secretaries Adee and Quincy and her suite. A moment later and the representatives of the Government retired, and Commander Davis bade the party good-night.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Healing Touch."

TEXT: "*Who touched Me?*"—Mark v., 31.

A great crowd of excited people elbowing each other this way and that and Christ in the midst of the commotion. They were on the way to see Him restore to complete health a dying person. Some thought He could effect the cure; others that He could not. At any rate, it would be an interesting experiment. A very sick woman of twelve years' invalidism is in the crowd. Some say her name was Martha; others say it was Veronica. I do not know what her name was, but this is certain, she had tried all styles of cure. Every shelf of her humble home had medicines on it. She had employed many of the doctors of that time, when medical science was more rude and rough and ignorant than we can imagine in this time when the word physician or surgeon stands for potent and educated skill. Professor Lightfoot gives a list of what he supposes may have been the remedies she has applied. I suppose she had been blistered from head to foot and had tried the compress and had used all styles of astringent herbs, and she had been mauled and hacked and cut and lacerated until life to her was a plague. Beside that the Bible indicates her doctor's bills had run up frightfully, and she had paid money for medicines and for surgical attendance and for hygienic apparatus until her purse was as exhausted as her body.

What, poor woman, are you doing in that jostling crowd? Better go home and to bed and nurse your disorders. No! Wan and wasted and faint, she stands there, her face distorted with suffering, and ever and anon biting her lip with some acute pain and sobbing until her tears fell from the hollow eye upon the faded dress, only able to stand because the crowd is so close to her, pushing her this way and that. Stand back! Why do you crowd that poor body? Have you no consideration for a dying woman? But just at that time the crowd parts, and this invalid comes almost up to Christ. But she is behind Him, and His human eye does not take her in. She has heard so much about His kindness to the sick, and she does feel so wretched; she thinks if she can only just touch Him once it will do her good. She will not touch Him on the sacred head, for that might be irreverent. She will not touch Him on the hand, for that might seem too familiar.

She says: "I will, I think, touch Him on His coat, not on the top of it, or on the bottom of the main fabric, but on the border, the blue border, the long threads of the fringe of that blue border; there can be no harm in that. I don't think He will hurt me, I have heard so much about Him. Besides that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my last hope." And she presses through the crowd still farther and reaches for Christ, but cannot quite touch Him. She pushes still farther through the crowd and kneels and puts her finger to the edge of the blue fringe of the border. She just touches it. Quick as an electric flash there thrilled back into her shattered nerves, and shrunken veins, and exhausted arteries, and panting lungs, and withered muscles, health, beautiful health, rubicund health, God given and complete health. The 12 years' march of pain and pang and suffering over suspension bridge of nerve and through tunnel of bone instantly halted.

Christ recognizes somehow that magnetic and healthful influence through the medium of the blue fringe of His garment had shot out. He turns and looks upon that excited crowd and startles them with the interrogatory of my text. "Who touched Me?" The insolent crowd in substance replied: "How do we know? You get in a crowd like this and you must expect to be jostled. You ask us a question you know we cannot answer." But the roseate and rejuvenated woman came up, and knelt in front of Christ, and told of the touch, and told of the restoration, and Jesus said: "Daughter, thy faith had made thee whole. Go in peace." So Mark gives us a dramatization of the gospel. Oh, what a doctor Christ is! In every one of our households may He be the family physician.

Notice that there is no addition of help to others without subtraction of power from ourselves. The context says that as soon as this woman was healed Jesus felt that virtue or strength had gone out of Him. No addition of help to others without subtraction of strength from ourselves. Did you never get tired for others? Have you never risked your health for others? Have you never preached a sermon, or delivered an exhortation, or offered a burning prayer, and then felt afterward that strength had gone out of you? Then you have never imitated Christ?

Are you curious to know how that garment of Christ would have wrought such a cure for this suppliant invalid? I suppose that Christ was surcharged with vitality. You know that diseases may be conveyed from city to city by garments as in case of epidemic, and so I suppose that garments may be surcharged with health. I suppose that Christ had such physical magnetism that it permeated all His robe down to the last thread on the border of the blue fringe. But in addition to that there was a divine thrill, there was a miraculous potency, there was an omnipotent therapeutics, without which this 12 years' invalid would not have been instantly restored.

Now, if omnipotence cannot help others without depletion, how can we ever expect to bless the world without self sacrifice. A man who gives to some Christian object until he feels it, a man who in his occupation or profession overworks that he may educate his children, a man who on Sunday night goes home, all his nervous energy wrung out by active service in church, or Sabbath-school, or city evangelization, has imitated Christ, and the strength has gone out of him. A mother who robs herself of sleep in behalf of a sick cradle, a wife who bears up cheerfully under domestic misfortune that she may encourage her husband in the combat against disaster, a woman who by hard saving and earnest prayer and good counsel wisely given and many years devoted to rearing her family for God and usefulness and heaven, and has nothing to show for it but premature gray hairs and a profusion of deep wrinkles, is like Christ, and strength has gone out of her.

That strength or virtue may have gone out through a garment she has made for the home, that strength may have gone out through the sock you knit for the barefoot destitute, that strength may go out through the mantle hung up in some closet after you are dead. So a crippled child sat every morning on her father's front step so that when the kind Christian teacher passed by to school she might take hold of her dress and let the dress slide through her pale fingers. She said it helped her pain so much and made her so happy all the day. Aye, have we not in all our dwellings garments of the departed, a touch of which thrills us through and through, the life of those who are gone thrilling through the life of those who stay? But mark you, the principle I evolve from this subject. No addition of healteh to others unless there be a subtraction of strength from ourselves. He felt that strength had gone out of Him.

Notice also in thi subject a Christs sensitive to human touch. We talk about God on a vast scale so much we hardly appreciate His accessibility—God in magnitude rather than God in minutiæ, God in the infinite rather than God in the infinitesimal—but here in my text we have a God arrested by a suffering touch. When in the sham trial of Christ they struck Him on the cheek we can realize how that cheek tingled with pain. When under the scourging the rod struck the shoulders and back of Christ, we can realize how He must have writhed under the lacerations. But here there is a sick and nerveless finger that just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of His coat, and He looks around and says, "Who touched Me?"

We talk about sensitive people, but Christ was the impersonation of all sensitiveness. The slightest stroke of the smallest finger of human disability makes all the nerves of His head and heart and hand and feet vibrate. It is not a stolid Christ, not a phlegmatic Christ, not a preoccupied Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron cased Christ, but an exquisitely sensitive Christ that my text unveils. All the things that touch us touch Him, if by the hand of prayer we make the connecting line between Him and ourselves complete. Mark you, this invalid of the text might have walked through that crowd all day and cried about her suffering, and no relief would have come if she had not touched Him. When in your prayer you lay your hand on Christ you touch all the sympathies of an ardent and glowing and responsive nature.

You know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents—a current of sorrow rolling up from your heart to Christ and a current of commiseration rolling from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, way do you go unhelped? Why do you go wondering about this and wondering about that? Why do you not touch Him?

Are you sick? I do not think you are any worse off than this invalid of the text. Have you had a long struggle? I do not think it has been more than 12 years. Is your case hopeless? So was this of which my text is diagnosis and prognosis. "Oh," you say, "there are so many things between me and God." There was a whole mob between this invalid and Christ. She pressed through, and I guess you can press through.

Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ shows Himself especially sympathetic with questions of domesticity, as when at the wedding in Cana He alleviated a housekeeper's predicament, as when tears rushed forth at the broken dome of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes ashamed to weep. There are men who if the tears start will conceal them. They think it is unmanly to cry. They do not seem to understand it is manliness and evidence of a great heart. I am afraid of a man who does not know how to cry. The Christ of the text was not ashamed to cry over human misfortune. Look at that deep lake of tears opened by the two words of the evangelist: "Jesus wept!" Behold Christ on the only day of His early triumph marching on Jerusalem, the glittering domes obliterated by the blinding rain of tears in His eyes and on His cheeks, for when He beheld the city He wept over it. O man of the many trials, O woman of the heartbreak, why do you not touch Him?

"Oh," says some one, "Christ doesn't care for me. Christ is looking the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of His kingdom to look after. He has the armies of sin to overthrow, and there are so many worse cases of trouble than mine He doesn't care about me, and His face is turned the other way." So His back was turned to this invalid of the text. He was on His way to effect a cure which was famous and popular and wide resounding. But the context says, "He turned Him about." If He was facing to the north, He turned to the south; if He was facing to the east, He turned to the west. What turned Him about? The Bible says He has no shadow of turning; He rides on His chariot through the eternities. He marches on, crushing scepters as though they were the crackling alders on a brook's bank, and tossing thrones on either side of Him without looking which way the fall. From everlasting to everlasting. "He turned Him about." He, whom all the allied armies of hell cannot stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan, sick, nerveless finger of human suffering turned clear about.

Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for people who are called nervous! Of course it is a misapplied word in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After 12 years of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she must have had! You all know that a good deal of medicine taken if it does not cure leaves the system exhausted, and in the Bible in so many words she "had suffered many things of many physicians and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." She was as nervous as nervous could be. She knew all about insomnia, and about the awful apprehension of something going to happen, and irritability about little things that in health would not have perturbed her. I warrant you it was not a straight stroke she gave to the garment of Christ, but a trembling fore-arm, and an uncertain motion of the hand, and a quivering finger with which she missed the mark toward which she aimed. She did not touch the garment just where she expected to touch it.

When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say she is making the way for all nervous people. Nervous people do not get much sympathy. If a man breaks his arm, everybody is sorry, and they talk about it all up and down the street. If a woman has an eye put out by accident, they say: "That's a dreadful thing." Everybody is asking about her convalescence. But when a person is suffering under the ailment of which I am now speaking they say: "Oh, that's nothing. She's a little nervous, that's all," putting a slight upon the most agonizing of suffering.

Now, I have a new prescription to give you. I do not ask you to discard human medicament. I believe in it. When the slightest thing occurs in the way of sickness in my household, we always run for the doctor. I do not want to despise medicine. If you cannot sleep nights, do not despise bromide of potassium. If you have nervous paroxysm, do not despise morphine. If you wants to strengthen up your system, do not despise quinine as a tonic. Use all right and proper medicines. But I want you to bring your insomnia, and bring your irritability, and bring all your weaknesses, and with them touch Christ. Touch Him not only on the hem of His garments, but touch Him on the shoulder, where He carries our burden, touch Him on the head where He remembers all our sorrows, touch Him on the heart, the center of all His sympathies. Oh, yes, Paul was right when he said, "We have not a high priest who cannot be touched."

The fact is Christ Himself is nervous. All those nights out of doors in malarial districts, where an Englishman or an American dies if he goes at certain seasons. Sleeping out of doors so many nights, as Christ did, and so hungry, and His feet wet with the wash of the sea, and the wilderness tramp, and the persecution, and the outrage must have broken His nervous system; a fact proved by the statement that He lived so short a time on the cross. That is a lingering death ordinarily, and many a sufferer on the cross has writhed in pain 24 hours, 48 hours. Christ lived only six. Why? He was exhausted before He mounted the bloody tree. Oh, it is a wornout Christ, sympathetic with all people worn out.

A Christian woman went to the Tract House in New York and asked for tracts for distribution. The first day she was out on her Christian errand she saw a policeman taking an intoxicated woman to the station house. After the woman was discharged from custody, this Christian tract distributer saw her coming away all unkempt and unlovely. The tract distributer went up, threw her arms around her neck and kissed her. The woman said, "Oh, my God, why do you kiss me?" "Well," replied the other, "I think Jesus Christ told me to." "Oh, no," the woman said, "don't you kiss me. It breaks my heart. Nobody has kissed me since my mother died." But that sisterly kiss brought her to Christ, started her on the road to heaven. The world wants sympathy. It is dying for sympathy, large-hearted Christian sympathy. There is omnipotence in the touch.

Oh, I am so glad that when we touch Christ Christ touches us! The knuckles, and the limbs, and the joints, all falling apart with that living death called the leprosy, a man is brought to Christ. A hundred doctors could not cure him. The wisest surgery would stand appalled before that loathsome patient. What did Christ do? He did not amputate; He did not poultice; He did not scarify. He touched him, and he was well. The mother-in-law of the Apostle Peter was in a raging fever—brain fever, typhoid fever, or what, I do not know. Christ was the physician. He offered no febrifuge; He prescribed no drops; He did not put her on plain diet. He touched her, and she was perfectly well.

Two blind men come stumbling into a room where Christ is. They are entirely sightless. Christ did not lift the eyelid to see whether it was cataract or ophthalmia. He did not put the men into a dark room for three or four weeks. He touched them, and they saw everything. A man came to Christ. The drum of his ear had ceased to vibrate, and he had a stuttering tongue. Christ touched the ear, and he heard: touched his tongue, and he articulated. There is a funeral coming out of that gate—a widow following her only boy to the grave. Christ cannot stand it, and He puts His hand on the hearse, and the obsequies turn into a resurrection day.

O my brother, I am so glad when we touch Christ with our sorrows He touches us. When out of your grief and vexation you put your hand on Christ, it awakens all human reminiscence. Are we tempted? He was tempted. Are we sick? He was sick. Are we persecuted? He was persecuted. Are we bereft? He was bereft.

St. Yoo of Kermartin one morning went out and saw a beggar asleep on his doorstep. The beggar had been all night in the cold. The next night St. Yoo compelled this beggar to come up in the house and sleep in the saint's bed, while St. Yoo passed the night on the doorstep in the cold. Somebody asked him why that eccentricity. He replied: "It isn't an eccentricity. I want to know how the poor suffer. I want to know their agonies that I may sympathize with them, and therefore I slept on this cold step last night." This is the way Christ knows so much about our sorrows. He slept on the cold doorstep of an inhospitable world that would not let Him in. He is sympathetic now with all the suffering and all the tired and all the perplexed. Oh, why do you not go and touch Him?

You utter your voice in a mountain pass, and there come back 10 echoes, 20 echoes, 30 echoes perhaps—weird echoes. Every voice of prayer, every ascription of praise, every groan of distress has divine response and celestial reverberation, and all the galleries of heaven are filled with sympathetic echoes and throngs of ministering angels echo, and the temples of the redeemed echo, and the hearts of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost echo and re-echo.

I preach a Christ so near you can touch Him—touch Him with your guilt and get pardon—touch Him with your trouble and get comfort—touch Him with your bondage and get manumission. You have seen a man take hold of an electric chain. A man can with one hand take one end of the chain, and with the other hand he may take hold of the other end of the chain. Then 100 persons taking hold of that chain will altogether feel the electric power. You have seen that experiment.

Well, Christ with one wounded hand takes hold of one end of the electric chain of love, and with the other wounded hand takes hold of the other end of the electric chain of love, and all earthly and angelic beings may lay hold of that chain, and around and around in sublime and everlasting circuit runs the thrill of terrestrial and celestial and brotherly and saintly and cherubic and seraphic and archangelic and divine sympathy. So that if this morning Christ should sweep His hand over this audience and say, "Who touched Me?" there would be hundreds and thousands of voices responding: "I! I! I!"

500 OUT OF WORK.

A $200,000 Fire at Winston, N. C., Wrecks Two Factories.

Winston was visited by a 200,000 fire. It originated in an old wooden tobacco warehouse on the corner of Third and Church streets, which was burned to the ground. P. H. Hans & Co.'s mammoth plug and twist factory was gutted, as were also the warehouse and a brick building of R. J. Reynolds, a tobacco manufacturer.

At least 500 people are thrown out of employment. Several firemen were overcome by heat and several were painfully injured by falling bricks. The insurance will reach $150,000.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Two Men Lose Their Lives in a $150,000 Blaze.

Fire broke out in Robinson & Hudson's grocery store, Belding, Mich. It spread rapidly from store to store destroying a large number of buildings, among them the post-office and the Leon & Holmes block. In the latter there were several families living. They barely escaped with their lives. Many are entirely destitute.

In two hours the fire was under control, after destroying $150,000 worth of property, insured for $63,000. Edward Young and Allen Armstrong became exhausted by their efforts to extinguish the fire and died from the effects.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

There are thirteen elements in the body—five gaseous and eight solid.

During the most violent gales the sea is disturbed to a depth of 500 feet.

Vegetarians say it is a popular fallacy that meat is needed for strength.

France has three dynamite factories which produce over 25,000,000 dynamite cartridges a year.

Fulgurites, or lightning tubes, caused by the lightning striking in sandy soil, have been found in New Mexico thirty feet long.

It is calculated that on a bright summer day there are raised into the air by evaporation from the surface of the Mediterranean 5,280,000 tons of water.

Cable dispatches are generally received at the rate of twenty to twenty-five words a minute. An expert telegrapher of a land line sends about forty words in that time.

The human body contains 150 bones and 500 muscles; the heart beats seventy times a minute, displacing each time forty-four grammes of blood. All the blood passes through the heart in three minutes.

Scientists have succeeded in measuring the thickness of soapy water in a bubble. When showing the shade of violet, it was one-fourth the thickness of a violet wave of light, that is, about 1-240,000 of an inch.

As a result of numerous experiments two German engineers have devised a new miner's safety lamp, which is constructed of aluminum. The new illuminator, while naturally light, is said to be solidly made.

According to the Annales Techniques, a gigantic telescope is being constructed in Munich for the Chicago Exposition. It has a magnifying power of 11,000 diameters, but this can be increased to 16,000 by means of an electric light, the image in this case being thrown on a screen.

Attention is drawn to the fact that asphyxiated people may be saved by systematic traction of the tongue. The movement does not only consist in raising or lowering the tongue with the fingers (covered with a handkerchief), but in using reiterated and, to some extent, rhythmic movements.

Birds with long legs always have short tails. Writers on the flight of birds have shown that the only use of a bird's tail is to serve as a rudder during the act of flight. When birds are provided with long legs these are stretched directly behind when the bird is flying, and so act as a sort of rudder.

In the open sea the tide is hardly noticeable, the water sometimes rising not higher than a foot, but where the wave is forced up into bays or narrow channels, it is very conspicuous. A deep bay, opening up into the land like a funnel, will converge the wave, as at the Bay of Fundy, where it rolls in a great roaring wall of water, sixty feet high.

In a paper read at a meeting of the biology section of the British Medical Society, Dr. Boulton gave an account of some very interesting results of caterpillar hatching in pill boxes. The common paper moth was the insect with which the experiments were made. He showed that by taking an egg of one of these and growing it in a gilded pill box a yellow caterpillar would be the result. When a black box was used a black caterpillar was brought forth, while a mixed environment would produce a muddled animal.

An Ex-Convict's Story.

"No. 15,481" tells a pitiable story of his difficulties in attempting to obtain a living honestly after undergoing a term of imprisonment. He was sentenced three and one-half years ago to two years' imprisonment for forgery. Previously he had been possessed of considerable means, had been brought up in luxury, but exhausting his fortune had committed forgery to obtain more money.

During his imprisonment he came into contact with many young fellows who had committed similar crimes, and who had not the slightest idea as to how they were to gain a living when they got out. When he was released he had a few pounds, and when this was gone he applied to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.

He says: "I was told I could come into the house (and so mix with some of the greatest of criminals), for which I should have to chop wood or do tailoring, etc., but this I objected to do, so was given a note to take to a tradesman in a certain district of London, who offered me a situation as traveler on commission (only) for the sale of cart grease, which I politely declined.

"It matters not what position a man held in life previous to his getting into trouble, on release this society offers the same means of obtaining an honest livelihood to every one—that is, chopping and making up bundles of firewood, working in the tailors' shops, taking on a milk round with a hand truck, traveling on commission for some article which the public in ninety cases out of 100 refuse to look at, much less to purchase.

"It is now nearly eighteen months since I was released, during which time I have been living out a wretched existence, sometimes going days without food and walking the streets at night, and sometimes I am able to earn a few shillings by addressing postal wrappers. I can assure you, sir, that if the authorities would allow me inside the prison (without committing another crime) I would return to-day. It will ultimately come to my going back or suicide."—London News.

Reflected Beauty at the Fair.

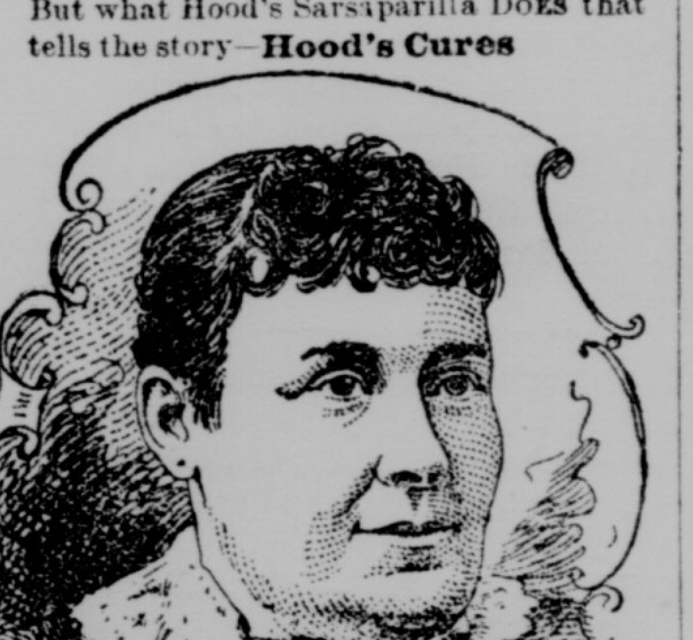
The doubling of beauty gained by water reflection could hardly have been taken into account in the first inception of the plan, unless, indeed, from the landscape-gardener's point of view, but it was a more than fortunate adjunct, and its effect upon the general glamour is beyond calculation. The constant repetition of beautiful forms of architecture, starting in immaculate and ivory whiteness from the green strip of lawn on which the structures so lightly stand, to the highest point of crowned cornice; or of aerial domes of gold or crystal, flashing facets of color against the sky; or of waving flags and gonfalons, softened in outline, varied in color, and crimped by ripples from moving launches and gondolas—this, seen under a sunset sky, filled with bits of winged and floating cloud, is enough to overfill the heart of the most prosaic of mortals or to delight stray spirits of air.—Harper's Magazine.

Edison's Latest Invention.

Thomas Edison's exhibit at Chicago is the kinetograph, the last of his wonderful inventions displayed in connection with the most versatile group of phonographs ever brought together.

It is to the eye what the phonograph is to the ear, a mechanical retina, which stores away a living picture, to be reproduced in all its actions, every movement faithfully shown at any time and in any place. With the kinetograph it is possible to show in Chicago Chauncey Depew delivering a speech aboard the flagship Chicago in New York Harbor. Not a photograph of arrested action, but the living man, his every gesture, the play of expression on his face and the movements of his lips. It will transmit and reproduce motion of any kind for any distance.—Atlanta Constitution.

"King Solomon's Mines" has been translated into German, and one publisher catalogues it as "Old Testament Literature."



It Is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla DOES that tells the story—**Hood's Cures**

Miss Lizzie May Davis

Haverhill, Mass.

After the Grip

Nervous Prostration — No Help Except in Hood's

"Have been suffering for 2 years past with **Nervous Prostration** which was brought on by a very severe attack of grip. Had

Cold Chills

almost every day for nearly 3 years. Have now taken, on the recommendation of my druggist, 3 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. What 5 doctors of both Boston and this city could not do, those 3 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla have done for me. I am now well and

Hood's Sarsaparilla **Cures**

can walk without a cane. I feel grateful to Hood's Sarsaparilla, as I believe I should not now be alive if it were not for this medicine."

MISS LIZZIE MAY DAVIS, Haverhill, Mass.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25 cents.

Lavender as a Weed.

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which though of no use as a fodder, was otherwise a most profitable crop, as two or three tons of green stuff taken from it will yield when distilled by a very simple process $500 worth of lavender oil. In addition it would give 1600 pounds of lavender water worth sixteen cents per pound, after the first distillation, and thirty-six cents per pound after further distillation. The settler who was shrewd enough to make inquiries before rooting up his unknown crop has decided on the advice of the Agricultural Bureau, not only to carefully cultivate what lavender he has, but to plant several acres more. The soil, of a light, sandy nature with clay beneath and fairly moist, is eminently suited to the growth, not only of lavender, but of all scent-producing plants, and many of the colonists are proposing to devote part of their land to such cultivation.—Courier-Journal.

Real Fighting Dervishes.

It is easier to turn a hungry tiger aside from his prey than a thoroughly excited dervish from his swoop on an enemy, says a military correspondent. His half brother in fanaticism and creed, the Indian or Afghan Ghazi, is terrible, but the African and Arab dervish is superlatively awful, with an incurable delirium for his opponent's gore. Howling and whirling dervishes, such as travelers are "specially conducted to see when visiting the East," are a comparatively harmless sort of lunatics compared with those types of African bigots who, "converted" to Mahdism, burn to run amuck with the rest of unbelieving humanity. Once fairly bitten with the tarantula of Moslem sectarian zeal, the proselyte is consumed with the belief that the delights of the seventh or any number of heavens await him if he can only engage in sturdy, steady butchery of "infidels" of his own or any race. It is a matter of indifference to him if in the operation, while he sheathes his sword in his and his prophet's enemy, the latter is doing the same to him. Quick and happy translation he holds as his sure reward.—London Telegraph.

Life Preservers for Wells.

The East India coolie is a fatalist; thinks as little of killing himself as the Chinaman or Japanese. In point of fact he entertains a marked preference for self-destruction as a means of showing pique at a real or fancied injury. In the city of Bombay this tendency has long been a source of considerable inconvenience and danger, as the favorite method of the Eastern suicide is to jump into a well, and it is stated that there is scarcely a well in the city that has not, at some time, been used for that purpose. An ingenious native East Indian has met this difficulty by inventing a simple and durable appliance, which has the merit of not only preventing suicide, also accidental drowning in wells. So excellently is this device adapted for this purpose that it has obtained the approval of the Royal Humane Society of Great Britain. It consists of a hoop of wood or metal, over which is stretched a net of light tarred rope with four-inch meshes. Metallic drums support this net just far enough under the water of the well to enable the buckets to sink and dip, but there is not enough water above the net to drown a person.—New York Telegram.

A Bird Story.

Will you allow me to add a touching instance of courage to your pleasant bird stories? Early one morning last summer I was called to the window by a great noise among the bird people of the garden, and saw the following scene. A young blackbird was standing fascinated by a cat, who was crouched under a bush ready to spring on him. An old blackbird, on an ilex close by, was uttering loud and agitated cries, and there was a general cackle of anger and sympathy from other birds all around. After a few seconds the cat sprang on the young bird and held him down. At that instant the old bird came down on them. There was a moment's struggle, the bird beating her wings violently in the cat's face, and, I think, pecking at her eyes; then the cat jumped back to her bush, the young bird made off with long hops, and the old one flew up to the ilex, amid a jubilant chorus of commendation which lasted quite some minutes. I never saw this before, though I have seen a robin come quite close to a cat stalking another bird and scold and flap her wings in her face.

The ways of birds are delightful, and in a small garden you can have many by keeping earthenware saucers full of water for them to bathe in.—London Spectator.

Tricked by the Jolly Tars.

A pretty good story is told of the way in which the officers of a certain sloop-of-war of the North Atlantic squadron succeeded in getting their ship's slow and antiquated steam launch replaced by one of a later and more fashfonable type. It happened that the vessel hauled into a navyyard for its periodical repairs. While there the launch was loudly complained of as too heavy and unwieldly for a sloop-
to carry, and a careful weigh-
the yard authorities verified the
int. Thereupon a new and swift
aft which cost Uncle Sam ever
y hundreds of dollars was sub-
l, and the sloop-of-war steamed
tly away. But when the old
was sent to the boat shop for
uling the workmen found snug-
ed away out of sight along the
nearly a thousand pounds of
uous ballast iron. The appar-
unaccountable weight of the re-
boat was readily explained.—
Journal.

Brighest Part of My Trip.

The New York fashion correspondent of a Southern paper gives out the following:

A lady writes: "I have read your letters for a long time, and have often envied you the opportunity you enjoy of seeing the beautiful things you describe. I used to think, when I read of those charming dresses and parasols and hats at Lord & Taylor's, that theirs must be one of those stores where a timid, nervous woman like myself, having but a few dollars to spare for a season's outfit, would be of so little account that she would receive little attention; but when you said, in one of your letters a few months ago, that goods of the same quality were really cheaper there than elsewhere, because they sold more goods in their two stores than any other firm in New York, and that because they sold more they bought more, and consequently bought cheaper, I determined, if I ever went to New York, I would go to Lord & Taylor's.

"That long-waited-for time came in the early autumn, and I found myself standing before that great entrance, with those wonderful windows at either side. I summoned my courage and entered, as I suppose tens of thousands of just such timid women as I have done before. My fears were gone in an instant. The agreeable attention put me at my ease at once, and I felt as much at home as though I were in the little country store where my people have 'traded' for nearly a quarter of a century.

"And now, as I wear the pretty things I purchased, or see them every day and find them all so satisfactory, I think of my visit to this great store as the brightest part of my trip to New York."

The late Charles A. Longfellow, son of the poet, who died several weeks ago, had been an invalid for a year. He lived with his sister in the old Longfellow manion in Cambridge. He was an enthusiastic yachtsman, and had just returned from a year's cruise to the South Sea Islands.

Of Importance to All Who Do Business.

Send a check or a postal or express money order for $3.75 to The Trade Co., 299 Devonshire St., Boston, and you will receive by prepaid express a copy of a handsomely printed and securely bound book telling you how to increase business; how to decorate your store windows; how to advertise in newspapers; about circulars, cards and posters; the cost and use of engraving of every class, the expense of lithographs and their value; how to produce effective billheads, cards and other commercial printing, with information on the management of employes and everything pertaining to business publicity—the only work of its class in the world; indispensable to every business man whether he be an advertiser or not. Written by Nath'l C. Fowler, Jr., the expert at business and advertising. 518 large pages, handsomely illustrated. You take no risk; if after receiving the book you don't want it you can return it and get your money back.

A man does wrong for the same reason that wolves steal sheep.

Ladies needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Thunder is the bass drum in the music of the elements.

IF your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, good for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you, make you strong, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite—tones the nerves.

The downright fool doesn't now it.

Beecham's Pills instead of sloshy mineral waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cts. a box

Sleep is the honey in the comb of healthful labor.

Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 319 W. 45th St., N.Y.

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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the Stomrch distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am to-day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health. Mrs. Sarah J Cox, Defiance, O.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

A remedy which, if used by Wives about to experience the painful ordeal attendant upon Child-birth, proves an infallible specific for, and obviates the tortures of confinement, lessening the dangers thereof to both mother and child. Sold by all druggists. Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle, charges prepaid.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies —OR— **Other Chemicals** are used in the preparation of **W. BAKER & CO.'S BreakfastCocoa** *which is absolutely pure and soluble.*

It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Do You Sleep Peacefully?

"Business is the art of Living

by buying and selling, so men must get money by it. It is a pity so many fail to see that honesty is the best policy. Calling things what they are not is a wrong in every way, delusive and dishonest."

What advantage can there be in calling a common wire imitation bed as good as a Highly Tempered Steel Wire

PILGRIM SPRING BED?

The buyer is sure to find out that it is not. Such dealers are sure to lose caste and custom. The "PILGRIM" is the best bed made. SEE IT, and you will be convinced.

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For sale by all reliable Dealers.

See Brass Tag Registered Trademark on all Genuine Pilgrims.

Send for Money Saving Primer, Free.

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WAREHOUSES—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco, Lynn. FACTORIES—Taunton, Mass.; Fairhaven, Mass.; Whitman, Mass.; Duxbury, Mass.; Plymouth, Mass.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH **THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.**

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly, leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are **strong, tough and durable.** Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100, assorted sizes. Man'f'd by

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AN IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE For Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Bad Complexion, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

RIPANS TABULES act gently yet promptly. Perfect digestion follows their use. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Box (6 vials), 75c. Package (4 boxes), $2. For free samples address RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., New York.

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If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 60 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliability. Our financial backing is $500,000. When mercury, iodide potassium, sarsaparilla or Hot Springs fail, we guarantee a cure—and our Magic Cyphilene is the only thing that will cure permanently. Positive proof sent sealed, free. COOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$4000 HOME for each applicant; rich, healthful Texas. ED. ANDERSON (Co. Treas), Austin, Texas.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.