REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Church Garden."

TEXT: "Thou shalt be like a watered garden."—Isaiah, lviii., 11.

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

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

My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm, deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV. at Montpellier established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world, but his garden, "The Leasowers," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious, than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave £300 for it. He sold it for £17,000. And yet I am to tell you to-day of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ. He bought it, He planted it, He owns it, and He shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune, and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you can see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last £100,000 sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! [illegible] men who saw Him hang! [illegible] executioners who lifted Him a[illegible] Tell me, thou sun that [illegible]ocks that fell! Christ loved [illegible]! I gave Himself for it. If the garden [illegible] the church belongs to Christ, certainly He has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, to-day, walk up and down these aisles and pluck what Thou wilt of sweetness for Thyself.

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

But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within, men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest crop of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister, "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years."

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

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

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

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower of all this garden spoken of in he text. If you see a century plant, your emotions are startled. You say, "Why, this flower has been 100 years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be 100 years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that 1900 years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion plant of the cross! Prophets foretold it, Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud, the rocks shook at its bursting and the dead got up in its winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the Nations. Its breath is heaven. Come O winds from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet-smelling savor of Christ, my Lord!

His worth if all the Nations knew.
Sure the whole earth would love Him too.

Again, the church may appropriately be compared to a garden because it is a place of fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums or peaches or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside, but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity—but He intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the church!

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

I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted, but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find wormeaten leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there, but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women—holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander, nobler collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

There are Christian men in this house whose religion is not a matter of psalm singing and church going. To-morrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated in their worldly occupation as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women here to-day of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunkard husband who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage that Ridley in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Hers has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has been fifteen years on his back, unable to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven, watching the oarsmen dip their paddle in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if St. Paul threw to us a pomologist's catalogue of the fruits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy, glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of earth and heaven.

Again, the church in my text is appropriately called a garden because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around us were dearth and barrenness, but there were pipes, aqueducts, reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through those aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains, until every root and leaf and flower was saturated. That is like the church. The church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering, but it is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. "There is a river the stream whereof shall make glad the city of our God." Preaching the gospel is one of the aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the Son of Righteous, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh, was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated! You know that the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place, Chatsworth, one day when strangers are not to be admitted, but by an inducement which always seemed as potent with an Englishman as an American I got in, and then the gardener went far up above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement coming down from step to step until it came so near I could hear the musical rush and all over the high, broad stairs it came foaming, flashing, roaring down, until sunlight and wave in giessome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, santification from above.

Hark? I hear the latch of the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ, "I am come into My garden," I say: "Come in, O Jesus! We have been waiting for Thee. Walk all through the paths. Look at the flowers, look at the fruit; pluck that which Thou wilt for Thyself." Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man and touches him, and says: "Almost home, father; not many more aches for thee. I will never leave thee. Take courage a little longer, and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and He comes to a soul in trouble and says: "Peace! All is well. I have seen thy tears. I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. He will preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit!"

Then I see Jesus going up another garden path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and lo! He is breaking off flowers sharp and clean from the stem, and I say, "Stop, Jesus; don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says: "I have come into My garden to gather lilies, and I mean to take these up to a higher terrace, for the garden around My palace, and there I will plant them, and in better soil and in better air they shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them forever." And I looked up into His face and said: "Well, it is His garden, and He has a right to do what He will with it. Thy will be done!" the hardest prayer ever man made.

It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took the best; from many of your households the best one is gone. You know that she was too good for this world; she was the gentlest in her ways, the deepest in her affections, and when at last the sickness came you had no faith in medicines. You knew that the hour of parting had come, and when through the rich grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, you surrendered that treasure you said: "Lord Jesus, take it. It is the best we have; take it. Thou art worthy!" The others in the household may have been of grosser mold. She was of the finest.

The heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindness shown them by immortals will not make them forget you. There they are, the radiant throngs that went out from your homes. I threw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are all well now in the palace. The crippled child has a sound foot now. A little lame child says, "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No, my darling, you won't be lame in heaven." A little sick child says, "Ma, will I be sick in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be sick in heaven." A little blind child says, "Ma, will I be blind in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven. They are all well there."

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

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

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

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

EARLY ELECTIONS.

Seven States Cast Their Votes Previous to November.

Elections will be held in seven States of the Union prior to the general election of November. In five of the States the elections will be for State, municipal and county officials only, but in the two other States will include also the election of members of the National House of Representatives.

Vermont will hold a general election September 1 for the election of Governor, State officials, Legislature and county officials and the members of the National House of Representatives. Maine will hold an election September 14, and will choose a Governor, a Legislature and county officers, the Legislature selecting the higher State officers. At this election the members of the National House of Representatives will also be chosen.

Arkansas will hold an election September 7, at which will be chosen all State, county and municipal officers, from constable to Governor, with Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Associate Justice and Legislature. The contest is mainly between the Democrats and Republicans, but the Democrats are confident of carrying the State.

In Alabama, August 3 has been set aside for the election of Governor, other State officials, the Legislature and some of the county officers. The contest will be principally between the Populists and the Democrats, unless the Populists and the Republicans should make a combination.

In Florida an election will be held October 6 to choose a Governor, other State officials, a majority of the county officials, all of the Lower House of the Legislature and half of the State Senate. The campaign has not fairly opened, and the contest for the nominations has not begun. It is said there is little doubt that the Democrats will carry the State, and the Democratic State Convention has been called for June 16.

Georgia will hold an election October 7, at which will be chosen everything except the Federal officials. It is said that the Governor and the other State officers will doubtless be renominated. The Democrats are confident of carrying the State, and will hold their State convention June 25.

Louisiana held an election April 21 for Governor and State officers, a Legislature and district, parish and local officers. The Legislature chosen will elect a Senator to succeed Mr. Blanchard.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

Dedication at Stratford-on-Avon of a Window Erected by American Visitors.

Ambassador and Mrs. Bayard visited Stratford-on-Avon, England, and took part in the several ceremonies held on the occasion of Shakespeare's birthday.

At twelve o'clock the vicar of Trinity (the Rev. George Arbuthnot), whose guest Mr. Bayard was, dedicated a window, erected at a cost of $400, with money received from American visitors to Shakespeare's tomb and from others, whom the vicar interested in the project during a recent visit to the United States.

The most interesting ceremony of the day took place in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at four o'clock in the afternoon, when United States Consul Parker presented to the theatre and museum a portrait of Edwin Booth as Hamlet on behalf of the Players' Club of New York, founded and endowed by Mr. Booth.

Missionaries in China.

Minister Denby, at Pekin, has notified the Department of State, at Washington, that M. Gerard, the French Minister to China, has procured from the Tsung Li Yamen, by virtue of the French treaty of 1858, an order directing the local authorities throughout all the provinces of the Empire to expunge from the various editions and compilations of the Chinese code all restrictions upon the propagation of the Christian religion. "It gives me pleasure," writes Mr. Denby, "to add that the Minister of France is entitled to the gratitude of the entire Christian world for his action in this important matter."

A custom of Puritan times has been revived in Machias, Me., in the opening of the town meeting with prayer.

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

HOUSE.

109TH DAY.—General debate on the Pickler Pension bill was continued in the House of Representatives the following named members speaking: Messrs. Bartlett (Dem.), of New York, and Miles (Dem.), of Maryland, in opposition to the measure, and Messrs. Grosvenor and Kerr (Rep.), of Ohio, in favor of it. By special order, a session was held at night for further debate.

110TH DAY.—The House adopted a special rule for a final vote on the Pickler pension bill. There was an animated debate over the adoption of the rule. Mr. Crisp charged that its purpose was to destroy the right of amendment. Mr. Hepburn protested against the interference of the committee on rules. Mr. Dingley and Mr. Henderson defended the rule. Thirty-four republicans voted with the democrats against the adoption of the rule, but it was agreed to. One amendment was adopted, that of Mr. Hepburn requiring the pension office to construe the pension laws liberally in the interest of the claimant, and requiring decisions in accordance with the preponderance of evidence.

111th DAY.—The House passed the Pickler general pension bill by a vote of 187 to 54. The republicans and populists voted solidly in favor of the measure, and the democrats, with six exceptions, solidly against it. The section to which the bulk of the opposition was directed provides that persons otherwise entitled to pensions shall not be disqualified on account of prior service in the Confederate army, provided they joined the Union forces ninety days before General Lee's surrender.

112TH DAY.—The House spent the day in further discussion of the Bankruptcy bill. Mr. W. A. Stone and Mr. Connolly spoke in favor of the measure, and Mr. Newlands and Mr. Broderick in opposition to it. Before the Bankruptcy bill was taken up there was some discussion of the Treasury situation in connection with the appropriations for this session. Mr. Dockery charged that the liabilities created by this Congress, including $98,000,000 for contracts, would reach $605,000,000. Mr. Dingley, the leader of the majority on the floor, defended the appropriations, calling attention to the fact that the House had passed a bill to increase the revenues.

SENATE.

109TH DAY.—The tariff question made its appearance unexpectedly in the United States Senate, and for a time it looked as if the routine of considering appropriation bills would give away to a general tariff debate. Mr. Sherman endeavored to secure action on the bill relating to fruit brandies and alcohol used in the arts. Mr. Chandler gave warning, however, that if the bill was taken up it would involve a debate on the entire tariff question. Mr. Platt went further by stating that, if the correction of the revenue laws was attempted, he would urge that the entire Wilson law be repealed and the former McKinley law revived.

110TH DAY.—The naval appropriation bill was before the Senate. An amendment offered by Mr. Chandler, making it unlawful for retired naval officers to enter the service of contractors furnishing armor to the government, occasioned an animated debate. Mr. Tillman was among the most active in support of the amendment, together with Mr. Chandler and Mr. Hale. Mr. Gray and Mr. Gorman opposed it. The question was not disposed of when the Senate adjourned.

111th DAY.—The Senate was plunged into an exciting financial debate. The naval appropriation bill was under consideration, and the item of four battleships, to cost an aggregate of $15,000,000, served as a text for a speech by Mr. Gorman, pointing out that the revenues of the government are less than the receipts. Mr. Gorman's statements brought on a controversy, in which Mr. Sherman, Mr. Hale and Mr. Chandler joined issue with the Maryland Senator as to the responsibility for the failure of the tariff legislation in the present Congress.

112TH DAY.—Two notable speeches by Senator Teller and Senator Sherman—representing opposite elements on the financial question—were heard in the Senate. The early part of the day was given to speeches by Senators Vilas and Mitchell, of Wisconsin, Palmer and Kyle, enlocizing Pere Marquette, after which the resolution was adopted accepting the statue of Marquette presented by Wisconsin. The Naval Appropriation bill is nominally before the Senate, but is being thrust aside for the incidental tariff and financial debate.

THE TREASURY DEFICIT.

Officials Estimate that by June 30 It Will Amount to $25,000,000.

The treasury deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, will be approximately $25,000,000 This is the opinion of officials and others best qualified to make an intelligent estimate of the result of the fiscal operations of the year. In his annual estimate sent to Congress at the beginning of the present session the Secretary of the Treasury estimated the receipts from customs during the fiscal year at $172,000,000.

So far, with nearly ten months of the year gone, the customs receipts have reached about $137,000,000 with a fair prospect of increasing to $165,000,000 by the close of the year. The estimate of the receipts from internal revenue sources was $158,000,000. Up to this time they have reached $120,000,000 and it is expected that the figures for the completed year will be about $146,000,000. The receipts from miscellaneous sources are expected to slightly exceed the estimates of $15,000,000, making the total receipts for the year about $327,000,000. The Secretary's estimate of the year's expenditures was $362,000,000, which, according to his figures would leave a deficiency of $17,000,000.

The actual expenditures, however, it is now thought, will aggregate about $352,000,000, or $10,000,000 less than Mr. Carlisle's estimate in December last. The Secretary's estimates at the time they were made were believed by those of long experience in the department to be extremely conservative. The receipts from both customs and internal revenue sources, however, have been surprisingly low, and there does not seem to be any immediate prospect of material improvement.

A DEADLY BLAZE.

Lives Lost and $250,000 of Property Gone at Paris, Texas.

A disastrous fire, involving loss of life and $250,000 worth of property broke out in Paris, Texas, at 2 o'clock in the morning. The fire raged until 7 o'clock, when the firemen succeeded in getting it under control. John Saulsman, a tie inspector from Wister, I. T., who was occupying a room in the Bywaters Building, was suffocated and burned to death. There is a suspicion that he was murdered and the building set on fire to conceal the crime. Officers are investigating.

Later, while the firemen were playing on the flames, a wall fell, crushing S. H. Ramsey and Louis Rootche, the former fatally and the latter seriously. The Hotel Peterson was the largest in North Texas outside of Dallas and Fort Worth, and was valued at $60,000; insurance $20,000.

A Princess Who Is a Sixfooter.

The Crown Princess of Denmark is the tallest royal lady in Europe, her height being over 6 feet 2 inches. She is a granddaughter of Mlle. Desiree Clary, who was the first sweetheart of Napoleon Bonaparte. They quarreled, and Mlle. Clary married Bernadotte, who eventually became king of Norway and Sweden. Napoleon always remembered his old sweetheart with affection, and helped her husband out of one or two political snarls for Desiree's sake. The Crown Princess of Denmark is the richest as well as the tallest European princess, she having inherited a fortune of $25,000,000 from her maternal grandfather, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, in addition to the fortune left her by her father.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts; to believe in the heroic makes heroes.

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.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.

The best way to know whether Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap is the best for laundry and bath is to try it. It don't turn yellow like other floating soaps, as it is pure. Red wrapper. Ask your grocer for Dobbins' Floating-Borax.

An old truth stated in a new way will hit and stick where it has often missed.

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

A dwarf sees further than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, 1894.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.

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

Humility is the truest abstinence in the world.

There is just a little appetizing bite to HIRES Rootbeer; just a smack of life and good flavor done up in temperance style. *Best by any test.*

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ONE of our customers, who did $7000 worth of drilling last year, says he is glad he took our advice and BOUGHT A MACHINE THAT WOULD DO THE WORK! We make the best line of modern WELL Drilling machinery, and that is the kind *that pays the user.* LOOMIS & NYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio.

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Will cure the worst forms of female complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb, and consequent spinal weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the change of life.

Every time it will cure **Backache.**

It has cured more cases of leucorrhœa by removing the cause, than any remedy the world has ever known; it is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills** work in unison with the Compound, and are a sure cure for constipation and sick headache. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is of great value for local application.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. F. B. Palmer, city editor of the Oskaloosa, Ia., *Times*, under date of May 5th, 1895, relates the following experience: "Recently I was compelled by a serious siege of dyspepsia to leave my office work, and thought to seek relief by a month's travel on the Pacific coast. The rest and change helped me somewhat, but I could find no relief for the awful fits of indigestion. When about to return home to Iowa I entered a prominent drug store in Tacoma, Wash., and asked for something that would bring relief from my indigestion. The druggist sold me a box of Ripans Tabules for 50 cents. In less than twenty-four hours I could feel a change for the better. From that day to this I have used Ripans Tabules whenever I felt my old ailment getting in its work, and with most commendable results."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

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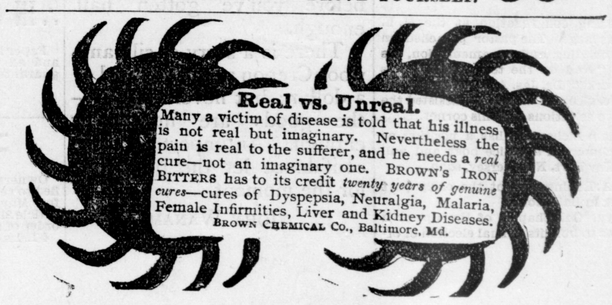
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