SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "My First Day in Palestine."

Dr. Talmage has begun a series of sermons on his recent trip to the Holy Land. The following is the first sermon of the series;

TEXT: *"The half was not told me."*—I Kings x., 7.

This is the first sermon in a course of Sabbath morning sermons on "My Recent Journey Through the Holy Land and Neighboring Countries: What I Saw and What I Learned." Out of the sixty-four millions of our present American population and the millions of our pastonly about five thousand have ever visited the Holy Land. Of all those who cross to Europe less than five per cent. ever get as far as Rome, and less than two per cent. ever get to Athens, and less than a quarter of one per cent. ever get to Palestine. Of the less than a quarter of one per cent. who do go to the Holy Land some see nothing but the noxious insects and the filth of the Oriental cities, and come back wishing they had never gone. Of those who see much of interest and come home only a small portion can tell what they have seen, the tongue unable to report the eye.

The rarity of a successful, intelligent and happy journey through the Holy Land is very marked. But the time approaches when a journey to Palestine will be common. Thousands will go where now there are scores. We locomotive and railroad will spring up from Joppa to Jerusalem, and railroads are about to begin in Palestine, and the day will come when the city will be, "All out for Jerusalem!" "Twenty minutes for breakfast at Tiberias!" "Change cars for Tyre!" "Grand Trunk Junction for Nineveh!" "All out for Damascus!" Meanwhile the wet docks of the Atlantic Ocean and Adriatic and Mediterranean Seas are being shorn and not only is the voyage shortened, but after a while, without crossing the ocean, you or your children will visit the Holy Land. A company of capitalists have gone up to Behring Straits, where the American and Asiatic continents come within thirty-six miles of meeting.

These capitalists or others will build a bridge across these straits, for midway are three islands called "The Diomedes," and the water is not deep and is never disturbed with icebergs. Trains of cars will run from America across that bridge and on down through Siberia, bringing under more immediate observation the Russian outrages against exiles and consequently abolishing them; and there are persons here to-day, who, without one quarantine or sea-sickness, will visit that wonderful land where the Christ-like, Abrahamic, Mosaic, Davidic, Solomonic and Herodic histories overlap each other with such power that by the time we took my feet out of the stirrups at the close of the journey I felt so wrung out with emotion that it seemed nothing else could ever absorb my feelings again.

The chief hindrance for going to Palestine with many is the dreadful sea, and though I have crossed it ten times it is more dreadful every time, and I fully sympathize with what was said one night when Mr. Beecher and I went over to speak in New York at the anniversary of the Seamen's Friend Society, and the clergyman making the last prayer quoted from St. John, "There shall be no more sea," and Mr. Beecher, seated beside me, in memory of a recent ocean voyage said, "Amen; I am glad of that." By the partial abolition of the Atlantic Ocean and the putting down of rail tracks across every country in all the world, the most sacred land on earth will come under the observation of so many people who will be ready to tell of what they saw that infidelity will be propounced only another form of insanity, for no honest man can visit the Holy Land and remain an infidel.

This Bible from which I preach has almost fallen apart, for I read from it the most of the events in it recorded on the very places where they occurred. And some of the leaves got wet as the waves dashed over our boat on Lake Galilee, and the book was jostled in the saddle bags for many weeks, but it is a new book to me, newer than any book that yesterday came out of any of our great printing houses. All my life I had heard of Palestine, and I had read about it, and talked about it, and preached about it, and sung about it, and dreamed about it, and prayed about it, until my anticipations were piled up into something like Himalayan proportions, and yet I have to cry out, as did the Queen of Sheba when the first-born of the Holy Land, "The half was not told me."

In order to make the more accurate and vivid a book I have been writing, a life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne," I left home last October, and on the last night of November we were walking the decks of the Senegal, a Mediterranean steamer. It was a ship of immense proportions. There were but few passengers, for it is generally rough at that time of year, and pleasurists are not apt to be voyagers there and then. The stars were all out that night. Those armies of light seemed to have had their shields newly burnished. We walked the polished deck. Not much was said, for in all our hearts was the dominant word "to-morrow." Somehow the Acropolis, which a few days before had thrilled us at Athens, now in our minds lessened in the height of its column and the glory of its temples. And the Egyptian pyramids in our memory lessened their wonders of obsolete masonry, and the Coliseum of Rome was not so great a ruin as it a few weeks before had seemed to be.

And all that we had seen and heard dwindled in importance, for to-morrow, to-morrow we shall see the Holy Land. "Captain, what time will we come in sight of Palestine?" "Well," he said, "if the wind and sea remain as they are about daybreak." Never was I so impatient for a night to pass. I could not see much use for that night, anyhow. I pulled aside the curtain from the porthole of my stateroom, so that the first hint of dawn would waken me. But it was a useless precaution. Sleep was among the impossibilities. Who could be so stupid as to slumber when every moment there might start out within sight of the ship the land where the most stupendous scenes of all time and all eternity were enacted—land of pain and redemption, land where was fought the battle that made our heaven possible, land of Godfrey and Saladin, of Joshua and Jesus?

Will the night ever be gone? Yes, it is growing lighter, and along the horizon there is something like a bank of clouds, and as a watchman paces the deck I say to him, "What is that out yonder?" "That is land, sir," said the sailor. "The land!" I cried, and soon all our friends were aroused from sleep and the shore began more clearly to reveal itself. With rise of sun and tide and breeze the anchor dropped in the roadstead a half mile from land, for though Joppa is the only harbor of Palestine it is the worst harbor on all the coasts. Sometimes for weeks no ships stop there. Between rocks about seventy-five feet apart a small boat must take the passengers ashore. The depths are strewn with the skeletons of those who have attempted to land or attempted to embark. Twenty-seven pilgrims perished with one crash of a boat against the rocks. Where fleets of Crusaders, of Romans, of Syrians, of Egyptians have gone to splinters there. A writer eight hundred years ago said he stood on the beach in a storm at Joppa, and out of thirty ships all but seven went to pieces on the rocks, and a thousand or the dead were washed ashore.

Strange that with a few blasts of powder these rocks have not been uprooted and the way cleared, so that great ships instead of anchoring far out from land, might sweep up to those rocks where they are, practically cries the Turkish Government; "we want no people of other religions and other habits to land there; if the salt seas wash over them let it be a warning to other invaders away with your nineteenth century, with its free thought and its modern inventions." That Turkish Government ought to be blotted from the face of the earth, and it will be.

Of many of the inhabitants of Palestine I asked the question, "Has the Sultan of Turkey ever been here?" Answer, "No." "Why don't he come, when it belongs to his dominion?" Amid all the interrogatories I looked this way and that, so as to know he would not be reported, the answer would invariably be, "He dare not come." I believed it. If the Sultan of Turkey attempted to visit Jerusalem he would never get back again. All Palestine hates him. I saw him go to the mosque for prayers in his own city of Constantinople, and saw some thousand armed men riding out to protect him. Expensive prayers! Of course that Government wants no better harbor at Joppa. May God remove that curse of nations, that old Turk of the centuries, the Turkish Government! For its everlasting insult to God and woman let it perish! And so those rocks at the harbor remain the jaws of repeated destruction.

As we descended the narrow steps at the side of the ship we heard the clamor and quarrel and swearing of fifteen or sixteen different races of men of all features, and all colors and all vernaculars; all different in appearance, but all alike in desire to get our baggage and ourselves at exorbitant prices. Twenty boats and only ten passengers to go ashore. The man having charge of us pushes aside some, and strikes with a heavy stick others, and by violences that would not be tolerated in our country, but which seem to be the only manner of making any impression there, clears our way into one of the boats, which heads for the shore. We are within fifteen minutes of the Christ land. Now we hear shouting from the beach, and in five minutes we will be landed. The prow of the boat is caught by men who wade out to help us in.

We are tremulous with suppressed excitement, our breath is quick, and from the side of the boat we spring to the shore, and Sunday morning, December 1, 1889, about eight o'clock, our feet touch Palestine. Forever to come and mine will that day and hour be commemorated for that pre-eminent mercy. Let it be mentioned in prayer by my children and children's children after we are gone, that one morning we were permitted to enter that land and gaze upon those holy hills and feel the emotions that rise and fall and weep and laugh and sing and triumph at such a disembarkation.

On the back of the hills one hundred and fifty feet high Joppa is lifted toward the skies. It is as picturesque as it is quaint, and is much unlike any city we have ever seen, as though it were built in that star Mars, where a few nights ago this very September astronomers, through unparalleled telescopes, saw a snow storm raging. How glad we were to be in Joppa! Why, this is the city where Dorcas, that queen of the needle, lived and died and was resurrected. You remember that she poor people came around the dead body of this benefactress, and brought specimens of her kind needlework, and said: "Dorcas made this!" "Dorcas sewed that," "Dorcas cut and fitted this," "Dorcas hemmed that."

According to Lightfoot, the commentator, they laid her out in state in a public room, and the poor wrung their hands and cried and sent for Peter, who performed a miracle by which the good woman came back to life and resumed her benefactions. An especial resurrection day for one woman! She was the model by which many women of our day have fashioned their lives, and at the first blast of the horn of wintry tempest there appear ten thousand Dorcases—Dorcases of Brooklyn, Dorcases of New York, Dorcases of London, Dorcases of all the neighborhoods and towns and cities of Christendom—just as generous as the Dorcas of Joppa who died. Thank God for the ever increasing skill and sharpness and speed and generosity of Dorcas's needle.

"What is that man doing?" I said to the dragoman in the streets of Joppa. "Oh, he is carrying his bed." Multitudes of people sleep out of doors, and that is the way so many in those lands become blind. It is from the dew of the night falling on the eyelids. As a result of this, in Egypt every twentieth person is totally blind. In Oriental lands the bed is made of a thin, small mattress, a blanket and a pillow, and when the man rises in the morning he just ties up the three into a bundle and shoulders it and takes it away. It was to that the Saviour referred when He said to the sick man: "Take up thy bed and walk." An American couch or an English couch would require at least four men to carry it, but one Oriental can easily manage his slumber equipment.

But I inhale some of the odors of the large tanneries around Joppa. It is there to this day, a prosperous business, this tanning of hides. And that reminds me of Simon, the tanner, who lived at Joppa and was the host of Peter, the apostle. I suppose the olfactories of Peter were as easily insulted by the odors of a tannery as others. But the Bible says, "He lodged with one Simon, the tanner." People who go out to do reformatory and missionary and Christian work must not be too sensitive. Simon no doubt brought to his homestead every night the malodors of the calfskins and ox hides in his tannery, but Peter lodged in that home, not only because he may not have been invited to the houses of merchant princes, surrounded by redolent gardens, but to teach all men and women engaged in trying to make the world better that they must not be squeamish and fastidious and finical and over particular in doing the work of the Lord.

The church of God is dying of fastidiousness. We cry over the sufferings of the world in hundred dollar pocket handkerchiefs, and then put a cent into the poor box. There are many willing to do Christian work among the cleanly, and the refined, and the elegant, and the educated, but excuse them from taking a loaf of bread down a dirty alley, excuse them from teaching a mission school among the uncombed and the unwashed, excuse them from touching the hand of one who no longer nails are as long as the departed soap. Such religious precisionists can toil in atmospheres laden with honeysuckle and rosemary, but not in air floating up from the malodorous vats. No, no, no! Excuse them from living with one Simon, the tanner.

During the last war there were in Virginia some sixty or seventy wounded soldiers in a barn, on the second floor, so near the roof that the heat of the August sun was almost insupportable. The men were dying from sheer exhaustion and suffocation. A distinguished member of the Christian commission said to the nurse who stood there, "Wash the faces and feet of these men and it will revive them." "No," said the nurse, "I didn't come into the army to wash anybody's feet." "Well," said the distinguished man, one of the committee, "bring me a pitcher of water and a towel; I will be very glad to wash their feet." One was the spirit of the devil, the other the spirit of Christ.

But reference to Peter reminds me that we must go to the housetop in Joppa where he was taught the democracy of religion. That was about the queerest thing that ever happened. On our way up to that housetop we passed an old well where the great stones were worn deep with the ropes of the buckets, and it must be a well many centuries old, and I think Peter drank out of it. Four or five goat or calfskins filled with water lay about the yard. We soon got up the steps and on the housetop. It was in such a place in Joppa that Peter one noon while he was waiting for dinner had a hungry fit and fainted away, and had a vision or dream or trance. I said to my family and friends on that housetop, "Listen while I read about what happened here." And opening the Bible we had the whole story.

It seems that Peter on the housetop dreamed that a great blanket was let down out of heaven, and in it were sheep and goats and cattle and mules and pigeons and buzzards and snakes and all manner of creatures that fly the air, or walk the field, or crawl the earth, and in the dream a voice told him as he was hungry to eat, and he said, "I cannot eat things unclean." Three times he dreamed it. There was then heard a knocking at the gate of the house on the top of which Peter lay in a trance, and three men asked, "Is Peter here?" Peter, while yet wondering what his dream meant, descends the stairs and greets these strangers at the gate, and they tell him that a good man by the name of Cornelius, in the city of Cæsarea, had also had a dream and has sent for him Peter and to hear what he has to say and preach. At that call Peter left Joppa for Cæsarea. The dream he had just had prepared him to preach, for Peter learned by it to reject no people as unclean, and whereas he previously thought he must preach only to the Jews, now he goes to preach to the Gentiles, who were once considered unclean.

Notice how the two dreams meet—Peter's dream on the housetop, Cornelius dream at Cæsarea. So I have noticed providences meet, distant events meet, dreams meet. Every dream is hunting up some other dream, and every event is searching for some other event. In the Fifteenth century (1492) the great event was the discovery of America. The art of printing, born in the same century, goes out to meet that discovery and make the New World an intelligent world. The Declaration of Independence, announcing equal rights, meets Robert Burns's

A man's a man for a' that.

The United States was getting too large to be managed by one Government, and telegraphy was invented to compress within an hour the whole continent. Armies in the Civil War were to be fitted out with clothing, and the sewing machine hurries along to make it possible. Immense farming acreage is presented in this country, enough to support millions of our native born and millions of foreigners; but the old style of plow and scythe and reaper and thresher cannot do the work, and there come steam plows, steam harrows, steam reapers, steam rakes, steam threshers, and the work is accomplished. The forests of the earth fail to furnish enough fuel, and so the coal mines surrender a sufficiency. The cotton crops were luxuriant, but of comparatively little value, for they could not be managed; and so, at just the right time, Hargreaves came with his invention of the spinning jenny, then Arkwright with his roller, and Whitney with his cotton gin. The world, after pottering along with tallow candles and whale oil, was crying for better light and more of it, and the hill of Pennsylvania poured out rivers of oil, and kerosene illumined the nations. But the oil wells began to fail, and then the electric light comes forth to turn night into day.

So all events are woven together, and the world is magnificently governed, because it is divinely governed. We criticise things and think the divine machinery is going wrong, and put our fingers amid the wheels only to get them crushed. But I say, hands off! Things are coming out gloriously. Cornelius may be in Cæsarea, and Peter in Joppa, but their dreams show that there is a hand that is managing the world, and that is God's hand; and one mind that is planning all things for good, and that is God's mind; and one heart that is filled with love and pardon and sympathy, and that is God's heart. Have faith in Him. Fret about nothing. Things are not at loose ends. There are no accidents. All will come out right in your history and in the world. Are you waking from one dream up stairs an explanatory dream will be knocking at the gate down stairs.

Standing here in Joppa I remember that where we this morning disembarked the prophet Jonah embarked. For the first time in my life I fully understood that story. God told Jonah to go to Nineveh, but the prophet declined that call and came here to Joppa. I was for weeks, while in the Holy Land, consulting with tourist companies as to how I could take Nineveh in my journey. They did not encourage the undertaking. It is a most tedious ride to Nineveh amid a desert. Now I see an additional reason why Jonah did not want to go to Nineveh. He not only revolted because it was a long way and tough, and bandit infested, so he came here to Joppa and took ship. But, alas, for the disastrous voyage! He paid his full fare for the whole voyage, but the ship sailed it did not fill their part of the contract. To this day they have not paid back that passage money. Why people should doubt the story of Jonah and the whale is more of a mystery than the Bible event itself. I do not need the fact that Pliny, the historian, records that the skeleton of a whale forty feet long, and with a hide a foot and a half thick, was brought from Joppa to Rome.

The event recorded in the book of Jonah has occurred a thousand times. The Lord always has a whale outside the harbor for a man whosoever in the wrong direction. Recreant Jonah! I do not wonder that even the whale was sick of him. This prophet was put in the Bible not as an example, but as a warning, because the world not only needs lighthouses, but buoys, to show where the rocks are. The Bible story of him ends by showing the prophet in a fit of the sulks. He was mad because Nineveh was not destroyed, and then he went out to pout, and eat under a big leaf, using it for shade from the tropical sun, and when a worm disturbed that leaf, and it withered, and the sun smote Jonah, he flew into a great rage, and said: "It is better for me to die than to live." A prophet in a rage because he had lost his umbrella! Beware of petulance!

But standing here on the housetop at Joppa, I look off upon the sands near the beach, and I expect, expected to find, those prophets and meditation. But no; the rains long ago washed away the last sign of the Napoleonic massacre. Napoleon was marching on through the coasts. He had here at Joppa four thousand Albanians, who had been surrendered as prisoners of war, and under a promise of protection. What shall he do with them? It will be impossible for him to take them along, and he cannot afford to leave soldiers enough to guard them from escape. It will not be difficult for the man who broke the heart of lovely Josephine, and who looked afraid if the great losses of life in his battles were not too dear a price to pay for his victories, shrugged his shoulders and said, "You must break the eggs if you want to make an omelet"—I say it will not be difficult for him to decide.

The prisoners of war by his order are taken out on the sands and put to death—one thousand of them, two thousand of them, three thousand of them, four thousand of them, massacred. Red the blood runs down into the sea, the red of the one mingling with the blue of the other, and making an awful maroon which neither God nor nation can ever forget. Ye who are fond of vivid contrasts put the two scenes of Joppa side by side. Dorcas with her needle, and the immortal butcher with his knife.

But standing on this Joppa house top I look off on the Mediterranean, and what is that strange sight I see? The waters are black, seemingly for miles. There seems to be a great multitude of logs fastened together. Oh, yes, it is a great raft of timbers. They are cedars of Lebanon, which King Hiram is furnishing King Solomon in exchange for 20,000 measures of wheat, 20,000 baths of oil and 20,000 baths of wine. These cedars have been cut down and trimmed in the mountains of Lebanon by the 70,000 axmen engaged there, and with great withes and iron bolts are fastened together, and they are floating down to Joppa to be taken across the land for Solomon's temple, now building at Jerusalem, for we have lost our hold of the Nineteenth century and are clear back in the ages.

The rafts of cedar are guided into what is called the Moon Pool, an old harbor south of Joppa, now filled with sand and useless. With long poles the men push forward this way and that in the water, then with divers and many a loud, long "Ho, heave!" as the carters get their shoulder under the great weight, the timbers are fastened in the vast ions and the lowing oxen are yoked to the load, and the procession of teams moves on with crack of whip and drawled out words which, translated, I suppose would correspond with the "Whoa, haw, gee!" of modern teamsters, toward Jerusalem, which is thirty miles away over mountainous distances which for hundreds of years defeat all engineering. And those rough cedars shall become carved pillars and beautiful altars, and rounded bannisters, and traced fried roofs, and sublime ceiling, and exquisite harps and kingly chariots.

As the wagon train moves out from Joppa over the plain of Sharon toward Jerusalem I say to myself, what vast numbers of people helped build that temple of Solomon, and what vast numbers of people are now engaged in building the wider, higher, grander temple of righteousness rising in the earth. Our Christian ancestry toiled at it, and sweat and tears, and hundreds of the generations of the good, and the long train of Christian workers still moves on; and as in the construction of Solomon's temple some hewed with the ax in the far away Lebanon, and some drove a wedge, and some twisted a withe, and some trod the wet and slippery rafts on the sea, and some yoked the ox, and some pulled at the load, and some shoved the plane, and some fitted the joints, and some heaved up the rafters, and some hoisted the temple, though some of these never saw it, so now let us all put our hands, and our shoulders, and our hearts to the work of building the temple of righteousness which is to fill the earth; and one will bind a wound, and another will wipe away a tear, and another will teach a class, and another will speak the encouraging word, and all the while we will be ready to pull and lift, and in some way help on the work until the millenial morn shall gild the pinnacle of that finished temple, and at its shining gates the world shall put down its last burden, and in its towers each off its last strain, and at its altars the last wanderer shall kneel. At the dedication of that temple all the armies of earth and heaven will "shoulder arms" and "present arms" and "ground arms," for "behold! a greater than Solomon is here."

But my first day in the Holy Land is ended. The sun is already closing his eye for the night. I stand on the balcony of a hotel which was brought to Joppa in pieces from the States and by camel's back, and which came here expecting to see Christ reappear in Palestine. My room here was once occupied by that Christian hero of the centuries—English, Chinese, Egyptian, world-wide General Gordon, a man mighty for God as well as for the world's pacification. Although the first of December and winter, the air is full of fragrance from gardens all a-bloom, and under my window are acacia and tamarisk and mulberry and century plants and orange groves and oleander. From the drowsiness of the air and the fatigues of the day I feel sleepy. Good night! To-morrow morning we start for Jerusalem.

PEOPLE MURDERED.

Women and Children Killed by the Troops in Goa.

CALCUTTA, Sept. 27.—It is reported that the troops in Goa are committing the wildest excesses, shooting people indiscriminately.

Several popular leaders have been arrested and shot in their residences. The residences of others are besieged and a lively fusillade proceeds between besiegers and besieged.

Numbers of people have fled to the cantonment of the cathedral in old Goa. It is rumored that the Governor-General is hiding in the palace, and is deaf to petitions from the inhabitants. Many women and children who fled thither for protection have been bayonetted by the palace guard.

Several dynamite bombs have been thrown into the palace by a band of citizen soldiers. The Governor justifies the acts of the troops, on the ground that a revolution has been declared. It estimated that 300 persons were killed and wounded in two days' fighting.

Meetings of Goanese have been held in Bombay to denounce the Government of Goa and to ask for British annexation.

Declines to be a Candidate.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Sept. 27.—Hon. Milton Delano, Congressman from this district, has sent an open letter to the Republican positively declining to be a candidate for re-election, on the ground that he cannot afford another term in Washington.

Died of Bright's Disease.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—William Patton, a well known retired merchant of this city, died of Bright's disease last evening, after an illness extending over two or three years. Mr. Paton was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1818.

Left Four Millions.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 27.—Elizabeth Drexel Smith, wife of Walter G. Smith and eldest daughter of the late Francis A. Drexel, died at Torresdale, Pa., after a brief illness. Mrs. Smith's estate is valued at about $4,000,000.

The Cobbler Not Extinct.

A great many people believe that the cobbler is rapidly becoming extinct. Such belief is erroneous. It is true that the improvement in machinery has made footwear so inexpensive that the small moderate circumstances can afford to replace the old shoes with a new pair instead of seeking the cobbler as of yore. But it is a mistake to idea that the discarded boot or shoe is consigned to the rubbish heap. There are poor people who earn their daily bread by gathering up old shoes and selling them to second-hand dealers. The dealers seek out the cobblers, have the discarded shoes put into presentable shape, and find customers for them—men and women who can pay from 50c. to $1 for a pair of shoes or boots who would be compelled to "walk on their uppers" if called upon to produce twice or thrice the amount named. The cobbler may have lost prestige, but he is not so will he be, in this generation, extinct.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

SOME SAFE STORIES.

Amusing Incidents Connected with the Safe-Making Business.

A Boston safe-maker recently gave to a Courier reporter a few amusing incidents connected with his business. Looks, of course, will sometimes get out of order, and when a business man can not lock his safe, or, worse yet, can not unlock it, he loses no time in sending to headquarters for help.

Not long ago we received a hurried message from one of our customers, whose safe door had suddenly refused to shut far enough to allow the bolts to be thrown. A workman hastened to the establishment, and glancing about the entrance to the safe, noticed a cent resting on one of the bottom flanges. He picked it up, and the door shut and locked without any further trouble. The bill for the workman's time was probably large enough to prevent a repetition of the occurrence.

In another case of the same sort a button from a lady's dress was found by the expert in one of the lower bolt holes.

Some years ago we delivered a new set of vault doors for a bank about two hundred miles away. Just as the bank was ready to go into its new quarters we had a telegram to send a man at once. The bolts of the outer door would not throw far enough to lock it.

Our man started off forthwith, and this is what he found: The bank officers had fitted a board flooring into the vestibule of the vault, but had omitted to bore holes in it to allow for the throw of the bolts. An anger and ten minutes' work on every thing right, but they made that piece of board a rather expensive luxury.

Our morning mail brought a letter from a man three hundred miles from Boston. His safe could not be opened, and he was in a distressing plight. Would we send an expert at once?

Our man picked up his kit, took the next train, and arrived at the customer's office the next morning. The safe proved to be an old-fashioned one, with a large key-lock.

"There," said the owner, "there is the safe. The lock has been working harder and harder for weeks, and now I am locked out. I must have some of my documents immediately. Never mind the damage, but break into it in short order."

The expert tried the key, but it refused to work. Then he took a small wire and picked out half a thimbleful of dirt and lint. He tried it again and a better working lock was never seen.

"How much is your bill?" asked the customer.

"Forty dollars."

"All right. That is perfectly satisfactory, on one condition. Does anyone in the place know your business here?"

"No one."

"Very good. Get out by the next train and keep mum. I'd rather pay a hundred dollars than have any of my friends know that I sent to Boston for a man to pick the dirt out of my key."

Making Artificial Ice.

The process of making artificial ice is interesting, the machinery and appliances simple when understood. Anhydrous ammonia and brine are the three agencies which make the ice. In immense tanks, which cover nearly the entire floor of the large building of the factory, numerous coils of pipe are set four feet apart. Through these pipes passes the anhydrous ammonia. The tanks are filled with brine of the required strength, and two large engines pump the ammonia through the pipe, absorbing the heat in the brine, cooling it down to a temperature of 10 to 18 degrees above zero. Galvanized iron cans filled with distilled water are then lowered between the pipes into this brine bath, and the freezing process commences. It takes about forty hours to freeze the water in these cans into a solid cake of ice. The cans when frozen solid are taken out, immersed in hot water for a moment, and the cake of ice is released from the can ready for market. Clear as crystal, these cakes are stored in warehouses for use as occasion demands.

These tanks hold seventeen hundred cans, each can when frozen producing a block of ice weighing 300 pounds. At one end of the tanks two centrifugal pumps keep the brine in continual agitation, necessary to throw off heat and keep it both at the low temperature.

But reason of the agitation of the brine all cans freeze alike in the immense bath. The tanks, when once filled, furnish a continual supply of ice every twenty-four hours. Rows of cans drawn are immediately replaced with fresh cans as soon as those frozen are taken out, the present ice product of this plant being 240,000 pounds of ice daily.—[Chicago Herald.

History of the Potato.

There never was a time in the history of America, since it was inhabited by white people, when the potato was not cultivated, as it was introduced into Virginia before it was cultivated in Ireland, and it was in cultivation there in 1584, when Sir Walter Raleigh supplied the seed to the farmers on his estate in that island. To call it the Irish potato is therefore a misnomer. It was brought to North America from Chili and Peru by the Spaniards, and was first cultivated in Europe by these people. The Jerusalem artichoke was not in use before the potato. It was introduced into Europe from South America only in 1872, but it was probably used in Brazil as a substitute for the potato long before that time. No other known tuber was used for the same purpose as the potato before its introduction into Europe, so far as is known, and probably there was none. Oatmeal, rice and barley were used in various ways for food before the potato was known in Europe.—New York Times.

From the vigorous growth of stray asparagus shoots year after year in hedges, along roadsides and in uncultivated fields it would appear that the old way of stuffing the soil with manure for the fertile plot is a somewhat wasteful method of raising this everywhere prized vegetable.

Not Much Left of Him.

An old negro was scolding his son when a man who happened to be passing along said: "You don't seem to be pleased with that boy."

"No, sah; I ain't pleased wid him er tall. Dar's er good many p'ints erbout him dat I ain't got no use fur. He ain't bright bright in his jedgment, an' he's erbout the laziest human pusson I ever seed in my borned life. But I couldn't 'spect much better o' him caze he's only my ha'f son, nohow."

"Your half son?" the man exclaimed.

"Yas, sah, dat's all he is—jes' my ha'f son."

"Why, how do you make that out?"

"Easy ernuff, caze I dun been maird twiced."

"That don't make any difference."

"But I reckon it do. De chillun dat wuz borned undurin' my fust wife's lifetime is dat boy's ha'f brudders an' sisters, an' ez da is my chillun, I 'lowed dat I was his ha'f daddy. It peer ter me dat it take er mighty long time ter get er p'int through er white pusson's head, nohow."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Flogging at Eaton.

Beyond the head master's desk in the upper school is a smaller room, still called the library, although no longer stored with books. Here, in extreme cases, flogging is administered by the head master, none of the assistants being empowered to inflict corporal punishment. The victim, kneeling on a wooden step called the "block," is "held down by two junior collegers," and a senior colleger hands the head master the necessary birch or birches. A former block was destroyed during a rebellion in 1783, and fragments of it were distributed as trophies among the boys concerned. Its successor was cleverly carried away by the late Lord Waterford and two other old Etonians in 1836, and it is now preserved at Curraghmore as a historical relic.

Flogging was for many generations the normal punishment for almost all offenses, great or small, for serious breaches of discipline and for mistakes in Latin construing. Many amusing stories—some of them true, more of them apocryphal—are told of Dr. Keate and the vigorous manner in which he wielded the birch, and it is remembered that he suppressed an attempted rebellion by successively flogging more than eighty boys in the middle of a summer night in 1832. Since his time there has been a gradual decrease in the number of floggings administered by subsequent headmasters, and Dr. Warre seldom resorts to this form of punishment.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

Unexpected.

A traveler found himself at nightfall before the door of a rude cabin of slabs and logs. Over the door on a piece of pine board were the words, "Lodgin for Man and Beest." It was chilly and raining, and the traveler was still ten miles from his destination. He dismounted, therefore, and entered the cabin, while a boy led his horse to an old stable near by.

The hostelry had but two rooms, one in the rear of the cabin. This rear room was the guest chamber, and into it the traveler was ushered without a light soon after he had eaten his supper of "soddy biscuits" and salt pork.

He groped his way to a bed or bunk in the corner. Then, after partially disrobing, he closed the door, and tired with his journey was soon fast asleep.

Early in the morning he awakened with a start, to find the hostess standing in the middle of the room with a big tin pan in her hands, while she called out with a peculiar, clucking sound, "Chicky! chicky! chicky!"

She had thrown the outer door open, and in rushed a great flock of chickens, with a dozen or more waddling, squawking ducks and geese.

She scattered the panfull of corn all around the floorless room, while the fowls scrambled and fought for it. Seeing that her guest was looking on in open-eyed amazement, she said:

"Don't let us disturb ye, mister. I allus have to feed my chickens in here to keep the peegs from eating up the corn. I'll shoo them out in a few minutes, and you can lay as long as you please."

ELYS CREAM BALM FOR CATARRH
CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAYFEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

Good Wives
grow fair in the light of their works, especially if they use SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes. All grocers keep it.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST by many a woman who strives to please her husband and works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. If she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.

A WONDERFUL SPRING.

The Virginia Arsenic Bromine and Lithia Water Many Cures Made Through Its Use—Success of the Company Owning the Spring.

Virginia Water as it is briefly called, will soon be known the world over. It is rapidly gaining fame by means of its undoubted and powerful curative powers, and it will eventually be general use throughout the entire country. In addition to the cases of scrofula and other diseases cured, recently reported in the World's columns, the writer has met with many persons who were perfectly relieved of divers blood diseases, previously considered incurable, in a manner that seemed almost miraculous.

As already stated in the World's columns, this water rushes boldly from the base of a steep mountain, and its temperature is never less than 70 degrees, even on the coldest day in winter. As far back as the oldest people in this section can remember the spring, then called the Crockett Warm Spring, had a wide local reputation for its wonderful curative powers. Last year the Arsenic Bromine and Lithia Spring Company took hold of it. This Company is now shipping the water to all parts of the United States and Canada, and new territory is every day being added.

Those who are afflicted with diseases pronounced incurable will receive with delight the news that most of the cures effected by the use of this water had long been considered hopeless cases by many eminent doctors.

Probably one of the worst cases of scrofula on record was that of a negro who arrived at the springs in such a condition that he was obliged to live in the woods, for no human being cared to see him, not to say to take him in. He went away entirely cured, as clean as a whistle and feeling like a new man. He drank from and bathed in a stream running from the spring, but a considerable distance away from it.

Where there is no agent for this Company the water may be had through the leading druggist or by applying direct to the Arsenic Bromine and Lithia Springs Company, Roanoke, Va.—[N. Y. World.

—The Right Rev. John Pius Leahy, Bishop of Bromore, Ireland, who died recently, was the oldest member of the Irish hierarchy. He was consecrated October 1, 1854, and was the Bishop and a resident of our Bishop Loughlin's native place.

Heavy frosts damaged crops in the West and Northwest.

Judicious Speculation.

Money invested in sums of from $1 to $5 weekly or monthly will make you a fortune. Write for information. Benj. Lewis & Co., Security Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Quail are protected in Michigan from now till November, 1894.

Timber, Mineral, Farm Lands and Ranches in Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas, bought and sold. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

A fire at Havre, France, destroyed 80,000 carcasses of mutton.

Woman, her diseases and their treatment. 72 pages, illustrated; price 50c. Sent upon receipt of 10c., cost of mailing, etc. Address Prof. R. H. Riggs, M.D., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Boston now rates sixth in the list of cities of the United States.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Over 18,000 pupils were flogged in the Boston schools last year.

Lee Wa's Chinese Headache Cure. Harmless in effect, quick and positive in cure. Sent prepaid on receipt of $1 per bottle. Adeler & Co., 522 Wyandotte st., Kansas City, Mo.

A contract has been signed for building the Niagara Falls Tunnel.

Guaranteed five year eight per cent. First Mortgages on Kansas City property, interest payable every six months; principal and interest collected when due and remitted without expense to lender. For sale by J. H. Bannerman & Co., Kansas City, Mo. Write for particulars

Eighty per cent. of the rich men of New York city began life penniless. U40

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases, scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands in every city are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or goitre, tumor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, have been cured by this successful medicine. All who suffer from scrofula should give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1, six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The army of Panama numbers 120 men.

Rich Farm For Sale

Two miles from the beautiful town of Thomasville, Davidson Co., N. C. Fine bottoms, rich valley lands, well watered. All the fruits, delightful climate, plenty of game. Write A. E. Leigh.

Car builders are rushed with orders.

Bucyrus has a lot like Angelica on West Stonewall.

The cholera is spreading in Spain.

Are any of the new-fangled washing compounds as good as the old-fashioned soap? Dobbins's Electric Soap has been sold every day for 24 years and is now just as good as ever. Ask your grocer for it and take no other.

West Virginia has 250 Alliances.

Money invested in choice one hundred dollar building lots in suburbs of Kansas City will pay from five hundred to one thousand per cent. the next few years under our plan. $25 cash and $5 per month without interest controls a desirable lot. Particulars on application. J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

The total debt of Canada is $236,559,930

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England has 45,000 women printers.

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun.

Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure 'll come.

But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for