

# Sour

sometimes called waterbrash, burning pain, distress, nausea, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This it accomplishes because of its wonderful power as a blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla gently cleanses and strengthens the stomach and the entire system, invigorates the liver, increases the appetite, gives refreshing rest and raises the health tone. In cases of dyspepsia and indigestion it is a "magic tonch."

For over 12 years I suffered from sour

Stomach  
severe pains across my shoulders, and distress. I had violent nausea, which left me very weak and faint, difficult to get my breath. These spells came on more and more severe. I did not receive lasting benefit from physicians, but such happy effects from a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla that I took several bottles and mean to always keep it in the house. I am now able to do all my own work, which for six years I have been unable to do. My husband and son have also greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the bowels and after the grip. I recommend this grand blood medicine.

Mrs. PETER DUBBY, Leominster, Mass.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

The True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Cures all Liver, Bilious, and Sick Headache. 25 cents.

## The Stearns Bicycle

Known throughout cycling as light, staunch, stylish speedy mount. There's a best in everything; the '96 Stearns is a veritable edition de luxe among bicycles. Finished in black or chrome.

Stearns riders are satisfied, and always proud as kings of their mounts.

Your address will insure receipt of your handsome new catalogue.

"The Yellow Fellow."

E. C. STEARNS & CO., Makers  
Syracuse, N. Y.  
San Francisco, Cal. Toronto, Ont.

## L. DOUGLAS SHOE

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR L. DOUGLAS SHOE, BEST IN THE WORLD. \$1 to \$6 for shoes, extra for L. Douglas Shoe, and for a good shoe you can buy for \$3. 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTON, AND LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 shoes than any other maker in the world. Genuine unless name is stamped on the bottom.

For dealer for our \$5, \$4 and \$1.75 for boys.

SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer does not carry you, send to factory, 205 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y., State Street, Boston, Mass., or Dept. will fill order, send for new Illustration to L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

## ASTHMA

POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC Gives relief in 15 minutes. Sold by all druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00. All free THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

## HAVE NO AGENTS

but sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices. Ship by express for examination before sale. Everything was rented. 100 styles of Carriage and Riding Saddles. Write for catalogue. ELKHART Carriage & Harness Mfg Co. Elkhart, Ind.

## New York Directory

### WEDNESDAY'S SERIAL

OUR DR. H. DEWEY TALKS ABOUT THE NEWSPAPER'S NEEDS.

Subject: "Newspapers and Their Influence."

Texts: "And the wheels were full of eyes."—Ezekiel x. 12. "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some thing."—Acts xvii, 17.

What is a preacher to do when he finds two texts equally good and suggestive? In that perplexity I take both. Wheels full of eyes? What but the wheels of a newspaper printing press? Other wheels are blind. They roll on, pulling or crushing. The manufacturer's wheel—how it grinds the operators with fatigues and rolls over nerve and muscle and bone and heart, not knowing what it does. The sewing machine wheel sees not the hand that moves it—tighter than the needle which it pierces. Every moment of every hour of every day of every month of every year there are hundreds of thousands of wheels of mechanism, wheels of enterprise, wheels of hard work, in motion, but they are eyes.

Not so the wheels of the printing press. Their entire business is to look and report. They are full of eyes, from axle to periphery. They are like the vision of an eye, which as full of eyes. Sharp eyes, near sighted, far sighted. They look up. They look down. They look far away. They take in the next street and the next hemisphere. Eyes of criticism, eyes of investigation, eyes that twinkle with mirth, eyes glowing with indignation, eyes of hope, blue eyes, green eyes, holy eyes, evil eyes, sore eyes, political eyes, literary eyes, historical eyes, religious eyes, eyes that see everything. "And the wheels were full of eyes." But in my second text is the world's cry for the newspaper. Paul describes a class of people in Athens who spent their time either in gathering the news or in telling it. Why especially in Athens? Because the most intelligent people become, the more inquisitive they are—not about small things, but great things.

The question then most frequently is the question now most frequently asked, What is the news? To answer that cry is the text for the newspaper. The artist has put their wits to work. China first succeeded and has at Pekin a newspaper that has been printed every week for 1000 years, printed on silk. Rome succeeded by publishing "The Acta Diurna," in the same column putting fires, murders, marriages and tempests. France succeeded by a physician writing out the news of the day for his patients. England succeeded under the name of "The Morning Post" first publishing the news of the Spanish armada, and going on until she had enough enterprise, when the battle of Waterloo was fought, deciding the destiny of Europe, to give it one-third of a column in the London Morning Chronicle about as much as the newspapers of our day gives of a small fire. America succeeded by Benjamin Harris's first weekly paper called Public Occurrences published in Boston in 1689, and by the first daily, "The American Advertiser," published in Philadelphia in 1784.

The newspaper did not suddenly spring upon the world, but came gradually. The genealogical line of the newspaper is this: The Adam of the race was a circular or news letter, treated by divine impulse in human nature, and the circular began the pamphlet, and the pamphlet began the quarterly, and the quarterly began the weekly, and the weekly began the semi-weekly, and the semi-weekly began the daily. But alas, by what a struggle it came to its present development! No sooner had power been demonstrated than tyranny and persecution showed its teeth. There is nothing that despots so fear as it. Hates as a printing press. It has too many eyes in its wheel. A great writer declared that the king of Naples made it unsafe for him to write of anything but natural history. Austria could not endure Kossovtz's journalistic pen pleading for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I. trying to keep his iron heel on the neck of Nations said, "Editors are the regents of sovereigns and the tutors of Nations and are only fit for prison." But the battle for the freedom of the press was fought in the court rooms of England and America and decided before this century began by Hamilton's eloquent plea for J. Peter Zenger's Gazette in America, and Burke's advocacy of the freedom of publication in England. These were the Marathon and Thermopylae in which the freedom of the press was established in the United States and Great Britain, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put on the handcuffs and hoppers of literary and political despotism. It is notable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, wrote also: "If I had to choose between a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should prefer the latter." Stung by some base fabrication coming to us in print, we come to write or speak of the unbridled printing press; or, our new book ground up by an unjust critic, we come to write and speak of the unfairness of the printing press; or, perhaps, through our own indistinctness of utterance, we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say, and there is a small riot of semicolons, hypens and commas, and we come to speak or write of the blundering printing press; or, seeing a paper filled with divorces, assassinations, scandals, we speak and write of the scandalous printing press; or, seeing a journal, through bribery, wheel round from one political side to the other in one night, we speak of the corrupt printing press, and many talk about the lampooning, and the emphysemia, and the sneezing of the printing press.

But I discourse now on a subject you have never heard—of the immeasurable and everlasting blessing of a good newspaper. Thank God for the wheel full of eyes. Thank God that we do not have, like the Athenians, to go about to gather up and relate the tidings of the day, since the omnivorous newspaper does both for us. The grandest temporal blessing that God has given to the nineteenth century is the newspaper. We would have known the money, the brains, the losses, the exasperations, the anxieties, the production of heartstrings, involved in the production of a good newspaper. Under the impression that almost anybody can make a newspaper, scores of inexperienced capitalists every year enter the lists, and consequently during the last few years a newspaper has died almost every day. The dis-aster is evidence. The newspapers that were the smaller ones, the whole taking down fifty minnows at one swallow. With more than 7000 dailies and weeklies in the United States and Canada, there are but thirty-six a half century old. Newspapers do not average more than five years' existence. The most of them die of cholera infantum. It is high time that the people found out the most successful way to alk money and keep it is to start a newspaper. There comes a time when almost every one is smitten with the newspaper mania and starts out, or have their eyes full of it.

And now, gentlemen, I would like to know the money, the brains, the losses, the exasperations, the anxieties, the production of heartstrings, involved in the production of a good newspaper. Under the impression that almost anybody can make a newspaper, scores of inexperienced capitalists every year enter the lists, and consequently during the last few years a newspaper has died almost every day. The disaster is evidence. The newspapers that were the smaller ones, the whole taking down fifty minnows at one swallow. With more than 7000 dailies and weeklies in the United States and Canada, there are but thirty-six a half century old. Newspapers do not average more than five years' existence. The most of them die of cholera infantum. It is high time that the people found out the most successful way to alk money and keep it is to start a newspaper. There comes a time when almost every one is smitten with the newspaper mania and starts out, or have their eyes full of it.

What is this arrangement would be a bait and trap for newspaper writers? It is a device to deceive the public. It is sometimes

they have made essential ideas until they were fasten upon the idea, and forthwith they buy type and press and composing room and get a corps of editors, and with a prospectus that promises to cure everything the first copy is flung on the attention of an admiring world. After awhile one of the plain stockholders finds that no great revolution has been effected by this daily or weekly publication, that neither sun nor moon stands still; that the world goes on as of yore, and that the world as it did before the first issue. The newspaper matter-of-factly stockholder wants to sell out his stock, but nobody wants to buy, and other stockholders get infected and sick of newspaperdom, and an enormous bill at the paper factory rolls into an avalanche, and the printers refuse to work until back wages are paid up, and the compositor bows to the bows to the editor, and the managing editor bows to the chief editor, and the editor-in-chief bows to the world at large, and all the subscribers wonder why their paper doesn't come. The world will have to learn that a newspaper is as much of an institution as the Bank of England or Yale College and is not an enterprising speculation. You had better charge upon the world through the columns already established. It is folly for any one who cannot succeed at anything else to try newspaperdom. If you cannot climb the back of your horse, it is folly to try the sides of the Matterhorn.

To publish a newspaper requires the skill, the vision, the boldness, the vigilance, the strategy of a grand commander-in-chief. To edit a newspaper requires that one be a statesman, an essayist, a geographer, a statistician, an acquisition encyclopediac. To man, to govern, to propel a newspaper until it shall be a fixed institution, a National fact, demand more qualities than any business on earth. If you feel like starting any newspaper, secular or religious, understand that you are being targeted with softening of the brain or lunacy, and that your pocketbook into your wife's lap, start for some insane asylum before you do something desperate. Meanwhile, as the dead newspapers, week by week, are carried off to the funeral, all the living newspapers war vigorously, telling when they were born and when they died. The best printers' ink should give at least one stick of epithet. If it is a good paper, say, "Peace to the ashes." If it is a bad one, I suggest the epithet written for Francis Chautauque: "Here cometh to rot the body of Francis Chautauque, who, with an inflexible constancy and uniformity of life, persisted in the practice of every human vice, excused in his hypocrisy. His insatiable avarice expended him from the first, his matchless imprudence from the second." I say this because I want you to know that a good, healthy, long lived, entertaining newspaper is not an easy blessing, but one that comes to us through the fire.

Most of all, newspapers make knowledge democratic and for the multitude. The public library is so high up that few can reach it, while the newspaper is down to the forage to our feet. Public libraries are the reservoirs where the great floods are stored high up and away off. The newspaper is the tunnel that brings them down to the piteous of all the people. The chiefs of great libraries is to make newspapers out of the great libraries make a few men and women work in the night. Newpapers lift whole Nations into the sunlight. Better have 500,000,000 people moderately intelligent than 100,000 solons.

A false impression is abroad that newspaper knowledge is ephemeral because periodicals are thrown aside, and not one out of ten thousand people files them for future reference. Such knowledge, so far from being ephemeral, goes into the very structure of the world's heart and brain and decides the destiny of churches and Nations. Knowledge edge on the shelf is little worth. It is knowledge afoot, knowledge harnessed, knowledge in revolution, knowledge winged, knowledge projected, knowledge bolted. So far from being ephemeral, nearly all the best minds and hearts have their hands on the printing press today and have had since it got emancipated. Adams and Ganchook used to go to the Boston Gazette and compose articles on the rights of the people. Benjamin Franklin, De Witt Clinton, Hamilton, Jefferson, Quincy, were strong in newspaperdom. Many of the immortal things that have been put into book form first appeared in print. All Macaulay's essays first appeared in a review. All Carlyle's, all Ruskin's, all McIntosh's, all Sydney Smith's, all Hazlitt's, all Thackeray's, all the elevated works of fiction in our day are reprints from periodicals in which they appeared as serials. Tennyson's poems, Burns's poems, Lowell's poems, Emerson's poems, Lovell's poems, you cannot find ten literary men in Christendom, with strong minds and great hearts, but are or have been somehow connected with the newspaper printing press. While the book will always have its place, the newspaper is more potent. Because the latter is multitudinous do not conclude it is of inferior quality. If a man should from child to old age see only his Bible, Webster's Dictionary and his newspaper, he could be prepared for all the duties of this life and all the happiness of the next.

Again, a good newspaper is a useful mirror of life as it is. It is sometimes complained that newspapers report the evil when they ought only to report the good. They must report the evil as well as the good, or how shall we know what is to be reformed? A newspaper that pictures only the honesty and virtue of society is a misrepresentation. That family is best prepared for the duties of life, knowing the evil, is taught to select the good. Keep children under the eye of the law, and when they go out into the world, and when they are thrown into the middle of the Atlantic and told to learn how to swim. Our only complaint is when sin is painted with obscure headings and good deeds are put in obscure corners, iniquity is set in great primer and righteousness in nonpareil. Sin is loathsome, make it loathsome. Virtue is beautiful, make it beautiful.

It would work a vast improvement if all our papers—religious, political, literary—should for the most part drop their impersonality. The world would better justice to newspaper writers of the country life and the unknown and are denied their just fame. The vast public never learns who they are. Most of them are comparatively small income, and after a while their hand forgets it counting, and they are without resources, left to take the next most important work. It always gave additional force to an article when you occasionally saw added to some significant article in the old New York Courier and Enquirer J. W. W., or in the Tribune H. G., or in the Herald J. G. B., or in the Times E. J. R., or in the Evening Post W. O. B., or in the Evening Express

Every man in every profession of newspaper ought to be responsible for what he does. No honorable man will ever writethat which he would be afraid to sign. But thousands of persons have suffered from the impersonality of newspapers. What can one private citizen wringed in his reputation do in a contest with misrepresentation multiplied into twenty or fifty thousand? An injustice done in print is infinitely worse than an injustice done in private life. During the loss of temper a man may say that for newspaper justice has first to be written, set up in type, then the proof taken off and hours the presses are busy running off the issue. Plenty of time to correct. Plenty of time to cool off. Plenty of time to repent. But all that is hidden in the impersonality of a newspaper. It will be a long step forward if the man who changes, and newspaper writers get credit for the good and aid held responsible for the evil.

Another step forward for newspaperdom will be when in our colleges and universities we open opportunities for preparing candidates for the editorial chair. We have law departments, medical departments, departments of agriculture, but no editorial departments. Do the legal and medical professions demand more culture and earnest workers than the editorial or reporter professions? I know men may tumble by what seems accident into a newspaper office as they may be in incidental occupations, but it would be an inclusions of progress if those proposing a new newspaper life had an institution to which they might go to learn the qualifications, the responsibilities, the trials, the temptations, the dangers, the magnificent opportunities of newspaper life. Let there be a lectureship in which there shall appear in a lecture hall in the United States telling the story of their struggles; their victories, their mistakes, how they worked and what they found out to be the best way of working. There will be strong men who will climb up without such aid into editorial power and efficiency. So do not climb up to success in other branches but they are not. If we want learned institutions to make lawyers and doctors and ministers, we much more need learned institutions to make editors, who occupy a position of influence a hundredfold greater. I do not put the truth too strongly when I say the most potent influence for good on earth is a good editor and the most potent influence for evil is a bad one. The best way to re-enforce and improve newspapers is to endow editorial professorates. When will Princeton or Harvard or Yale or Rochester lead the way?

Another blessing of the newspaper is the foundation it lays for accurate history of the times in which we live. We for the most part blindly guess about the past and the newspaper and are dependent upon the prejudices of this or that historian. But after a hundred or two years what a splendid opportunity the historian will have to teach the people the lesson of this day. Our Bancrofts got from the early newspapers of this country, from the Boston News-Letter, the New York Gazette and the American Rag Bag, and Royal Gazette and Independent Chronicle, and Massachusetts Spy, and the Philadelphia Aurora, accounts of Perry's victory, and Hamilton's duel, and Washington's death, and Boston massacre, and the oppressive foreign tax on luxuries which turned Boston harbor into a teapot, and the militia riots at Rhode Island rebellion, and South Carolina nullification. But what a field for the chronicler of the great future when he opens the files of a hundred standard American newspapers, giving the minutia of all things occurring under the social, political, ecclesiastical, international headlines! Five hundred years from now the world lists so long, the student looking for stirring decisive history will pass by the misty corridors of other centuries and say to the libraries: "Find me the volumes that give the century in which the American Presidents were assassinated, the Civil War enacted and the cotton gin, the steam locomotive and telegraph and electric pen and telephone and cylinder presses were invented."

Once more I remark that a good newspaper is a blessing as an evangelistic influence. You know there is a great change in our day taking place. All the secular newspapers of the day for I am not speaking now of the religious newspapers—all the secular newspapers of the day discuss all the questions of the past, present and future. There is not a single doctrine of theology but has been discussed in the last ten years by the secular newspapers of the country. They gather up all the news of all the earth bearing on religious subjects, and then they mix the news abroad again. The Christian newspaper will be the right wing of the apocalyptic angel. The cylinder of the Christianized printing press will be the front wheel of the Lord's chariot. I take the music of this day, and I do not mark it diminishing—I mark it crescendo. A pastor on a Sabbath preaches to a few hundred, or a few thousand people, and on Monday, during the week the printing press will take the same sermon and preach it to millions of people. God speed the printing press! God save the printing press! God Christianize the printing press!

When I see the printing press standing with the electric telegraph on the one side gathering the material, and the lightning press on the other side waiting for the tons of folded sheets of newspaper, I pronounce it the mightiest force in our civilization. So I command you to pray for all those who manage the newspapers of the land, for all typesetters, for all reporters, for all editors, for all publishers, that, sitting or standing in positions of such great influence, they may give all that influence for God and the benefit of the human race. An aged woman, making her living by knitting, unwound the yarn from the ball until she found in the centre of the ball there was an old piece of newspaper. She opened it and read an advertisement which announced that she had become heiress to a large property, and that fragment of a newspaper lifted her from pauper to a fortune. And I do not know but as the thread of time unrolls and unwinds a little further through the silent yet speaking newspaper may be found the vast inheritance of the world's redemption.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Architects and builders have long been aware of the fact that bridges and buildings of all kinds expand in summer and contract in winter, but no scientific observations were ever made on that score until quite recently. Experiments made on tall monuments in both this country and Europe during the heat of the past summer, show that the perpendicularity of such structures is badly affected by the rays of the sun. At one time the Washington monument was found to lean nine inches out of plumb. The peculiarity it was said, was due to the expansion of the stone upon which the sun's rays fell.

### IN THE DEEP-SEA

Stevenson Tells of the Forms of Life Found There.

A further installment of letters written from Samoa by Robert Louis Stevenson to his ward are printed in St. Nicholas. Following is an extract from one:

I read the other day something that I thought would interest so great a sea-bather as yourself. You know that the fishes that we see, and catch, go only a certain way down into the sea. Below a certain depth there is no life at all. The water is as empty as the air is above a certain height. Even the shells of dead fishes that come down there are crushed into nothing by the huge weight of the water. Lower still, in the places where the sea is "profoundly deep," it appears that life begins again. People fish up in dredging buckets loose rags and tatters of creatures that hang together all right down there with the great weight holding them in one, but come all to pieces as they are hauled up. Just what they look like, just what they do or feed upon, we shall never find out. Only that we have some filmy fellow-creatures down in the very bottom of the deep seas, and cannot get them up except in tatters.

It must be pretty dark where they live, and there are no plants or weeds, and no fish come down there, or drowned sailors either, from the upper parts, because these are all mashed to pieces by the great weight long before they get so far; or else come to a place where perhaps they float. But I dare say a cannon sometimes comes careering solemnly down, and circling about like a dead leaf or thistle-down; and then the ragged fellows go and play about the cannon and tell themselves all kinds of stories about the fish higher up and their iron houses, and perhaps go inside and sleep, and perhaps dream of it all like their betters.

Of course you know a cannon down there would be quite light. Even in shallow water, where men go down with a diving dress, they grow so light that they have to hang weights about their waists, and have their boots loaded with twenty pounds of lead—as I know to my sorrow. And with all this, and the helmet, which is heavy enough of itself to anyone up here in the thin air, they are carried about like gossamers, and have to take every kind of care not to be upset and stood upon their heads. I went down once in the dress, and speak from experience. But if we could get down for a moment near where the fishes are, we should be in a tight place; suppose the water not to crush us (which it would), we should pitch about in every kind of direction; every step we took would carry us as far as if we had seven-league boots; and we should keep flying head over heels, and tap over bottom, like the liveliest clowns in the world.

### Abuse of the Toothpick.

The toothpick is a very good thing on certain occasions, but these occasions should be when one is alone by himself. There is not a day passes without encountering on the street and in various cars, both steam and electric, men, yes, and women, too, using toothpicks and holding them in their mouths. What would those who display toothpicks in their mouths say if some one in the street, hotel, cafe or car should deliberately take from his or her pocket a toothbrush and proceed to clean his or her teeth, and having done so hold the toothbrush in the mouth the same as the toothpick is held by many to-day? I am very sure they would resent any such proceeding as being disgusting in the extreme, and yet it is not more so than using and holding the toothpick in the mouth.

The brush and the toothpick are both instruments with which to clean the teeth. If one is suitable to use in public both should be. Public conveniences and the highways are not proper places in which to perform part of one's toilet.

Cleaning the teeth comes under this head, and those who perform this portion of their toilet in public, whether with the toothpick or the toothbrush, not only make a disgusting spectacle of themselves, but bring down upon their heads the righteous indignation of the many who are not addicted to this un-fortunate habit.—Boston Transcript.

### The Mullen Plant.

We stopped to look at the downy content of that sober plant, the mullen. Many plants had the central leaves folded continuously one about another, until a sort of large, gray-green bud was formed; and in one of these buds a bee was taking an afternoon nap, snugly sheltered from the air, which was growing somewhat chilly. We thought that any prudent insect might find a comfortable winter home by asking the mullen to open its velvet leaves just a little, and then to fold them tightly around the wanderer! And while we were speaking, a bluebottle fly went humming past us, as if to say he had no mind yet to be asking shelter of any one!

An ex-change says that James James, a colored man who resides at Santa Rosa, Mexico, is the oldest man in the world, being 135 years old. But is James James older and tougher than Jim James?

In the business days of Rome many faces were often crumpled with drink, and even the gutters were washed with wine.