Beautiful Ta

sing "Come, G... very sorry that w... for Spring, though ... very painful. The ... in the return of the ... is the ... source of a great many ... and ... It is because the nerves are paralyzed ... way that they become weak and an ... prey to sudden attacks of neuralgia; a ... of cold, healthful air brings them up ... makes them strong against any such at... ... but the sudden change to warmth ... them liable to be preyed upon by this ... For this simple reason the great ... ... many victims at this time, ... we have in St. Jacobs Oil something that ... the tone, vigor and strength of the ... to what they had been. The prompt ... of it in these neuralgic attacks of spring... is sure to be followed by a perfect cure.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. H... Miles, special representative of the Interstate Savings Loan and Trust Corporation, having main offices 901 and 902 Neave Bldg., Cincinnati, O., sends, under date of September 3d, 1895, a testimonial from his barber, Harry Scheid, of 217 West 6th St.: "I want to say," writes Harry, "that for eight months I have taken three Ripans Tabules a day, and have not been to see a doctor once since I commenced to take them. Before I would have to have a big tube put down my throat and have my stomach flushed (I believe that is what they call it) three times every week by a doctor that charged me 50 cents for every time. Of course that always gave me relief, but it always came back again, and I can tell you it was no fun to be pumped on about every two days. The doctor said I had catarrh of the stomach; but whatever it was it don't bother me now, but I still take one of Ripans after each meal, as I am afraid to quit. I am a barber, and for four years I was troubled, so that I used to lose about three days out of every month. I wish you would have your Tabules kept in more stores in Cincinnati, as there are only two places where I can get them. My attention was first called to your remedy by asking what the street car sign meant. (Signed) HARRY SCHEID."

(Ripan's Tabules are sold by druggists) by mail, if the price (50 cents a box) sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample ..., 10 cents.

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Reclaimed from the Sea.

Some years ago Reed's Island, in the estuary of the Humber, was reclaimed from the sea. The island is about 600 acres in extent, and, until recently, it was noted for the excellence of its pasturage, which was capable of supporting about 3,000 sheep. To-day there is not sufficient grass upon the island to feed a rabbit.

Some months ago it was invaded by rats. Every attempt to rid the island of the rodents has proved unsuccessful. The island is surrounded by earthen banks ten feet in height to keep out the sea, and about a month ago sluices were fitted into the banks and for some time the island was flooded. The rats resented the treatment to which they were subjected by squeaking and snarling, and then betook themselves to the mainland, a diversion in which they indulge every night, although it necessitates a swim of 500 yards each way.

A scheme of wholesale shooting was next put into operation, but its success was not such as to lead the Commissioners of the Humber Conservancy to continue it, and the rats are still masters of the situation. The appearance of the ground is that of a newly plowed field, so thoroughly is the island burrowed and the earth thrown up.

The unwelcome visitors to Reed's Island differ in appearance from the ordinary water rat. The tail and hindquarters are similar, but the head and ears are said rather to resemble those of the cavy. The coat is soft and furry, and of a tawny hue, not unlike that of the species of rat the breeding of which for the sake of its skin is in some places an industry. There are millions of these rats on the island, and, as they only eat grasses, roots, and tubers, the chances of carrying off the pests by poison are very problematical.

Deep Water.

Some spots have recently been found in the South Pacific Ocean where the water is deeper than anywhere hitherto known.

Her Majesty's surveying ship Penguin, while returning from the Tonga group to New-Zealand, has sounded in three places where the depth exceeds 5,000 fathoms. Up to the present the deepest water found was to the northeastward of Japan, where, in 1874, the United States steamer Tuscarora obtained a cast of 4,655 fathoms.

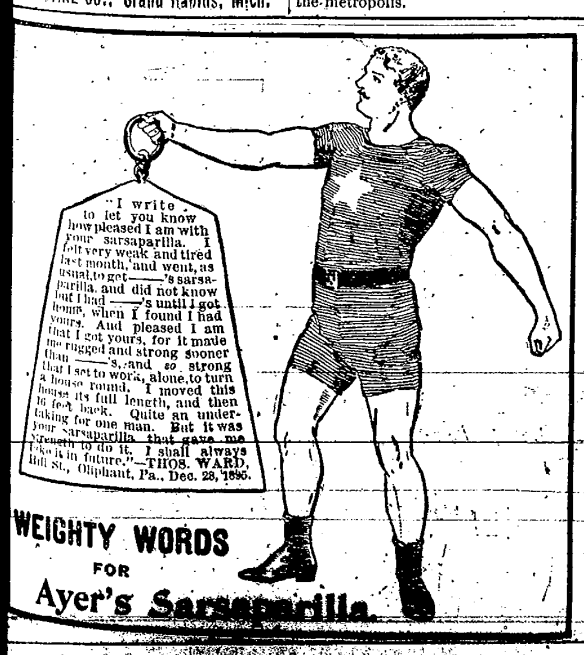
The Penguin's soundings are 5,022, 5,147, and 5,155 fathoms. The increase is, therefore, 500 fathoms or 3,900 feet.

These soundings are separated from one another by water much less deep, and the holes may not be connected. The distance from the two extreme soundings is 450 miles. Specimens of the bottom were recovered from the two deeper soundings, and prove to be the usual red clay found in all the deepest parts of the oceans.

These soundings afford additional evidence of the observed fact that the deepest holes are not in the centres of the oceans, but are near land, as two of them are within 100 miles of islands of the Kermadec group, and the other not far from a shoal. Doubtless deeper depressions in the bed of the sea are yet to be found, but the fact that this sounding of 30,930 feet shows that the ocean contains depressions below the surface greater than the elevation of the highest known mountains is perhaps worthy of record.

"At the Old Bailey, London, H. J., fifty-four, a tailor, pleaded guilty to burglary. Warder T. proved previous convictions of three years' penal servitude, ten years, and fourteen years; and it was stated that he had spent thirty years of his life in jail, and that he had been connected with some of the most notorious gangs of burglars. The Judge sentenced the prisoner to five years' penal servitude."

The professional criminal is hopeless. "A good thief"—as the police phrase it—does not steal to relieve his poverty. Possibly he has a hoard hid away somewhere, but at all events he has money in his pocket; otherwise his "pals" would distrust and avoid him as being a dangerous man to work with. If he prospers at his calling, success only whets the zest with which he pursues it. When he is caught and "put away" for a term, the incident is to him what a bad fall is to a fox hunter. Possibly he may find honest employment on discharge from prison, but before many months elapse the restlessness and love of adventure become too strong, and he resumes his "legitimate calling." He generally resumes it immediately he regains his liberty. It may safely be predicted that before H. J. is many weeks at large again he will have "burgled" a dozen or a score of houses in the metropolis.



SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: Practical Lessons From the Life of Joseph.

TEXTS: "They drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver."—Genesis xxxvii. 28. "He is governor over all the land of Egypt."—Genesis xlv., 26.

You cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain point of elevation. He will bring him to that though it cost Him a thousand worlds. You sometimes find men fearful they will not be properly appreciated. Every man comes to be valued at just what he is worth. You cannot write him up, and you cannot write him down. These facts are powerfully illustrated in my subject. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph—how his jealous brothers threw him into a pit, but seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants trudging along on their camels, with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; Joseph there sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office; how by Joseph's integrity he raised himself to high position in the realm until, under the false charge of a vile wretch, he was hurled into the penitentiary; how in prison he commanded respect and confidence; how by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in the realm, the Bismarck of his century; how in the time of famine Joseph had the control of a magnificent storehouse, which he had filled during seven years of plenty; how when his brothers, who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity, applied for corn he sent them home with the beasts of burden borne down under the heft of the corn sacks; how the sin against their brother, which had so long been hidden, came out at last and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness, the only revenge he took.

You see, in the first place, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From his servant no honor or confidence was withheld. When Joseph was in prison, he soon won the heart of the keeper, and though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and released from close confinement he became general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar, or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became the first man everywhere, and is an illustration of the truth I lay down, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. There are those who affect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phlebotomy by which the man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has bemeaned himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all this is hypocrisy. There is a great deal of hypocrisy in the church, and there is a great deal of hypocrisy outside the church. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a man who shows that he has really become a child of God and is what he professes to be. You cannot despise a son of the Lord God Almighty. Of course we have no admiration for the shame of religion.

I was at a place a few hours after the ruffians had gone into the rail train and demanded that the passengers throw up their arms and then these ruffians took the pocketbooks, and satan comes and suggests to a man that he throw up his arms in hypocritical prayer and pretension, and then steals his soul. For the mere pretension of religion we have abhorrence. Redwald, the king, after baptism, had an altar of Christian sacrifice and an altar for sacrifice to devils, and there are many men now attempting the same thing—half a heart for God and half a heart for the world—and it is a dead failure, and it is a caricature of religion, and the only successful assault ever made on Christianity is the inconsistency of its professors. You may have a contempt for pretension to religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of one of His disciples, all that there is good and noble in your soul rises up into admiration, and you cannot help it. Though that man be as far beneath you in estate as the Egyptian slave of whom we are discoursing was beneath his rulers, by an irrevocable law of your nature, Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph.

When Eudoxia, the empress, threatened Chrysostom with death, he made the reply, "Tell the empress I fear nothing but sin." Such a scene as that compels the admiration of the world. There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I doubt not they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for a thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of that unconquerable apostle. Paul did not cower before Felix; Felix cowered before Paul. The infidel and worldling are compelled to honor in their hearts, although they may not eulogize with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, trustful in losses, triumphant in death. I find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected and honored and successful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress; Howard passing from dungeon to lazaretto with healing for the body and soul; Elizabeth Fry going to the profligacy of Newgate prison to shake its obduracy as the angel came to the prison at Philippi, driving open the doors and snapping loose the chain, as well as the lives of thousands of followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts. A man said to me in the cars: "What is religion? Judging from the character of many professors of religion I do not admire religion." I said: "Now, suppose we went to an artist in the city of Rome, and while in his gallery asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' Would he take us out in a low alley and show us a mere daub of a pretender at paintings, or would he take us down into the corridors and show us the Rubens, and the Raphaels, and the Michael Angelos? When we asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' he would point to the works of these great masters and say, 'That is painting.' Now, you propose to find the mere caricature of religion, to seek after that which is the mere pretension of a holy life, and you call that religion. I point you to the splendid men and women whom this gospel has blessed and lifted and crowned. Look at the masterpieces of divine grace if you want to know what religion is."

We learn also from this story of Joseph that the result of persecution is elevation. Had it not been for his being sold into Egypt in bondage by his malicious brothers and his false imprisonment Joseph never would have become a governor. Everybody accepts the promise, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," but they do not realize the fact that this principle applies to worldly as well as spiritual success. It is true in all departments. Men rise to high official positions through misrepresentation. Public abuse is all that some of our public men have had to rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could not have achieved. Many of those who are making great effort for place and power will never succeed just because they are not of enough importance to be abused. It is the nature of men—that is of all generous and reasonable men—to gather about those who are persecuted and defend them, and they are apt to forget the fault of those who are the subjects of attack while attempting to drive back the slanderers. Persecution is elevation. Helen Stirk, the Scotch martyr, standing with her husband at the place of execution, said: "Husband, let us rejoice to-day. We have lived together many happy years. This is the happiest time of all our life. You see we are to be happy together forever. Be brave now, be brave. I will not say 'Good night' to you, for we shall soon be in the kingdom of our Father together." Persecution shows the heroes and heroines. I go into another department, and I find that those great denominations of Christians which have been most abused have spread the most rapidly.

No good man was ever more violently maltreated than John Wesley—belied and caricatured and slandered until one day he stood in a pulpit in London, and a man arose in the audience and said, "You were drunk last night," and John Wesley said: "Thank God, the whole catalogue is now complete. I have been charged with everything but that!" His followers were hooted at and maligned and called by every detestable name that infernal ingenuity could invent, but the hotter the persecution the more rapidly they spread until you know what a great host they have become and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding the world over. It was persecution that gave Scotland to Presbyterianism. It was persecution that gave our land first to civil liberty and afterward to religious freedom. Yea, I might go farther back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the gospel. The ribald mockery, the hungering and thirsting, the unjust charge, the ignominious death, when all the force of hell's fury was hurled against the cross, was the introduction of that religion which is yet to be the earth's deliverance and our eternal salvation. The State sometimes said to the church, "Come, take my hand, and I will help you." What was the result? The church went back, and it lost its estate of holiness, and it became ineffective. At other times the State said to the church, "I will crush you." What has been the result? After the storms have spent their fury the church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before. Read all history and you will find that true. The church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than to its approval. The fires of the stake have only been the torches which Christ held in His hand, by the light of which the church has marched to her present glorious position. In the sound of racks and implements of torture I hear the rumbling of the gospel chariot. The scaffolds of martyrdom have been the stairs by which the church mounted.

Learn also from our subject that sin will come to exposure. Long, long ago had those brothers sold Joseph into Egypt. They had made the old father believe that his favorite child was dead. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this long suppressed crime. The smallest iniquity has a thousand tongues, and they will blab out exposure. Saul was sent to destroy the Canaanites, their sheep and their oxen, but when he got down there among the pastures he saw some fine sheep and oxen too fat to kill, so he thought he would steal them. Nobody would know it. He drove these stolen sheep and oxen toward home, but stopped to report to the prophet how he had executed his mission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to bellow. The secret was out, and Samuel said to the blushing and confused Saul: "What meaneth the bleating of the sheep that I hear and the bellowing of the cattle?" Ah, my hearer, you cannot keep an iniquity still. At just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Achan cannot steal the Babylonish garment without being stoned to death, nor Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched. Look over the police arrests. These thieves, these burglars, these counterfeiters, these highwaymen, these assassins, they all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down it would never come to resurrection, but there was some shoe that answered to the print in the soil, some false keys found in their possession, some bloody knife that whispered of the death, and the public indignation and the anathema of outraged law hurled them into the dungeon or hoisted them on the gallows.

Francis I., king of France, stood counseling with his officers how he could take his army into Italy, when Amerit, the fool of the court, leaped out from a corner of the room and said: "You had better be consulting how you will get your army back." And it was found that Francis I., and not Amerit, was the fool. Instead of consulting as to the best way of getting into sin, you had better consult as to whether you will be able to get out of it. If the world does not expose you, you will tell it yourself. There is an awful power in an aroused conscience. A highwayman plunged out upon Whitefield as he rode along on horseback, a sack of money on the horse—money that he had raised for orphan asylums—and the highwayman put his hand on the gold, and Whitefield turned to him and said: "Touch that if you dare; that belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ." And the ruffian slunk into the forest. Conscience! Conscience! The ruffian had a pistol, but Whitefield shook at him the finger of doom. Do not think you can hide any great and protracted sin in your heart, my brother. In an unguarded moment it will slip off the lip, or some slight action may for the moment set ajar this door that you wanted to keep closed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with this transgression burning in your heart, as a ship on fire within for days hinders the flames from bursting out by keeping down the hatches, yet at last in the judgment that iniquity will blaze out before God and the universe.

Learn also from this subject that there is an inseparable connection between all events, however remote. The universe is only one thought of God. Those things which seemed fragmentary and isolated are only different parts of that great thought. How far apart seemed these two events—Joseph sold to the Arabian merchants and his rulership of Egypt—yet you see in what a mysterious way God connected the two into one plan. So the events are linked together. You who are aged men look back and group together a thousand things in your life that once seemed isolated. One undivided chain of events reaches from the garden of Eden to the cross of Calvary, and thus up to the kingdom of heaven. There is a relation between the smallest insect that hums in the summer air and the archangel on his throne. God can trace a direct ancestral line from the blue jay that this spring will build its nest in the tree behind the house to some one of the flock of birds which, when Noah hoisted the ark's window, with a whir and a dash of bright wings went out to sing over Mount Ararat. The tulips that bloom in the garden this spring were nursed by the snowflakes. The farthest star on one side of the universe could not look toward the farthest star on the other side of the universe and say, "You are no relation to me," for from that bright orb a voice of light would ring across the heavens responding, "Yes, yes, we are sisters." Nothing in God's universe swings at loose ends. Accidents are only God's way of turning a leaf in the book of His eternal decrees. From our cradle to our grave there is a path all marked out. Each event in our life is connected with every other event in our life. Our losses may be the most direct road to our gain. Our defeat and our victory are twin brothers.

The whole direction of your life was changed by something which at the time seemed to you trifling, while some occurrence which seemed tremendous affected you but little. God's plans are magnificent beyond all comprehension. He molds us and turns and directs us, and we know it not. Thousands of years are to Him as the flight of a shuttle. The most terrific occurrence does not make God tremble. The most triumphant achievement does not lift Him into rapture. That one great thought of God goes out through the centuries, and Nations rise and fall, and eras pass, and the world changes, but God still keeps the undivided mastery, linking event to event and century to century. To God they are all one great, one history, one plan, one development, one system. Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty! I was years ago in New Orleans at the exposition rooms, when a telegram was sent to the President of the United States, at Washington, and we waited some fifteen or twenty minutes, and then the President's answer came back, and the presiding officer waved his handkerchief, and the signal was sent to Washington that we were ready to have the machinery of the exposition started, and the President put his finger on the electric button, and instantly the great Corliss wheel began to move, rumbling, rumbling, rolling, rolling. It was overwhelming, and 15,000 people clapped and shouted. Just one finger at Washington started that vast machinery, hundreds and hundreds of miles away, and I thought then, as I think now, that men sometimes touch influences that respond in the far distance, forty years from now, fifty years from now, 1000 years from now, 1,000,000 years from now—one touch sounding through the ages.

We also learn from this story the propriety of laying up for the future. During the seven years of plenty Joseph prepared for the famine, and when it came he had a crowded storehouse. The life of most men in a worldly respect is divided into years of plenty and famine. It is seldom that any man passes through life without at least seven years of plenty. During those seven years your business bears a rich harvest. You scarcely know where all the money comes from, it comes so fast. Every bargain you make seems to turn into gold. You contract few bad debts. You are astonished with large dividends. You invest more and more capital. You wonder how men can be content with a small business, gathering in only a few hundred dollars while you reap your thousands. These are the seven years of plenty. Now Joseph has time to prepare for the threatened famine, for to almost every man there do come seven years of famine. You will be sick, you will be unfortunate, you will be defrauded, there will be hard times, you will be disappointed, and if you have no storehouse upon which to fall back you may be famine struck. We have no admiration for this denying oneself all personal comfort and luxury for the mere pleasure of hoarding up, this grasping, grasping for the mere pleasure of seeing how large a pile you can get, this always being poor because as soon as a dollar comes in it is sent out to see if it can find another dollar, so that it can carry it home on its back. We have a contempt for all those things, but there is an intelligent and noble minded forecast which we love to see in men who have families and kindred depending upon them for the blessings of education and home. God sends us to the insects for a lesson, which, while they do not stint themselves in the present, do not forget their duty to forecast the future. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways, and be wise, which, having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

Now, there are two ways of laying up money. One of these is to put it in stock and deposit it in bank and invest it on bond and mortgage. The other way to lay up money is giving it away. He is the safest who makes both of these investments. There are in this house men who if they lose every dollar they have in the world would be millionaires for eternity. They made the spiritual investment. But the man who devotes none of his gains to the cause of Christ and looks only for his own comfort and luxury is not safe, I care not how the money is invested. He acts as the rose if it should say: "I will hold my breath and none shall have a snatch of fragrance from me until next week. Then I will set all the garden afloat with my aroma." Of course the rose, refusing to breathe, died. But above all, lay up treasures in heaven. They never depreciate in value. They never are at a discount. They are always available. You may feel safe now with your $1000 or $2000 or $10,000 or $20,000 income, but what will such an income be worth after you are dead? Others will get it. Perhaps some of them will quarrel about it before you are buried. They will be so impatient to get hold of the will they will think you should be buried one day sooner than you are buried. They will be right glad when you are dead. They are only waiting for you to die. What then will all your earthly accumulations be worth? If you gathered it all in your bosom and walked up with it to heaven's gate, it would not purchase your admission. Or, if allowed to enter, it could not buy you a crown or a robe, and the poorest saint in heaven would look down at you and say, "Where did that pauper come from?" May we all have treasures in heaven. Amen!

German Sporting Circles Disappointed.

Berlin, April 13.—German sporting circles are greatly disappointed at the poor showing made by the German athletes who took part in the Olympic games at Athens last week. It was expected that they would do much better, as they were all picked men. The success of the American athletes at home and abroad has confirmed the German opinion that they are the foremost sportsmen of the world.

The death of Baron von Schrader, master of ceremonies of the Prussian court, from the wound he received in his duel with Lieberech von Kotze, ex-court chamberlain, has greatly intensified the public feeling against dueling. The conservative newspapers, the Reichsbote and the National Zeitung, the Catholic Volkszeitung and other journals demand that the utmost severity of the law be enforced and that no class shall be privileged.