AN EULOGISTIC DISCOURSE.

The Laudatory Sayings of Rev. Talmage.

He Compares Ancient Politics With the Crookedness of Modern Times—The Ballot-Box is Brought Forth in a Thrilling Description as to the Final Fates of the Government of Old, as Well as That of the Present Day.

BROOKLYN, November 4.—At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., expounded some passages of Scripture about ancient politics. He gave out the hymn:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake."

The doctor's text was: "Two cubits and a half was the length of it, and a cubit and a half the breadth of it, and a cubit and a half the height of it."—Exodus 37: 1. He said:

Look at it—the sacred chest of the ancients. It was about five feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high. It was within and out of pure gold. On the top of it stood two angels facing each other with outspread wings. In that sacred box was the law, and there were in it a great many precious stones. With that box went the fate of the nation. Carried in front of the host, the waters of the Jordan parted. Divinely charged, costly, precious, momentous box. No unholy hands might lay hold of it. It was called the ark of the covenant. But you will understand it was a box, the most precious box of the ages. Where is it now? Gone forever. Not a crypt of church or museum of the world has a fragment of it.

But is not this nation God's chosen people? Have we not passed through the Red Sea? Have we not been led with a pillar of fire by night? Has this nation no ark of the covenant? Yes, the ballot box, the sacred chest of the nation, the ark of the American covenant. In it is the law, in it is the divine and the human will, in it is the fate of the nation. Carried in front of our host again and again the waters of national trouble have parted. Mighty ark of the covenant, the American ballot-box! It is a very old box.

In Anthens, long before the art of printing, the people dropped pebbles into it to give expression to their sentiments. After that, beans were dropped into it—a white bean for the affirmative, a black bean for the negative. After that, when they wished to vote a man out of citizenship they would write his name upon a shell and drop that into the box.

O'Connell and Grote and Cobden and Macaulay and Gladstone fought great battles in the introduction of the ballot boxes in England, and to-day it is one of the fastnesses of that nation. It is one of the corner-stones of our government. It is older than the Constitution. In it is our national safety. Tell me what will be the fate of the American ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant, and I will tell you what will be the fate of this nation. Give the people once a year or once in four years an opportunity to express their political sentiments, and you practically avoid insurrection and revolution.

Either give them the ballot or they will take the sword. Without the ballot-box there can be no free republican institutions. Milton visiting in Italy noticed that on the sides of Vesuvius gardeners and farmers were at work while the volcano was in eruption, and he asked them if they were safe. "Yes," said the farmers and gardeners, "it is safe; all the danger is before the eruption; then comes earthquake and terror, but just as soon as the earthquake begins to pour forth lava we all feel at rest." It is the suppression of political sentiment, the suppression of public opinion, that makes moral earthquake and national earthquake. Let public opinion pour forth, and that gives satisfaction, and that gives peace, and that gives permanency to good government. And yet, though the ballot-box is the sacred chest and the ark of the American covenant, you know as well as I know it has sworn antagonists, and I propose this morning in God's name and as a Christian patriot to set before you the names of some of the sworn enemies of this sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box.

First, I remark, ignorance is a mighty foe. Other things being equal, the more intelligence a man has the better he is qualified to exercise the right of suffrage. You have been ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty years studying American institutions, you have canvassed all the great questions about tariff and home rule and all the educational questions, and everything in American politics you are well acquainted with. You consider yourself competent to cast a vote in November, and you are competent. You will take your position in the line of electors, you will wait for your turn to come, the judge of electors will announce your name, your will cast your vote and pass out. Well done.

But right behind you there will come a man who cannot spell the name of comptroller, or attorney or mayor. He cannot write, or if he can write he uses a small "I" for the personal pronoun. He could not tell on which side of the Allegheny Mountains Ohio is. Educated canary birds, educated horses know more than he. He will cast his vote and it will balance your vote. His ignorance is as mighty as your intelligence. That is not right. All men of fair mind will acknowledge that that is not right. Until a man can read the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of the United States, and calculate the interest on the American debt, and know the difference between a republican form of government and a monarchy, or a despotism, he is unfit to exercise the right of suffrage at any ballot-box between Key West and Alaska.

In 1872, in England, there were 2,600,000 children who ought to have been in school. There were only 1,333,000, in other words about fifty per cent., and of the fifty per cent. not more than five per cent. got anything worthy the name of an education. Now, take that foreign ignorance and add it to our American ignorance, and there will be in November thousands and thousands of people who are no more qualified to exercise the right of suffrage than to lecture on astronomy. How are these things to be corrected? By laws of compulsory education well executed. I go in for a law which, after giving fair warning for a few years, shall make ignorance a crime. There is no excuse for ignorance on these subjects in this land, where the common schools make knowledge as free as the fresh air of heaven. I would have a board of examination seated beside the officers of registration, and let them decide whether the men who come up to vote have any capacity to be monarchs in a land where we are all monarchs. One of the most awful foes of the American ballot-box to-day is popular ignorance. Educate the people, give them an opportunity to know and understand what they do. If they will not take the education, deny them the vote.

Another powerful enemy of this sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box, is spurious voting. In 1880, in Brooklyn, there were a thousand names recorded of persons who had no residence here, and if there were a thousand attempted fraudulent votes in the best city on the continent, what may we expect in cities not so fortunate? What a grand thing is the law of registration! Without it elections in this country would be a farce. There must be a scrutiny on this subject. The law must have keenest twist for the neck of repeaters. Something more than slight fine and short imprisonment. It is an attempt at the assassination of the republic, when a man attempts to put in a spurious vote. In olden times when men laid unholy hands on the ark of the covenant they dropped down dead. Witness Uzzah. And when men attempt to put unholy hands on the American ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant, they deserve extermination.

Another powerful foe of this sacred chest is intimidation.

Corporations sometimes demand that their employes vote in this and that way. It is skillfully done. It is not positively in so many words demanded, but the employe understands he will be frozen out of the establishment unless he votes as the firm do. So you can go into villages where there are establishments with hundreds and thousands of employes and having found out the politics of the head men in the factory, you can tell which way the election is going. Now, that is damnable. If in any precinct in the United States a man cannot vote as he pleases, there is something awfully wrong.

How do you treat that employe who votes differently from what you do? Oh, you say you do not interfere with his right of suffrage. But you call him into your private office, and you find fault with his work, and after a while you tell him there is an uncle, or an aunt, or a niece, or a nephew that must have that position. You do not say it is because he voted this way or that way, but he knows and God knows it is. If that man has given to you in hard work an equivalent for the wages you pay him, you have no right to ask anything else of him. He sold you his work; he did not sell you his political or religious principles. But you know as well as I do there is sometimes on that sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, a shadow corporate or monopolistic.

I do not wonder at the vehemence of Lord Chief Justice Holt, of England, when he said: "Let the people vote fairly. Interference with a man's vote is in behalf of this or that party. I give you notice that if an offender against the law comes before me, I will charge the jury to make him pay well for it." No shadow plutocratic, or mobocratic, or capitalistic. Every man voting in his own way—God and his own conscience the only dictator.

Another powerful foe of that sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box, is bribery.

You know something of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that were expended to carry Indiana in 1880. You know something of the vast sums of money expended in Brooklyn and New York in other years to carry elections. Bribery is one of the disgraces of this country. And there will be more money used in bribery this Autumn's election than in any previous election. It is often the case that a man is nominated for office with reference to his capacity to provide money for the elections or with reference to his capacity to command money from others. You know the names of men who have at different times gone into the Gubernatorial chair or Congressional office buying their way all through. I tell you no news. Your patriotic heart has been pained again and again with it.

Very often it is not money that bribes, but it is office. "You make me President and I'll make you a cabinet officer; you make me Governor and I'll make you Surveyor-General; you make me Mayor and I'll put you on the Water Board; you give me position and I'll give you position." That is the form of bribe often and often in these great cities. I do not say it is in our city, but you know again and again throughout the land these have been the forms of bribe offered. So it is often the case that by the time a man comes to an office to which he has been elected, he is from the crown of head to the sole of foot mortgaged with pledges, and the man who goes to Albany or to Washington to get an office is applying for some position which was given away three months before the election. Two long lines of worm fence, one worm fence reaching to A bany and the other to Washington, and there a great many citizens astride the fence, and they are equally posed, and they are waiting to see on which side there is emolument, and on this side they get down. But bribery kicks both ways. It kicks the man that offers it and the man that takes it. Bribery to-day you will admit to be one of the mightiest foes of the American ballot-box.

Another great enemy of that sacred chest is defamation of character. Can you find out from the newspapers when two men are running for office which is the best? How often in the autumnal elections the good man is denounced and the bad man applauded so that you can come sometimes to no just opinion as to who is the best man, and there are hundreds and thousands of electors who go up to vote, so utterly befogged they know not what they do. Is not that a fearful influence to be brought upon the ballot-box of this country? It has been so ever since the foundation of this government. Defamation of character.

Thomas Paine writes Washington a letter, and publishes it saying: "Treacherous in all private friendship and a hypocrite in public morals, the world will be puzzled to know whether we had better call you an apostate or an impostor, and whether you abandoned good morals, or never had any." That is Thomas Paine's opinion of George Washington.

John Quincy Adams declared that he was solaced in regard to the scandals and the anathemas inflicted upon him by the fact that his father, John Adams, had to go through the same process, and John Quincy Adams declared he really thought in that present election there were men who gave their entire time to manufacturing falsehood in regard to him. Martin Van Buren was always pictorialized as a rat. Thomas H. Benton and Amos Kendall pictorialized as robbers with battering rams breaking in the door of the United States Bank.

On the day on which Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated President of the United States, March 4th, 1801, the following appeared in the Sentinel of Boston: "Monumental inscription. Yesterday expired, deeply regretted by millions of grateful Americans, and by all good men the Federal Administration of the Government of the United States, animated by Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Knox, Pickering, McHenry, Marshall and Stoddard; aged twelve years. Its death was occasioned by the secret arts and open violence of foreign and domestic demagogues. As one tribute of gratitude in these times this monument to the talents and and services of the deceased is raised by the Sentinel." Under such defamation as that Thomas Jefferson went into office.

My father told me that when Andrew Jackson was running for President of the United States, the whole land was flooded with coffin handbills—pictures of six deal men, in allusion to the six deserters whom Andrew Jackson had shot, and all the pictorials of those times represented Jackson as taking his office from the hand of the devil.

I saw at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, in a museum, a prominent paper of 1844, which spoke of Henry Clay as a gambler, a libertine, and a murderer; and the manner in which he was defamed and the outrages which were heaped upon him may be well guessed from Mr. Clay's eulogy of his native state, Kentucky. He said: "When I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion."

Defamation! It is the curse of the American ballot-box. Just as soon as in the great cities a man is put up for office he is made the target. The fact that he is up is prima facie evidence that he must be brought down. His public life and his private life are scrutinized, and all the electric lights are turned on. How often it is that men have gone down under such things. In every autumnal election the air is filled with carrion crows scenting carcasses. Caw! Caw! Caw! There are newspapers in the United States that in the great autumnal elections take wild license for liberty. They are filled with calumny. The editorial columns of such papers reek with it; their columns are stuffed with it. There are newspapers in the United States which in the great popular elections breakfast and dine and sup on indecency. They wallow in it. Swine like the mire. They give more for one quill full of it than a whole hogshead of decent product. There are in these great autumnal elections men sitting in editorial chairs who write with a quill, not plucked from the stupid goose, or the sublime eagle, but from a turkey buzzard! Ghouls! Ghouls! They tip the city sewer into their editorial inkstands. Defamation of character is one of the cures of the American ballot-box to day. In your great Presidential elections who can tell from what he reads who is the man he ought to vote for! Bad men sometimes applauded, good men denounced.

Another powerful foe of the sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box, is the rowdy and drunken caucus.

The ballot-box does not give any choice to a man when the nominations are made in the back part of a groggery. When the elector comes up he has to choose between two evils. In some of the cities men have come to the ballot-box to vote, and have found both names such a scaly, greasy, and stenchful crew they had no choice. You say vote for somebody outside. Then they throw away their vote. Christian men of New York and Brooklyn, honorable men, patriotic men, go and take possession of the caucuses. First having saturated your pocket handkerchief with cologne or some other disinfectant, go down to the caucus and take possession of it in the name of Lord God Almighty and the American people, though after you come back you should have to hang your hat and coat on a line in the back yard for ventilation.

In some of the states politics have got so low that the nominees no more need good morals than they do a bath tub. Snatch the ballot-box from such men. Where is the David who will go forth and bring the ark of the covenant back from Kirjath-jearim? Do you not think politics have got to a pretty low ebb in our day when a Tweed could be sent to the Legislature of New York, and a John Morrissey, the prince of gamblers, could be sent to the American Congress!

Now, how are these things to be remedied? Some say by a property qualification. They say that after a man gets a certain amount of property—a certain amount of real estate—he is financially interested in good government, and he becomes cautious and conservative. I reply, a property qualification would shut off from the ballot box a great many of the best men in this land. Literary men are almost always poor. A pen is a good implement to make the world better, but it is a very poor implement to get a livelihood ordinarily. I have known scores of literary men who never owned a foot of ground and never will own a foot of ground until they get under it. Professors of colleges, teachers of schools, editors of newspapers, ministers of religion, qualified in every possible way to vote, yet no worldly success. There has been many a man who has not had a house on earth who will have a mansion in heaven.

There are many who through accidents of fortune have come to great success while they are profound in their stupidity, as profound in their stupidity as a man of large fortune with whom I was crossing the ocean, who told me he was going to see the dykes of Scotland! When a member of my family asked a woman on her return from Europe if she had seen Mont Blanc, she replied: "Well, really, I don't know; is that in Europe?" Ignorance by the square foot. Property qualification will not do. The only way these evils will be eradicated will be by more thorough legal defense of the ballot-box and a more thorough moralization and Christianization of the people. That ark of the covenant was carried into captivity to Kirjath-jearim, but one day the people hooked oxen to a cart, and they put this ark on the cart, and the cart was taken to Jerusalem—the ark of the covenant coming with the shouting and thanksgiving of the people. And though the American ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant, our sacred chest, has been carried again and again into captivity by fraud and iniquity, and spurious voting, I believe it will be brought back yet by prayer and by Christian consecration, and will be set down in the midst of the temple of Christian patriotism. Whose responsibility? Yours and mine.

A poor soldier went to a hairdresser in London. He wanted to get back to the army. He had overrun his furlough, and he wanted some help to get back in quick transit. The money was given to the poor soldier, who said to the man who had offered the kindness; "I have nothing to give you in return but this little worn out receipt for making blacking." He gave it not thinking there was any value in it especially, and the man who took it did not suppose there was any special value in it; but it yielded the man who took it $2,500,000, and was the foundation of one of the greatest estates in England. And that little vote, that insignificant vote which you take out of your pocket—insignificant in your sight and insignificant in the sight of others—may start an influence that will last all through the progress of this government.

I charge you, then, as American citizens to remember your responsibility on the first Tuesday of November. It will begin early, the snow storm of suffrages. It will snow all day—snow on until noon, snow on until night. The flakes will fall in every town and village and neighborhood, the white flakes. The octogenarian will come up, his hand trembling, and with spectacled eye he will scrutinize the vote and drop it and pass on. The young man who has been waiting for his time will come up, and proudly and blushingly deposit his first vote and pass on. The capitalist will come up with bediamoned finger and the laborer with hard fist, and the one vote will be as good as the other. Snow storm of suffrages, and then these white flakes will be gathered together and compacted into an avalanche that will slide down in expression of the will of the people. Stand out of the way of it! In the awful sweep of this white avalanche let political fraud go down a thousand feet under. You have not only a vote, you have a prayer. The prayer may be mightier than the vote. Oh, as citizens of this beautiful city, and of this State, and of this nation, let us do our whole duty. We cannot live under any other form of government than that which God has given us in this country. The stars on our flag are not the stars of a thickening night, but the stars sprinkled amid the bars of morning cloud. We are going to have one government on this entire continent. Let the despotisms of Asia keep their feet off the Pacific coast, and let the tyrannies of Europe keep their feet off the Atlantic coast. We are going to have one government. Mexico will follow Texas into the Union, and Christianity and civilization will stand side by side in the halls of the Montezumas. And if not in our day, then in the day of our children, Yucatan and Central America will come in dominion, while on the north Canada will be ours, not by conquest—oh, no, American and English swords may never clash blades—but we will woo our fair neighbor of the north, and then England will say to Canada: "You are old enough for the marriage day," and then, turning, will say: "Giant of the West, go take your bride." And then from Baffin's Bay to the Caribbean there will be one government under one flag, with one destiny—a free, undisputed, Christianized American continent. God save the city of Brooklyn! God save the commonwealth of New York! God save the Union!

Read This for a Change.

Perhaps some wives would like to cut out the following and paste it in their husbands' hats:

1. Always come home good-tempered, leaving business cares behind, and do not vent annoyances met with at office on your wife and family.

2. Make yourself agreeable to your wife and friends and do not sit glum all the evening, looking utterly bored.

3. Be lenient to your wife's faults, and do not expect perfection until you have first become perfect yourself.

4. Be punctual at meals. Remember a cook cannot keep dinner waiting without its being spoiled. Do not expect each servant to have two pairs of hands.

5. Do not expect your wife to keep accounts unless you take the trouble to keep your own correctly.

6. Dress as well and as neatly as your means will allow, and be careful not to get your best trousers wet, as baggy knees are a thing no woman can respect.

7. Be as kind and attentive to your wife as you were before your marriage, and remember she has got no pipe to go to for comfort.

8. When your liver is out of order remember food cannot be palatable; therefore do not grumble and turn over on your plate what your wife has provided for you as if it were not fit for a dog to eat.

9. If you have a wife who does keep her house in order, is not constantly at war with the servants, is not extravagant, has meals regularly and well served, and does her best to please, let her see you appreciate her, otherwise she will cease to try and make your home comfortable and in due course your troubles at home will be infinitely worse than any you may have at the office.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Inventor of the Bell Punch.

"The oddest case of an inventor of whom I have a personal knowledge," said George L. Chapin, "came to me in 1868 or 1869 with the model of a bell punch. It was one of the original base patents, and I saw good promise in it for him. I pointed this out to him and advised him strongly to wait for a good offer, but he sold the invention to a company in Buffalo for $300, whereas it was worth thousands of dollars, and the company at no time would have sold it for less than $50,000. They made a big fortune out of it. Afterward, when they found that their patent was not quite so valuable as might be, they made him reissue the patent and paid him $50 for it. Even for this reissue he might have gotten several thousand dollars, perhaps more. And he did all this against my advice. He was the queerest man I ever knew. He had made a fortune in Canada with wells, but had taken to inventions as a profession, and had spent all his fortune and time at it. He has made more inventions in his life than any man out west, and all of them have been good and serviceable. He was continually in need of money, and when he had perfected an invention he would sell it outright for just enough to meet his immediate needs. But the curious thing about it is that he has never invented anything worth much since the bell punch. He missed the opportunity of his life then, and is now a mere day laborer right here in Chicago.—*Chicago Herald.*

Resources of Quackery.

One of these quacks, at the time in immense practice in London, once consulted the great Abernethy for some personal ailment. Curious to know the secret of his success in attracting clients, the surgeon asked him if he knew why he had so many more patients than any regular physician. Drawing Abernethy to the window he pointed to the surging crowd on the street below, and asked: "Doctor, of every 100 persons who pass this window, how many do you suppose are educated people, capable of appreciating study and cultivation in others?" "Perhaps ten," answered the surgeon.

"Exactly," rejoined the charlatan. "Well, you get those ten—the rest come to me."—*American Magazine.*

Cleverer than He Thought.

He was young and inexperienced, and he struggled to tell his love, but his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. It was hopeless. Drawing a beautiful solitaire diamond engagement ring from his pocket, he tremblingly placed it upon her taper ng finger. "Is it too large, Miss Lulu?" was all that he could utter. "A trifle too large, Mr. Sampson," Miss Lulu shyly replied, "but I can have it fitted the first thing in the morning."—*Epoch.*

The Boston Dictum.

New barber (in Boston barber shop): "Next gent." "Ven you say agen 'next shent' I'd scharge you at vonce. Ve no say shents, ve say shentlemen."—*New York Sun.*

A man has just died in Connecticut who smoked over 2,000 herrings a day. There is no accounting for tastes. Perhaps the poor man had to choose between herrings and Connecticut cigars.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"You would naturally expect plane talk from a carpenter," suggested the horse editor. "Yes," assented the snake editor, "and he ought to be quite familiar with old saws."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

MACHINERY OUTDONE BY HANDS.

How Playing Cards are Cut—Great Men—Interesting Facts About the Handling of Eggs.

"Speaking about accuracy of machinery," observed a scientific writer the other day, "but this degree of accuracy to which the human hand can be trained is equally wonderful."

Playing cards are required to be cut with the sides quite parallel to each other, because if a pack be trimmed by the machine slightly wider at one end than the other, and they become turned "end for end" in dealing, the excess in width of some cards over others at the end of the pack will be double the variation in any one card, which would facilitate cheating, a very minute variation being perceptible. The men who test these cards for this, make calipers of their finger and thumb and by passing them along from one to the other, detect a difference in width between the two ends which it is difficult to measure by any other means.

There are men employed in factories where dried yeast is made whose business it is to put the yeast into packages weighing a certain amount each. It is on a table in front of them in a large plastic mass, and there are the scales for weighing it. But the men do not use the scales. They simply seperate from the mass with their hands a lump of it and put it up, and you may choose at random and put it on the scales, and it will weigh exactly the right amount, the scales beam just balancing.

Where large numbers of eggs are handled and shipped to market there is a process known as "candleing" eggs, which consists in taking them up in the hands (usually two eggs in each hand at a time), and holding them up before a lighted candle. The light shining through them reveals to the practiced eye the exact condition of the contents. But some of the men soon get so that they do not need to use the candle, the mere contact of their hands with the shells denoting the condition of the egg just as infallibly and much more quickly. And they distinguish in that way not merely eggs which are decidedly bad, but those which are just barely beginning to lose their freshness.

"Here are three different ways in which extreme skill of the hands is shown by persistent training First, in detecting slight differences in magnitude; second in weight; and, lastly, in texture or character of surface handled."—*New York Mail and Express.*

A BIG CASH CHEST.

It Will Hold a Hundred and Twenty-Eight Million Silver Dollars.

This great steel cash-box of the government, which has just been put in readiness to receive the overflowing millions of coin of the republic, is the largest construction of the kind in the world, says a Washington letter to the Philadelphia *Times*. It lies buried under the north court of the treasury building, where all the hundreds of millions of the people's money is kept. It consists of outer walls of masonry and brick and a covering of iron girders, brick arches and concrete five feet thick, and an inner lining of heavy plates of steel. The inside measurements are 80 by 50 feet and 12 feet high. For the convenience and additional security of storage the interior is divided into sixteen steel lattice cells, 20 by 10 feet, with a capacity of 6,500,000 silver dollars each. They are surrounded by an outer corridor and open upon a transverse passage.

The inner door of this immense coin chest is a massive construction of steel, 8 by 6 feet 6 inches thick, and weighs 5,000 pounds. An apparatus consisting of levers and a combination of cogs is required to open and close it on its tracks. A half-dozen men can barely move it unaided by this mechanical appliance.

A practical idea of the size of this immense subterranean cash box may be formed by showing its holding capacity in silver coin. It is estimated to accommodate $100,000,000 in the cells or sixteen latticed subdivisions. The silver is packed in heavy canvas bags 18x10 inches, each holding 1,000 silver dollars and weighing about fifty nine pounds. Each cell contains $6,500,000, which is 6,500 sacks, making 384 500 pounds of silver coin, or equal to over 192 net tons. The sixteen cells will hold $100,000,000, or 100,000 bags of dollars, weighing 5,900,000 pounds, or about 3,000 net tons. The outer corridors and passage will store $28,000,000 more, or 28,000 sacks, or 1,592,000 pounds, equal to nearly 800 tons more; or an aggregate storage capacity for $128,000,000 in 128,000 sacks, weighing 7,492,000 pounds, or 3,746 tons.

In event of a sudden necessity to remove this immense bulk of treasure it would require about 1,900 four-horse wagons carrying two tons each and making a treasure train thirty-six miles in length, or it would take a railway train of 187 cars, each car carrying twenty tons of coin.

FIVE CENTS FOR HOT WATER.

A Restaurant's Charge to Prevent Customers Making Their Own Lemonade.

At a dairy restaurant in Fulton street much resorted to by people whose appetites are more or less regulated by considerations of economy, the bill of fare contains this item:

Hot water, 5 cents a cup.

"I should think you could afford to give away hot water," observed a *Tribune* reporter to the proprietor.

"I used to think so, too," he replied, "but I found that a great many people came here who brought a lemon with them. They would call for perhaps a couple of crullers, that cost only 2 cents, and a glass of hot water. Then they would proceed to brew themselves some lemonade and help themselves liberally to sugar. And occasionally they would ask for a napkin also, and put on all the airs of a man who spends 20 cents or a quarter for a meal. With some people it became a regular practice. I sell cheap and aim to give money's worth for the money that is expended, but I am not in business for the sake of charity. Besides, these exceedingly economical customers occupied seats at busy hours when paying customers were kept standing. So to get rid of them I inserted in the bill of fare a charge of 5 cents for a cup of hot water.

"It used to be rather amusing when I first adopted that plan to see the look of disgust that would come over the face of a man with a lemon when the waiter called his attention to the fact that he could no longer deadhead on hot water. He generally took the hint and staid away. If these men who brought lemons with them were really hard up one would feel sorry for them and perhaps have tolerated them, but it is a singular fact that most of them were men who could well afford to buy a substantial meal. They were either constitutionally mean or cranks who believe that the only way to keep healthy is to go hungry always."

Five cents is charged for a glass of hot water at Macy's lunch-room and at other places throughout the city. It is to get the better of the lemon "racket."—*New York Tribune.*

A BUFFALO WOMAN'S FORTUNE.

How She Made $40,000 Out of a Grape-seed.

The fact that fortunes in these days are quite as frequently made by chance as by assiduous labor is demonstrated in the case of a woman now residing near Buffalo, but whose former home was Euclid township, near Cleveland, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. The section of northern Ohio extending along the lake shore from Sandusky to Ashtabula is one of the best grape-growing countries in the world, and thousands of acres of vineyards are cultivated profitably. Much of the crop is turned into wine, while the finer varieties are put on the market for table use. Some years ago this woman was left a widow in straitened circumstances. Her only means of livelihood consisted of a small vineyard.

Among the varieties of grapes was a plant that her husband had but recently set out as an experiment. The puny vine bore this season but a single bunch of grapes. It is well known, of course, that grapes are raised from cuttings and roots and not from seed. This woman out of curiosity planted the seed from one of the grapes of this vine. They sprouted and did so well that the young vines were transplanted, and when sufficiently developed bore handsomely a variety of grapes that differed radically from the original seed. It was a luscious table grape. A neighboring nurseryman had his attention drawn to the new grape and made the woman a proposition to take cuttings from the vine, give the variety a name, and put it on the market, paying her a royalty on all roots sold. She accepted it, and in a few years reaped a small fortune as her share of the profits from the sale, as the grape became an immediate favorite. Forty thousand dollars in royalties were paid to her by the nurseryman. She sold her little vineyard and retired to live at ease the ballance of her days in her native town in New York state on the money brought her by the seeds from a single grape planted almost by chance.

Beyond Medical Aid.

Neighbor: "How is your husband to day, Mrs. Jones?" Mrs. Jones: "He is very ill, indeed." "Worse than he was?" "O, yes; the nurse says he is beyond the reach of the doctors now." "I am glad to hear it." "What?" "I am glad to hear it. Now, if you can keep him beyond their reach, I think he will get well rapidly."—*Texas Siftings.*

Borrowed garments seldom fit well, nor do bogus remedies cure successfully. The real cure for coughs and colds is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Why sit doubled up like an old man, my boy? What's rheumatism? Take the good the gods provide thee, and send twenty-five cents around the corner for a bottle of Salvation Oil and you'll ride your bicycle to-morrow.

Bankers report a scarcity of bills of the $100 denomination. The majority of the people can sympathize with the bankers on this issue.

Betting on the result of the national election is a good deal like laying a wager on the possibilities of a woman hitting a mark with a stone.

The chilly zephyr captures the russet leaflet, and the fawn top coat of last fall comes smiling from the dyeing establishment a lively peacock blue.

It's a long lane that doesn't end at a house where he who has been made "tired" may rest. Base ball is about over, and the game of politics is in its ninth inning.

All the Sioux chiefs at Washington have colds in the head. It is evident that the mucous membrane of the redskin is becoming very sensitive to the customs of civilization.

"What Frenchman's dramatic works are the most popular with American audiences?" inquires a correspondent. That depends. Sardou and Worth both claim the championship belt.

If the women ever do become voters there will be no trouble in knowing where to find them. No female politician will be on both sides of the fence at once, as is the present custom with so many horrid men.

Itching and irritation of the skin and scalp, burns, scalds, piles, ulcers, poisons, bites of insects and all skin diseases, quickly cured by Cole's Carbolisalve, the great skin remedy. 25 and 50 cents, at druggists.

It is a powerful hard thing for a woman to wear six-button kids when her husband wears a seven-button pocketbook.

Deserving of Confidence.—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as Brown's Bronchial Troches. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs and Colds, should try them. Price 25 cents

Don't bet, but, if you must bet, bet to win a plump Thanksgiving turkey, with a piquant New Jersey cranberry in its bill.

A Fortune for $5.
An opportunity for every Lady and Gentlemen to secure an independent fortune by the investment of only $5. Address, with stamp, The Montana Investment Company, Helena, Mont.

The German emperor has bestowed the order of the Black Eagle upon his wife. It will make a handsome hat trimming.

Keeley, the motor man, has been caused ... law. ... "Oh, ... land." ... Bread is higher, but the country is yet safe. ... price ... It is doubtful if Edison's new talking machine will ever supersede the old reliable ... The price of wheat has begun to drop. It's about time. ... Nobody has invented a contrivance whereby a man at the elevator can drop a cent in the slot and get a drink. And now we are told that the coloring matter in greenbacks is deadly poison. But you cannot scare us that way.

A training school for servants is in operation in Chicago. If the girls are good-looking they cannot find employment. It will be a waste of time to teach them.

Catarrh in the Head

Originates in scrofulous taint in the blood. Hence the proper method by which to cure catarrh, is to *purify the blood*. Its many disagreeable symptoms and the danger of developing into bronchitis or that terrible fatal disease, consumption, are entirely removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cures catarrh by purifying the blood; it also tones up the system and greatly improves the general health. Try the "peculiar medicine."

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of catarrh, soreness of the bronchial tubs, and terrible headache." R. GIBBONS, Hamilton, Ohio.

"For years I have been troubled with catarrh in the head, indigestion, and general debility. I never had faith in such medicines, but concluded to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It did me so much good that I continued its use till I have taken five bottles. My health has greatly improved, and I feel like a different woman." MRS. J. B. ADAMS, 5 Richmond St., Newark, N. J.

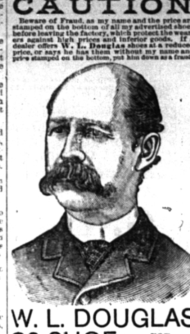
"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh with very satisfactory results. I received more permanent benefit from it than from any other remedy." M. E. READ, Wauseon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

CAUTION

Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN

The only calf $3 SEAMLESS Shoe smooth inside. NO TACKS or WAX THREAD to hurt the feet, easy as hand-sewed and WILL NOT RIP.
W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand-sewed welt $4 shoe. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $9.
W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 POLICE SHOE. Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.
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W. L. DOUGLAS $1.75 YOUTH'S School Shoe gives the small Boys a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace. If not sold by your dealer, write
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

President's Proclamation

SPECIAL. *Whereas*, Numbers are being stricken down with Rheumatism, which seems to be greatly on the increase.

And Whereas, The nation has within a short time been called upon to mourn the sudden loss of many of our public men, such as Vice-President Hendricks, Gen. John A. Logan, Sec'y Daniel P. Manning, Gen. McClellan and many others.

Now, Therefore, I do, by virtue of the knowledge possessed by me, recommend HIBBARD'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP to be the greatest medicine in the world for rheumatism and all Blood Diseases.

And Further, That this medicine be adopted as a national remedy by all.

HIBBARD'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP,

Always in season—*Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.* Procure it of your druggist, or send direct to us. Price, $1.00; 6 bottles, $5.00; plasters, 25c.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

I was cut in the wrist by a broken bottle, from which I suffered extreme pain. I called a doctor who pronounced it Sciatic Rheumatism. My right side became paralyzed, leg and arm badly withered, and my joints were so stiff that there was but little action in them. About six weeks ago I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, with marvelous results. It made me a healthy man.
C. D. DENIO,
Dealer in general groceries, Jackson, Mich.

C. D. Denio is a man well known in this community, and was probably the worst wreck physically of any man this country ever saw. He was paralyzed from Rheumatic poison, and no one ever expected he would recover. He is well and it is simply marvelous.
FRANK L. SMITH,
Ex-Member Legislature, Jackson, Mich.

IT IS POSITIVE!

My daughter Maud had inflammatory rheumatism. Her limbs were badly swollen. She was in terrible agony. She has been taking Rheumatic Syrup and using your plasters, which have broken it up. The Syrup corrected her indigestion, cleansed the rheumatic poison from her blood, and she is now able to be around the house. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters are remedies of great merit.
REV. J. ROBERTS,
Pastor First M. E. Church, Fremont, Mich.

IT NEVER FAILS.

No remedies known so highly endorsed by its home people. Our Medical Pamphlet, treating on all Blood and Female Diseases, sent free on application.
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SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Frostbites, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns and Scalds.

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AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS: Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and disagreeable taste after eating. Nervousness and Low-Spirits.

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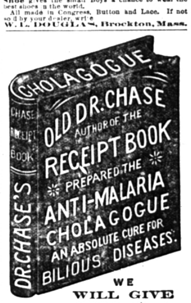

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We say to all try it and be convinced, the same as we have convinced others, and if this is not just as represented, we will return the package and have your money refunded. For sale by all druggists or authorized canvassing Agents at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package, or mailed on receipt of price, by the

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Agents Wanted in all Localities. Extra Inducements.

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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
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AND TAKE NO OTHER.

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Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND", send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

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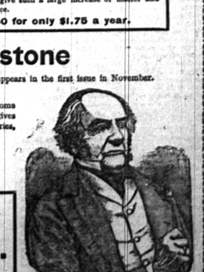

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