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EVE'S FRUIT PICKING

HOW HER CURIOSITY RUINED THE HUMAN RACE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches a Pictorial Sermon on the Calamity in Paradise.

Eating Fruit That Does Not Belong to Us—Fatal Charms.

New York, June 13.—A new interpretation of the calamity in paradise is given by Dr. Talmage in his sermon, which is laden with practical lessons.

It is the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Every since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and clouds.

In his lessons in zoology and ornithology and ichthyology he has noticed that the robin flys in air in twos and that the fish swim in water in twos and that the lions walk the fields in twos and in the carnal resemblance of that splendid afternoon he falls off into slumber, and as if by allegory to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep, this paradisaical somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of a corresponding condition of that brilliant planet.

Of the mother of all the living I speak—Eve, the first, the fairest and the best.

A Beautiful Garden.

I make me a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Louisiana.

There are swans and herons, and there are fountains that ripple under the paddling of the swans. I gather me lilies from the Amazon and orange groves from the tropics and tamarinds from Guyana.

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and the mechanical curiosity of Liebig, and the zoological curiosity of Cuvier, and the inventive curiosity of Edison, but we must admit that unbridled and irregular inquisitiveness has rushed thousands and tens of thousands into ruin.

Eve just tasted the fruit. She was curious to find out how it tasted, and that curiosity blasted her and blighted all nations. So there are eckergymen in this day, inspired by unbridled inquisitiveness, who have tried to look through the keyhole of God's mysteries—mysteries that were barred and bolted from all human inspection—and they have wrenched their whole moral nature out of joint by trying to pluck fruit from branches beyond their reach, or have come out on limbs of the tree from which they have tumbled into ruin without remedy.

A thousand trees of religious knowledge from which we may eat and get advantage, but from certain trees of mystery how many have plucked their ruin! Election, free agency, trinity, resurrection—in the discussion of these subjects hundreds and thousands of people ruin the soul. There are actually have been kept out of the kingdom of heaven because they could not understand who Melchisedec was not!

Like Dead Sea Fruit.

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unbridled inquisitiveness! It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye stars and mouth gape of curiosity, and they are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another story high and two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's financial condition, about other people's affairs, they are overcurious.

Every nice piece of gossip steps at their feet, and they follow and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle tattle. They invite and "sumptuously entertain" at their house Colonel Tweed and Squire Chicheat and Governor Smalltalk. Whoever hath an innocuous, who ever hath a secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this goddess of splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them, men quite well known as mathematicians falling in this computational age of algebra—a good sense, good breeding, mild curiosity, equals minding your own affairs!

Then, how many young men through curiosity go through the whole realm of French novels to see whether they are really as bad as moralists have pronounced them. They read the organs and the precipes just to look off. They want to see how far it really is down, but they lose their balance while they look and fall into reckless ruin, or, catching themselves, clamber up, bleeding and ghastly, on the rock, gibbering with curses and groaning medical prayers. By all means encourage healthy inquisitiveness; by all means discourage ill regulated curiosity.

This subject also impresses me with the fact that fruits that are sweet to the taste may afterward produce great agony. Forbidden fruit for Eve was so pleasant that there is death at the bottom. Intoxication has great exhilaration for awhile, and it fills the blood, and it makes a man see five stars where others can see only one star, and it makes the poor man rich, and turns cheeks which are white as roses. But what about the same thing that comes after when he seems falling from great heights or is prostrated by other fancied disasters and the perspiration stands on the forehead—the night dew of everlasting darkness—and he is ground under the horrible hoof of nightmare, who ever goes to bed with a full stomach?

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth! But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." Sweet at the start, horrible at the last. Go into the land of revelry, where ungodly mirth staggers and blasphemers. Listen to the senseless gabble. See the last trace of intelligence dashed out from faces made in God's own image. "Aha, aha!" says the roistering inebriate. This is joy for you. Fill his cup, my dear, I drink to my wife's misery, and my children's rage, and my God's defiance." And he knows not that a fiend stirs the goblet in his hand and that adders uncoil from the dregs and thrust their forked tongues hissing through the froth on the rim. The Philistine jester and gambler and dandy of Samson. Oh, they wanted him to make sport for them, and he made sport for them! How bright and gay was the scene for a little while! After awhile the giant puts one hand against this pillar and the other hand against that pillar and bows himself, and the oak and the pine and the masked like grapes in a vinepress. Sin rampant at the start, awful at the last.

A Staggering Blow.

That one Edenic transgression did not seem to be much, but it struck a blow which to this day makes the earth stagger. To find out the consequences of that one sin you would have to compel the world to throw open all its prison doors and display the crime, and throw open all its hospitals and display the disease, and throw open all the insane asylums and show the wretchedness, and open all the sepulchers and show the dead, and open all the doors of the lost world and show the damned. That one Edenic transgression stretched chords of misery across the heart of the world and struck them with dolorous wailing, and it has seated the plagues upon the air, and the shipwrecks upon the tempest, and fastened, like a leech, famine to the heart of the sick and dying nations. Beautiful at the start, horrible at the last. Oh, how many have experienced it!

Are there here those who are votaries of pleasure? Let me warn you, my brother. Your pleasure boat is far from shore, and your summer day is ending roughly, for the winds and the waves are lead you, and the overclouding clouds are all writhe and agleam with terror. You are past the Narrows, and almost outside the Hook, and if the Atlantic take thee, frail mortal, thou shalt never get to shore again. Put back, now swiftly, swifter, swifter! Jesus from the cross catch a rope. Clasp it quickly, now or never. Oh, are there not some of you who are freighting all your loves and joys and hopes upon a vessel which shall never reach the port of heaven? Thou nearest the breakers. One heave upon the rocks. Oh, what an awful crash was that! Another lunge may crush thee beneath the spars or grind thy bones to powder amid the torn timbers. Overboard!

Woman and Home.

Of course I am not speaking of representative women—of Eve, who ruined the race by one fruit picking; of Jezebel, who drove a spike through the head of Sistra, the warrior; of Esther, who overcame royalty; of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's Saviour; of Grandmother Lois, immortalized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her lover, or of Marie Antoinette, who by one traitorous smile in the face of her castle quitted a mob, her own scaffold the throne of forgiveness and womanly courage. I speak not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, unambitious for political power, as wives and mothers and sisters and daughters attend to the thousand duties of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency and fatigue and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting the little feet on the path to the celestial city, and the sisters by their gentleness refined the manners of the brother, and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessing on the brow of the feeble and mother down the steep years. God bless our homes! And may the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather and grandmother and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones of whom we must say in the words of transporting Charles Wesley: One family, we dwell in him; One church above, beneath. Though now divided by the stream—The current of death—One army of the living God, And part are crossing now.

Cretean Christians!

In the hospital of Candia, where a number of the wounded refugees are under treatment, I saw for myself how these Cretean behavers in helpless women and children when they get the upper hand. One beautiful girl of 29 was there with three hideous knife wounds, two in her head and one in her side; another woman had her ears cut off, and a little boy of 5 had been so shamefully mutilated that he died. When I afterward accused the insurgents of these atrocities, they replied that it was the Mohammedans who had wounded their own wives and children in order to make the powers believe that this was the work of the insurgents! One wonders they actually expected this to be believed. Many of the accounts given me by the weeping women, some of them the sole survivors of an entire family, were heartrending.

The president of the penal court at Candia informed me that he had himself lost 24 relatives in the massacres of Sitia and Daphne. Thanks to the exertions of one or two officers, the lives of the gallant defenders of Malaxa were spared, but the prisoners had to be continually guarded by Italians and Greeks to keep the Creteans from shooting them down in cold blood. My hostess of a few cigarettes and oranges on some Turkish prisoners at Kontopoulo was employed by the Christians as one of their proteges for openly insulting me and detaining me as a prisoner. They afterward fired two bullets at my head on the absurd ground that I was attempting to escape, because the Greek soldier who guarded me insisted that I should accompany him about 50 yards from the village as a measure of precaution against the shells which were falling about us. In short, the less said about Christianity as a political factor in the Cretean question the better.—Nineteenth Century.

DR. BULL'S BALSAM The great blood, liver and kidney remedy, are genuine only when the fac-simile signatures of John W. Bull and A. C. Meyer & Co. are on the outside wrapper. All others are counterfeits.

for your life, overboard! Trust not that loose plank nor attempt the wave, but quickly climb the nearest Jesus walking on the watery pavement, shouting until he hear thee, "Lord, save me or I perish!" Sin beautiful at the start—oh, how sad, how distressful, at the last! The ground over which it leads you is hollow. The actuals are the traps of the poison. The problem is to trap you to a fall. Over that ungodly banquet the keen sword of God's judgment, hangs, and there are ominous handwritings on the walls.

Observe also in this subject how repelling it is when applied to great attractiveness. Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection of womanhood. You could not suggest any refinement to the body or suggest any refinement to the mind. You could add no gracefulness to the gait, no luster to the eye, no sweetness to the voice. A perfect God made her a perfect woman, to be the companion of a perfect man in a perfect home. A complete nature vibrated in accord with the beauty and song of paradise. But she rebelled against God's government, and with the same hand with which she plucked the fruit she launched upon the world the crime, the wars, the tumults that have set the universe a-walling.

Fatal Charms.

A terrible offer to all her attractiveness. We are not surprised when we find men and women naturally vulgar going into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have the manners of the ditch, but how shocking when we find sinners of refinement and social life, the accomplishments of Mary, queen of Scots, make her patronage of Darnley, the profligate, the more appalling. The genius of Catherine II of Russia only sets forth in more powerful contrast her unappealing aspect. Let us not think that refinement of manner or exquisiteness of taste or superiority of education can in any wise atone for ill temper, for an oppressive spirit, for unkindness, for any kind of sin. Disobedience toward and transgression toward can give no excuse. A accomplishment heaven high is no apology for vice hell deep.

My subject also impresses me with the regal influence of woman. When I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam and over the generations that have followed, it excites me to give a power to all women have for good or for evil. I have no sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow flatteries showered upon woman from the platform and the stage. They mean nothing; they are accepted as nothing. Woman's influence is a Christian influence, and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband and upon the whole human race I make up my mind that a blow which will round through all eternity down among the dungeons or up among the thrones.

Logically this process can be carried on indefinitely. Practically it cannot, because with the increase in the price of fruit the consumption of fruit will decline. The consumer will be worse off for the change. The process will be considered as a land owner will be no better off, but the value of the land will be as high as the profits of fruit culture will permit.—Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin.

Sugar Trust Profits Cynched.

The trusts have a cinch on Dingley bill profits. Of course they will make many times more if the bill becomes law in anything like its present shape, but they are already engaged in taking part of their profits.

Sugar has risen considerably in anticipation of greatly increased duties, and merchants all over the country are laying in stores because still higher prices are expected. The sugar trust is consequently busy and rolling up profits. In April it imported 277,700,527 pounds of raw sugar, valued at \$4,747,129. An extra profit of one-half cent per pound on this amount—which is already realized or guaranteed—means nearly \$4,000,000 to the trust.

If the bill is two months longer in its passage, the trust will surely pocket \$10,000,000 extra profits before the bill becomes law. Who says protection is not a good thing? And why shouldn't Senator Aldrich push it along and in turn get his street railway syndicates pushed along by the sugar trust? Isn't this reciprocity? Wouldn't Aldrich be an ingrate if he should desert his friends and backers when he has an opportunity to help them.

None Equal to Dr. Hand's So Says Mother.

Napoleonville, O. Dec. 23d, '95.—Dr. Hand—Dear Sir:—I have been using your remedies for my children for over four years, I have used many other medicines but have found none equal to yours. Have recommended Dr. Hand's Cough Cure to many other mothers and persuaded them to try it; they all say it proves satisfactory. I am the mother of nine children and never without a bottle of all Dr. Hand's Remedies in the house." At all druggists, 25c.

An Openwork of an Emotional Man.

A woman said of an emotional man whose face was always an index of his feelings, of his hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows, that he was "the most openwork man she ever saw." A feminine figure, but none the less expressive.—New York Sun.

An Englishman's Story.

A correspondent of the London Globe alleges that on the Fraser river in Canada he has seen in the middle of the salmon season as many as 15,000 fish piled up three or four feet high ready to be canned and emitting an abominable stench.

The Habits of Children.

Should be closely watched and regulated by mothers. Carelessness in childhood often leads to serious troubles in after life. The digestive organs and bowels should be kept in the best possible condition to insure good health, not only for the present, but for years to come. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a harmless but potent remedy, corrects all such evils in children. Twenty doses (for children) 10c. at Saur & Balesley's, Napoleon, Ohio.

The Welcome Not For Him. Phil May, the artist and caricaturist, tells of an amusing experience he had on his return from a tour for The Graphic: "When I came back to London, I happened to the office, and imagine my gratification when I saw everywhere resplendent banners bearing the inscription in large letters, 'Welcome to May.' " "This is indeed fame," I thought, and when I got to The Graphic office there was another inscription, with flowers and all the rest of it, 'Welcome to M. and G.' The G. worried me a bit, but then the name of the man who went out with me commenced with G. "I told the editor of my gratification. " "Why, you — idiot," he remarked "It's nothing to do with you! It's the marriage of Prince George and Princess May." —Exchange.

Not an Inappropriate Name. "I presume," said the talkative man to his seat mate in the railway train, "from your manner and conversation, that you have family ties." "Yes," replied Mr. Meekton; "I s'pose you might as well call 'em that. I buy 'em for myself, but my wife and the girls all wear 'em whenever they feel like it." —Washington Star.

Ultimately. "Do you know what you are trying to say," asked the final fault finder, "when you speak of a man going to an untimely grave at the age of 80?" "I do," said the undamned optimist. "The old villain ought to have gone there 40 years ago." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Law and the Dry Dot. On a railroad in Pennsylvania stand 33 Pullman palace cars, closely crowded day and night by watchmen whose only duty it is to see that no one interferes with the process of decay and despoliation which the elements have inaugurated. The cars are the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad company and represent an outlay of about \$400,000. These handsome coaches have been dragged through the slow and tortuous processes of litigation for over five years. Both the railroad and the Pullman company have claims on the cars, and until a final decision is rendered in the courts these magnificent vehicles of travel by rail are left to rot and crumble in the open air. They will soon be unfit for any use except kindling wood and old scrap iron. —Exchange.

Do You Travel? If so, never start on a journey without a bottle of Foley's Colic Cure, a sure preventive of bowel complaints occasioned by change of water or climate. 25c. C. F. CLAY, Napoleon, O.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA. A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Fac-Simile Signature of NEW YORK. 16 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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Also a full line of Walking and Riding Cultivators, Single and Double Shovel Plows, Plows, Oils, Varnishes and Glass. Also Roadsters, to order on short notice. I keep a full line of house furnishing goods. All at W. G. COOVER'S HARDWARE.

THE MOST POPULAR IN USE ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS. 150 STYLES TO SUIT ALL WRITERS. ALL STATIONERS HAVE THEM. 25 JOHN ST, NEW YORK AND GARDEN, N. J.

FRANK'S EYE BALM Woman's best friend. Dirt's worst enemy. Largest package—greatest economy. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.