

SERMONS OF THE DAY.

RELIGIOUS TOPICS DISCUSSED BY PROMINENT AMERICAN MINISTERS.

"The Golden Rule" is the Title of the Third of the New York Herald's Competitive Sermons—Preached by Rev. Charles S. Vedder, of Charleston, S. C.

Text: "Let us consider one another."—Hebrews x., 24.

Here is the Golden Rule, expressed in the terms of familiar speech and practical action—the way in which the command to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us may be made effectually operative. Here is the sursum corda of all discontent with the inequality of human conditions; the proclamation of peace in all strife of human opinions; the solution of the problem of capital and labor; the condition of harmony in all human relations. The two noble brothers of the Hebrew tradition, secretly sharing the sheaves of their barley harvest with each other to make up what each conceived that the other lacked of the elements of happiness, exemplified it. Sir Philip Sydney did no more when, wounded to the death, he gave the draught of water hardly obtained for his own consuming thirst to a striken private soldier, saying: "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

The words of the text were spoken by one of the great teachers of the world to those who had associated themselves for worship and work, and whom he would lead to the highest and purest and kindest life. "Let us consider one another." We would better receive the full meaning of the appeal should we use the similar, familiar and expressive word "considerate"—"Let us be considerate of one another."

Among the potential agencies of the world are those which are directly addressed in the text and those akin to them in spirit and purpose—organizations which seek to promote human welfare, whether they be called churches, charities or by whatever name else. In all of these there are possibilities of difference and division which will defeat or retard their usefulness and value. If we would know how these possibilities may be met and overcome we need but conceive of one of these instrumentalities for good in which each member is "considerate" of every other.

Then we should see the strong bearing with the infirm and the weak; the weak not stumbled with the larger liberty of the strong; the rich sympathizing with the manifold trials of the poor; the poor considerate of the crowding cares and calls of the rich and zealous that both may be cooler in spirit and richer in the graces of character. We should see the old mindful of the enthusiasm of their own youth and, remembering its errors, gently guiding and tempering—not frowning upon and re-eking—the ardor of the younger; the young would be seen sitting at the feet of the old to learn and rising from them to do, not rejecting the counsels of the hoary head as fossil theories of a buried generation, but acknowledging that "days should speak and the multitude of years teach wisdom." If with increase of age infirmity had come, its very decrepitude would be honored as the wound of an earlier warfare. Parents would be then not forgetful that they were once children; children that they to parents are duty to God and that they one day may need a parent's immunities. We should see the wise gentle to the ignorance of the ignorant and patient to instruct it; the unlearned, if need be, tolerant of the irritability of the learned; the exacting and eager to share the fruit of such toil, and all esteeming it more blessed to give than to receive forbearance and extenuation.

"Had any fallen," all would think how adapted was the temptation to the weakness it conquered, and how improbable, if this beset, that any would have remained steadfast. Repentance before God would give the offense to oblivion in the sight of heaven save to kindly a deeper sympathy for the frailty that had yielded. There would be the constant summoning of that charity which "seeketh not her own, thinketh no evil, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

If reproff seemed duty, the fact would not be overlooked that some hearts there are so perilously fashioned To waken, and not break, the thrilling strings.

"Let us be considerate of one another." How benignant a law! For society in its course! How happy would be the community in which it reigned! We learn very early in this life that the secret of peaceful and pleasant living is a generous recognition of the differences between us and others and a full allowance of the right to differ. In different ages and climes different definitions have obtained as to what constitutes "refinement." There is one element in which all ages and climes agree! A true good breeding is that which is considerate of the feelings of others, of whatever class or condition.

Why is it that sometimes even the sacred circle of home is darkened with the cloud of painful differences, but that some within it lack thoughtfulness of the feelings and even the feelings of others? Right in their own ways, they are intolerant of the different ways of others. Why is it that in the same circles of society variances come, which grow to settled alienations, but that in some thoughtless moment a word, look or action, or even slighted liberties of another, or even slighted his prejudices, and when regret came some retaliatory word forbade acknowledgment?

Employer and employed! Are they always to be at odds? Yes, until each considers the other and not himself alone. What is there which would banish from the intercourse and rivalries of business the personal antagonism which is often engendered, like tearing down the ghostly legend from the mans of trade, "Every man for himself," and writing there instead the kindly motto, "Let us be considerate of one another?"

Still, still in mutual suzerainty lies The secret of true living; Love scarce is love that never knows The sweetness of forgiving!

REV. CHARLES S. VEDDER, D. D., Pastor Huguenot Church, Charleston, S. C.

GOD AMONG ORCHARDS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Pomology of the Bible.

Text: "The fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind."—Genesis i., 2.

Beginning with the Garden of Eden as the first spontaneous, magnificent orchard, and the expulsion from it of the first pair because they tasted of the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, Dr. Talmage continued: "This story of Eden is rejected by some as an improbability, if not an impossibility, but nothing on earth is easier for me to believe than the truth of this Edenic story, for I have seen the same thing in this year of our Lord 1897. I could call them by name if it were polite and righteous to do so, the men who have sacrificed a paradise on earth and a paradise in heaven for one sin. Their house went. Their library went. Their good name went. Their field of usefulness went. Their health went. Their immortality went. My friends! there is just one sin that will turn you out of paradise if you do not quit it. You know what it is and God knows, and you had better drop the hand and arm lifted toward that bending bough before you pluck your own ruin. When Adam stood on tiptoe and took in his right hand that one round peach, or apricot, or apple, Satan reached up and pulled down the round, beautiful world of our present residence. Overworked, unwise, overwrought merchant, ambitious politician, avaricious speculator, better take that warning from

Adam's orchard and stop before you put out for that one thing more.

But I turn from Adam's orchard to Solomon's orchard. With his own hand he writes: "I made me gardens and orchards. Not depending on the natural fall of rain, the irrigated orchards. Pieces of the aqueduct that watered those gardens I have seen, and the reservoirs are as perfect as when thousands of years ago, the mason's trowel smoothed the mortar over their gray surface. No orchard of olden or modern times so nobly, ever had its thirst so well slaked. The largest of these reservoirs is 582 feet long, 207 feet wide, and fifty feet deep. These reservoirs Solomon refers to when he says: "I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Solomon used to ride out to that orchard before breakfast. It gave him an appetite and something to think about all the day. Josephus, the historian, represents him as going out "early in the morning from Jerusalem, to the famed rocks of Etam, a fertile region, delighted with paradises and running springs. Thither the King, in robes of white rode in his chariot, escorted by a troop of mounted archers chosen for their youth and stature, and clad in Tyrian purple, whose long hair, powdered with gold dust, sparkled in the sun." After Solomon had taken his morning ride in these luxuriant orchards, he would sit down and write those wonderful things in the Bible, drawing his illustrations from the fruits he had that very morning plucked or ridden under.

What mean Solomon's orchards and Solomon's gardens? for they seem to mingle the two into one, flowers underfoot, and pomogrante overhead. To me they suggest that religion is a luxury. They mean that our religion is the luscious, the aromatic, the pungent, the aborescent, the efflorescent, the foliaged, the umbrageous. They mean that Edward Payson meant when he declared: "If my happiness continues to increase, I cannot support it much longer." It means what Bapa Padmanji, a Hindoo convert, meant when he said: "I long for my bed, not that I may sleep—I lie awake often and long—but to hold communion with my God."

You think religion is a good thing for a funeral. Oh, yes. But Solomon's orchard means more. Religion is a good thing now, when you are in health and prosperity and the appetite is good for citrons, and apples, and apricots, and pomograntes. Religion for the funeral! Oh, yes; but religion for the wedding breakfast; religion for the brightest spring morning and autumn's most gorgeous sunset. Religion for the day when the stocks are up just as much as when stocks are down. Religion when inspiration is easy, as well as for the last gasp; when the temperature is normal, as well as when it reaches 104. It may be a bold thing to say, but I risk it that if all the people, without respect to belief or character, at death passed into everlasting happiness, religion for this world is such a luxury that no man or woman could afford to do without it. The dear old book opened with Adam's orchard and closes with St. John's orchard. St. John went into the orchard through a stone gate, the black basalt of the Isle of Patmos, to which he had been exiled. That orchard which he saw was and is a heaven. One person will err in speaking of heaven as all material, and another person describes heaven as all figurative and spiritual, and both are wrong. Heaven is both material and spiritual, as we are both material and spiritual. While much of the Bible account of heaven is to be taken figuratively and spiritually, it is plain to me that heaven has also a material existence.

How much was literal and how much was figurative, I cannot say, but St. John saw two rows of trees on each side of a river, and it differed from other orchards in the fact that the trees bore twelve manner of fruits. The learned translators of our common Bible say it means twelve different kinds of fruits in one year. Albert Barnes says it means twelve crops of the same kind of fruit in one year. Not able to decide which is the more accurate translation, I adopt both. If it mean twelve different kinds of fruit, it declares variety in heavenly joy. If it means twelve crops of the same kind of fruit, it declares abundance in heavenly joy, and they are both true. Variety? Oh, yes! Not an eternity with nothing but music—that Oratorio would be too protracted. Not an eternity of procession on white horses—that would be too long in the stirrups. Not an eternity of watching the river—that would be too much of the picturesque. Not an eternity of plucking fruits from the tree of life—that would be too much of the heavenly orchard. But all manner of varieties, and I will tell you of at least twelve of these varieties: Joy of divine worship; joy over the victories of the Lamb who was slain; joy over the repentant sinners; joy of recounting our own rescue; joy of embracing old friends; joy at recognition of patriarchs, apostles, evangelists and martyrs; joy of ringing harmonies; joy of reuniting broken friendships; joy at the explanation of Providential mysteries; joy at walking the boulevards of gold; joy at looking at walls green with emerald, and blue with sapphires, and crimson with jasper, and flash with amethyst, entered through swinging gates, their posts, the hinges and their panels of richest pearl; joy that there is to be no subsidence, no reaction, no terminus to the felicity.

While there is enough of the pomp of this court to heaven for those who like the city best, I think God there is enough in the Bible about country scenery in heaven to please those of us who were born in the country and never got over it. Now, you may have the sweets of gold in heaven, give me the orchards with twelve manner of fruits, and yielding their fruit every month; and the leaves of the trees are for "the healing of the nations; and there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him; and they shall see His face, and His name shall be on their foreheads; and there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." But just think of a place so brilliant that the noonday sun shall be removed from the mantle of the sky because it is too feeble a taper! Yet most of all I am impressed with the fact that I will not get it or that place, nor will I either. By the reconstructing and sanctifying grace of Christ we need to be made all over. And let us be getting our passports ready if we want to get into that country. An earthly passport is a personal matter, telling our height, our girth, the color of our hair, our features, our complexion, and our age. I cannot get into a foreign port on your passport, nor can you get in on mine. Each one of us for himself needs a divine signature, written by the wounded hand of the Son of God, to get into the heavenly orchard, under the laden branches of which, in God's good time, we may meet the Adam of the first orchard, and the Solomon of the second orchard, and the St. John of the last orchard, to sit down under the tree of which the church in the Book of Canticles speaks when it says: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste." and there it may be found that to-day we learned the danger of hankering after one thing more, and that religion is a luxury, and that there is a divine antidote for all poisons, and that we had created in us an appetite for heaven, and that it was a wholesome and saving thing for us to have discoursed on the pomology of the Bible, or God among the orchards.

Ladies' Blouse.
The popularity of the cloth costume is an established fact, says May Manton. The stylish model shown in the large illustration is well adapted to zibeline, broadcloth and chevrot, worn with a skirt of the same, and over a short waist of silk or velvet. As illustrated, the material is zibeline in deep Bordeaux-red with trimming of astrakhan and yoke of smooth-faced cloth, banded with narrow black braid. With it is shown a belt of handsome black leather, and a hat of black velvet with ostrich plumes.

The foundation of the blouse is a fitted lining made in the usual manner, and closing at the centre-front. The blouse proper is fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams only, but the tabbed epaulettes being out as parts of the back and fronts. The yoke is seamed to the right shoulder, and hooks over to the left. The blouse pouches well over the belt and closes invisibly at the left side. The basque

Trolley Slaughter of Egyptians.
It is said that the electric railroads at Cairo, Egypt, are besting those of Brooklyn in the record of numbers of people killed. The Egyptian roads have been running a little over a year, and 140 people were killed or injured by their cars during the first twelve months.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

While red is much in vogue for all ages it is peculiarly suited, according to May Manton, to the gowns designed for children's wear. The attractive



GIRL'S COSTUME.

and stylish model shown is of cashmere in the brilliant shade known as tulip, with trimmings and sash of black velvet ribbon. The full waist, which

portion is separate and seamed at the waist line. The sleeves are two-seamed and show only slight fullness at the shoulders. Beneath the epaulettes they are seamed to the lining only, an extra strip of the cloth being stitched on to insure strength. The entire garment is lined with taffeta silk in a harmonizing shade of red.

To make this blouse for a lady in the medium size will require two yards of forty-four-inch material.

Ermine is Coming In.

Among the coming fashions ermine bids fair to regain its lost reputation, and will be seen once more on coats and capes. It had a slight revival last winter, but this year its claims are already noticeable. There is a questionable doubt as to its being becoming—at any rate it can never compare with the lovely sable.

Petticoats of Silk Moreen.

Petticoats of silk moreen with taffeta silk ruffles are recommended for wearing qualities, which the all taffeta skirt does not possess. The material comes in a variety of pretty colors.

Dress For a Child.

No other style, however good, ever supersedes the one shown in the illustration. While it is in every way suitable for a wee child of two it can also be worn by girls up to the eighth year. As illustrated the material is pale pink cashmere with bands of velvet ribbon of the same color and bore of the material embroidered with white and edged with frills of pink



STYLISH LADIES' BLOUSE.

pouches very slightly over the belt, is made over a lining that fits the figure snugly at the front, the backs of which are cut exactly as is the outside. The yoke portions of surah striped with narrow black velvet are faced onto the lining to the depth indicated. The full portion is applied, the fullness arranged in gathers at the waist and the pointed edges finished with two bands of velvet. The sleeves are two-seamed and fit snugly well above the elbow but show slight puffs at the shoulders which support the full epaulettes.

The skirt is cut in four gores and fits smoothly at the front and hips. It is lined throughout and is trimmed with double row of velvet ribbon applied in points. At the waist is a belt with bow and ends of wider ribbon.

To make this costume for a girl of twelve years will require three and three-fourths yards of forty-four-inch material with one-half yard of twenty-two-inch silk for the yoke.

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The foundation of the blouse is a fitted lining made in the usual manner, and closing at the centre-front. The blouse proper is fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams only, but the tabbed epaulettes being out as parts of the back and fronts. The yoke is seamed to the right shoulder, and hooks over to the left. The blouse pouches well over the belt and closes invisibly at the left side. The basque

frills of the ribbon edged with bands of velvet make the finish at neck and form tiny cuffs.

To make this dress for a child of four years will require two and one-fourth yards of forty-four-inch or three yards of thirty-six-inch material.



CHILD'S DRESS.

Pasteur's Forgetfulness.

The late Dr. Pasteur was as absent-minded as Edison. Even on the morning of his marriage he forgot all about the approaching ceremony and went off to his laboratory. The bride and the attendants went to the church, but no Pasteur turned up. A search was instituted and Pasteur was found deep in chemical experiments and utterly oblivious of the fact that he was to be made a benedict that day.—Philadelphia Record.

He Saved His Hat.

At Scotch weddings some years ago it used to be the custom to batter the hat of the bridegroom as he was leaving the house in which the ceremony took place. On one of those occasions a newly married couple (relatives of the bridegroom) determined to carry out the observance of this custom to the letter. The bridegroom heard them discussing their plans and dispatched a messenger to the carriage, which was waiting, with his hat some time previous to his departure. Then, donning the hat of a male relative who had plotted against him, he prepared to go out to the carriage.

No sooner had he got to the door than his hat was furiously assailed and almost destroyed. He walked out of the house amid the laughter of the bystanders and entered the vehicle; then taking his battered hat from his head he threw it into the hands of its proper owner, exclaiming: "Hey, Mr. Dougall, there's your hat," and donned his own, amid the cheers of all present. Mr. Dougall was the unhappiest looking man in Scotland for some time after that.—London Telegraph.

The Walking Fish.

Recently very remarkable fish have been captured in this country, found many thousands of miles from their native seas.

One was caught on the Pacific coast the other day near Betterton. C. O. Warner, of Philadelphia, caught the curiosity which turned out to be a native of the Indian Ocean, and which is known the world over as the walking fish, so called because it really does have feet which it uses as a mode of locomotion. As a matter of fact, the walking fish is a ghoulish-appearing thing, for the little claw legs which are seen, two on each side of the creature, are decidedly uncanny.

For Insomnia.

A doctor who has tried it, says that if two or three dandelion leaves be chewed before going to bed they will induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried the patient may be.

One Problem She Can Solve.

There is no woman in the land so bad an arithmetician that she could not calculate how much her husband would save if he did not smoke.—London Figaro.

How to Wash With Care.

Hard work, strong lye, or inferior laundry soap are responsible for the yellow clothes seen in many households. To wash properly, fill a tub nearly full of hot water, put the white clothes in first, rub with Ivory Soap, scald, rinse and starch. When dry, sprinkle and fold down over night and iron carefully. ELIZA B. PARKER.

A Novel Exhibit.

The Kansas farmers will exhibit at the Omaha Trans-Mississippi Exposition a carload of canceled mortgages.

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How the Finger Nails Grow.

The nails of two fingers never grow with the same degree of rapidity. The nail of the middle finger grows with the greatest rapidity, and that of the thumb the least. It has been computed that the average growth of the finger nail is one thirty-second of an inch per week, or a little more than an inch and a half per year. The growth, however, depends to a great extent upon the rate of nutrition, and during periods of sickness it is retarded.

Authorities differ with regard to the equality of growth on both hands, some holding that the nails of the right hand grow faster than those of the left, but others can perceive no difference between them. According to the rate of growth stated, the average time taken for each finger nail to grow its full length is about four and a half months, and at this rate a woman of seventy would have renewed her finger nail one hundred and eighty-six times.

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