

HANDLING A WATCH.

Rules That Will Save Many Jeweler's Bills If Followed.

"You want to know how to care for a fine watch, eh?" said the old watchmaker, as he took off his glasses and wiped them with his handkerchief.

"The Mail and Express man handed over his timepiece, and the old man handled it carefully. 'Well, my boy,' he said finally, 'bear in mind continually that a watch is, in its way, almost as delicate a piece of mechanism as the human system. As it is necessary for a man who wishes to keep in good health to take his meals regularly, so it is necessary to feed a watch at regular intervals. You feed a watch by winding it up. Therefore have a certain hour for winding your watch and never deviate from it.'

"In this case there are probably one hundred watches. Not one of them is running. On this rack there are eighteen, and all are going. I wind them the first thing in the morning, start them with the one in the lower left hand corner. They get their meals regularly. 'You can regulate your own watch if you will only study its peculiarities. See this little arm. Well, if your watch is running slow, turn that arm with the blade of your penknife a trifle toward the letter 'F.' If it is running fast turn in the opposite direction toward 'S.' Don't move the arm more than a fraction of an inch, for if that will not suffice your watch needs a watchmaker's care.

"Don't open the inner case of your watch more than is absolutely necessary. Every time you open it dust sweeps in upon the works, and it takes very little dust to put a watch out of order. In nine times out of ten when a watch is brought to me to be cleaned I can tell with my glass the business the owner of the watch follows. I examined a watch the other day and told my customer that he worked in wool. He admitted the fact. I had found small particles of wool in the works of his watch.

"Have a chamolais case for your watch, or a chamolais lining to your watch pocket. It preserves the case and keeps it from getting scratched. I have heard men say that a watch with a chamolais case will keep better time than one without such protection, but that is nonsense.

"If you work near electric instruments or ride on electric cars, you should have your watch demagnetized. A few years ago such an operation cost a great deal of money. Unprincipled jewelers would tell a customer that in order to make a thorough job of it every piece in the watch would have to be treated independently—first positively and then negatively—in order to receive a magnetic or electric equilibrium. I have known watchmakers to charge twenty-five dollars for demagnetizing a watch.

"The real cost is almost nothing. There is a machine for the purpose. You place the watch on the positive side and then on the negative. There is no more work about it than there is in the baking of a loaf of bread. 'I have heard men say that it was impossible to take a sick watch to a jeweler without being told that the trouble lay in a broken mainspring. But how little men who wear watches know about mainsprings. Broken mainsprings come as a sort of epidemic. Don't laugh. I am simply telling you a fact. A year ago this spring I was flooded with watches, a mainspring of which had snapped. A peculiarity of the breaking was that each of the twenty-five or more turns to the spring was severed and that the breaks were in a straight line from the center to the circumference of the spring.

"Every watchmaker in New York had an experience similar to my own last spring. We have often compared notes, but we have been unable to account for the epidemics, except upon the hypothesis that atmospheric conditions are the cause. What those conditions are, remains to be determined. It has been asserted that when the northern lights are the brightest mislappings are most apt to snap. You probably remember that in February the aurora borealis was phenomenally brilliant, and yet during that period no watch with a broken mainspring was brought to me. I can't account for the phenomenon, and I don't believe there is a watchmaker in New York who knows more about it than I do.

"Now let me say a few words as a sort of finale. The best as well as the cheapest watch movements in the world are made in America. It's all well enough to talk about Swiss watches, but let me tell you that in point of accurate time-keeping there never has been made a five hundred dollar Swiss watch that was a whit superior to a twenty-dollar watch in America."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

YACHTING DRESSES.

Patterns of Some of the Gowns Worn on Sea.

A new design for serge yachting gowns has a bodice smoothly fitted, like a cuirass, from the throat to the waist, then curving out on the hips, and evenly all around. This plain bodice is banded across with row after row of red or blue braid edged with gilt—a very effective trimming on a white serge cuirass. A short Figaro jacket of the white serge covers the top of this corsage, and extends only two or three inches below the armholes. It is cut in sharp vandyke points, and bordered with four rows of the braid. The sleeves are one extremely large puff to the elbow, then are close below, and neatly covered there with rows of braid. The round skirt escapes the floor, and is bordered to match the jacket. A sailor cap of white serge is banded with the braid.

Royal white suits for yachting are of blue or white cloth of very light weight made with a little jockey reaching only to the waist and open in front, with tapering revers and a square collar. Bright gold and red braids forming a wide galloway are the gay trimming. The skirt in slight bell shape is attached to a pointed belt, which is also braided. Surah shirts with two frills down the front and turned-over collar are worn in white, red, or blue, as most becomes the wearer. A white suit with a red shirt is very pretty at sea.—Harper's Bazar.

Book Agent (returning after being fired down one flight, to state broker)—"But now, joking aside, wouldn't you take one copy?"—Illustrated Bazar.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Preeminence of Christ in and Above All Things.

The Most Conspicuous Character in History, His Place Should be Always First in the Pulpit and in the Home.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage selected the following discourse from those delivered during his European tour for this week's reading by his great American congregation. The text is: He that cometh from above is above all.—John III, 31.

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all music, the graceful line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the scene of climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled grandeur, and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and the omega, He appropriated to Himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters and all the letters between them. 'I am the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.' Or, if you prefer the words of the text, 'above all.'

It means, after you have piled up all the Alps and Himalaya altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend 1,000 leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly, Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up those three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Israhel and Paul, prophetic and apologetic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; Cherubim and Seraphim and Archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory, they might all well unite in the words of the text and say: 'He that cometh from above is above all.'

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are also many books on homiletics scattered all through the world that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds to read. That sermon, in what sermons ought to be. That sermon, in what sermons ought to be. That sermon, in what sermons ought to be. That sermon, in what sermons ought to be.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying ordered the tunic he had on him to be carried after his death on a spear at the head of his army, and then the soldier ever and anon should stop and say: 'Behold, all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states in our possession, did he retain but this shroud.' I have no sympathy with such behavior or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a common-sensical idea on this subject that you and I need to consider—that there are only two styles of departure.

A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, tolling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the balyards, we may die a sailor's death. On a mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leproses and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure; the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked, and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes we may be at home! You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want the room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open Heaven's gates? Can human hands pilot us through the narrow of death into Heaven's harbor? Can an earthly friend-ship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when Satan archery? No, no, no! Alas! poor soul, in that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadows, and far from fountain, alone, unsheltered, clinging through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial if only Christ could say through the solitude: 'I will never leave thee. I will never forsake thee. From that pillar of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coping and going; and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of Heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in the door of a heathen temple, said: 'Glory to Thee, O God!' What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? 'Come and sit beside me and let us talk of Heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ.' What did dying Hannah Moore say? 'To go to Heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious died! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ! What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymn-maker, say in his last hour? 'Who can measure the depth of the love of Heaven? Oh,

the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely to one can live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul.' What did the dying Fenway say? 'I can as easily die as close my eyes; 72 hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb.' Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on the way thither, broke away from the guardsmen, and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for Him. Sir Charles Hare, in last moment, had such rapturous vision that he cried: 'Upward, upward, upward!' And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his fingers upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it; and so great was his placidity that after awhile he said: 'I stopped, and his life had ended here to begin in Heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worn-out first missionary, when in the Mamariki dungeon, he cried: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing.' Do you not see that Christ is above all in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset I say: 'One day less to live.' When I see the spring blossoms scattered I say: 'Another season gone forever.' When I close this Bible on Sabbath night I say: 'Another Sabbath departed.' When I bury a friend I say: 'Another earthly attraction gone forever.' What nimble feet the years have! The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go to a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will, with solemn tread, carry us to our resting place. Ay, it is known in Heaven whether our departure will be a coronation or a banishment. Brighter than a banquet hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters, is the hall of the sepulcher through whose rifts the holy light of Heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send His angels to guard your slumbering ground, until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So, also, Christ is above all in Heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice. Stand on some high hill of Heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in silence at first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for flame through which they passed, will say: 'This is Jesus for whom we died.' The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say: 'This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth and at Cappadocia and at Antioch and at Jerusalem.' Little children clad in white say: 'This is the Jesus who took us in His arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place.' The multitudes of the bereft will say: 'This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke.' Many who had wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: 'This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and He brought us home.' We were guilty, and He made us white as snow. Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them by solo, all the voices will come together in a great chorus, which shall make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and peace and triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed one hundred and sixty thousand dollars to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of Heaven. Where your treasures are there are your hearts also. John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the beginning of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: 'And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city above like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harp in their hands, to sing praises with all; and after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them!'

Happiness. The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value; but when all are grouped together and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exalted joy, we are so apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the high, distant horizon while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very roses of our chase after happiness may be the reason that also so often eludes our grasp.—Farm and Fiddle.

If the lady man is not too tired he might make an extraordinary effort and bear in mind the fact that even a dead dog can float down stream.

Man is by creation a little lower than the angels. Man by redemption obtains a more excellent name than they.—Arthur T. Pierson.

HUMOROUS.

—A young man advertises his desire for a wife: 'Pretty, and entirely ignorant of the fact.'—Tit-Bits.

—'I should call the photographer a friend of his race.' 'For what reason?' 'He always tries to make people look pleasant who do a business with him.'—Dorchester Beacon.

—'Why does Herr Huber generally look over his glasses instead of through them?' 'It is because he is so stingy—he is afraid of wearing them out too soon.'—Westfälische Zeitung.

—The Old Story. He rises up at the early dawn, And he goes to work on his little lawn, For he planted it thick with 'pure grass' seeds, And he's sowing the summer palling weeds. Chicago Tribune.

—Briggs: 'Why, old man, I thought you had gone away on your vacation. I saw you down town the other day buying a lot of outing clothes.' Griggs (sandy): 'Yes. That is why I didn't go.'—Clothes and Furnisher.

—'Whither away, Chappie?' 'Ahm going down to the Teutonic.' 'What for? She doesn't sail to-day.' 'I know; but I understand her deck is British territory, and I need a change of air.'—Harper's Bazar.

—Mrs. Wickwire: 'I can give you some cold victuals, but no coffee. We only cook once a day in this weather.' Hungry Higgins (in disgust): 'Only once a day? Well, some people is too lazy for any use!'—Indianapolis Journal.

—Something New Under the Sun.—Billy the Beau: 'Anything new in engagement rings?' Jeweler: 'Yes; our new 'Seaside' plated goods are cheap, and are warranted to outwear any summer resort engagement.' Jeweler's Weekly.

—Mrs. Goode: 'Young Simby is a very exemplary gentleman. He takes his fiancée to church every Sunday.' Mrs. Sharpe: 'Yes, Simby's a shrewd one. A couple of seats in the church are a deal cheaper than two chairs at the theater.'—Boston Transcript.

DOINGS OF ROYAL LADIES.

The name-jewels of Queen Margherita have been presented to her in such profusion by her husband that her necklace of pearls now hangs down to her waist.

The duchess of Edinburgh is an accomplished and lovely woman, and is another instance of the familiar truth that exalted station does not secure personal happiness.

The queen regent of Spain has this year granted a commutation of the death sentence of nine criminals out of seventeen who were waiting the extreme penalty of the law in Spanish prisons.

MILLINERY is a special talent of the queen of Denmark, and of her three daughters, the empress of Russia, the princess of Wales and the duchess of Cumberland. They developed it as girls and practiced it until their marriage.

The queen has accepted a copy of Amir Ali's 'Life and Teachings of Mohammed; or, the Spirit of Islam.' Copies have also been accepted by the sultan and the shah of Persia, who has sent to the publishers an autograph letter of acknowledgment.

Put Not Your Faith in Fricoes. But rely implicitly upon the power to cure of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the third of a century old remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, liver and kidney weakness, rheumatism and nervousness. To make you eat, sleep and digest well this is the tonic. The delicate, aged and convalescent use it with advantage. A wise-guesser thrice a day.

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It's Good Politics. BARRETT GOES TO THE MOUNTAINS. So do thousands of our Western people, who find a most delightful vacation amid their granite peaks, their wild gorges, their primitive forests, their silvery lakes and sparkling cascades.

THEY FIRST SEND TO O. W. RAGGLES, G. P. & T. AGT., Chicago, for the Michigan Central's beautiful bird-eye map Summer Tourist Folder and then buy their tickets to the St. Lawrence, the Adirondack, the White Mountains, the New England coast, or wherever their chosen resort may be, by the Michigan Central. 'The Niagara Falls Route.'

There is a 1 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from the Dr. Harvey's Compound, this house makes a 'Crescent' on everything they place and publish. Look for it, and then the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

It takes a big man to hold a large audience.—Boston Transcript.

HEALTHY TIP-BITS save weak, nervous men. At trial 10c. Ohio Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.

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