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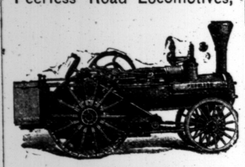
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P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.			P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
2 00	2 00	5 40					4 00	Leave.....BALTIMORE.....Arrive. (Pier 9 Light Street.)	131.05	2 30	10 50			10 05	7 10
										A. M.					A. M.	
5 00	5 00	8 40					7 00	10 00		11 30	2 50			10 05	7 10
5 15	5 05	8 45	11 30	6 35		7 05	10 05	Arrive.....Claiborne.....Leave.	87.08	11 20	7 45	8 25	5 50	10 00	7 00
x 5 19		m8 49	11 40	f 6 39	x 7 09	m10 9	45.34	Leave.....McDaniel.....	85.42	f11 16	f 7 41	f 8 20	5 45	f 9 56	f 6 56
5 26		8 56	11 43	6 42	x 7 12	10 12	46.64	.....Harper.....	84.24	f11 13	f 7 38	f 8 17	5 42	f 9 53	f 6 53
5 29	5 12	8 58	12 00	6 49		7 19	10 15	48.72	St. Michaels	82.60	11 08	f 7 33	8 12	5 29	9 48	f 6 49
x 5 32		x 9 01	12 05	f 6 52	x 7 22	x10 22	50.46	Riversdale	x9.48	f11 01	f 7 27	f 8 05	5 00	f 9 41	f 6 44
x 5 36		x 9 04	12 08	f 6 55	x 7 25	x10 25	52.20	Royal Oak	78.72	f10 58	f 7 24	f 8 55	4 57	f 9 38	f 6 41
x 5 42		x 9 10	12 12	f 7 01	x 7 31	x10 29	54.43	Kirkham	76.53	f10 54	f 7 18	f 7 56	f 4 47	f 9 34	f 6 36
x 5 47		x 9 15	12 17	f 7 06	x 7 36	x10 34	56.51	Bloomfield	74.35	f10 50	f 7 14	f 7 52	f 4 41	f 9 30	f 6 32
								Arrive.....Easton.....Leave.	72.01	10 45	f 7 06		4 34	9 25	f 6 25
5 57	5 30	9 25	12 54	7 15	7 47	10 45	59.05	Leave.....Easton.....Arrive.							
			1 00	f 7 21				Turner's	68.26			f 7 37	f 4 08		
f 6 12		x 9 39	f 1 12	f 7 33	f 8 04	f 11 02	65.31	Bethlehem	64.56	f10 29	f 6 54	f 7 29	f 3 57	x 9 00	f 6 13
f 6 19		x 9 48	f 1 21		f 8 11	f 11 09	69.31	Preston	61.75	f10 23	f 6 49	f 7 23	f 3 51	x 8 53	f 6 08
f 6 26		x 9 55	f 1 28		f 8 18	f 11 16	73.41	Ellwood	58.62	f10 16	f 6 43	f 7 16	f 3 43	x 8 46	f 6 01
f 6 41		x 10 12	f 1 43		f 8 33	f 11 31	75.22	Hurlock	55.84	f10 11	f 6 39	f 7 11	f 3 38	x 8 41	f 5 56
			2 05	f 7 53				Ennalls	53.29			f 7 05	f 3 25		
f 6 56	f 6 05	f10 05	2 20	f 8 07		f 11 39		Rhodesdale	51.82	f10 02	f 6 32	f 6 57	f 3 12	x 8 29	f 5 43
f 6 41		x 9 50	f 1 50	f 8 21		f 11 53		Brookview	50.24	f 9 57		f 6 51	f 3 06	x 8 23	f 5 37
			2 35	f 8 32				Reids Grove	48.56	f 9 51		f 6 45	f 3 02	f 8 20	
			2 45	f 8 42				Vienna	45.05	f 9 40		f 6 34	f 2 55	f 8 10	
f 6 56	f 6 15	f10 15	3 20	f 8 52		f 12 43		Barren Creek Springs	41.16	f 9 41	f 6 14	f 6 30	f 2 40	x 8 22	f 5 37
f 7 06	f 6 21	f10 25	3 40	f 8 31	x 8 56	f 11 45	94.60	Hebron	36.40	f 9 32	f 6 06	f 6 20	f 2 25	f 8 12	f 5 30
f 7 16	f 6 31	f10 35	3 55	f 8 35	f 9 05	f 11 55	96.00	Rock-a-Walkin	34.45	f 9 26	f 5 55	f 6 10	f 2 15	f 8 02	f 5 20
								Arrive.....Salisbury.....Leave.	30.08	9 21	f 5 55	6 15	2 00	f 8 01	f 5 19
								Leave.....Salisbury.....Arrive.					9 55		
f 7 25	6 34	10 33	5 00	8 47		9 10	12 00								
f 7 33	f 6 44	f10 50	5 23	f 9 04		f 9 27	f 12 17	Walston's	25.11	f 9 05	f 5 42	f 5 59	f 2 49	f 7 47	f 5 09
f 7 39	f 6 48	f10 59	5 33	f 9 14		f 9 37	f 12 27	Parsonsburg	23.04	f 9 04	f 5 39	f 5 55	f 2 45	f 7 44	f 5 06
f 7 59	f 6 58	f11 09	6 00	9 41		f 9 59	f 12 49	Pittsville	19.97	f 8 59	f 5 34	f 5 49	f 2 40	f 7 39	f 5 01
f 8 11	f 7 10	f11 21	6 20	f 9 53		f 10 11	f 1 01	New Hope	15.49	f 8 52	f 5 27	f 5 42	f 2 33	f 7 32	f 4 54
f 8 18	f 7 16	f11 28	6 35	f 9 59		f 10 18	f 1 08	Whaleyville	13.97	f 8 46	f 5 24	f 5 34	f 2 30	f 7 26	f 4 50
f 8 26		f11 36	6 45	f10 08		f 10 27	f 1 17	St. Martin's	10.50	f 8 39	f 5 18	f 5 27	f 2 25	f 7 19	f 4 43
f 8 36		f11 46	7 00	f10 18		f 10 37	f 1 27	Berlin	7.24	f 8 30	f 5 09	f 5 18	f 2 15	f 7 10	f 4 34
f 8 40	7 20	11 50	7 05	9 50	10 05	12 50	131.08	Ocean City		8 20	5 00	5 05	6 20	7 00	4 30
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

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HE BLEW OFF HIS HEAD.

Louis Sauter Placed a Dynamite Cartridge Under His Chin and Lighted the Fuse.

Louis Sauter, the proprietor of a twenty-acre farm at Roseland, Essex County, N. J., went to the rear of his house, lay down on his back, placed a dynamite cartridge under his chin, lighted the fuse and blew his head off.

Sauter was a stone-cutter who had bought the farm on mortgage. He was told that Riley Bond, of Orange, who held the mortgage on his place, had transferred it to a man named Merklin, of West Orange. This troubled Sauter greatly, and, although Mr. Merklin made no demand for payment, Sauter worried over it constantly. He lost his place in the stone quarries and had no means whatever for supplying his family. Besides his wife there were three children.

Mrs. Sauter and her three children went out to gather huckleberries, leaving Sauter alone at home. When they returned he was missing. They suspected nothing until the next morning, and then, when he did not return, they began a search and, after hunting for more than half a day, they found his mutilated body in Harrison's woods between the house and the Roseland Post Office. Mrs. Sauter said that her husband had often talked about suicide and read accounts of self-destruction in the newspapers.

THE NEXT NEW DOLLAR BILL.

A Pretty Design is Promised by the Treasury Department.

Claude M. Johnson, Chief of the Bureau of Engraving, received from Secretary Carlisle, his approval for a new design for the $1 silver certificate, which will come into use next year.

The details of the work were done by Will H. Lowe and the engraving of the plates will be done by Charles Schlect, now engraving the World's Fair Diploma. The design represents history instructing youth. History is represented by a female figure in a reclining position with her right arm around a youth and the left extended forward pointing towards the City of Washington in the background. The open pages of a book on the other end of the note contains the Constitution of the United States.

The border consists of wreaths all around the note, in each of which is a name prominent in American history as a statesman author, inventor, soldier or sailor.

Miss GOULD, who is in Paris, is a daily attendant at Worth's, where she is watching the building of a "new creation" which shall envelop her slender form at the September Grand Prix.

A fierce battle was fought between the Italian troops in Egypt and the dervishes, in which the latter were defeated.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Worth Living."

TEXT. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"—Lamentations iii., 39.

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from, and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises, and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moments says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy, more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says in my text life is worth living.

In a book supposed to be doleful and lugubrious and sepulchral and entitled "Lamentations" he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is a great deal and grant a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The author of my text comes out in startling affirmation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion and generous salary and happily affianced and in the way to become the partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes." Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tiptop of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the south, and you ask him, he will say, "Yes;" and if it blow from the northeast, and you ask him, he will say "No." How are we, then, to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the "noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, it all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the richest, and the next to them those who are the richest. We see it as we ride across the cobblestones on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes and never live in a mansion, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks.

You ought to see them jump when they hear the dividend rings. You ought to see them when their excitement when some bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a consternation that threatens paralysis of apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraphic apparatus in their house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, fatty liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much iron, so much chlorate of potassium. If some chemist would make an analysis one of these financial behemoths, he would find he is made up of copper and gold and silver and fine and lead and coal and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come.

They send footmanned and postilioned equipages to bring her—she will not ride in their coaches. They send private escorts—she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches—she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a splendid gate—she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony—she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then, if you take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money getting fall far short of success. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with no other moral idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life, he is miserable. The two most unfortunate men in this country for the six months of the next presidential campaign are the two men in nomination for the presidency. The reservoirs of abuse and distribe and malediction will gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hogshead above hogshead, and about autumnal time the reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these unfortunates, and they will have to stand and take it. Now, if the failure is in health, in the carcass, in the constitution, and the eat-drink, and then die, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and submerged in it, then there is an end of it; but in case of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean.

As I said there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered at a great rate, and you can get slandered at a small rate. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you. But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position.

Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or the show of wealth is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their liberalism as they are [illegible] famous for its darkness who more is what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out and out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known human vices and are longing for other worlds of dissolution to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times a day and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regret without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively appalling, making English grammar a most disreputable, and yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or a show of wealth is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth if you only get it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over and then come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position! What is the use of forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah, my friends, when you really lose your money how quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year and every month and every hour which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium and a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil is a failure, a dead failure, infinite failure. I care not how many you send to that cradle, or how many lands you send to that grave, to put rigut under the name one this inscription, "Better if he had never been born."

I will show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry. Others decided that I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave me that. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome or resist or lift or smite or wave or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

"Here is a world which, after 6000 years of battling with tempest and accident, is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics, a book with leathern cover almost worn out and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived—that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.

"If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of His Son, one Jesus, He will give help to a man. To Him I appeal. God help me! Here I have yet sixty years to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept and garnished and illumined and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxemburg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years. I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years? I will try. God help me!"

That young man enters life. He is baffled; he is tried; he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side, and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy or eighty years of age. You can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words: "His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire in olden times there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty race to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief president. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantua maker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning wheel. The tool is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by thin blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife. "Her children arise up and call her blessed. Her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two eldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the ministry, stands in a pulpit widely influential for righteousness, judgment, temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, then goes into legislative halls, and after while he commands listening senates and makes a plea for the down trodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder, but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out one went through the hospital of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and homesick, and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every time Christ thought of her He said, as of old, "The same is My sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon of the forenoon when she has been devoted to her household she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absentees, saying, "Come; mother is dangerously ill." Before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram, saying, "Come; mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother, taking the last look or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question. "Do you really think her life was worth living? A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a life of self-life, a Christian life, it always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making gain for a living and then amassing, as generous fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in 10,000 philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard to persuade you that the life of Frances Leare was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of soldiers dying in the trenches with her weak arm, standing one night in the hospital, pushing back a German soldier to his couch as, all fevered with his wounds, he rushed toward the door and said: "Let me go! Let me go to my little mutter." Major-Generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the heroine of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her, and that people of all lands asked for her lighthouse, and that the proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre, in London, offered her $100 a night just to sit in the lifeboat while some shipwrecked scene was being enacted.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds who read this. You say, "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah, my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You can't be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace, but who despises the door of the Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life if rightly lived is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity!"

A HORSE KILLS A BABY.

Mrs. Miller Returns Home to Find the Animal Gnawing Her Little One.

Mrs. Trueman Miller, who lives two miles south of Huntington, Va., while picking berries left her little eight months' old babe lying under the shade of a tree. On returning she found a horse gnawing the little one, and its head was almost mangled to pieces. The poor mother is overcome with grief and seems to be losing her mind.

While a crew of seven trained wreckers was engaged in blowing up the wreck of the yacht Azalia, near Portsmouth, England, a dynamite cartridge exploded and killed the seven men.

MAINTAINING THE GOLD SUPPLY

Only Enough Being Mined Nowadays for Use in the Arts.

The two most eminent living writers on the precious metals, Suess and Soetbeer, have recently published what the New York Telegram calls a very alarming statement. It is to the effect that the total amount of gold dug out of the earth annually suffices only to supply the present demand for that valuable substance for use in the arts. Not a bit of the new product of the mines is available for coinage. Trinket use and waste in manufacture exhaust the whole yield. If this is correct, then gold must vanish from circulation before long, because the output of the gold mines of the world is diminishing rather than increasing, and there are few fields left to explore. But Uncle Sam's metallurgists say it is not so. The writers quoted fail to consider the fact that the gold employed in the arts is utilized over and over again. It goes through a sort of cycle. Articles of jewelry often disappear, but are seldom lost. When through accident they pass out of the possession of the well-to-do, they go to the poor and sharp eyed, who sell them or pawn them. Some jewelry is lost by fire and some in the sea, and these losses are absolute and hopeless, but jewelry otherwise is certain, practically all of it, to find its way, sooner or later, to the pawnshops or into the hands of dealers in old gold. Thus it is melted up eventually, and reappears again in other shapes. This is what is termed the "invisible supply" of that metal.

There are a number of unavoidable causes of loss of gold. The first and most important of these is by abrasion. Jewelry loses much weight in that way, especially rings, which are usually eighteen karat, and are worn rapidly. Coins suffer much less but still considerably from wear. All gold leaf is a total loss to the gold stock of the world. Where used for decorative purposes it is never recovered. It is not employed for filling teeth nearly so much as formerly, "porous gold" being substituted. But, of course, the gold utilized for filling teeth is a total loss, and in the aggregate it is enormous in quantity. If it be supposed that the average dweller in cities of this country has 50 cents' worth of gold in his or her mouth, which is placing the figure very low, it will be seen how great is the waste in this form. Each succeeding generation takes so many millions of dollars' worth of the metal from the world's stock in this way. Some gold is lost in remelting, though all possible means be taken to reduce it to the lowest possible figure. Not only are the floors swept and the dirt treated for the recovery of the yellow substance, but the wooden planks are burned eventually with the same object. Even the shoes of each man who works with the metal are subjected to the chemistry of fire, yielding a small "button" of the precious material.

A Polite Monkey.

"I was amused at an act of politeness I once witnessed on the part of a monkey that had a very peculiar effect on my dog," said Stephen L. Warner of Beatrice, Neb., at the St. James yesterday. "One day an Italian organ grinder, accompanied by a trained monkey, wandered into our town, and the man stopped before my house to play. The monkey was an intelligent little fellow, and was attired in a jacket and cap. While his master was grinding out the music the monkey hopped down from the organ, where he had been sitting, and, jumping the fence, came up [illegible] animals took a long, steady stare at each other, when suddenly the monkey raised his paw and gracefully saluted his enemy by raising his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off into the house and would not leave until satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat