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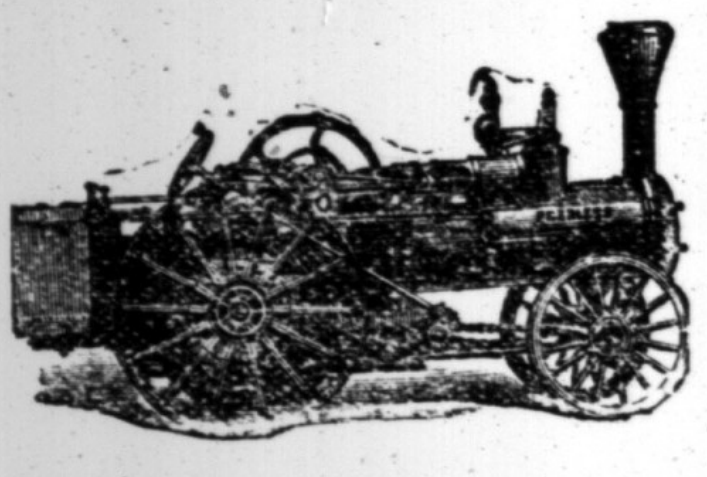

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

Charcoal is said to be the best fuel for producing intense heat.

Seashells murmur because the vibrations of the air are brought to a focus in them.

A telephone has been invented through which a voice may be heard in any part of room.

Boiled water tastes flat and insipid because the gases it contained have been driven off by heat.

A tree in a forest near the southern boundary of Japan attains a height of four feet in seven weeks.

Scientists are now able, by means of an ingenious machine, to count the particles of dust in the air.

Lieberkuhn estimates that the extent of respiratory surface in the human lungs is not less than 1400 square feet.

Of 67,000,000 rays of light and warmth radiated by the sun only 1,000,000 fall on the planets of the solar system.

Research shows that there is not a particle of vegetation in the eastern part of the North Sea. It is one great watery waste.

The earliest known attempt at an explanation of the rainbow was made by Aristotle. It was along the line of modern scientific investigation.

The most remarkable formations of frost known to the meteorologist are found on Mount Washington, where the crystals are often a foot long.

Charles McIlvaine, an American expert on fungi, claims to have eaten full meals of over 400 species of toadstools without ever having been poisoned.

Electrical weaving machines are in use in Germany. Seamless stockings, with double heels, are rattled out of each machine at the rate of eleven pairs an hour.

Muscles of the eyes, ears and nose show that several groups, which, in the lower animals are very highly developed, in man are in an almost rudimentary condition.

Professor Ball, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, says that if the fixed star Sirius is inhabited its people cannot see our sun, which is 100,000,000,000 miles from them.

Animal magnetism is no new discovery, but was practiced by Father Hehl, at Vienna, about 1774, and had wonderful success for a while in France and England in 1788 and 1789.

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Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named.

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CURIOUS FACTS

A heavy dew is the precursor of rain.

A tax was levied on cats in Persia until a few years ago.

There is a graveyard of royal dogs connected with Windsor Castle.

Hieroglyphic style of writing was probably in use 4000 years B. C.

In 1775 hailstones said to weigh twenty ounces fell at Murcia, in Spain.

Many species of beetles have two eyes on each side of the head, one superior and one inferior.

At the close of the Napoleonic wars the English field artillery was considered the finest in the world.

The first bakers who followed their craft in Rome were slaves captured during the expedition against Philip, 171 B. C.

A Baltimore fruit grower claims to have an apple tree, every apple of which is sweet on one side and sour on the other.

During the early days of the Roman Empire a painter was hired by the day and valued according to the amount of surface he could cover.

The Greek statues of marble were generally painted in gorgeous colors, and frequently covered with a profusion of tawdry ornaments.

A novel mowing machine is being built for use on the Erie Canal, New York. It is to run over the bottom of the canal bed and cut the long grass which grows there.

San Francisco has a man who earns an existence by gathering old horseshoe nails on the street. The nails, being of the best steel, are useful to gunsmiths and blacksmiths.

It is said that a man at Heming's Corners, Tenn., shrinks once a month from 180 to 110 pounds, and remains in that condition for a week, after which he regains his orignal weight.

The translation of Quintus Curtius by Vaugelas occupied thirty years. The translator rendered every sentence five or ten different ways and finally chose that which pleased him best.

An astonishing feature of a brilliant Newport (R. I.) reception was the milking of a gorgeously decorated cow on the lawn in full view of the assembled guests. The milk was distributed in glasses by girls appropriately dressed.

It is said that glacial action has in places on the Union Pacific Road moved the mountains down on the narrow right of way along the Columbia River, where the cliff rises often 400 feet above the track, leaving now hardly a footing for the track.

The will of the late John J. McGill, of Mexico, Mo., contains this clause: "I remember my son, Richard Gill, and his many filial acts with gratitude and affection, but I have not heard of, or from, him, three years, and don't know whether he is alive or dead."

The British Museum has books written on bricks, tiles, oyster shells, bones and flat stones, together with manuscripts on bark, on ivory, leather, parchment, papyrus, lead, iron, copper and wood. It has three copies of the Bible written on the leaves of the fan palm.

Among the large variety of birds which are to be found at the islands to the south of New Zealand is a species of paroquet, which is very plentiful. The islands do not contain a single stick of bush of any description, and the birds build their nests in the grass. They are not to be found in any other part of the world.

A Rabbit Miner.

The famous silver mines of Potosi in South America were discovered by an Indian who was in pursuit of an antelope. He was climbing the steep slope of a hill, and seized a bush to help himself up. The plant gave way and he started to fall backward, but by a desperate effort saved himself, and falling forward cut his nose against a projecting ledge of stone.

Stopping to staunch the flow of blood, he chanced to look at the stone which had done the damage, when, to his astonishment, he perceived it was almost pure silver.

This story may be apochryphal, but a tale which from Mexico is tolerably well authenticated. According to this narrative, one of the richest mines in that land of mineral wealth was found by a rabbit. An Indian was hunting rabbits, and his dog chased one to a hole in a hillside. The Indian hesitated for a moment whether to dig out the rabbit he had seen enter or go in pursuit of another. Determining finally that one rabbit in a hole was worth more than half a dozen on a rocky hillside, he got a spade and went to work.

Before he had turned over half a dozen spadefuls of earth he had forgotten all about the rabbit, for he made the thrilling discovery that he was handling almost solid silver. The man dropped and ran to his employer with the intelligence, the latter returning with him to the spot to see for himself and verify the discovery. The rabbit escaped, at least it is supposed it, for it enters no more into the story, but its memory is preserved in the name of the mine, which being translated into English signifies the "Rabbit's Den."

It would have been well for the Indian if he had escaped when the rabbit did, for, according to the story, the poor fellow was murdered by the Spaniard, who desired to keep the secret of the mine, and was afraid that the Indian might reveal it, and the Government might step in and claim either the whole or part of the proceeds.—New York Journal.

He Flicked the Robber's Gun.

"There is quite a difference between staging in the early days of the State and now," said William Miller, the owner of the stage line running from Cazadero to Ukiah.

"When I came here from Boston in 1854, I drifted about a bit, and finally went into the service of Charles McLaughlin, the man who was afterward killed by Jerome Cox. He was the owner of the longest stage line in California at that time. It ran with relays from San Jose to Los Angeles.

"I remember once, in a lonely coast range canyon, through which the road wound, we had a little experience that was thrilling for the moment. It was about 10 o'clock and a moonlight night. I was just putting the horses through. The stage was full of passengers, and there was a heavy treasure box.

"Just as I got around a bend in the road I saw a figure of a man on horseback standing by the side of the road. He yelled to stop, and I saw a gun barrel gleam in the moonlight. The horses were going at a speed that might be called breakneck, and I just made up my mind to take the chance of getting through. I saw the gun rised to the fellow's shoulder as we approached. I had my long whip in my hand, and with a desperation born of peril of the moment I made a vicious swipe at him.

"I don't know how it occurred, but the lash wound itself around the gun, and as we dashed by the whip was drawn taut, and I knew it had caught, so held fast. I was nearly pulled out of my seat, but the gun was dragged from the robber's hand and fell to the ground, at the same time it was discharged by the shock. It rattled along the road for quite a distance before the whiplash unwound itself. I don't know what the highwayman thought, but I'll bet he was surprised."—San Francisco Call.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

HAPPINESS COMES AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING.

The Terrible Experience of a Well Known Official's Wife—A Story That Appeals to Every Mother in the Land.

From the Chattanooga, Tenn., Press.

No county official in East Tennessee is better known and more highly esteemed than Mr. J. C. Wilson, Circuit Court Clerk of Rhea County, at Dayton, the home of Mr. Wilson. He enjoys the confidence and respect of all classes, and in the business community his word is as good as his bond. Just now Mr. Wilson is receiving heartiest congratulations from his numerous friends because of the restoration to robust health of his estimable wife, who has for years been a helpless invalid. Mrs. Wilson's high standing in society, and her many lovable traits of character have won her a host of friends, and her wonderful recovery has attracted widespread attention.

As the *Press* was the medium of bringing to the invalid lady's attention the remedy that has effected her remarkable cure, a reporter was sent to Dayton to interview Mrs. Wilson, in order that the general public might have the benefit of the sufferer's experience and be made aware of the treatment that wrought such a marvelous change in her condition. The reporter was welcomed at the Wilson home, and the enthusiastic lady with becoming reluctance gave the history of her affliction and the manner in which she was relieved:

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson, "I was for 8 years an invalid with one of the most distressing afflictions woman can suffer. For 8 years I moped around, dragging myself with difficulty and pain out of bed. My little ones went untrained and were greatly neglected, while I looked listlessly and helplessly at the cheerless prospect before me and them. I suffered the most intense pains in the small of my back, and these seemed even greater in the region of the stomach, extending down to the groins. I suffered agony sleeping or awake. Despair is no word for the feeling caused by that dreadful sensation of weakness and helplessness I constantly experienced.

"I was treated for my trouble by several local physicians, but they were able to give me only temporary relief by the use of sedatives and narcotics. I had almost given up all hope of ever securing permanent relief when I saw an account in the *Press* of a cure which Dr. Williams Pink Pills had effected. I decided to try them, as I knew the lady who had been cured and had great confidence in her statement. I began to take the pills in October, 1893, and in two months I was doing light housework and attending to the children without any bad effects or weakness, such as I had formerly experienced. Hitherto, I had been unable to retain any food, but now my appetite grew stronger, and with it came back that old, healthy and hearty tone of the stomach. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me, and I assure you the cure has brought a great change in our home. I can now rejoice in my husband's success, for I feel that I have something to live for. Who has a better right to feel this than a mother? One thing more. I have recommended these pills to others, and many of the women of Dayton have taken them with good results, and it is my greatest pleasure to recommend to every suffering woman a remedy that has done so much for me."

An analysis proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Flour Brands Discarded.

In times gone by the XXX brand of flour was known throughout the length and breadth of the land to be excellent, and was good enough for anybody. The XX was not so good, and the single X was common stuff. Within the past few years the millers have discarded all those brands. Inspection and the roller process have caused this change. Now there are only four grades, which are officially known as patent, extra fancy, fancy and choice. The patent is a superfine flour, while the choice is a common article. Of course, millers still have their trademark, but this is in addition to grade, the latter being determined by the flour inspectors of the different cities.

Leaves and Rain.

E. Stahl has been making a study of leaf forms in relation to the rainfall, chiefly in the botanic gardens of Bittenzorg, and he says that while a large leaf surface partly provides for the removal of water by transpiration, there are other distinct methods by which plants are helped to dispose of any excess of water accumulating upon them as speedily as possible. One of these is the adoption of the sleeping position by leaves, such as those of the sensitive plant, so that when the horizontal leaves bend upward the raindrops run off by the base of the leaf. Most frequently, however, excessive moisture is drained off by long points to the leaves. These points occur on the lobes of dividend leaves, but are most remarkable on long ovate leaves.

In some plants the prolonged midrib has the form of a wide channel, but generally it is that of a tapering and narrow point, slightly curved at the end. As the water trickles down the inclined narrow it passes from the upper to the under surface before dropping from the leaf and the bent tip accelerates this action. Stahl tested this theory by experiments and found that the leaves of justicia picta, which he carefully rounded, retained moisture for an hour, while those with the dropping points left on were dry in twenty minutes or less. This rapid removal of water from the leaf lightens its weight, helps transpiration and cleanses the surface. In verification of this we are reminded that after a shower the pointed leaves of the ash, willow, etc., have had the dust quite washed out, while rounded leaves, like those of the oak, are still dirty.—Garden and Forest.

The True Laxative Principle

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

"Bankley is taking a great interest in music these days." "Is he studying the piano?" "No; the baby."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

One of the hardest lessons to learn is that we are made out of the same kind of clay as other folks.

A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health, and when the natural desire for food is gone strength will soon fail. For loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and other troubles of a dyspeptic nature, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy which most certainly cures. It quickly tones the stomach and makes one "real hungry." Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's *Sarsaparilla* **Cures**

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Th R scue."

TEXT: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi., 31.

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now, but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine to-day we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groans of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God, pity the prisoner!" But there is another sound in that prison. It is the song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped—very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philipp Melanchthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas.

But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—put his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cried out: "Stop, stop! Do thyself no harm! We are all here!"

Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake. Put handcuffs and hobbles on these other prisoners lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas, but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself, "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1857 or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundation of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment.

Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happiness and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home.

The piano closed; the curtains dropped the laughter hushed. Crash go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials, but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ," but that there might be no mistake about this passage all three names come together—"the Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know that I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected.

No; you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is.

When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me He is a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe His whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to Him. "Suffer little children to come unto Me" was not spoken to the children. It was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mothers' arms an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom. John could not help but put his head there. I suppose a look at Christ was just to love Him. How attractive His manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could and brought them out that He might look at them. Oh, there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did, in His very look! When these sick ones were brought out, did He say: "Do not bring before Me these sores. Do not trouble Me with these leprosies?" No, no; there was a kind look; there was a gentle word; there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

"I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying, "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how." And the great question asked by many is, "How, how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ?

Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or, again, you go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says, "You believe; I take away your sins," and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart, and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference, but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are then deal with Him as fairly.

"Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope, no hope! We are lost, we are lost!" The sail puts out its wing of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the waves, and on the hurricane decks shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboats!" cried the captain. "Down with the lifeboats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room for only one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain.

Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith—in other words, what you believe with all the heart and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon—aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of, but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages" and built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it, and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on, and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you.

Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel, can tell you. But I can hint at it, for my text brings me up to this point, "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death, and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword, can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to see me through. He has sworn He will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane, but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, further than that, it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing round about us. Death is loathsomeness and midnight and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the farther on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me.

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright.

What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battleax I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon the earth how happy He made every house He went into, and when He brings us up to His house in heaven how great shall be our glee! His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.

Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying, "You suffered with Me on earth; come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven."

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there, "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said; "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness and said, "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave."

And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavement of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Oh, aged men and women who have knelt at the throne of grace for threescore years and ten will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a heart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom having not seen you love? Oh, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid His disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm while He looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

An Annual Crop of Meat.

Upon a certain spot on the lawn of one of my neighbors, year after year, without fail, there spings up a most singular crop. For the first two years of its appearance it was looked upon with curious awe by the proprietors of the premises, and usually ignominiously spurned with the foot by the indiscriminating and destructive small boy. One day I observed about five pounds of this Delmonico delicacy thus scattered piecemeal about the grass, and my protest has since spared the annual crop for my sole benefit. It usually makes its appearance in late September, and continues in intermittent crops until November. A casual observer of this cluster of edible toadstools might imagine that he beheld a convention of goose eggs standing on end in the grass, their summits more or less spotted with brown. If one of them is examined, it is seen to be a curious short-stemmed mushroom which never expands, perhaps five inches in height, and whose surface is curiously decorated with shaggy patches. In its early stages it is white and singularly egglike, but later becomes brownish, and its shaggy points almost black. The concealed gills are crowded and of equal length, at first creamy white, but gradually changing through a whole gamut of pinks, sepias and browns until they become jet black, at which time the whole substance of the cap melts or deliquesces into an unsightly inky paste, which besmears the grass and ultimately leaves only the bare white stalk standing in its midst. This is the "shaggy-mane" mushroom, Coprinus comatus. It is a savory morsel, and it cannot be confounded with any other fungus. It should be gathered in the white or pink stage, and may be prepared for the table in various ways, either broiled or fried, as described for previous species, or stewed with milk.—Harper's Magazine.

Drinking Impure Water.

It is a common habit with some people of really cleanly habits to take a drink of water on rising in the morning, using for that purpose water which has stood in the sleeping-room all night. The draught is all right, but the person who drinks water that has stood in a sleeping-room for several hours is simply inviting all sorts of disorders to visit him. Water is one of the ready absorbents of disease germs, and it would be a hazardous thing to drink water that has stood in an open vessel out in the open air, to say nothing of that shut up in a sleeping-room with all sorts of unhealthy exhalations being given off from the body. Nor is it well to drink water that has stood for several hours in the lead pipes—always let the water run for a few moments first.

UNFORTUNATELY summer musicians are not all of good sound judgment.—Syracuse Courier.

ASIDE from the fact that the cheap baking powders contain alum, which causes indigestion and other serious ailments, their use is extravagant.

It takes three pounds of the best of them to go as far as one pound of the Royal Baking Powder, because they are deficient in leavening gas.

There is both health and economy in the use of the Royal Baking Powder.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A LEGLESS MAN'S LOVE.

He Kills Mrs. Martin With an Axe and Commits Suicide

E. D. McNitt, who has lost both legs and one hand, peddles candy in Bonham, Tex., for a living. Before coming to Bonham he lived with a family named Martin in Arkansas. Martin and his wife separated and Mrs. Martin came to Bonham with her three children.

McNitt followed and tried to get her to marry him but she persistengly refused. He got a room in the house where Mrs. Martin lived. Next morning Mrs. Martin was found on the floor by her bed with her throat cut from ear to ear. By her side, with one arm around her waist, lay McNitt, also dead, with a gash in his throat. He had a razor in his hand, and on a chair nearby lay an axe.

It is supposed that McNitt entered the room struck the woman with the axe, then pulled her out of bed, cut her throat with the razor and ended his own life with the same instrument.

Envious.

Corporal Crunch (Coxey brigade)—Ah, but I wish I'd a been Tip.

Sergeant Bites—Wot, an' been killed?

"But his hide's agoin' to be stuffed."

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.$		@$	3 85
High Grade Extra			3 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	55½		56
CORN—No. 2 White	57¼		58
OATS—Southern & Penn.	36		36½
RYE—No. 2	48		49
HAY—Choice Timothy	14 50		15 00
Good to Prime	13 50		14 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	9 00		9 50
Wheat Blocks	5 00		6 00
Oat Blocks	6 50		7 00
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3.$		@$	85
No. 2			[illegible]
PEAS—Standards	1 60		2 00
Seconds			8
CORN—Dry Pack			85
Moist			75
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS	$ 5	@$	6
City Cows	4		4½
Southern No. 2			4
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks..$	40	@$	55
ONIONS	65		80
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.$	8¼	@$	9¼
Clear ribsides			9½
Hams	13½		14¼
Mess Pork, per bar.			16 00
LARD—Crude			7
Best refined			8¾
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy....$	23	@$	24
Under fine	21		23
Roll	19		20
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N.Y. Fancy..$	11	@$	11¼
N. Y. flats	11¼		11½
Skim Cheese	6		8
EGGS.			
EGGS—State $	15	@$	15½
North Carolina	12		13
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens $	11	@$	12
Ducks, per lb	9		10
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's.$	1 50	@$	2 50
Sound common	3 00		4 00
Middling	6 00		7 00
Fancy	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves $	4 30	@$	4 50
Good to Fair	3 87		4 25
SHEEP	1 00		2 50
Hogs	5 5		6 10
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT $	10	@$	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		4 00
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—Southern $	3 10	@$	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	57¾		58⅝
RYE—Western	48		50
CORN—No. 2	62¾		63½
OATS—No. 3	33		33⅝
BUTTER—State	20		24
EGGS—State	16		17
CHEESE—State	7		9
PHILADELPHIA.			
FLOUR—Southern $	3 60	@$	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	55½		56¼
CORN—No. 3	62		63
OATS—No. 2	34¾		35¼
BUTTER—State	23		26
EGGS—Penns. ft	17		17½

Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., the largest manufacturers of pure, high grade, non-chemically treated Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent, have just carried off the highest honors at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco. The printed rules governing the Judges at the Fair, states that "One hundred points entitles the exhibit to a special award, or Diploma of Honor. The scale, however, is placed so high, they say 'that it will be attained only in most exceptional cases.'" *All of Walter Baker & Co.'s goods received one hundred points, entitling them to the special award stated in the rules.*

Man's good opinion of himself is a great stimulant.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

By the sunshine of prosperity many people are sunstruck.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts. $1

High strung—the suspension bridge.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Man's yesterday's should be his proudest monument.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
SPECIAL AND HIGHEST AWARDS
on all their Goods at the
CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.
Their **BREAKFAST COCOA,**
Which, unlike the Dutch Process, is made without the use of Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes, is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Against His Principles.

There are some towns whose attractiveness is so difficult to see with an uninitiated eye that they are generally described by stray visitors as "good places to get away from." I was in a town of this sort, in the far West, that a forlorn looking man entered the dreary dining-room of the untidy hotel one afternoon, and seated himsel at one of the tables.

"What will you have, sir?" inquired the waiter, after some moments had passed.

"What have you got that's fit to eat?" asked the stranger, dismally.

"I can give you a first-rate reed bird on—" began the waiter.

"Stop!" commanded the stranger, with the first sign of animation he had displayed. "Has a reed bird got wings?"

"Yes, sir," responded the astonished servant.

"And can it fly?" persisted the dismal man.

"Why, of course," said the waiter, who began to think his customer was a lunatic.

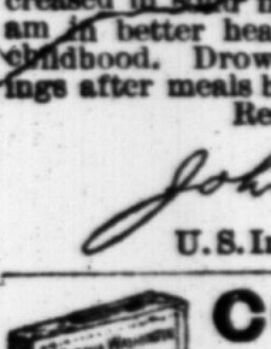
"Then I don't want any of it!" exclaimed the man. "Anything that had wings and could fly away from this place and didn't—no, I thank you, none of that for me."

Some Things for a Boy to Learn.

To swim, to walk, to throw straight, to make a fire, to be punctual, to hang up his hat, to help his mother or his sister, to wipe his boots on the mat, to close a door quietly, to go up and down stairs quietly, to read aloud when requested, to remove his hat upon entering a house, to treat the girls so well that they will all wish he was their brother.

LONG STRINGS of diseases and derangements have their origin in torpor of the liver. Deranged appetite, constipation, headache, sour stomach, gassy belchings, indigestion, or dyspepsia, are due to sluggish liver.

MR. JOHN A. DEBERRY, U. S. Inspector of Immigration at *Buffalo, N. Y.*, writes as follows: "From early childhood I suffered from a sluggish liver. Doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines afforded only temporary relief. I tried Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, taking three at night and two after dinner every day for two weeks and then one "Pellet" every day for two months. I have in six months increased in solid flesh, twenty-six pounds. I am in better health than I have been since childhood. Drowsiness and unpleasant feelings after meals have completely disappeared. Respectfully yours,
John A. DeBerry
U.S. Inspector of Immigration.



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One of the Largest and Best Cook-Books published. Mailed in exchange for 20 Large Lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp. Write for list of our other fine Premiums. WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO. OHIO

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PERFECTION FEED BAG.
PAT. APRIL 11, 1893, AND JAN. 30, 1894.

Made of canvas and galvanized iron. Two Bags, one inside of the other, with space between them for eight quarts of oats, which drop through into the basin, gradually filling it about one inch, directly under the horse's mouth. This Bag prevents waste, gormandizing, slobbering, breathing in the oats, never gets

This Bag has an opening for the oats on each side that closes automatically
when put on the horse, one of which is represented half-open in this cut.

Price, $1.00.

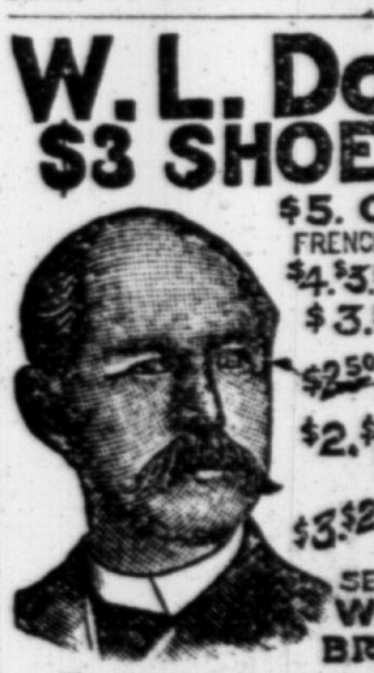
foul, and positively cures the habit of throwing the head.

Four quarts of oats slowly fed where the horse gets them all is of more value than six wasted.

We guarantee it the only bag ever offered for sale with these merits. Send for circulars.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., BOSTON, MASS.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.



$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS,
BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

$1000 in money; besides other valuable premiums to good guessers. Base-ball Rooters, catch on. See offer in HOME AND COUNTRY MAGAZINE. Price, 25 cents. Sample Magazine can be seen and full particulars obtained at this office. All Newsdealers, or 53 East 10th Street New York City.

1000 Stickers, your name and address, only 15c. THE HERALD, No. 144A, [illegible] St., Phila, Pa.

$12 TO $35 A WEEK Can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can furnish a horse and travel through the country; a team, though, is not necessary. A few vacancies in towns and cities. Men and women of good character will find this an exceptional opportunity for profitable employment. Spare hours may be used to good advantage. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 11th and Main Sts., Richmond, Va.

B N U 36

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Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.
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Anthracite and Cumberland Coals and Fertilizers.
We are selling the above at lowest prices to suit the times.

BALTIMORE & EASTERN SHORE RAILROAD.

Summer Time-Table in effect Monday, June 25th, 1894.

EAST BOUND. (Read Down.) ‡ 11 Exp.	‡ 7 Lim.	‡ 5 Exp.	† 15 Mix¶	† 1 Acc.	‡ 9 Exp.	‡ 3 Exp.	Distance from Baltimore	STATIONS.	Distance from Baltimore	WEST BOUND. (Read Up.) † 6 Exp.	‡ 10 Exp.	¶ 2 Acc.	† 16 Mix¶	‡ 4 Exp.	§ 8 Lim.
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M	P. M.	A. M.				P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
2 00	2 00	5 40	.....	.....	4 00	7 00	.....	Leave ..... BALTIMORE ..... Arrive.	131.06	2 30	10 50	.....	.....	1 05	10 05
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	(Pier 9 Light Street.)	.....	A. M.	.....	.....	.....	A. M.	.....
5 00	5 00	8 40	.....	.....	7 00	10 00	.....	Arrive ..... Claiborne ..... Leave.	.....	11 30	7 50	.....	.....	10 05	7 05
5 15	5 05	8 45	11 30	6 35	7 05	10 05	44.00	Leave ..... Claiborne ..... Arrive.	87.06	11 20	7 45	8 25	5 50	10 00	7 00
x 5 19	.....	m 8 49	11 40	f 6 39	x 7 09	m 10 9	45.34	McDaniel	85.42	r 11 16	r 7 41	f 8 20	5 45	r 9 54	r 6 56
* 5 28	.....	* 8 52	11 50	f 6 43	* 7 13	*10 12	46.64	Harper	84.34	r 11 12	r 7 37	f 8 16	f 5 35	r 9 52	r 6 54
5 29	z 5 12	8 58	12 00	6 49	7 19	10 18	48.72	St. Michaels	82.60	11 08	r 7 33	8 12	5 29	9 48	r 6 49
* 5 32	.....	* 9 01	f 12 05	f 6 52	* 7 22	*10 21	50.46	Riverside	80.48	r 11 01	r 7 27	f 8 05	f 5 00	r 9 41	r 6 44
x 5 38	z 5 18	* 9 06	12 12	f 6 57	x 7 29	*10 26	52.58	Royal Oak	78.72	r 10 58	r 7 22	f 8 01	4 55	r 9 38	r 6 41
* 5 42	.....	* 9 10	f 12 17	f 7 01	* 7 33	*10 30	54.43	Kirkham	76.63	r 10 54	r 7 18	f 7 56	f 4 47	r 9 34	r 6 36
* 5 47	.....	* 9 15	f 12 24	f 7 06	* 7 38	*10 35	56.51	Bloomfield	74.55	r 10 50	r 7 14	f 7 52	f 4 41	r 9 30	r 6 35
.....	.....	9 20	.....	.....	.....	10 40	59.05	Arrive ..... Easton ..... Leave.	72.01	10 45	r 7 09	7 47	4 34	9 25	r 6 27
5 57	5 30	9 25	12 54	7 15	7 47	10 45		Leave ..... Easton ..... Arrive.		.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
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k 6 19	z 5 46	* 9 44	1 34	7 36	k 8 09	*11 04	69.31	Preston	61.75	k 10 23	r 6 49	7 23	3 51	k 9 03	r 6 09
k 6 23	.....	* 9 48	1 44	f 7 41	k 8 13	*11 08	71.37	Ellwood	59.69	x 10 18	r 6 45	f 7 18	3 43	x 8 58	r 6 04
6 32	z 5 54	k 9 54	2 00	7 49	8 22	k 11 14	75.22	Hurlock	55.84	k 10 11	r 6 30	7 11	3 35	k 8 51	r 5 59
.....	.....	.....	f 2 05	f 7 53	.....	.....	77.77	Ennalls	53.29	.....	.....	f 7 05	f 3 25	.....	.....
x 6 39	z 6 00	*10 00	2 15	f 7 57	x 8 29	*11 20	79.44	Rhodesdale	51.62	x 10 02	r 6 32	f 7 02	3 20	x 8 42	r 5 53
* 6 41	.....	.....	f 2 18	f 7 59	* 8 31	.....	80.82	Brookview	50.24	r 9 57	.....	f 9 57	f 3 06	r 8 38	.....
* 6 44	.....	.....	f 2 23	f 8 02	* 8 34	.....	82.50	Reids Grove	48.56	r 9 55	.....	f 6 55	f 3 02	r 8 36	.....
k 6 50	z 6 09	*10 10	2 55	8 10	k 8 40	*11 30	86.00	Vienna	45.06	k 9 50	r 6 22	6 50	2 55	k 8 31	r 5 44
k 6 58	1 6 15	*10 17	3 20	8 22	k 8 48	*11 37	89.00	Barren Creek Springs	41.16	k 9 41	r 6 14	6 39	2 40	k 8 22	r 5 37
k 7 06	z 6 21	*10 25	3 40	f 8 31	k 8 56	*11 45	94.66	Hebron	36.40	r 9 32	r 6 06	f 6 30	2 25	r 8 12	r 5 30
* 7 09	z 6 24	*10 28	f 3 50	f 8 35	* 8 59	*11 48	96.63	Rock-a-Walkin	34.43	r 9 28	r 6 02	f 6 24	f 2 15	r 8 08	r 5 26
.....	.....	.....	4 02	.....	.....	.....	100.98	Arrive ..... Salisbury ..... Leave.	30.08	9 21	r 5 55	6 15	2 00	r 8 01	r 5 19
7 20	6 34	10 38	5 00	8 47	9 10	12 00		Leave ..... Salisbury ..... Arrive.		.....	.....	.....	9 55	.....	.....
* 7 28	.....	*10 46	f 5 08	f 8 56	* 9 18	*12 08	105.95	Walston's	25.11	r 9 07	r 5 42	f 5 59	f 9 48	r 7 47	r 5 09
k 7 33	z 6 44	*10 50	5 23	9 04	k 9 23	*12 12	108.02	Parsonsburg	23.04	r 9 01	r 5 39	f 5 55	9 40	r 7 44	r 5 06
k 7 39	z 6 48	p 10 55	6 00	9 11	k 9 29	p 12 17	111.09	Pittsville	19.97	x 8 59	r 5 34	5 49	9 11	x 7 39	r 5 02
* 7 47	.....	*11 02	6 15	f 9 19	* 9 37	*12 24	115.60	New Hope	15.49	r 8 50	r 5 27	f 5 39	8 10	r 7 30	r 4 56
k 7 51	z 6 56	*11 06	6 25	f 9 23	k 9 40	*12 26	117.09	Whaleyville	13.97	x 8 46	r 5 24	f 5 34	7 50	x 7 26	r 4 53
* 7 56	.....	*11 10	f 6 33	f 9 30	* 9 45	*12 31	120.56	St. Martin's	10.50	r 8 39	r 5 18	f 5 27	f 7 35	x 7 19	r 4 48
8 27	z 7 08	11 18	7 13	9 38	9 53	12 38	123.82	Berlin	7.24	8 34	r 5 14	5 21	7 25	7 14	r 4 44
8 40	7 20	11 30	7 35	9 50	10 05	12 50	131.06	Arrive. ..... Ocean City ..... Leave.	.....	8 20	5 00	5 05	6 20	7 00	4 30
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.				A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

Additional trains between Berlin and Ocean City. Leave Berlin 7.00 a. m. Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays; 3.05 p. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; 10.30 p. m. Mondays, Wedn'sdays, Sat'dys.
† Leave daily except Sunday. ‡ Leave Saturdays only. * & r Stops on flag for Baltimore passengers only.
¶ Leave daily. § Leave Sunday only. z Does not stop.
[illegible] Stops on flag to receive or discharge passengers for other K [illegible]
[illegible] Stops on flag to receive or discharge passengers for regular [illegible]
[illegible] Ocean City or Easton passengers. p Stops on flag for [illegible]
Parlor Car on Nos. 4, 6, 7, 8 and 9, except No. 6 Mondays.

WILLARD THOMSON,
General Manager.

A. J. BENJAMIN,
Supt and G. P. A.

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