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RAILROAD STATISTICS.

An Increase in Net Earnings as Compared with Last Year.

The interstate commerce commission has just issued a preliminary report on the income and expenditures of 650 railroads, whose reports were filed on or before November, 1895, and include 92 per cent. of the total mileage in the United States. The gross earnings were $1,003,022,853, of which $203,-765,792 were from passenger service, $683,-022,988 from freight service and $26,217,595 were from other sources. The operating expenses were $677,667,635, leaving net earnings of $325,355,218, as compared with net earnings of $320,137,670 for the same roads in 1894.

Reduced to a mileage basis gross earnings were $6,096, operating expenses were $4,119 and net earning were $1,977, or a decrease in gross earnings of $13 per mile as compared with 1894, and of $1,094 per mile as compared with 1893, a decrease in operating expenses of $44 per mile as compared with 1894, and of $157 per mile as compared with 1893. Net earnings show gain over 1894 of $31 per mile of line, but a decrease of $337 per mile as compared with 1893. Passenger receipts fell off $177 per mile as compared with 1894, while freight receipts show a gain of $149 per mile. Passenger receipts were $326 per mile less than in 1893, and freight receipts shows a decrease as compared with that year of $755 per mile.

Income from sources outside of the operations of the roads was $33,057,243, making total income available for the payment of fixed charges and dividends $358,412,461. Total deductions from income, including fixed charges, were $336,351,946, and dividends paid were $53,133,545, leaving a deficit from the operations of the year of $81,075,030. The dividends paid by the same roads the preceding year were $61,504,785.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$	@	4 15
High Grade Extra			3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	62		66
CORN—No. 2 White	37		37½
Oats—Southern & Penn	22½		23
RYE—No. 2	46		47
HAY—Choice Timothy	15 50		16 00
Good to Prime	14 50		15 00
STRAW—Rye in car ids	10 00		11 50
Wheat Blocks	6 00		6 50
Oat Blocks	7 00		7 50
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3	$	@	65
No. 2			50
PEAS—Standards	95		1 00
Seconds			85
CORN—Dry Pack			60
Moist			50
HIDE.			
CITY STEERS	$	@	12
City Cows	9½		9¾
Southern No. 2	7½		8½
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 25	@	30
ONIONS	30		35
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls.	$	@	8
Clear ribsides	6		7
Hams	10½		11
Mess Pork, per bar			10 50
LARD—Crude			5
Best refined			7½
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 23	@	24
Under Fine	19		21
Creamery Rolls	21		22
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy	$ 11¾	@	11¾
N. Y. Flats	12¾		12¾
Skim Cheese	6		8
EGGS.			
EGGS—State	$ 23	@	24
North Carolina	18		19
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens	$ 9	@	9½
Ducks, per lb	9		9½
Turkeys, per lb	8½		9
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	$ 3 00	@	4 00
Sounding	6 00		9 00
Fancy	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves	$ 4 75	@	5 00
SHEEP	4 50		5 25
Hogs	4 25		4 50
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT	$ 10	@	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	80		90
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 10	@	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	65½		65¼
RYE—Western	48		49
CORN—No. 2	36½		37¼
OATS—No. 3	23¾		24½
BUTTER—State	15		23
EGGS—State	22		26
CHEESE—State	7¼		10
PHILADELPHIA.			
FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@	2 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	65¾		66
CORN—No. 3	34		34½
OATS—No. 2	24½		24¾
BUTTER—State	23		25
EGGS—Penna. ft	23		24

OUR MERCHANT MARINE.

Many Recommendations Made by the Bureau of Navigation.

The annual report of the bureau of navigation shows that the numbers and tonnage of our merchant fleet for the year have been nearly stationary. On June 30 it comprised 23,240 documented vessels of 4,635,960 tons, a decrease of 50,000 tons since June 30, 1894. This decrease is attributable to business inactivity two summers ago. The report is devoted chiefly to the recommendations for the repeal of many of our navigation laws of the last century, which were copied verbatim by the earliest Congresses from the laws of King George the Third of England.

Commissioner Chamberlain points out that every other nation long ago repealed these laws and that we alone retain them as a handicap on our merchant marine. Passage of the free-ship bill is again recommended.

The abolishing of compulsory pilotage on coasting vessels in the ten States from Maryland to Texas is recommended. In accord with the Washington international marine conference it is proposed that after June 30, 1893, the master and mate of every sailing vessel over 700 tons must be examined and licensed, as is required of those officers on steam vessels and that the hulls of sailing vessels over 700 tons be inspected annually after the same date.

The repeal of the law exempting from tonnage taxes in our ports vessels coming from ports in which our vessels are exempt from that tax is strongly recommended. During the seven years of its operation American vessels had been relieved of about $10,000 taxes in German ports, while we have exempted German vessels of nearly $500,000. Similar revelations, though not on so large a scale, it is stated, follow examination of return from other countries which have come under this law. The report also recommends a reduction from three cents to two cents per tonnage tax on vessels from nearby ports.

No Truth in the Statement.

Government officials absolutely and emphatically denied that there was any truth in the statement that the State Department has decided that Waller has no case; that the department finds that the trial was fair and holds that the United States has no substantial ground on which to base a demand for indemnity.

The T. G. C. Y.

If we take up a modern atlas and look over the map of the United States, we see the traceries of rivers and railroads so intertwined as to be confusing. But main stems and main streams are plainly lined. It is very much like a chart of the human system, with nerves and arteries well defined. Particularly do we see the G. S. N. (great Sciatic nerve) main stem, which can carry to the square inch more pain than some railroads carry in freight. A prominent business man in a big city was attacked by Sciatica. The pain was awful. He hurried home in fear that he would be crippled by it. In half an hour he was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. He now has big stock in that famous remedy, and travels on the T. G. C. Y. (take good care of yourself) plan, keeping a bottle of the great pain cure always at hand.

It doesn't take much money to make a good man rich.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally know that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Berlin has a population of 1,615,085, according to the census just taken.

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.

Alaska gold fields paid fairly well last summer, but the fur season was poor.

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

The Atlanta Exposition Jury of Awards held its final session in Washington.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Cady, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

There is good sleighing in some of the back parishes of the province of Quebec, Canada.

It Is More Than Wonderful

how patiently people suffer with corns. Get comfort by removing them with Hindercorns.

"The plague of insects"—Fly-paper.

The only bird that sings while flying is the lark.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The inventor of soap was a friend of the Gospel.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

No matter how safe sin may look, its end is death.

Impaired Health is Not Easily Regained, yet Parker's Ginger Tonic has attained it in many cases. For every weakness and distress.

To live an aimless life is to lose life.

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

Japan exports matches.

Gastric Dyspepsia



And constipation troubled me for over a year. I grew worse and could hardly perform my household duties. I had severe pains in my stomach, especially at night. I treated with our physician six months without avail. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and having taken six bottles I am free from all distress in my stomach and am no longer troubled with dyspepsia." Mrs. Margaret Fenner, Indian Falls, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier
Prominently in the public eye. $1; 6 for $5.
Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.
KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.
DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,
Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.
He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.
A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.
When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.
If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.
No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "David and Absalom."

Text: "Is the young man Absalom safe?"—II Samuel xviii., 29.

The heart of David, the father, was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion.

The two great questions were to be decided—the safety of his boy and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After a while a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on the top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he shout: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no! The one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the approaching messenger, and messenger flying from the battlefield—the question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the king, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "O Absalom! my son! my son! Would to God I had died for thee. O Absalom! my son! my son!"

My friends, the question which David, the king, asked in regard to his son is the question that resounds to-day in the hearts of hundreds of parents. Yea, there are a great multitude of young men who know that the question of the text is appropriate when asked in regard to them. They know the temptations by which they are surrounded. They see so many who started life with as good resolutions as they have who have fallen in the path, and they are ready to hear me ask the question of my text, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The fact is that this life is full of peril. He who undertakes it without the grace of God and a proper understanding of the conflict into which he is going must certainly be defeated. Just look off upon society to-day. Look at the shipwreck of men for whom the fairest hopes were promised and who started life with every advantage. Look at those who have dropped from high social position and from great fortune, disgraced for time, disgraced for eternity. All who sacrifice their integrity come to overthrow. Take a dishonest dollar and bury it in the center of the earth, and keep all the rocks of the mountain on top of it; then cover these rocks with all the diamonds of Golconda, and all the silver of Nevada, and all the gold of California and Australia, and put on the top of these all banking and moneyed institutions, and they cannot keep down that one dishonest dollar. That one dishonest dollar in the center of the earth will begin to heave and rock and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Now, what are the safeguards of young men? The first safeguard of which I want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around that word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with vice or poverty. Harsh words and petulance and scowling may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness and self sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity you, young man; you never had a home. But a multitude in this audience can look back to a spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it now without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that so stirred your soul. [illegible] might be nothing remarkable about it, but, oh! how much it means to you. Frowns on palace wall does not mean so much to you as those tough hewn rafters. Parks and bowers and trees on fashionable watering place or country seat do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain farm house and singing under the weeping willows. The sacred gate-way swung open by porter in full dress does not mean as much to you as that swing gate, your sister on one side of it and you on the other, she gone fifteen years ago into glory, that scene coming back to you to-day, as you swept backward and forward on the gate, singing the songs of your childhood. But there are those here who have their second dwelling place. It is your adopted home. That is also sacred forever. There you established the first family altar. There your children were born. In that room flapped the wing of the death angel. Under that roof, when your work is done, you expect to lie down and die. There is only one word in all the language that can convey your idea of that place, and that word is "home."

Now, let me say that I never knew a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the club room, in the literary society, in the art salon, than you do in these unpretending home pleasures, you are on the road to ruin. Though you may be cut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred, young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third-class boarding house, into that room gather books, pictures and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Rid unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another safeguard for those young men is industrious habits. There are a great many people trying to make their way through the world with their wits instead of by honest toil. There is a young man who comes from the country to the city. He talks of the time before he left the farm when was when he first saw the spires of the great town. He is seated in his room at a rent of $200 a year, waiting for the banks to declare their dividends and the stocks to run up. After awhile he gets impatient. He tries to improve his penmanship by making copy plates of other merchants' signatures. Never mind—all is right in business. After awhile he has his estate. Now is the time for him to return to the country, and tend the flocks and the herds, to culture the domestic virtues.

Now the young men who were his schoolmates in boyhood will come, and with their ox teams draw him logs, and with their hard hands will help to heave up the castle. That is no fancy sketch; it is every-day life. I should not wonder if there were a rotten beam in that palace. I should not wonder if God should smite him with dire sickenesses and pour into his cup a bitter draft that will thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if that man's children grow up to be to him a disgrace and to make his life a sname. I should not wonder if that man died a dishonorable death and were tumbled into a dishonorable grave and then went into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

O young man, you must have industry of head or hand or foot, or perish. Do not have the idea that you can get along in the world by genius. The curse of this country to-day is geniuses—men with large self conceit and nothing else. The man who proposes to make his living by his wits probably has not any. I should rather be an ox, plain and plodding and useful, than to be an eagle, high flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcasses. Even in the Garden of Eden it was not safe for Adam to be idle, so God made him a horticulturist, and if the married pair had kept busy dressing the vines they would not have been sauntering under the trees, hankering after fruit that ruined them and their posterity! Proof positive of the fact that when people do not attend to their business they get into mischief. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise, which, having no overseer or guide, provideth her food in the summer and gathereth her meat in the harvest." Satan is a roaring lion, and you can never destroy him by gun or pistol or sword. The weapons with which you are to beat him back are pen and type and hammer and axe and saw and pickax and yardstick and the weapon of honest toil. Work, work, or die.

Another safeguard that I want to present to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to take aim too low, and it is very often that the captain, going into conflict with his men, will cry out, "Now, men, aim high!" The fact is that in life a great many men take no aim at all. The artist plans out his entire thought before he puts it upon canvas, before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. An architect thinks out the entire building before the workmen begin. Although everything may seem to be unorganized, that architect has in his mind every Corinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. A poet thinks out the entire plot of his poem before he begins to chime the cantos of tinkling rhythms. And yet there are a great many men who start the important structure of life without knowing whether it is going to be a rude Tartar's hut or a St. Mark's cathedral, and begin to write out the intricate poem of their life without knowing whether it is to be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymester's botch. Out of 1000, 999 have no life plot. Booted and spurred and caparisoned, they hasten along, and I run out and say: "Hello, man! Whither away?" "Nowhere!" they say. Oh, young man, make every day's duty a filling up of the great life plot. Alas, that there should be on this sea of life so many ships that seem bound for no port! They are swept every whither by wind and wave, up by the mountains and down by the valleys. They sail with no chart. They gaze on no star. They long for no harbor. Oh, young man, have a high ideal and press to it, and it will be a mighty safeguard. There never were greater opportunities opening before young men than are opening now. Young men of the strong arm and of the stout heart and of the bounding step, I marshal you to-day for a great achievement.

Another safeguard is a respect for the Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath, and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. Is it exciting, after giving six days to the feeding and clothing of these perishable bodies, that God should demand one day for the feeding and clothing of the immortal soul?

Our bodies are seven day clocks, and they need to be wound up, and if they are not wound up they run down into the grave. No man can continuously break the Sabbath and keep his physical and mental health. Ask those aged men, and they will tell you they never knew men who continuously broke the Sabbath who did not fail in mind, body or moral principle. A man who gave this as his experience. He said: "I owned a factory on the Lehigh. Everything prospered. I kept the Sabbath, and every-thing went on well. But one Sabbath morning I bethought myself of a new shuttle, and I thought I would invent that shuttle before sunset, and I refused all food and drink until I had completed that shuttle. By sundown I had completed it. The next day, Monday, I showed to my workmen and friends this new shuttle. They all congratulated me on my great success. I put that shuttle into play. I enlarged my business; but, sir, that Sunday's work cost me $30,000. From that day everything went wrong. I failed in business, and I lost my mill." Oh, my friends, keep the Lord's day. You may think it old fogy advice, but I give it to you now: "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work." A man said that he would prove that all this was a fallacy, and so he said, "I shall raise a Sunday crop." And he plowed the field on the Sabbath, and then he put in the seed on the Sabbath, and he cultured the ground on the Sabbath. When the harvest was ripe, he reaped it on the Sabbath, and he carried it into the mow on the Sabbath, and then he stood out defiant to his Christian neighbors, and said: "There, that is my Sunday crop, and it is all garnered." After awhile a storm came up and a great darkness, and the lightnings of heaven struck the barn, and away went his Sunday crop.

There is another safeguard that I want to present. I have saved it until the last because I want it to be the more emphatic. The great safeguard for every young man is the Christian religion. Nothing can take the place of it. You may have gracefulness enough to put to blush Lord Chesterfield, you may have foreign languages dropping from your tongue, you may discuss laws and literature, you may have a pen of unequaled polish and power, you may have so much business tact that you can get the largest salary in a banking house, you may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson, and with as long locks as those which hung Absalom, and yet you have no safety against temptation. Some of you look forward to life with great despondency. I know it. I see it in your faces from time to time. You say, "All the occupations and professions are full, and there's no chance for me." Oh, young man, cheer up! I will tell you how you can make your fortune. Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things will be added. I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. You will not drink the brimming cup of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a generous Saviour you will not act like that; you have not the heart to act like that. That is not manly. That is not honorable. That is not brave. Your great want is a new heart, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I tell you so to-day, and the blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities of this hour to put the cup of life to your thirsty lips. Oh, thrust it not back. Mercy presents it—bleeding mercy, long suffering mercy. Despoise all other friendships, prove recreant to all other bargains, but despise not a love for your dying soul—do not do that. There comes a crisis in a man's life, and the trouble is he does not know it is the crisis. I got a letter in which a man says to me: [illegible] to preach the gospel of righteousness and temperance to the people. Do you remember me? I am the man who appeared at the close of the service when you were worshiping in the chapel after you came from Philadelphia. Do you remember at the close of the service a man coming up to you all a-tremble with conviction, and crying out for mercy, and telling you he had a very bad business, and he thought he would change it? That was the turning point in my history. I gave up my bad business. I gave my heart to God, and the desire to serve Him has grown upon me all these years, until now you is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

That Sunday night was the turning point of that young man's history. This very Sabbath hour will be the turning point in the history of 100 young men in this house. God help us! I see a stood on anniversary platform with a clergyman who told this marvelous story," He said:

"Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend Park Theatre, New York, to see a play which made religion ridiculous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theatre to see that vile play, and their early convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door of the theatre. One of the young men stopped and started for home, but returned and came up to the door, but he had not the courage to go in. He again started for home and went home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position. He lost his morals. He lost his soul. He died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on it. I stand before you to-day," said that minister, "to thank God that for twenty years I have been permitted to preach the gospel. I am the other young man."

Oh, you see that was the turning point—the one went back, the other went on. The great roaring world of business life will soon break in upon you, young men. Will the wild wave dash out the impressions of this day as an ocean billow dashes letters out of the sand on the beach? You need something better than this world can give you. I beat on your heart, and it sounds hollow. You want something great and grand and glorious to fill it, and here is the religion that can do it. God save you!

Precious Ink Bottles.

Four ink bottles, from which some of the greatest literary works of the century issued, are to be on view, says our Paris correspondent, at an approaching exhibition of relics. They were used severally by Victor Hugo, Lamartine, the elder Dumas and George Sand. Mme. Victor Hugo collected them to sell at a charity bazaar in Guernsey. To this end she had them set in a frame of oak that could be used as a table. With each is a letter attesting its authenticity. Victor Hugo said: "I did not buy or choose this ink bottle, but fell on it by chance and used it for months. It was asked of me for a work of charity, and here it is." Lamartine wrote: "Presented by Lamartine to a master of the pen." Dumas the elder thus certified: "I certify that this is the ink bottle I used in writing my last fifteen works. A. Dumas, 10 April, 1860."—George Sand, in a letter of three pages, begs Mme. Hugo to excuse the ugliness of her box ink bottle, which shuts with a spring. She used it in all her tours and wanderings and could only part with it for the sake of Mme. Hugo's charity.—London News.

Lincoln's Accounting.

A writer in the Chicago News says that in his earlier life Lincoln had a very primitive method of keeping books. At the time his law partner, the Hon. John T. Stuart, represented the Springfield District in Congress, Lincoln was forced, much against his will, to keep an account of some kind. The plan he adopted was somewhat remarkable. When he received a fee he divided it in halves. His half he put in his pocket. Stuart's portion he put in an envelope, and, labelling on it, "Stuart's half," threw it into a drawer until Stuart's return from Washington.

James Logan, of Greene Township, Pennsylvania, does nearly all his farm work by hand. This season he cut all his hay with an old-fashioned scythe. The ten or twelve tons of hay harvested he carried in on his back, not even using a fork.

The summer girl has come back to town,
A symphony in tan;
She now can wear a low-cut gown,
And see a real live man.
—Philadelphia Record.

CABLE SPARKS.

The cholera scourage in Japan has been extinguished.

A conspiracy against President Crespo, of Venezuela, was recently started by policemen, but the plot was discovered and the ringleaders arrested.

It is understood in London that Sir Philip Currie will succeed Marquis of Dufferin, formerly British ambassador to France, when the Turkish troubles are settled.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is reported to be in a towering rage over the failure of the recent mission of his son to England and to be venting his wrath upon his subjects.

Active steps will be taken by Mexico to subdue the Yaquis in Sonora, whose persistent rebellion attracts attention. It is feared these Indians may receive aid from the savages on the American side.

Rustem Pasha, Turkish embassador to Great Britain, died in London. He was an Italian by birth, and distinguished himself while governor of Lebanon by putting an end to official corruption in that region.

The negotiations with the principal European powers interested in the abolition of the sugar bounties will not be interrupted, it is stated, in Berlin, even should the proposed new sugar bill be submitted to the Reichstag.

The appointment of Bahri Pasha as Governor of Aleppo has caused a stir in diplomatic circles in Constantinople, as the Pasha had been previously dismissed as Governor of Van because of cruelty to the Armenians.

It is thought that the necessity for an armed intervention in Turkey has passed, the Sultan having been brought to a realization of the situation in Armenia and being in earnest in his desire to carry into effect the scheme of reform.

In the course of a speech at Brighton, Lord Salisbury said that the Sultan of Turkey has written him a letter replying to his Guild Hall speech in which he expressed doubt of the Armenian reforms