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ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

HERMANN OELRICHS, of New York, is visiting California for the first time since his marriage to Miss Tessie Fair, in San Francisco, a year or so ago.

PHILIP D. ARMOUR is said to be the largest individual commercial operator in the world. His transactions last year reached the enormous aggregate of $63,000,000.

JOHN A. RILEY, brother of James Whitcomb Riley, has been appointed superintendent of the Bradstreet Company for the Pacific Coast, with headquarters at Los Angeles.

GENERAL SCHOFIELD and his wife, whose wedding tour is nearly or quite ended, went as far West as the Pacific Coast, and returned by way of Yellowstone Park and Lake Minnetonka.

ANDREW LANG, the English literary free lance, is tall, emaciated and dark. He has what is known as a Mark Twain drawl, and is supposed to be the hardest worker in England.

THE Pope does not speak English "better than many Englishmen," as it is stated in a paragraph now going the rounds. He does not speak the language at all and holds converse with English-speaking people through an interpreter in Latin.

COUNT WALDERSEE'S passion since he ceased to be the Kaiser's military adviser is said to be for flower gardening. Even Napoleon used to play with his cane with the tall lilies in the gardens of St. Helena, though his sport was rough and generally left the lilies headless.

PRINCESS MILENA, wife of the reigning Prince of Montenegro, has subjected herself to a very serious surgical operation in the clinic of Heidelberg. The Princess is now only 45 years old, but has been married thirty-one years. As Milena Petrovna Bukoosloch in 1847 she was called the loveliest and most beautiful woman in Europe.

SERGEANT JOHN LEIBER, now a citizen of Indianapolis, was one of the brave Six Hundred who rode up to the mouth of the guns at Balaklava. He was a boy of 17 when he enlisted at Nottingham in the Eighth Hussars, who form a part of the famous Light Brigade and is still a straight and noble-looking man.

ELISEE RECLUS, the French geographer and scientist, from the way he has gone about while visiting in Boston, has apparently little of the recluse about him. He expects, before returning to France, to make an extended tour of this country. When he returns home he will publish his great geography of the United States, on which he has long been at work.

MRS. EMMA BOSTWICK, once known as the American Jenny Lind, has probably retained her voice to a greater age than any other public singer. She is now 77 years old, but her voice is still pure and fresh, and she sings in admirable time and tune. She is the daughter of an English violinist, named Gillingham, and began her career on the concert stage when only 12 years of age. By the time she was 20 she was widely and favorably known. Her voice had a range of three octaves.

COMMODORE RAMSEY, who succeeded Admiral John Walker as chief of the Bureau of Navigation, is a picturesque figure in the Navy Department. He looks more like a popular New York preacher than a naval officer. He is one of the best sailors of the navy, however, and he is a man of the physique, tall, straight as an Indian, with close-cropped silver hair and a trim little gray mustache. His manners are elegant and in striking contrast to those of "Old John" Walker, as his predecessor was called.

CIRCUS TENT COLLAPSES.

A Furious Storm in Wisconsin—Two Boys Killed.

At four o'clock the other afternoon a storm-cloud, which came up from the west, broke over Chechamagon bay, at Ashland, Wis., with disasterous results. Rain fell in torrents, accompanied by wind blowing at a tremendous velocity.

The Swedish Baptist Church was lifted four feet from its foundation and turn around, and numerous small buildings twisted about. Out at the bay front half a dozen little yachts were tossed. They all broke away from their fastenings and were wrecked upon the shore.

The worst effects of the storm were experienced at Washburn, on the opposite side of the bay. A small circus was giving an exhibition when the storm struck the tent, and it collapsed. In the panic which ensued two small boys were crushed to death and a number of others seriously injured.

The postoffice building, a frame structure on Main street, in which were half a dozen persons, collapsed and caught the inmates in what seemed to be a death-trap, but by the fortunate lodgment of timbers they all escaped without injury, except two women, one of whom suffered a broken leg and the other a contusion of the head. Half a dozen other buildings were damaged. The roof of the elevator was lifted up and dashed upon the bay, exposing the stock of wheat to the rain.

DUEL TO THE DEATH.

A Terrible Tragedy at Norfolk Landing, Miss.

A desperate duel to the death took place at Norfolk Landing, Miss., 28 miles below Memphis, Tenn. The principals were D. B. Wall, a young man from Williamson county, Tenn., who was employed as manager of R. H. Shaw's plantation, and a negro named Reed, who had been working on the place.

Mr. Wall and the negro had a dispute about the length of time the negro had worked, and failing to agree Reed left the store, carrying a shotgun which he carried to hide from Mr. Wall. The latter secured a revolver and started after the negro, but as he emerged from the store the negro shot him at the right side, making a large hole.

Wall was mortally wounded, but he was game. He emptied his revolver at the negro, then reloaded and was preparing to fire again when he fell dead. The negro went to earth at the same instant, one of the balls from Wall's pistol having passed through his body. Wall was only 25 years old and unmarried. The negro was about 20 years old. His wound is regarded as mortal.

JAMES W. BRADBURY, of Maine, and Alpheus Felch, of Michigan, who entered the Senate in December, 1847, are the oldest ex-Senators of the United States now living.

PACKET LINE.

THE SCHOONERS

Clara M. & Annie M. Leonard.

THE above boats are making weekly trips between Erston and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are NEW and built out of the very best material. Orders left with G. E. Bowdon & Co. Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt St., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. GRAIN bought or taken at LOWEST FREIGHT RATES. All Grain stored in our Warehouse, in case order will be at the owner's risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the Lowest Cash Prices. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

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This Restaurant is the oldest and most extensive in its accommodations of any in the city

PRICES MODERATE.

The crowds which lunch and dine daily at this restaurant attest the public approbation of its management 31mbly

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A full moon reflects 1-3000th part of the sun's light.

Mr. Holmes, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has invented a dynamo for lighting trains.

A standard of color has become necessary, and is being sought by the London Society of Arts.

A fly lays 320 eggs during a summer. The progeny of a single fly may from June 1 to September 30 exceed two millions.

It has been noticed in France that those persons engaged in cleaning out the apparatus used in refining petroleum are subject to a skin disease resembling the cancer of chimney sweepers.

Good deodorizers for the sick room: Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate; sugar burned on hot coals and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture.

Lieutenant Safford, United States Navy, and George A. Davy, of Harvard, have discovered a mummied family in an Inca tomb, near Arica, which will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

Inventors would find scope for their talents in devising a car ventilating system which would draw out the hot air, supply fresh air, exclude dust and at the same time be practicable and economical."

Analysis of individual beets indicate that maturity more than size determines the sugar contents of the beet. A high weight of leaves as compared with the roots was no evidence of higher sugar content, but rather the reverse.

The water of the central basin of the Mediterranean has been found to be warmer, denser and richer in dissolved salts than the western. While a white disk was only visible at forty-three meters, photographic plates were affected at 500 meters.

There are three artesian wells located almost on a line within running distance of 2000 feet in Sonoma, Cal., which yield between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours. A subterranean stream runs beneath the town.

Fresh fish, if in good condition, will feel firm under pressure of the finger, and the smell, though "fishy," is not unpleasant. Reject any the flesh of which feels soft, which has the least objectionable odor. The sooner fish is eaten after it is taken from the water, the better it will be.

The most brilliantly colored alloy yet known has been revealed in a recent investigation by Professor Roberts-Austen. Its composition is about seventy-eight per cent. of gold and twenty-two of aluminum. It has a rich purple color, and bright ruby tints are obtained when light is reflected from one surface of the alloy to another.

The continuous photographic register of earth currents kept at the Greenwich (England) Observatory recently showed some unusual disturbances. These soon became so regular that the stray currents were traced to the trains of the new underground electric railway, though the nearest earth-plate to the railway was two and one-half miles distant.

Professor Fernald, the entomologist of the Massachusetts State Agricultural College, in a recent visit to Malden and Arlington, discovered the eggs of some parasite upon the gypsey moth caterpillars, which if they hatch and prosper are likely to prove of great value in effecting the destruction of that insect. The spraying with Paris green was well and effectually done.

A device has recently been brought out for preventing the overloading of freight cars. It consists of a vertical bolt attached to the truck holster in such a manner as to permit of adjustment. As the springs settle with the loading of the car, the bolt operates an indicator on the end of the spring plank, the index of which arrives at the loaded mark when the capacity of the car is reached. A seal prevents anyone from tampering with the adjustment.

Hard Shell Crabs of the Chesapeake.

With hard crabs the Chesapeake might easily supply the world. All that region is aswarm with them. The fishery is inexhaustible. No attempt has ever been made to catch them—nor soft crabs, for that matter—save near shore, when these interesting crustaceans choose to walk up out of the depths for feeding or spawning purposes. It is impossible to imagine that the crab fishery of the Chesapeake could ever be used up. The Crisfield (Md.) fishermen get all their crabs in the immediate neighborhood, but should the fields now worked by exhausted, unlimited supplies may be procured a little further off. Hard crabs are mostly taken on long lines buoyed or staked at the ends and baited at intervals with tripe. Every few hours the fishermen go along the lines in boats and with hand nets gather in the crabs that are clinging to the baits. Fifty to sixty cents a hundred is the usual price for hard crabs paid to the fishermen. The principal hard crabbers at Crisfield ship their own crabs, and are thus able to get better prices. Hard crabs are very hardy, and require little care in shipment. They are simply crowded into boxes and barrels, without ice or moist seaweed, and very few die. Two firms at Crisfield make a business of extracting the meat from hard crabs and shipping it in a bulk to market, where it is chiefly used at hotels and restaurants for salads and "deviled crabs." Preliminarily, the crabs are boiled. From sixty to seventy-five crabs are usually required to yield a gallon of meat, which is packed in tin buckets and shipped with ice around it. The crab pickers are women, as a rule, who hold themselves in readiness when the shippers have orders to fill. They become wonderfully expert through practice, and are paid by the quantity of meat they produce. About 30,000 crabs are utilized in this way yearly, yielding about 420 gallons of meat at $1.20 a gallon.—*New York Sun.*

Locust Laws.

The municipal laws of many communities of Southern Europe and Northern Africa oblige land-owners to assemble at short notice, whenever the safety of the crops is endangered by the approach of the locust swarm. Nevertheless, the insect plagues of the Mediterranean coast-lands have completely outgrown the control of human agencies, and a much wiser law would be the prohibition of pot-hunts at the expense of insectivorous birds. The markets of Western Europe have for centuries devoured millions of larks, thrushes and ortolans (a song-bird allied to the English yellow-hammer), and as a consequence those birds have almost disappeared from the cultivated districts of Italy and Southern France. Swallows and finches, too, are getting rarer from year to year, while the Syrian locust has extended its ravages as far north as the plains of Lombardy. North of the Alps the German Mai-kaefer (a sort of June-bug) is eating the trees as bare as broom-straw, though in Switzerland alone 8000 tons of the little pests have been gathered and pulverized in the course of the last three months.—*New York Voice.*

Family Life for the Insane.

The method of caring for the insane in Holland is in establishing villages for their residences where patients are kept in a kind of family life. Surrounding the village are farms that furnish healthful out-of-door occupation—the open air employment being regarded as of great efficacy in the cure. Recent councils of philanthropists have discussed this idea with a view to its trial in this country. It is believed that the enforced association of insane with insane in the large asylums tends greatly to retard and often to prevent their recovery.—*Boston Cultivator.*

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Poor Investment." (Preached at Topeka, Kan.)

TEXT: "*Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money.*"—Isaiah iii., 3.

The Lord's people had gone headlong into sin, and as a punishment they had been carried captive to Babylon. They found that iniquity did not pay. Cyrus seized Babylon and felt so sorry for these poor captives that, without a dollar of compensation, he let them go home. So that, literally, my text was fulfilled. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

There is enough Gospel in this text for fifty sermons. There are persons here who have, like the people of the text, sold out. You do not seem to belong either to yourselves or to God. The title deeds have been passed over to "the world, the flesh, and the devil," but the purchaser never paid up. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

When a man passes himself over to the world he expects to get some adequate compensation. He has heard the great hum that the world does for a man, and he believes it. He wants two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That will be horses and horses, and a summer resort and jolly companionship. To get it he parts with his physical health by overwork. He parts with his conscience. He parts with much domestic enjoyment. He parts with opportunities for literary culture. He parts with his soul. And so he makes over his entire nature to the world.

He does it in four installments. He pays down the first installment, and one-fourth of his nature is gone. He pays down the second installment, and one-half of his nature is gone. He pays down the third installment, and three-quarters of his nature are gone, and after many years have gone by he pays down the fourth installment, and lo! his entire nature is gone. Then he comes up to the world and says: "Good morning. I have delivered to you the goods. I have passed over to you my body, my mind and my soul, and I have come now to collect the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" says the world. "What do you mean?" "Well," you say, "I come to collect the money you owe me, and I expect you to fulfill your part of the contract." "But," says the world, "I have failed. I am bankrupt. I cannot possibly pay that debt. I have not for a long time expected to pay it." "Well," you then say, "give me back the goods." "Oh, no," says the world, "they are all gone. I cannot give them back to you." And there you stand on the confines of eternity, your spiritual character gone, staggering under the consideration that "you have sold yourself for naught."

I tell you the world is a liar. It does not keep its promises. It is a cheat, and it fleeces everything it can put its hands on. It is a bogus world. It is a six-thousand-year-old swindle. Even if it pays the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for which you contracted, it pays them in bonds that will not be worth anything in a little while. Just as a man may pay down ten thousand dollars in hard cash and get for it worthless scrip—so the world passes over to you the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in that shape which will not be worth a farthing to you a thousandth part of a second after you are dead. "Oh," you say, "it will help to bury me, anyhow." Oh, my brother! you need not worry about that. The world will bury you soon enough from sanitary considerations.

Post mortem emoluments are of no use to you. The treasures of this world will not pass current in the future world, and if all the wealth of the Bank of England were put in the pocket of your shroud and you in the midst of the Jordan of death were asked to pay three cents for your ferriage, you could not do it. There comes a moment in your existence beyond which all earthly values fail, and many a man has wakened up in such a time to find that he has sold out for eternity and has nothing to show for it. I should as soon think of going to Chatham street to buy silk pocket handkerchiefs with no cotton in them, as to go to this world expecting to find any permanent happiness. It has deceived and deluded every man who has every put his trust in it.

History tells us of one who resolved that he would have all his senses gratified at once and the same time, and he expended thousands of dollars on each sense. He entered a room, and there were the first musicians of the land pleasing his ear, and there were fine pictures fascinating his eye, and there were costly aromatics regaling his nostrils, and there were the richest meats and wines and fruits and confections pleasing the appetite, and there was a soft couch of sinful indulgence on which he reclined, and the man declared afterward that he would give ten times what he had given if he could have one week of such enjoyment, even though he lost his soul by it! Ain't that was the rub? He did lose his soul by it! Cyrus the conqueror thought for a little while that he was making a fine thing out of this world, and yet before he came to his grave he wrote out this pitiful epitaph for his monument: "I am Cyrus. I occupied the Persian empire. I was king over Asia. Begrudge me not this monument." But the world in after ages plowed up his sepulcher.

The world clapped its hands and stamped its feet in honor of Charles Lamb; but what does he say? "I walk up and down, thinking I am happy, but feeling I am not. Call the roll, and be quick about it. Samuel Johnson, the learned! Happy? "No. I am afraid I shall some day get crazy." Wilhelm Hazlitt, the critic! Happy? "No. I have been for two hours and a half going up and down Paternoster row with a volcano in my breast." Sandys, the witty author! Happy? "No. I am sick of pen and blame, and I wish to God that I had such circumstances around me that I could throw my pen into oblivion." Buchanan, the world renowned writer, exiled from his own country, appealing to Henry VIII for protection! Happy? "No. Over mountains covered with snow, and through valleys flooded with rain, I come a fugitive." Moliere, the popular dramatic author! Happy? "No. That wretch of an actor just now recited four of my lines without the proper accent and gesture. To have the children of my brain so hung, drawn and quartered tortures me like a confessed spirit."

I went to see a worldling die. As I went into the hall I saw its floor was tessellated, and its wall was a picture gallery. I found his death chamber adorned with tapestry until it seemed as if the clouds of the setting sun had settled in the room. The man had given forty years to the world—his wit, his time, his genius, his talent, his soul. Did the world come in to stand by his deathbed and clearing off the vials of bitter medicine, put down any compensation? Oh, no! The world does not like sick and dying people, and I see a great many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But after awhile the clock of night in Bethlehem strikes 12, and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky, and I see the King of Heaven rising up, and He descends and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower, until He touches the sheep covered hills, and then on to another hill, this last skull shaped, and there, at the sharp strokes of persecution, a rill incarnadine trickles down, and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial blood.

We have in this day professed Christians who are so rarefied and etherealized that they do not want a religion of blood. What do you want? You seem to want a religion of brains. The Bible says, "In the blood is the life." No atonement without blood. Ought not the apostle to know? What did he say? "Ye are redeemed not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Christ." You put your lancelet into the arm of our holy religion and with draw the blood, and you leave it a mere corpse, fit only for the grave. Why did God command the priests of old to strike the knife into the kid, and the goat, and the pigeon, and the bullock, and the lamb? It was so that when the blood rushed out from these animals on the floor of the ancient tabernacle the people should be compelled to think of the coming carnage of the Son of God. No blood, no atonement.

I think that God intended to impress us with a vividness of that color. The green of the grass, the blue of the sky, would not have startled and aroused us like this deep crimson. It is as if God had said: "Now, sinner, wake up and see what the Saviour endured for you. This is not water. This is not wine. This is blood. It is the blood of My Son. It is the blood of the immaculate. It is the blood of God." Without the shedding of blood is no remission. There has been many a man who, in courts of law, has pleaded "not guilty," who nevertheless has been condemned because there was blood found on his hands or blood found in his room, and what shall we do in the last day if it it be found that we have recrucified the Lord of Glory and have never repented of it? You must believe in the blood or die. No escape. Unless you let the sacrifice of Jesus go in your stead you yourself must suffer. It is either Christ's blood or your blood.

"Oh," says some one, "the thought of blood sickens me." Good. God intended it to sicken you with your sin. Do not act as though you had anything to do with that Calvarian massacre. You had. Your sins were the implements of torture. Those implements were not made of steel and iron and wood so much as out of your sins. Guilty of this homicide, and this regicide, and this deicide, confess your guilt to-day. Ten thousand voices of heaven bring in the verdict against you of guilty, guilty! Prepare to die or believe in that blood. Stretch yourself out for the sacrifice or accept the Saviour's sacrifice. Do not fling away your one chance.

It seems to me as if all heaven were trying to bid in your soul. The first bid it makes is the tears of Christ at the tomb of Lazarus, but that is not a high enough price. The next bid heaven makes is the sweat of Gethsemane, but it is too cheap a price. The next bid heaven makes seems to be the whipped back of Pilate's hall, but it is not a high enough price. Can it be possible that heaven cannot buy you in? Heaven tries once more. It says: "I bid this time for that man's soul the tortures of Christ's martyrdom, the blood on His temple, the blood on His cheek, the blood on His chin, the blood on His hands, the blood on His side, the blood on His knees, the blood on His feet—the blood in drops, the blood in rills, the blood in pools coagulated beneath the cross; the blood that wet the tips of the soldiers' spears, the blood that plashed warm in the face of His enemies."

Glory to God, that bid wins it! The highest price that was ever paid for anything was paid for your soul. Nothing could buy it but blood! The estranged property is brought back. Take it. "You have sold yourself for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money." O atoning blood, cleansing blood, life giving blood, sanctifying blood, glorifying blood of Jesus! Our not burst into tears at the thought that for thee He shed it—for thee the thick hearted, for thee the lost?

"No," says some one; "I will have nothing to do with it except that, like the enemies of Christ, I put both my hands into that carnage and scoop up both palms full, and throw it on my head and cry, "His blood be on us and on our children!" Can you do such a shocking thing as that? Just rub your handkerchief across your brow and look at it. It is the blood of the Son of God whom you have despised and driven back all these years. Oh, do not do that any longer! Come out boldly and frankly and honestly, and tell Christ you are sorry. You cannot afford to so roughly treat Him upon whom everything depends.

I do not know how you will get away from this subject. You say that you are sold out, and that Christ wants to buy you back. There are three persons who come after you to-day—God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. They unite their three omnipotences in one movement for your salvation. You will not take up arms against the triune God, will you? Is there enough muscle in your arm for such a combat? By the highest throne in heaven, and by the deepest chasm in hell, I beg you look out. Unless you allow Christ to carry away your sins, they will carry you away. Unless you allow Christ to lift you up, they will drag you down. There is only one hope for you, and that is the blood. Christ, the sin offering, bearing your transgressions. Christ, the divine Cyrus, loosening your Babylonish captivity.

Would you not like to be free? Here is the price of your liberation—not money, but blood. I tremble from head to foot, not because I fear your presence, but because I fear that you will miss your chance for immortal happiness. That is the impressive divinely put, "He that believeth on the Son shall have everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." In the last day, if you now reject Christ, every drop of that sacrificial blood, instead of pleading for your release as it would have pleaded if you had repented, will plead against you.

O Lord God of the judgment day! avert that calamity! Let us see the quick flash of the scimeter that slays the sin but saves the sinner. Strike, omnipotent God, for the soul's deliverance! Beat, O eternal seal with all thy waves against the barren beach of that rocky soul and make it tremble. Oh, the oppressiveness of the hour, the minute, the second on which the soul's destiny quivers, and this is that hour, that minute, that second!

Some years ago there came down a fierce storm on the seacoast, and a vessel got in the breakers and was going to pieces. They threw up some signal of distress and the people on shore saw them. They put out in a lifeboat. They come on, and they saw the poor sailors, almost exhausted, clinging to a raft; and so afraid were the boatmen that the men would give up before they got to them they gave them three rounds of cheers, and cried: "Hold on, there! hold on! We'll save you!" After awhile the boat came up. One man was saved by having the boathook put in the collar of his coat, and some in one way and some in another but they all got into the boat. "Now," says the captain, "for the shore. Pull away now, pull!"

The people on the land were afraid the lifeboat had gone down. They said: "How long the boat stays. Why, it must have been swamped and they have all perished together." And there were men and women on the pier head and on the beach wringing their hands and while they waited and watched they saw something looming up through the mist, and it turned out to be the lifeboat. As soon as it came within speaking distance the people on the shore cried out. "Did you save any of them? Did you save any of them?" And as the boat swept through the boiling surf and came to the pier head the captain waved his hand over the exhausted sailors that lay flat on the bottom of the boat and cried: "All saved! Thank God! All saved!"

So it may be to-day. The waves of your sin run high, the storm is on you, but I cheer you with this Gospel hope. God grant that within the next ten minutes we may row with you into the harbor of God's mercy. And when these Christian men gather around to see the result of this service, and the glorified gathering on the pier heads of heaven to watch and to listen, may we be able to report all saved!' Young and old, good and bad! All saved! Saved for time. Saved for eternity. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

Lord Beresford's Trick.

Lord Charles Beresford, one of the popular heroes of the British navy, is fortunate in his opportunities. A little while ago he was appointed to the command of the iron-clad Undaunted and at the end of last month he found himself off Jaffa. A westerly gale sprang up and the French cruiser Seignelay, caught without any steam, dragged her anchors and was driven on to a sandbank, where she was in danger of going to pieces. Although she drew nearly nineteen feet of water she was driven into shoal water only ten feet deep, nobody supposed that she could be saved, but Beresford worked his own ship as closely in shore as he dared, got out his steel hawsers and chain cables, set all his men to work, and with the assistance of the French sailors managed to float her, without serious damage, in fifty-two hours. The next day a French squadron, arrived in hot haste, had nothing to do but congratulate the English and French officers. One feature of the affair was the gallantry of an Aarb boatman named Sulliman, who not only swam a long distance through a heavy sea to the stranded vessel with an offer of assistance, but also swam ashore again, according to the published accounts, with the Captain's wife on his back. Why the Captain thought it neccessary to risk his wife's life in this fashion, or how she came to be there, is not explained.

The Gordian Knot.

The legend of the Gordian knot is quite interesting. Gordius, the hero of the story, was a peasant. One day while plowing in the field an eagle alighted upon the bow of his ox-yoke and remained there until evening. This Gordius was not slow to take as an omen of coming greatness. Accordingly, to learn the meaning of the sign, he went forthwith to the soothsayers. He first consulted the prophetess of Telmissus, whom he met at the gates of the city. Her interpretation of his omen stirred Gordius so well that he afterward married her. Some years later the little country of Phrygia, in which Gordius lived, was sorely vexed with civil wars, and, according to the heroscope of the soothsayers, the oracle had declared that a new king, one who would end all disturbances, would be brought into the city in a peasant's ox-cart. The wise men of the country were in council deliberating on what the oracle declared, when Gordius, his wife and son, appeared in their cart. The humble peasant was hailed as the people's king, a compliment which he was not slow to acknowledge.

The ox-yoke which had, with the eagle, been the stepping-stone to all this good fortune, was consecrated to Jupiter, and the cart dedicated to Zeus Basileus. The yoke, after consecration, was fastened to a beam in the council chamber by ropes of bark, Gordius, the king, himself tying the knot, and so ingeniously was it done that no one could loosen it. Again the oracle was brought forth, this time declaring that whoever would untie the knot should become master of all Asia.

When Alexander the Great visited Phrygia he was shown the knot and told the words of the oracle.

"Then," said the conqueror, "I will perform the task." So saying, he slashed the knot in twain with his sword.

The expression "Gordian knot" has, from this legend, come to mean any great difficulty, and phrase "to cut the Gordian knot" evading the difficulty in some ingenious way.

Concealing the Cat.

Doctor Johnson once went to market and bought an oyster for his sick cat. Tasso wrote a sonnet to his puss. Petrarch had his embalmed at its death, and Cardinal Wolsey had his sit in a chair beside him when he was administering justice. The great Duke of Wellington himself imported into England the breed of the royal cats of Siam, which are kept only in the palace at Bangkok. Archbishop Whately dignified the cat with the remark that there was but one noun in the English language that had vocative case, which was cat, vocative puss. Mohammed is said to have cut off a portion of his sleeve on which a cat lay asleep rather than wake it when he was called away. Nor is intimacy with the gentle animal confined to the great of the human race. Godolphin, the famous Arabian horse whose ancestry so many of our best thoroughbreds claim, had a friendship with a black cat, which, after his death insisted upon sitting on his body until its burial, when she crawled into a corner and died broken-hearted. In the time of the early kings of Britian, wild cats made a part of the royal menage, being kept for hunting, and having officers of equal rank and consideration with the master of hounds. To-day an item in the French budget is the price of meat furnished to cats kept in the public printing offices to prevent damage to paper by mice; and there are also a number of cats that may be said to be employed in the postal service in this country.

Bird Benevolence.

A baby linnet had fallen from its nest and was seemingly at its last gasp. Every effort was made to nourish it, hairpins and knitting needles being used to introduce the food, but all in vain, and it looked as if the poor baby bird would die in a few minutes. At last it was noticed that Willie, the canary, was looking on from his cage and showing a great interest in what was being done for the starveling, and the experiment of putting the little one with him was suggested. It was a lucky thought. Willie flutteded around the stranger a moment or two, all his feathers standing on end with excitement, and then he flew to his dish of bread and milk and began to feed his visitor in the most approved mother bird fashion. He had been a family man, although at this time a widower, and he knew how young ones ought to be cared for. He gave up singing, and devoted himself for weeks to his foundling. He brought it up without assistance except—and this is not the least singular part of the story—such as came from a male linnet which, when the cage was hung on the porch, used to come and feed the young one through the bars. It is the conclusion, as true as it is fitting to the bird idyl, that when the rescued bird grew up—it was a female—Willie married her.

Cutting Glass Tubes and Bottles.

Another method, by Prof. William Thomson, consists in having some strips of thick blotting paper at hand from a quarter to half an inch in width, and of different lengths. Two pieces of such paper are wetted and wrapped round the bottle, tube, or other vessel to be cut, once or oftener (once is sufficient.) These pieces of paper, cut true, are wrapped round the vessel like two bands. They must not be placed too closely together say from a quarter to three eighths of an inch apart for large vessels, and rather less than a quarter of an inch apart for tubes of an inch or so in diameter. When this is arranged and a fine flame about two or three inches long is allowed to play on the glass between the two pieces of wet paper, the vessel being slowly revolved and the point of the flame kept between the two papers. Within a minute usually the vessel separates with a clean cut along the line against which the flame played.

Blunderers.

Blunderers never learn that living science we call concretely "knowledge of the world." They are never able to adjust appearances with the inner truth of things, but, while they mean one thing, seem to do and to mean another. Wishing to do one a kindness, they mortally offend one by appearing to take a liberty or to commit an impertinence. Their advice is a rebuke, their help an intrusion; when they sympathize, they interfere where their interference is an offence, and they lay their sprawling hands on all one deems most sacred. With the best heart in the world, they do the most cruel things, and, for want of sensative consideration, wound poor honest souls as the wickedest would not do.

I Lost

my confidence, was all run down and unable to work—in an extreme condition of general debility, when I was told that Hood's Sarsaparilla was just what I needed. As a drowning man grasps at a straw I decided to try this medicine, and to my great surprise, from the first day I began to improve. By the time I had finished my second bottle I had regained my health and strength, and from that day I can say I have been perfectly well. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla to my friends, whom I know have been benefited by it. It is indeed peculiar to itself, in that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

not only helps, but it cures. H. C. PIDCOCK, 49 Delavan Street, Lambertville, N. J.

Surface Indications of Petroleum.

It is rare that those who are looking for deposits of petroleum find any surface indications, although oil springs and rocks saturated with oil have been known to exist in Ohio and West Virginia for more than a century. But of late years most of the oil of commerce has been obtained from deep wells where there are no surface indications of its existence. If you know of any ledge of blackish shale or sand rock saturated with an inflammable oil or gas, you may conclude that there is a deposit of petroleum not far distant. Throw a lump of the rock into the fire and if it contains any oil it will burn.

"Had Given Up All Hope."

ATWOOD, PA., Sept. 16, 1889.

Some time ago I ordered seven bottles of Floraplexion for my wife who had given up all hopes of ever getting any relief. She has taken three bottles. The cough has become loose, the pain is gone, and she feels a good deal stronger. Refer to me, either by mail or personally. J. H. MCELWAIN.

Floraplexion is the speedy and permanent cure for Sick Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. It is the only sure cure for these complaints. Ask your druggist for it, and get well.

Open defeat is better than under handed victory.

Money the Year Round.

Miss Smith says: "Can I make $25 per week in the plating business?" Yes. I make $4 to $6 per day plating tableware and jewelry and selling platers. H. K. Dodge & Co., Columbus, O., will give you full information. A plater costs $5. Business is light and honorable and makes money the year round. A READER.

The most insupportable company are those who are witty all day long.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters. The best Tonic, it rebuilds the system, cleans the Blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid tonic for weak and deolitated persons.

A hundred petty virtues are not worth one genuine heart touch.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Some men are balloonists by profession; others by inflation.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testim