You Must PAINT Your House.

Be Wise and consider the CONSEQUENCES of using injurious paints.

U.S. Gutta Percha Paint

IS ABSOLUTELY BEST.

AN ELASTIC PRESERVATIVE.

Contains GUTTA PERCHA and other valuable gums combined with PURE LINSEED OIL, which gives it greatest elasticity, durability and covering capacity and makes it water and weather proof.

Best Pigments, Pure Lead, Double Ground. An economical and absolutely reliable paint.

It expands and contracts without cracking and will stand in any climate.

The best, hence cheapest for both painters and consumers.

If your dealer is unable or unwilling to furnish you this paint or give you full information address sole manufacturers,

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

GOLD MEDAL NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION, 1884-1885. HONORABLE MENTION American Institute NEW YORK, 1887.

PLEASURE BOATS



AND

CANOES.

Oars, rowlocks, paddles, masts, spars, sails, blocks, cleats, anchors, etc., etc., etc.

$30 A BOAT FOR TO **$300**

THE PLEASURE BOATS OF AMERICA

DON'T BUY ELSEWHERE until you see my catalogue for 1891; send 5 cent stamp for it.

J. H. RUSHTON, Canton, N. Y.

N. Y. CITY SALESROOM, H. C. SQUIRES, 178 BROADWAY.

BALTIMORE COAL TAR AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY



MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

ROOFING MATERIALS, BUILDING PAPER,

TARRED FELT, COAL TAR, TWO AND THREE-PLY FELT, RED ROSIN SIZED PAPER, ROOFING PAINT, CONCRETE BLOCK PAVEMENT FOR CELLARS, &c., &c., &c.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. SEND FOR CIRCULARS, SAMPLES AND PRICE LIST

oct19y **16 W. CAMDEN ST., BALTIMORE.**

E. H. FURNESS.

DEALER IN

Paints, Oil, Glass and Wall Paper,

HARRISON STREET, EASTON, MD.

ALSO A FINE LINE OF

FIRST CLASS GROCERIES

Received Fresh Weekly.

I am prepared to do all kinds Painting, Wall Decoating in Paper or Paint, in best style. Painting done on houses by day or contract. I am also agent for two brands of first quality Ready Mixed Paint. If you consult your interest you will call on me before purchasing as my long experience in the business I think it can make it to your advantage to give me a call.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED CHEERFULLY.

Thankful for past favors I solicit a continuance of same 3mh8

ROBERT B. DIXON & CO,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

LUMBER & BUILDING MATERIAL,

NORTH CAROLINA LOCUST POSTS, VERY EXTRA CYPRESS SHINGLES.

FENCING,

BOTH HEMLOCK AND NORTH CAROLINA.

—DEALERS IN—

ANTHRACITE AND CUMBERLAND COALS

—AND—

FERTILIZERS.

☞ We are selling the above at lowest prices to suit the times jan8 9

JERSEY

GALVANIZED STEEL

FARM AND LAWN FENCING



IS JUST

THE THING

where a STRONG, LASTING, SUPERIOR fence is desired.

IS ORNAMENTAL, does not conceal yet protects enclosure without injury to man or beast. Defies wind, time, and water.

All Intending Purchasers

should get our illustrated price list, showing the superior twist and weave, and other points of merit. Apply to your dealer, or directly to the manufacturers,

The New Jersey Wire Cloth Co., *Trenton, N. J.*

COVENTRY RIVAL



ACKNOWLEDGED

Fastest, Lightest and Best

IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

DON'T BUY without getting our Catalogue. YOU WANT THIS CYCLE,

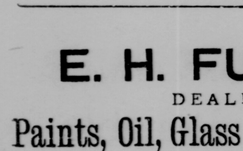
NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY.

Sweeting Cycle Co., 639 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.

GUNS, RIFLES and REVOLVERS. ESTABLISHED 1843

AMMUNITION FOR SAME.

verything belonging to the orteman in Pursuit of Game.



Goods sent by Express C. O. D. and satisfaction guaranteed. Guns made to order, and all Repairing done by Skilled Mechanics. ALEX. McCOMAS, 22 S. Calvert St., Balto., Md

au31 '89-2y

Special Inducements!

Flooring and Shingles,

BUILDING LUMBER GENERALLY.

Doors, Sash and Blinds.

—GET OUR—

Very Low Prices

BEFORE BUYING.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

414 Light St. Wharf, **Baltimore, Md.**

Sifted Wheat.

TO HOPE and not be impatient is really to believe.—Thomas Carlyle.

THE clever thing to do is to find out people's merits.—Arthur Heeps.

SIN has many tools but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—Holmes.

CHRIST proved centuries ago that the sympathetic touch is healing.—Roe.

I CONSIDER that man to be undone who is insensible to shame.—Plautus.

A CHRISTIAN is the gentlest of men; but then he is a man.—C. H. Spurgeon.

RELIGION is the best armor a man can have but it is the worst cloak.—Bunyan.

HE that buys and lies shall find the lie left in his purse behind.—Cervantes.

THE best preparation for the future is the present well seen to.—Melanchton.

MANY men are esteemed because they are not known.—Wm. Wilberforce.

IF we make religion our business God will make it our blessedness.—John Adams.

CHRIST leads one through no darker rooms than he went through before.—Baxter.

EVERY duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—John Ruskin.

EDUCATION is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army.—Edward Everett.

By the street of By-and-by one arrives at the house of Never.—German Proverb.

EVERY man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's own fingers.—Hans Christian Anderson.

EDUCATE men without religion and you make them but clever devils.—Duke of Wellington.

The Key of Death.

About the year 1600 a stranger named Tebaldo, established himself as a merchant in Venice. Soon becoming infatuated with the daughter of one of the most ancient and wealthy families, he asked her hand and was rejected, the young lady being already affianced. Half crazed and thoroughly enraged, he planned revenge. Being an excellent mechanic he soon evolved a most formidable looking key. The handle of this unique weapon could be easily turned. Being turned it disclosed a spring with a missile in the shape of a needle of exquisite fineness. With this weapon Tebaldo waited at the church door until the maiden he loved passed in on the morning of her marriage. When the bridegroom appeared the desperate lover, unperceived, sent the slender poisoned needle into his rival's breast, and within an hour he was dead of a "strange, baffling disease." Again Tebaldo demanded the hand of the maiden but was refused. Within a few days both her parents had died in a very mysterious manner. Suspicion being excited, examination was made, and the small steel instruments found in the flesh of both proved the day the maiden allowed Tebaldo an audience, but told him she would never be his bride. Within an hour she was a corpse. Tebaldo was suspected, the key discovered, and the culprit hanged. The celebrated "key of death" is still shown to the curious visitor of the Venice Museum.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Anthracite Coal.

One of the most interesting mineral discoveries in recent months, and by far the most significant in its possibilities, is that of the huge deposits of anthracite coal recently visited by L. B. Howard of San Diego. Mr. Howard says that the main operations now being carried on are some miles from Ortiz, a town on the Sonora Railway between Hermosillo and Guaymas. The concession, which is owned by a Mexican company, covers about 1,000 square miles. The enormous extent of the anthracite deposits may be comprehended when it is said that borings fifty miles apart have found coal. The diamond drill has gone through four veins, the first being two feet, the second four feet, the third seven and one-half feet, and the fourth the drill had penetrated twenty-two feet and was still working in coal. The coal is by actual test equal to the finest Lehigh Valley product of anthracite. It can be traced for many miles on the surface, and the different borings of the drill show the same four veins of the same thickness. A railway sixty or sixty-five miles will bring the coal to the harbor of Guaymas, and the entire distance is very smooth, offering no engineering obstacles. This verification is of the greatest importance to Southern California, and in fact all the Southwest, as Mr. Howard says the coal can be laid down in San Diego for $5 per ton, with less than a thousand-mile water haul around the peninsula of Lower California.—[San Diego (Cal.) Union.

Shoes for a Royal Infant.

A London tradesman recently received an order for sixty-four pairs of shoes for the daughter of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, a child less than a year old.

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. Bowdoin & 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 of fire 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.

C. R. LEONARD & BROTHER.

OFFICE.—In R. E. DIXON'S new building on Dover street, Easton.

WAGNER'S GREEN HOUSE,

W. PRATT STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

J. & B. L. WAGNER, - - Proprietors.

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. 4lmh19

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Importance of Music."

TEXT: *"His brother's name was Jubal, he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."*—Genesis iv., 21.

Lamech had two boys, the one a herdsman and the other a musician. Jubal, the younger son, was the first organ builder. He started the first sound that rolled from the wondrous instrument which has had so much to do with the worship of the ages. But what improvement has been made under the hands of organ builders such as Bernhard, Sebastian Bach and George Hogarth and Joseph Booth and Thomas Robjohn, clear on down to George and Edward Jardine of our own day. I do not wonder that when the first organ, that we read of as given in 757 by an emperor of the east to a king of France, sounded forth its full grandeur a woman fell into a delirium from which her reason was never restored.

The majesty of a great organ skillfully played is almost too much for human endurance, but how much the instrument has done in the re-enforcement of divine service it will take all time and all eternity to celebrate. Last April when we dedicated this church to the service of Almighty God our organ was not more than half done. It has now come so near completion that this morning I preach a sermon dedicatory of this mighty throne of sacred sound. It greets the eye as well as the ear. Behold this mountain of anthems! This forest of hosannahs! Its history is peculiar.

The late Mr. George Jar line recently made a tour of the organs of Europe. He gathered up in his portfolio an account of all the excellences of the renowned instruments of music on the other side of the Atlantic and all the new improvements, and brought back that portfolio to America, declaring that Brooklyn Tabernacle should have the full advantage of all he had obtained, and although he did not live to carry out his idea, his son, Mr. Edward Jardine, has introduced into this great organ all those improvements and grandeurs, and while you hear this organ you hear all that is notable in the organs of Lucerne and Fribourg and Haarlem and St. Paul and Westminster Abbey, and other great organs that have enraptured the world.

In it are banked up more harmonies than I can describe, and all for God and the lighting of the soul toward Him. Its four banks of keys, its two hundred and ten stops and appliances, its four thousand five hundred and ten pipes, its chime of thirty-seven bells, its cathedral diapson and pedal double diapson, its song trumpet and night horn and vox humana, all, all, we dedicate to God and the soul. It will, I believe, under the divine blessing lead uncounted thousands into the kingdom. Its wedding marches, its thanksgiving anthems, its requiems will sound after all the voices that follow it to-day shall have sung their last song. To God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost we dedicate it!

There has been much discussion as to where music was born. I think that at the beginning, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, that the earth heard the echo. The cloud on which the angels stood to celebrate the creation was the birthplace of song. Inanimate nature is full of God's strangest and wind instruments. Silence itself—perfect silence—is only a musical rest in God's great anthem of worship. Wind among the leaves, insects humming in the summer air, the rush of billow upon beach, the ocean far out sounding its everlasting psalm, the bobolink on the edge of the forest, the quail whistling up from the grass, are music.

On Blackwell's Island I heard coming from a window in the lunatic asylum a very sweet song. It was sung by one who had lost her reason, and I have come to believe that even the deranged and disorded elements of nature would make music to our ear, if we only had acuteness enough to listen. I suppose that even the sounds in nature that are discordant and repulsive make harmony in God's ear. You know that you may come so near to an orchestra that the sounds are painful instead of pleasurable, and I think we stand so near devastating storm and frightful whirlwind we cannot hear that which rises to God's ear and the ear of the spirits above us a music as complete as it is tremendous.

The day of judgment, which will be a day of uproar and tumult, it appears will bring no dissonance to the ears of those who can calmly listen; although it be as when some great performer is executing a boisterous piece of music, he sometimes breaks down the instrument on which he plays, so it may be on that last day that the grand march of God, played by the fingers of thunder and earthquake and conflagration, may break down the world upon which the music is executed. Not only is inanimate nature full of music, but God has wonderfully organized the human voice, so that in the plainest throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles which can make over sixteen thousand different sounds, and there are thirty indirect muscles which can make, it has been estimated, more than one hundred and seventy-three millions of sounds!

Now, I say, when God has so constructed the human voice, and when he has filled the whole earth with harmony, and when he recognized it in the ancient temple, I have a right to come to the conclusion that God loved music.

I propose this morning, in setting apart this organ for sacred use, to speak about sacred music, first showing you its importance and then stating some of the obstacles to its advancement.

I draw the first argument for the importance of sacred music from the fact that God commanded it. Through Paul He tells us to admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and through David He cries out, "Sing ye to God, all ye kingdoms of the earth." And there are hundreds of other passages I might name proving that it is as much a man's duty to sing as it is his duty to pray. Indeed, I think there are more commands in the Bible to sing than there are to pray.

God not only asks for the human voice but for instruments of music. He asks for the cymbal, and the harp, and the trumpet, as well as the organ. And I suppose that in the last days of the church, the harp, the lute, the trumpet and all the instruments of music, whether they have been in the service of righteousness or sin will be brought by their masters and laid down at the feet of Christ, and then sounded in the church's triumph, on her way from suffering into glory. "Praise ye the Lord!" Praise Him with your voices. Praise Him with stringed instruments and with organs.

I draw another argument for the importance of this exercise from the impressiveness of this exercise. You know something of what secular music has achieved. You know it has made its impression on governments, upon laws, upon literature, upon whole generations. One inspiring national air is worth thirty thousand men as a standing army. There comes a time in the battle when one bugle is worth a thousand rifles. I have to tell you that no nation or church can afford to severely economize in music.

Many of you are illustrations of what sacred song can do. Through it you were brought into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. You stood out against the argument and the warning of the pulpit, but when, in the sweet words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley or John Newton or Toplady, the love of Jesus was sung to your soul then you surrendered, as armed castle that could not be taken by a host lifts its window to listen to a harp's thrill. There was a Scotch soldier dying in New Orleans, and a Scotch minister came in to give him the consolations of the Gospel. The man turned over on his pillow and said, "Don't talk to me about religion." Then the Scotch minister began to sing a familiar hymn of Scotland that was composed by David Dickenson, beginning with the words:

Oh, mother, dear Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?

He sang it to the tune of "Dundee," and everybody in Scotland knows that; and as he began to sing the dying soldier turned over on his pillow, and said to the minister: "Where did you learn that?" "Why," replied the minister, "my mother taught me that." "So did mine," said the dying Scotch soldier; and the very foundation of his heart was upturned, and then and there he yielded himself to Christ. Oh, it has an irresistible power. Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his "Judgment Hymn" sings on through the ages, and will keep on singing until the blast of the archangel's trumpet shall bring about that very day which the hymn celebrates. I would to God that those who hear me to-day would take these songs of salvation as messages from heaven; for just as certainly as the birds brought food to Elijah by the brook Cherith, so these winged harmonies, God sent, are flying to your soul with the bread of life. Open your mouths and take it, O hungry Elijahs!

In addition to the inspiring music of our own day we have a glorious inheritance of church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory. Dear old souls, how they used to sing! When they were cheerful, our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were very meditative, then the board meeting-house rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmund." Were they struck through with great tenderness they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the church, they sang "Zion." Were they overcome with the joys and glory of Christ, they sang "Ariel." And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." But how hard-hearted we must be if all the sacred music of the past, and all the sacred music of the present does not start us heavenward.

I have also noticed the power of sacred song to soothe perturbation. You may have come in here this morning with a great many worriments and anxieties, yet, perhaps, in the singing of the first hymn, you lost all those worriments and anxieties. You have read in the Bible of Saul and how he was sad and angry, and how the boy David came in and played the evil spirit out of him. A Spanish king was melancholy. The windows were all closed. He sat in the darkness. Nothing could bring him forth until Farinelli came and discoursed music three or four days to him. On the fourth day he looked up and wept and rejoiced, and the windows were thrown open, and that which all the splendors of the court could not do the power of song accomplished. If you have anxieties and worriments, try this heavenly charm upon them. Do not sit down on the bank of the hymn, but plunge in, that the devil of care may be brought out of you.

It also arouses to action. A singing church is always a triumphant church! If a congregation is silent during the exercise or partially silent, it is the silence of death. If when the hymn is given out, you hear the faint hum of here and there a father and mother in Israel, while the vast majority are silent, that minister of Christ who is presiding needs to have a very strong constitution if he does not get the chills. He needs not only the grace of God, but nerves like whalebone. It is amazing how some people, who have voice enough to discharge all their duties in the world, when they come into the house of God have no voice to discharge this duty. I really believe that if the church of Christ could rise up and sing as it ought to sing, that where we have a hundred souls brought into the kingdom of Christ there would be a thousand.

But I must now speak of some of the obstacles in the way of the advancement of this sacred music, and the first is that it has been imprisoned into the service of superstition. I am far from believing that music ought always to be positively religious. Refined art has opened places where music has been secularized, and lawfully so. The drawing room, the musical club, the orchestra, the concert, by the gratification of pure taste, and the production of harmless amusement, and the improvement of talent, have become great forces in the advancement of our civilization. Music has as much right to laugh in Surrey gardens as it has to pray in St. Paul's.

In the kingdom of nature we have the glad fling of the wind as well as the long meter psalm of the thunder; but while all this is so, every observer has notice that this art, which God intended for the improvement of the ear, and the voice, and the heart, and the songs on earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody, and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity. When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of them one day, and gave out the long meter doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundredth," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion, joined in the doxology:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. Oh, men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

DUEL TO THE DEATH.

Two Indians Meet and Settle a Long-Standing Grudge, Hand to Hand With Knives.

William Weston, a ranchman living twenty miles north of here, brings a story of a most horrible duel, which was fought with knives by two Indians near his ranch. There had been bad blood between the two men for some time, which had started over a horse race.

The Indians were named Sewapi and Nunechi. They had been restrained from fighting several times by their friends, but on meeting at another horse race last week the quarrel was renewed, and it was finally arranged that they should end the matter by a duel with knives. A large crowd of Indians and half-breeds were present and a ring was formed. Each man had his second, who was armed with a Winchester rifle ready to shoot down any one who might be tempted to interfere.

The contestants were stripped to the waist and each was armed with two sharp knives, the blades being about eight inches long. When the men entered the ring it was with the understanding that it was a duel to the death. Both were magnificent specimens of manhood and they were equally adept in the use of the knife.

Amid breathless silence the combatants slowly approached the center of the ring. There they stood for a minute glaring at each other, while the silence was most painful. Not a sound could be heard except the occasional stamp of a horse on the outskirts of the crowd.

The spectators sat around perfectly motionless while the duelists began slowly to walk around each other, watching for a chance to catch the other off guard. It was probably two minutes before a change came, and then it was with the rapidity of a lightning stroke.

Sewapi suddenly made a leap through the air toward his enemy, and for an instant the air appeared to be full of Indians and knives, which latter flashed in the sunshine like streaks of light. As quickly as they came together did they separate, but not before substituting the rapid play of the weapons it was seen that neither had a scratch. Still, during the whole exciting scene not a sound could be heard except the clashing steel as it came together. Slowly the circling began again, and the glittering eyes alone showed that the waik meant death. Soon the same leap was repeated, this time by Nunechi, who seemed to fly through the air. The fight was fast and furious, and when they separated both were bleeding profusely. Sewapi had a terrible cut across his breast, while Nunechi had the muscles of his left forearm almost severed.

The intermission was very short, and both men sprang simultaneously toward each other. The struggle was fierce, and suddenly a trip was given and Sewapi fell on top of his antagonist. The lightning-like rapidity of stroke and parry precluded the possibility of knowing who was getting the worst of it, until it was noticed that Nunechi threw up his arms, stiffened out his legs and was dead with a knife in his heart. Sewapi sprang to his feet, gave an ear-splitting yell, and then slowly sank to the ground, with blood gushing from a dozen wounds. Before a friend could reach him he, too, was a corpse. —*Tishomingo (I. T.) special to San Francisco Examiner.*

Resisting God's Will.

A city missionary writes: "Having returned from a visit to a poor widow in troubled circumstances, I felt that I had utterly failed in my attempt to comfort or uplift her heart, and sat down dispirited, to think how I could best reach her case. A robin just then happened to fly into the room, and in its efforts to escape again, dashed itself madly against the walls and ceiling, until its poor little head and wings were sore and bleeding. On my attempt to catch it and set it free, it only redoubled its frantic efforts, and in my hand struggled so violently as to only hurt its bruised sides more. Ah, I thought, thus it is with the poor widow—with us all, when the Lord 'straitens' us with trouble. We dash and wound our poor hearts against the firm wall of His will; we think of nothing but escape, and struggle madly against the kind and most gentle Hand that only holds us with its 'wholesome strength,' whose 'end' and aim are but to restore us to the bright open air of His mercies that we may sun our hearts with His presence, and wing our way more freely toward Himself. I returned, read the text again, and applied my illustration as simply as possible to the poor woman. Presently the dull eye began to brighten, the hard countenance to grow tender, and tears dropped on the poor worn check as she murmured a promise that she would hope for the future, and try to trust the wise Hand which held her."—*Selected.*

The Elixir

Of life, is what my wife and I call Hood's Sarsaparilla. She was in delicate health two years, at last confined to her bed, caused by dyspepsia and neuralgia. She has taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and has regained her health and strength, can eat anything without distress. S. STOVER, EX.-U. S. Marshall, Charlestown, Jefferson County, W. Va. N. B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best blood purifier, the best nerve helper, the best strength builder.

HOOD'S PILLS—Invigorate the liver, regulate the bowels. Effective, but gentle. Price 25c.

We want to rouse all our families to the duty of sacred song. We want each family of our congregation to be a singing school. Childish petulance, obduracy and intractability would be soothed if we had more singing in the household, and then our little ones would be prepared for the great congregation on the Sabbath day, their voices uniting with our voices in the praises of the Lord.

After a shower there are scores of streams that come down the mountain side with voices rippling and silvery, pouring in one river and then rolling in united strength to the sea. So I would have all the families in our church send forth the voice of prayer and praise, pouring it into the great tide of public worship that rolls on and on to empty into the great, wide heart of God. Never can we have our church sing as it ought until our families sing as they ought.

There will be a great revolution on this subject in all our churches. God will come down by His spirit and rouse up the old hymns and tunes that have not been more than half awake since the time of our grandfathers. The silent pews in the church will break forth into music, and when the conductor takes his place on the Sabbath day there will be a great host of voices rushing into that harmony. My Christian friends, if we have no taste for this service on earth, what will we do in heaven, where they all sing, and sing forever?

I want to rouse you to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited. Come, now! clear your throats and get ready for this duty or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman sing the "Marseillaise" on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan in 1870. I never saw such an enthusiasm before or since. As he sung that national air, oh! how the Frenchmen shouted! Have you ever in an English assemblage heard the band play "God Save the Queen?" If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air.

Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of Jesus Christ and of the kingdom of heaven, and if you do not learn to sing them here, how do you ever expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should not be surprised at all if some of the best anthems of heaven were made up of some of the best songs on earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody, and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity. When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of them one day, and gave out the long meter doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundredth," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion, joined in the doxology:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. Oh, men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE smallest screws in the world are used in the manufacture of watches. The screw in the fourth jewel wheel, that looks to the naked eye like a bit of dust, is so small that a lady's thimble would hold 1,000,000 of them.

AS HEAT resistants we may mention asbestos, plaster of paris, uncalcined gypsum, sand, clay, ashes, charcoal, soapstone, pumice stone, chalk, infusorial earth, mineral wool, rock, wood.

WHILE there was never a non-preventable boiler explosion in the history of the world, and while every death from such explosion is a murder or a suicide, indictments are seldom heard of, and the first conviction is yet to be made.—*Prof. John E. Sweet.*

A DRIVING belt composed of a flexible woven or fibrous material with an exterior of rubber, is the invention of a New Yorker. The coating is smooth and plain on the outer side, but on the inner or gripping surface, it is formed into transverse parallel flutings.

A SOLE for a boot, to be made of a mixture of glue with a quantity of clean quartz sand, and applied to a thin leather foundation, is the invention of a German, and they are said to be flexible, indestructible and water proof, and will enable the wearer to walk safely over slippery places.

By a new process a superior quality of illuminating gas is made from wood (maple preferred) and crude oil. It is called the Ramsdell process, and the inventor is said to have expended $40,000 in perfecting it. Charcoal is the residue from the wood after extracting the gas.

ONE of the aims of the American Order of Steam Engineers is to urge the passage of a law requiring the owners of steam boilers to intrust their handling in the hands of such men, and such men only, as can give evidence of ability and reliability in their management, and to men who can give evidence of ability to judge of the safety of the plant they attempt to manage.—*Prof. John E. Sweet.*

THOSE who use green wood for fuel understand how wasteful is the moisture of the heat obtained. Wet coal is just as objectionable except for the fact that the heat it gives in burning is so much that the waste is not noticed. The woodshed or coal-bin should therefore be not only well covered but protected so that it may not be wetted with rain in summer or snow in winter.—*American Engineer.*

EXACT statistics gathered by the American Iron and Steel Association show the total production of pig iron in the United States during the first half of 1891 was 3,371,025 gross tons, against 4,560,513 gross tons in the first half of 1890—a decrease of 1,188,588 gross tons, or 26 per cent. Our production of pig-iron in the two halves of 1890 did not greatly vary, so that it is not necessary to make a comparison with the last half of the year.

Drill of Russian Cossacks.

We saw horses bounding like panthers and men jumping like monkeys. We saw cavalrymen booted with their carbines across their backs and their sabers in their hands, charging while standing upright upon their saddles. Others would pass at full speed beside Cossacks stretched upon the ground, pick them up like pocket handkerchiefs, and carry them off across the croups of their saddles. Others again would pivot upon their saddles and play all the antics of circus clowns. One horse, tripping upon some obstacle, apparently rolled over the rider, who thought he was killed upon the spot, but he jumped up, laughing heartily while he rearranged his damaged trousers.

When the maneuver was finished the defile began. Thrice the squadrons defiled before their colonel, first at a walk, then at a trot, and lastly at a charge. The charge was something terrific. The Cossacks armed and equipped in such a manner that at a distance it is impossible either to see or to hear them. The uniforms are somber, the scabbards are of leather, and their weapons are darkened. There is no flashing or clashing of steel, and little or no sound. And yet the whole troop of men and horses pass noiselessly by at full speed, like a living squall. The colonel scrutinized the appearance of each squadron, and satisfied with the performance, shouted: "Karacho!" ("Very good!") to which the double row of Cossacks replied: "Rady starattza, vasche ryesokoblagorodie!" ("We will do still better yet, your lordship!") And the squall passes off.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Very Nervous Man.

An amusing case of fright took place on Chestnut street a few evenings ago by which a man nearly ran his legs off trying to get away from his shadow. The gentleman was walking along leisurely, with an umbrella in his hand, wholly unconscious of his surroundings. He had passed by a street-light, whistling the while a ditty about "Annie Rooney," and casually glanced toward the large bill board. He was startled to see the shadow of a man with hand uplifted, in which appeared to be a club. He thought he was a goner sure, but made up his mind to trust his legs. With a mental admonition of "Legs, now do your duty," he "lit out," and the way he scratched gravel up through Chestnut street to Franklin street was surprising. He was blowed when he reached the steps at the south end of Hall's Block and dropped there for a rest, and then learned from a passer that he had been running from his own shadow, the umbrella on his shoulder being the murderous looking club with which he expected to be brained.—*Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.*

The Egyptians had a very remarkable ordinance to prevent persons from borrowing imprudently.

An Intruder in the Bath.

The true luxury of the bath is best appreciated by people of hot climates. The baths of Kingston, Jamaica, are described by a correspondent as delightful, being long enough and wide enough to allow one to flounder about, and even to take a couple of strokes. They are made of concrete and are filled with water at the temperature at which it comes from the mains—just right to make a plunge enjoyable. So clear is the water that one can scarcely realize it is three feet deep.

Once in a while, to be sure, there is something which may detract from its enjoyment by the stranger if he has not become used to some of the other inhabitants of the land. For example, as I was about to take my first jump, I discovered something that looked a bit like a horseshoe crab down at the bottom. Calling to one of the black pickaninnies running about the yard, I asked him what it was.

"Oh, dat's a scorpium."

"Well, take him right out."

"Oh, he's dead, sah."

"Never mind! I prefer my bath without him in it."

A dead scorpion is bad enough, but that is preferable to having a live one drop from the rafters overhead on one's bare flesh, as once happened to a friend of mine.

Iron in Ancient History.

That the Hebrews, Greeks and Romans had some idea of the value of iron is known. About half a century ago metallurgical students declared that, ancient as metal weapons might be, cast iron was a distinctively modern product. This, as far as Europe is concerned, may be true, cast iron statuettes going back no farther than the latter part of the fourteenth century. After prolonged study the late Dr. Gurlt, of Bonn, concluded that cast iron is a child of the dim past. In China wrought iron and steel were known 2000 B. C., and cast iron about 400 B. C. A Chinese author describes the process at length. In the first century of the Christian Era a Chinese ravine, 1,000 feet deep, was spanned by a compressed bridge with cast iron columns. Cast iron is mentioned by Aristotle and Pliny. The Greeks and Romans do not seem to have used it extensively, judging from the fact that, while wrought iron relics are common, cast iron relics are rare. Dr. Gurlt is none the less convinced that investigation will disclose many more such relics. He describes a little statue, representing a priestess of Isis, or the goddess Isis herself, which he supposes to have been made by an Egyptian craftsman or under Græco-Roman influence. Cast iron has also been found in parts of Moravia where the ancient Celts mined, under the direction of their German conquerors.—*Age of Steel.*

Will Fight to a Finish.

As long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers, the Fidelity Wall Paper Company, of No. 12 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from their circular. Send your two cent stamps for samples of their eight, ten and twelve cent gilts.

A mountain of coal in Wild Horse Valley, Wyoming, has been burning for more than thirty years.

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.

In a lifetime of eighty years the human heart beats 300,000,000 times, an average of seventy beats a minute.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Henry Cook, a Norwich (Conn.) tailor, has a beard seven feet two inches long, though he is only five feet six inches tall.

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

The temple of Hom-mon-ji, at Ikegami, begun in 1282 and finished in 1307, is one of the most famous religious structures in Japan.



Nothing can be said in favor of the best medicine in the world that may not be said of the most worthless. In one case, it's true; in the other, it isn't;—but how can you distinguish?

Judge by what is *done*. There's only *one* blood-purifier that's *guaranteed*. It's Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—and this is what is done with it; if it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you get your money back. Isn't it likely to be the best?

All the year round, as well at one time as another, it cleanses and purifies the system. All blood-poisons must go. For Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Scrofula, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, or any blood-taint or disorder, it is an unequaled remedy.

It's the cheapest, too. With this, you pay only for the *good* you get.

And nothing else is "just as good." It may be better—for the dealer. But he isn't the one that's to be helped.

"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLIS, of Alma, Neb., I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs. ®

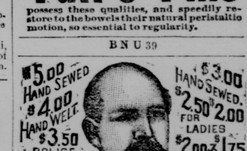
To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative; it must contain tonic, alterative and cathartic properties.

Tutt's Pills

possess these qualities, and speedily restore to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

BNU 39

$5.00 HAND SEWED, $4.00 HAND WELT, $3.50 POLICE, $2.50 $2.25 $2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN.



$3.00 HAND SEWED, $2.50 $2.00 FOR LADIES, $2.00 $1.75 FOR BOYS, $1.75 FOR MISSES.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN

THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

GENTLEMEN and LADIES, save your dollars by w