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 heat, 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. | HIGHEST AWARD American Institute NEW YORK, 1887.

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.*

PLEASURE BOATS



AND CANOES.

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

$30 A BOAT FOR $300 —TO— 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, 176 BROADWAY.

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., 939 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.

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. oct19

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

ESTIMATES FURNISHED CHEERFULLY.

Thankful for past favors I solicit a continuance of same 3mb8

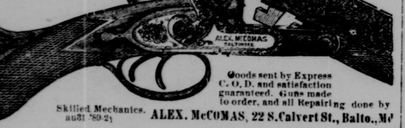
ROBERT B. DIXON & CO, HEADQUARTERS FOR LUMBER & BUILDING MATERIAL, NORTH CAROLINA LOCUST POSTS, VERY EXTRA CYPRESS SHINGLES.

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

GUNS, RIFLES and REVOLVERS. AMMUNITION FOR SAME. ESTABLISHED 1843

verything belonging to the ortsman 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 aug1 '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.

STATE OF TRADE.

Still Further Increases in the Volume of General Trade.

Heavy Exports of Grain Owing to Extraordinarily Free Movement from First Hands--Business Failures.

While there have been still further increases within the week in the volume of general trade at some of the leading business centers, notably at Chicago, Duluth, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Joseph, St. Louis, and San Francisco, special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* do not on the whole point to a week of widespread or general increase in the distributive movement in staple lines.

Cotton spinners and manufacturers are busy. Leather and lumber are firm and in fair demand at most markets. The demand for boots and shoes, clothing, hardware and groceries, except for coffee, remains of good proportions. There are only moderate offerings of iard, and prices are stiff, but quotations for live hogs are weaker. The tone of the Anthracite coal market has been strengthened, but prices are no higher.

Business failures in the United States number 250, against 236 last week, and 179 this week last year. The total January 1 to date is 8812 against 7446 last year.

Wheat has continued generally weak, notwithstanding continued heavy exports, owing to an extraordinarily free movement from first hands, low cables and the tendency to regard bear estimates of the size of the home crop. Exports from United States ports, both coasts (including flour), equal 4,711,001 bushels, against over 6,500,000 bushels in the preceding week and 4,726,000 bushels the week before.

Including Montreal's exports (wheat and flour) the total this week amounts to 5,106,904 bushels as compared with 7,532,360 bushels in the preceding week. One year ago the week's total (United States and Canada) was 1,553,-300 bushels. Two years ago it was 1,650,000 bushels; in 1888 it was 2,814,000 bushels, and in 1887 it was 2,825,000 bushels. For thirteen weeks the exports of wheat and flour from both coasts of the United States equal 55,257-000 bushels.

In a like share of 1890 the total (including Montreal) was 24,177,080 bushels; in 1889 it was 24,804,000 bushels; in 1888, 29,900,000 bushels, and in 1887 it was 48,112,000 bushels. Corn is off 3 cents per bushel on larger receipts than expected, and removal of support recently given it, owing to the failure of a prominent New York firm. Exports of rye from Montreal, New York and Baltimore to the European Continent are increasing rapidly, amounting to 1,000,000 bushels this week, against 655,000 bushels last week, and as compared with only 332,000 bushels in the year 1890-91, and 2,257,000 bushels in 1889-90.

Dry goods are in as active as earlier in the month, though demand from jobbers particularly is still good. Staple cottons sell less freely, but are firm in price with some grades ⅛c higher. Print cloths are firm, as are low grade cottons of similar character. Prints are sold up by agents and advances, of ⅛c are reported. Ginghams sell well, while dress goods are quieter. Woolen goods are in only fair sale, and warm weather effects the demand for clothing. Wool is quiet and firm. Cotton is 5-16c. higher on nervousness regarding crop prospects at home and abroad.

Bank clearings at fifty-eight cities for the week amount to $1,339,729,705, a decrease from the like week last year of 2.5 per cent. At fifty-seven cities (New York's total excluded) an increase of 4.7 per cent. is shown. There were decreases at Chicago $10,813,487 and at Boston $11,621,613, as compared with the week a year ago. New York's total increased $148,117,717 over last week.

SUCCESSFUL RAINMAKING.

An Experiment Near Corpus Christi That is Regarded as Conclusive.

A despatch from Corpus Christi, Tex., says: Broken clouds have been floating over head all morning and at 6 P. M. Messrs. Ellis, Catter and Fairchild entered a carriage and drove out of town accompanied by the county engineer, who represented the citizens' committee. Teams with boxes in the rear of the carriage, containing two mortars and a dozen 21-pound bombs. When the outskirts of the town were reached the mortars were unpacked and set upon a small hill. Three rounds were fired, four shells being exploded at each volley.

No rain was falling anywhere in the vicinity when the firing was begun, but after every report a sharp shower fell and as the clouds passed away to the southwest thin showers began to be falling in torrents over a limited area. By the time the last shot was fired the party were drenched and returned to the hotel. The rain could be seen spreading off to the southwest, and in forty minutes a heavy rain was falling, which was general over the entire city and continued for half an hour.

The final experiments will be made this week; then the party will operate at the points on the Mexican National Railroad, finishing their work at San Diego.

THE NEW SOUTH.

Development of Trade and Railway Enterprise in the Last Three Months.

The Chattanooga Tradesman publishes a review of the industrial development of the South for the third quarter of 1891. The number of new industries established during the last three months is 1,000, against 1,070 for the corresponding quarter of 1890 and 825 in the same quarter of 1889.

During the quarter ending on Oct. 1 there were established in the Southern States 3 boot and shoe factories, 5 breweries, 36 brick and tile works, 2 canneries, 5 canning factories, 8 compresses, and 49 cotton and woolen mill; 60 development and improvement companies have been organized in the South in the last three months, 33 electric light companies have been established in the last quarter, 24 flour and grist mills, 59 founderies and machine shops, 9 furnaces, 58 mining and quarrying companies, and 25 oil mills; 126 railroad companies have been organized, and 39 steel and electric railways.

PACKET LINE.

THE SCHOONERS

Clara M. & Annie M. Leonard.

THE above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any vessel 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 Market Rate. 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.

R. LEONARD & BROTHER.

OFFICE.—In R. B. 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. 3lmbly

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Microcidine is a new antiseptic.

The practice of "cold sawing" of steel and iron is being generally adopted.

A new mineral has been discovered in Texas which is said to be seven times stronger than any other when made into wire.

The average of the pulse in infancy is one hundred and twenty beats per minute; in manhood, eighty; at sixty years, sixty.

Electric pleasure boats are now in use in many places. Storage batteries are used in them, although the novelty is somewhat expensive.

It has been found after elaborate experiments that sewage can be more efficiently filtered though open sand than through sand covered with soil.

The demand for American screws is so great in England and Germany that a screw company of Providence has established a branch factory in Leeds, England, and will put up another on the Continent.

The distance of the horizon is governed by the height of the eye above the earth or sea. On the sea, with the eye at a height of five feet, the distance would be three miles; at sixty feet in height, ten miles.

A philological statistician calculates that in the year 2000 there will be 1,700,000,000 people who speak English, and that the other European languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000 people.

Scientists claim that the first appearance of the North American Continent above the waters was in a small, angular section, extending from the Great Lakes northeast to Labrador, and northwest to the Artic Ocean.

Professor Tacchini, at Rome, has found that the marching of a regiment of soldiers 150 yards away was registered by the earthquake apparatus located in the tower of the college at a height of 135 feet above the city.

The air is admitted to the interior of a leaf through minute openings or mouths, which generally existing great numbers. Thus upon an ordinary apple leaf there may be found as many as one hundred thousand of these openings.

A collection of Eskimo works of art, obtained by Assistant Superintendent Edwards of the Greenland cryolite mines, includes greenstone candle-sticks, cigar holders, ash-receivers, anchors, paper-weights, etc. The objects show considerable skill, though the Eskimo's having no use for ornamental art, they were made to sell to Danish rulers.

A Lyons anatomist has examined the skeletons of eighty-six monkeys—chimpanzees, gorillas and orang-outangs—and has found diseases of the bone to be as frequent as in man, and of a strikingly similar character. There were several cases of ephiphyses, five of fracture, five of deformed joints, and eight of ossification. Fractured bones had knitted together perfectly.

The recent improvement made in photography and its use in astronomy has proved most valuable to the study of that science. A dry plate can be exposed for a suitable length of time in the telescope, and the image thus obtained will contain the details of a nebula, even where the amount of light would be imperceptible to the naked eye, thus producing an image far more useful and accurate than could ever be obtained by a drawing.

Engraving on metal is now carried to a wonderful pitch of excellence, but according to accounts from Russia further remarkable strides are being made in the art in that country. A Russian electrician is said to have devised a process of photographing and engraving on metals by means of electricity, by which the etching method is entirely dispensed with. The process has been patented, and the electrician is understood to be about to take a trip abroad for the purpose of disposing of his invention.

A Submarine Forest.

For a long while past many settlers on the East coast have labored under the impression that at a portion of the Bay of Pleaty, opposite to Whakatane, a forest of totara is actually growing under the sea. It has been pointed out in our columns that the so-called trees were probably only a variety of coral, known as horn coral, which grows in a branchy form, that the Maoris and settlers might mistake for a submarine forest, but until July 6th we have not had an opportunity of inspecting a specimen of this submarine growth. A piece was delivered at our publishing office, with one of the tops of a branch twig tied to the upper part of the stem received.

The specimen received was divided at the lower part into three branches about thirty inches in length, and the upper twig, which had been broken off and tied on, was about eight inches in length and branched with tiny feathery sprays somewhat resembling a tree, but for all that it is only composed of horn coral, which appears to have been dead some time before being drawn to the surface. On the top of the twig was coiled in graceful folds a good sized starfish, and all along the branches of the coral were clustered a large number of ascidians, a species of small jelly fish. There were also several shellfish belonging to the crenetta, together with several barnacles, and at least one species of annelid. A good specimen of the starfish are not easy to be obtained we have handled the coral tree, together with all the creatures clustered upon it, over to Mr. Cheeseman of the museum, where it will be prepared for exhibition.—*New Zealand Herald.*

Another Myth Smashed.

One after another all our cherished myths are exploded. The Colossus of Rhodes is now smashed by two distinguished iconoclasts. M. Bartholdi goes at the great brazen statue of antiquity with his hammer and chisel because it is alleged to be bigger than the statue of Liberty which overlooks our harbor, and which the designer thereof does not mean shall be overlooked when gigantic works of that kind in ancient, modern or mythical history are talked of. And no New Yorker will be brought to believe that the ancient Rhodians ever looked upon the like.

Next comes M. Eiffel, the engineer of the tall tower in Paris. He confesses that if the Colossus was what it is claimed to have been neither he nor any other modern engineer could have set it up. Therefore—and the logic is complete—no such Colossus was constructed. It is absurd to say that those old, ignorant heathens, without steam or any of our modern engineering appliances, could have accomplished what our great modern engineers and architects have done.

And yet there are evidences here and there on the face of the earth—the Pyramids, Stonehenge, the obelisks, the Colosseum, the immense architecture of Egypt and Greece, the "Roman remains" in the way of aqueducts and roads—which are realities that there were engineers, architects, designers and sculptors even before the days of MM. Eiffel and Bartholdi, and possibly that they possessed marvelous mechanical means which now are among the lost arts."—*New York Advertiser.*

The Basis of Weights and Measures.

British weights and measures—those now in use in the United States—are based upon the weight of a cubic inch of distilled water, which Parliament, in the reign of George IV., decided to be 252,-458 grains. Recent experiments show that a cubic inch of water at the temperature of maximum density equals 252,-286 standard grains. On this account scientists are urging the readjustment of the gallon, bushel, etc.—*St. Louis Republic.*

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The March of Christ Through the Centuries."

TEXT: "*On His head were many crowns.*"—Revelations xix., 12.

May your ears be alert and your thoughts concentrated and all the powers of your soul aroused while I speak to you of "the march of Christ through the centuries." You say, "Give us, then, a good start in rooms of vermilion and on floors of mosaic and amid corridors of porphyry and under canopies dyed in all the splendors of the setting sun." You can have no such starting place. At the time our Chieftain was born there were castles on the beach of Galilee and palaces at Jerusalem and imperial bathrooms at Jericho and obelisks at Cairo and the Pantheon at Rome, with its Corinthian portico and its sixteen granite columns, and the Parthenon at Athens, with its glistening coronet of temples, and there were mountains of fine architecture in many parts of the world, but none of them was to be the starting place of the Chieftain I celebrate.

A cow's stall, a winter month, an atmosphere in which are the moan of camels, and the baaing of sheep, and the barking of dogs, and the rough banter of host-dries. He takes His first journey before He could walk. Armed desperadoes, with hands of blood, were ready to snatch Him down into butchery. Rev. William H. Thompson, the veteran and beloved missionary, whom I saw this last month in Denver, in his eighty-sixth year, has described, in his volumes entitled, "The Land and the Book," Bethlehem as he saw it.

Winter before last I walked up and down the gray hills of Jura limestone on which the village now rests. The fact that King David had been born there, had not during ages elevated the village into any special attention. The other fact that it was the birthplace of our Chieftain did not keep the place in after years from special dishonor, for Hadrian built there the Grove of Adonis, and for one hundred and eighty years the religion observed there was the most abhorrent debauchery the world has ever seen. Our Chieftain was considered dangerous from the start. The world had put suspicious eyes upon Him because at the time of His birth the astrologers had seen stellar commotions—a world out of its place and shooting down toward a caravansary. Star divination was a science. As late as the Eighteenth century it had its votaries. At the Court of Catherine de Medici it was honored.

Kepler, one of the wisest philosophers that the world ever saw, declared it was a true science. As late as the reign of Charles II., Lilly, an astrologer, was called before the House of Commons in England to give his opinion as to future events. For ages the bright appearance of Mars meant war, of Jupiter, meant power, of the Pleiades, meant storms at sea. And, as history moves in circles, I do not know but that after a while it may be found that, as the moon lifts the tides of the sea and the sun affects the growth or blasting of crops, other worlds besides those two worlds may have something to do with the destiny of individuals and nations in this world.

I do not wonder that the commotions in the heavens excited the wise men on the night our Chieftain was born. As He came from another world and after thirty-three years was again to exchange worlds, it does not seem strange to me that astronomy should have felt the effect of His coming. And instead of being unbelieving at hearing the star that stopped I wonder that all the worlds in the heavens did not that Christmas night make some special demonstration. Why should they leave to one world or meteor the bearing of the news of the humanization of Christ? Where was Mars that night that it did not indicate the mighty wars that were to come between righteousness and iniquity? Where was Jupiter that night that it did not celebrate omnipotence incarnated? Where was the Pleiades that night that they did not announce the storms of persecution that would assail our Chieftain?

In watching this march of Christ through the centuries, we must not walk before Him or beside Him, for that would not be reverential or worshipful. So we walk behind Him. We follow Him while not yet in His teens, up a Jerusalem terrace, to a building six hundred feet long and six hundred feet wide, and under the hovering splendor of gateways, and by a pillar crowned with capital chiseled into the shape of flowers and leaves, and along by walls of beveled masonry and near a marble screen, until a group of white-haired philosophers and theologians gather around Him, and then the boy bewilders and confounds and overwhelms these scholarly septuagenarians with questions they can not answer, and under His quick whys and whfors and hows and whens they pull their white beards with embarrassment and rub their wrinkled foreheads in confusion, and, putting their staffs hard down on the marble floor as they arise to go, they must feel like chiding the boldness that allows twelve years of age to ask seventy-five years of age such puzzlers.

Out of this building we follow Him into the Quarantania, the mountain of temptation, its side to this day black with robbers' dens. Look! Up the side of this mountain come all the forces of perdition to effect our Chieftain's capture. But although weakened by forty days and forty nights of abstinence, He hurls all Pandemonium down the rocks, suggestive of how He can hurl into helplessness all our temptations. And now we climb right after Him up the tough sides of the "Mount of Beatitudes," and on the highest pulpit of rocks, the Valley of Hattin before Him, the Lake of Galilee to the right of Him; the Mediterranean sea to the left of Him, and He preaches a sermon that yet will transform the world with its appied sentiment. Now we follow our Chieftain on Lake Galilee. We must, and all the great Italian and German and Spanish and French artists have attempted to paint, and Bossuet and Masillon and George Whitefield and Thomas Chalmers have attempted to preach.

Something of its overwhelming awfulness you may estimate from the fact that the sun which shines in the heavens could not endure it; the sun which unflinchingly looked upon the deluge that drowned the world, which without blinking looked upon the ruins of earthquakes which swallowed Lisbon and Caracas, and has looked unblanched on the battlefields of Arbela, Blenheim, Megiddo and Esirasdon, and all the scenes of carnage that have ever scolded and drenched the earth with human gore—that sun could not look upon the scene. The sun dropped over its face a veil of cloud. It withdrew. It hid itself. It said to the midnight, "I resign to thee this spectacle upon which I have no strength to gaze; thou art blind. O midnight and for that reason I commit to thee this tragedy!" Then the nighthawk and the bat flew by, and the jackal howled in the ravines.

Now we follow our Chieftain as they carry His limp and lacerated form amid the flowers and trees of a garden, the gladiolus, the oleanders, the lilies, the geraniums, the mandrakes, down five or six steps to an aisle of granite, where He sleeps. But only a little while He sleeps there, for there is an earthquake in all that region, leaving the rocks to this day in their aslant and ruptured state declarative of the fact that something extraordinary there happened. And we see our Chieftain arousing from His brief slumber and wrestle down the ruffian Death, who would keep Him imprisoned in that cavern, and put both heels on the monster, and, coming forth with a cry that will not cease to be echoed until on the great resurrection day the door of the lost sepulcher shall be unhinged and flung clanging into the debris of demolished cemeteries.

Now we follow our Chieftain to the shoulder of Mount Olivet, and without wings He rises, the disciples clutching for His robes too late to reach them, and across the great gulfs of space with one bound He gains that world which for thirty-three years had been denied His companionship, and all heaven lifted a shout of welcome as He entered, and of coronation as up the mediatorial throne He mounted. It was the greatest day heaven had ever seen. They had Him back again from tears, from wounds, from ills, from a world that never appreciated Him to a world in which He was the chief delight. In all the libretto of celestial music it was hard to find an anthem enough conjubilant to celebrate the joy saintly, seraphic, arch-angelic, deific.

But still we follow our Chieftain in His march through the centuries, for invisibly He still walks the earth, and by the eye of faith we still follow Him. We can tell where He walks by the churches, and hospitals, and reformatory institutions, and houses of mercy that spring up along the way. I hear His tread in the sick room and in the abodes of bereavement. He marches on and the nations are gathering around Him. The islands of the sea are hearing His voice. The continents are feeling His power. America will be His! Europe will be His! Asia will be His! Africa will be His! Australia will be His! New Zealand will be His! All the earth will be His! Do you realize that until now it was impossible for the world to be converted? Not until very recently has the world been found.

The Bible talks about "the ends of the earth" and the "uttermost parts of the world" as being saved, but not until now have the "ends of the earth" been discovered, and not until now have the "uttermost parts of the world" been revealed. The navigator did his work, the explorer did his work, the scientist did his work, and now for the first time since the world has been created has the world been known, measured off and geographized, the lost, hidden and unknown tract has been mapped out, and now the work of evangelization will be begun with an earnestness and velocity as yet unimagined. The steamships are ready; the lightning express trains are ready; the printing presses are ready; the telegraph and telephone lines are ready, millions of Christians are ready and now see Christ marching on through the centuries. Marching on! Marching on!

One by one governments will fall into line and constitutions and literatures will adore His name. More honored and worshiped is He in this year of 1891 than at any time since the year one, and the day hastens when all nations will join one procession "following the Lamb whither soever He goeth." Marching on! Marching on!

This dear old world whose back is seen scourged, whose eyes have been blinded, whose heart has been wrung, will yet rival heaven. This planet's torn robe of pain and crime and dementia will come off and the white and spotless and glittering robe of holiness and happiness will come on. The last wound will have stung for the last time; the last grief will have wiped its last tear; the last criminal will have repented of his last crime and our world that has been a straggler among worlds, a lost star, a wayward planet, a rebellious globe, a miscreant satellite, will hear the voice that uttered childish plaint in Bethlehem and agonized prayer in Gethsemane and dying groan on Golgotha, and from ocean to ocean, "Come," our world will return from its wandering never again to stray. Marching on! Marching on!

Then this world's joy will be so great that other worlds besides heaven may be glad to rejoice with us. By the aid of powerful telescopes, year by year becoming more powerful, mountains in other stars have been discovered and chasms and volcanoes and canals, and the style of atmospheres, and this will go on, and mightier and mightier telescopes will be invented until I should not wonder we will be able to exchange signals with other planets. And as I have no doubt other worlds are inhabited, for God would not have built such magnificent world houses to have them stand without tenants or occupants, in the final joy of earth's redemption all astronomy I think will take part, we signaling other worlds and they in turn signaling their stellar neighbors. Oh, what a day in heaven that will be when this march of Christ is finished! I know that on the cross Christ said: "It is finished," but He meant His sacrificial work was finished.

All earth and all heaven knows that evangelization is not finished, but there will come a day in heaven most rapturous. It may be after our world, which is thought to have about fifteen hundred million people shall have on its decks twice its present population, namely three thousand million souls and all redeemed, and it will be after this world shall be so damaged by conflagration that no human foot can tread its surface and no human being can breathe its air, but most certainly the day will come when heaven will be finished and the last of the twelve gates of the eternal city shall have clanged shut, never to open except for the admission of some celestial embassage returning from some other world, and Christ may strike His scarred but healed hand in emphasis on the arm of the amethystine throne and say in substance, "All My ransomed ones are gathered; the work is done; I have finished My march through the centuries."

When in 1813, after the battle of Leipsic, which decided the fate of the Nineteenth century, in some respects the most tremendous battle ever fought, the bridge down the river Incarnadine, the street choked with the wounded, the fields for miles around strewn with a dead soldiery from whom all traces of humanity had been dashed out, there met in the public square of that city of Leipsic the allied conquerors and kings who had gained the victory—the king of Prussia, the emperor of Russia, the crown prince of Sweden—followed by the chiefs of their armies. With drawn swords these monarch saluted each other and cheered for the continental victory they had together gained. History has made the scene memorable.

Greater and more thrilling will be the spectacle when the world is all conquered for the truth, and in front of the palace of heaven the kings and conquerors of all the allied powers of Christian usefulness shall salute each other and recount the struggles by which they gained the triumph, and then hand over their swords to Him who is the chief of the conquerors, crying: "Thine, oh, Christ, is the kingdom. Take the crown of victory, the crown of dominion, the crown of grace, the crown of glory." "On His head were many crowns."

PAGANINI.

This Genius Was Eccentric and Whimsical to a Great Degree.

There was undoubtedly something of the charlatan about Paganini. Thomas Moore says he constantly abused his powers; "he would play divinely, and does so sometimes for a minute or two; but then come his tricks and surprises, his bow in convulsions, and his enharmonics, like the mewings of an expiring cat." Mystery had great charms for him. For a long time he puzzled the best violinists by tuning his instrument in different ways, and as he always took particular care never to do this tuning within hearing, many of his feats on the platform appeared inexplicable and impossible. Violinists implored him unavailingly to show them how he produced his effects. He would get a little group together, begin to play, and just as he reached the difficult passage everyone longed to see done he would peer into the faces of his listeners, suddenly stop, and exclaim, "And so forth, gentlemen!" Mystery, again surrounded his repetoire. He very seldom played any other music than his own; and although he occasionally took part in a quartet or a concerto by one of the great masters, he made no effect with it. He used to say that if he played another composer's work he was obliged to arrange it to suit his peculiar style, and it was less trouble to write a piece for himself. If by any chance he did play a classical work he invariably took such liberties with it as enabled him to display his powers in his own way. Publishers sought to purchase his compositions, but he set such an exhorbitant price on them that treating with him was out of the question. No doubt he did this designedly. At his concerts he was always careful never to allow any other violinist to see his music on paper; and when he did practice, which was seldom in latter life, it was always in private. There was a strong suspicion of quackery about all this; yet, as one of his biographers has said, the extraordinary effect of his playing could have had its source only in his extraordinary genius. If genius be "the power of taking infinite pains," he certainly showed it in a wonderful degree. Fetis tells us that he was known to have tried the same passage in a thousand different ways during ten or twelve hours, and to be completely overwhelmed with fatigue at the end of the day. The word "difficulty" had no place in his vocabulary. The most intricate music of the day was but child's play to him, as a certain painter at Parma once found, much to his chagrin. The gentleman discredited the common belief that Paganini could get through the most difficult music at first sight. He possessed a valuable Cremona violin, which he offered to present to the *virtuoso* if he could perform, straight off, a manuscript concerto which he placed before him. "This instrument is yours," said he, "if you can play in a masterly manner that concerto at first sight."

"In that case, my friend," replied Paganini, "you may bid adieu to it at once," which the painter did, according to the bargain, found he had to do a few minutes later.—"*Paganiniana*," *in Cornhill.*

Thunder Storms.

A German periodical gives statistics concerning the frequency of thunder storms in various regions of the world. Java has thunder storms on the average 97 days in the year; Sumatra, 86; Hindostan, 56; Borneo, 54; the Gold Coast, 52; Rio de Janeiro, 51; Italy, 38; West Indies, 36; South Guinea, 32; Buenos Ayres, Canada, and Austria, 23; Baden, Wurtemburg, and Hungary, 22; Silesia, Bavaria, and Belgium, 21; Holland, 18; Saxony and Brandenburg, 17; France, Austria, and South Russia; 16; Spain and Portugal, 15; Sweden and Finland, 8; England and the high Swiss mountains, 9; Norway, 4; Cairo, 3. In East Turkestan, as well as in the extreme north, there are almost no thunder storms. The northern limits of the thunder storms are Cape Ogle, northern part of North America, Iceland, Novaja, Semelja and the coast of the Siberian ice sea.

Literary Wives.

"Can you recall more than a single instance where a man of letters married a literary wife?" asked a Chicago writer, the other day. "Browning? Yes. I know another instance which comes pretty near it, I do not think the fact is generally known, but James Whitcomb Riley, in the early days of his literary career, was a most ardent admirer of Ella Wheeler, the poetess of passion, and a favored suitor for her hand. Both of the young people were poor, however, and neither had attained a national reputation at that time, although both had written some very charming specimens of verse. I do not know whether Ella ever intended to marry the young Hoosier poet or not, but I do know that young Riley was nearly heart-broken when their cordial relations were sundered."—*Hearth and Hall.*

James Gordon Bennett and the Imps.

This is one of James Gordon Bennett's prime stock stories, as he relates it:

When Irving was playing in "Faust" in this country, he made it very realistic by employing a large number of supernumaries, who alternately appeared as angels and then as imps of darkness. One of the grand scenes is where the imps of darkness descend. At a signal from Mephisto the imps begin to scamper and get down below through a trap door. Many had gone down below when a big, fat, 50-cent-a-night-imp started down. He was too large for the trap door and got stuck. In vain he tried to push himself down. An Irishman in the gallery leaned forward and said:

"Thank God; hell's full!"

An Electric Pile Driver.

Electricity has been successfully applied to a pile-driving machine in putting down the foundation of an annexe to a paper mill near Paris. As the old section of the mill was provided with an electric-light plant lying idle during the day, it was decided to use the power for operating the pile-driver. An Edison motor was mounted in the lower part of the pile-driver frame and transmitted power to a chain drum fitted with the fast and loose pulleys. By means of a suitable cut-out the current could be diverted from the motor to a resistance box when power for hoisting the pile-driver was not needed. The machinery weighed 1,100 pounds, and the height of fall ranged from sixteen to twenty feet. A current of sixty-three amperes and 100 volts was employed, and the generator was about 330 feet distant. The conductor was a copper wire, 0-2 inch in diameter.—*Iron.*

The Japanese Ballot System.

Voting day in Japan presents some curious sights. The voters have to don their best garments and proceed to the voting counter, there to ballot without any parleying, as soon after 8 o'clock as possible. After casting their ballot they make a bow to the assemblage present, in which their head nearly strikes the floor, and retire as silently as they came.

Hero In Nerve.

The Indian Territory is certainly entitled to the blue ribbon for an exhibit of unadulterated nerve. Two citizens of that highly original land engaged cars and then stole horses to put in them for shipment.

SATAN is busiest when other people are resting.

Vanderbilt's

Check is no stronger in Wall street, than the word of Mr. H. G. Saunders, a prominent carpenter and builder of Auburn, N. Y., is among his fellow citizens. He says under date of Aug. 4, 1891:

"I Pin My Faith to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Whenever I see any one 'broken up,' or run down, I say 'You just take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it will bring you out all right.' In heavy work I sometimes get tired out and stiffened, but a day or two of Hood's Sarsaparilla makes me feel well. I have been subject to severe attacks of Rheumatism in my arms and chest. A very few doses of

Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of the last one, when suffering intensely."

He Had a Grievance.

In Boston, says *Art in Advertising*, lives a gentleman whose name the whole country has been made familiar with in advertisements of "——'s $0 shoe." Now, this gentleman belongs to the Boston —— Club, an organization having among its members another man of the same name, but differing from him in this respect, that his aristocratic tendencies considerably exceed his financial strength—so much so, in fact, that every month his name appeared on the bulletin-board as posted for dues, etc. This very much provoked the moneyed man, whose friends lost no opportunity of twitting him on the fact that he was behind in his payments; and so he wrote to the gentleman really at fault to this effect: "I am tired of seeing my name displayed all over the bulletin-board, and will give you choice of one or two things; you must either resign from the club or allow me to pay your dues every month." To which our swell friend replied: "I am tired of seeing my name displayed all over the country on $0 shoes, and will give you one of two things to choose from; you can either resign from the club or go to h——l."

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

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

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 them direct. Send four two cent stamps for samples of their eight, ten and twelve cent. grades.

In a lifetime of eighty years the human heart beats 3000,000,000 times, an average of seventy beats a minute.

J. S. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Gold is shipped abroad in kegs.

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.

Only six horses have ever trotted twenty miles within one hour.



COPYRIGHT 1891

A woman who can see.

She's the woman who gets well. It's the woman who *won't* see and won't believe who has to suffer.

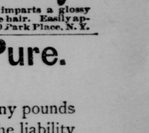
And it's needless. There's a medicine—a legitimate medicine—that's made to stop woman's suffering and cure woman's ailments. It's Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's purely vegetable and perfectly harmless—a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, imparting vigor and strength to the whole system. For periodical pains, weak back, bearing-down sensations, nervous prostration, and all "female complaints," it's a positive remedy. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

No other medicine for women is *guaranteed*, as this is. If it fails to give satisfaction, in any case, the money paid for it is refunded. You pay only for the good you get. On these terms it's the *cheapest*.

But more than that, it's the *best*.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Applied into Nostrils is Quickly Absorbed. Cleanses the Head. Heals the Sores and Cures

CATARRH. Restores Taste and Smell, quickly. Relieves Cold in Head and Headache. 50c. at Druggists. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.



YOU NEED NOT FEAR that people will know your hair is dyed if you use that perfect imitation of nature,

Tutt's Hair Dye

No one can detect it. It imparts a glossy color and fresh