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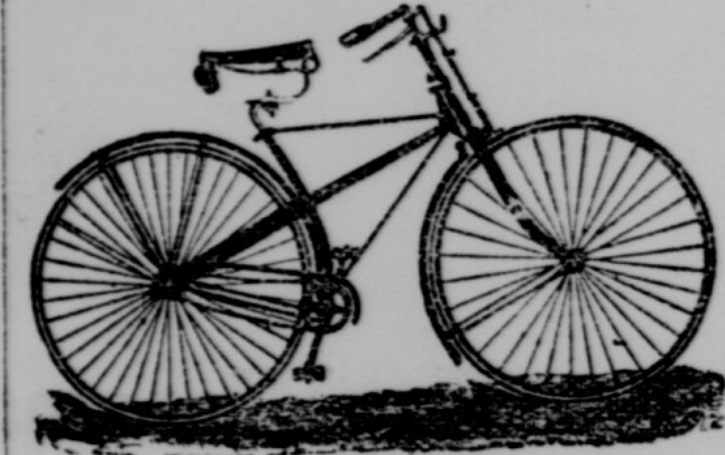

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# TRADE'S INDICATOR.

## Decline of Activity in All General Lines of Distribution.

### Bank Clearings Improved—Big Decline in the Amount of Wheat Exports—Business Failures.

Rather less activity in general lines of distribution than had been expected continues to be reported in special telegrams to *Bradstreet's*, although, particularly at the West and Northwest, there is a good deal of confidence displayed that the receipt of orders will soon meet all anticipations.

Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, and San Francisco report, relatively, the greatest degree of activity in staple lines. Farmers' sales of produce in Central Western Southwestern, and some Western States are beginning to show in improved mercantile collections.

The greatest degree of activity continues in groceries and provisions, except lard, (which is dull), tobacco (with advancing prices), clothing, hats, shoes, and hardware. Warm weather has checked sales at Kansas City. In Nebraska rains have prepared the soil for Fall planting. Colder weather will stimulate general trade greatly. New Orleans reports Louisiana yields of rice and sugar will be less than expected.

BANK CLEARINGS IMPROVED.

September bank clearings reflect an improved tone of business, and in enlarged volume of speculation. For the first time this year a month's total clearings show a gain over the corresponding month a year ago. Total clearings at fifty-seven cities in September were $5,279,193,525, a gain over last year of 5.6 per cent.

Reports to *Bradstreet's* of mercantile failures throughout the United States during nine months of the current year show a total of 8866, against 7538 in the first nine months of 1890. The aggregate liabilities of failing traders are $138,811,510, against $92 541,950. The increase of number of failures is 17 per cent. and liabilities 50 per cent.

WHEAT EXPORTS DECLINE.

Exports of wheat from the United States, both coasts, have declined sharply, aggregating (with flour as wheat) only 3,405,982 bushels, against 4,711,000 bushels the week before, and 6,974,000 bushels in the preceding week. In the concluding week of September for three preceding years like exports did not vary much from 1,600,000 bushels.

Exports from the United States ports and Montreal this week were 3,759,091 bushels; in the like week, 1890, a little more that 40 per cent. as much, and for fourteen weeks exports (wheat and flour) aggregate 58,632,000 bushels, against 25,777,000 bushels (from United States and Canada) in fourteen weeks of 1890, 26,518 000 bushels (from the United States only) in 1889, 31,767,000 bushels in 1888 and 50,324,000 bushels in a like portion of 1887.

Exprots of wheat from California are checked, and visible stocks there accumulate. Shipments of wheat by farmers West and Northwest are falling off, and interest revives as to the extent they may carry such restriction. For the first quarter of the current cereal year available stocks of wheat have increased net 19,753,000 bushels (both coasts), as contrasted with an increase of only 3,074,000 bushels in the corresponding portion of 1890.

## MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, super, $3.20@3.40. Wheat—Southern Fultz, 99@1.00 Corn—Southern White, 68@70c., Yellow, 69@70c. Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania 34@34½c. Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 85@89c. Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania $12.50@13.00. Straw—Wheat, $7.00@7.50. Butter—Eastern Creamery, 24@25c. near-by receipt 15@16c. Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 10¼@10½c., Western, 8@9½c. Eggs—19@20c. Tobacco, Leaf-Interior $1.00@1.50 Good Common, $4.00@5.00, Middling, $6.00@8.00, Good to fine red, $9.00@11.00. Fancy, $12.00@13.00.

NEW YORK—Flour—Southern Good to choice extra, $3.65@4.25. Wheat—No. 1 White 1.02¼@1.02½. Rye—State 93@94c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 60@61½c. Oats—White, State 33½@34c. Butter—State, 15@23c. Cheese—State, 7@9½c. Eggs—20@21c.

PHILADELPHIA — Flour — Pennsylvania Fancy, $4.25@4.80. Wheat, Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 1.03@1.03½. Rye—Pennsylvania, 90@95c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 61½@62½c. Oats—33@33½c. Butter—State, 24½@25c. Cheese—New York Factory, 10@10½c. Eggs—State, 21@22c.

CATTLE.

BALTIMORE—Beef—$4.50@4.75. Sheep—$3.50@4.75. Hogs—$4.50@5.00.

NEW YORK—Beef—$4.00@5.40. Sheep—$3.50@4.62½. Hogs—5.00@5.80.

EAST LIBERTY—Beef—$4.75@5.00. Sheep—$4.00@5.00. Hogs—$5.40@5.50.

### In a Quicksand.

Says a locomotive engineer: "I once had an interesting experience with a quicksand. My engine ran off a low bridge near River Bend, about 100 miles east of Denver, and fell into a small creek filled with quicksands. A wrecking train came up in a few hours, but the engine had entirely disappeared. The railroad officials ordered it to be raised, but it could not be found. We sounded with rods to a depth of over sixty feet, but not a trace did we discover of the engine, which had vanished as completely as if it had never existed.

"Four years afterward it was found at a depth of over 100 feet and was raised. We then ascertained that there was scarcely a bit of rust on it, the breaks were few, and, after a little tinkering, it was put upon the road again. The sand had kept out the air and prevented the iron from oxidizing.—*New York Tribune.*

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# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

## The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

**Subject: "Why Was I Born."**

TEXT: "*To this end was I born.*"—John xviii., 37.

After Pilate had suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone, and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and removed to Lausanne and put into a deeper pool, which immediately became the centre of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man when he was in full life and power that Christ was arraigned as in a court of oyer and terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner, "Art Thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered, "To this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep Him down, He is to-day empalaced, enthroned and coronated king of earth and king of heaven. "To this end was I born." That is what He came for and that was what He accomplished.

By the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny; but by the time he or she reaches fifteen years of age the question is on the child's lips: "What am I to be? What am I going to be? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep on asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man or the young woman can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expansive scale, "To this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's, and having a floor of precious stones, and arches that must have taxed the brain of the greatest draftsman to design, and walls scrolled and niched and paneled and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for, and you answered, "For nothing at all," how could I believe you?

And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no purpose, and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out what you are made for, and help you to find your sphere, and assist you in that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph, "To this end was I born."

First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage or grandparentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line, and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you today. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine or melancholic or bilious or lymphatic or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Dnieper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, nor the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help, or about circumstances that you did not decree.

Take things as they are and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say, "To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why He is the only one who can tell? Because He can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be eighty years off. And, besides that, He is the only Being who can see what has been happening for the last five hundred years in your ancestral line and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of six thousand years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and He is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions.

The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves without any imploration of divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences. While there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions, or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow handle, or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's "Commentaries," or your medical dictionary, or your Dr. Dick's "Didactic Theology," saying, "For this end was I born."

There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer called out, "Bring me a telescope!" And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates, or on paper, ships or houses or birds, and you know they are to be draftsmen or artists of some kind. And you find others cyphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plow and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jackknives or balls or bats and making something by the bargain, and they are going to be merchants.

When Abbe de Rance had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at twelve years of age, there was no doubt left that he was intended for a scholar. But in almost every lad there comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God only can decide. Then there are those born for some especial work, and their fitness does not develop until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study the ministry, Dr. Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow, an eminent clergyman and Christian scientist—his books standard now, though he had been dead over two hundred years—was the disheartenment of his father, who used to say that if it pleased God to take any of his children away he hoped it might be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for their stupidity in boyhood or girlhood have turned out the mightiest benefactors or benefactresses of the human race.

These things being so, am I not right in saying that in many cases God only knows what is the most appropriate thing for you to do, and He is the One to ask. And let all parents and all schools and all universities and all colleges recognize this, and a large number of those who spent their best years in stumbling about among businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that, and failing in all, would be able to go ahead with a definite, decided and tremendous purpose, saying, "To this end was I born."

But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and say to yourself, "Here is something good being done, yet on a small scale;" but if you go into a factory covering many acres, and you find thousands of bands pulling on thousands of wheels, and shuttles flying, and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water, or steam, or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only one nerve, if you could see but could not hear, or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and, as to your higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty, and you had memory but no judgment, or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I would say not much is expected of you.

But stand up, O man, let me look you squarely in the face! Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything. Mind with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than Corliss engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe, except heaven, and will outlive all heaven if the life of other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect from you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and He makes nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did He build your body, mind and soul as they are built?

There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of $500,000 a year, and turning out goods worth seventy cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you, O man, with such semi-infinite equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness. "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God.

There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path, or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on a mount of conspicuity or in a valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell and heaven, "To this end was I born." Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip the Conqueror gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and if you wait for some caparisoned Bucephalus to ride into the conflict you will never get into the world wide fight at all. Sampson slew the Lord's enemies with the jawbone of the stupidest beast created. Shamgar slew six hundred of the Lord's enemies with an ox goad. Under God spittle cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord, here is what I have. Show me the field and back me by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God."

Two men riding on horseback came to a trough to water the horses. While the horses were drinking one of the men said to the other a few words about the value of the soul, and then they rode away, and in opposite directions. But the words uttered were the salvation of the one to whom they were uttered, and he became the Rev. Mr. Champion, one of the most distinguished missionaries in heathen lands, for years wondering who did for him the Christian kindness, and not finding out until, in a bundle of books sent him to Africa, he found the biography of Brainerd Taylor and a picture of him, and the missionary recognized the face in that book as the man who, at the watering trough for horses, had said the thing that saved his soul. What opportunities you have had in the past. What opportunities you have now. What opportunities you will have in the days to come!

Put on your hat, oh, woman, this afternoon, and go in and comfort that young mother who lost her babe last summer. Put on your hat, oh, man, and go over and see that merchant who was compelled yesterday to make an assignment, and tell him of the everlasting riches remaining for all those who serve the Lord. Can you sing? Go and sing for that man who cannot get well, and you will help him into heaven. Let it be your brain, your tongue, your eyes, your ears, your heart, your lungs, your hands, your feet, your body, your mind, your soul, your life, your death, your time, your eternity for God, feeling in your soul, "To this end was I born."

It may be helpful to some if I recite my own experience in this regard. I started for the law without asking any divine direction. I consulted my own tastes. I liked lawyers and courtrooms and judges and juries, and I reveled in hearing the Frelinghuysens and the Bradleys of the New Jersey bar, and as assistant of the county clerk, at sixteen years of age, I searched titles, naturalized foreigners, recorded deeds, received the confession of judgments, swore witnesses and juries and grand juries. But after awhile I felt a call to the Gospel ministry and entered it, and I felt some satisfaction in the work. But one summer, when I was resting at Sharon Springs, and while seated in the park of that village, I said to myself, "If I have an especial work to do in the world I ought to find it out now," and with that determination I prayed as I had never before prayed, and got the divine direction, and wrote it down in my memorandum book, and I saw my life work then as plainly as I see it now.

Oh, do not be satisfied with general directions. Get specific directions. Do not shoot at random. Take aim and fire. Concentrate. Napoleon's success in battle came from his theory of breaking through the enemy's ranks at one point, not trying to meet the whole line of the enemy's force by a similar force. One reason why he lost Waterloo was because he did not work his usual theory, and spread his force out over a wide range. Oh, Christian man, oh, Christian woman, break through somewhere. Not a general engagement for God, but a particular engagement, and made in answer to prayer. If there are sixteen hundred million people in the world, then there are sixteen hundred million different missions to fulfill, different styles of work to do, different orbits in which to revolve, and if you do not get the divine direction there are at least fifteen hundred and ninety-nine million possibilities that you will make a mistake. On your knees before God get the matter settled so that you can firmly say, "To this end was I born."

And now I come to the climacteric consideration. As near as I can tell, you were built for a happy eternity, all the disasters which have happened to your nature to be overcome by the blood of the Lamb if you will heartily accept that Christly arrangement. We are all rejoiced at the increase of human longevity. People live, as near as I can observe, about ten years longer than they used to. The modern doctors do not bleed their patients on all occasions as did the former doctors. In those times if a man had a fever they bled him, if he had consumption they bled him, if he had rheumatism they bled him, and if they could not make out exactly what was the matter they bled him. Olden time phlebotomy was death's coadjutor. All this has changed.

From the way I see people skipping about at eighty years of age, I conclude that life insurance companies will have to change their table of risks, and charge a man no more premium at seventy than they used to do when he was sixty, and no more premium at fifty than when he was forty. By the advancement of medical science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the fact that people know better how to take care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what, after all, is the brevity of our earthly state? In the times when people lived seven and eight hundred years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few.

Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing he lived to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while banked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length or height. For a happy eternity you were born unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets it up, and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead.

You have examined the family Bible and explored the family records, and you may have daguerreotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to any one to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten or twenty or thirty years ago; but have you ever had a picture taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the Spirit's regenerating power? Where shall I plant the camera to take the picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its imperfect state and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed.

There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude. You are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your every day associates are the apostles and prophets, and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine or feminine, of all the centuries. The Archangel to you no embarrassment. God Himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be, and what I am sure some of you will be. If you realize that it is an imperfect picture, my apology is what the apostle John said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." "To this end was I born." If I did not think so I would be overwhelmed with melancholy.

The world does very well for a little while, eighty, or a hundred or a hundred and fifty years, and I think that human longevity may yet be improved up to that prolongation, for now there is so little room between our cradle and our grave we cannot accomplish much, but who would want to dwell in this world for all eternity! Some think this earth will finally be turned into a heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs, and through eliminations and evolutions and revolutions and transformations infinite, to make it desirable for eternal residence.

All the east winds would have to become west winds, and all the winters changed to springtides, and the volcanoes extinguished, and the oceans chained to their beds, and the epidemics forbidden entrance, and the world so fixed up that I think it would take more to repair this old world than to make an entirely new one. But I must say I do not care where heaven is if we can only get there, whether a gardenized America, or an emparadised Europe, or a world central to the whole universe. "To this end was I born." If each one of us could say that we would go with faces shining and hopes exhilarant amid earth's worst misfortunes and trials. Only a little while and then the rapture. Only a little while and then the reunion. Only a little while and then the transfiguration.

In the Seventeenth century all Europe was threatened with a wave of Asiatic barbarism, and Vienna was especially besieged. The king and his court had fled, and nothing could save the city from being overwhelmed unless the king of Poland, John Sobieski, to whom they had sent for help, should, with his army, come down for the relief; and from every roof and tower the inhabitants of Vienna watched and waited and hoped, until on the morning of September 11 the rising sun threw an unusual and unparalleled brilliancy. It was the reflection of the swords and shields and helmets of John Sobieski and his army coming down over the hills to the rescue; and that day, not only Vienna, but Europe, was saved. And see you not, oh, ye souls, besieged with sin and sorrow, that light breaks in, the swords, and the shields, and the helmets of divine rescue bathed in the rising sun of heavenly deliverance? Let everything else go rather than let heaven go. What a strange thing it must be to feel one's self born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a throne on which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth shall have gone to dust.

I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deeds to your everlasting inheritance. Through an impassioned prayer take heaven and all of its raptures. What a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place large enough and beautiful enough and grand enough for all the ransomed. Wherever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hail home of light and love and blessedness! Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there.

## THE DIVORCE EVIL.

### Its Real Root Not in Bad Laws, but Secret Administration of Good Ones.

Judge Aikens, of South Dakota, properly displeased at the bad eminence his State is attaining as a fashionable divorce mill, has made the announcement that parties to actions dissolving the matrimonial bond must hereafter fulfil the requirements of the spirit of the law as to residence, in order to obtain the relief sought.

This is a creditable dictum. The Judge does not intend to play the part of Leporello—the valuable confidential valet—to the Don Giovannis, male or female, of other States—a role which unfortunately, the judiciary of Rhode Island, in charging its conscience with the protection of New York society scandals and the assistance of immoral and illegal second marriages, has with astounding complacence adopted.

Yet Judge Aikens' elder brethren of the bench may ask him—not in mockery, though smiles may play around their severe visages as they put the question to him—how he proposes to ascertain that the parties have fulfilled those requirements. If John Aikens has the courage to follow his promise—the necessity of an uncorrupted divorce procedure—to its logical conclusion, he will answer in one sentence, By trying their cases in open court.

The divorce procedure of to-day—as every lawyer, every client, every Judge, especially every master or referee, as he may be called in different States, knows—is a sham, a mockery, and a fraud. It is so because nearly every uncontested divorce suit is obtained by collusion, which is only possible on account of the secrecy which to-day fosters the designs of the majority of suitors—the people whose only reason for divorce is that incompatibility of temperament which is bred simply of a desire to be off with the old love, if not to be on with the new.

Neither judge nor jury grants divorces to-day in most States of the Union. They are granted by a master or referee. That is to say they are granted by irresponsible members of the bar whose chief claim to exercise this highest of judicial functions is the fact of their impecuniosity. That is to say, again, the fees of a mastership not being sufficient to pay for the time and attention of lawyers in lucrative practice, the apportionment goes, except in the more important cases, to those weaker brethren of the bar whom a benignant bench is always willing to assist—at the suitors' expense. For men of this class the temptation to hurry through to a decree and a fee is apt to be a good deal stronger than the yearning in the interests of society and abstract justice for a thorough investigation which would be viewed as officious by both parties to the action. The only part which the Judge has to play in this cynical burlesque is the signing of the decree and the reading of the testimony, whose correctness as to form the counsel for the plaintiff has, of course, looked after. Witnesses are sworn, but the difference between the sanctity of an oath in a lawyer's back office and the sanctity of an oath in open court is something that takes the mind a good way into geometrical progression to calculate.

Here is the great root and main stem of the divorce evil. The laxity of the worst divorce laws in the United States is not responsible for one-tenth as much of the serious contempt into which the marriage tie has fallen to-day as is the secret and, therefore lax, administration of the best laws.

Perhaps the most shocking part of the whole shocking business, as far as this State is concerned, is that this precious secrecy is virtually for sale. The woman who wants an allowance of $3 a week goes to the Solicitor for the Bureau of Charities who airs her grievances in the open Desertion Court. The woman who wants $10,000 a year alimony and freedom goes to her lawyer, and for a fee is afforded the seclusion granted by the rules of the court drawn in the "interests of public morality."

The only excuse ever made for this furtive administration of the law—offering, as it does, every chance, and nearly every chance is accepted, to a maladministration which is undermining the strongest prop of social order is that intangible thing above quoted, the "interests of public morality." It is taken for granted by the charitable bench that the public press is seeking filth for filth's sake. Yet, if it were so, it would not have to go to the open divorce court for it. It abounds in the police courts, and is there for the most part untouched by the newspapers. It is only because the bench guards filth as if the judicial sink were a Golconda that the value of filth as news cannot be completely overlooked.

But the real reason is, after all, not unlike the reason of Leporello. The ladder is held for Don Giovanni because he is a gentleman of undoubted standing, the best connection, and, except for these little lapses, the best of characters. It would be a shame to disgrace his and other excellent families by blazoning his faults to the world.

But Judge Aikens will not keep Don Giovanni out of South Dakota until he erects on the State line the barrier of an open divorce court.—*Philadelphia Press.*

### A Waterloo Hero.

A farm-house, with an orchard surrounded by a thick hedge, formed a most important point in the British position at Waterloo, and was ordered to be held against the enemy at any sacrifice. The hottest of the battle raged around this point, but the English behaved well, and beat back the French again and again.

At last the former's powder and ball were found to be running short; at the same time the hedges surrounding the orchard took fire. A messenger was sent to the rear for more powder and ball, and in a short time two loaded wagons came galloping down to the farm-house, the gallant defenders of which were keeping up a scanty fire through the flames which surrounded the post.

The driver of the first wagon spurred his struggling horses through the burning heat, but the flames rose fiercely round and caught the powder, which exploded, sending rider, horses and wagon in fragments through the air. For one instant the driver of the second wagon paused, appalled by his comrade's fate; the next, observing that the flames, beaten back for a moment by the explosion, afforded him one desperate chance, he sent his horses at the smoldering breach, and, amid the cheers of the garrison, landed his cargo safely within.
—*New York Recorder.*

How's Your Liver
If sluggish and painful, invigorate it to healthy action by taking
Hood's Sarsaparilla

## BLESSED BLASTS.

### The Ram's Horn Gives Some Precious Truths.

LOVE never gets its growth.

THE thankful man is always rich.

A CHRISTIAN is one who obeys Christ.

GOODNESS makes all people beautiful.

THE sin that dies the hardest is pride.

THE devil never fires into his own men.

THE man who hurts himself hurts Christ.

A LIE always carries a dagger in its hand.

A SOFT answer has saved many a hard fight.

WHEN people get rich they forget how to give.

THE things we do for God keep on growing forever.

WOMAN is the best ambassador for Christ on earth.

IT is a long step toward Heaven to have a good mother.

A MOTHER'S love is the same kind of love as God's love.

SOME people never look up as long as they can stand up.

IN God's service, the man who does nothing gets nothing.

IT doesn't make a small man any bigger to lift him up.

CULTURE cannot destroy sin. All it can do is to hide it.

SINS of neglect always have bloody swords in their hands.

THE man who has no trials, has no fellowship with Christ.

WHEN you start out to save sinners don't put on your gloves.

THE devil has never been able to overload a real Christian.

THE devil loves to sit down and look at people who worry.

WHENEVER a man chooses evil he shakes hands with the devil.

NO MAN is good who behaves himself simply because he has to.

LOVE would never have to weep if it could always be understood.

THE religion of a great many people consists of a set of notions.

THE first condition of salvation is to be willing to be saved to-day.

THE temptations that overcome us are to teach us our need of Christ.

THE truth we hear amounts to nothing unless we resolve to live it.

THE only moment that any sinner may call his own is the present one.

THE devil hates the light that shines out from a Christian character.

WHENEVER a Universalist gets mad he believes there ought to be a hell.

THE devil is not afraid of the man who has nothing but powder in his gun.

IT is hard to discourage the Christian who has learned to love his enemies.

THE only joys which live and grow are those which are shared with others.

"HE will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer."

NOTHING can make us richer except that which makes us more thankful.

"WHATSOEVER ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them.

IT is as much murder to kill a man with a pill as it is to do it with a cannon ball.

THERE isn't much lifting power in the religion of the man who won't pay his debts.

"IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto His name."

GIVING man the right to pray is God's way of giving him a bank account in Heaven.

"O THAT men would praise the Lord for his wonderful works to the children of men."

PULL off the masks that people wear and nobody would know his next door neighbor.

### These Writers Were Well Paid.

The largest sum ever paid for a single novel is said to have been $200,000 to Alphonse Daudet, for "Sappho," published in 1884. Eighty thousand dollars was received by Victor Hugo for "Les Miserables" (1862), published in ten languages. Lord Beaconsfield received $60,000 each for "Endymion" and "Lothair," George Eliot received $40,000 for "Middlemarch" and Charles Dickens $37,500 for "Edwin Drood."

### Mosquito Bites.

Numerous remedies have been prescribed for mosquito bites, but a German writer says that ordinary soap is as good as any of them. He always carries a small piece with him on his country excursions and in case of a bite makes a lather on the affected part and allows it to dry on. The burning is at once relieved and all pain soon disappears. Should it return, as sometimes happens, it is only necessary to repeat the application.

A PITTSBURGH widow has had three husbands, each of whom was over six feet tall. She is a favorite with high men.

### The Paris Rag-pickers.

A curious series of statistics establishes the value of the refuse of the Paris streets. The figures seem incredible, and show that the rag-pickers discharge a duty of primary importance. Working at night, busy under the gas lights with book and panier, the value of what they collect is estimated at £2,000 each day. Assuredly one half the world does not know how the other half lives. Of course the conditions of Paris life are exceptional. Population is very close, the tall houses are crammed with inhabitants, there are gardens as with us—there are but the houses and the streets. The Parisians have a way of emptying all kinds of lumber and refuse into the streets, and then the rag-pickers gather in their harvest. A use is found for everything, and metamorphosis never ceases. All the details are interesting, though some are rather disturbing. Rags, of course, go to make paper; broken glass is pounded and serves as a coating for sand or emery paper; bones after the process of cleaning and cutting down, serve to make nail brushes, tooth brushes, and fancy buttons; little wisps of women's hair are carefully unraveled, and do duty for false hair by and by. Men's hair collected outside the barbers' serves for filters through which syrups are strained; bits of sponge are cut up and used for spirit lamps; bits of bread if dirty are toasted and grated, and sold to the restaurants for spreading on hams or cutlets; sometimes they are carbonized and made into tooth powder. Sardine boxes are cut up into tin soldiers or into sockets for candlesticks. A silk hat has a whole chapter of adventures in store for it. All this work employs a regiment of rag-pickers numbering close on 20,000, and each earning from twenty pence to half a crown a day. With all the wonders of our great cities we have nothing quite like this.

### Daniel's Boots.

The boots which Daniel Webster wore on his farm at Franklin, N. H., are owned by the New Hampshire Historical Society, and are on exhibition in a shoe store at Concord. They are of kip leather, pegged soles and heels, with square toes.

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 gilts.

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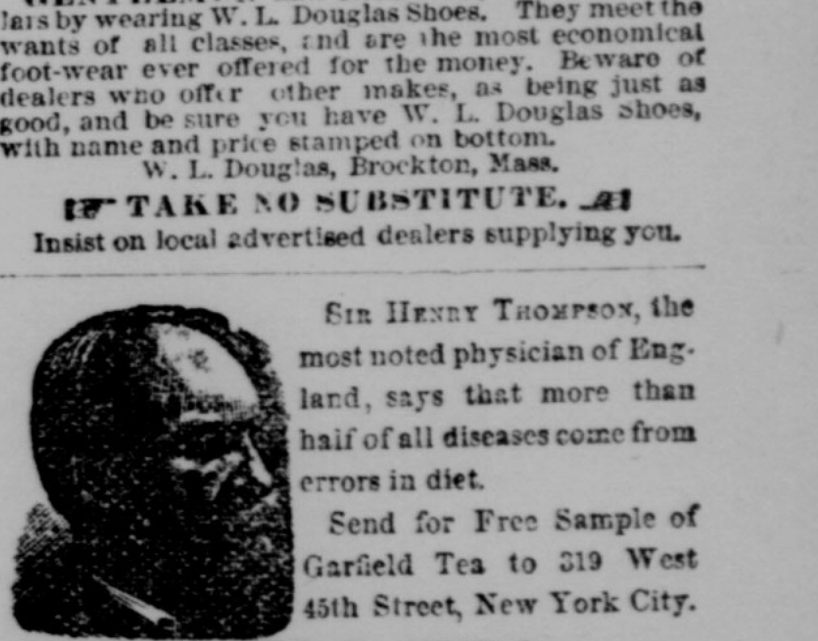

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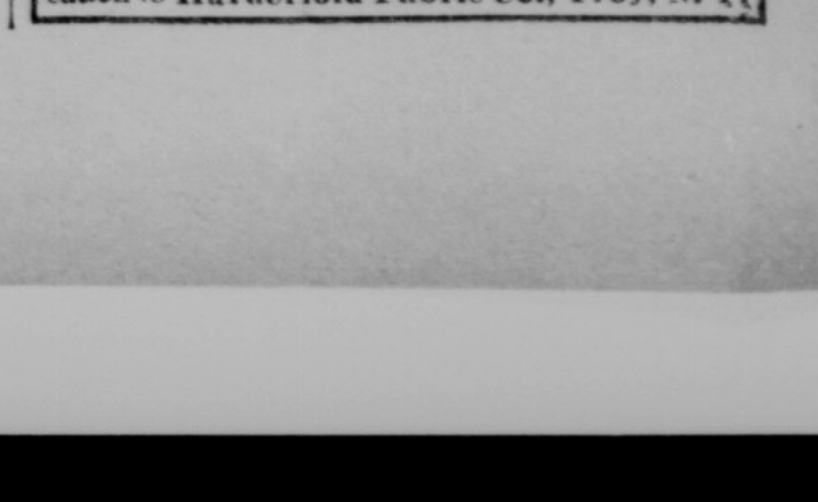

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