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, 10½@10?c., Western, 8@9½c. Eggs—19 @20c. Tobacco, Leaf-Interior $1.00@1.50 Good Common, $4.00@5.00, Middling, $8.00 @8.00, Good to finered, $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 1.02½@1.02½. Rye—State 63@64c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 60@61½c. Oats—White, State 33@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 @62c. 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.

By order of the Czar of Russia, no court balls will be given during the comming season of winter festivities. On the other hand the money usually devoted to such entertainments will be devoted to the relief of the famine sufferers.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE S. J. FIELD, who has been in poor health for some time, has so far recovered that he expects to return to the bench this month.

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 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 order will be at the owner's risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the Lowest Cash Prices Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

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ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

HERBERT SPENCER is a man of medium stature, with pink and white cheeks and kind gray eyes.

MISS MILDRED CURTIS LEE, second daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, is visiting friends in New York.

THE Princess of Wales has become an adept in amateur photography. She carries about a detective camera.

GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL will attend the reunion of the Twenty-fifth Iowa Infantry at Burlington next week.

LORD LYTTON'S health is said to be seriously compromised, and he thinks of resigning his post as Ambassador to France.

BARON NATHAN DE ROTHSCHILD'S hobby is photography. He commences his pleasure each day at 6 A. M., and transfixes many a family scene and view.

THE late Archbishop Magee once lamented that the law of progress in church ritual compelled him to walk in processions, and even to stand in a cold north wind while the choir sang "O Paradise, O Paradise."

"CARTER HARRISON, of Chicago, who could not get a nomination as either Mayor or Governor, now aspires to the still higher post of newspaper editor," remarks the New York Tribune.

IT IS understood that M. P. Curran, formerly assistant appraiser of the port and now on the staff of Hon. P. Maguire's Republic, and will have editorial charge of the Boston Post under the coming management of Mr. Grozier.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE and Mrs. Grimwood are among the few women entitled to wear the Royal Red Cross, and to these has been added Mrs. Bond, of Chicago, who won the honor by her heroism as a nurse in the Zulu and Egyptian wars.

CHARLES A. PEABODY, JR., William W. Astor's counsel and agent, says that Mr. Astor has requested him to deny the newspaper reports that he is to give up his citizenship and reside in London permanently. He may return to New York this Autumn and he may not come back for three years.

MISS NELLIE HAYDEN, of Denver invested $400 in real estate in that city through the influence of friends. She was then a saleswoman in a Boston dry goods house. She sold her property, reinvested her profits in suburban property and is now worth $10,350,00. What an opportunity for a young man out of funds!

MISS BEDIAH EDWARDS, the English novelist, is credited with strong and unusual opinions upon several subjects. She does not eat meat, is an advocate of cremation, thinks "The Scarlet Letter" the finest novel of the century, and dislikes Ibsen and Tolstoi. She is a cousin of Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist.

THE Princess Ludwig, of Bavaria, gave birth a few days ago to her thirteenth child. Twelve of her children are living. The Princess is the daughter of Duke Ferdinand, of Modena, and an Archduchess of Austria. She was born in 1849 and was married in 1868. No other royal princess in Europe is the mother of so many children as this popular Bavarian lady.

KING OSCAR, of Sweden, is much distressed over the bad health of Queen Sophia and the Crown Princess Victoria. The Crown Princess has not been strong for several years. Her trouble is pulmonary, and it obliges her to pass many months every year in the South. She is the daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden.

GOVERNOR HOVEY of Indiana, Senator Voorhees, General Lew Wallace and others, will leave Indianapolis next month for Mexico, in which country they will spend several weeks. On their way home they will visit some of the famous Southern battlefields.

Quelled the Panic.

"I was in Rochester Monday evening," said a traveling man to a Utica *Observer* reporter, "and attended one of the theaters. Between the acts some fool in the gallery yelled 'fight,' and another fool in the dress-circle at once yelled 'fire.' There was an instant panic, and had it not been for a dozen cool-headed men and the fact that the orchestra kept right along playing there would have been a terrible scene. As it was several ladies fainted and men and women rushed over the back of the seats to the door as though they were daft.

"But there was one incident that I shall never forget as long as I live. A tall gentleman about 50 years of age stepped upon his seat and drew a revolver from his pocket. In a voice that could be heard for some distance around him he said:

"'There is no fire, and I shall be tempted to shoot the first man that tries to rush out of here and possibly trample upon women and children. I mean just what I say, and when the excitement cools down if anybody will point out the miscreant that raised the cry of fire I will give the gentleman $50 for his trouble, and agree to whip the scoundrel who raised the false alarm within five minutes or forfeit another fifty.'

"Then he stood there as quietly as if nothing had disturbed him, and the people who heard him knew by his looks that he meant business, and would do just what he said. 'Good for you!' called a half-dozen voices, and the people in that section sat very quietly during the several minutes of terrible excitement that prevailed all over the crowded house. When order had been restored the gentleman resumed his seat and enjoyed the play."

Not to Be Taught.

Many a many who has reached the topmost round in his profession finds himself absolutely unable to communicate the secret of greatness to another.

William Hunt, the celebrated artist, found it impossible to explain his manner of working so that others could benefit by his experience.

One day a lady who painted fruit very successfully obtained an introduction to him for the purpose of asking his advice in regard to her work. She had no doubt that he could formulate some prineiple, or volunteer such scientific informatiqn as would be of use to her.

To her astonishment, Mr. Hunt told her that he could do nothing of the kind, adding quaintly:

"The only thing you can do is to fudge it out."

She then asked if he knew Mr. ——, a successful artist.

"To be sure I do," said he. "Of course I do. Well, he has fudged it out. We must all fudge it out. There is no other way than fudging it out."

He well knew the process of such independent effort, for he was one of the men who,

while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

His own patience was almost boundless, and it would never have occurred to him that any lover of good work might shrink from doing even a bit of seemingly unimportant detail over and over again.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Boss of Bad Axe.

A Detroit drummer was standing in front of a store in Bad Axe one day last week, talking with the proprietor, when a fairly respectable-looking man passed along on the other side of the street.

"Do you see that man over there?" asked the merchant.

"Yes; what of him?"

"Well, he used to be the Grand Mogul of this whole town; bossed everybody and everything, and had it all his own way."

"And doesn't he any more?" inquired the drummer.

"Not much, he doesn't."

"What's the matter? Lost his money?"

"No."

"Downed politically?"

"No."

"Moral catastrophe?"

"No."

"Well, what in thunder's the matter?"

"Got married about two years ago. See that tall gangliu' woman crossin' the street to meet him? That's her," and the merchant drew a long breath with a whistle to it.—*Free Press.*

A Car Hotelkeeper.

The most autocratic hotelkeeper in the world is in Orland, Colusa County. I was preparing to go out one night, when he said to me:

"Be back before 9 o'clock."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because, I go to bed at that time, and if you are not back you won't get in, that's all."

"Give me my key," I said. "I won't stop in such a hotel."

"Oh, ho! you won't, won't you? Where else are you going? There is no other hotel in this here town, no other stable and no other store. You can't buck agin me. You be back, now, by 8:30 p. m."

I looked at the old brute, and concluded I had better stay. I sat down and he came around and affably questioned me.

"Look here," I said, "I have to stay in your hotel, but I don't want to be bothered with you. So keep your questions to yourself."

"I've half a mind to tell you to leave. Can't I speak to a man in my own house?"—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

LADY MACDONALD, the widow of the Canadian Premier, will hereafter be known as the Countess Earnscliffe, her title having its source in her late husband's handsome country-seat. The Countess is thoroughly posted in the politics of the Dominion, and it has been due as much to her tact, wit, and accomplishments as to her position that she has been the leader of society in the Canadian capital.

"THAT man has more cheek than any one I know." "Well, that isn't strange. He sleeps on a brass bedstead every night."

Young But Observant.

Buffinch—And so Aunt Edith took you with her up into the choir, did she Johnny?

Johnny (who has some difficulty with his g's)—Yes, I sat up all amon' the sin'ers.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Sword of Eleazar."

TEXT: "*And His hand clave unto the sword.*"—II Samuel xxiii., 10.

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole battalion with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host, "Fall back!" Eleazar having swept the field throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was embedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop his sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it. I propose to show you this morning how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. Two cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword.

Oh, my friends, in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two-edged sword of the truth. It makes me sad to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is released it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, and wound this way and that way, but it always springs back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written eighteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this book is more than twenty thousand copies every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely preserved and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the store, or the shop, or the factory, or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible; but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip, hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life and heaven.

I see hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men in this audience. Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This book is the friend of all that is good and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in a cell of a western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be there, 'I am an infidel,'" and the eloquent writer says, "Every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say, "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar.'" This Bible is the sworn enemy of all this wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on to it. Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say, "I guess it is, I don't know; perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't; perhaps it may be figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." That is the sort of religion they call the Apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the Maker of heaven and earth, and in the nothingness which Christ and which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, ascended to nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen." That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy catholic church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for rigatousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth, the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was cutting through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go even so deeply into the palm of his hand it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." Oh, my brothers and sisters, let us go into Christian conflict with the spirit of self abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation, or abuse or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazer did not think whether he had a hand or an arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in wordly achievement. We have often seen men who in order to achieve worldly success will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacles. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American Revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anæsthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him and he said, "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor drowned a note while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that while the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation?

We know what men accomplish under wordly opposition. Men do not shrink back from antagonism or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but so one of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ! How many Christians there are that go around saying, "Oh, my hand, my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas?

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Then they were dashed down to death! Oh, how much others have endured for Christ and how little we endure for Christ! We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping-car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint, and all the bandages, and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazer does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword the sword took hold of him. Oh, we have found an enemy who cannot be conquered by rose water and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there is gambling, and there is lust, and there are ten thousand battalions of iniquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right names.

We have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Gergashites, and let these people go, and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Ahabs here. Herods here. Jezebels here. The massacre of the infants here. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian church to-day. The whole tendency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining on it until we send apologetic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white palfrey under embroidered housing, putting the spurs only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender.

Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done! Churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshiper if he will not please to say "amen" and "hallelujah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers, when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticise our sermons, or criticise our prayers, or criticise our religious work that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "And his hand clave unto the sword."

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eliazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb; but no sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword." But after a while they were successful, then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words are, "A minister without charge." They were an heroic race. They had small salaries and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments. But they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer meeting, or occasional pulpit, or a sick room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

I had in my parish in Philadelphia a very aged man, who in his early life had been the companion and adviser of the early Presidents, Madison and Monroe. He had wielded vast influence, but I only knew him as a very aged man. The most remarkable thing about him was his ardor for Christ. When he could not stand up in the meeting without propping he would throw his arms around a pillar of the church, and though his mind was partially gone his love for Christ was so great that all were in deep respect and profound admiration, and were moved when he spoke. I was called to see him die. I entered the room, and he said, "Mr. Talmage, I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. He said, "I must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for heaven." And then in this pleasant delirium, both arms lifted, this octogenarian preached Christ and told of the glories of the world to come. There, lying on his dying pillow, his dying hand clave to his sword.

Oh, if there ever was anyone who had a right to retire from the conflict it was old Joshua. Soldiers come back from battle have the names of the battles on their flags, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a very appropriate inscription. Look at the flag of old General Joshua! On it Jericho, Gibson, Hazar, City of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is, one hundred and ten years old. He is lying flat on his back but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry and a rallying cry for the Lord of Hosts as he says, "Behold, this day I go the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to fulfil his promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Ostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rolls had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is sixty-eight years of age and old and decrepit from the prison cell of the Mamertine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and describing the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that fevers his tongue? Oh, no. His last words are the battle shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

It was in the front room on the second floor that my father lay a-dying. It was Saturday morning, four o'clock. Just three years before that day my mother had left him for the skies, and he had been homesick to join her company. He was eighty-three years of age. Ministers of the Gospel came in to comfort him, but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out from his dying pillow, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." They bathed his brow, they bathed his hands, and they bathed his feet and they succeeded in straightening out the feet; but they did not succeed in bathing open the hand so it would stay open. They bathed the hand open, but it came shut. They bathed it open again, but it came shut. What was the matter with the thumb and the fingers of that old hand? Ah! it had so long clutched the sword of Christian conflict that "his hand clave unto the sword."

I preach this sermon as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with inexorable grip, and I want you to strike so hard for God that it will react and wails you take the sword, the sword will take you.

You noticed that the officers of the Northern army a few years ago assembled at Denver, and you noticed that the officers of the Southern army assembled at Lexington. Soldiers coming together are very apt to recount their experiences and to show their scars. Here is a soldier who pulls up his sleeve and says, "There, I was wounded in that arm," and shows the scar. And another soldier pulls down his collar, and says, "There, I was wounded in the neck." And another soldier says, "I have had no use of that limb since the gun-shot fracture." Oh, my friends, when the battle of life is over and the resurrection has come and our bodies rise from the dead, will we have on us any scars of bravery for God? Christ will be there all covered with scars. Scars on the brow, scars on the hand, scars on the feet, scars all over the heart, won in the battle of redemption. And all heaven will sob aloud with emotion as they look on those scars. Ignatius will be there and he will point out the places where the tooth and paw of the lion seized him in the Coliseum; and John Huss will be there, and he will show where the coal first scorched the foot on that day when his spirit took wing of flame from Constance. M'Millan and Campbell and Freeman, American missionaries in India, will be there—the man who with their wives and children went down in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, and they will show where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them.

The Waldenses will be there, and they will show where their bones were broken on that day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. And there will be those who took care of the sick and who looked after the poor, and they will have evidences of earthly exhaustion. And Christ, with His scarred hand waving over the scarred multitude, will say, "You suffered with Me on earth; now be glorified with Me in heaven." And then the great organs of eternity will take up the chant and St. John will play, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But what will your chagrin and mine be if it shall be told that day on the streets of heaven that on earth we shrank back from all toil and sacrifice and hardship. No scars to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in the battle for God and the truth, we just once grasped the sword so firmly, and struck so hard that the sword and the hand stuck together, and the hand clave to the sword. O my Lord Jesus, rouse us to Thy service.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with the eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

AN EXCELLENT FACE-WASH.

An excellent wash for the skin, which will soften it to the softness of velvet, is made after the following rule: Two-thirds of a pint of distilled water, two ounces of pure glycerine, one ounce of simple tincture of benzoin; mix, shake well, and it is ready for use.—*New York Journal.*

ON SERVING GREEN PEAS.

Every good housekeeper delights in having her table look as dainty and attractive as possible. And here is a hint how to prepare green vegetables, especially green peas. When you cook the vegetables put them in an uncovered dish, and keep them uncovered all the time they are cooking. If you see to it that your cook prepares the green peas in this way, you will have them served looking as green and fresh as when they were first picked from the vines.

COOKING DEFINITIONS.

A stew usually has vegetables and dumplings cooked with the meat. A haricot of mutton or any other meat is a stew with the meat and vegetables cut fine, the size of of a haricot bean. A ragout is a stew highly flavored. A salmi is a stew of game. A chowder is a stew of fish. A fricasee is a form of stewing where the meat is fried or browned in fat, either before or after stewing, and is usually served without vegetables. A potpie is a stew with the dough put on as a crust. Braising is a form of stewing usually done in a covered pan in the oven. It gives a richer, stronger flavor than that obtained by stewing over the fire.—*Washington Star.*

READ THIS BEFORE LAYING THE CARPET.

Lay the linings on the floor, putting a tack here and there to keep them in place. Put the carpet on the floor, unrolling it in the direction in which it is to be laid. Begin to tack it at the end of the room which is the most irregular. If there be a fire place or bay window in the room, fit the carpet around these places first. Use large tacks to held the carpet temporarily in place; they can be withdrawn when the work is finished. When the carpet is fitted to a place, use small tacks to keep it down. Take one end of the carpet, stretching it well; then a side, then the other end and finally the other side. Be careful to keep the lines straight and to have the carpet tight; for if it be loose it will not only look badly, but will not wear well.

Edison and the "Fiddlers."

A SCOTCH WAY OF WASHING.

Here are some Scotch directions for washing underclothes and stockings. These articles should be washed with tepid water and boiled soap, and the lather worked up quite light before they are put in. They should never be rubbed or allowed to soak in the water, but should be simply drawn through the hand. Each article should be entirely finished washing and pinning up to dry before the next is made wet, and in every instance they should be quickly washed and dried, the soap being rinsed out in cold water. Socks and hose require wooden boards to prevent these shrinking while wet. These should be inserted while the articles are wet, and left in until they are perfectly dry. Any carpenter can make these stocking-boards of the required size.—*New York World.*

WASTE NOT.

It is a sad fact that there is, perhaps, more extravagance in bread—the real staff of life—than in any other article. Pieces are thrown away, crumbs shaken into the fireplace, and crusts or "heels" of loaves allowed to get stale; whereas the careful housekeeper has a large dish on the top shelf of her pantry, in which every scrap and crumb of bread left unconsumed is placed. Once a week regularly these are dried—not browned—in the oven, then crushed on the pasteboard or pounded in a mortar, sifted through a wire sieve, and stored in an earthen jar. Not only are these bread-crumbs useful for making soles or cutlets, or for frying, but, soaked for some time in milk, they make the foundation of many sweet puddings, which are both nutritious and economical, and of which the style and flavor can be varied to any extent—*Daughters of America.*

RECIPES.

Chicken Fried in Batter—Cut up young, tender chickens, dip in egg, butter, fry in boiling lard. Serve with cream Gravy.

Egg Chowder—Fry slices of pork; cook onions and potatoes as for fish chowder; just before serving, break into it as many eggs as eaters. Boil for a minute and serve.

Cauliflower—Pick off the outer leaves and break apart. Wash and soak in cold water, add a teaspoonful of salt and boil briskly until tender. Take up, drain and serve with cream sauce.

Lemon Jelly Filling—One-half pint of sweet milk, one egg or yokes of two, one teaspoonful of corn-starch, one tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Cook like boiled custard.

Sliced Baked Potatoes—Peel and slice thin four large potatoes; put into a small dripping pan, with salt and pepper to taste; add one teacupful of rich milk; set it in oven and bake one hour; take out and add butter the size of a walnut, scattered over the top.

Indian Pudding—One quart of sweet milk, two-thirds of a cupful of Indian meal, two-thirds of a cupful of molasses, three eggs, small piece of butter, pinch of salt. Scald the milk and put all in it, then pour into a pan not too deep, and bake half an hour. A good hasty pudding.

Egg Gruel—Beat yolk of one egg with one tablespoonful of sugar, pour a cupful of boiling water over it; add the beaten white, with any desired seasoning. Milk may be used instead of water. 2. Boil eggs until they are as hard as possible; mash the yolks smooth, as for salad dressing, and thicken boiling hot milk with them, adding a little salt.

Orange Custard—Put one pint sweet milk on to boil in a custard kettle. Moisten one heaping tablespoonful corn-starch in a little milk, and the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and two-thirds of a cup of sugar, and stir into the boiling milk. Peel and cut fine four oranges and place in custard bowl and pour over them the custard, first sweetening them with one-half cup of sugar. Then make a frosting of the whites of three eggs, spread over the top, brown slightly, and place in a cool place. Serve cold. Delicious.

The wealthiest insane asylum in America is said to be the Sheppard Asylum in Baltimore, Md. It was endowed in 1857 with $560,000. Since that time the trustees, using the interest alone, have expended $380,000 in buildings and land and still have a capital of $600,000.

Unreasonable Curiosity.

Before a young man marries he should learn not to ask foolish questions.

"What, my angel," exclaimed a youthful husband bursting into the kitchen, "doing the cooking yourself? What is it?"

"Why, Edgar, how foolish of you! How in the world can I tell till I see what it turns out?"

Value of Minutes.

Perhaps there never was given a more striking instance of the value of minutes than the following: A party of ladies and gentlemen were shown through a very large carpet establishment, a few days ago. They were permitted to look into every nook and corner of the building except one. At the bottom of a stairway they came upon a closed door, upon which were the words "Positively No Admittance." The curiosity of the ladies was now awakened, and one inquired eagerly,—

"What is up there?"

"That is our workshop," exclaimed the representative of the firm. "We have one hundred and fifty women on that floor sewing carpets."

"Oh, I should so like to see them at work," said the fair questioner, with a playfully beseeching look.

"I am sorry that I cannot take you up there," replied the firm's representative, "but the rules are very strict. Really, there is nothing worth looking at, and there are no trade secrets there. The reason why the firm interdicts visitors is because the presence of strangers in the room causes every sewing-woman to look up, and takes her attention off her work from one to five minutes. Suppose each woman loses an average of two minutes. With one hundred and fifty women that means a loss to the firm of three hundred minutes, or five hours of time. That is too much to lose when we are working under a full head of steam, as we are now."

The Baby's Pillow in France.

France is the country in which the pillow is the necessary complement of the baby. But the attachment of the two is nowadays characteristically French. It is a compromise between the old and the new, between tradition and fashion, consequently it is not universal. The French baby, especially on gala days, is laid upon the pillow, and his fine frocks and gay ribbons, instead of enveloping his body, are spread upon him as he lies, so that he is no more than a kind of bas relief. In France, however, it must be noted there came earlier than elsewhere in Europe the revolt against mere tradition and usage in the treatment of babies.

Among well-to-do an aristocratic French folk, in particular, a change in that regard has long been in progress. The French child used to have always its cradle or pillow; now it begins to lie upon a fresh, wholesome bed, neither of wool nor of feathers, but of hair or straw, or among country or seafaring folk, of sweet dried fern or bracken, or pungent smelling seaweed, and government bureaus circulate among the peasants such directions as these: "Lay the infant to sleep on its right side; avoid putting it to sleep in the lap before putting it in bed."

Collection of Scalps.

The national museum has a large collection of scalps, and it is wonderful to think what tragic tales they would have to tell if they could only speak. One of them is a crown of real golden hair with a circle of skin attached, reft from the head of a little German girl in the Mountain Meadow massacre. In spots it is stained with the victim's blood—a pitiful reminder. Of the same party of honest pioneers may have been the man from whose caput a shock of black and curly locks was