A Vegetable Restaurant.

In London are vegetarian restaurants, one of which is called "The Apple-Tree." Its bill of fare is long and elaborate. You order "Saroony Steak," with a triumphant feeling that here, at last, the the cook has been caught in his own ambitious toils, and beguiled into serving up flesh. A sort of browned cake is produced, and when one investigates, it offers a hint of many grains and vegetables, so cunningly mingled and so deliciously flavored, that neither eye nor tongue can distinguish form or distinct taste. A vegetable ragout sounds marvelously insipid, does it not? Yet when one has before him a steaming plate of tender young carrots, turnips, and other spring benefactions, flavored with wondrous herbs, he must be an exacting man, indeed, if he is not content. From "The Apple-Tree" also are to be gathered delicious puddings of figs and dates, plates of fruit smothered in cream, and many-colored salads, which delight the eye and tickle the palate.—*Argonaut.*

EUGENIE, the ex Empress, was just 26 years of age when Napoleon III fell in love with her at a ball. He had heard of her magnificent phy-ique through the rumors of her appearance when dragged in flowing draperies from a little lake into which she had fallen on her mother's estate in Malaga. From a pale, thin, shy girl she suddenly blossomed out into a dazzling beauty.

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 prompt action. Our boats are NEW and built out of the very best material. Orders left with O. B. 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 stor d in our Warehouse, in case of fire will be at the owner's risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the Lowest Cash Prices. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

C. E. 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 appreciation of its management. 3mhly

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!

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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 and in many places the best. If you call on me before purchasing, or by 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 3mh88

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

Everything belonging to the Sportsman 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 29y

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.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE roof alone of Machinery Hall will cost $135,000.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY has formally accepted the invitat on to participate in the Exposition.

THERE is now $651,000 insurance against loss by fire on Exposition buildings, lumber, &c., on the grounds.

A REQUEST has been received from the State Federation of Labor, of Illinois, that the Exposition be open on Sunday.

FRANCE has formally asked for 153,000 square feet of space in the various buildings, and reserves the right to ask for more.

MRS. HARRIETT MONROE, a well-known literary woman of Chicago, has been selected to write the ode for the dedicatory ceremonies next October.

AS SOON as plans are perfected for preventing the inroads of "scalpers," the General Passenger Agents' Association will announce the rates for the Exposition.

D. T. HAYNES, of Baltimore, headed a committee of six members of the National Potters' Association who are arranging for a combined exhibit by the potters of the country.

MRS. PAUL, lady manager for Virginia, in a letter to Mrs. John A. Logan, declares her intention of aiding the colored women of her state to make a creditable exhibit in the Women's Building of the Fair.

A MEETING of the Finance Committee of the directory practically settled the price of admission to the Exposition at fifty cents, with perhaps, a few days for working people, when twenty-five cents will be charged.

THE government railroa s of Russia have agreed to transport exhibits for the Exposition for one-half the regular rates. Four hundred railroads in the United States have officially agreed to carry exhibits on the same terms.

A SYNDICATE with ample capital wishes to spend $250,000 on lavatories within the Fair grounds. A small charge is proposed for use of the conveniences provided at two-thirds of the lavatories. The others will be open to the public without charge.

THE National Farmers' Congress, in session at Sedalia, Mo., adopted resolutions calling on Congress, state legislatures, and on members of the Alliance to do all in their power to aid the Exposition. There has been a feeling that the Farmers' Alliance was opposed to state appropriations, but this action of the national body seems to indicate that no such opposition exists.

THE appointment by the government of France of M. Antonin Proust as its art commissioner is vigorously opposed by Jules Breton, Bougereau and other noted French artists. M. Proust is declared to be an "enfragé" impressionist, and to have been very unjust to other schools while occupying the position of art director of the Paris Exposition of 1889.

GOVERNOR ABBETT, of New Jersey, visited the Exposition grounds and expressed great surprise at the advanced condition of the buildings. New Jersey has appropriated $25,000 for preliminary work in preparing for its exhibit, and Governor Abbett declared $75,000 more will be appropriated by the next legislature.

JAMES W. SCOTT, publisher of the Chicago Herald, resigned from the Exposition directory on account of the demands on his time of his private business. Mr. Scott has been one of the hardest and most successful workers for the Fair. He was elected president last April, but declined the position. The loss of his services as director will be perceptibly felt in several departments.

Two cars of a train on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Road left the track near Perry, N. Y., and rolled down a thirty-foot embankment. A passenger named Hoyt, of Rochester, was dangerously injured, his wife was killed and a Hungarian named Kane had several ribs broken.

SOUTHERN ADVANCEMENT

The Past Week Only a Moderately Active One.

The Inauguration of Four Regular European Steamship Lines From Newport News.

The *Manufacturer's Record*, of Baltimore, in reviewing the industrial progress of the South, says: "The broadening out of Southern advancement is illustrated this week in the official announcement of the inauguration of four regular European steamship lines from Newport News—the first regular lines to Europe from any port south of Baltimore—which must mark the beginning of an ever increasing direct foreign trade. It is not simply intended that these steamers shall take outward cargoes, but that the import business shall be worked up with a view to bringing in foreign goods for Western distribution. Arrangements have already been made for loading about twenty steamers on these four lines before the end of the year, and heavy contracts have been made for the shipment of Western products—grain, flour, provisions, etc. The personal inauguration of these lines, through the efforts of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, will necessarily force other Southern railroad systems reaching the Atlantic seaboard to make quick up-to-date provisions for the establishment of foreign steamship lines. Thus, while the low price of cotton affects for the time being the business interests of the South, there is a steady advancement in general development that will add greatly to the volume of trade and traffic and to the prosperity of the whole section. The past week has been only a moderately active one in the inauguration of new enterprises, but the outlook is very promising for a steady, solid growth. Among some of the more important enterprises reported this week are the building of a thousand new coke ovens, the construction of a new railroad into an undeveloped timber section, and the proposed erection of large lumber mills and the sale of a tract of timber land for $50,000 cash, all in West Virginia; a $1,0,000 chemical and drug manufacturing company at Monroe, La.; a furniture factory at Athens, Ga.; a $120,000 sale of phosphate land in Florida, and several new phosphate companies in the same State; a $100,000 vitrified brick company at Cloverport, Ky.; a woodenware factory at Bristol, Tenn.; an $80,000 furniture factory company at Texarkana, Ark.; a $10,000 tobacco factory company at Morristown, Tenn.; a $200,000 canal company in Florida; a $35,000 canning company at New Berne, N. C.; a $750,000 phosphate company at Atlanta, Ga.; a $1,0,0,-0,0 lumber company in Putnam county, N. C.; a $12,000 manufacturing company at Baltimore, Md.; a $75,0 0 improvement company in Hale county, Texas; a $50,000 fish-handling company at Galveston, Texas; a $200,000 oil and g s company, a $25,000 improvement and construction company, a $50,000 coal and coke company and an $80,000 coal and coke company, all in West Virginia; a $25,000 water company at Lonaconing, Md.; a $5,000 cottonseed-oil company at New Orleans, La., etc."

INDIANA'S GOVERNOR DEAD.

Gen. Alvin P. Hovey, the Hero of Champion Hill, Passes Away.

Gov. Alvin P. Hovey died at 1.20 A. M., at his room at the Denison Hotel. His last moments were peaceful and conscious, and his last words were an inquiry for his favorite granddaught r, Mary Menzies. All immediate members of the family were present. The direct cause of his death was heart trouble, superinducing failing respiration. Rev. Ira Chase, lieutenant governor, becomes governor.

Alvin Peterson Hovey was born in Posey county, Ind., September 6, 1821; was educated at the common schools of the county; studied law, was admitted to the Mount Ve non (Ind.) bar in 1843, and practiced with success. In 1850 he was a delegate to the constitutional convention of the State, and in 1851 became judge of the Third Judicial circuit of Indiana, which office he held until 1854, when he became judge of the State Supreme court. From 1856 until 1858 he served as United States district attorney for Indiana. In July, 1861, he entered the service of the Union as colonel of the Twenty-fourth Indiana Volunteers. He was promoted brigadier general of volunteers April 28, 1864, and brevetted major general for meritorious and distinguished services in July 1864. Gen. Hovey resigned from the army in October, 1865, and was appointed minister to Peru, which office he resigned in 1870. He then resumed the practice of law at his old home, and took little part in public affairs until 1886, when he was nominated and elected to Congress by the Republicans of the First Indiana district. He served but one term, but was conspicuous for his advocacy of measures favorable to the interests of old soldiers. He retired from Congress to make the race for governor of Indiana, and was successful.

DEATH IN A FIRE.

Servants Suffocated in a Hotel in Jamestown, N. Y.

Fire broke out at 2 A. M. in the kitchen in the rear of the Old Homestead Hotel and spread rapidly to the hotel. The firemen responded quickly, and worked with a will. When they reached the second story of the kitchen they found at the foot of the stairs leading to the floor above the horribly-burned body of a girl. All the clothing was destroyed, and in many places flesh dropped away from the bones. This was the remains of Maggie Wilson, a waiter. She had been here but a few months, and had relatives living in Derrick City, Pa. Another girl was, where the girl had been sleeping with other employes of the hotel, a woman's body was found lying across a trunk with a little boy in her arms. This was Mrs. Beckman, pastry cook, with her little son. She came here from the Biddell House, Bradford, Pa. Mrs. Marsh, a dish-washer, was found in bed in the same room, evidently never having awakened. She came here from Warren, Pa. All three bodies in this room were untouched by fire, death being caused by suffocation. Several other inmates escaped from the hotel in their night clothing, not having time to dress. The building was completely gutted.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, super, $3,40@3.75. Wheat—Southern Fultz, 1.4,@1.05 Corn—Southern White, 53@54c., Yellow, 54@55c. Pennsylvania and Maryland, 57@58c. Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 87@92c. Hay.—Maryland and Pennsylvania $13.00@13.50. Straw—Wheat, $7.00@8.00. Butter—Eastern Creamery, 2,@23c., near-by receipt 19@21c. Cheese—Eastern, Fancy Cream, 11@11½c., Western, 8@9½c. Eggs—27@28c. Tobacco, Lest-Interior $1.00@1.50 Good Common, $1.0@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 1.04@1.04½. Rye—State 55@55c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 70@71c. Oats—White, State 36@38c. Butter—State, 29@31c. Cheese—State, 11@11½c. Eggs—27½@28c.

PHILADELPHIA — Flour — Pennsylvania Fancy, $4.25@4.80. Wheat, Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 1.05@1.05. Rye—Pennsylvania, 99@1.00c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 64@65c. Oats—37@38½c. Butter—State, 27@2-c. Cheese—New York Factory, 10@10½c. Eggs—State, 27@28c.

CATTLE.

BALTIMORE—Beef—$4.25@4.50. Sheep—$3.50@3.15. Hogs—$5.00@5.50.

NEW YORK—Beef—$4.75@5.40. Sheep—$4.00@5.37½. Hogs—4.00@4.40.

EAST LIBERTY—Beef—$4.75@5.00. Sheep—$4.00@5.60. Hogs—$4.65@4.15.

THE miners in six of the bituminous coal mines of Indiana returned to work by permission of the officials of their State organization, the operators having agreed to pay the increase demanded.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Wonders of Athens."

TEXT: *"While Paul waited for them at Athens his spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry."*—Acts xvii., 16.

It seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expectation, and my watch slowly announced to me one and two and three and four o'clock; and at the first ray of dawn I called our party to look out of the window upon that city to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole earth is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess and Greek history.

That morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous and lovely letters from the President of the United States and his Secretary of State, and during all our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to swing open before us. The mightiest geographical name on earth to-day is America. The signature of an American President and Secretary of State will take a man where an army could not. Those names brought us into the presence of a most gracious and beautiful sovereign, the Queen of Greece, and her cordiality was more like that of a sister than the occupant of a throne room. No formal bow as when monarchs are approached, but a cordial shake of the hand, and earnest questions about our personal welfare and our beloved country far away. But this morning we pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul, the Christian logician, flung many a proud stoic and got the laugh on many an impertinent Epicurean. The market place was the center of social and political life, and it was the place where people went to tell and hear the news. Booths an bazaars were set up for merchandise of all kinds except meat, but everything must be sold for cash, and there must be no lying about the values of commodities, and the Agoranomi who ruled the place could inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had distinct places set apart for convocation. The Platonists must meet at the cheese market, the Socratics in the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the frankincense headquarters.

The market place was a space three hundred and fifty yards long and two hundred and fifty yards wide, and it was given up to gossip and merchandise, and lounging and philosophizing. All this you need to know in order to understand the Bible when it says of Paul, "Therefore disputed he in the market daily with them that met him." You see it was the best place to get an audience, and if a man feels himself called to preach he wants people to preach to. But before we make our chief visits of to-day we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out, but go we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot races occurred.

Paul had been out there no doubt, for he frequently uses the scenes of that place as figures when he tells us, "Let us run the race that is set before us," and again, "They do it to obtain a corruptible garland, but we an incorruptible." The marble and the gilding have been removed, but the hard earth against which the seats were piled are still there. The Stadium is six hundred and eighty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and the height of Mars Hill, on which the multitudinous spectators sat, is to-day the very tunnel through which the defeated racer departed from the Stadium and from the hisses of the people, and that tunnel was the place to which the victor went to the top of the hill to be crowned with the laurel.

In this place contests with wild beasts sometimes took place, and wills Hadrian, the emperor, sat on yonder height one thousand beasts were slain in one celebration. But it was chiefly for foot racing, and so I proposed to my friend that day while we were in the Stadium that we try which of us could run the sooner from end to end of this historical ground, and so at the word given by the brokers on we started side by side, but before I got through I found out what Paul meant when he compares the spiritual race with the race in this very stadium, as he says, "Lay aside every weight." My heavy overcoat and my friend's freedom from such incumbrance showed the advantage in any kind of a race of "laying aside every weight."

We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base and a thousand feet in circumference at the top and three hundred feet high. On it has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterward a congregation of temples and statues and pillars, their ruins an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks away. No wonder that Aristides thought it the centre of all things—Greece, the centre of the world, Attica, the centre of Greece; Athens, the centre of Attica, and the Acropolis the centre of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it, Verres plundered it.

Lord Eighn, the English Embassador at Constantinople, got permission of the Sultan to remove from the Acropolis such pieces of the building, but he took from the building to England the finest statues, removing them at an expense of eight hundred thousand dollars. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis. Morosini, the General, attempted to remove from a pediment the sculptured car and horses of Victory, but the clumsy machinery dropped it and it was lost.

The Turks turned the building into a powder magazine where the Venetian guns dropped a fire that by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago. I had read so much about it and dreamed so much about it that it needed no magician's wand to restore it.

At one wave of my hand on that clear morning in 1889 it rose before me in the glory it had when Pericles ordered it and Ictinus planned it and Phidias chiselled it and Protogines painted it and Pausanias described it. Its gates, which were carefully guarded by the sentinels, open to let you in and you ascend by sixty marble steps the propyle, which Epaminondas wanted to transfer to Thebes, but permission, I am glad to say, could not be granted for the removal of this architectural miracle. In the days when ten cents would do more than a dollar now, the building cost two million five hundred thousand dollars. See its five ornamental gates, the keys intrusted to an officer for only one day, lest the temptation to go in and misappropriate the treasures be too great for him; its ceiling a mingling of blue and scarlet and green, and the walls abloom with pictures utmost in thought and coloring. Yonder is a temple to a goddess called "Victory Without Wings." So many of the triumphs of the world had been followed by defeat that the Greeks wished in marble to indicate that victory for Athens had come, never again to fly away, and hence this temple to "Victory Without Wings"—a temple of marble, snow white and glittering. Yonder behold the pedestal of Agrippa, twenty-seven feet high and twenty feet square.

But the overshadowing wonder of all the hill is the Parthenon. In days when money was ten times more valuable than now it cost four million six hundred thousand dollars. It is a Doric grandeur, having forty-six columns, each column thirty-four feet high and six feet two inches in diameter. Wondrous inter-columniations! Painted portticos, architraves tinged with ocher, shields of gold hung up, lines of most delicate curve, figures of horses and men and women and gods, often on the way to sacrifice, statues of the deities Dionysius, Prcmetheus, Hermes, Demeter, Zeus, Hera, Poseidon; in one frieze twelve divinities; centaurs in battle; mercenary from Marathon; chariot of night; chariot of the morning; horses of the sun, the fates, the furies; statue of Jupiter holding in his right hand the thunderbolt; silver footed chair in which Xerxes watched the battle of Salamis only a few miles away.

Here is the colossal statute of Minerva in full armor, eyes of gray colored stone, figure of a Sphinx on her head, griffins by her side (which are lions with eagle's beak), spear in one hand, statue of liberty in the other, a shield carved with the battle scenes, and even the slippers sculptured and tied on with thongs of gold. Far out at sea the sailors saw this statue of Minerva rising high above all the temples, glittering in the sun. Here are statutes of negotiation, statue of a lioness, and there are the Graces, and yonder a horse in bronze.

There is a statue said in the time of Augustus to have of its own accord turned around from east to west and spit blood; statues made out of shields conquered in battle; statue of Apollo, the expeller of locusts; statue of Anacreon, drunk and singing; statue of Olympodorus, a Greek, memorable for the fact that he was cheerful when others were cast down, a trait worthy of sculpture. But walk on and around the Acropolis and yonder you see a statue of Hygeia, and the statue of the Thaseus fighting the Minotaur and the statue of Hercules slaying serpents. No wonder that Petronius said it was easier to find a god than a man in Athens. Oh, the Acropolis! The most of its temples and statues made from the marble quarries of Mount Pentelicum, a little way from the city.

I have here on my table a block of the Parthenon made out of this marble, and on it is the sculpture of Paidias. I brought it from the Acropolis. This specimen has on it the dust of ages and the marks of explosion and battle, but you can get from it some idea of the delicate lustre of the Acropolis when it was covered with a mountain of this marble cut into all the exquisite shapes that genius could contrive and striped with silver and adorned with gold. The Acropolis in the morning light of those ancients must have shone as though it were an aerolite cast off from the morning sun. The temples must have looked like petrified foam. The whole Acropolis must have seemed like the white breakers of the great ocean of time.

But we cannot stop longer here, for there is a hill near by of more interest, though it has not one chip of marble to suggest a statue or a temple. We hasten down the Acropolis to ascend the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, as it is called. It took only about three minutes to walk the distance, and the two hilltops are so near that what I said in religious discourse on Mars Hill was heard distinctly by some English gentlemen on the Acropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times.

The Persians easily and terribly assailed the Acropolis from this hilltop. Here assembled the court to try criminals. It was held in the night time, so that the faces of the judges could not be seen, nor the faces of the lawyers who made the plea, and so, instead of the trial being one of emotion, it must have been one of cool justice. But there was one occasion on this hill memorable above all others:

A little man, physically weak, and his rhetoric described by himself as contemptible, had two days' serious rocket Athens with commotion, and he was summoned either by writ of law or hearty invitation to come upon that pulpit of rock and give a specimen of his theology. All the wiseacres of Athens turned out and turned up to hear him. The more venerable of them sat in an amphitheater, the granite seats of which are still visible, but the other people swarmed on all sides of the hill and at the base of it to hear this man, whom some called a fanatic, and others called a madcap, and others a blasphemer, and others styled contemptuously "this fellow."

Paul arrived in answer to the writ or invitation, and coughed them and gave them the biggest dose that mortals ever took. He was so cuilt that nothing could scare him, and as for Jupiter and Athenia, the god and the goddess, whose images were in a cordial shake of the hand, and earnest questions about our personal welfare and our beloved country far away. But this morning we pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul, the Christian logician, flung many a proud stoic and got the laugh on many an impertinent Epicurean. The market place was the center of social and political life, and it was the place where people went to tell and hear the news. Booths an bazaars were set up for merchandise of all kinds except meat, but everything must be sold for cash, and there must be no lying about the values of commodities, and the Agoranomi who ruled the place could inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had distinct places set apart for convocation. The Platonists must meet at the cheese market, the Socratics in the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the frankincense headquarters.

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Lord Eighn, the English Embassador at Constantinople, got permission of the Sultan to remove from the Acropolis such pieces of the building, but he took from the building to England the finest statues, removing them at an expense of eight hundred thousand dollars. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis. Morosini, the General, attempted to remove from a pediment the sculptured car and horses of Victory, but the clumsy machinery dropped it and it was lost.

The Turks turned the building into a powder magazine where the Venetian guns dropped a fire that by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago. I had read so much about it and dreamed so much about it that it needed no magician's wand to restore it.

At one wave of my hand on that clear morning in 1889 it rose before me in the glory it had when Pericles ordered it and Ictinus planned it and Phidias chiselled it and Protogines painted it and Pausanias described it. Its gates, which were carefully guarded by the sentinels, open to let you in and you ascend by sixty marble steps the propyle, which Epaminondas wanted to transfer to Thebes, but permission, I am glad to say, could not be granted for the removal of this architectural miracle. In the days when ten cents would do more than a dollar now, the building cost two million five hundred thousand dollars. See its five ornamental gates, the keys intrusted to an officer for only one day, lest the temptation to go in and misappropriate the treasures be too great for him; its ceiling a mingling of blue and scarlet and green, and the walls abloom with pictures utmost in thought and coloring. Yonder is a temple to a goddess called "Victory Without Wings." So many of the triumphs of the world had been followed by defeat that the Greeks wished in marble to indicate that victory for Athens had come, never again to fly away, and hence this temple to "Victory Without Wings"—a temple of marble, snow white and glittering. Yonder behold the pedestal of Agrippa, twenty-seven feet high and twenty feet square.

But the overshadowing wonder of all the hill is the Parthenon. In days when money was ten times more valuable than now it cost four million six hundred thousand dollars. It is a Doric grandeur, having forty-six columns, each column thirty-four feet high and six feet two inches in diameter. Wondrous inter-columniations! Painted porticos, architraves tinged with ocher, shields of gold hung up, lines of most delicate curve, figures of horses and men and women and gods, often on the way to sacrifice, statues of the deities Dionysius, Prcmetheus, Hermes, Demeter, Zeus, Hera, Poseidon; in one frieze twelve divinities; centaurs in battle; mercenary from Marathon; chariot of night; chariot of the morning; horses of the sun, the fates, the furies; statue of Jupiter holding in his right hand the thunderbolt; silver footed chair in which Xerxes watched the battle of Salamis only a few miles away.

Here is the colossal statute of Minerva in full armor, eyes of gray colored stone, figure of a Sphinx on her head, griffins by her side (which are lions with eagle's beak), spear in one hand, statue of liberty in the other, a shield carved with the battle scenes, and even the slippers sculptured and tied on with thongs of gold. Far out at sea the sailors saw this statue of Minerva rising high above all the temples, glittering in the sun. Here are statutes of negotiation, statue of a lioness, and there are the Graces, and yonder a horse in bronze.

There is a statue said in the time of Augustus to have of its own accord turned around from east to west and spit blood; statues made out of shields conquered in battle; statue of Apollo, the expeller of locusts; statue of Anacreon, drunk and singing; statue of Olympodorus, a Greek, memorable for the fact that he was cheerful when others were cast down, a trait worthy of sculpture. But walk on and around the Acropolis and yonder you see a statue of Hygeia, and the statue of the Thaseus fighting the Minotaur and the statue of Hercules slaying serpents. No wonder that Petronius said it was easier to find a god than a man in Athens. Oh, the Acropolis! The most of its temples and statues made from the marble quarries of Mount Pentelicum, a little way from the city.

I have here on my table a block of the Parthenon made out of this marble, and on it is the sculpture of Paidias. I brought it from the Acropolis. This specimen has on it the dust of ages and the marks of explosion and battle, but you can get from it some idea of the delicate lustre of the Acropolis when it was covered with a mountain of this marble cut into all the exquisite shapes that genius could contrive and striped with silver and adorned with gold. The Acropolis in the morning light of those ancients must have shone as though it were an aerolite cast off from the morning sun. The temples must have looked like petrified foam. The whole Acropolis must have seemed like the white breakers of the great ocean of time.

But we cannot stop longer here, for there is a hill near by of more interest, though it has not one chip of marble to suggest a statue or a temple. We hasten down the Acropolis to ascend the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, as it is called. It took only about three minutes to walk the distance, and the two hilltops are so near that what I said in religious discourse on Mars Hill was heard distinctly by some English gentlemen on the Acropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times.

The Persians easily and terribly assailed the Acropolis from this hilltop. Here assembled the court to try criminals. It was held in the night time, so that the faces of the judges could not be seen, nor the faces of the lawyers who made the plea, and so, instead of the trial being one of emotion, it must have been one of cool justice. But there was one occasion on this hill memorable above all others:

A little man, physically weak, and his rhetoric described by himself as contemptible, had two days' serious rocket Athens with commotion, and he was summoned either by writ of law or hearty invitation to come upon that pulpit of rock and give a specimen of his theology. All the wiseacres of Athens turned out and turned up to hear him. The more venerable of them sat in an amphitheater, the granite seats of which are still visible, but the other people swarmed on all sides of the hill and at the base of it to hear this man, whom some called a fanatic, and others called a madcap, and others a blasphemer, and others styled contemptuously "this fellow."

Paul arrived in answer to the writ or invitation, and coughed them and gave them the biggest dose that mortals ever took. He was so cuilt that nothing could scare him, and as for Jupiter and Athenia, the god and the goddess, whose images were in full sight on the adjoining hill, he had not so much regard for them as he had for the ant that was crawling in the sand under his feet. In that audience were the first orators of the world, and they had voices like flutes when they were passive, and like trumpets when they were aroused, and I think they laughed in the sleeves of their gowns as this insignificant man rose to speak.

In that audience were Scholiasts, who knew everything, or thought they did, and from the head of the longest hair on the top of their craniums to the end of the nail on the longest toe, they were stuffed with hypercriticism, and they leaned back with a supercilious look to listen. As in 1889, I stood on that rock where Paul stood, and a sab of which I brought from Athens by consent of the queen, through Mr. Tricoupis, the prime minister, and had placed in yonder Memorial Wall, I read the whole story, Bible in hand.

What I have so far said in this discourse was necessary in order that you may understand the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificence of Paul's speech. The first thunderbolt he launched at the opposite hill—the Acropolis—that moment all aglitter with idols and temples. He cries out, "God who made the world." Why, they thought that Prometheus made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Poseidon made it, that Enos made it, that Pandrocus made it, that Boreas made it, that it took all the gods of the Parthenon, yea, all the gods and goddesses of the Acropolis to make it, and here stands a man without any ecclesiastical title, neither a D. D., nor even a reverend, declaring that the world was made by the Lord of heaven and earth, and hence the inference that all the splendid covering of the Acropolis, so near that the people standing on the steps of the Parthenon could hear it, was a deceit, a falsehood, a sham, a blasphemy. Look at the faces of his auditors; they are turning pale, and then red, and then wrathful. There had been several earthquakes in that region, but that was the severest shock these men had ever felt.

The Persians had bombarded the Acropolis from the heights of Mars Hill, but this Pauline bombardment was greater and more terrific. "What," said his hearers, "have we been hauling with many yokes of oxen for centuries these blocks from the quarries of Mount Pentelicum, and have we had our architects putting up these structures of unparalleled splendor, and have we had the greatest of all sculptors, Paidias, with his men chiseling away at those wondrous pediments and cutting away at these friezes, and have we taxed the nation's resources to the utmost, now to be told that those statues say nothing, hear nothing, know nothing?

Oh, Paul, stop for a moment and give these startled and overwhelmed auditors time to catch their breath! Make a rhetorical pause! Take a look around you at the interesting landscape, and give your hearers time to recover! No, he does not make even a period, or so much as a colon or semicolon, but launches the second thunderbolt richer after the first, and in the same breath goes on to say, God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." O, Paul! Is not deity more in the Parthenon, or more in the Thesenm, or more in the Erechtheum, or more in the temple of Zeus Olympius than in the open air, more than on the hill where we are sitting, more than on Mount Hymettus out yonder, from which the bees get their honey? "No more!" responds Paul, "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

But surely the preacher on the pulpit of rock on Mars Hill will stop now. His audience can endure no more. Two thunderbolts are enough. No, in the same breath he launches the third thunderbolt, which to them is more fiery, more terrible, more demolishing than the others, as he cries out: "hath made of one blood all nations." Oh, Paul! you forget you are speaking to the proudest and most exclusive audience in the world. Do not say "of one blood." You cannot mean that. Had Socrates and Plato and Demosthenes and Solon and Lycurgus and Draco and Sophocles and Euripides and Æschylus and Pericles and Phidias and Miltiades blood just like the Persians, like the Turks, like the Egyptians, like the common herd of humanity? "Yes," says Paul, "of one blood all nations."

Surely that must be the closing paragraph of the sermon. The auditors must let up from the nervous strain. Paul has smashed the Acropolis and smashed the national pride of the Greeks and what more can he say? These Grecian orators, standing on that place, always closed their addresses with something sublime and climacteric—a peroration—and Paul is going to give them a peroration which will eclipse in power and majesty all that he has yet said. Heretofore he has hurled one thunderbolt at a time; now he will close by hurling two at once. The little old man, under the power of his speech, has straightened himself up, and the stoop has gone out of his shoulders, and he looks about three feet taller than when he began; and his eyes, which were quiet, became two flames of fire; and his face, which was calm in the introduction, now depicts a whirlwind of emotion as he tosses the two thunderbolts together with a cord of inconsumable courage and hurls them at the crowd now standing or sitting ashast—the two thunderbolts of Resurrection and Last Judgment. His closing words were, "Because He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained, whereof He hath given assurance unto all men in that: He hath raised him from the dead.

Remember those thoughts were to them novel and provocative; that Christ, the despised Nazarene, would come to be their judge, and they should have to get up out of their cemeteries to stand before Him and take their eternal doom. Mightiest burst of elocutionary power ever heard. The ancestors of some of those Greeks had heard Demosthenes in his oration on the crown, had heard Æschines in his speeches against Timarchus and Ctesiphon, had heard Plato in his great argument for immortality of the soul, had heard Socrates on his deathbed, suicidal cup of hemlock in hand, leave his hearers in emotion too great too bear; had in the theater of Dionysius, at the foot of the Acropolis (the ruins of its piled up amphitheater and the marble floor of its orchestra still there) seen enacted the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, but neither had the ancestors of these

wretches on Mars Hill or themselves ever heard or witnessed such tornadoes of moral power as that with which Paul now whelmed his hearers. At those two thoughts of resurrection and judgment the audience sorang to their feet. Some seemed they adjourn to some