Jewelry Buried with a Corpse.

The largest amount of jewelry known to be in a single grave was buried in Greenwood Cemetery several years ago. The undertaker who had charge of the funeral protested against it, but was severely snubbed for his interference. The family had its way, and in that grave is buried fully $5,000 worth of diamonds, with which the body was decked when prepared for burial. Sometimes families who desire to bury their dead in the clothing worn in life—in evening or wedding dresses, for instance—substitute less costly imitations for the jewelry worn in life, partly from motives of thrift, and partly from a superstitious fear that anything taken off a body when it is ready for the tomb will bring ill-luck to future wearers.

JACOB KAHN, a Philadelphian, recently escaped a horrible death by reason of his thinness. A switch engine drawing five freight cars knocked him down and passed over him, but by hugging the ties closely he came out of the ordeal without injury.

MARY—Mebbe I'm ugly now, mum, but in my day I've broken a good many hearts. Mistress—Well, Mary, if you handled the hearts the way you do my best china, I believe you.

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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. Cowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt St., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. GRAIN bought or taken at LOWEST FREIGHT RATES. All Grain stored in our Warehouse, in case of fire will be at the owner's risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the Lowest Cash Prices. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

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This Restaurant is the oldest and most extensive in its accommodations of any in the city.

PRICES MODERATE.

The crowds which lunch and dine daily at this restaurant attest the public approbation of its management. 3lmbly

The Bull Killed the Bear.

Although two men were at work cutting underbrush within a few rods of the spot, a bear invaded a field on William Barker's farm on Bull Hill, near Galeton, Pa., his intention plainly being to capture one of the sheep that were pasturing in the field. Barker, who was one of the men cutting brush, saw the bear, and hurried the other man to the house to get Barker's gun. Barker himself started on a run for the pasture for the purpose of protecting his sheep from the bear, but neither the gun nor the presence of Barker was necessary. Besides the sheep some cows and a two-year-old Jersey bull were pasturing in the field. The bull no sooner saw the bear edging and slouching along toward the sheep than he charged upon him and caught him with his horns square in the side. The bear did not have time to defend himself, the bull's rush was so quick and sudden, and he was lifted clear off the ground, and thrown several feet, falling heavily to the ground. The bear quickly regained his feet, and not relishing the reception he had met with in the pasture started to run away. But the bull followed him like a tornado, and struck the bear again at full headway, tumbling bruin heels over head.

The bear made up his mind to fight, and got on his feet before the bull charged on him again. He received the bull this time standing on his hind feet. Both of the bull's horns penetrated the bear's breast their full length, and at the same instant the bear sank a claw in each of the bull's shoulders. The bear ripped the flesh from the bull in long, deep strips on each side, but the bull's horns were in the bear's vitals, and bruin fell to the ground and died almost instantly. All this occurred while Barker was running to the scene, and before the hired man had reached the house after the gun. The injuries the bull received were not serious. The bear was a very large one, and is believed to have been one that has been stealing sheep and pigs in the vicinity for several weeks.—New York Sun.

The Weight of a "Grain."

The smallest measure of weight in use the grain, has its name from being originally the weight of a grain of wheat. A statute passed in England in 1266, ordained that thirty-two grains of wheat, taken from the middle of the ear, or head, and well dried, should make a pennyweight, twenty of which should make an ounce, while twelve ounces were to make a pound. The pound, therefore consisted then of 7680 grains. Some centuries later the pennyweight was divided into twenty-four grains, which make the troy pound, as now used, 5760 grains. The penneweight was the exact weight of the old silver penny.—*St. Louis Republic.*

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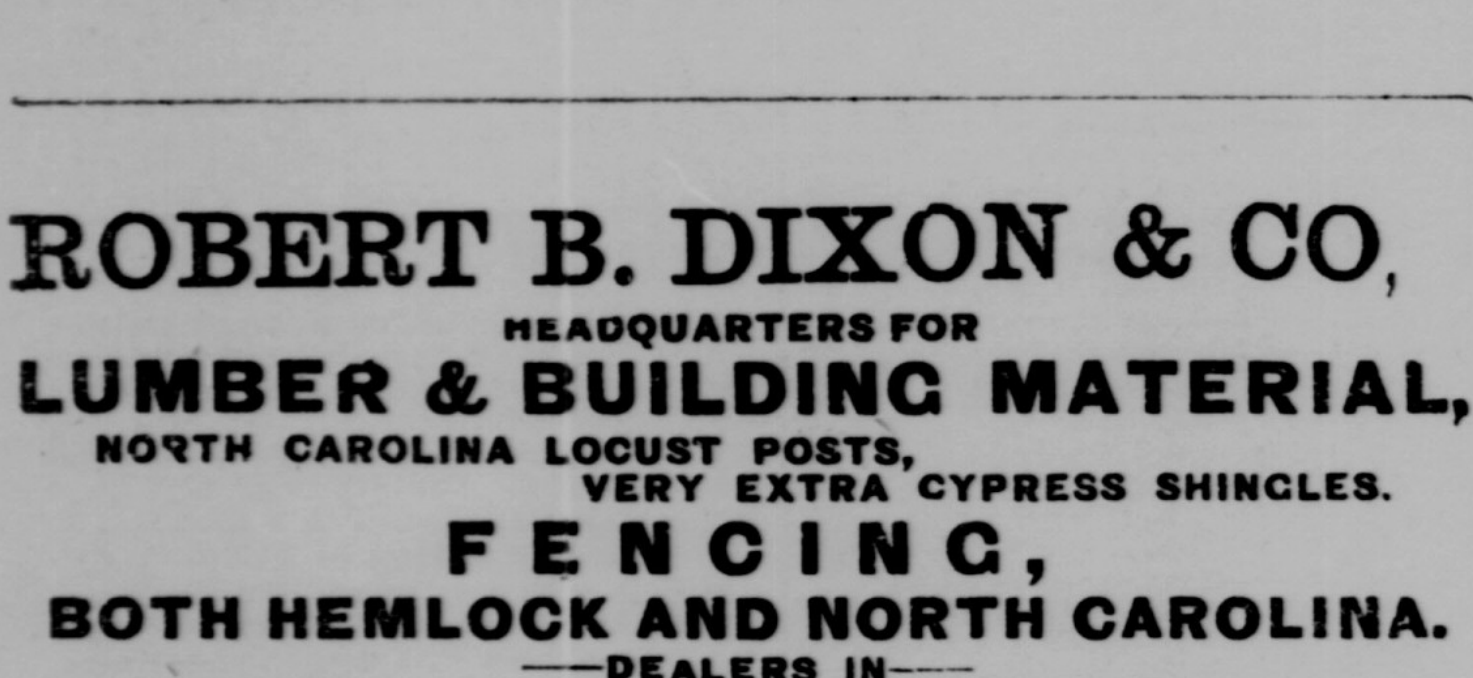

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

Sleep is the greatest fat inducer.

The moon is said to move 3333 feet per second.

For every foot of stature a man should weigh twenty-six pounds.

It is said that the best walking pace is seventy-five steps per minute.

Doctors say a healthy adult should eat at least ten ounces of meat each day.

A Rhode Island man has invented a device for measuring cloth on the loom.

The average height of clouds above the earth is between one and two miles.

A Canadian has invented a centrifugal extractor for honey. It leaves the comb clean and intact.

Four pounds of gold have been collected from the soot of the chimney of the Royal Mint in Berlin, Germany.

A French inventor named Picard has achieved successful results with simultaneous telephony and telegraphy along the same wire.

Edison is at work on a phonograph for the use of blind children, that shall do away with the raised letter books hitherto used in their instruction.

Electric headlights of about 2500 candle power are now in general use on the railroads in Indiana. They are very favorably spoken of by engineers.

Crude petroleum has been tried as fuel in brick manufacture, showing a saving of fully one-half the price of coal fuel, to say nothing of the saving of labor in firing.

A new lead-headed nail for putting on corrugated roof has made its appearance in London markets. The head flattens under the blow of the hammer and thus prevents leaking.

The alcohol process of obtaining sugar from cane syrup has revolutionized sugar making from that source. The process is very simple, and it is said that but one per cent. of the alcohol used is lost.

A new application of electric motors is for supplying by means of fans draught for chimneys where very high buildings are built adjoining low ones. Such an arrangement is in successful operation in Boston.

A good cement to fasten glass letters upon glass windows, etc., consists of one part India rubber, three parts mastic, and fifty parts chloroform. Let the mixture stand several days in a closed vessel and apply rapidly.

An oilless spindle-bearing has been invented by a Massachusetts man. It is made of wood chemically treated, and it is said that in a test one spindle ran seventy-six days of ten hours each, without heating or perceptible wear.

A man in New Hampshire has invented a device for giving a smooth surface to bobbins. It consists of a facing or tube which is drawn over the bobbin, thus making it practically indestructible. The facing, it is said, can be attached to any bobbin.

The heat-conducting qualities of the metals range as follows: Silver, 100; copper, 73.80; gold, 52.20; annealed aluminum, 38.87; unannealed aluminum, 37.96; tin, 14.50; iron, 11.60; steel, 11.60; lead, 8.50; platinum, 8.50; bismuth, 1.80.

Astronomers recently observed, by photography, a solar disturbance lasting fifteen minutes, in which vapors ascended to a distance of 80,000 miles. The compass needle was sensibly affected, and the effect was to have been caused by a meteor striking the sun.

The hot-water boxes are to be taken out of the French railway carriages, and warmth is to come from boxes filled with acetate of soda. The boxes are filled with soda in solid state, which is liquified by being plunged into hot water. As it solidifies, which takes five or six hours, it steadily gives out heat.

On the estate of the Marquis de La Laguna, in Spain, a water-wheel of twenty-horse power runs a dynamo. Plowing by electricity has been proposed, and the current is to be transmitted to a field three miles distant, where a motor on a plow is to be operated. The cable to be attached to the plow is to be wound on a reel and drawn over the field.

Liberty Poles.

A dramatic feature of our early history was the liberty pole so dear to American boys and boyish men a century ago, although many of their descendants have never heard of them.

Liberty poles were, for the most part, erected after the Revolutionary War was so long an acknowledged fact that the rebels could take time and breath to give it some picturesque expressions. After the Republic was established we hear little more of them until the War of 1812 roused the antagonism of the people, and up went the long shafts again, each a protest against British aggression.

During the Whisky Insurrection in the last decade of the eighteenth century, when seven counties of Pennsylvania and Virginia arrayed themselves in defiance of the National Government, liberty poles shot up during the night in the rebellious towns and villages, painted a bright red as signals of war.

Liberty poles were erected during Presidential campaigns in the first part of the century by both Whigs and Democrats.

They were usually made of white pines, lashed together until they reached a great height. The more fervid the zeal of the party the higher rose the pole. Sailors were often brought out from the seaboard to inland towns to assist in the erection, and to rig flags to the amazement and delight of the boys who knew nothing of ships or seamen.

Mass-meetings were held under these poles, which were often regarded with a superstitious affection. The blowing down of a pole by a high wind during a campaign chilled the hopes of one party, and cheered the others.

These singular emblems of protest against oppression have wholly disappeared of late years throughout the country, except in some remote districts where old customs still are cherished by rural communities.—*Youth's Companion.*

THERE is a two-headed boy in a New York dime museum who presents the strange phenomenon of having one head very fond of beer while the other drinks nothing but soda-water. What a candidate he'll make some day.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

EGG-FRYERS.

Egg-fryers with sunken places in shape of hearts, stars and other devices are comparatively inexpensive kitchen utensils, by means of which eggs may be fried in these fancy shapes. Fried eggs should be dropped deftly and quickly into the spider. Unless they are fried in a shape it is quite likely that the white will run about, and they will present a very ragged and uneven appearance when they are dished. In order to prevent this, housekeepers sometimes roll them into compact little rolls and trim them. When this is done the egg has to be cooked more than is to every one's taste. When the eggs are first broken into the frying-pan or the egg-fryer it is well to sprinkle a bit of salt and pepper over each one in order to flavor it.—*New York Tribune.*

BOIL YOUR MILK.

There seems to be no doubt, says London *Hospital*, that the milk of cows suffering from diphtheria will communicate the disease to those who drink it unless it be thoroughly cooked. If this be so, and Dr. Thorne Thorne offers evidence of a very convincing kind on the point, what must be thought of those parents who, to save themselves or their servants a little trouble, will not be at the pains to insist that all the milk of the family shall be boiled before it is used? Many people are under the impression that milk boiled is milk spoiled. But if the milk be boiled immediately after it is received from the milkman, and then allowed to cool before it is used, its flavor is in no way interfered with. Milk ought no more be taken raw than beef or pork. It may be that the raw milk which was universally used in the country twenty years ago, and in double or treble the quantities taken by townfolk, had a great deal to do with the increased prevalence of diphtheria in country districts.

A TURKISH KITCHEN.

A stone-flagged floor, one or two tables, and rush-seated stools, a marble fountain and basin at one side, and across the whole end of the room a cavernous arch, gathering up the smoke of a half-dozen tiny charcoal fires,—these are what one sees in a Turkish kitchen. The great arch and the stone bench or ledge under it, with its minute fireplaces heating each its kettle or stew-pan, forms the ojak or range, and is equipped at one end with a copper cauldron and at the other with a brick oven. Around the walls hangs an imposing array of shining copper saucepans, and sometimes there stands in the corner a huge terra cotta amphora of antique pattern, to serve as water-cooler when the cistern is low or the aqueduct runs dry. In this primitive atelier, the turbaned chef fanning the microscopic fireplaces with a turkey's tail, or damping them with ashes to keep the stew at a gentle simmer, concocts his savory chorbas, his toothsome pilafs and well-seasoned dolmas, with results which no epicure ventures to despise.—*New England Magazine.*

RECIPES.

Smoked Salmon or Halibut—Wash and lay in a pan of cold water over night, with the flesh side down; wipe dry and boil over a moderate fire for ten minutes. Either of these makes a nice relish for lunch, with no cooking.

Muffins—Two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of milk, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; sift the flour, melt the butter and add three eggs, the milk and the baking powder; bake in muffin rings.

Nut Cakes—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of cold water, two eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of hickory or walnut kernals chopped fine; bake in small cake or gem pans.

Mushrooms and Eggs—Cut mushrooms in halves, stew for ten minutes in a little butter, salt and pepper. Drain, put the mushrooms in a deep dish, break enough eggs over to cover the top, season with salt and pepper, spread the top with bits of butter and grated bread crumbs; bake until the eggs are set.

Tartare Sauce (hot for boiled fish)—One tablespoon vinegar, one teaspoon lemon juice, one saltspoon salt, one tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, one-third cup butter. Mix the vinegar, lemon-juice, salt and Worcestershire sauce in a small bowl and heat over hot water. Brown the butter in a omelet pan and strain into the other mixture.

Salmon—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in the chafing-dish; when melted stir in gradually a tablespoonful of flour. Add now a gill of water, the juice of a lemon, pepper, salt, a small onion (minced very fine or grated), the yelks of three hard-boiled eggs, mashed fine. Add to these ingredients a can of salmon. Let all simmer together for about five minutes, then serve.

Potato Gems—Three or four cups mashed potatoes; one cup of milk; two eggs; teaspoonful (scant) of butter, teaspoonful (scant) of salt. Dissolve the butter and salt in the milk; stir the eggs (which should be well beaten); add this to the potatoes, stirring it in gradually, and then drop in well-buttered gem pans; with a little flour sprinkled over the top, and put in a hot oven until nicely browned.

A Great Squash Town.

Perhaps the most important industry of Adrian, Mich., is that of canning goods, the factories confining their work almost entirely to tomatoes, pumpkins and squashes. The tomato season was never better, and the three institutions were kept busy to their utmost capacity till very late, as the frost did not injure the product until in October. The tomatoes were scarcely out of the way in times for the squashes, which for six weeks have been coming in plentifully. The institutions enter into contracts with farmers for the entire crop early in the season, and agree upon the price, the contracts being in writing, and the product is all taken, whether it be large or small. Tomatoes bring twenty cents a bushel, and squashes $5 a ton. The Boston Marrow and the Hubbard are the varieties raised. The capacity of one factory is thirty tons a day, but they have sometimes 200 tons in storage. Rainy days enable them to reduce stock. Farmers are waiting to unload as early as six o'clock in the morning, and on good roads they draw from two to two and one-half tons to a load. They raise from six to ten tons to the acre, according to the season and freedom from bugs in the summer. The canning is done principally by women, and the factories find a brisk demand and a ready sale for all their goods. Pumpkins will follow the squashes in the order of canning.—*St. Louis Star-Sayings.*

Over 4,000,000 peasants in Russia are in danger of starvation.

Electric Lamp.

A peculiar kind of electric hand lamp for firemen is a recent English invention. The battery and lamp are contained in a copper case similar to a fireman's ordinary lamp, and fitted with a handle for convenience in carrying. Very powerful parabolic reflectors are provided, and the lamp, which has a duration of from two to three hours—after which it can easily be recharged—is said to form an important adjunct to the outfit of the fire brigade. The lamp is also suitable for use in mines, gas works, gunpowder and chemical factories. The advantages claimed for the device are portability, facility in charging, capability of resting the battery when the light is not required, and entire safety.

THE national emblem of Russia just now should be a turkey gobbler.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Religion and Business."

TEXT: *"In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy path."*—Proverbs iii., 6.

"A promise good enough for many kinds of life, but not for my kind of life," says some business man; "the law of supply and demand controls the business world." But I have reason to say that it is a promise to all persons in any kind of honest business.

There is no war between religion and business, between ledgers and Bibles, between churches and counting-houses. On the contrary religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fillips the blood of phlegmatics and throws more velocity into the wheels of hard work. It gives better balancing to the judgment, more strength to the will, more muscle to industry and throws into enthusiasm a more consecrated fire. You cannot in all the round of the world show me a man whose honest business has been despoiled by religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups—producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as those who turn corn into food, and wool and flax into apparel. Traders, such as make profit out of the transfer and exchange of all that which is produced and manufactured. A business man may belong to any one or all of these classes, and not one is independent of any other.

When the prince imperial of France fell on the Zulu battlefield because the strap fastening the stirrup to the saddle broke as he clung to it, his comrades all escaping, but he falling under the lances of the savages, a great many people blamed the empress for allowing her son to go forth into that battlefield, and others blamed the English Government for accepting the sacrifice, and others blamed the Zulus for their barbarism. The one most to blame was the harness maker who fashioned that strap of the stirrup out of shoddy and imperfect material, as it was found to have been afterward. If the strap had held, the prince imperial would probably have been alive to-day. But the strap broke. No prince independent of a harness maker.

High, low, wise, ignorant, you in one occupation, I in another, all bound together. So that there must be one continuous line of sympathy with each other's work. But whatever your vocation, if you have a multiplicity of engagements, if into your life there come losses and annoyances and perturbations as well as percentages and dividends, if you are pursued from Monday morning until Saturday night, and from January to January by inexorable obligation and duty, then you are a business man or you are a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case.

We are under the impression that the moil and tug of business life are a prison into which a man is thrust, or that it is an unequal strife where unarmed a man goes forth to contend. I shall show you that business life was intended of God for grand and glorious education and discipline, and if I shall be helped to say what I want to say, I shall rub some of the wrinkles of care out of your brow and unstrap some of the burdens from your back. I am not talking to an abstraction. Though never have been in business life, I know all about business men.

In my first parish at Belleville, New Jersey, ten miles from New York, a large portion of my audience was made up of New York merchants. Then I went to Syracuse, a place of intense commercial activity, and then I went to Philadelphia and lived long among the merchants of that city, than whom there are no better men on earth, and for more than twenty-two years I have stood in this presence, Sabbath by Sabbath, preaching to audiences, the majority of whom are business men and business women. It is not an abstraction to which I speak, but a reality with which I am well acquainted.

In the first place, I remark that business life was intended as a school of energy. God gives us a certain amount of raw material out of which we are to hew our character. Our faculties are to be reset, rounded and sharpened up. Our young folks having graduated from school or college, need a higher education, that which the rasping and collision of everyday life alone can effect. Energy is wrought out only in a fire. After a man has been in business activity ten, twenty, thirty years, his energy is not to be measured by weights or plummets or ladders. There is no height it cannot scale, and there is no depth it cannot fathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot thrash.

Now, my brother, why did God put you in that school of energy? Was it merely that you might be a yardstick to measure cloth or a steelyard to weigh flour? Was it merely that you might be better qualified to chaffer and higgle? No. God placed you in that school of energy that you might be developed for Christian work. If the undeveloped talents in the Christian churches of to-day were brought out and thoroughly harnessed, I believe the whole world would be converted to God in a short time. There are so many deep streams that are turning no mill wheels and that are harnessed to no factory bands. Now God demands the best lamb out of every flock. He demands the richest sheaf of every harvest. He demands the best man of every generation. A cause in which Newton and Locke and Mansfield toiled you and I can afford to toil in.

Oh, for fewer idlers in the cause of Christ and for more Christian workers—men who shall take the same energy that from Monday morning to Saturday night they put forth for the achievement of a livelihood or the gathering of a fortune, and on Sabbath days put it forth to the advantage of Christ's kingdom and the bringing of men to the Lord. Dr. Duff, in South Wales, saw a man who had inherited a great fortune. The man said to him: "I had to be very busy for many years of my life getting my livelihood. After awhile my fortune came to me, and there has been no necessity that I toil since. There came a time when I said to myself, 'Shall I now retire from business, or shall I go on and serve the Lord in my worldly occupation?'" He said: "I resolved on the latter, and I have been more industrious in commercial circles than I ever was before, and since that hour I have never kept a farthing for myself. I have thought it to be a great shame if I couldn't toil as hard for the Lord as I had toiled for myself, and all the products of my factories and my commercial establishments to the last farthing have gone for the building of Christian institutions and supporting the church of God." Oh, if the same energy put forth for the world could be put forth for God! Oh, if a thousand men in these great cities who have achieved a fortune could see it their duty to do all business for Christ and the alleviation of the world's suffering.

Again, I remark, that business life is a school of patience. In your everyday life how many things to annoy and to disquiet! Bargains will rub. Commercial men will sometimes fail to meet their engagements. Cash book and money drawer will sometimes quarrel. Goods ordered for a special emergency will come too late or be damaged in the transportation. People intending no harm will go shopping without any intention of purchase, overturning great stocks of goods and insisting that you break the dozen. More bad debts on the ledger. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More debts to pay for other people. More meannesses on the part of partners in business. Annoyance after annoyance, vexation after vexation and loss after loss.

All that process will either break you down or brighten you up. It is a school of patience. You have known men under the process to become petulant and choleric and angry and pugnacious and cross and sour and queer, and they lost their customers, and their name became a detestation. Other men have been brightened up under the process. They were toughened by the exposure. They were like rocks, all the more valuable for being blasted. At first they had to choke down their wrath, at first they had to bite their lip, at first they thought of some stinging retort they would like to make, but they conquered their impatience. They have kind words now for the sarcastic flings. They have gentle behavior now for unmannerly customers. They are patient now with unfortunate debtors. They have Christian reflections now for sudden reverses. Where did they get that patience? By hearing a minister preach concerning it on Sabbath? Oh, no. They got it just where you will get it—if you ever get it at all—selling hats, discounting notes, turning banisters, plowing corn, tinning roofs, pleading causes. Oh, that amid the turmoil and anxiety and exasperation of everyday life you might hear the voice of God saying: "In patience possess your soul. Let patience have her perfect work."

I remark again that business life is a school of useful knowledge. Merchants do not read many books and do not study lexicons. They do not dive into profounds of learning, and yet nearly all through their occupations come to understand questions of finance and politics and geography and jurisprudence and ethics. Business is severe schoolmistress. If pupils will not learn, she strikes them over the head and the heart with severe losses. You put $5000 into an enterprise. It is all gone. You say, "That is a dead loss." Oh, no. You are paying the schooling. That was only tuition, very large tuition—I told you it was a severe schoolmistress—but it was worth it. You learned things under that process you would not have learned in any other way.

Traders in grain come to know something about foreign harvests; traders in fruit come to know something about the prospects of tropical production; manufacturers of American goods come to understand the tariff on imported articles; publishers of books must come to understand the new law of copyright; owners of ships must come to know winds and shoals and navigation; and every bale of cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box, and every cluster of bananas is so much literature for a business man. Now, my brother, what are you going to do with the intelligence? Do you suppose God put you in this school of information merely that you might be sharper in a trade, that you might be more successful as a worldling? Oh, no; it was that you might take that useful information and use it for Jesus Christ.

Can it be that you have been dealing with foreign lands and never had the missionary spirit, wishing the salvation of foreign people? Can it be that you have become acquainted with all the outrages inflicted in business life, and that you have never tried to bring to bear that Gospel which is to extirpate all evil and correct all wrongs and illumine all darkness and lift up all wretchedness and save men for this world and the world to come? Can it be that understanding all the intricacies of business you know nothing about those things which will last long after all bills of exchange and consignments and invoices and rent rolls shall have crumpled up and been consumed in the fires of the last great day? Can it be that a man will be wise for time and a fool for eternity?

I remark, also, that business life is a school for integrity. No man knows what he will do when he is tempted. There are thousands of men who have kept their integrity merely because they never have been tested. A man was elected treasurer of the State of Maine some years ago. He was distinguished for his honesty, usefulness and uprightness, but before one year had passed he had taken of the public funds for his own private use, and was hurled out of office in disgrace. Distinguished for virtue before. Distinguished for crime after. You can call over the names of men just like that, in whose honesty you had complete confidence, but placed in certain crises of temptation they went overboard.

Never so many temptations to scoundrelism as now. Not a law on the statute book but has some back door through which a miscreant can escape. Ah! how many deceptions in the fabric of goods; so much plundering in commercial life, that if a man talk about living a life of complete commercial accuracy there are those who ascribe it to greenness and lack of tact. More need of honesty now than ever before—tried honesty, complete honesty, more than in those times when business was a plain affair, and woolens were woolens and silks were silks and men were men.

How many men do you suppose there are in commercial life who could say truthfully, "In all the sales I have ever made I have never overstated the value of goods; in all the sales I have ever made I have never covered up an imperfection in the fabric; of all the thousands of dollars I have ever made I have not taken one dishonest farthing." There are men, however, who can say it—hundreds who can say it, thousands who can say it. They are more honest than when they sold their first tierce of rice, or their first firkin of butter, because their honesty and integrity have been tested, tried and carried out triumphant. But they remember a time when they could have robbed a partner, or absconded with the funds of a bank, or sprung a snap judgment, or made a false assignment, or borrowed illimitably without any effort at payment, or got a man into a sharp corner and fleeced him. But they never took one step on that pathway of hell-fire. They can say their prayers without hearing the clink of dishonest dollars. They can read their Bible without thinking of the time when with a lie on their soul in the custom house they kissed the Book. They can think of death and the judgment that comes after it without any flinching—that day when all charlatans and cheats and jockeys and frauds shall be doubly damned. It does not make their knees knock together and it does not make their teeth chatter to read "as the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days and at his end shall be a fool."

Oh, what a school of integrity business life is! If you have ever been tempted to let your integrity cringe before present advantage; if you have ever wakened up in some embarrassment and said: "Now I'll step a little aside from the right path and no one will know it, and I'll come all right again. It is only once." Oh, that only once has ruined tens of thousands of men for this life and blasted their souls for eternity. It is a tremendous school, business life—a school of integrity. A merchant in Liverpool got a five pound Bank of England note, and holding it up toward the light he saw some interlineations in what seemed red ink.

He finally deciphered the letters, and found out that the writing had been made by a slave in Algiers, saying in substance, "Whoever gets this bank note will please to inform my brother, John Dean, living near Carlisle, that I am a slave of the bey of Algiers." The merchant sent word, employed Government officers and found who this man was spoken of in this bank bill. After awhile the man was rescued, who for eleven years had been a slave of the bey of Algiers. He was immediately emancipated, but was so worn out by hardship and exposure he soon after died. Oh, if some of the bank bills that come through your hands could tell all the scenes through which they have passed, it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth.

As I go on in this subject, I am impressed with the importance of our having more sympathy with business men. Is it not a shame that we in our pulpits do not oftener preach about their struggles, their trials and their temptations? Men who toil with the hand are not apt to be very sympathetic with those who toil with the brain. The farmers who raise the corn, and the oats, and the wheat sometimes are tempted to think that grain merchants have an easy time, and get their profits without giving any equivalent. Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to merchandise that they declared commerce to be the curse of the nations, and they advised that cities be built at least ten miles from the seacoast.

But you and I know that there are no more industrious or high minded men than those who move in the world of traffic. Some of them carrying burdens heavier than hods of brick, and are exposed to sharper things than the east wind, and climb mountains higher than the Alps or Himalayas, and if they are faithful Christ will at last say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We talk about the martyrs of the Piedmont valley, and the martyrs among the Scotch highlands, and the martyrs at Oxford. There was just as certainly martyrs of Wall street and State street, martyrs of Fulton street and Broadway, martyrs of Atlantic street and Chestnut street, going through hotter fires, or having their necks under sharper axes. Then it behooves us to banish all fretfulness from our lives if this subject be true. We look back to the time when we were at school, and we remember the rod, and we remember the hard tasks, and we complained grievously, but now we see it was for the best. Business life is a school, and the tasks are hard, and the chastisements sometimes are very grievous, but do not complain. The hotter the fire the better the refining.

There are men before the throne of God this day in triumph who on earth were cheated out of everything but their coffin. They were sued, they were imprisoned for debt, they were throttled by a whole pack of constables with writs, they were sold out by the sheriffs, they had no compromise with their creditors, they had to make assignments. Their dying hours were annoyed by the sharp ringing of the door-bell by some impetuous creditor who thought it was outrageous and impudent that a man should dare to die before he paid the last three shillings and sixpence.

I had a friend who had many misfortunes. Everything went against him. He had good business quality and was of the best morals, but he was one of those men, such as you have sometimes seen, for whom everything seems to go wrong. His life became to him a plague. When I heard he was dead I said, "Good; got rid of the sheriffs!" Who are those lustrous souls before the throne? When the question is asked, "Who are they?" the angels standing on the sea of glass respond, "These are they who came out of great business trouble and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

A man arose in Fulton street prayer meeting and said: "I wish publicly to acknowledge the goodness of God. I was in business trouble. I had money to pay, and I had no means to pay it, and I was in utter despair of all human help, and I laid this matter before the Lord, and this morning I went down among some old business friends I had not seen in many years—just to make a call—and one said to me: 'Why, I am so glad to see you; walk in. We have some money on our books due you a good while, but we didn't know where you were, and therefore not having your address we could not send it. We are very glad you have come.'" And the man standing in Fulton street prayer meeting said, "The amount they paid me was six times what I owed." You say it only happened so. You are an infidel. God answered that man's prayer. Oh, you want business grace.

Commercial ethics, business honors, laws of trade, are all very good in their place, but there are times when you want something more than this world will give you. You want God. For the lack of Him some that you have known have consented to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and their names have been bulletined among scoundrels, and they have been ground to powder, while other men you have known have gone through the very same stress of circumstances triumphant. There are men here to-day who fought the battle and gained the victory. People come out of that man's store, and they say, "Well, if there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Integrity kept the books and waited on customers. Light from the eternal world flashed through the show windows. Love to God and love to man presided in that storehouse.

Some day people going through the street notice that the shutters of the window are not down. The bar of that store door has not been removed. People say, "What is the matter?" You go up a little closer, and you see written on the card of that window, "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That day all through the circles of business there is talk about how a good man has gone. Boards of Trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ pray, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceased."

He has made his last bargain, he has suffered his last loss, he has ached with the last fatigue. His children will get the result of his industry, or, if through misfortune there be no dollars left, they will have an estate of prayer and Christian example which will be everlasting. Heavenly rewards for earthly discipline. There "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

M. NAQUET, whose divorce law in France freed a great many women, including Sara Bernhardt, from objectionable husbands and vice versa, is a hunchback, Socialist, poet and publicist.

TITLES OF NOVELS.

The Right of Authors to Quarry for New Names in Poetry.

The average novel, the outsider gathers, is a better-paying concern than the average poem, says the St. James' Budget. And that, no doubt, is why there is so much more fuss about proprietary rights in the titles of novels. If you feel so inclined you may go on singing and sonneteering "To Delia" and "To Chloe" to your heart's content, but if you desire to romance about some "not impossible She" you will be well advised to avoid putting "She" upon your title-page. Yet there is a decorum in these matters.

And personally one is inclined to think that Edward Jay was unwise to write "The Worst of It" over his lines in Lippincott's Magazine. The phrase was all the world's one. Now you shall hardly hear it uttered in the most different context without a wave of reminiscence of the passionate self-abandonment of the guilty husband of the wife in Browning's poem. And the worst of it is that Mr. Jay's subject seems to be the same.

The right of novelists, on the other hand, to quarry for titles in the demensne of poetry is well established by custom. Any novelist may take "Proud Maisie's" name in vain or degrade "Airy Fairy Lilian" into some "Easy Breezy Caroline" in three volumes of prose travesty. Mr. Jay is well entitled—by custom—to write a thrilling shilling book and call it "Mesmerism," or a novel of Bostonian introspection and call it "Le Byron de Nos Jours," or an erotic study after Mr. Saltus and call it "A Light Woman." Poets have been known to protest, but they are a little old-fashioned up on Parnassus. When, in her habitation, the loyal Primrose Dame is asked if she has read "Endymion" she naturally answers: "Yes." But it is Keats' poem that the title denotes in the republic of letters still.

Mr. Stevenson stole the title of one of his volumes of verse from Ben Jonson's "Underwood," and a very pretty title it is. Mr. Stevenson acknowledge the theft in the handsomest manner:

Of all my verse, like not a single line;
But like my title, for it is not mine.
That title from a better man I stole!
Ah, how much better had I stol'n the whole;

—because, of course, there is no copyright in Ben Jonson. It is to be feared that but few of Mr. Stevenson's readers were much bothered by reminiscences of Rare Ben.

No Place for Him.

Until ten years or more ago the Texas Pan Handle, through several months of each year, afforded pasturage for vast herds of bison, commonly known as the buffalo, an animal which, in its wild state, at least, has almost entirely vanished. On a certain occasion two gentlemen, prominent in Texas politics, were hunting in the buffalo region, and one of them, getting within range of a herd of the ruminants, brought down a large bull.

Knife in hand the hunter was approaching his quarry, when all at once it rose, bellowing and ready for business. Since the gun was empty, flight was the sportsman's only recourse, and an instant later a wild-eyed man was seen tearing away, with a furious brute closely following.

Hunter number two, meanwhile, was watching the scene from a hill-top too far off to be of the slightest assistance to his companion.

A tragic termination of the chase seemed inevitable, for the fleeing gentleman was a heavy weight, and already the space between pursuer and pursued began to diminish. Suddenly the fugitive was seen to strike off at an angle, and the breathless watcher heaved a sigh of relief when his friend's objective point was found to be a cave but a few rods away.

At the very entrance to this seeming place of safety, however, the fleeing man turned aside and dashed with such frantic speed across the plain that a marked gain was made upon his pursuer.

But this could not last long, and finally, the fugitive's strength utterly failing him, he fell completely exhausted, while the buffalo, faint from loss of blood, dropped at almost the same instant, and within less than a rod of the prostrate man.

Hunter number two now came up, and his first question was:

"Why didn't you run into the cave, Colonel? That would have shielded you from the buffalo."

"Buffalo!" came the panting but contemptuous response; "why, General, there's a bear in that cave as big as two buffalo."

The Bull Killed the Bear.

Although two men were at work cutting underbrush within a few rods of the spot, a bear invaded a field on William Barker's farm on Bull Hill, near Galeton, Pa., his intention plainly being to capture one of the sheep that were pasturing in the field. Barker, who was one of the men cutting brush, saw the bear, and hurried the other man to the house to get Barker's gun. Barker himself started on a run for the pasture for the purpose of protecting his sheep from the bear, but neither the gun nor the presence of Barker was necessary. Besides the sheep some cows and a two-year-old Jersey bull were pasturing in the field. The bull no sooner saw the bear edging and slouching along toward the sheep than he charged upon him and caught him with his horns square in the side. The bear did not have time to defend himself, the bull's rush was so quick and sudden, and he was lifted clear off the ground, and thrown several feet, falling heavily to the ground. The bear quickly regained his feet, and not relishing the reception he had met with in the pasture started to run away. But the bull followed him like a tornado, and struck the bear again at full headway, tumbling bruin heels over head.

The bear made up his mind to fight, and got on his feet before the bull charged on him again. He received the bull this time standing on his hind feet. Both of the bull's horns penetrated the bear's breast their full length, and at the same instant the bear sank a claw in each of the bull's shoulders. The bear ripped the flesh from the bull in long, deep strips on each side, but the bull's horns were in the bear's vitals, and bruin fell to the ground and died almost instantly. All this occurred while Barker was running to the scene, and before the hired man had reached the house after the gun. The injuries the bull received were not serious. The bear was a very large one, and is believed to have been one that has been stealing sheep and pigs in the vicinity for several weeks.—New York Sun.

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Lowered the Lad's Pulse.

At Atlanta, Ga., recently, a case of typho-malaria fever was broken up by the electropoise. This is merely a small silver cylinder with rounded ends, called a polarizer, having an insulated wire attached and a rubber band at the end to bind it to the ankle with.

Sydney Jones, son of Colonel Tom Jones, was taken with malaria. His temperature run to 102.2 degrees. On the sixth day his condition was decidedly worse, when the father dismissed the doctor and decided to put his faith in the electropoise. On the seventh day the application was made. In two days the fever and all attendant symptoms were effectually removed.

The doctor admits that the patient is well, though he does not indorse the method to which the cure is ascribed. The experiment was watched closely by a number of people, who evinced the greatest interest at the working of the little instrument. The working of the electropoise is simply with one end attached to the patient the polarizer is immersed in a bucket of icewater at the bedside. Nothing further is necessary except to wet the sponge between the band and ankle frequently. This acts as a conductor for the current.

Domestic Felicity Must Be Earned.

Young people sometimes fancy that they can get married happiness merely by going through the marriage ceremony. Domestic felicity, however, like everything else worth having, must be worked for—must be earned by patient endurance, self-restraint and loving consideration for the tastes and even for the faults of him or her with whom life is to be lived.

"No man e'er gained a happy life by chance,
Or yawned it into being with a wish."

Tourists.

Whether on pleasure bent or business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c. and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

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There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer $100 for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

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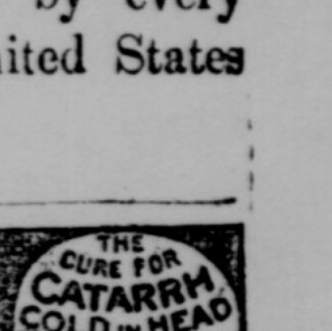

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