A SEMI-OFFICIAL statement made in Rome, the correctness of which, however, is doubted, reports that negotiations in that city between representatives of Italy and the United States, have progressed so favorably that the re-establishment of relations between the two countries, which were ruptured by the lynching of Italians at New Orleans, may be expected to be completed soon.

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STATE OF TRADE.

December Exports the Largest Ever Known in Any One Month.

Iron Market Fairly Active—No Important Change Recorded in Wool—Failures this Week.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dunn & Co., number for the United States 287, and for Canada 43, or a total of 230, as compared with the totals of 435 last week (eight days), and 329 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 411, representing 360 failures in the United States, and 51 in the Dominion of Canada.

It was suggested two weeks ago that the exports in December were likely to be extraordinarily large. The preliminary reports just issued indicate that the exports in this month were probably the largest ever known, for while no increase appears in cotton, and exports of provisions, cattle and oil were slightly less than a year ago, a gain of $2,100,000 appears in breadstuffs, making the increase in the principal item $17,540,854, or nearly 25 per cent., indicating that the aggregate exports for the month will probably exceed $116,000,000 against about $98,000,000 last year, when the amount was greater than it had ever been in any month. The exports of flour increased 50 per cent., and exports of wheat 15,600,000 bushels against 4,890,000 bushels last year, while exports of cotton are 48,000,000 pounds greater in quantity, though no increase appears in value, owing to the low prices.

These enormous exports overshadow all other features in the commercial situation. They ensure large supplies of money, if ever needed, but at present the markets are everywhere well supplied, except at Southern points, and better supplied there than a week ago. Treasury disbursements have been large, and there is no reason to expect a lack in the supply of money.

Another fact of large importance is that the iron output was not diminished in December, as is usual, owing to the stoppage of furnaces during the holidays, but was 188,8[illegible] tons weekly, against 188,135 December 1st and 167,529 a year ago. The decrease in December last year was about 16,000 tons.

The market is fairly active, though the enormous output gives buyers an advantage, and Alabama and Virginia iron are offered at low prices. There is a fair inquiry for rails, and good business in plates, while structural mills are well employed, though with comparatively few new orders. Copper is flat, and in tin there is little change, but lead is weak at 4.20 cents, and the market for coal very dull on account of the extraordinary output.

The wool production last year is estimated as considerably larger than that of the year before, but the stocks on hand are somewhat larger, indicating that the consumption in 1891 has been about the same as 1890. The market shows no important change, and just at this season none is to be expected.

THE rebels in Morocco, after having taken control of the trade routes leading from Tangier into the interior of the country, by which they are enabled to supply themselves with large quantities of provisions, are approaching Tangier, whose residents are greatly excited.

FATHER OHRWALDER, the Catholic priest connected with the Austrian mission in the Soudan, who escaped recently from the Mahdists, declares that the Mahdi was poisoned by a young girl whom he had torn from her parents in Khartoum.

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WORK AND WORKERS.

THE fifth annual Convention of the State Master Painters and Decorators' Association was held in Harrisburg, Pa.

ABOUT forty wood carvers at Rockford, Illinois, have struck because their employers wanted them to work at piece work.

THE moulders in Hamilton, Ontario, have been notified of a reduction of ten per cent., in their wages, and a strike is threatened.

THE Lehigh Valley Coal Company ordered a suspension of work until April 1st at the Heidelberg colliery, near Pittston, Penna.,

THE two large iron furnaces at Grand Rivers, Kentucky, were started. The plant is said to be the largest of its kind in the world, and cost $1,000,000.

FIFTY Canadians who came to Portland, Maine, to work for the Allen Steamship Line have been deported to Canada, on the ground that they entered the United States in violation of the Allen Contract Labor law.

THE difficulty between the New York and New Haven Rail road and its engineers and firemen has been settled, the men voting, at a meeting in New Haven, to accept the proposition made by the company.

THE Indianapolis Street Car Company, whose line has been tied up by a strike of the employes, attempted to run a salt car. The strikers took the mules from the car and placed the car itself across the track. Eight of the strikers were arrested.

THE Brooke Iron Company, of Birdsboro, Penna., has notified its employes of a general reduction in wages. Puddlers are reduced from $3.50 to $3.25 per ton, sheet mill employes from 45 to 35 cents a ton, and nailers about 10 per cent. The firm employs over 400 hands.

A CHATTANOOGA dispatch says that miners from the Coal Creek region are passing through there en route to the Oaita Mines, in Arkansas, owned by Chattanooga parties. One hundred or more men will emigrate, taking their families with them. "Latest information from the mine regions in the eastern part of the State is very incouraging and there is a very little probability of any further trouble."

THE strike of the express messengers in Nashville, Tennessee, has been renewed. Ziba Hurd, of Chicago, Grand Master of the Express Messengers' Brotherhood, arrived in Nashville and met J. H. Bradfield, of Atlanta, a member of the Executive Committee of the Brotherhood. After an investigation they ordered out all the messengers employed by the Southern Express Company. It is claimed that an attempt is being made to crush out the Brotherhood.

A DESPATCH from San Antonio, Texas, says that the conference between the Aransas Pass officers and the strikers failed to accomplish satisfactory results, and that the employes of the other roads will join the strikers rather than handle the freight of the Aransas Pass road. Superintendent Galbraith, of the Mexican National and Texas-Mexico Railroad, has replied to the petition of the railway employes asking the company not to handle cars or freight for the Aransas Pass road that such a course would be a violation of law, the penalties for which no road in the Southwest "could long bear the burden of, as each shipment refused constitutes a distinct and separate violation."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Natural Gas Plays Havoc in Lancaster, Ohio—Heavy Loss.

A terrific explosion of natural gas by which a fine residence was destroyed, two churches partially demolished and about 50 houses damaged, in which the family of Judge John S. Brassee had a marvelous escape from death or serious injury, occurred about 6.30 o'clock in Lancaster, O., 25 miles south of Columbus.

The judge was in his study down-stairs in his residence, a 20-room brick structure in the centre of the town, when the explosion occurred, while the family were in bed. The house was leveled to the ground, and Judge Brassee thrown about 100 feet into the car-track, where he was afterward picked up in a dazed condition.

Mrs. Brassee and two daughters, Clara and Anna, and two sons, Traford and Charles, were in their beds on the second floor. The sons were hurled 150 feet into the Lutheran church-yard, while the women were caught by the falling roof. They were rescued 20 minutes later in their night-clothes, and were found to be all cut and bruised.

There were four servants, who luckly escaped with only cuts and bruises. Remarkable to relate, none of the people in the house were even seriously injured. The loss financially will be quite heavy

Story of a Canine Wanderer.

A canine tramp, well known among railroad men as "The Tramp," has been making his headquarters for the last week on the Illinois Central between Fort Dodge and Sioux City. "The Tramp" is apparently a harmless, unnecessary dog of mongrel ancestry. He has a hobby, however, that has made him a well-known character among the railway men of the United States. This is a passion for riding on railway trains. His favorite place is in the cab of the locomotive, where he takes up his position on the fireman's seat, with paws resting on the window-sill and head out of the window. For the last three years this remarkable canine tramp has been a familiar figure on the railways of this vicinity. He has returned recently from a trip to Salt Lake City, and it is said he has been traced in his wanderings as far as San Francisco. Although of the mongrel species he is a bright and intelligent dog, and never forgets kindness or injury. Where known he is never refused his favorite seat in the engine. He has been known, however, on occasions to resort to a "blind baggage," between the mail and baggage cars. Once put out of a cab no coaxing will induce him to enter it again. It is thought that "The tramp" is now on his way East, and railway men, who compare notes on his wanderings, confidently expect to trace him to the Atlantic coast.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, super, $3.00@3.12. Wheat—Southern Fultz, 1.00½@1.01. Corn—Southern White, 50@52c., Yellow, 52@53c. Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania 38½@39½c. Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 96@97c. Hay.—Maryland and Pennsylvania $13.00@13.50. Straw—Wheat, $7.50@8.00. Butter—Eastern Creamery, 24@27c. near-by receipt 19@21c. Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 11¾@12¼c., Western, 8@9¼c. Eggs—22@23c. Tobacco, Leaf-Interior $1.00@1.50 Good Common, $4.00@5.00, Middling, $5.00@8.00, Good to fine red, $9.00@11.00. Fancy, $12.00@13.00.

NEW YORK—Flour—Southern Good to choice extra, $3.50@4.15. Wheat—No. 1 White 1.02½@1.02¾. Rye—State 1.05@1.06½c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 51@52c. Oats—White, State 36½@37¼c. Butter—State, 16@24c. Cheese—State, 11@11¼c. Eggs—26½@27c.

PHILADELPHIA—Flour—Pennsylvania Fancy, $3.50@3.75. Wheat, Pennsylvania and southern Red, 98@98½. Rye—Pennsylvania, 97@98c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 50@51c. Oats—40¼@40½c. Butter—State, 28@29c. Cheese—New York Factory, 10@10½c. Eggs—State, 24@25c.

CATTLE.

BALTIMORE—Beef—$4.25@4.60. Sheep—$4.00@5.00. Hogs—$4.40@4.60.

NEW YORK—Beef—$4.10@5.00. Sheep—$1.00@6.00. Hogs—3.90@4.30.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Echoes."

TEXT: *"The sounding again of the mountains."*—Ezekiel vii. 7.

At last I have it. The Bible has in it a recognition of all phrases of the natural world from the aurora of the midnight heavens to the phosphorescence of the tumbling sea. But the well known sound that we call the Echo I found not until a few days ago I discovered it in my text, "The sounding again of the mountains." That is the Echo. Ezekiel of the text heard it again and again.

Born among mountains, and in his journey to distant exile, he had passed among mountains, and it was natural that all through his writings there should loom up the mountains. Among them he had heard the sound of cataracts and of tempests in wrestle with oak and cedar, and the voices of wild beast, but a man of so poetic a nature as Ezekiel could not allow another sound, viz., the Echo, to be disregarded, and so he gives us in our text "The sounding again of the mountains."

Greek mythology represented the Echo as a nymph, the daughter of Earth and Air, following Narcissus through forests and into grottoes and every whither, and so strange and weird and startling is the Echo I do not wonder that the superstitious have lifted it into the supernatural. You and I in boyhood or girlhood experimented with this responsiveness of sound. Standing half way between the house and barn, we shouted many times to hear the reverberations, or out among the mountains back of our home, on some long tramp, we stopped and made exclamation with full lungs just to hear what Ezekiel calls "The sounding again of the mountains."

The Echo has frightened many a child and many a man. It is no tame thing after you have spoken to hear the same words repeated by the invisible. All the silences are filled with voices ready to answer. Yet it would not be so startling if they said something else, but why do those lips of the air say just what you say? Do they mean to mock or mean to please? Who are you and where are you, thou wondrous Echo? Sometimes its response is a reiteration. The shot of a gun, the clapping of the hands, the beating of a drum, the voice of a violin are sometimes repeated many times by the Echo.

Near Coblentz—that which is said has seventeen Echoes. In 1776, a writer says that near Milan, Italy, there were seventy such reflections of sound to one snap of a pistol. Play a bugle near a lake of Killarney and the tune is played back to you as distinctly as when you played it. There is a well two hundred and ten feet deep at Carlsbrooke castle, in the Isle of Wight. Drop a pin into that well and the sound of its fall comes to the top of the well distinctly. A blast of an Alpine horn comes back from the rocks of Jungfrau in surge after surge of reflected sound, until it seems as if every peak had lifted and blown an Alpine horn.

But have you noticed—and this is the reason for the present discourse—that this Echo in the natural world has its analogy in the moral and religious world? Have you noticed the tremendous fact that what we say and do comes back in recoiled gladness or disaster? About this resonance I preach this sermon.

First—Parental teaching and example have their Echo in the character of descendants. Exceptions? Oh, yes. So in the natural world there may be no Echo, or a distorted Echo, by reason of peculiar proximities, but the general rule is that the character of the children is the Echo of the character of the parents. The general rule is that good parents have good children and bad parents have bad children. If the old man is a crank, his son is apt to be a crank and the grandchild a crank. The tendency is so mighty in that direction that it will get worse and worse unless some hero or heroine in that line shall rise and say: "Here! By the help of God, I will stand this no longer. Against this hereditary tendency to queerness I protest." And he or she will set up an altar and a magnificent life that will reverse things, and there will be no more cranks among that kindred.

In another family the father and mother are consecrated people. What they do is right. What they teach is right. The boys may for some time be wild and the daughter worldly, but watch! Years pass on, perhaps ten years, twenty years, and you go back to the church where the father and mother used to be consistent members.

You have heard nothing about the family for twenty years, and at the door of the church you see the sexton and you ask him, "Where is old Mr. Webster?" "Oh, he has been dead many years!" "Where is Mrs. Webster?" "Oh, she died fifteen years ago!" "I suppose their son Joe went to the dogs?" "Oh, no," says the sexton, "he is up there in the elders' seat. He is one of our best and most important members. You ought to hear him pray and sing. He is not Joe any longer, he is Elder Webster." "Well, where is the daughter Mary? I suppose she is the same thoughtless butterfly she used to be?" "Oh, no," says the sexton, "she is the president of our missionary society and the directress in the orphan asylum, and when she goes down the street all the ragamuffins take hold of her dress and cry, 'Auntie, when are you going to bring us some more books and shoes and things?' And when, in times of revival, there is some hard case back in a church pew that no one else can touch, she goes where he is, and in one minute she has him a-crying, and the first thing we know she is fetching the hardened man up to the front to be prayed for, and says, 'Here is a brother who wants to find the way into the kingdom of God.' And if nobody seems ready to pray, she kneels down in the aisle beside him and says, 'O Lord!' with a pathos and a power and a triumph that seem instantly to emancipate the hardened sinner. Oh, no! you must not call her a thoughtless butterfly in our presence. You see we would not stand it." The fact is that the son and daughter of that family did not promise much at the start, but they are now an Echo, a glorious Echo, a prolonged Echo of parental teaching and example.

A Vermont mother, as her boy was about to start for a life on the sea, said: "Edward, I have never seen the ocean, but I understand the great temptation is strong drink. Promise me you will never touch it." Many years after that, telling of this in a meeting, Edward said: "I gave that promise to mother, and have been around the world, and at Calcutta, the ports of the Mediterranean, San Francisco, Cape of Good Hope and north and south poles, and never saw a glass of liquor in all those years that my mother's form did not appear before me, and I do not know how liquor tastes. I never have tasted it and all because of the promise I made to my mother."

This was the result of that conversation at the gate of the Vermont farmhouse. The statuary of Thorwaldsen was sent from Italy to Germany, and the straw in which the statues had been packed was thrown upon the ground. The next spring beautiful Italian flowers sprang up where this straw had been cast, for in it had been some of the seeds of Italian flowers, and, whether conscious of it or not, we are all the time planting for ourselves and planting for others roses or thorns. You thought it only straw, yet among it were anemones.

But here is a slipshod home. The parents are a godless pair. They let their children do as they please. No example fit to follow. No lessons of morality or religion. Sunday no better than any other day. The Bible no better than any other book. The house is a sort of inn where the older and younger people of the household stop for awhile. The theory acted on, though perhaps not announced, is: "The children will have to do as I did and take their chances. Life is a lottery anyhow, and some draw prizes and some draw blanks, and we will trust to luck."

Skip twenty years and come back to the neighborhood where that family used to live. You meet on the street or on the road an old inhabitant of that neighborhood, and you say, "Can you tell me anything about the Petersons who used to live here?" "Yes," says the old inhabitant; "I remember them very well. The father and mother have been dead for years." "Well, how about the children? What has become of them?" The old inhabitant replies: "They turned out badly. You know the old man was about half an infidel and the boys were all infidels. The oldest son married, but got into drinking habits, and in a few years his wife was not able to live with him any longer, and his children were taken by relatives, and he died of delirium tremens on Blackwell's Island. His other son forged the name of his employer and fled to Canada.

"One of the daughters of the old folks married an inebriate with the idea of reforming him, and you know how that always ends—in the ruin of both the experimenter and the one experimented with. The other daughter disappeared mysteriously and has not been heard of. There was a young woman picked out of the East River and put in the morgue, and some thought it was her, but I cannot say." "Is it possible?" you cry out. "Yes, it is possible. The family is a complete wreck." My hearers, that is just what might have been expected. All this is only the Echo, the dismal Echo, the awful Echo, the dreadful Echo of parental obliquity and unfaithfulness. The old folks heaped up a mountain of wrong influences, and this is only what my text calls "The sounding of the mountains."

Indeed our entire behavior in this world will have a resound. While opportunities fly in a straight line and just touch us once and are gone never to return, the wrongs we practice upon others fly in a circle, and they come back to the place from which they started. Doctor Guillotine thought it smart to introduce the instrument of death named after him, but did not like it so well when his own head was chopped off with the guillotine.

So also the Judgment Day will be an Echo of all our other days. The universe needs such a day, for there are so many things in the world that need to be fixed up and explained. If God had not appointed such a day all the nations would cry out, "Oh, God, give us a Judgment Day." But we are apt to think of it and speak about it as a day away off in the future, having no special connection with this day or any other day. The fact is that we are now making up its voices; its trumpets will only sound back again to us what we now say and do. That is the meaning of all that Scripture which says that Christ will on that day address the soul, saying, "I was naked and Ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison and Ye visited me."

All the footsteps in that prison corridor as the Christian reformer walks to the wicket of the incarcerated, yea all the whispers of condolence in the ear of that poor soul dying in that garret, yea all the kindnesses are being caught up and rolled on until they dash against the judgment throne and then they will be struck back into the ears of these sons and daughters of mercy. Louder than the crash of Mount Washington falling on its face in the world wide catastrophe, and the boiling of the sea over the furnaces of universal conflagration will be the Echo and re-echo of the good deeds done and the sympathetic words uttered and the mighty benefactions wrought.

On that day all the charities, all the self-sacrificies, all the philanthropies, all the beneficent last wills and testaments, all the Christian work of all the ages, will be piled up into mountains, and those who have served God and served the suffering human race will hear what my text styles "The sounding of the mountains."

My subject advances to tell you that eternity itself is only an echo of time. Mind you, the analogy warrants my saying this. The echo is not always exactly in kind like the sound originally projected, Lord Raleigh says that a woman's voice sounding from a grove was returned an octave higher. A scientist playing a flute in Fairfax County, Va., found that all the notes were returned, although some of them in a raised pitch.

A trumpet sounded ten times near Glasgow, Scotland, and the ten notes were all repeated, but a third lower. And the spiritual law corresponds with the natural world. What we do of good or bad may not come back to us in just the proportion we expect it, but come back it will; it may be from a higher gladness than we thought or from a deeper woe, from a mightier conqueror or from a worse captive, from a higher throne or deeper dungeon. Our prayer or our blasphemy, our kindness or our cruelty, our faith or our unbelief, our holy life or our dissolute behavior, will come back somehow.

Suppose the boss of a factory or the head of a commercial firm some day comes out among his clerks or employes, and putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest says, with an air of swagger and jocosity: "Well, I don't believe in the Bible or the church. The one is an imposition and the other is full of hypocrites. I declare I would not trust one of those very pious people further than I could see him." That is all he says, but he has said enough. The young men go back to their counters or their shuttles and say within themselves, "Well, he is a successful man and has probably studied up the whole subject and is probably right."

That one lying utterance against Bibles and churches has put five young men on the wrong track, and though the influential man had spoken only in half jest, the echo shall come back to him in five ruined lifetimes and five destroyed eternities. You see the Echoes are an octave lower than he anticipated. On the other hand, some rainy day, when there are hardly any customers, the Christian merchant comes out from his counting room and stands among the young men who have nothing to do, and says: "Well, boys, this is a dull day, but it will clear off after awhile. There are a good many ups and downs in business, but there is an overruling Providence.

"Years ago I made up my mind to trust God and He has always seen me through. I remember when I was your age, I had just come to town and the temptations of city life gathered around me, but I resisted. The fact is there were two old folks out on the old farm praying for me and I knew it, and somehow I could not do as some of the clerks did or go where some of the clerks went. I tell you, boys, it is best always to do right, and there is nothing to keep one right like the old fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. John, where did you go to church last Sunday? Henry, how is the Young Men's Christian association prospering?"

About noon the rain ceases and the sun comes out and the clerks go to their places, and they say within themselves: "Well, he is a successful merchant and I guess he knows what he is talking about, and the Christian religion must be a good thing. God knows I want some help in this battle with temptation and sin." The successful merchant who uttered the kind words did not know how much good he was doing, but the echo will come back in five lifetimes of virtue and usefulness, and five Christian deathbeds and five heavens. From all the mountains of rapture and all the mountains of glory and all the mountains of eternity, he will catch what Ezekiel in my text styles 'The sounding again of the mountains.'

Yea, I take a step further in this subject and say that our own eternity will be a reverberation of our own earthly lifetime. What we are here we will be there, only on a larger scale. Dissolution will tear down the body and embalm it, but our faculties of mind and soul will go right on without the hesitancy of a moment and without any change except enlargement and intensification. There will be no more difference than between a lion behind the iron bars and a lion escaped into the field, between an eagle in a cage and an eagle in the sky. Good here, good there; bad here, bad there. Time is only a bedwarfed eternity. Eternity is only an enlarged time.

In this life our soul is in dry dock. The moment we leave this life we are launched for our great voyage, and we sail on for centuries quintillion, but the ship does not change its fundamental structure after it gets out of the dry dock, it does not pass from brig to schooner or from schooner to man-of-war. What we are when launched from this world we will be in the world to come. Oh, God! by Thy converting and sanctifying spirit make us right here and now that we may be right forever!

"Well," says some one, "this idea of moral, spiritual and eternal Echo is new to me. Is there not some way of stopping this Echo?" My answer is, "God can and He only." If it is a cheerful Echo we do not want it stopped; if a baleful Echo we would like to have it stopped. The hardest thing in the world to do is to stop an Echo. Many an oration has been spoiled and many an orator confounded by an Echo. Costly churches, cathedrals, theatres and music halls have been ruined by an Echo. Architects have strung wires across auditoriums to arrest the Echo, and hung upholstery against the walls, hoping to entrap it, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in public buildings of this country to keep the air from answering when it ought to be quiet.

Aristotle and Pythagoras and Isaac Newton and La Place and our own Joseph Henry tried to hunt down the Echo, but still the unexplored realms of acoustics are larger than the explored. When our first Brooklyn Tabernacle was being constructed, we were told by architects that it was of such a shape that the human voice could not be heard in it, or, if heard, it would be jangled into Echoes.

In state of worriment I went to Joseph Henry, the president of Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and told him of this evil prophecy, and he replied: "I have probably experimented more with the laws of sound than any other man, and I have got as far as this, Two buildings may seem to be exactly alike and yet in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad. Go on with your church building and trust that all will be well." Oh, this mighty law of sound! Oh, this subtle Echo! There is only one being in the universe that thoroughly understands it—"The sounding again of the mountains."

And if it is so hard to destroy a natural Echo, how much harder to stop a moral Echo, a spiritual Echo, an immortal Echo. You know that the Echoes are affected by the surfaces, and the shape of rocks, and the depth of ravines, and the relative position of buildings? And once in heaven God will so arrange the relative position of mansions and temples and thrones that one of the everlasting charms of heaven will be the rolling, bursting, ascending, descending, chanting Echoes. All the songs we ever sang devoutly, all the prayers we have ever uttered earnestly, all the Christian deeds we have ever done will be waiting to spring upon us in Echo.

The scientists tell us that in this world the roar of artillery and the boom of the thunder are so loud, because they are a combination of Echoes—all the hillsides, and the caverns and the walls furnishing a share of the resonance. And never will we understand the full power and music of an Echo until with supernatural faculties able to endure them we hear all the conjoined sounds of heavenly Echoes—harps and trumpets, orchestras and oratorios, hosannahs and hallelujahs, east side of heaven answering to the west side, north side to south side, and all the heights, and all the depths, and all the immensities, and all the eternities joining in Echo upon Echo, Echo in the wake of Echo.

In the future state, whether of rapture or ruin, we will listen for reverberations of earthly things and doings. Voltaire standing amid the shadows will listen, and from the millions whose godlessness and libertinism and debauchery were a consequence of his brilliant blasphemies will come back a weeping, wailing, desparing, agonizing, million-voiced Echo. Paul will, while standing in the light, listen, and from all the circles of the ransomed, and from all the many mansions, whom he helped to people, and from all the thrones he helped to occupants, and from all the gates he helped throng with arrivals, and from all the temples he helped fill with worshipers there shall come back to him a glorious, ever accumulating, transporting and triumphant Echo.

Oh, what will the tyrants and oppressors of the earth do with the Echoes? Those who are responsible for the wars of the world will have come back to them all the groans, the shrieks, the cannonades, the bursting shells, the crackle of burning cities and the death of a nation's homes—Hohenlinden and Salamanca, Wagram and Sedan, Marathon and Thermopylæ, Bunker Hill and Lexington, South Mountains and Gettysburg. Sennacherib listen! Semiramis listen! Marc Antony listen! Artaxerxes listen! Darius listen! Julius Cæsar listen! Alexander and Napoleon listen! But to the righteous will come back the blissful Echoes.

Composers of Gospel hymns and singers will listen for the return of Antioch and Brattle Street, Ariel and Dundee, Harwell and Woodstock, Mount Pisgah and Coronation, Homeward Bound and Shining Shore, and all the melodies they ever started. Bishop Heber and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and Thomas Hastings and Bradbury and Horatius Bonar and Frances Havergal listen!

But you know as well as I do that there are some places where the reverberations seem to meet, and standing there they rush upon you, they rain upon you, all at once they capture your ear. And at the point where all heavenly reverberations meet Christ will stand and listen for the resound of all His sighs and groans and sacrifices and they shall come back in an Echo in which mingle the acclaim of a redeemed world, and the "Jubilate Deo" of a full heaven. Echo saintly, cherubic, archangelic! Echo of thrones! Echo of palaces! Echo of temples! Omnipotent Echo! Everlasting Echo! Amen!

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA IN '49.

The Sensation Caused by an Invoice of Women's Bonnets.

Life in California was, back in '49, a wild romance, says a writer. No words of mine can describe the scenes that were enacted during that chaotic period. Thousands of men, organized in bands, or wholly disorganized, were constantly arriving from every part of the world and leaving for the diggings. Outlaws and professional gamblers opened saloons by the score at every point where men congregated. Money was scattered everywhere as if by the wind. Miners who had realized fortunes in a few days came down to Stockton, Sacramento, and San Francisco to squander them in a night at the gambling tables. All restraining influences of society were absent, and I can not find an expression better suited to the case than "Pandemonium on a Frolic."

As there were no wives, there could be no homes or families. A few stores had been hastily put up along the shores, made of rough boards or canvas, and all of them were doing an enormous business. The rest of the village consisted of shanties or tents used for restaurants and saloons. Human life was a moving panorama. The whole place was alive with a mass of unkempt men clad in flannel shirts and heavy boots, who were inspired with the one desire to hurry on to the mines.

This rough life was not without its touches of sentiment. One day the town was electrified by the rumor that an invoice of women's bonnets had arrived and could be seen at one of the stores. The excitement was intense, and there was a rush from every direction to get a realistic view of even so insignificent a substitute for female society. I do not overstate the truth in saying that the thoughts of home that were awakened in the breasts of the rude-looking men at the sight of those bonnets started tears from the eyes which the worst forms of privation and hardship had failed to moisten.

The Christian missionary was already on the ground and good Parson Williams had managed to find a place where he could preach on Sunday. One of the first men who arrived with his family came to one of these meetings attended by his wife and baby. During the sermon it chanced that the baby cried and the mother was about to withdraw, when the preacher addressed her thus: "My good woman, I beg you remain; the innocent sound of that infant's voice is more eloquent than any words I can command. It speaks to the hearts of men whose wives and children are far away, looking and praying for a safe return to their loved ones at home." Never shall I forget the sobs and tears which these words evoked throughout that rough assembly. That infant's cry seemed to them the music of angels.

The Star Spangled Banner.

In "Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812," it is recorded that the "Star Spangled Banner" was first sung in a restaurant in Baltimore, next door to the Holiday Street Theater, by Charles Durang to an assemblage of patriotic defenders of the city, and after that, nightly at the theater.

This statement is slightly inaccurate, and though it is one of no great historical importance it involves a matter of sufficient interest to justify a correction, says a writer. The first person to sing that spirited song—which, though given a foreign air and commemorating a single episode in our country's history, has filled millions of American hearts with patriotic emotion—was a lad 12 years of age, the scene of his childish effort being neither a restaurant nor a theater, but the open street in front of Capt. Benjamin Edes' printing office in Baltimore, on the second day after the bombardment of Fort McHenry. It is worthy of record, too, that the person who first "set up" the song, printed it and distributed it to the citizens of Baltimore, was also a boy—an apprentice of Capt. Edes—the whole thing being done while the gallant captain was still out of the city with his regiment, the Twenty-seventh Mayland Infantry, which three days before had acted with conspicuous bravery at the battle of North Point.

The name of the apprentice boy, then 17 or 18 years old, was Samuel Sands. He lived, a much respected citizen of Baltimore, to a very old age. This little singer was James Lawrenson, who afterward, for nearly seventy years, was connected with the Postoffice Department. He died last year, nearly 90 years old, at his home in Baltimore, universally loved and honored.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of $100 for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.
A. W. GLEASON.
SEAL Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

It is said that four-fifths of all the hail-storms occur in the daytime.

MANY persons are broken down from over-work or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

There are six schools in Ireland where Irish is taught.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Shah of Persia has a tobacco pipe worth $400,000.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective.—*Christian World, London, England.*

A Birmingham (England) man collected 540,000 pennies during his lifetime.

LADIES needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

The human heart, in a lifetime of eighty years, beats 300,000,000 times.

IF you are constipated, bilious or troubled with sick headache, Beecham's Pills afford immediate relief. Of druggists. 25 cents.

In Southern Europe 38,000 oranges have been picked from one tree.

Fast Eating
And irregular meals are causes of Dyspepsia, which will soon become incurable except by careful attention to diet and taking a reliable stomach medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:
"Owing partly to irregularity in eating, I suffered greatly from dyspepsia, accompanied by
Severe Pain After Meals
I took two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and entirely recovered, much to my gratification. I frequently have opportunity to praise
Hood's Sarsaparilla
and am glad to, for I consider it a great medicine." C. I. TROWBRIDGE, Travelling salesman for Schlotterbeck & Foss, Portland, Me.

All gone
—woman's suffering and woman's weakness. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription puts a stop to it. It's a remedy for all the delicate derangements and disorders that make her suffer, and a cure for all the diseases and disturbances that make her weak. It's a legitimate medicine, that corrects and cures; a tonic that invigorates and builds up; a nervine that soothes and strengthens. For bearing-down pains, displacements, all the functional irregularities peculiar to the sex, it's a safe and certain remedy.

Other medicines claim to cure? That's true. But they don't claim to do this: if the Favorite Prescription fails to give satisfaction, in any case for which it's recommended, the money paid for it is refunded.

Judge for yourself which is likely to be the better medicine.

And think whether something else offered by the dealer is likely to be "just as good."

You pay only for the good you get. On these terms it's the *cheapest.*

EAR-RINGS.

The History of These Familiar Ornaments Briefly Narrated.

Ear-rings have been worn from time immemorial. While excavating the ruins of ancient Thebes archæologists brought to light sculptured remains bearing representations of these articles. Ancient writers make frequent mention of these decorations, and state that in early days they were worn by both sexes.

From the very earliest times the male Asiatics wore them. The Bible tells us that Abraham presented his son's wife with a pair of ear-rings, and historians relate that Alexander the Great, when he invaded India found them suspended in the ears of the Babylonians.

Among the ancient oriental nations, with the exception of the Hebrews, men and women wore them, the latter considering that they should be reserved for the sole use of the gentler sex. Homer makes mention of this method of adornment in his description of statues representing several of the mythological deities, and the great Juvenal is authority for the males residing in the Luphrates provinces.

Ladies and waiting-maids, among the ancient Greeks and Romans, wore plain hoops of gold or silver in their ears, and as time progressed these became more elaborate, precious gems being set in them. Many Roman matrons possessed ear-rings of the most costly and gorgeous description, the settings being worth thousands of dollars.

One of the most fashionable patterns affected by those of rank and wealth were modeled in the form of an asp, with a golden body shaded with gems of the first water. Ear-rings that bore the miniatures of the dear friends or relatives of the wearers were quite fashionable at a very early day, and in many cases they were attached in the form of pendants.

In ancient Egypt and India those made in imitation of the lotus and Bengal rose were sought after in preference to all other designs.

Among civilized nations the wearing of ear-rings by men has been by no means uncommon, as it has been shown that in early English days some of the most distinguised courtiers bedecked their ears with very costly specimens. The immortal Shakspeare is said to have worn them, and Charles I. is reputed to have been the owner of a magnificent pair of pearl ear-rings, which he bequeathed to his daughter the day before he was executed.

In the South Sea Islands the females and males alike adopt this style of personal adornment, and even in the wilds of Africa they are worn by the untutored savages of both sexes. At the present day the only civilized persons of the male sex who ornament their ears in this manner are the gypsies, the Italians, the French, a few sailors of other foreign nations, and occasionally a German, but, as a matter of course, precious few females the world over will be found without them.—Detroit Free Press.

EASTERN newspapers are gravely discussing the propriety of asking legislative intervention to prevent the playing of foot ball. Statistics are adduced to show that not one man gives up his life in the twenty-four-foot ring where a score are killed in the rush line. The conclusion reached is that if the brutal side of human nature must be indulged, it is better to gratify it in the comparatively cheerful and exhilarating pastime of prize fighting. It is indorsed as less demoralizing and less brutal than the game that now attracts in its stead, the tendency of which, it is claimed, is toward the days of bull fights and gladiatorial contests.

The World's People.

There are about 1,500,000,000 people in the world, with very nearly an equal division of sex. One-fourth dies before the fifteenth year, and the average duration of life is 33 years; 33,033,000 people die each year, making a total of 91,501 each day, 3,770 each hour, 62 each minute, and about 1 each second.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken "sick, and suffered as no one but a "dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time "I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I "had to throw it up. Then in a "few moments that horrid distress "would come on and I would have "to eat and suffer "again. I took a "little of your medicine, and felt much "better, and after "taking a little more "August Flower my "Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I "have never had the first sign of it. "I can eat anything without the "least fear of distress. I wish all "that are afflicted with that terrible "disease or the troubles caused by "it would try August Flower, as I "am satisfied there is no medicine "equal to it."

For that Horrid Stomach Feeling.

Who Invented Thimbles.

The Dutch have already claimed the credit of having invented thimbles, and by tacit consent their claim was allowed up to a few years ago, but, unfortunately for the reputation of the Holland tailors, about the middle of this century, the antiquarians delving in the ruins of Herculaneum, uncovered a jeweler's shop and found half a dozen gold and silver thimbles of the most approved modern pattern.

Since then several thimbles have been discovered in the Egyptian catacombs, in mummy cases antedating the Christian era fifteen to eighteen centuries.

So how old is the thimble, or by whom it was invented, are questions that cannot be answered.

The name is believed to be a perversion of thumbbell, as the thimble was formerly worn on the thumb.

The manufacture of thimbles was first introduced into England from Holland in 1695 by a metal worker named John Softing.—Globe Democrat.

Teaching Her a Lesson.

Uncle 'Rastus, who has caused the arrest of his wife for assault—"I want yo' ter gib it to her, jedge—gib her de limick ob de law! Dis ain't de fust time she 'saulted me.

Judge—I'm afraid, aunty, I'll have to fine you ten dollars.

"Well, yo' honah, I ain't got ten cents."

Judge, to Uncle 'Rastus—It'll be $10, Uncle 'Rastus.

Uncle 'Rastus, handing over the money with a bewildered look—"All right, Jedge, dere's de money." To wife, as they leave the court together: "Dar, ole woman, I trus' dis yere 'sperience'll larn yo' a lesson what yo' won't fergit."

Names of Steamships.

You may easily assign the Atlantic liners to the right companies by following this rule: All first-class Cunard steamers end their names with the letters "ia;" all White Star ships with "ic;" all Allen vessels with "ian;" all Inman boats are named "City of;" all Guion steamers are named after Territories; all State Line ships are named after States; all National Line boats are named after foreign countries.

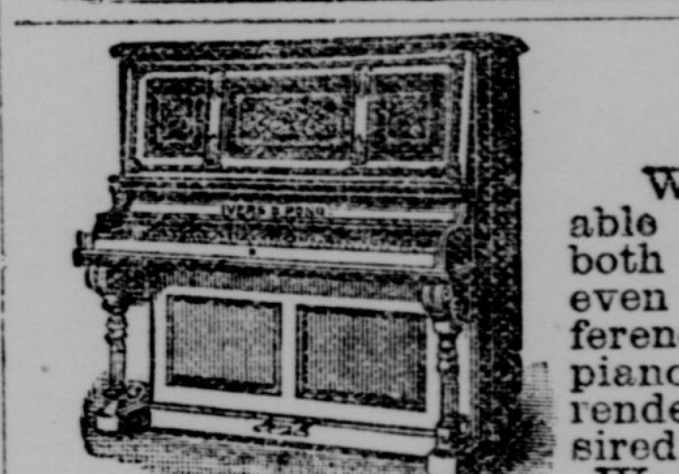
Aluminium.

Aluminium is found to be an excellent material to use in the manufacture of beer mugs. It will prevent the beer from becoming flat for a long time.

SYRUP of FIGS
ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

DONALD KENNEDY,
Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:
Strange cases cured by my **Medical Discovery** come to me every day. Here is one of Paralysis—Blindness—and the Grip. Now how does my **Medical Discovery** cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humor.
VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, *Sept. 9th*, 1891.
Donald Kennedy—Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your **Discovery**, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your **Discovery** was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your **Discovery** they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my *left* eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your **Medical Discovery.**
Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

"PROMPT AND PERMANENT!"
THE PECULIAR EFFECTS OF
ST. JACOBS OIL
Are Its Prompt and Permanent Cures.
RHEUMATISM.—Jan. 17, 1883, GEORGE C. OSGOOD & CO., Druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote: "MR. LEWIS DENNIS, 136 Moody St., desires to say that ORRIN ROBINSON, a boy of Graniteville, Mass., came to his house in 1881, walking on crutches; his leg was bent at the knee for two months. Mr. Dennis gave him St. Jacobs Oil to rub it. In six days he had no use for his crutches and went home cured without them."
Lowell, Mass., July 9, '87: "The cripple boy ORRIN ROBINSON, cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881, has remained cured. The young man has been and is now at work every day at manual labor." DR. GEORGE C. OSGOOD.
LAMEBACK.—Aberdeen, S. Dak., Sept. 26, 1888: "Suffered several years with chronic stitch in the back: was given up by doctors. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me."
HERMAN SCHWAYGEL.



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We take old pianos as part pay, balance to suit reasonable convenience. Catalogue, etc., free. Write.
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Cleanses the Nasal Passages.
Allays Pain and Inflammation.
Heals the Sores
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

It is for the cure of dyspepsia and its attendants, sick-headache, constipation and piles, that
Tutt's Tiny Pills
have become so famous. They act gently, without griping or nausea.

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W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
from which the excess of oil has been removed,
Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off.
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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are pleasant to take, safe and always effectual. A reliable remedy for Billiousness, Blotches on the Face, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Colic, Constipation, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Liver Trouble, Diabetes, Disordered Stomach, Dizziness, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Flatulence, Female Complaints, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Hives, Jaundice, Kidney Complaints, Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Nausea, Nettle Rash, Painful Digestion, Pimples, Rush of Blood to the Head, Sallow Complexion, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofula, Sick Headache, Skin Diseases, Sour Stomach, Tired Feeling, Torpid Liver, Ulcers, Water Brash and every other symptom or disease that results from impure blood or a failure in the proper performance of their functions by the stomach, liver and intestines. Persons given to over-eating are benefited by taking one tabule after each meal. A continued use of the Ripans Tabules is the surest cure for obstinate constipation. They contain nothing that can be injurious to the most delicate. 1 gross $2, 1-2 gross $1.25, 1-4 gross 75c., 1-24 gross 15 cents. Sent by mail postage paid. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, P. O. Box 672, New York.

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Will be the next young city to surprise you with a wonderful growth. She is the most promising city of her size in the United States. Besides a large extent of fertile lands, there are worlds of wealth in minerals tributary to her, including immense deposits of
Coal, Iron, Tin, Lead, Silver & Gold.
Two railroads are now building, and three others have lately surveyed into Pierre.
The harvest of 1891 is the greatest ever known.
Now is THE Time
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Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup.
Sold everywhere. 25c.
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HIGH FIVE OR EUCHRE PARTIES should send at once to JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. T. A. C., R. I. & P. R. R., Chicago. TEN CENTS, in stamps, per pack for the slickest cards you ever shuffled. For $1.00 you will receive free by express ten packs.

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