NELLIE FARREN, the actress, was presented with a fine specimen of the laughing jackass by an Australian admirer on the eve of her departure from Sydney. The cynical donor expressed the hope that every time the lugubrious bird broke forth in shrill cachinnation it would remind her of the mirth and gaiety she inspired in so many delightful Australian audiences!

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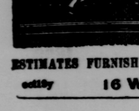
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CABLE SPARKS.

DR. ALFRED CARPENTER, the well-known English physician, is dead. He was the author of many medical works.

SEVERAL women belonging to the Salvation Army, were knocked down by a mob at Eastbourne, Eng., and severely injured.

THE British labor commission has decided to appoint six sub-commissioners to deal exhaustively with the agricultural problem.

THE French government will ask the general assembly of the country a credit of $700,000 to enable France to participate in the Chicago-Columbian Exposition.

THE native officers of the Egyptian army took the oath of allegiance to the new Khedive in Abdin Square, Cairo, the immense open space in front of the Abdin Palace.

HUME WEBSTER, the noted English horse-breeder, killed himself in a woods near Croydon, his country residence in England, because he was in financial trouble.

IN the trial, at Vienna, of Frank Schneider and his wife, charged with murdering servant girls, the husband confessed that he choked eight girls to death while his wife held their hands.

THE Russian commission of public works proposes spending 3,000,000 roubles in the employment of 100,000 men and 45,000 horses in clearing 30,000 acres of forest lands in the famine districts of the country.

THE Parnellite section of the Irish parliamentary party is willing to make peace, so its acknowledged leader, John E. Redmond, stated in a speech at Ennis, Ireland, if the overtures of the McCarthyite wing were honorable.

ARRANGEMENTS between Spain and Germany, and Spain and France, having for their object the prolongation of the commercial treaties between Spain and Germany and France, are upon the point of being concluded.

EMPEROR WILLIAM was thirty-three years old, and at his birthday banquet he had as guests the King of Saxony, the King of Wurtemberg and the Grand Duke of Hesse. Berlin was illuminated at night and the streets were crowded with people.

IT is reported in Berlin that the United States government is about to open up negotiations with the European powers with the view of the convening of an international congress on the silver question.

THE grip, which is prevailing in Paris, increased last week's mortality by one hundred daily. The hospitals of the city are so crowded with grip patients that the municipal authorities have asked the national government to permit the use of vacant barracks as temporary hospitals.

LORD HENRY CAVENDISH BENTINCK, half-brother of the Duke of Portland, and member for the House of Commons for Northwest Norfolk, was married to Lady Olivia Taylor, heiress of Earl Bective, at St. Margaret's Church, London. The ceremony was attended by a large number of aristocratic personages.

AT Chelsea, Eng., 1,500 socialists assembled to hear Emma Ham, a prominent member of the English Laundresses' Union, make a speech. The police ordered her to leave, but she clasped her arms around a lamp-post and refused to obey. An exciting struggle between herself and a police inspector ensued, followed by a general fight, in which a number of policemen and civilians were injured. The woman Ham and two others were arrested and committed for trial.

THESE statistics are furnished by the Agricultural Department at Washington as representing the aggregate production of cereals for 1891: Corn, 2,060,154,000 bushels; value, $836,480,228. Wheat, 611,780,000 bushels; value, $513,472,711. Oats, 733,894,000 bushels; value, $23,312,257.

MR. HOWELLS writes to a friend in Boston: "I have had the grip, slightly; but the consequences! What a singular disease. It is like a wrong action in its far-reaching effect."

WORK AND WORKERS.

ANTHRACITE coal of good quality has been struck at Robesonia, and is said to be the first found in Berks county.

THE miners in the Clearfield region of Pennsylvania have demanded an advance in wages for mining "low coal." The operators say they will refuse the advance and close the mines.

AS the result of a conference between the officials of the Chicago and Erie Railroad and the striking switchmen at Huntingdon, Ind., the strike has been declared off, and trains are moving as usual.

THE Executive Committee of the California State Miners' Convention has effected a permanent organization, to be known as the California Miners' Association, the object of which is to develop the mining interests of the State.

IT is believed in the Lehigh coal region that the present severe weather will prevent the threatened reduction in the price of coal, and will, if it continues a few days, cause a general resumption at the mines.

THE nail feeders at the works of the Brooke Iron Company, at Birdsboro', Penna., struck against a reduction in wages. The other employes remained at work. The nail feeders were employed by the nailers and not by the firm.

THE conclusion of a commission of experts who have examined into the subject is that electricity will probably displace locomotives on railroads, especially on steep grades. It will be applied directly to the axles, making each car its own motor.

CONTRACT Labor Inspectors Conklin and Osborne, who were sent by the Treasury Department to the mining districts of Pennsylvania to invest gate the workings of the alien contract labor law, have made a report alleging the discovery of evidence of wholesale violations of the law.

THE three big combination nail, iron and steel mills, the Belmont Wheeling Iron Company and Benwood, have decided to unite in one big concern, and all have taken action toward that end. The capital will reach about $5,000,000, and it will be one of the biggest concerns of its kind in the country.

THE Memphis Commercial-Union locked out its union printers, their places being taken by 16 non-union men from St. Louis. The non-union men were attacked as they went to dinner, and the police had to interfere. Eleven of the non-union men consented to leave the town, and were escorted to the depot.

A non-union conductor on the Manchester Electric Car Line, in Pittsburg, was yesterday pulled off his car by a mob of sympathisers with the strikers, and held under a hydrant until otherwise mattered. Judge McClung granted an order restraining the strikers from interfering with the running of the cars. Several arrests for riotous conduct have been made by the police.

THE employes of Carnegie's plant at Homestead, Penna., were notified through their mill committees, that the firm desires to arrange the new scale now, instead of waiting until July 1st, when the old one expires. The workmen were much elated over the action of the employers, as it is the first time they have recognized the Amalgamated Association. No trouble in reaching a settlement on the wage question is expected.

THE 800 employes of the seven Pittsburg glass tableware factories, controlled by the United States Glass Company, the recently formed trust, went on a strike yesterday. The present indications are that the strike will extend over all the factories of the United States Company, there being nine other factories outside of Pittsburg. The strike is against a new set of rules which demand that the men work 44 hours on a "task," whether they can finish it in less time or not.

THE LOTTERY ACT STANDS.

The United States Supreme Court Says It Is Constitutional.

The United States Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the recent anti-lottery act of the last Congress, affirming the decision in the case of Deyne and Rapier, the publishers of the New Orleans States and Mobile Register, who were indicted on the charge of sending through the mails newspapers containing lottery advertisements. By common consent the cases were made test suits as to the constitutionality of the law. Chief Justice Fuller announced that owing to the death of Justice Bradley, to whom the writing of the opinion in the anti-lottery cases had been given, the court would postpone any elaboration of its views, and confine itself to the expression of the general ground on which the decision proceeds. The court then said that the opinion in ex parte Jackson held that the power vested in Congress to establish postoffices and postroads embraced the regulation of the entire postal system of the country, and designated what may and what may not be excluded. The power granted Congress was complete, and carried with it power to forbid the use of the mails in all the perpetration of crime or immorality. The court says there is no distinction between mala prohibita and mala in se, and that it must be left to Congress in the exercise of a sound discretion to determine what shall be excluded. There is no abridgment of the freedom of the press for the reason that the government does not prohibit communication by other means, but simply through the government agencies which it controls.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, super, $3.00@3.12. Wheat—Southern Fultz, 93@1.02 Corn—Southern White, 51@52c., Yellow, 52@53c. Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania, 37@38c. Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 95@96c. Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania $13.00@14.00. Straw—Wheat, $7.50@8.00. Butter—Eastern Creamery, 31@32c. Eggs—In receipt 25@24c. Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 12@12½c., Western, 8@9½c. Eggs—23@24c. Tobacco, Leaf—Interior $1.00@4.50 Lugs and Common, $4.00@5.00. Middling, $5.00@8.00. Good to finer 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 1.01@1.02½. Rye—State 1.05@1.06@c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 49@49½c. Oats—White, State 36@35c. Butter—State, 17@29c. Cheese—State, 11@11½c. Eggs—26½@27c.

PHILADELPHIA — Flour — Pennsylvania Fancy, $3.50@3.75. Wheat, Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 99½@1.00 Rye—Pennsylvania, 97@98c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 48½@48½c. Oats—29@30½c. Butter—State, 28@29c. Cheese—New York Factory, 10@10½c. Eggs—State, 24@27c.

CATTLE.

BALTIMORE—Beef—$4.50@4.75. Sheep—$2.50@6.00. Hogs—$4.40@4.90.

NEW YORK—Beef—$4.10@5.00. Sheep—$4.10@5.40@. Hogs—$4.10@4.80.

EAST LIBERTY—Beef—$4.75@5.00. Sheep—$3.00@5.00. Hogs—$4.60@4.70.

A MINE manager in Nevada claims to have invented a gun of remarkably rapid firing capacity, the implement having a Winchester barrel and stock, with a 15-repeating magazine in the stock. It is a trifle heavier than the ordinary Winchester, but its great feature, as claimed, is that the whole fifteen shots may be fired in one second, a statement which has been fully realized in practice. The shells are thrown out, and at the end of the firing the gun is as clean as though only a single cartridge had been exploded. It is stated that an instantaneous photograph was taken of the gun in action, and, while the exposure was made, five shells were in the air tossed out by the inconceivably rapid working of the gun. As described, the weapon is one of extreme simplicity. All that the man who does the shooting has to do is to fill the chambers with cartridges, cock the gun and pull the trigger as many times as he means to shoot. The gun is accurate at short or long range.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Busy is Heaven."

TEXT: *"There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."*—Revelation viii., 1.

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the center from which all good influences start. It is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charioted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll, and the trumpets to sound, and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reigned in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and the processions halted. The hand of arrest was put upon all the splendors. "Stop, heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows nor sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place, I am certain. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

And first of all we may learn that God and all heaven honored silence. The longest and wisest dominion that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there had not been a sound. A World making was a later day occupation. For unimaginable ages it was a mute universe. God was the only being, and as there was no one to speak to there was no utterance. But that silence has been all broken up into worlds, and it has become a noisy universe. Worlds in upheaval, worlds in coagulation, worlds in conflagration, worlds in revolution. If geologists are right —and I believe they are—there has not been a moment of silence since this world began its travels, and the crashings, and the splittings, and the uproar, and the hubbub are ever in progress.

But when among the shipwrials a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned, "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Oftentimes, when we are assailed and misrepresented, the mightiest thing to say is nothing, and the mightiest thing to do is nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or social or political injustice.

Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer was the patient silence. The famous Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea, accomplished as much by his silent patience as by his pen and tongue. He had asthma that for twenty-five years bronght him out of his couch at two o'clock each morning. His four sons and daughters died. The remaining child by sunstroke made insane. The afflicted man said, "At this moment there is not an inch of my body that is not filled with agony." Yet, he was cheerful, triumphant, silent. Those who were in his presence said they felt as though they were in the gates of heaven.

Oh, the power of patient silence! Eschylus, the immortal poet, was condemned to death for writing something that offended the people. All the pleas in his behalf were of no avail, until his brother uncovered the arm of the prisoner and showed that his hand had been shot off at Salamis. The silent poem liberated him. The loudest thing on earth is silence if it be of the right kind and at the right time. There was a quaint old hymn, spelled in the old style, and once sung in the churches:

The race is not forever go;
By him who fastest runs,
Nor the battle by those proppll
That stoop with the longis guns.

My friends, the tossing Sea of Galilee seemed most to offend Christ by the amount of noise it made, for He said to it, "Be still!" Heaven has been drowning kings and queens unto God for many centuries, yet heaven never stopped a moment for any such occurrence, but it stopped thirty minutes for the coronation of Silence. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

Learn also from my text that heaven must be an eventful and active place, from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or whole week or whole year for celestial consideration. If Grotius was right and this silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that scene was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks.

After fearful besiegement of the two fortresses of Jerusalem—Antonio and Hippicus —had been going on for a long while, a Roman soldier mounted on the shoulder of another soldier hurled into the window of the temple a firebrand, and the temple was all aflame, and after covering many sacrifices to the holiness of God, the building itself became a sacrifice to the rage of man. The hunger of the people in that city during the besiegement was so great that as some outlaws were passing a doorway and inhaled the odors of food, they burst open the door, threatening the mother of the household with death unless she gave them food, and she took them aside and showed them it was her own child she was cooking for the ghastly repast.

Six hundred priests were destroyed on Mount Zion because the temple being gone there was nothing for them to do. Six thousand people in one cloister were consumed. There were one million one hundred thousand dead, according to Josephus. Grotius thinks that this was the cause of silence in heaven for half an hour. If Mr. Lord was right and this silence was during the Diocletian persecutions, by which eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians suffered death from sword and fire and banishment and exposure, way did not heaven listen throughout at least one of those awful years? No! Thirty minutes! The fact is that the celestial programme is so crowded with spectacle and song and all only one recess in all eternity and that for a short space.

While there are great choruses in which all heaven can join, each soul there has a story of divine mercy peculiar to itself and it must be a solo. How can heaven get through with all its recitatives with all its cantos, with all its grand marches, with all its victories? Eternity is too short to utter all the praise. In my text heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches, when there are many to take part, we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly enough to let the one hundred and forty-four thousand get through each with his own story, and then the one hundred and forty-four million, and then the one hundred and forty-four million, and then the one hundred and forty-four trillion, and then the one hundred and forty-four trillion.

No! Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we will know of Him after everlasting study of the Deific. If my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up, so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see; so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained; so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation.

How may we will be kept in having pointed out to us the nurses and nurseries that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow fever and cholera doctors who died, not flying from their posts, the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazarettos; the railroad engineers who staid at their places in order to save the train though they themselves perished.

Hubert Gollin, the master miner, who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine, just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one jack of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child in the bucket and jerked the rope for him to be hauled up, crying, "Pull down the water has burst in and we are probably lost, but we will

seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery;" and then giving the command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth that amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour. You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centuple. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercommunication, more of worship.

There is not so much difference between Brooklyn seventy-five years ago, when there were a few houses down on the East river and the village reached up only to Sands street, as compared with what this great city is now—yea, not so much difference between New York when Canal street was far up town, and now when Canal street is far down town, than there is a difference between what heaven was when my text was written and what heaven is now. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and if we now have no time to spare we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour.

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven are measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past and the millions of ages to come not one is especially measured off in the Bible. The half hour of my text is made immortal. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepieces was measured by the minute hand of my text.

Oh, the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half hours. Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate. Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity.

It was the half hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith; the half hours between professional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher; the half hours between his duties as schoolmaster that made Salmon P. Chase chief justice; the half hours between shoe lasts that made Henry Wilson vice president of the United States; the half hours between canal boats that made James A. Garfield president.

The half hour a day for good books or bad books, the half hour a day for prayer or indolence, the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others, the half hour before you go to business and the half hour after your return from business—that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours.

The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there; the half hour when I decided to become a preacher of the Gospel; the half hour when I first realized that my son was dead; the half hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn; the half hour in which I entered Jerusalem; the half hour in which I ascended Mount Calvary; the half hour in which I stood on Mars hill; the half hour in which the dedicatory prayer of this temple was made, and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life. You may forget the name of the exact years or most of the important events of your existence, but those half hours, like the half hour of my text, will be immortal.

I do not query what you will do with the Twentieth century. I do not query what you will do with 1892, but what will you do with the next half hour? Upon that hinges your destiny. And during that some of you will receive the Gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence.

Far back in history a great geographer stood with a sailor looking at a globe that represented our planet, and he pointed to a place on the globe where he thought there was an undiscovered continent. That undiscovered continent was America. The geographer who pointed where he thought there was a new world was Martin Behaim, and the sailor to whom he showed it was Columbus. This last was not satisfied till he had picked that gem out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography. Oh, ye who have been sailing up and down the rough seas of sorrow and sin, let me point out to you another continent, yea, another world, that you may yourselves find a rapturous world, and that is the world a half hour of which we now study. Oh, set sail for it! Here is the ship and here are the compasses.

In other words, make this half hour, beginning at twenty minutes to twelve by my watch, the grandest half hour of your life and become a Christian. Pray for a regenerated spirit. Louis XIV. while walking in the garden at Versailles, met Mansard, the great architect, and the architect took off his hat before the king. "Put on your hat," said the king, "for the evening is damp and cold." And Mansard, the architect, the rest of the evening kept on his hat. The dukes and marquises standing with bare heads before the king expressed their surprise at Mansard, but the king said, "I can make a duke or a marquis, but God only can make a Mansard." And I say to you, my hearers, God only by His convincing and converting grace can make a Christian, but He is ready this very half hour to accomplish it.

Again my text suggests a way of studying heaven so that we can better understand it. The word "eternity" that we handle so much is an immensurable word. Knowing that we could not understand that word the Bible uses it only once. We say, "Forever and ever;" but how long is "forever and ever?" I am glad that my text puts under our eyes heaven for thirty minutes. As when you would see a great picture you put a sheet of paper into a scroll and look through it, or join your forefinger to your thumb and look through the circle between, and the picture becomes more intense, so this masterpiece of heaven by St. John is more impressive when we take only thirty minutes of it at a time. Now we have something that we can come nearer to grasping, and it is a quiet heaven. When we discourse about the multitudes of heaven it must be almost a nervous shock to those who have all their lives been crowded by many people and who want a quiet heaven.

For the last thirty-five years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes thought for a few weeks after I reach heaven I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm with a few friends and for some little while try comparative solitude. Then there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the eternal orchestra, and they feel like saying, as a good woman in Hudson, N. Y., said, after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of heaven. "That must be a great heaven, but what will become of my poor head?" Yes, this half hour of my text is a still experience.

"There was silence in heaven for half an hour." You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's Palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that Jesus?" "Yes." Just under the hair along His forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and His foot on the throne has on the front of His instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Way, He looks as if He had redeemed a world! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the House of Many Mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of heaven, jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson, or the Alabama, or the Rhine, or the Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." That is the chief river of heaven—so bright, so wide, so deep. But you ask, "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer, "The inhabitants are all young." "Where are the hospitals for the lame?" "They are all agile." "Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear." "Where are the almshouses for the poor?" "They are all multimillionaires." "Where are the inebriate asylums?" "Why, there are no saloons." "Where are the graveyards?" "Why, they never die." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see those interminable streets built by the Architect of the universe into homes, over the threshold of which sorrow never steps, and out of whose windows faces, once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with immortal health. "Oh, let me go in and see them!" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those there who would never consent to let you come up. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to the earth before this half hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance of even this half hour of silence is ended.

The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now. I am now only showing you heaven at the dullest half hour of all the eternities. Come on! There is something in the celestial appearance which makes me think that the half hour of silence will soon be over. Yonder are the white horses being hitched to chariots, and yonder are seraphs fingering harps as if about to strike them into symphony, and yonder are conquerors taking down from the blue halls of heaven the trumpets of victory.

Remember, we are mortal yet, and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour. Hark! the clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike and the half hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down till your work is done! Shoulder a little longer your bar iens! Fight a little longer your battles! Weep a little longer your griefs! And then take heaven, not in its dullest half hour, but in its mightiest pomp, and instead of taking it for thirty minutes take it world without end.

But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration before the throne in worship of Him who made it possible for you to get there at all, I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English Government in honor of great battles; these medals pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army on great occasions, the royal family present; the Crimean medal, the Victoria cross, the Waterloo medal.

In your first half hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as the victor over the droughts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the temptations of the Stock Exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over domestic infelicities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over the storehouse, victor over home worriments, victor over physical distresses, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries—saintly, angelic and divine!

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

HOW RUBBERS ARE MADE.

Not Cast in Moulds as Many People Suppose, but Made Like Other Shoes.

Many people suppose that rubber shoes are made by melting the material and running it into moulds. Such is not the case.

The manufacture of rubber shoes is not very much different from the manufacture of leather shoes. They are made on lasts just the same, but instead of being sewed they are cemented.

"We get most of the raw material from South America," said a drummer. "It is about the color of molasses and is of a spongy nature."

"First it goes through a crushing or rolling process and comes out in rough sheets, and looks very much like a cow's hide. Then it is taken into a compounding room, where it is mixed with a compound and vulcanized.

"After that it is cut up into small pieces, according to the parts of shoes which we wish to get, and is afterwards fitted onto lasts by the workmen in the same manner that leather is.

"How much pure rubber is contained in the manufactured article? About 70 per cent. The best Para gum costs 95 cents a pound, so you see rubber boots and shoes cannot be made for nothing. In the smallest rubber shoe made there are about four ounces of pure rubber, and from that to probably four pounds in a pair of rubber boots."

"Old rubbers are ground up, lining and all, into what we call rag carpet and it is used for insoles.

"The work is nearly all done by hand and in the factories are employed young children, men and women. A boot-maker gets 20 cents a day for making them and a good man can turn out from ten to twelve pairs a day.

"There are between fifteen and twenty rubber boot and shoe factories in the country, with a total capacity of over 150,000 pairs of boots and shoes a day.

"There are four factories having a capacity of over 25,000 pairs each and one which has a capacity of 40,000 pairs. It is a mystery where they all go to."—Denver News.

Excellent Prescriptions.

Though no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions, and as I charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits, and I am visited with them myself. Now, then, for my prescriptions:

For a fit of passion, walk out into the open air. You may speak your mind to the wind without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next day and work like a negro.

For a fit of extravagance or folly, go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced. "Who maketh his bed must lie in it."

For a fit of ambition, go into the church-yard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of ambition.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and blind, and visit the bedridden and afflicted, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a fit of despondency, look on the good things which have been given to you in this world. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders will find them, while he who looks for a flower may return into the house with one blooming in his button-hole.

It may take nine tailors to make a man, but one can break him.

La Grippe.

On December 18th, I was confined to my room with the Grippe. The Treasurer of the "Commercial Advertiser" recommended that I should try a bottle of "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," as it had cured him of the same complaint. I sent for a bottle, and in two days I was able to resume my business, and am now entirely cured.

As I took no other remedy, I can but give all the credit to the "Cherry Pectoral," which I gratefully recommend as a speedy specific for this disease.

Yours very truly,

F. T. HARRISON.

29 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

The human heart, in a lifetime of eighty tea s, beats 500,000,000 times.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

There are over 2000 brass bands in the Salvation Army.

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 Braganza diamond, the largest in the world, weighs 1884 carats.

A Big Profit

$200 Realized on an Investment of $2

Mr. W. F. Eltzroth, an esteemed school teacher in the town of Morrow, Ohio, states his case so clearly that no comment is necessary, further than to say to those run down and out of health,

Co and Do Likewise

"I feel that I must add my name to the list of those who feel grateful for the benefit derived from using Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has been worth $100 a bottle to me in the following manner, viz.: I have been teaching school for 3 years. Last fall I became worn out, and had no appetite, **couldn't sleep at night**, and became so debilitated that it was impossible to perform my duty as a teacher. I

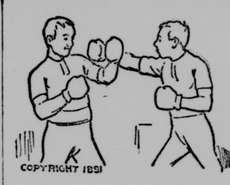
Wrote My Resignation

to take effect in two weeks, but I was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Within a week I was so much better that I continued my school and am still teaching. I have used two bottles and feel **like a new man** and have over $200 clear from $2 spent for Hood's Sarsaparilla." W. F. ELTZROTH.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier, the best strength builder, the best nerve helper. Give it a trial.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic.



COPYRIGHT 1891

Ward off disease by removing the cause of it. It's with the liver or the blood, nine times out of ten. A sluggish liver makes bad blood—and bad blood makes trouble. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes *pure* blood. It invigorates the liver and kidneys, rouses every organ into healthful action, and cleanses and renews the whole system. Through the blood it *cures*. For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases—even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, it's a certain remedy.

Nothing else is "just as good." Anything "just as good" could be sold just as this is. It's the only blood-purifier that's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money is refunded.

The catarrh that isn't cured costs $500. Not to *you*, but to the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They promise to pay you the money, if you have an incurable case.

They don't believe that you have one.

IDA RUNS AN ENGINE.

West Virginia Boasts of the Only Female Engineer in the World.

Says a Wheeling, W. Va. special to the Chicago News: "Mrs. W. Newton Lynch, West Virginia's representative on the board of lady managers of the World's Fair in her search over the State for samples of the work of women and unusual occupations for women, has made the discovery that West Virginia has the only regularly employed railroad engineer of the feminine gender in the world.

"The engineeress' name is Miss Ida Hewitt and she is the daughter of Charles H. Hewitt, one of the chief owners of the Cairo Short Line, which connects with the Baltimore and Ohio at Cario. She is less than 24, and before she took up her present occupation completed a boarding school course and has all the ordinary accomplishments of a well-raised girl.

"The Cairo Short Line was built a few years ago, and Miss Hewitt then a child, showed great interest in the machinery in the shop near her father's house. She spent so much of her spare time there that she learned the parts of a locomotive and their use. Later on, when she had completed the education she had decided to content herself with, she went into the shop, and though she worked only when she cared to and did only what she pleased, she was soon fairly expert with tools.

"One morning a few months ago, the engineer of the narrow-gauge railroad was sick, and there was no one to go out with the train. Miss Ida volunteered to go, and she made the run all right. Finally the engineer died, and she had taken such a liking to her new occupation that she decided to continue it regularly.

Miss Ida is a blonde, wears a cap over her hair, a suit of blue cotton