MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, super, $3.00@3.25. Wheat—Southern Fultz, 97@1.00 Corn—Southern White, 46@49c., Yellow, 47@49c. Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania 37@38½c. Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 86@87c. Hay.—Maryland and Pennsylvania $13.50@14.50. Straw—Wheat, $7.50@8.00. Butter—Eastern Creamery, 28@30c. near-by receipt 21@22c. Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 12½@13c., Western, 8@9½c. Eggs—26@27c. Tobacco, Leaf-Interior $1.00@1.50 Good Common, $4.00@5.00, Middling, $6.00@8.00, Good to fine red, $9.00@11.00. Fancy, $12.00@13.00.

NEW YORK—Flour—Southern Good to choice extra, $3.80@5.10. Wheat—No. 1 White 1.03¼@1.03½. Rye—State 1.05@1.06½c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 50½@51c. Oats—White, State 38@38½c. Butter—State, 31@31½c. Cheese—State, 11@11½c. Eggs—26@27½c.

PHILADELPHIA — Flour — Pennsylvania Fancy, $3.50@3.75. Wheat, Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 1.01@1.01½ Rye—Pennsylvania, 83@84c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 49@49½c. Oats—38@39c. Butter—State, 28@29c. Cheese—New York Factory, 10@10½c. Eggs—State, 24@25c.

CATTLE.

BALTIMORE—Beef—$4.50@4.75. Sheep—$2.50@6.00. Hogs—$4.40@4.60.

NEW YORK—Beef—$4.10@5.00. Sheep—$4.50@6.00. Hogs—4.10@4.75.

EAST LIBERTY—Beef—$4.75@5.00. Sheep—$3.00@5.00. Hogs—$4.65@5.00.

THE search in the ruins of the Hotel Royal, in New York, came to an end, no additional bodies being found. It is thought that if any others perished in the fire the bodies were burned to ashes and will never be recovered. Building Inspector Seton was dismissed, and his case placed in the hands of the District Attorney. He is said to have admitted that he had certified that fire escapes had been provided at the hotel when such was not the case.

PACKET LINE.

THE SCHOONERS

ClaraM. & Annie M. Leonard.

THE above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are NEW and built out of the very best material. Orders left with G. E. Bowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt St., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. GRAIN bought or taken at LOWEST FREIGHT RATES. All Grain stored in our Warehouse, in case of fire will be at the owner's risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the Lowest Cash Prices. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

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OFFICE.—In R. B. Dixon's new building on Dover street, Easton.

WAGNER'S GREEN HOUSE,

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J. & B. L. WAGNER, — — Proprietors.

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

PRICES MODERATE.

The crowds which lunch and dine daily at this restaurant attest the public approbation of its management. 8lmbly

STATE OF TRADE.

A Further Decline in Cotton and Silver.

Exports of Wheat Seriously Diminished—No Change in the Iron Market—At Southern Points.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dunn & Co., number for the United States 235, and for Canada 41, or a total of 276, as compared with the totals of 319 last week and 297 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 297, representing 262 failures in the United States, and 35 in the Dominion of Canada.

Silver and cotton have declined yet further, the latter to 7 3-16c, the lowest price for many years, and silver bullion to 41d at London, the lowest price ever recorded, though there followed a slight recovery to 41¼. Cotton receipts and exports have both been much larger than a year ago.

Wheat has declined 1½c. on sales of 45,000,000 bushels, the exports being seriously diminished, and corn has fallen 1½c. on sales of 15,000,000 bushels, the Western receipts being unusually large. Lard and hogs were somewhat stronger, the exports of products from New York fall a little below those of the same week last year, but the shipments from other ports continue very large.

The production of pig iron is about stationary, amounting February 1st to 187,583 tons, against 188,082 January 1, and 146,650 a year ago. Larger sales of copper are reported at 10.75 cents, and a fair distribution of tin, while lead is a trifle lower.

Reports from other cities indicate a general improvement in trade. At Philadelphia the dry goods trade is quite encouraging. Prospects at Baltimore are much brighter, with decided improvement in leather, shoes and harness. Better accounts also come from the South, where trade has improved. At Nashville it is very fair; at Memphis light but improving, and at Montgomery increasing. At New Orleans business in all lines is only fair but there is a slight improvement in cotton, and sugar is firm and active with light receipts. Nearly all Southern points report an easier money market and more hopeful prospects.

Money is only too abundant, and has been quoted on call this week at 2½ and 1 per cent. The treasury continued to lose gold and has caused some embarrassment during the week by refusing to supply domestic exchange except upon actual deposits of gold, but it has put out $281,000 more money of all kinds than it has taken in.

With much reduced revenue and large disbursements required by appropriations the Treasury is not in shape to bear with ease the strain which financial vagaries in Congress might put upon it, but confidence is felt that no measure calculated to do harm can be passed over veto.

The Duke of Clarence was an ardent admirer of Gladstone. On one occasion at the House of Commons, when the venerable Premier introduced his home rule bill, Albert Victor was so carried away by the eloquence of the great orator that he clapped his hands heartily, which was particularly noticed, as the etiquette of the House forbids such an outburst of enthusiasm.

THE PRINCE OF WALES wears an 18½ collar, has a 45 chest, 34 arm, 42½ waist (for trousers 44), and 30 leg (for trousers 31). Contrary to general credit, especially in America, his tastes are extremely quiet.

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414 Light St. Wharf. Baltimore, Md.

CABLE SPARKS.

YELLOW fever at the Brazilian ports is abating.

A MINER named Latus, in Prussian Silesia, has just awakened from a four months' sleep.

THE Empress of Germany is unable to leave her room, owing to an attack of the grip.

DURING a fire in Mattawa, Ont., a Mrs. Rothschild and her two children perished in the flames.

FOUR Anarchists who led the attack upon the city of Xeres, Spain, were publicly executed in that city.

MANY actors attended the funeral services of Sir Morell Mackenzie, the distinguished English physician, in London.

A NEW epidemic, seemingly of a poisonous origin, prevails in Vienna. Its symptoms are fever, acute colic and ejection of blood.

THE civil marriage of Miss Mattie Mitchell, daughter of Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld was performed in Paris.

OWING to a dispute with one firm regarding the wages to be paid the men in their employ, eight thousand coal porters in London are on a strike.

THE various political parties in the Argentine Republic show a tendency to agree on the nomination of Lutz Pena as the sole candidate for the presidency.

IN a fight between Russian soldiers and a band of emigrants on the Russian frontier near Landsberg, Prussia, three emigrants were killed and ten wounded.

FRANCE, Italy and Sweden have been selected as arbitrators in the dispute between the United States and Great Britain, growing out of the Behring sea seal fisheries.

MUCH grain has already reached the famine-stricken provinces of Russia, and it is the general opinion in St. Petersburg that the distressed districts will now be enabled to hold out until spring.

FOR the first nine months of last year the total number of emigrants from Italy was 226,000, an increase of 54,000 over the preceding year. Of this number 125,000 were permanent emigrants.

THE provincial elections in the Argentine Republic, resulted in a triumph for the conciliation party, which is composed of supporters of Mitre and Roca. The radicals were everywhere defeated.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, member of Parliament for Birmingham, England, has been elected by the British liberal-unionist party its leader in the House of Commons to succeed Lord Hartington, now Duke of Devonshire.

THE English Parliament was opened with the reading of Queen Victoria's speech. The Queen referred to the agreement concluded with the United States defining the mode by which the disputes regarding the seal fisheries in Behring Sea.

THERE has been an unusually heavy snowfall in the Tyrolese and Alpine districts of Austria, and railroad traffic is impossible. The same sort of weather prevails in Switzerland. At Davosplatz a railroad train is blocked seven feet in the snow.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

CHARLES GALBRAITH, of Highspire, Penn., was killed by a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, while crossing the tracks.

JAMES KENNY, of Greenburg, Penna., was run over and fatally injured by a train on the Mineville Branch of the Reading Railroad.

PATRICK HARTNELL, a brakeman on the Reading Railroad, while making a running coupling at Schuylkill Haven, had both legs cut off above the knee.

THE boiler at Salton's Mill, five miles south of Paragould, Arkansas, exploded, and Thomas Woods, James Woods and his son, and B. Waugh were killed.

MRS. EDWIN F. LAW, of Lancaster, Penn., while insane from an attack of the grippe, jumped from a second-story window, and received injuries which may prove fatal.

MISS LOUISA VOEST, aged 22 years, of Priceburg, Penna., was knocked down and run over by a trip of cars while walking up the Ashley Plane. She died in a few minutes.

WILLIAM SHANNON, aged 36 years, was found dead in his bed, at Mt. Holly, near Carlisle, Penna. He had been given a quart of whisky by some strangers, and a Coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "death from an overdose of whisky." He leaves a wife and three children.

AN incoming passenger train of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad ran into a street car in Chicago, demolishing it, and probably fatally injuring John Moylan, E. Willard Detzen, Julia Sundley and Mrs. Ellen Hannan and daughter. Four other passengers were more or less seriously injured. The railway men say the tracks were so clouded in fog and smoke that the approaching train could not be seen.

THE Coroner's jury at St. Clair, Penn., empanelled to investigate the cause of the deaths of the firemen killed by the explosion of a locomotive of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, on January 28, returned a verdict, in which they held that "the explosion was caused by numerous defective staybolts in the boiler; that the proper inspection and examination of the boiler was neglected, and that the owners of the locomotive are responsible for the loss of life caused by the explosion."

ALMOST A HOLOCAUST.

A Lunatic Asylum Fired by One of Its Inmates.

The four-story main building of the Mississippi State Asylum for Insane near Jackson, was set on fire about five o'clock in the morning by J. D. Brown, an inmate of the institution. Brown had recently escaped and was just returned. He stated to his attendants that it would be all the worse for him and them if he was again confined. His threat was soon put into execution, and he himself, unable to escape from the building, was burned to death, a victim of his insane deed.

There were 600 inmates in the building, most of whom were asleep when the flames were discovered. Through the most superhuman exertions of the superintendent, Dr. Mitchell, and his subordinates, all were saved and safely transferred to the wings disconnected from the burning pile. Such a scene as the safe transfer of 600, more or less, violent maniacs from such a conflagration to a haven of safety without other light than that from the flames of the burning building can be better imagined than described.

After performing this extraordinary feat, Superintendent Mitchell, just up from a sick bed, staggered and fell under the fearful ordeal through which he had passed and was conveyed to his residence. Assistant Nolan Stewart, after heroic and successful endeavors, also succumbed.

The building was of brick and had a frontage of about 500 feet. It is situated about two miles from the city proper. The loss to the state is probably $200,000. There was no insurance.

A MYSTERIOUS WRECK.

The Yacht Rosa Scarborough Bottom Up With No One on Board.

A special from Naples, Fla., via Punta Gorda, says: The schooner New Venice, of Key West, towed to the Naples dock the yacht Rosa Scarborough, of Brunswick, Ga., which the schooner came across capsized five miles out from Malco Inlet.

The yacht was schooner rigged, and evidently being used by a hunting and fishing party when overtaken by a gale. Five or six shotguns and a lot of small baggage were found on board, but nothing has been heard of any of those on the yacht, either at Malco or between that point and here, and it is thought that all on board were certainly lost.

After tying up at Naples wharf and bailing out the wrecked yacht, the crew of the New Venice proceeded to Punta Rassa, where they entered claims for salvage. The only names found on the baggage were those of Atwood Fitch, master, and A. J. Mason, one of the passengers.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Standing on the Plain with Christ."

TEXT: "*And He came down with them and stood in the plain.*"—Luke vi., 17.

Christ on the mountains is a frequent study. We have seen Him on the Mount of Olives, Mount of Beatitudes, Mount Moriah, Mount Calvary, Mount of Ascension, and it is glorious to study Him on these great natural elevations. But how is it that never before have we noticed Him on the plain? Amid the rocks, high up on the mountain, Christ had passed the night, but now, at early dawn, He is coming down with some especial friends, stepping from shelving to shelving, here and there a loosened stone rolling down the steep sides ahead of Him, until He gets in a level place, so that He can be approached without climbing from all sides. He is on the level. My text says, "He came down with them and stood in the plain."

Now that is what the world wants to-day more than anything else—a Christ on the level, easy to get at, no ascending, no descending, approachable from all sides—Christ on the plain. The question among all consecrated people to-day is, What is the matter with the ministers? Many of them are engaged in picking holes in the Bible and apologizing for this and apologizing for that. In an age when the whole tendency is to pay too little reverence to the Bible, they are fighting against Bibliolatry, or too much reverence for the Bible. They are building a fence on the wrong side of the road: not on the side where the precipice is and off which multitudes are falling, but on the upper side of the road, so that people will not fall up hill, of which there is no danger.

There is no more danger of Bibliolatry, or too much reverence for the Scriptures, than there is that astrology will take the place of astronomy, or alchemy the place of chemistry, or the canal boat the place of the limited express rail train. What a theological farce it is; ministers fighting against too much reverence for the Scriptures; ministers making apology for the Scriptures; ministers pretending to be friends of the Bible, yet doing the Book more damage than all the blatant infidels on all the earth. The trouble is our theologians are up in the mountain in a fight above the clouds about things which they do not understand. Come down on the plain and stand beside Christ, who never preached a technicality or a didacticism. What do you, O wise headed ecclesiastic, know about the decrees of God? Who cares a fig about your sublapsarianism or your supralapsarianism?

What a spectacle we have in our denomination to-day—committees trying to patch up an old creed made two or three hundred years ago, so that it will fit on this Nineteenth century. Why do not our millinery establishments take out of the garrets the coal scuttle hats which your great-grandmothers wore and try to fit them on the head of the modern maiden? You cannot fix up a three-hundred-year-old creed so as to fit our time. Princeton will sew on a little piece, and Union seminary will sew on a little piece, and Alleghany seminary and Danville seminary will sew on other pieces, and the time the creed is done it will be as variegated as Joseph's coat of many colors.

Think of having to change an old creed to make it clear that all infants dying go to heaven! I am so glad that the committees are going to let the babies in. Thank you. So many of them are already in that all the hills of heaven look like a Sunday-school anniversary. Now what is the use of fixing up a creed which left any doubt on that subject? No man ever doubted that all infants dying go to heaven, unless he be a Herod or a Charles Guiteau. I was opposed to overhauling the old creed at all, but now that it has been lifted up and its imperfections set up in the sight of the world, I say, Overboard with it and make a new creed.

There are to-day in our denomination five hundred men who could make a better one. I could make a better one myself. As we are now in process of changing the creed, and no one knows what we are expected to believe, or will two or three years hence be expected to believe, I could not wait, and so I have made a creed of my own which I intend to observe the rest of my life. I wrote it down in my memorandum book some six months ago, and it reads as follows: "My creed: The glorious Lord. To trust Him, love Him and obey Him is all that is required. To that creed I invite all mankind. T. De Witt Talmage."

The reason Christianity has not made more rapid advance is because the people are asked to believe too many things. There are, I believe, to-day millions of good Christians who have never joined the church and are not counted among the Lord's friends because they cannot believe all the things that they are required to believe. One-half the things a man is expected to believe in order to enter the church and reach heaven have no more to do with his salvation than the question, How many volcanoes are there in the moon? or, How far apart from each other are the rings of Saturn? or, How many teeth there were in the jawbone with which Sampson smote the Philistines? I believe ten thousand things, but none of them have anything to do with my salvation except these two—I am a sinner and Christ came to save me.

Musicians tell us that the octave consists only of five tones and two semitones, and all the Handels and Haydns and Mozarts and Wagners and Schumanns of all ages must do their work within the range of those five tones and two semitones. So I have to tell you that all the theology that will be of practical use in our world is made out of the two facts of human sinfulness and divine atonement. Within that octave swing "The Song of Moses and the Lamb," the Christmas chant above Bethlehem and the Hallelujah of all the choirs standing on seas of glass.

Is there not some mode of getting out of the way of these nonessentials, these superfluities, these divergencies from the main issue? Is there not some way of bringing the church down out of the mountain of controversy and conventionalism and to put it on the plain where Christ stands? The present attitude of things is like this: In a famine struck district a table has been provided and is loaded with food enough for all. The odors of the meats fill the air. Everything is ready. The platters are full. The chalices are full. The baskets of fruit are full. Why not let the people in? The door is open. Yes, but there is a cluster of wise men blocking up the door, discussing the contents of the caster standing midtable. They are shaking their fists at each other.

One says there is too much vinegar in that caster, and one says there is too much sweet oil, and another says there is not the proper proportion of red pepper. I say, "Get out of the way and let the hungry people come in." Now our blessed Lord has provided a great supper, and the oxen and the fatlings have been killed, and fruits from all the vineyards and orchards of heaven crown the table. The world has been invited to come, and they look in, and they are hungry, and the people would pour in by the millions to this world wide table, but the door is blocked up by controversies, and men with whole libraries on their backs are disputing as to what proportion of sweet oil and cayenne pepper should make up the creed. I cry, "Get out of the way and let the hungry world come in."

The Christian church will have to change its tack or it will run on the rocks of demolition. The world's population annually increases fifteen millions. No one pretends that half that number of people are converted to God. There are more than twice as many Buddhists as Protestants; more than twice as many Buddhists as Roman Catholics. Protestants, 135,000,000; Catholics, 195,000,000; Buddhists, 400,000,000. There are 175,000,000 Mohammedans and 220,000,000 Brahmans.

Meanwhile, many of the churches are only religious clubhouses, where a few people go on Sunday morning, averaging one person to a pew or one person to a half dozen pews, and leaving the minister at night to sweat through a sermon with here and there a lone traveler, unless, by a Sunday evening sacred concert, he can get out an audience of respectable size.

The vast majority of the church membership around the world put forth no direct effort for the salvation of men. Did I say there would have to be a change? I correct that and say, there will be a change. If there be fifteen million persons added every year to the world's population, then there will be thirty million added to the church, and forty million and fifty million and sixty million. How will it be done? It will be done when the church will meet Christ on the plain. Come down out of the mountain of exclusiveness. Come down out of the mountain of pride. Come down out of the mountain of formalism. Come down out of the mountain of freezing and indifference.

Old Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, great on earth and in heaven, once said to me: "I am in favor of a change. I do not know what is the best way of doing things in the churches, but I know the way we are doing now is not the best way, or the world would be nearer its salvation than it seems to be." So I feel; so we all feel, that there needs to be a change. The point at which we all come short is presenting Christ on the plain, Christ on the level with all the world's woes and wants and necessities.

The full change will have to come from the rising ministry. We now in the field are too set in our ways. We are lumbered up with technicalities. We have too many concordances and dictionaries and encyclopedias and systems of theology on our head to get down on the plain. Our vocabulary is too frosted. We are too much under the domination of customs regnant for many centuries. Come on, young men of the ministry. Take this pulpit, take all the pulpits, and in the street, and in the market place, and the family circle preach Christ on the plain.

As soon as the church says by its attitude, not necessarily by its words, "My one mission is to help for this life and help for the life to come all the people," and it proves its earnestness in the matter, people on foot and on horseback and in wagons and in carriages will come to the churches in such numbers that they will have to be met at the door by ushers, saying, "You were here last Sunday; you cannot come to-day. Gentlemen and ladies, you must take your turn."

And it will be as in the Johnstown freshet and disaster, when a government station was opened for the supply of bread, and it took the officers of the law to keep the sufferers in line because of the great rush for food. When this famine struck world realizes that the church is a government station set up by the government of the universe to provide the bread of eternal life for all the people, the rush will be unprecedented and unimaginable.

Astronomers have been busy measuring worlds, and they have told us how great is the circumference of this world and how great is its diameter. yea, they have kept on until they have weighed our planet and found its weight to be six sextillion tons. But by no science has the weight of this world's trouble been weighed. Now, Christ standing on the level of our humanity stands in sympathy with every trouble. There are so many aching heads; His ached under the thorns. There are so many weary feet; His were worn with the long journey up and down the land that received Him not. There are so many persecuted souls. Every hour of His life was under human outrage. The world had no better place to receive Him than a cattle pen, and its farewell was a slap on His cheek and a spear in His side. So intensely human was He that there has not been in all our race a grief or infirmity or exhaustion or pang that did not touch Him once and that does not touch Him now.

The lepers, the paralytics, the imbecile, the maniac, the courtesan, the renegade, the brigand—which one did He turn off, which one did He not pity, which one did He not help? The universal trouble of the world is bereavement. One may escape all the other troubles, but that no soul escapes. Out of that bitter cup every one must take a drink. For instance, in order that all might know how He sympathizes with those who have lost a daughter, Christ comes to the house of Jarius. There is such a big crowd around the door He and His disciples have to push their way in. From the throng of people I conclude that this girl must have been very popular. She was one of those children whom everybody likes.

After Christ got in the house there was such a loud weeping that the ordinary tones of voice could not be heard. I do not wonder. The dead daughter was twelve years of age. It is about the happiest time in most lives. Very little children suffer many injustices because they are children, and childhood is not a desirable part of human existence—they get whacked or set on. But at twelve years of age the child has come to self assertion and is apt to make her rights known. And then, twelve years of age is too early for the cares and anxieties of life. So this girl was, I think, the merriment of the household. She furnished for them the mimicry and the harmless mischief, and roused the guffaw that often rang through that happy home. But now she is dead, and the grief at her departure is as violent as her presence had been vivacious and inspiriting. Oh, the bereavement was so sharp, so overwhelming! How could they give her up!

I suspect that they blamed themselves for this or for that. Oh, if they had had some other doctor, or taken some other medicine, or had been more careful of her health, or if they had not given her that reproof some time when she had not really deserved it. If they had been more patient with her hilarities and, instead of hushing her play, had participated in it? You know there are so many things that parents always blame themselves for at such times. Only twelve years of age! So fair, so promising, so full of life a few days ago, and now so still! Oh, what it is to have a daughter dead! The room is full of folks, but yonder is the room where the young sleeper is. The crowd cannot go in there. Only six persons enter, five besides Christ—three friends, and, of course, the father and mother. They have the first right to go in. The heaviest part of the grief was theirs. All eyes in that room are on the face of this girl.

There lay the beautiful hand, white and finely shapen, but it was not lifted in greeting to any of the group. Christ stepped forward and took hold of that hand and said, with a tone and accentuation charged with tenderness and command, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise!" And without a moment's delay she arose, her eyes wide open, her cheeks turning from white lily to red rose; and the parents cry: "She lives! She lives!" and in the next room they take up the sound, "She lives! She lives!" and the throng in front of the doorway repeat it, "She lives! She lives!" Will not all those who have lost a daughter feel that such a Christ as that can sympathize?

Christ on the plain. I care not from what side you approach Him, you can touch Him and get His help. Is it mental depression you suffer? Remember Him who said, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Is it a struggle for bread? Remember Him who fed the five thousand with two minnows and five biscuits, neither of the biscuits larger than your fist. Is it chronic ailment? Remember the woman who for eighteen years was bent almost double and He lifted her face until she could look into the blue sky. Are you a sailor and spend your life battling with the tempests? Remember Him who flung the tempest of Genesareth flat on the crystal pavement of a quiet sea.

That Christ is in sympathy with all who have trouble with their eyes, and that is becoming an almost universal trouble through much reading in rail cars, and the overpressure of the study in the schools where children are expected to be philosophers at ten, boys and girls at fourteen with spectacles. I say with all such trouble Christ is in sympathy. Witness blind Bartimeus. Witness the two blind men in the house. Witness the two blind men near Jericho. Witness the man born blind. Did He not turn their perpetual midnight into midnoon, till they ran up and down clapping their hands and saying, "I see! I see!"

That Christ is in sympathy with those who stammer, or have silenced ears, notice how promptly He came to that man with impediment of speech and gave him command of the tongue so that he could speak with ease, and, putting His fingers into the ears, returned the tympanum. Is there a lack of circulation in your arm, think of Him who cured the defective circulation and the inactive muscles of a patient who had lost the use of hand and arm, by saying, "Stretch forth thy hand!" and the veins and nerves and muscles resumed their offices, and though in doing so the joints may have cracked from long disuse, and there may have been a strange sensation from elbow to finger tip, he stretched it forth! And nothing is the matter with you, but you may appeal to a sympathetic Christ. And if you feel yourself to be a great sinner, hear what He said to that repenting Magdalen, while with a scalding sarcasm He dashed her hypocritical pursuers.

And see how He made an immortal liturgy out of the publican's cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," a prayer so short that the most overwhelmed offender can utter it, and yet long enough to win celestial dominions. It was well put by a man who had been converted, and who remembered that in his dissolute days he found it hard to get occupation, because he could not present a certificate for good character.

In commending Christ to the people he said, "Bless God, I have found out that Jesus will take a man without a character." Christ on a level with suffering humanity. My text says, "He came down with them and stood in the plain." No climbing up through attributes you cannot understand. No ascending of the heights of beautiful rhetoric of prayer. No straining after elevations you cannot reach. No hunting for a God that you cannot find. But going right straight to Him and looking into His face and taking His hand and asking for His pardon, His comfort, His grace, His heaven.

Christ on the level. When during the siege of Sebastopol an officer had commanded a private soldier to stand on the wall exposed to the enemy and receive the ammunition as it was handed up, while he, the officer, stood in a place sheltered from the enemy's guns, General Gordon leaped upon the wall to help and commanded the officer to follow him, and then closed with the words, "Never order a man to do anything that you are afraid to do yourself." Glory be to God, the Captain of our salvation has Himself gone through all the exposures in which He commands us to be courageous. He has been through it all, and now offers his sympathy in similar struggle.

One of the kings of England one night in disguise walking the streets of London, and not giving account of himself, was arrested and put in a miserable prison. When released and getting back to the palace, he ordered thirty tons of coal and a large supply of food for the night prisoners of London. Out of his own experiences that night he did this. And our Lord the King aforetime endungeoned and sick and hungry and persecuted and slain, out of His own experiences is ready to help all, and pardon all, and comfort all, and rescue all.

Oh, join Him in the plain. As long as you stay up in the mountain of your pride you will get no help. That is the reason so many of them never find the Gospel. They sit high up on the Mont Blanc of their opinionativeness, and they have their opinion about God, and their opinion about the soul and their opinion about eternity. Have you any idea that your opinion will have any effect upon the two tremendous facts—that you are a sinner, and that Christ is ready at your earnest prayer to save you?

In the final day of accounts how much will you opinion be worth? Your opinion will not be of much importance before the blast of the archangel's trumpet. When the life of this planet shall be thrashed out with the flail of thunderbolts nobody will ask about your opinions. Come down out of the mountain of opinionativeness and meet Christ on the plain, where you must meet Him, or never meet Him at all, except as you meet Him on the judgment throne.

A Christ easy to get at! No armed sentinel to challenge you. No ruthless officer to scrutinize the papers you present. Immediate response. Immediate forgiveness. Immediate solace. Through what struggle people must go to get a pardon from worldly authority! By what petition, by what hindrance, by what nervous strain of anxiety, by what [illegible]. A count of Italy was condemned to be put to death at Milan. The countess, hearing of the sentence, hastened to Vienna to seek his pardon. The death warrant was already on its way.

The countess, arriving in Vienna in the night, hastened to the palace gates. The attendants forbade her entrance at all and especially at night, but she overcame them with her entreaties, and the empress was wakened and the countess pleaded before her for the life of her husband, and then the emperor was wakened to hear the same plea. Commutation of sentence was granted, but how could she overtake the officer who had started with the death warrant, and would she be too late to save the life of her husband? By four relays of horses, and stopping not a moment for food, she reached the city of Milan as her husband was on the way to the scaffold. Just in time to save him, and not a minute to spare, she came up.

You see there were two difficulties in the way. The one was to get the pardon signed, and the other to bring it to the right place in time. Glory be to God, we need go through no such exigency. No long road to travel. No pitiless beating at a palace gate. Pardon here. Pardon now. Pardon for asking. Pardon for ever. A Saviour easy to get at. A Christ on the plain!

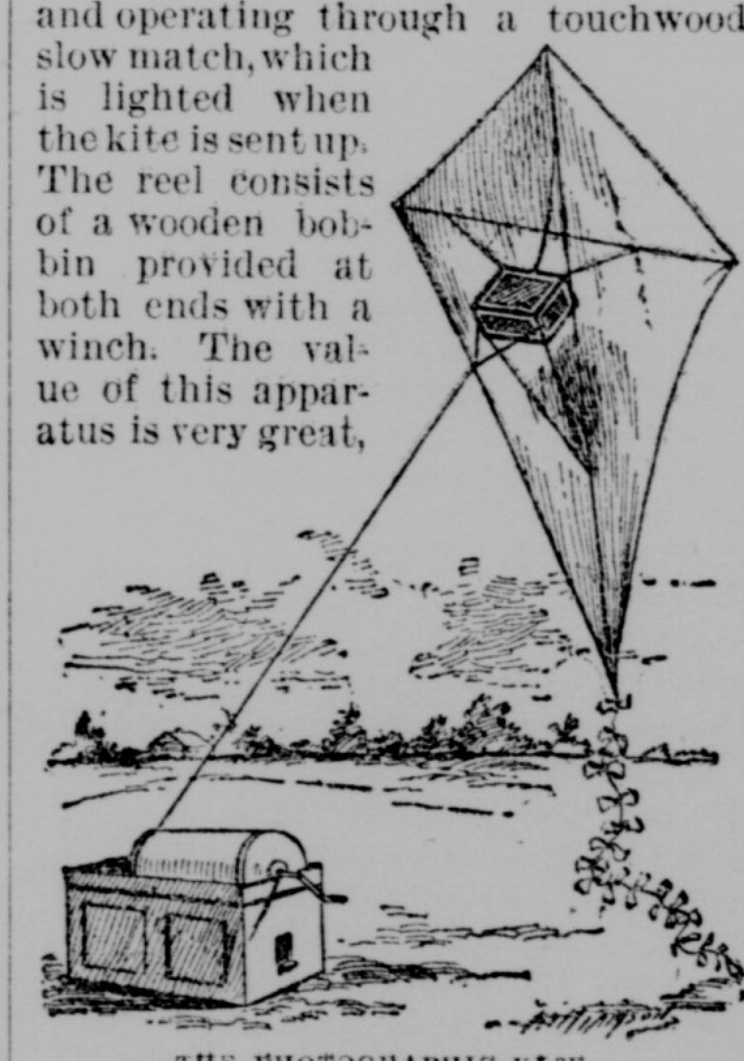
THE PHOTOGRAPHIC KITE.

An Apparatus Which for Certain Particular Uses May Supersede the Balloon.

The kite, which was originally a schoolboy's toy, and has probably been a favorite since the first boy fashioned its primitive substitute, has been an important factor in the world's development, and is likely to be also in the future. It was with the kite, string and key that Franklin first demonstrated the powers of electricity, and by the same means electricity has recently been drawn from the atmosphere upon a cloudless day, from a great height. Hiram Maxim, the great gun-maker, proposes to revolutionize warfare by means of a great kite, which shall contain machine guns, and now last, but not least, an aerial camera has been constructed, which is nothing more or less than a photographic kite.

This novel photographic machine, says the Chicago Graphic, consists of a cubical box painted black on the inside and covered with black paper. The objective is placed on one of the sides and the plate on the other. The kite consists of two isosceles triangles joined in the form of a quadrilateral, and the framework thus formed is covered with paper strengthened by cloth at the corners. A triangular support for the camera box is screwed upon the mid-rib just above the center.

The shutter is a guillotine arrangement placed in front of the objective and operating through a touchwood slow match, which is lighted when the kite is sent up. The reel consists of a wooden bobbin provided at both ends with a winch. The value of this apparatus is very great, for by means of it bird's-eye views of cities and sections of the country that are perfectly accurate can be obtained without the expenditure of the time, trouble and money now necessary in their production. The perfect outline of sea coast as well as other topographical features of a country may be obtained, thus superseding the balloon.


THE PHOTOGRAPHIC KITE.

A Fine Point in Ethics.

Two boys, who were rivals in a city school, had a close tussle each month to see who would lead the class and occupy a certain seat of honor for the next month. The teacher had not yet evoluted from the mischievous per cent. system of settling the leadership, and so a fraction of a per cent. held the fate of these two boys at each monthly examination. At the close of one of these feverish seasons the examination papers were handed back to the boys, and the one who stood highest passed to the coveted seat. Next day he looked unhappy and disturbed and finally asked to see the teacher alone. He at once produced the "paper" and showed the teacher her mistake in marking an answer which, had it not been made, would have given the victory to the other boy. The teacher commended his honor and generosity, but the boy began to sob convulsively. "Don't feel so bad," said the teacher, "you were at the head last month." "Oh, no, it is not that" (with an emphatic gesture); "it is not that at all," explained the humiliated boy, "but I am thinking how near I came not telling you at all."

There is not in all the realm of ethics a finer distinction to be made than this—not the real commission of a wrong, but the temptation to commit it, seemed a sin in the eyes of this sensitive boy.—Great Divide.

Polly's Last Words.

A professor in the Michigan University, who was on a visit to the Sandwich Islands, was presented with a fine parrot that was able to speak a good many English words. On the professor's way home he gave the bird to a boy on the ship to take care of. The boy, thinking Polly needed warmth, put her in a close room next to the boiler. When her master went to look for next day he found her completely prostrated with the heat, and removing her immediately to his own state-room he did his best to revive her.

She did rally for a little while, but only long enough to say, in a very solemn manner, "I'd sell myself for a cent!" In a few minutes later she was dead.—Great Divide.

Mrs. Cleaveland

Tells of Her Cure of

Nervous Dyspepsia

Mrs. A. B. Cleaveland, of Milford, Mass., is the sister of the Norcross Brothers, of Boston, the famous builders. In a long and interesting statement (which will be sent in full to any one who wishes it), Mrs. Cleaveland says that a few years ago she had a severe form of nervous dyspepsia, the symptoms being

Palpitation of the Heart

burning sensation in the stomach, fainting spells, and an awful death-like feeling from which she often thought she should never recover. She was tired and languid all the time and did not dare to lie down for fear of a fainting spell. She had six different physicians but none did her any good. One day, reading about Hood's Sarsaparilla she decided to try it. The fainting spells grew less, soon ceased wholly, her appetite returned, and has increased

From 88 to 132 Pounds

She has not been so well for 25 years, does all her household work easily. To

Hood's Sarsaparilla

She ascribes all her improvement and is ready to convince any one of the merit of this medicine. If you suffer similarly, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills.

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Boschee's German Syrup is more successful in the treatment of Consumption than any other remedy prescribed. It has been tried under every variety of climate. In the bleak, bitter North, in damp New England, in the fickle Middle States, in the hot, moist South—everywhere. It has been in demand by every nationality. It has been employed in every stage of Consumption. In brief it has been used by millions and its the only true and reliable Consumption Remedy. ©

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SAILING CARS.

Peculiar Experiments Made in the Early Days of Railroading.

Among the many curious methods of propelling cars adopted in the early days of railroading in this country, some possessed more novelty than that tested by the Baltimore and Ohio over the South Carolina Railroad. This was nothing less than fitting the cars with sails.

On the former the experiment was made by Mr. Evon Thomas. It was found that it took a gale to carry a car thus equipped, and that it would only run then when the wind was abaft or on the quarter. Headwinds, of course, were unavailable, and Mr. Thomas was afraid to trust a strong side wind lest the vehicle should be upset.

The trials on the South Carolina Railroad seem to have been more successful. The Charleston Courier of March 20, 1830, thus describes the initial trip:

"A sail was set on a car on our railroad yesterday afternoon in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. Fifteen gentlemen got on board and flew off at the rate of twelve to fourteen miles an hour. Thirteen persons and three tons of iron were carried about ten miles per hour. The preparations for sailing were hastily got up, and, of course, were not of the best kind; but owing to this circumstance the experiment afforded high sport. The wind blew very fresh from about northeast, which, as a sailor would say, was 'abeam,' and would drive the car either way with equal speed. When going at the rate of about twelve miles an hour and loaded with fifteen passengers, the mast went by the board, with the sail and rigging attached, carrying with them several of the crew. The wreck was discovered by several friendly shipmates, who kindly rendered assistance in rigging a jury-mast, and the car was again got under way. During the afternoon the wind changed so as to bring it nearly ahead when going in one direction; but this did not stop the sport, and it was ascertained that the car would sail within four points of the wind. We understand that it is intended by some of our seamen to rig a car properly and shortly to exhibit their skill in managing a vessel on land."

If the invention was ever thus put into effect, there is no record of it. Prior to employing sails, the first motive power used on the Charleston Railroad was a horse treading on an endless chain platform. The car upon which this was tried carried twelve passengers at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

Maids of Modern Greece.

The costume worn by the Greek women is seldom bought ready-made. It is usually either worn by the wearers themselves, or has come to them by inheritance. A handsome costume is an expensive purchase. The chemise, long enough to form a skirt, is very richly embroidered about the bottom in silk, and the two jackets of white cloth are elaborate. These are sleeveless, but a fine pair of embroidered sleeves makes a separate part of the dress. Silver ornaments for the head, neck and arms, a red apron, a sash, and a silk gauze vail complete the costume. The last named articles are luxuries, however, and vary according to the means. Rich maidens braid long strings of coins into their tresses, and at a country dance, where the costume is seen in its full splendor, the eyes of the suitor are as much attracted by the back view as by the faces of the fair creatures. For every-day use nearly all women of every age wear a handkerchief over the head, and they are for the most part manufactured in Greece.—Denver News.

Where Isinglass Comes From.

The best isinglass comes from Russia, where it is obtained from the giant sturgeon which inhabits the Caspian Sea and the rivers which run into it. This fish often grows to the length of twenty-five feet, and from its air-bladder the isinglass is prepared. It is subjected to many processes before being ready for sale, but the Russians, knowing it has the reputation of being the best, take great pains in its preparation, and in the world's markets it has practically no rival. A great deal is made along the Amazon, in Brazil, but it is very coarse and inferior, and is used for the refining of liquors and similar purposes. The adulteration of good isinglass with the inferior kinds can always be detected by placing samples in boiling water. The best isinglass will dissolve completely, leaving no visible residuum, while the inferior variety will show threads of fibrous tissue and be of dark color, often almost brown.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Natural Wish.

This world is getting to be better every year for little people, although there are still certain restrictions which, to the juvenile mind seem unjust.

A small boy voiced the youthful complaint one day when he was taken to the park.

Being under the guardianship of his mother, he found his desires constantly checked. He was told that he must not run over the grass, nor pick the flowers, nor climb the trees, and was forbidden to do a great many other things, because the police had their eyes on him or the law forbade it. Finally he gave a great sigh and said:

"I wish the Commissioners would put up a new sign and have it read, 'These trees are for boys to shin.'"

Found Their Level.

First Escaped Murderer—I say, pard, now we're out, what shall we do? The blood-shedding instinct is strong in me. I simply thirst for gore. How can we go on shedding and remain unhung?

Second Escaped Murderer—I have it, my sanguinary friend! We'll join a professional foot-ball team.—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

WILLIAM SHANNON, aged 36 years, was found dead in his bed, at Mt. Holly, near Carlisle, Penna. He had been given a quart of whisky by some strangers, and a Coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "death from an overdose of whisky." He leaves a wife and three children.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The largest quadruped of California is the grizzly bear.

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.

A Texas man has three buttons worn by Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, Va.

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NO SAFER REMEDY can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

A Texan's pony found the watch his master had lost and brought it to him in his mouth.

MANY persons are broken down from overwork 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.

Camels can stand heat and cold, but they perish quickly in moist atmosphere.

Is YOUR blood poor? Take Beecham's Pills. Is your liver out of order? Use Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

The latest location for a watch is in a door-handle.

MANY LIKE THESE.

NEURALGIA.—Bethany, Mo., Aug. 4, 1888: "Suffered for years with neuralgia, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil."

T. B. SHERER.

SPRAINS.—Constantine, Mich., Feb. 16, 1887: "Was troubled 30 years with pains in the back from strain; in bed for weeks at a time; no relief from other remedies. About 8 years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made about 14 applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years.

D. M. REARICK.

BRUISES.—760 Dolphin St., Balto., Md., Jan. 18, 1890: "I fell down the back stairs of my residence in the darkness, and was bruised badly in my hip and side; suffered severely. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me."

WM. C. HARDEN,
Member of State Legislature.

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Impaired digestion, gout, billious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, La Grippe, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

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Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

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RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are safe and effectual. The best general family medicine known for Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Painful Digestion, Pimples, Sallow Complexion, Tired Feeling, and every symptom or disease resulting from impure blood, or a failure by the stomach, liver or intestines to perform their proper functions. Persons given to over-eating are benefited by taking a TABULE after each meal. Price, by mail, 1 gross $2; 1 bottle 15c. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., N.Y. Agents Wanted; EIGHTY per cent profit.

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