BURNED TO DEATH.

In a Drunken Stupor Two Men Throw Their Companion into a Fire.

Two boys while playing at Interstate Mill, near New Lewisville, Ark., discovered the charred body of an unknown man under a lumber pile.

The deceased, in company with two other unknown men, arrived at New Lewisville on Thursday. They had a good deal of money and began drinking. At nightfall they were intoxicated and left town. They were afterward seen near the Interstate Mill. They had built a fire and were sitting around it singing and laughing.

While in a state of stupefaction one companion was thrown into the fire and burned alive. Realizing what they had done, the two men pulled the body of their companion from the fire and dragged it to the place where it was discovered. Nothing has been seen of the murderers since.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW says the great question is how to get the most fun out of life, and he adds that this is done not by mingling with the rich because they are dignified and stupid, but by rubbing us against those who see the most life. The first in this class, Chauncey says, are actors and the second are newspaper reporters. Perhaps some such heresy as this is responsible for Chauncey's expulsion from the 400.

FREDERICK SCHWATKA, the traveler, once experienced a temperature of seventy-one degrees below zero in the Arctic regions, near Burk's Great Fish River. It is said to be the coldest ever endured by civilized man.

MRS. BESANT is about to publish a small volume of blood-curdling ghost stories by the late Mme. Blavatsky. They are to be called "Nightmare Tales."

PACKET LINE.

THE SCHOONERS

Clara M. & Annie M. Leonard.

THE above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give 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 Lower 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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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. 6jmly

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Everything belonging to the Sportsman in Pursuit of Game.

Goods sent by Express C. O. D. and satisfaction guaranteed. Guns made to order, and all Repairing done by Skilled Mechanics. ALEX. McCOMAS 22 S. Calvert St., Balto., Md. au31 76y 21

REVIEW OF TRADE.

Profits Small, But the Outlook Unusually Favorable.

Transactions are Larger Than Last Year --Money Abundant in Spite of Gold Exports--The Failures.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review is as follows: The business failures throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., number for the United States 230, and for Canada 26, or a total of 256. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 234 failures in the United States and 30 in Canada.

Distribution of products is unquestionably improving. Transactions are on the whole larger than a year ago. With all the great industries active, with money abundant in spite of gold exports, and with speculation kept in wholesome check, the outlook would seem to be unusually favorable, notwithstanding general complaints that prices are low and margins of profit unusually small.

Iron has been the dismal feature, but instead of a decrease the weekly output shows a large increase, so that on March 1 it was the largest ever known, 192,922 tons, against 188,135 last December, hitherto the maximum. Rails are inactive, but bar is dull and plates weaker. Trade in tin has been small and lead is dull.

The textile industries are improving. Sales of wool at Boston, Philadelphia and New York for the year now exceed last year's to same date by 4,700,000 pounds, or 10 per cent. In knit goods buyers hesitate. The trade in cotton goods is largely in excess of last year, sales, in fact, showing a big increase in every department.

Louisville reports the largest sales of tobacco in the history of the trade and general improvement, while the business is fair and improving at Nashville and Memphis, and some improvement is seen at New Orleans, where sugar is rising with an active demand, and better feeling is seen in cotton.

Speculation in products is weak, wheat being 2¢ cents lower, and corn at ½, exports falling much below those of recent weeks. The Government report that after the enormous movement thus far 171,000,000 bushels of wheat remains in farmers' hands, the largest proportion ever reported, tends to depress prices further. Oats and pork products are unchanged. Coffee is ¼ lower. A drop of ⅛ in cotton puts the price down to 6.93 cents, the lowest for more than twenty years, and receipts continue to meet last year's, though the week's fall behind.

Though money is abundant, rates on call have slightly advanced, and the market for commercial loans is a little stiffer at most Eastern cities.

HELD DOWN TO DIE.

A Young Girl's Foot Catches in a Frog and She is Run Over by a Train.

Miss Hattie Flanigan, aged nineteen, was killed at Kokomo, Ind., by a train. She attempted to cross in front of it, when her foot caught in a frog.

Bystanders tried to extricate her before the train reached her, but in vain.

SIR JAMES BACON, since the death of Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, is at the age of 94 the oldest of the titled classes in England. The oldest baron is the Rev. Sir John Wynn Hayes, who is 92, and Admiral Sir Lewis Tobias Jones, the oldest Knight of the Bath, is also 92.

GENERAL STATE NEWS.

THE LATEST HAPPENINGS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

THUS far six boats are running in the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal between Cumberland and Williamsport. Others will be placed on the route ere long.

EX-JUDGE of the Orphans' Court for Frederick county, Benjamin Galoway Fitz-Hugh, died at Frederick.

THE Comptroller of the State Treasury has made his quarterly distribution of the public school tax to the counties of Maryland and to Baltimore city.

AT a meeting of the Easter Monday demonstration committee at Westminster letters accepting invitations to participate in the celebration were read from the Howard Zouaves, Towson Guards, Linganore Guards, Westminster, Manchester, and other bands of music in the county. Edward Lynch was named as chief marshal and Col. Samuel K. Herr as active aid.

PETER GARLITZ, of Hancock, Washington county, employed at the cement mills of Bridges & Hedderson, was killed by a piece of slate falling on his head in the tunnel. He was about forty years of age.

AT the recent session of the Maryland Conference United Brethren, at Waikersville, Frederick county, Rev. D. Wheeler, Rev. J. Netheiser and Rev. W. Hoover, with Lay Delegates Rev. S. Harp, J. Tracey and G. C. Snyder, were appointed delegates to the General Conference, which will commence at Dayton, Ohio. The next annual conference will be held at Boonsboro', Washington county Md.

AN Argument has been prepared which will be presented to the secretary of State of West Virginia to incorporate the Snowy Creek Coal and Coke Company. The proposed company will operate at Corinth, about sixty miles west of Oakland, on the B. & O., where it owns a large tract of coal land. The authorized capital is $1,000,000, in shares of $100 each.

A TELEGRAM was received at Centreville from Washington announcing the sudden death of Mr. John T. DeFord, a former well-known resident of Queen Anne's county, but for the past thirty years connected with the Treasury Department. Mr. DeFord married a Miss Harper, a member of a prominent Queen Anne's family. He leaves one son.

MR. GOLDSMOUTH S. GRIFFITH, president of the Maryland Prisoner's Aid Association, and the general agent, Rev. Louis F. Zinkhan, visited the Carroll county jail and almshouse. They found the institutions well kept. They recommended that an additional building should be erected at the almshouse.

HOSEA T. RIDDLE, formerly of Bay View, Cecil county, died at the residence of his daughter, in Wilmington, of the infirmaties of age, aged eighty-six years. He was a farmer and at one time was largely engaged in the timber business.

CALEB BRINTON, a former resident of the fourth district of Cecil county, died of cancer of the stomach, in Wilmington, aged seventy-two years. He was a blacksmith by trade, and was employed by the P. W. and B. Railroad in that city.

JOHN RITCHIE, aged about twenty years, son of the late Chief Judge Ritchie, of Frederick, requested Charles Smith to stay with him over night as no one was at home. Young Smith repaired to his father's residence, on East Second street, accompanied by Ritchie, to obtain his father's consent. Ritchie remained on Dr. Johnson's porch awaiting Smith's return, from his father's house, which was a few doors distant. In a few minutes, it being a moonlight night, he observed Charles Tucker, living directly opposite, come out of his house, and, leveling a gun at Ritchie fired, part of the load taking effect in Ritchie's face and neck. Smith appeared upon the scene by this time, when Ritchie, who was running, called to him to run for his life. Tucker now directed his attention to Smith and fired at him, the shot penetrating his overcoat. Owing to the social standing of the young men the affair has created a great deal of excitement. It is thought that Ritchie's wounds will prove serious.

MRS. ANN MCDANIEL, widow of the late Judge John W. S. McDaniel, died at her residence in St. Michaels.

HALF-MILLION MEN IDLE.

Effect of the Strike of Miners in England--Coal From Belgium.

Fifteen thousand coal miners are idle in North Staffordshire. Unless they resume work in a few days the potteries will be compelled to close down, throwing 50,000 men out of work.

The Northern Railway Company has stopped many of its trains because of the lack of fuel, and a large number of engineers in the engine works at Crewe, in the county of Chester, have been temporarily dismissed for the same reason.

Cargoes of coal are being shipped from Antwerp. The dock laborers in London and Antwerp are not allowed to know whence the coal came or whither it is going. This course is followed in order to prevent trouble, as it is thought the men would refuse to handle the coal did they know it was to be used to help tide over the difficulty caused by the British miners' strike. It has been discovered that the Belgian miners know the coal they had mined was being used for this purpose they would take action to frustrate the export of the commodity.

A fire broke out in the Longton Hall colliery, in North Staffordshire. The only man who had been left at work in the pit was the caretaker, and he managed to effect his escape uninjured. Several horses, which had not been brought to the surface when the men quit work for their long holiday, were suffocated.

Flintshire, in Wales, appears to be the only place where the order of the Miners' Federation to quit work has not been obeyed by the members of the association.

The latest estimate of the number of miners who are now idle place the figure at 350,000. Owing to the closing down of other industries because of the strike fully 200,000 men in other employments have been thrown out of work.

The full effect of the strike will not be felt immediately. In many cases manufacturers who have large coal stocks will endeavor to tide over a week's stoppage, but if the strike exceeds a week in duration their supply will soon be exhausted, and they will be compelled to shut down. If they are forced to close their works the number of idle operatives will be doubled.

The members of the South Wales Miners' Federation will limit the output of the mines in which they labor, and will not work overtime during the strike of their fellow-miners elsewhere.

The Iron works at Bolton are idle. The Furness Railway Company has given notice of dismissal to the bulk of its employees engaged in goods traffic.

In the Leeds district the strike is severely felt. Nearly all the large mills and the iron and steel works are reducing the number of their employees or suspending work altogether.

THE King of Siam has ordered a costly and speedy steam yacht to be built for his own pleasure, and, as it will be about as big as an ordinary transatlantic steamer and twice the size of any other yacht afloat, it is supposed that his Majesty will have room enough on board to wear all his titles at once without having to hang a lot of them in the rigging.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE Italians, finding Argentine does not welcome immigrants from their country and the United States manifesting a disposition to close its doors to them, are now spying out the ground in Australia with a view of flooding that continent with Italy's surplus population. Recent discussions in the Australian press do not encourage the idea.

SOME modern philosopher has given in these twelve lines the summary of life: Seven years in childhood's sport and play, 7; seven years in school from day to day, 14; seven years at trade or college life, 21; seven years to find a place and wife, 28; seven years to building upward given, 35; seven years to business hardly driven, 42; seven years for some wild goose chase, 49; seven years for wealth and bootless race, 56; seven years for hoarding for your heir, 63; seven years in weakness, pain and care, 70; then die and go—you should know where.

PROF. PUTNAM, chief of the Department of Ethnology of the World's Fair, has perfected his plans for an illustration of Indian life on the American continent. "We are going to illustrate," he says, "the native types of North and South America, with their distinctive dwellings and customs. There will be Esquimaux in our plan does not fail; Aleuts surely, Canadian Crees, Sioux, Apaches—all the distinct families of American Indians. Our show will be arranged geographically on the grounds. At the north end will be the northern tribes with their own styles of residence—if a buffalo-skin tepee may be called a residence. Then towards the south will be the other tribes in relative geographical positions, with our Patagonian visitors to round up the southern limit. We are assured of Indian families from Mexico and Central America. One Central American family will live out over the lagoon in a house built on piles, just as they live at home. Another family will come from Bolivia, so that, taking it all together, we shall have about the most interesting historical and ethnological illustration of native American life that has ever been seen. All these various groups and families will have their native habitations and utensils. Where it is possible the landscape will be made to conform to the nature of the tribes occupying the site. For instance, tropical plants will surround the dwellings of the Central and South American Indians; those families that are used to boats will have their canoes on the lagoon, and that of itself will be a spectacle worth seeing."

MR. S. S. BOYNTON, a California naturalist, comes to the defence of some of our domestic birds that are charged with high crimes against the crops. The meadow lark, he says, is roundly abused by the farmer, and one of the atrocities laid at its door is pulling up shoots of young wheat. A careful examination of the stomachs of a large number of larks shows that their food is mostly insects, and hence the damage done by them is slight compared to the good they perform. In the stomachs of thirty larks opened by Mr. Boynton, one hundred seeds, twenty-five caterpillars, fifty-seven grasshoppers, and eighty beetles were found. From this showing the conclusion flows that the lark is a genuine friend of the farmer. Robins have also been much maligned. Two of these birds under surveillance for an hour were seen to take to their young fifty cut-worms in a country where berries were plentiful. The bluejay is another martyr to public opinion. One writer has said with bitter sarcasm: "If you succeed in killing a bluejay, a hundred strangers come to attend his funeral and to supply his place." But the fact is, that no other bird insists on so many insects as a part of his daily bill of fare. Audubon estimated that two jays and their five young require for food in 100 days 20,000 insects that are harmful to fruit and field plants. Another bird on the black list is the downy woodpecker or sap-sucker, but it also subsists mainly on insects and grubs that are harmful to fruit. Nor is the ruby-throated hummingbird only a honey thief, for while he has a sweet bill he prefers insects. Then there is the sparrow-hawk, which every one regards as a public enemy, but this bird annihilates great quantities of snakes, mice, and insects, and his appetite, boy, when he "once" satisfied. Martins and swallows are also unfailing insect-devourer. For the crow and sparrow, Mr. Boynton is obliged to enter a plea of guilty.

Your friends may sometimes act mad because you do not come to see them, but they are not as mad as they seem.

Here It Is.

To the man who labors with his hands, physical trouble is a very serious thing. It is not merely the pain he endures, tacking and tormenting as it is, but the prospective loss of time, money and place haunts him and aggravates his suffering. He is bent on having prompt relief and sure cure. He wants the best and the proof and here it is: —Mr. W. H. Schroeder, Gilbertville, Iowa, stated April 10, 1884, that he had used St. Jacobs Oil in his stables for horse complaints and upon himself for rheumatism, and had found it the best remedy he had ever tried. Again February 11, 1887, he writes: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism in most severe back, leg and it cured; and for burns and bruises it does its work as recommended to do. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my neighbors."—Mr. John Garoutt, 655 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal., writes: "Some time back I sprained my knee and suffered agony until I tried St. Jacobs Oil. The result was a speedy and permanent cure."—Miss Ida M. Fleming, 7 S. Carey St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I had been afflicted for two years with neuralgia, and tried every means to get rid of this tormenting disease. I had been given so much quinine that my nervous system was seriously injured. I was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil, which I did, and it relieved me entirely."

At Torneo, Finland, Christmas Day is less han three hours in length.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache, disordered liver and act like magic on the vital organs. For sale by all druggists.

Greenland has no cats.



Officer A. H. Bratey

of the Fall River Police,

Is highly gratified with Hood's Sarsaparilla. He was badly run down, had no appetite, what he did eat caused distress and he felt

Tired all the Time

A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a marvelous change. The distress in the stomach is entirely gone, he feels like a new man and can eat anything with old-time relish. For all of which he thanks and cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is very important that in the months of

March April May

The blood should be thoroughly purified and the system be given strength to withstand the debilitating effect of the changing season. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar medicinal powers and it is the

Best Spring Medicine

The following, just received, demonstrates its wonderful blood-purifying powers:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Gentlemen: I have had **salt rheum** for a number of years, and for the past year one of my legs, from the knee down, has been **broken out very badly.** I took blood medicine for a long time with no good results, and was at one time obliged to

Walk With Crutches

I finally concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken one bottle the improvement was so marked that I continued until I had taken three bottles, and am now better than I have been in years. **The inflammation** has all left my leg and it is entirely healed. I have had such benefit from

Hood's Sarsaparilla

that I concluded to write this voluntary statement." F. J. TEMPLE, Ridgeway, Mich.

Hood's Pills cure all **Liver Ills.**

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Og, King of Bashan."

TEXT: *"Only Og, king of Bashan, remained of the remnant of giants; behold his bedstead was a bedstead of iron; is it not in Rabbath of the children of Ammon? Nine cubits was the length thereof and four cubits the breadth of it."*—Deuteronomy iii., 11.

The story of giants is mixed with myth. William the Conqueror was said to have been of overtowering altitude, but when in aftertime his tomb was opened his bones indicated that he had been physically of only ordinary size. Roland the Hero was said to have been of astounding stature, but when his sepulchre was examined his armor was found only large enough to fit an ordinary man. Alexander the Great had helmets and shields of enormous size made and left among the people whom he had conquered, so as to give the impression that he was a giant, although he was rather under than over the usual height of a man. But that in other days and lands there were real giants is authentic. One of the guards of the Duke of Brunswick was eight and a half feet high. In a museum in London is the skeleton of Charles Birne, eight feet four inches in stature. The Emperor Maximin was over eight feet.

Pliny tells of a giant nine feet high and two other giants nine and a half feet. So I am not incredulous when I come to my text and find King Og a giant, and the size of his bedstead, turning the cubits of the text into feet, the bedstead of Og, the king, must have been about thirteen and a half feet long. Judging from that the giant who occupied it was probably about eleven feet in stature, or nearly twice the average human size. There was no need of Rabbinical writers trying to account for the presence of this giant, King Og, as they did, by saying that he came down from the other side of the flood, being tall enough to wade the waters beside Noah's ark, or that he rode on the top of the ark, the passengers inside the ark daily providing him with food. There was nothing supernatural about him. He was simply a monster in size.

Cyrus and Solomon slept on beds of gold, and Sardanapalus had 150 bedsteads of gold burned up with him, but this bedstead of my text was of iron—everything sacrificed for strength to hold this excessive avoirdupois, this huge slip of bone and flesh. No wonder this couch was kept as a curiosity at Rabbath, and the people went from far and near to see it, just as now people go to museums to behold the armor of the ancients. You say what a fighter this giant, King Og, must have been. No doubt of it. I suppose the size of his sword and breastplate corresponded to the size of his beadstead, and his stride across the battlefield and the full stroke of his arm must have been appalling. With an armed host he comes down to drive back the Israelites, who are marching on from Egypt to Canaan.

We have no particulars of the battle, but I think the Israelites trembled when they saw this monster of a man moving down to crush them. Alas for the Israelites! Will their troubles never cease? What can men five and a half feet high do against this warrior of eleven feet, and what can short swords do against a sword whose gleam must have been like a flash of lightning? The battle of Edrei opened. Moses and his army met the giant and his army. The Lord of Hosts descended into the fight, and the gigantic strides that Og had made when advancing into the battle were more than equaled by the gigantic strides with which he retreated. Huzza for triumphant Israel! Sixty fortified cities surrendered to them. A land of indescribable opulence comes into their possession, and all that is left of the giant king is the iron bedstead. "Nine cubits was the length thereof and four cubits the breadth of it."

Why did not the Bible give us the size of the giant instead of the size of the bedstead? Why did it not indicate that the giant was eleven feet high instead of telling us that his couch was thirteen and a half feet long? No doubt among other things it was to teach us that you can judge of a man by his surroundings. Show me a man's associates, show me a man's books, show me a man's home, and I will tell you what he is without your telling me one word about him. You cannot only tell a man according to the old adage, "By the company he keeps," but by the books he reads, by the pictures he admires, by the church he attends, by the places he visits. Moral giants and moral pygmies, intellectual giants and intellectual pygmies, like physical giants or physical pygmies may be judged by their surroundings.

When a man departs this life you can tell what has been his influence in a community for good by those who mourn for him and by how sincere and long continued are the regrets of his taking off. There may be no pomp or obsequies and no pretense at epitaphology, but you can tell how high he was in consecration, and how high in usefulness by how long is his shadow when he comes to lie down. What is true of individuals is true of cities and nations. Show me the free libraries and schools of a city, and I will tell you the intelligence of its people. Show me its gallery of painting and sculpture, and I will tell you the artistic attainments of its citizens. Show me its churches, and I will tell you the moral and religious status of the place.

From the fact that Og's bedstead was thirteen and a half feet long, I conclude the giant himself was about eleven feet high. But let no one by this thought be induced to surrender to unfavorable environments. A man can make his own bedstead. Chantrey and Hugh Miller were born stonemasons, but the one became an immortal sculptor and the other a Christian scientist whose name will never die. Turner, the painter, in whose praise John Ruskin exceeded the greatest genius of his life, was the son of a barber who advertised "a penny shave." Dr. Prideaux, one of the greatest scholars of all time, earned his way through college by scouring pots and pans. The late Judge Bradley worked his own way up from a charcoal burner to the bench of the supreme court of the United States. Yes, a man can decide the size of his own bedstead.

Notice furthermore that even giants must rest. Such enormous physical endowment as this part of King Og might suggest the capacity to stride across all fatigue and omit slumber. No. He required an iron bedstead. Giants must rest. Not appreciating this fact many of the giants yearly break down. Giants in business, giants in art, giants in eloquence, giants in authorship, giants in statesmanship, giants in usefulness. They live not out more than half their days. They try to escape the consequences of overwork by a voyage across the sea or a sail in a summer yacht, or call on physicians for relief from insomnia or restoration of unstrung nerves or the arrest of apoplexies, when all they need is what this giant of my text resorted to—an iron bedstead.

Let no one think because he has great strength of body or mind that he can afford to trifle with his unusual gifts. The commercial world, the literary world, the artistic world, the political world, the religious world, are all the time aquake with the crash of falling giants. King Og no doubt had a throne, but the Bible never mentions his throne. King Og no doubt had crown, but the Bible never mentions his crown. King Og no doubt had a scepter, but the Bible does not mention his scepter. Yet one of the largest verses of the Bible is taken up in describing his bedstead. So God all up and down the Bible honors sleep. Adam, with his head on a pillow of Edenic roses, has his slumber blest by a divine gift of beautiful companionship. Jacob, with his head on a pillow of rock, has his sleep glorified with a ladder filled with descending and ascending angels. Christ, with a pillow made out of the folded up coat of a fisherman honors slumber in the back part of the storm tossed boat.

In Bible times, when people arose at the voice of the bird, they retired at the time the bird puts his head under his wing. One of our national sins is robbery of sleep. Walter Scott was so urgent about this duty of slumber that, when arriving at a hotel where there was no room to sleep in except that in which there was a corpse, inquires if the deceased had died of a contagious disease, and, when assured he had not, took the other bed in the room and fell into profoundest slumber. Those of small endurance must certainly require rest if even the giant needs an iron bedstead.

Notice, furthermore, that God's people on the way to Canaan need not be surprised if they confront some sort of a giant. Had not the Israelitish host had troubles enough already? No! Red sea not enough. Water famine not enough. Long marches not enough. Opposition by enemies of ordinary stature not enough. They must need Og, the giant of the iron bedstead. "Nine cubits was the length thereof and four cubits the breadth of it." Why not let these Israelites go smoothly into Canaan without this gigantic opposition? Oh, they needed to have their courage and faith further tested and developed! And blessed the man who, in our time, in his march toward the Promised Land, does not meet more than one giant. Do not conclude that you are not on the way to Canaan because of this obstacle.

As well might the Israelites conclude they were not on the way to the Promised Land because they met Og, the giant. Standing in your way is some evil propensity, some social persecution, some business misfortune, some physical distress. Not one of you but meets a giant who would like to mow you in twain. Higher than eleven feet this Og darkens the sky and the rattle of his buckler stuns the ear. But you are going to get the victory, as did the Israelites. In the name of the God of Moses and David and Joshua and Paul, charge on him, and you will leave his carcass in the wilderness. You want a battle shout!

Take that with which David, the five-footer, assailed Goliath, the nine-footer; when that giant cried, with stinging contempt both in manner and intonation, "Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field," and David looked up at the monster of braggadocio and defiantly replied: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou has defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee unto mine hand, and I will smite thee and take thine head from thee, and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air and to the wild beasts of the earth, that all the earth may know that there is a god in Israel."

Then David, with probably three swirls of the sling about his head, got it into sufficient momentum and let fly till the cranium of the giant broke in and he fell and David leaped on his carcass, one foot on his chest and the other on his head, and that was the last of the Philistine. But be sure you get the right battle shout and that you utter it with the right spirit, or Og will roll over you as easily as at night he rolled into his iron bedstead.

Brethren, I have made up my mind that we will have to fight all the way up to the Promised Land. I used to think that after awhile I would get into a time where it would be smooth and easy, but the times are not come and it will never come in this world. By the time King Og is used up so that he cannot get into his iron bedstead, some other giant of opposition looms up to dispute our ways. Let us stop looking for an easy time and make it a thirty years' war, or a sixty years' war, or a hundred years' war, if we live so long.

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through a bloody seas?

Do you know the name of the biggest giant that you can possibly meet—and you will meet him? He is not eleven feet high, but one hundred feet high. His bedstead is as long as the continent. His name is Doubt. His common tools are infidel books and skeptical lectures and ministers who do not know whether the Bible is inspired at all or inspired in spots, and Christians who are more infidel than Christian. You will never reach the Promised Land unless you slay that giant. Kill Doubt or Doubt will kill you. How to overcome this giant? Pray for faith, go with people who have faith, read everything that encourages faith, avoid as you would ship fever and smallpox the people who lack faith.

In this battle against King Og use not for weapons the crutch of a limping Christian or the sharp pen of a controversialist, but the sword of truth, which is the word of God. The word "if" is made up of the same number of letters as the word "Og," and it is just as big a giant. If the Bible be true, if the soul be immortal. If Christ be God. If our belief and behavior here decide our future destiny. If, If, If. I hate that word "If." Noah Webster says it is a conjunction; I say it is an arrant giant. Satan breathed upon it a curse when he said to Christ, "If Thou be the Son of God." What a dastardly and infamous "if." Against that giant "If" hurl Joy's "I know" and Paul's "I know." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "I know in whom I have believed." Down with the "If" and up with "I know."

Oh, that giant Doubt is such a cruel giant! It attacks many in the last hour. It would not let my mother alone even in her dying moments. After a life of holiness and consecration such as I never heard of in any one else, she said to my father, "Father, what if after all our prayers and struggles should go for nothing." Why could she not, after all the trials and sicknesses and bereavements of a long life and the infirmities of old age, be allowed to go without such a cruel stroke from Doubt, the giant? Do you wonder I have a grudge against the old monster? If I could I would give him a bigger bounce than Satan got when, hurled out of heaven, the first thing he struck was the bottom of perdition.

With Og's downfall all the sixty cities surrendered. Nothing was left of the giant except his iron bedstead, which was kept in a museum at Rabbath to show how tall and stout he once was. So shall the last giant of opposition in the church's march succumb. Not sixty cities captured, but all the cities. Not only on one side of Jordan but on both sides of all the rivers. The day is coming, hear it, all ye who are doing something for the conquest of the world for God and the truth, the time will come when, as there was nothing left of Og, the giant, but the iron bedstead kept at Rabbath as a curiosity, there will be nothing left of the giants of iniquity except something for the relic hunters to examine.

Which of the giants will be the last slain I know not, but there will be a museum somewhere to hold the relics of what they once were. A rusted sword will be hung up—the only relic of the giant of War. A demijohn—the only relic of the giant of Inebriation. A roulette ball—the only relic of the giant of Hazard. A pictured certificate of watered stocks—the only relic of the giant of Stock Gambling. A broken knife—the only relic of the giant of Assassination. A yellow copy of Tom Paine—the only relic of the giant of Unbelief. And that museum will do for the later ages of the world what the iron bedstead at Rabbath did for the earlier ages. Do you not see it makes all the difference in the world whether we are fighting on toward a miserable defeat or toward a final victory?

All the Bible promises prophesy the latter, and so I cheer you who are the troops of God, and though many things are dark now, like Alexander I review the army by torchlight, and I give you the watchword which Martin Luther proclaimed, "The Lord of Hosts!" "The Lord of Hosts!" and I cry out exultingly with Oliver Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar, "Let God arise; let His enemies be scattered." Make all the preparations for the world's evangelization. Have the faith of Robert and Mary Moffatt, the missionary, who after preaching in Bechuanaland for ten years without one convert to Christ was asked if they would like to have sent them by the way of gift from England, said, "Send a communion service, for it will be surely needed!" and enough the expected ingathering of many souls was realized and the communion service arrived in time to celebrate it. Appropriately did that missionary write in an album when his autograph was requested:

My album is the savage breast,
Where darkness reigns and tempests wrest,
Without one ray of light.
To write the name of Jesus there
And point to worlds both bright and fair,
And see the savage bowed in prayer,
Is my supreme delight.

Whatever your work and wherever you work for God—forward! You in your way and I in my way. With holy plow fight on with something of the strength of Thomas Troubridge, who at Inkermaan had one leg shot off and the foot of the other leg, and when they proposed to carry him off the field, replied: "No. I do not move until the battle is won." Whatever be the rocking of the church or state, have the calmness of the aged woman in an earthquake that frightened everybody else, and who, when asked if she was not afraid, said, "No, I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world." Whether your work be to teach a Sabbath class, or nurse an invalid, or reform a wanderer, or print a tract, or train a household, or bear a querulousness of senility, or cheer the disheartened, or lead a soul to Christ, know that by fidelity you may help hasten the time when the world shall be crowned under with white lily and incarnadined with red rose.

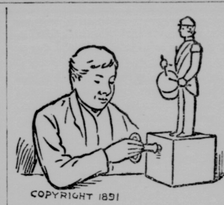
And now I bargain with you that we will come back some day from our superatelier above to see how the world looks when it shall be fully emparadised—its last tear wept, its last wound healed, its last shackle broken, its last desert gardenized, its last giant of iniquity decapitated. And when we land, may it be somewhere near the spot of earth where we have together toiled and struggled for the kingdom of God, and may it be about this hour in the high noon of some glorious Sabbath, looking into the upturned faces of some great audience radiant with holiness and triumph.

China's Universal Pig.

In China $5 a month is a fair support for a family. That is about what the average workman earns. However, this income is added to in certain small ways. First is the universal pig, which is the popular domestic animal. He, or rather she, sleeps in the vestibule and, when the house is too small to possess this luxury, in this living room. The pig recognizes her name and displays in her intelligence the interested results of centuries of training. She litters twice a year. Of her offspring, the males are fattened and sent to the market and the females are sold or kept for breeding purposes. The pig is fed at every meal of the family; the rest of the day it forages for itself in the streets, fields, drains and on the beach. At low tide hundreds are often seen devouring seaweed, dead fish and the flotsam and jetsam of the sea. The wife and children gather driftwood, edible sea moss, sea fungus and seaweed, small shellfish the size of a pea or bean, mushrooms and tree mushrooms, aromatic leaves for flavoring purposes, dead branches, dry leaves, dead grass and grass roots, cow dung and animal droppings. What they do not care to use they sell for a few copper cash or barter with neighbors and tradesmen for rice and vegetables. In this manner a woman and several children will provide all the food for a family and leave a small surplus for a rainy day. Children four years of age will hunt up the pig when he is lost, lead the water buffalo or tend a herd of sheep with almost the same success as a grown man. They work in the garden, bring water from the wells, destroy locusts, caterpillars and slugs, pull out the weeds, and in every way show themselves excellent horticulturists in miniature.—[Washington Star.

"According to Gunter."

The phrase "According to Gunter" remains in our language as a perpetual memory of Gunter, the English mathematician, who was born in 1581 and died in 1626. Almost to the present time the works of Gunter were considered standard. He was the inventor of the surveyor's chain; of the logarithmic line; of the quadrant; of the scale bearing his name, and anything in mathematics to be right must be "according to Gunter."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



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Wound up

—the man or woman who's "run down." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery sets the wheels going. It starts the torpid liver into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, cleanses, repairs, and strengthens the system, and restores health and vigor. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, and builds up flesh and strength.

For all scrofulous humors and blood-taints, and even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula), if taken in time, it's a positive remedy.

Unlike other sarsaparillas, which claim to be good for the blood in March, April, and May, "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all seasons.

Unlike other blood-purifiers, too, it's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, in every case, or your money is returned.

On these terms, it's the *cheapest*. You pay only for the *good* you get. But it's the *best*—or it couldn't be sold so.

A Snake-Devouring Serpent.

Among the forty-odd species of snakes in the Central Park menagerie, one of the most interesting is the eribo, a yellow tailed, tropical snake, which has a taste for devouring other snakes, including those which are poisonous. It is said that he does not hesitate to attack bigger reptiles than himself, but crawls slyly up to his intended victim, pins the enemy's head down, and holds it firmly till he is dead. The eribo is not afraid of any other snake, but all others are mortally afraid of him, including the most venomous, as well they may be.—New York Press.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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If you have a Jonah among your friends don't sit down and cry about it; be a whale.

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