WASHINGTON NOTES.

PRIVATE Secretary Halford is ill.

JUSTICE LAMAR'S condition is somewhat improved.

THE Boston is at Acapulco on her way to the Revilla Gigedo Islands.

THE anti-options bill was reported to the House and placed on the calendar.

A contribution of $2100 was received from Concord, N. H., for the Russian relief fund.

SENATOR HOAR reported a bill providing for two additional judges for the Court of Claims.

SENATOR PROCTOR introduced a bill to promote the efficiency of the militia, and appropriating $600,000 for that purpose.

FAVORABLE action was taken in committee on a bill to pension William C. F. Nindemann, of the Jeannette expedition.

JOSEPH FERNANDEZ, a British subject at Key West was wounded by one of the Galena's men at target practice, and Secretary Foster asks Congress to pay him $1000 indemnity.

EPIDEMIC OF SMALL-POX

The Dreaded Disease Afflicting Part of Schuylkill County.

An epidemic of small-pox has started in the western part of Schuylkill county and the disease is spreading so rapidly that the county Poor Directors have been called upon to furnish food and medical assistance to the suffering districts.

At Tower City there are about 200 cases reported. Temporary huts have been built along the mountain side, isolated from the residences of the town. Here the victims are taken.

Williamstown, Wiconis county, and Lykens, towns located in the same valley and adjoining Tower City have reported several cases of the disease.

PACKET LINE.

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PRICES MODERATE.

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

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

A FREIGHT train ran into the Chicago and Wheeling Express, near Wellsboro, Indiana, and a number of cars were wrecked and burned. The engineer of the freight train was slightly injured.

A SCAFFOLD in New York city, upon which two painters were at work, was struck by a passing elevated railroad train and the men were thrown into the street. August Duden died of his injuries.

BY the falling of some "arch pieces" in the Belt Line Terminal at Baltimore, James O'Hara, Michael Farley and Chas. J. Furey were probably fatally injured. Three other workmen were painfully injured.

MICHAEL GRIFFIN, aged 32 years, was accidentally shot with a revolver in the hands of Anthony Gerosski at Big Mine Run. The wounded man was taken to the hospital at Ashland, Pa., where he died.

FIVE workmen in the Sulphur Mine, ten miles from Lake Charles, Louisiana, were suffocated by gas. They went to the bottom of an unused well for the purpose of taking out some pipe, and as soon as the plugs were taken out the gas overcame them.

THE crew of a train on the Frackville branch of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad lost control of the train on a heavy grade, and the engine and cars dashed into a light engine which they overtook. Brakeman Josiah Troy and John Bauer were killed.

BY an accident in the converting department of Carnegie's Homestead Mill, Pa., a vessel of molten steel was overturned upon nine workmen. Arthur McQuirk, Albert Williams, Andrew Stoffield and Peter Woods were fatally injured, and the others were painfully burned.

A ROPE fire-escape was being exhibited at the Hepburn House in Williamsport, Pa. John Ward made a descent, starting from the seventh story. When part way down he lost control of the apparatus by which the speed is regulated, and descended very rapidly, breaking the rope when at the third story. He was fatally hurt.

A FRAME dwelling on the hillside at McKeesport, Pa., occupied by the family of John Hill, was carried from its foundations by a landslide and deposited on the roof of the Coursin Street Methodist Episcopal Church below. The house took fire from the stove and the occupants, who were uninjured, were rescued with difficulty. The flames spread to the church and then to the adjoining buildings on both sides, destroying the church structure, six dwellings and Ryan's livery stable. The loss on the church is $35,000, and on the other buildings about $15,000.

SEVEN GIRL BANDITS.

A Notorious Band of Stage Robbers Turns Out to Be Composed of Women.

An important arrest of one woman and six girls has been made in Salmon City Ida., on the charge of stage robbery. Numerous hold-ups of the stage have been near Harvey's ranche lately. Suspicion was directed to old man Harvey and his family, and the sheriff set about to trap him.

The sheriff, with 10 men, waited in hiding near the place the robberies usually took place, and when the stage arrived there a short time afterward six bandits stepped out in the road and stopped it, leveling their guns at the driver.

The sheriff came forward and took in the whole gang, which proved to be composed of Harvey's six daughters, who had assumed male attire. When the arrest was made one of the girls weakened and told the whole story. She said she never liked the work and was glad they were caught.

They were trained to it by their father and mother, and the proceeds were shipped East for sale so as not to excite suspicion in the country.

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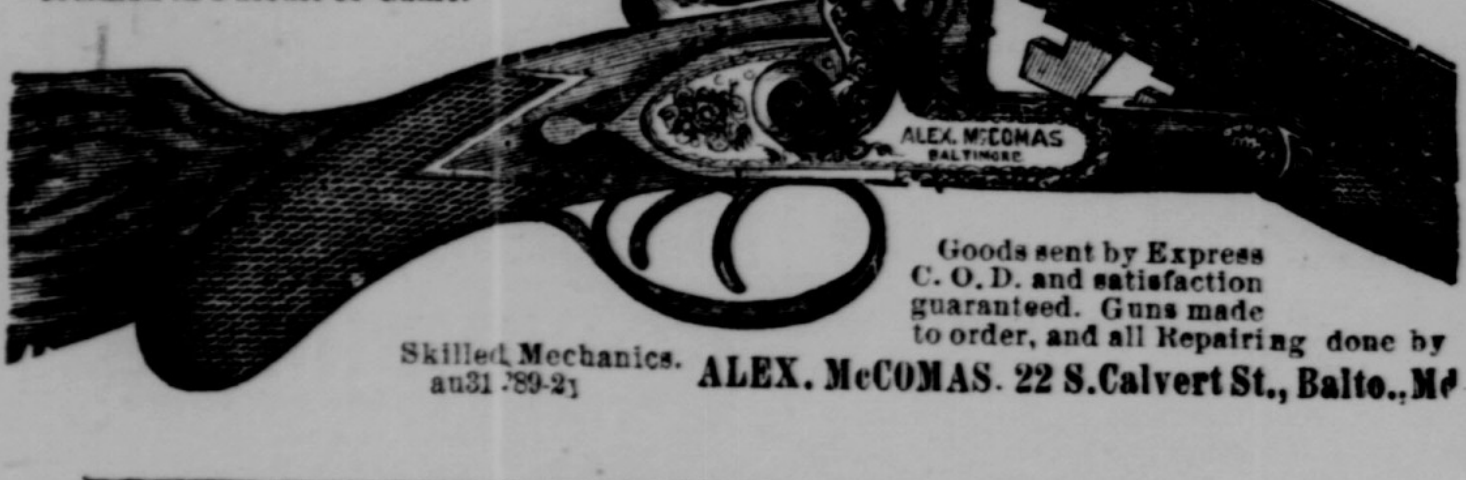

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Three Tabernacles, a Story of Trials and Triumphs."

TEXT: *"Let us make three tabernacles."*—Luke ix., 33.

Our Arab ponies were almost dead with fatigue, as, in December, 1889, we rode near the foot of Mount Hermon in the Holy Land, the mountain called by one "a mountain of ice," by another "a glittering breastplate of ice," by another "the Mont Blanc of Palestine." Its top has an almost unearthly brilliance. But what must it have been in the time to which my text refers? Peter and James and John were on that mountain top with Jesus when, suddenly, Christ's face took on the glow of the noonday sun, and Moses and Elijah, who had been dead for centuries, came out from the heavenly world and talked with our Saviour. What an overwhelming three—Moses, representing the law; Elijah, representing the prophets, and Christ, representing all worlds.

Impetuous Peter was so wrought upon by the presence of this wondrous three, that, without waiting for time to consider how preposterous was the proposition, he cried out, "Let us make three tabernacles—one for Thee, one for Moses and one for Elijah." Where would they get the material for building one tabernacle, much less material enough to build two tabernacles, and still less, how would they get the material for building three? Where would they get the hammers? Where the gold? Where the silver? Where the curtains? Where the costly adornments? Hermon is a barren peak, and to build one tabernacle in such a place would have been an undertaking beyond human achievement, and Peter was propounding the impossible when he cried out in enthusiasm, "Let us build three tabernacles."

And yet that is what this congregation has been called to do and has done. The first Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in 1870, and destroyed by fire in 1872. The second Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in 1874, and destroyed by fire in 1889. The third Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in April, 1891, and in that we are worshiping to-day. What sounded absurd for Peter to propose, when he said on Mount Hermon, in the words of my text, "Let us build three tabernacles," we have not only done, but in the mysterious province of God were compelled to do.

I announce to you this day that we are at last, as a church, in smooth waters. Arrangements have been made by which our financial difficulties are now fully and satisfactorily adjusted. Our income will exceed our outgo, and Brooklyn Tabernacle will be yours and belong to you and your children after you, and anything you see contrary to this you may put down to the confirmed habit which some people have got of misrepresenting this church, and they cannot stop. When I came to Brooklyn I came to a small church and a big indebtedness. We have now this, the largest Protestant church in America, and financially as a congregation we are worth, over and beyond all indebtedness, considerably more than $150,000.

I have preached here twenty-three years, and I expect, if my life and health are continued, to preach here twenty-three years longer, although we will all do well to remember that our breath is in our nostrils, and any hour we may be called to give an account of our stewardship. All we ask for the future is that you do your best, contributing all you can to the support of our institutions. Our best days are yet to come; our greatest revivals of religion, and our mightiest outpourings of the Holy Ghost. We have got through the Red sea and stand today on the other bank clapping the cymbals of victory.

Yes, twenty-three years have passed since I came to live in Brooklyn, and they have been to me eventful years. It was a prostrated church to which I came, a church so flat down it could drop no farther. Through controversies which it would be useless to rehearse it was well nigh extinct, and for a long while it had been without a pastor. But nineteen members could be mustered to sign a call for my coming.

As a committee was putting that call before me in an upper room in my house in Philadelphia, there were two other committees on similar errands from other churches in other rooms, whom my wife was entertaining and keeping apart from unhappy collision. The auditorium of the Brooklyn church to which I came defied all the laws of acoustics; the church had a steeple that was the derision of the town, and a high box pulpit which shut in the preacher as though he were dangerous to be let loose, or it acted as a barricade that was necessary to keep back the people, for they were so few that a minister of ordinary muscle could have kept back all who were there.

My first Sabbath in Brooklyn was a sad day, for I did not realize how far the church was down until then, and on the evening of that day my own brother, through whose pocket I entered the ministry, died, and the tidings of his decease reached me at 6 o'clock in the evening, and I was to preach at half past seven. But from that day the blessing of God was on us, and in three months we began the enlargement of the building. Before the close of that year we resolved to construct the first Tabernacle. It was to be a temporary structure, and therefore we called it a Tabernacle instead of a Temple. What should be the style of architecture was the immediate question. I had always thought that the ampitheatrical shape would be appropriate for a church.

Two distinguished architects were employed, and after much hovering over designs they announced to us that such a building was impossible for religious purposes, as it would not be churchly, and would subject themselves and us to ruinous criticism; in other words, they were not ready for a revolution in church architecture. Utterly disheartened as to my favorite style of architecture, I said to the trustees, "Build anything you please, and I must be satisfied." But one morning a young architect appeared at my house and asked if we had yet selected a plan for our church. I said, "No, and what we want we cannot get." "What kind of building do you want?" he asked. And taking out a lead pencil and a letter envelope from my pocket, in less than a minute by a few curved lines I indicated in the rough what we wanted. "But," I said, "old architects tell us it can't be done, and there is no use in you trying." He said, "I can do it. How long can I have to make out the plans?" I said, "This evening at 8 o'clock everything is to be decided."

At 8 o'clock of that evening the architect presented his plans, and the bids of builder and mason were presented, and in five minutes after the plans were presented they were unanimously adopted. So that I would not be in the way of the trustees during the work I went to Europe, and when I got back the church was well nigh done. But there came in a staggering hindrance. We expected to pay for the new church by the sale of the old building. The old one had been sold, but just at the time we must have the money the purchasers backed out and we had two churches and no money.

By the help of God and the indomitable and unparalleled energy of our trustees (here and there one of them present to-day, but the most in a better world), we got the building ready for consecration, and on September 25, 1870, morning and evening dedicatory services were held, and in the afternoon the children, with sweet and multitudinous voices, consecrated the place to God. Twenty thousand dollars were raised that day to pay a floating debt. In the morning old Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the glory of the Episcopal Church and the Chrysostom of the American pulpit, preached a sermon which lingered in its gracious effects as long as the building stood. He read enough out of the Episcopal prayer book to keep himself from being reprimanded by his bishop for preaching at a non-Episcopal service; and we, although belonging to another denomination, responded with heartiness, as though we were used to the liturgy, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

During the short time we occupied that building we had a constant downpour of religious awakening. Hosannah! Ten million years in heaven will have no power to dim my memory of the glorious times we had in the first Tabernacle, which, because of its invasion of the usual style of church architecture, was called by some "Talmage's Hippodrome," by others, "Church of the Holy Circus," and by other mirthful nomenclature. But it was a building perfect for acoustics, and stood long enough to have its imitation in all the large cities of America and to completely revolutionize church architecture. People saw that it was the common sense way of seating an audience.

Instead of putting them in an angular church, where each one chiefly saw the back part of somebody else's head, the audience were arranged in semicircle, so that they could see one another's faces, and the auditorium was a great family circle seated around a fireplace, which was the pulpit. It was an iron structure, and we supposed fireproof, but the insurance companies looked at it, and after we had gone too far to stop in its construction they declined to insure it except for a mere nothing, declaring that, being of iron, if the inflammable material between the sheets of iron took fire no engine hose could play upon it. And they were right. During those days we educated and sent out from a lay college under our charge some twelve hundred young men and women, many of them becoming evangelists and many of them becoming regularly ordained preachers, and I meet them in all parts of the land toiling mightily for God.

One Sunday morning in December, 1872, the thermometer nearly down to zero, I was on my way to church. There was an excitement in the street and much smoke in the air. Fire engines dashed past. But my mind was on the sermon I was about to preach, until some one rushed up and told me that our church was going up in the same kind of a chariot that Elijah took from the banks of the Jordan. That Sunday morning tragedy, with its wringing of hands and frozen tears on the cheeks of many thousands standing in the street, and the crash that shook the earth, is as vivid as though it were yesterday. But it was not a perfect loss.

All are anxious to do something, and as on such occasions sensible people are apt to do unusual things, one of the members, at the risk of his life, rushed in among the fallen walls, mounted the pulpit and took a glass of water from the table and brought it in safety to the street. So you see it was not a total loss. Within an hour from many churches came kind invitations to occupy their buildings, and hanging against a lamppost near the destroyed building, before 12 o'clock that morning, was a board with the inscription, "The congregation of Brooklyn Tabernacle will worship to-night in Plymouth Church."

Mr. Beecher made the opening prayer, which was full of commiseration for me and my homeless flock, and I preached that night the sermon that I intended to preach that morning in my own church, the text concerning the precious alabaster box broken at the feet of Christ, and sure enough we had one very precious broken that day. We were, as a church, obliterated. "But arise and build," said many voices. Another architect took the amphitheatrical plan of a church, which in the first instance was necessarily somewhat rude, and developed it into an elaborate plan that was immediately adopted.

But how to raise the money for such an expensive undertaking was the question—expensive not because of any senseless adornment proposed, but expensive because of the immense size of the building needed to hold our congregation. It was at that time when for years our entire country was suffering, not from a financial panic, but from that long-continued financial depression which all business men remember, as the cloud hung heavy year after year and commercial establishments without number went down. Through what struggles we passed the eternal God and some brave souls to-day remember. Many a time would I have gladly accepted calls to some other field, but I could not leave the flock in the wilderness.

At last, after, in the interregnum, having worshiped in our beautiful Academy of Music, on the morning of February 22, 1874, the anniversary of the Washington who conquered impossibilities and on the Sabbath that always celebrates the resurrection, Dr. Byron Sunderland, Chaplain of the United States Senate, thrilled us through and through with a dedicatory sermon from Haggai ii., 9, "The glory of this house shall be greater than that of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts." The corner stone of that building had been laid by the illustrious and now enthroned Dr. Irenæus Prime. On the platform on dedication day sat, among others, Dr. Dowling, of the Baptist Church, Dr. Crook, of the Methodist Church, Mr. Beecher, of the Congregational Church, and Dr. French, of the Presbyterian Church. Hosannah! Another $35,000 was raised on that day.

The following Sunday 328 souls were received into our communion, mostly on confession of faith. At two other communions over 500 souls joined at each one. At another ingathering 628 souls entered this communion, and so many of those gathered throngs have already entered heaven that we expect to feel at home when we get there. My! my! Won't we be glad to see them—the men and women who stood by us in days that were dark and days that were jubilant! Hosannah! The work done in that church on Schermerhorn street can never be undone.

What self sacrifices on the part of many, who gave almost till the blood came! What hallelujahs! What victories! What wedding marches played with full organ! What baptisms! What sacraments! What obsequies! One of them on a snowy Sabbath afternoon, when all Brooklyn seemed to sympathize, and my eldest son, bearing my own name, lay beneath the pulpit in the last sleep, and Florence Rice Knox sang, and a score of ministers on and around the platform tried to interpret how it was best that one who had just come to manhood, and with brightest worldly prospects, should be taken and we left with a heart that will not cease to ache until we meet where tears never fall.

That second Tabernacle! What a stupendous reminiscence! But, if the Peter of my text had known what an undertaking it is to build two tabernacles he would not have proposed two, to say nothing of three. As an anniversary sermon must needs be somewhat autobiographical, let me say I have not been idle. During the standing of those two Tabernacles fifty-two books, under as many titles, made up from my writings, were published. During that time also I was permitted to discuss all the great questions of the day in all the great cities of this continent, and in many of them many times, besides preaching and lecturing ninety-six times in England, Scotland and Ireland in ninety-four days.

During all that time, as well as since, I was engaged in editing a religious newspaper, believing that such a periodical was capable of great usefulness, and I have been a constant contributor to newspapers and periodicals. Meanwhile all things had become easy in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. On a Sabbath in October, 1889, I announced to my congregation that I would in a few weeks visit the Holy Land, and that the officers of the church had consented to my going, and the wish of a life to me was about to be fulfilled. The next Sabbath morning, about 2 o'clock, or just after midnight, a member of my household awakened me by saying that there was a strange light in the sky. A thunderstorm had left the air full of electricity, and from horizon to horizon everything seemed to blaze. But that did not disturb me, until an observation taken from the cupola of my house declared that the second Tabernacle was putting on red wings.

I scouted the idea and turned over on the pillow for another sleep, but a number of excited voices called me to the roof, and I went up and saw clearly defined in the night the fiery catafalque of our second Tabernacle. When I saw that I said to my family: "I think that ends my work in Brooklyn. Surely the Lord will not call a minister to build three churches in one city. The building of one church generally ends the usefulness of a pastor. How can any one preside at the building of three churches?" But before twenty-four hours had passed we were compelled to cry out, with Peter of my text, "Let us build three tabernacles." We must have a home somewhere. The old site had ceased to be the center of our congregation, and the center of the congregation, as near as we could find it, is where we now stand.

Having selected the spot, should we build on it a barn or a tabernacle, beautiful and commodious? Our common sense, as well as our religion, commanded the latter. But what push, what industry, what skill, what sacrifice, what faith in God were necessary! Impediments and hindrances without number were thrown in the way, and had it not been for the perseverance of our church officials, and the practical help of many people, and the prayers of millions of good souls in all parts of the earth, and the blessing of Almighty God, the work would not have been done. But it is done, and all good people who behold the structure feel in their hearts, if they do not utter it with their lips, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" On the third Sabbath of last April this church was dedicated, Dr. Hamlin, of Washington, preaching an inspiring sermon, Dr. Wendell Prime, of New York, offering the dedicatory prayer, and some fifteen clergymen during the day taking part in the services. Hosannah!

How suggestive to many of us are the words spelled out in flowers above the pulpit—"1869" and "1892"—for those dates bound what raptures, what griefs, what struggles, what triumphs. I mention it as a matter of gratitude to God that in these twenty-three years I have missed but one Sabbath through physical indisposition, and but three in the thirty-six years of my ministry. And now, having reached this twenty-third milestone, I start anew. I have in my memorandum books analyses of more sermons than I have ever yet preached, and I have preached, as near as I can tell, about 338.

During these past years I have learned two or three things. Among others I have learned that "all things work together for good." My positive mode of preaching has sometimes seemed to stir the hostilities of all earth and hell. Feeling called upon fifteen years ago to explore underground New York city life, that I might report the evils to be combated, I took with me two elders of my church and a New York police commissioner and a policeman, and I explored and reported the horrors that needed removal and the allurements that endangered our young men. There came upon me an outburst of assumed indignation that frightened almost everybody but myself. That exploration put into my church thirty or forty newspaper correspondents from north, south, east and west; which opened for me new avenues in which to preach the Gospel that otherwise would never have been opened.

Years passed on and I preached a series of sermons on Amusements, and a false report of what I did say—and one of the sermons said to have been preached by me was not mine in a single word—roused a violence that threatened me with poison and dirk and pistol and other forms of extinguishment, until the chief of Brooklyn police, without any suggestion from me, took possession of the church with twenty-four policemen to see that no harm was done. That excitement opened many doors, which I entered for preaching the Gospel.

After awhile came an ecclesiastical trial, in which I was arraigned by people who did not like the way I did things, and although I was acquitted of all the charges, the contest shook the American church. That battle made me more friends than anything that ever happened and gave me Chistendom and more than Christendom for my weekly audience. On the demolition of each church we got a better and a larger church, and not a disaster, not a caricature, not a persecution, not an assault, during all these twenty-three years, but turned out for our advantage, and ought I not to believe that "all things work together for good?" Hosannah!

Another lesson I have learned during these twenty-three years is that it is not necessary to preach error or pick flaws in the old Bible in order to get an audience; the old Book without any fixing up is good enough for me, and the higher criticism, as it is called, means lower religion. Higher criticism is another form of infidelity, and its disciples will believe less and less, until many of them will land in Nowhere and become the worshipers of an eternal "What is it." The most of these higher critics seem to be seeking notoriety by pitching into the Bible. It is such a brave thing to strike your grandmother. The old Gospel put in modern phrase, and without any of the conventionalities, and adapted to all the wants and woes of humanity, I have found the mightiest magnet, and we have never lacked an audience.

Next to the blessing of my own family I account the blessing that I have always had a great multitude of people to preach to. That old Gospel I have preached to you these twenty-three years of my Brooklyn pastorate, and that old Gospel I will preach till I die, and charge my son, who is on the way to the ministry, to preach it after me, for I remember Paul's thunderbolt, "If any man preach any other Gospel, let him be accursed." And now, as I stand here on my twenty-third anniversary, I see two audiences. The one is made up of all those who have worshiped with us in the past, but have been translated to higher realms.

What groups of children—too fair and too sweet and too lovely for earth, and the Lord took them, but they seem present to-day. The croup has gone out of the swollen throat and the pallor from the cheek, and they have on them the health and radiance of heaven. Hail, groups of glorified children! How glad I am to have you come back to us to-day! And here sit those aged ones, who departed this life leaving an awful vacancy in home and church. Where are your staffs and where are your gray locks, and where you stooping shoulders, ye blessed old folks? "Oh!" they say, "we are all young again, and the bath in the river from under the throne has made us agile and bounding. In the place from which we come they use no staffs, but scepters!" Hail, fathers and mothers in Israel; how glad we are to have you come back to greet us. But the other audience I see in imagination is made up of all those to whom we have had opportunity as a church, directly or indirectly, of presenting the Gospel. Yea, all my parishes seem to come back to-day. The people of my first charge in Belleville, New Jersey. The people of my second charge in Syracuse, New York. The people of my third charge in Philadelphia. And the people of all these three Brooklyn Tabernacles. Look at them, and all those whom, through the printing press, we have invited to God and heaven, now seeming to sit in galleries above galleries, fifty galleries, a hundred galleries, a thousand galleries high.

I greet them all in your name and in Christ's name, all whom I have confronted from my first sermon in my first village charge, where my lips trembled and my knees knocked together from affright, speaking from the text, Jeremiah i., 6, "Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child!" until the sermon I preach to-day from Luke ix., 33, "Let us make three tabernacles," those of the past and the present, all gather in imagination, if not in reality, all of us grateful to God for past mercies, all of us sorry for misimproved opportunities, all hopeful for eternal raptures, and while the visible and the invisible audiences of the present and the past commingle, I give out to be sung by those who are here to-day, and to be sung by those who shall read of this scene of reminiscence and congratulation, that hymn which has been rolling on since Isaac Watts started it one hundred and fifty years ago

> Our God, our help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come;
> Our shelter from the stormy blast,
> And our eternal home.

GENERAL STATE NEWS.

THE LATEST HAPPENINGS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

THE municipal election took place in Salisburg and passed off very quietly. Ex-Senator Thomas Humphreys was re-elected mayor without opposition. Messrs. Thos. H. Williams, Frank Parsons and Noah H. Rider, were elected members of the city council. Mr. Williams has been a member of the council for many years. The holding over members are Dr. W. G. Smith and Mr. Thomas M. Stemons.

THE contest for treasurer of Kent county was ended by the election of Mr. C. S. Hurlock on the fifteenth ballot. The successful man is a prominent young democrat of the first district.

THE libel suit by John W. Aiverett against the Cumberland News was ended by a disclaimer filed by the defendant.

JOHN C. HARPER, charged with stealing a horse and buggy belonging to J. R. T. Laws, was sentenced at Salisbury to the penitentiary for five years.

FROM all parts of Queen Anne's county are heard complaints about the bad condition of the roads, caused by the continued wet weather. The great rainfall has also seriously injured the young wheat and grass crops.

ROBERT SHARP, a resident of Cumberland, was run over and killed at Barnes Cross Roads on Merten's Sons' Railroad. Sharp was employed as a driver for Merten's Sons at Finksburg, the terminus of their railroad.

THE patrons of the public school in Tilghman's Neck, Queen Anne's county, taught by Mrs. Harley, have presented it with a large bell.

THE remains of the young man found dead on the track of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad were interred at the Cecil county almshouse burial grounds at Cherry Hill without being identified.

THE Reformed congregation of Keedysville, Washington county, is making preparations to build a new church in that place. The church now in use was built many years ago.

THE peach growers of Washington county will put out a large number of new trees this spring.

MR. WM. J. GIBSON, a prominent resident of near Emmitburg, died from the effects of injuries received in an accident. Together with his sons and farm hands he was engaged in tearing down the old barn on his farm preparatory to erecting a larger building, when a falling log struck him, knocking him down and causing injuries which were not considered serious at the time. More serious developments followed, showing internal trouble. Mr. Gibson was among the most prosperous and influential farmers and a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE Electric Light Company of Carroll County was organized at Westminster with a capital stock of $15,000.

AT the corporation election at Union Bridge, C. Frank Reck was elected Mayor, David G. Ogle, J. Calvin Wantz, Oliver Grossneckle, Calvin Smith and Joseph Wolf, Councilmen.

HENRY J. DASHIELL, for many years a prominent citizen of Wicomico county, died of heart failure, in his eightieth year. He was before the war a large slave owner, and at various times in his life had been a large real estate owner. He owned and resided on the old homestead in the seventh district once owned by Samuel Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

THE annual corporation election held at Middletown was one of the most hotly contested elections that have ever taken place there. The main issue was whether the town should issue bonds not exceeding eleven thousand dollars for the construction of water works. Both sides worked like beavers from the time the polls opened until they closed, and a large vote was polled. The election resulted in a victory for the water-works people, their entire ticket being elected by majorities ranging from twenty-two to twenty-seven. The water-works question was carried by 24 majority.

SEVEN Hungarians who had recently landed in New York were arrested as vagrants at Saratoga, and were sent back to New York. They said their passage had been paid to New York from Vienna, which city they had left in nearly destitute circumstances, having but from $1 to $10 in their possession, and that they had no work in view.

AUSTRALIA'S PEST.

Twenty Million Descendants from One Pair of Rabbits Within Five Years.

The plague of rabbits in Australia can not be described without seeming exaggeration to those who have not had experience of it, says an article in Scribner. Originally introduced in a colony of about a score of individuals by a squatter near Melbourne, who thought their familiar presence on his station would "remind him of home," they have kept the recollection of England so fresh in the minds of pastoralists to tempt them to very treasonable language concerning her whenever rabbits are mentioned.

The fecundity of the rabbit is amazing, and his invasion of remote districts swift and mysterious. Careful estimates show that under favorable conditions a pair of Australian rabbits will produce six litters a year averaging five individuals each. As the offspring themselves begin breeding at the age of six months, it is shown that, at this rate, the original pair might be responsible in five years for a progeny of over 20,000,000. That the original score which were brought to the country have propagated after some such ratio no one can doubt who has seen the enormous hordes that now devastate the land in certain districts. In all but the remoter sections, however, the rabbits are now fairly under control; one rabbiter with a pack of dogs supervises stations where 100 were employed ten years ago, and with ordinary vigilance the squatters have little to fear. Millions of the animals have been killed by fencing in the water-holes and dams during a dry season, whereby they died of thirst and lay in enormous piles against the obstructions they had frantically and vainly striven to climb, and poisoned grain and fruit have killed myriads more. A fortune of £25,000, offered by the New South Wales Government, still awaits the man who can invent some means of general destruction, and the knowledge of this fact has brought to the notice of the various colonial governments some very original devices.

How the Plunger Was Fooled.

A rounder is telling a good story about how a noted jockey gave a big plunger a hard throw-down last year. The betting man ascertained that the jockey had received instructions from her husband how to bet, and, getting an introduction to the lady, he became a sort of chaperon, always afterward occupying an adjoining seat in the grand stand. Frequently the plunger spoiled the odds for the jockey and his backers, so the latter, after ascertaining the source of the leak, set about to set things straight again. One day the runner hastened to the stand and told the jockey's wife her husband said put $200 on a certain horse. Knowing her usual form of betting, the plunger was aware the sum named was a large sum for her to hazard, and when she sent the money to the ring he followed and literally smothered the bookmakers with bills on that particular performer. When the race was over, however, that corner of the stand was very qniet, as the good thing failed to get a place. The jockey in question rode the winner, and after donning his every-day clothes, walked up to where his wife was seated, and displaying a handful of winning tickets, amounting to several thousand dollars, handed his wife two crisp $200 bills to make good her losses. The plunger tumbled to the dose given him, and since that time there has been a vacant seat in the ladies' stand.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Expert Opinion.

They were two district messenger boys, and they were sitting in a cross seat on an "L" car, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

"Gee!" suddenly exclaimed one of them after a silence extending past three stations, "I hate wimmin."

"Watch yer hate 'em fur?" answered his companion.

"Ar'r, yer can't beat 'em wunce in a hundred."

"Wid yer there."

"Why, where yer skin a man fur a nick or a dinner overcharge, ye kin git away wid it every trip, but when a feller runs up de rates on a woman she pulls a toll-book on him to a moral. An' if she collars him baldheaded she skips around an' blows to de manager, an' he gits the tra-la-loo!"

"Bin troo it meself."

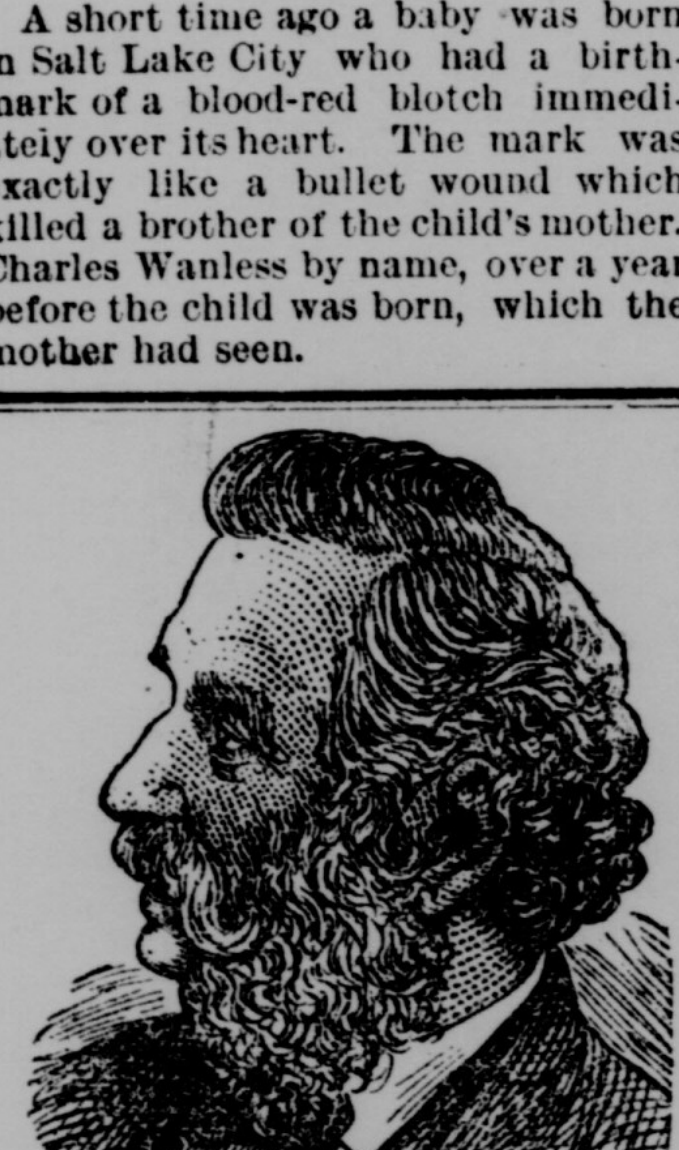
"Ar'r, wimmin are too foxy fur enny use."

"Chimmie, I'm wid ye again."

Then they awakened to the fact that they had been carried by their station, and the things that they had said caused four people to move into the next car.

Strange Birthmark.

A short time ago a baby was born in Salt Lake City who had a birthmark of a blood-red blotch immediately over its heart. The mark was exactly like a bullet wound which killed a brother of the child's mother. Charles Wanless by name, over a year before the child was born, which the mother had seen.



Mr. S. G. Derry
of Providence, R. I.

Widely known as proprietor of Derry's Waterproof Harness Oil, tells of his terrible sufferings from Eczema and his cure by

HOOD'S
Sarsaparilla

"Gentlemen: Fifteen years ago I had an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, followed by

Salt Rheum

breaking out on my right leg. The humor spread all over my legs, back and arms, **a foul mass of sores**, swollen and itching terribly, causing intense pain if the skin was broken by scratching, and discharging constantly. It is impossible to describe my 13 years of **agony and torture.** I spent

Thousands of Dollars

in futile efforts to get well, and was discouraged and ready to die. At this time I was unable to lie down in bed, had to sit up all the time, and was **unable to walk without crutches.** I had to hold my arms away from my body, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day.

"Finally a friend urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I began by taking half a teaspoonful. My

Stomach Was All Out of Order

But the medicine soon corrected this, and in six weeks I could see a change in the condition of the humor which nearly covered my body. It was driven to the surface by the Sarsaparilla, the **sores soon healed,** and the scales fell off. I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for seven months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well.

The Delight

of myself and wife at my recovery it is impossible to tell. To all my business friends in Boston and over the country, I recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

from personal experience." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford Street, Providence, R. I.

If you are Bilious take Hood's Pills.

St. Jacobs Oil

AFTER 22 YEARS.

Newton, Ill., May 23, 1888.

From 1863 to 1885—about 22 years—I suffered with rheumatism of the hip. I was cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. T. C. DODD.

The casting out of the devil of disease was once a sign of authority.

Now we take a little more time about it and cast out devils by thousands—we do it by knowledge.

Is not a man who is taken possession of by the germ of consumption possessed of a devil?

A little book on CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will tell you how to exorcise him if it can be done.

Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1. 31

A well-fitted shoe is faithful to the last.

A Promising Situation.

(New York Daily Investigator.)

Good judges say that one of the next localities to achieve distinction by jumping from a substantial town to a thriving metropolis in a few years will be the city of Superior, Wisconsin, and this, too, without the effort and struggle through which inferior towns have passed while effecting the same result. Until a year or two ago the average man did not stop to think that Superior as a monopolist of the water and rail termini at one end of the lakes is in the same position as Buffalo at the other end. Figures are uninteresting unless given briefly, but comparisons are always important. This little Superior, credited by its last census with only 22,000 people, handled more coal last year than did Chicago; of grain it shipped nineteen million bushels, of flour sixteen hundred thousand barrels, of wool four million pounds, and of merchandise to the value of thirteen million dollars. Of all lake cities this business was second only to Chicago in magnitude. There is an economical reason for this condition of things. It is that the rail rate on freight sent west of Lake Michigan is one cent per ton per mile, while the water rate is one-tenth of one cent per ton per mile. This position at the extreme western end of Lake Superior is what gives the city of Superior its prestige, and is making it grow faster than Chicago ever did. Besides one hundred and one smaller industrial concerns, Superior has located twenty-eight large manufacturing enterprises in the past eighteen months, including the American Steel Bargo Company, the builders of the famous "whaleback" vessel, which is revolutionizing the lake and ocean freight carrying trade. The twenty-eight institutions above mentioned include iron and steel plants, flour mills, stove foundries, wagon factories, pump makers, ship builders and saw and shingle mills. The most conservative business men in the Northwest believe that Superior will grow faster in the next ten years than any other city in that prosperous section of the country, and many of them claim that Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Milwaukee have never seen the rapid growth that will come to the head of the great chain of lakes and the city of Superior.

The only way to get a hen out of the garden is to go slow but shoo'er.

The Skill and Knowledge

Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

"Excuse the liberty I take," as the convict remarked when he escaped from the state prison.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co. doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of $100 for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"It's all up" with the landlubber when he takes his first sea voyage.

Six Dollars to Chicago.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton R. R. announce a reduction of the fare between Cincinnati and Chicago to six dollars. This rate is now in effect, and in purchasing tickets to the World's Fair City see that they read via the C., H. & D., the Pullman Safety Vestibuled Line, with Dining Cars.

Engagement cups and saucers are a new fad, but engagement jars are old stand-bys.

The Want of Self-Confidence.

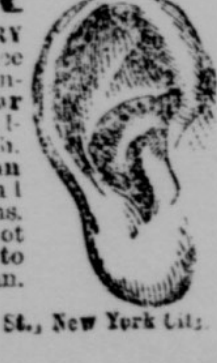
There are some who never seem to believe themselves capable of anything; they see others press forward to attempt and achieve, and shrink back into a desponding inactivity. Having no faith in themselves, they undertake nothing and effect nothing. If they are convicted of some fault or bad habit, they have so little hope of being able to cure it that they scarcely make an effort. If some avenue of usefulness and honor opens up before them, they draw back, almost sure that they should not succeed, and decline to enter. If some duty presses urgently upon their conscience, they try to quiet its promptings by pleading inability. Thus their lives pass away in uselessness, their faculties do not develop or their characters improve, their abilities are wasted, they dwindle into insignificance, and all this, not for lack of power, but for the want of confidence and courage that would set that power into good practical working order.

A Question of History.

That venerable question, whether the battle of Bennington should really be called the battle of Walloomsac, is being furiously discussed in and about Bennington. The old arguments, so familiar to every Vermonter, have all been rehearsed, but arguments don't cut a large figure with the more hot-headed partisans of each view. The Benningtonians content themselves with shouting "Bennington!" in a hoarse and heavy voice as they rush into the fray, while the Walloomsacites yell "Walloomsac!" with the desperation of martyrs driven to the last ditch. If the original battle was anything near as lively as a fight, it deserves all importance that is commonly attached to it.—New York Tribune.

Send to 319 W. 45th St., N.Y., for Samples of

GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores Complexion; cures Constipation.



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Best Low-Priced GERMAN DICTIONARY published, at the remarkably low price of only $1.00, postpaid. This Book contains 624 finely printed pages of clear type on excellent paper and is handsomely yet serviceably bound in cloth. It gives English words with the German equivalents and pronunciation, and German words with English definitions. It is invaluable to Germans who are not thoroughly familiar with English, or to Americans who wish to learn German. Address, with $1.00, BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., New York City.

IF your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, good for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you, make you strong, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite—tones the nerves.

Of two women choose the one that will have you.

Mr. M. A. Murry, Wilmington, Del., writes: "I had one of my severe headaches and was persuaded to try your valuable (Bradycrotine) medicine. I never had anything to do me so much good for headache."

The man who has no business of his own to attend to always goes to bed tired.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives Strength, aids Digestion, tones the nerves—creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

The dexterous wrestler gets down to business when he drops on his friends.

COUGHS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, etc., quickly relieved by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. They surpass all other preparations in removing hoarseness and as a *cough remedy* are pre-eminently *the best.*

The leap-year girl might try him delicately with a little pop-corn.

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

A man may be considered lacking in hospitality when he will not even entertain an idea.

The worst cases of female weakness readily yield to Dr. Swan's Pastiles. Samples free. Dr. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis.

"There goes a man to be trusted," said Jagson, as Dudeson entered the tailor shop.

BEECHAM'S PILLS will cure constipation, keep the blood cool and the liver in good working order; price 25 cents a box.

It often requires crooked work to get out of straitened circumstances.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

The flour mission—To make good bread.

Obstinate Blood Humor.

I HAD TERRIBLE ECZEMA FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS—WAS in bed six months at a time—body and limbs swollen and scaly like a dead fish. The itching was terrible, and finally LOST MY SIGHT. After treatment by five physicians, and other remedies without relief, I took S. S. S. AND IT CURED ME. My skin is soft and smooth, and the terrible trouble is all gone.—R. N. MITCHELL, *Macon, Ga.*

I know the above statement to be true.—S. S. HARMON, *Macon, Ga.*

I was for some time troubled with an obstinate **RASH OR HUMOR,** that spread over my face and breast. I consulted physicians, and used many remedies without a cure. At the suggestion of a friend I used Swift's Specific, which completely cured me. This was two years ago, and I have had no return of the trouble.—E. H. WELLS, *Chesterfield, Va.*

S. S. S. is the safest and best remedy for all troubles of the Blood and Skin. It cures by removing the cause, and at the same time builds up the general health.

Send for our Treatise, mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

DR. KILMER'S **SWAMP-ROOT**

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism,

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver,

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

Impure Blood,

Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid.

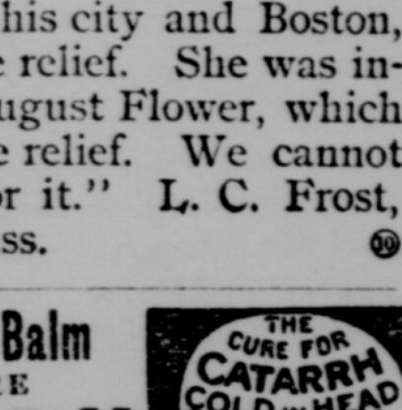
At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.

DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

"August Flower"

"I am happy to state to you and to suffering humanity, that my wife has used your wonderful remedy, August Flower, for sick headache and palpitation of the heart, with satisfactory results. For several years she has been a great sufferer, has been under the treatment of eminent physicians in this city and Boston, and found little relief. She was induced to try August Flower, which gave immedaite relief. We cannot say to much for it." L. C. Frost, Springfield, Mass.



Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE **CATARRH**

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

TAKE **Tutt's Tiny Pills**

The first dose often astonishes the invalid, giving elasticity of mind, buoyancy of body, good digestion, regular bowels and solid flesh. Price, 25cts.

JONES' SCALES

— THE BEST —

FULLY WARRANTED

5 TON SCALES $60 FREIGHT PAID

ADDRESS JONES OF BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

THE COST IS THE SAME.

AFTER 20 YEARS.
WOOD PICKETS.
AFTER 2 YEARS.

The Hartman Steel Picket Fence

Costs no more than an ordinary clumsy wood picket affair that obstructs the view and will rot or fall apart in a short time. The Hartman Fence is artistic in design, protects the grounds without concealing them and is practically **everlasting.** *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE WITH PRICES AND TESTIMONIALS MAILED FREE.*

HARTMAN MFG. CO., Beaver Falls, Pa.

DUFUR & CO., Baltimore, Md.

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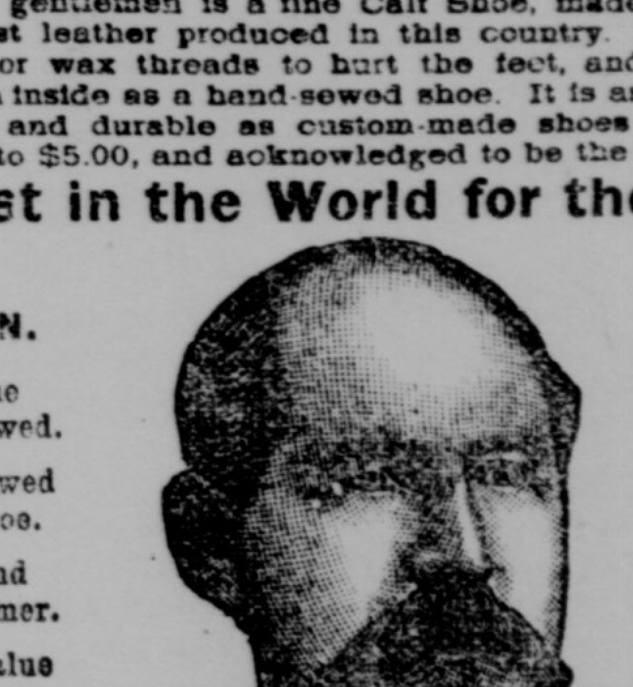
W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

For gentlemen is a fine Calf Shoe, made seamless, of the best leather produced in this country. There are no tacks or wax threads to hurt the feet, and is made as smooth inside as a hand-sewed shoe. It is as stylish, easy fitting and durable as custom-made shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00, and acknowledged to be the

Best in the World for the price.



For GENTLEMEN.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-Sewed.
$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe.
$3.50 Police and Farmer.
$2.50 Extra Value Calf Shoe.
$2.25 Working-man's Shoe.
$2.00 Goodwear Shoe.

For LADIES.

$3.00 Hand-Sewed.
$2.50 Best Dongola.
$2.00 Calf and Dongola.
$1.75 For MISSES.

For BOYS' & YOUTH'S.

$2 & $1.75 SCHOOL SHOES.

☞ TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES. ☜

IT IS A DUTY you owe to yourself and your family, during these hard times, to get the most value for your money. You can economize in your footwear if you purchase W. L. Douglas' Shoes, which, without question, represent a greater value for the money than any other makes.

CAUTION. W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe, which protects the consumer against high prices and inferior shoes. Beware of dealers who acknowledge the superiority of W. L. Douglas' Shoes by attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent, and subject to prosecution by law, for obtaining money under false pretences. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage free. AGENTS WANTED. Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers where I have no agent and advertise them free in local paper.

The seed is planted when you feel "run-down" and "used-up." Malarial, typhoid or bilious fevers spring from it—all sorts of diseases. Don't take any risk. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery invigorates the system and repels disease. It starts the torpid liver into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, 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 diseases that come from a disordered liver and impure blood, skin, scalp and scrofulous affections, it's the only remedy that's *guaranteed.* If it doesn't benefit or cure in every case, you have your money back.

You pay only for the good you get.

The worst cases yield to the mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. That's why the proprietors can, and do, promise to pay $500 for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.

EVERY FAMILY,

School, Library, and Office

S-H-O-U-L-D

Have a Dictionary.

Care should be taken to GET THE BEST.

THE INTERNATIONAL,

New from Cover to Cover. Successor of the "UNABRIDGED,"

IS THE ONE TO BUY.

10 years spent revising. 100 editors employed. $300,000 expended.

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WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

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"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY,

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886.—My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.

DOCK MILLS.

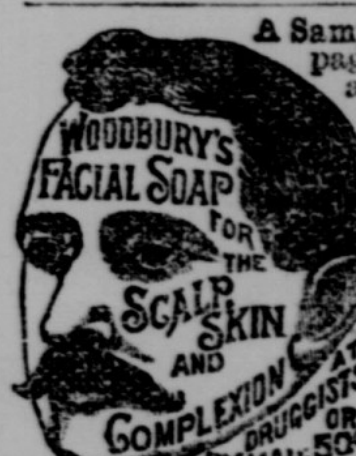
Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. ATLANTA, GA.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.



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A Sample Cake of Soap and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty; Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood diseases sent sealed for **10c.;** also Disfigurements, like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples. **John H. Woodbury,** Dermatologist, **125 W. 42d St.,** New York City. Consultation free, at office or by letter.

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.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

AGENTS make 100 per Ct. and win $748 CASH PRIZES on my corsets, belts, brushes and medicines. Samples free. Territory. Dr. Bridgman, 373 B'way, N.Y.

TO SECURE AGENTS

For 60 cts we will send by mail one of our famous Rug and Embroidering Machines with 3 sized needles and picture catalogue of Rug and Embroidery Patterns.

P. S.—Retail price of Machine $1.10.

E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, O.