POPULAR SCIENCE.

Many of the animals in the deep sea have no eyes.

German railway officials are experimenting with rails made of paper.

An unsuccessful attempt was lately made to cultivate oysters in the Baltic.

By adopting the basic process of making steel castings there is less phosphorus.

Microscopists recently showed that a drop of milk contained several million animalculæ.

The best road, according to Parisian experts, for hardness and unwearable service is made of volcanic scoria.

The incandescent electric light is claimed by authorities to be the most satisfactory artificial light known to science.

The Interstate Elevated Railway of Kansas City is to be changed from a steam to an electric system at a cost of $500,000.

Lightning flashed into an Eastern Pennsylvania coal mine the other day and shocked a man who was 1200 feet below the surface.

American lifeboats are to be furnished with an electric motor and propeller, which will provide not only power but a search light.

According to Sappy, the famous physiologist, the stomach contains 5,000,000 glands, which are constantly secreting gastric juice.

Instead of the alloy of zinc and silver which was first chosen for the production of "Arcas plating," one containing cadmium is now preferred.

In testing the conditions of the atmosphere inside a petroleum tank, if the air at the bottom is found not inflammable or explosive, the air above is sure not to be so.

Scientists estimate that every year a layer equal to fourteen feet deep of the surface of all oceans and other bodies of water is taken up into the atmosphere as vapor.

A new cure for hydrophobia was successfully tried in the Pasteur Institute at Milan, Italy. It consisted of a subcutaneous injection of the virus in its "fixed form."

There are said to be 13,972 artesian wells west of the ninety-seventh meridian, which irrigate more than 100,000 acres of land; 2,000,000 gallons of water often flow from a single well.

M. le Chatelier states that by means of his pyrometer he has discovered that the temperatures which occur in melting steel and in other industrial operations have been overestimated.

PACKET LINE.

THE SCHOONER

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 Lowest Freight Rates. All Grain stored in our Warehouse, in case of fire will be at the owner's risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the Lowest Cash Prices. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

C. E. LEONARD & BROTHER.

OFFICE.—In R. E. DIXON'S new building on Dover street, Easton.

WAGNER'S GREEN HOUSE,

W. PRATT STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

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.

BALTIMORE COAL TAR AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY



MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

ROOFING MATERIALS, BUILDING PAPER,

TARRED FELT, COAL TAR, TWO AND THREE-PLY FELT, RED ROSIN SIZED PAPER, ROOFING PAINT, CONCRETE BLOCK PAVEMENT FOR CELLARS, &c., &c., &c.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. SEND FOR CIRCULARS, SAMPLES AND PRICE LIST.

oct19y 16 W. CAMDEN ST., BALTIMORE.

ROBERT B. DIXON & CO,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

LUMBER & BUILDING MATERIAL,

NORTH CAROLINA LOCUST POSTS, VERY EXTRA CYPRESS SHINGLES.

FENCING,

BOTH HEMLOCK AND NORTH CAROLINA.

—DEALERS IN—

ANTHRACITE AND CUMBERLAND COALS

—AND—

FERTILIZERS.

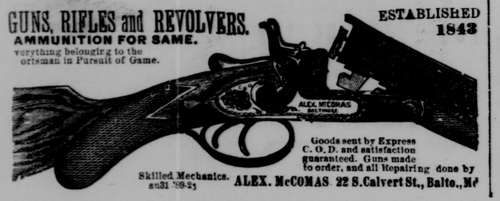
☞ We are selling the above at lowest prices to suit the times. jan8 9

GUNS, RIFLES and REVOLVERS.

AMMUNITION FOR SAME.

Everything belonging to the Sportsman in Pursuit of Game.

ESTABLISHED 1843



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., Balte., Md.

au31 '89-1y

Special Inducements!

Flooring and Shingles,

BUILDING LUMBER GENERALLY.

Doors, Sash and Blinds.

—GET OUR—

Very : Low : Prices

BEFORE BUYING.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

414 Light St. Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

A Curious Tar Forest.

Seated at the Grand Hotel the other night was George E. Mitchell, now of Port Angeles, but who was born in Manilla, and who has had a varied experience in many parts of the world. His father was the British Consul at Manilla, and in the lapse of time became interested in large enterprises. He sold goods in many different parts of Europe and Asia, where he had agencies established.

The son succeeded to this business, but at length in one of the financial depressions he lost his fortune, by that time large. He came to San Francisco, married a California young lady, the daughter of D. Milton Jones, Sheriff for many years of Siskiyou County.

A year or two ago he went to the most northern part of the State of Washington, overlooking the Straits of Fuca. There he secured quite an area of land, built him a cabin and settled down. When his friends saw him at the Grand they asked him what on earth he was going to do in that country, since they understood it was a wilderness. He surprised them by what he said.

"Going to make tar," replied he. "You needn't look skeptical. There are acres and acres of magnificent trees there, too much permeated with the tar to be of any use for wood. Cut one of these forest giants down, and the next day you can go to the stump and with a small board rake off inches and inches of the thick amber-colored ooze. Come back a little while afterward and you can do it again.

"Cut a tree half off and set your cans properly so as to catch this, and you get gallons upon gallons, not to say barrels, of it in a short time. Then you can put up your works and go into the tar business and make a fortune, the same as they do in the Carolinas and elsewhere in the world.

"You have got your pitch, your resin, tar, turpentine and everything else that comes from a tar forest. It's a novel industry, I know, for within thousands of miles it has not been developed, but with prices high for tar, turpentine, resin and pitch, and with freights to keep them so for some time, no such a field for money-making is offered as this. I am going to stay by it."—San Francisco Examiner.

The Weight of a Horse.

Many people, even among those who frequently make use of horses, have little idea what an ordinary horse weighs, and would have had work to guess whether a given animal, standing before their eyes, weighed 500 pounds or 1500 pounds, says Pearson's Weekly. Yet they would have no such difficulty with a man, and would probably be able to guess within ten or twenty pounds of his weight.

The Governments of Europe have long been purchasing and weighing horses for the military service, and transferring them from carriage or draught employment of the various branches of the cavalry and artillery. The animals are ordinarily assigned to weight.

The French military authorities find that an ordinary light carriage or riding horse weighs from 850 pounds to 900 pounds. Such horses as these are assigned to the light cavalry corps.

The next grade above, which in civil life passes as a "coupe horse," or carriage horse of medium weight, ranges in weight up to 1050 pounds. This horse goes to serve the purpose of drill for the cavalry belonging to the reserve military forces.

Above these there are still two grades of heavy horses. The first are those used for ordinary draught purposes and are commonly found drawing the omnibuses of Paris. They weigh from 1100 pounds to nearly 1500 pounds.

The heaviest horses are the Clydesdales and Percherons, which are oxen in size and strength, and which weigh from 1300 pounds up to nearly 2000 pounds.

None of these Percherons of the heaviest weight are employed in the military service, but some of the lighter ones are used for draught and artillery purposes.

TWENTY KILLED.

Terrible Electric Cloud-Burst in West Virginia.

Lightning Struck Fifteen Different Houses and Eight Dwelling Houses were Destroyed.

A despatch from Wheeling, W. Va., says: A fearful electrical storm passed over this section of the Ohio Valley at midnight, accompanied by a cloudburst, causing terrible destruction to life and property.

Already the death list numbers 26, and fresh reports of disaster are coming in. In Wheeling and immediate vicinity Lightning struck no fewer than 15 different houses and 8 dwelling-houses were destroyed at one time.

Six fires could be seen in progress and the Methodist Church at New Martinsville was burned to the ground.

The house of John Lucas, near Moundsville, was struck, and Miss Rena Lucas and her mother both sustained fatal injuries.

The most terrible force of the storm was in Fish Creek. The cabin of John Doty, a prosperous farmer, lived with his wife and three children. It was Doty's wedding anniversary and his father and mother and his wife's father and mother visited him.

The cloud burst in the Valley at midnight, and in 15 minutes Doty's house with its occupants was surrounded by the flood. Aim at before they were awakened the building was swept away and not one of the nine occupants escaped. Doty's body was washed 15 miles in an hour.

Reports have just reached here of the drowning of another family in the same vicinity, but they are not confirmed. The property loss will be enormous.

The largest whale ever captured was run down by the New London (Conn.) whaler Lizzie Simmons, in 1884. It was captured in the Cumberland Inlet, and yielded 168 barrels of oil and 250 pounds of whalebone.

Mr. Dowling, a Minneapolis man, manages to transact business, though all broken up. He has an artificial left arm and both legs, and has nothing but the stump of a thumb to his right hand. His artificial rig cost him $800.

The buttresses of "Trajan's Bridge," which are still to be seen on the Danube, are the remains of what was, in some respects, the most remarkable structure ever erected by man. It was not a mere floating bridge of large boats and massive timbers but was a permanent structure carried on piers 150 feet high and sixty feet wide, comprising twenty arches, extending altogether 4470 Roman feet.

Ship's Armor Made of Cocoanut Fibre.

The very latest thing in the way of a defensive armor is a layer of cocoanut fibre and granulated cocoanut husks inside the outer skin of a vessel. A Danish cruiser, the Hekla, was fixed up in this manner, and a big shot was fired clean through her below the water-line. The layer of woody stuff closed up behind the great bullet so that scarcely any water entered. A fairly successful trial was made the other day on the same lines at Norfolk, Va., a shot being fired through a tank with such a lining.—Boston Transcript.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.		
FLOUR—Balte. Best Pat	$ 5 00 @	$ 5 25
High Grades	4 00 @	4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	83 @	86
CORN—No. 2 White	59 @	60
Yellow	58 @	60
Yellow per bri	2 90 @	3 00
OATS—Southern & Penn	36 @	39
Western White	38 @	40
Mixed	35 @	36
RYE—No. 2	75 @	78
HAY—Choice Timothy	15 00 @	15 50
Good to prime	14 00 @	14 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds	9 75 @	10 00
Wheat Block	6 00 @	7 00
Oat Blocks	7 50 @	8 00
CANNED GOODS.		
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3	$ 85 @	$ 90
No. 2	70 @	72½
PEAS—Standards	1 10 @	1 20
Seconds	@	90
CORN—Dry Pack	@	1 10
Moist	@	1 00
HIDES.		
CITY STEERS	$ 7½ @	$ 7¾
City Cows	4 @	4½
Southern No. 2	4½ @	4½
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.		
POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 15 @	$ 25
White Star	30 @	35
Rose	15 @	25
Hebrons	@	30
ONIONS—Bermud s	1 35 @	1 50
Maryland	1 75 @	2 00
PROVISIONS.		
HOG PRODUCTS shlds.	$ —— @	$ 7¾
Clear-rib sides	—— @	8¾
Bacon sides	—— @	9½
Hams	12¾ @	14
Mess Pork, per bar	—— @	13 50
LARD—Crude	—— @	7¾
Best refined	—— @	8¾
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 21 @	$ 22
Under fine	20 @	21
Fine ladles	16 @	17
Roll	13 @	14
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N.Y. Factory	$ 9½ @	$ 10
N. Y. flats	9½ @	10
Full Cream	9¾ @	10
EGGS.		
EGGS—State	$ 15½ @	$ 16
North Carolina	13 @	14
POULTRY.		
CHICKENS—Hens	$ 12 @	$ 12½
Old Roosters	25 @	30
Ducks, per lb	9 @	10
Geese	40 @	60
TOBACCO.		
TOBACCO—Md. Infer'r.	$ 1 00 @	$ 1 50
Sound common	3 00 @	4 00
Middling	6 00 @	8 00
Fancy	12 00 @	13 00
LIVE STOCK.		
BEEF—Best Beeves	$ 4 50 @	$ 4 75
Good to Fair	4 00 @	4 25
SHEEP—Clipped Sheep	3 00 @	4 00
Hogs	4 25 @	4 70

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 2 15 @	$ 3 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	86 @	87
RYE—Western	80 @	84
CORN—No. 2	55½ @	56
OATS—No. 3	35 @	36
BUTTER—State	21 @	21½
EGGS—State	15½ @	16
CHEESE—State	7 @	8½

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60 @	$ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	87 @	87½
CORN—No. 3	53½ @	54
OATS—No. 2	39 @	39½
BUTTER—State	22 @	22½
EGGS—Penn. st	16 @	17

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Soul's Crisis." (Preached in London.)

TEXT: *"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."*—Isaiah lv., 6.

Isaiah stands head and shoulders above the other Old Testament authors in vivid descriptiveness of Christ. Other prophets give an outline of our Saviour's features. Some of them present, as it were, the side face of Christ; others a bust of Christ; but Isaiah gives us the full length portrait of Christ. Other Scriptures writers excel in some things. Ezekiel more weird, David more pathetic, Solomon more epigrammatic, Habakkuk more sublime, but when you want to see Christ coming out from the gates of prophecy in all His grandeur and glory, you involuntarily turn to Isaiah.

So that if the prophecies in regard to Christ might be called the "Oratorio of the Messiah," the writing of Isaiah is the "Hallelujah Chorus," where all the batons wave and all the trumpets come. Isaiah was not a man picked up out of insignificance by inspiration. He was known and honored. Josephus and Philo and Siracs extolled him in their writings. What Paul was among the apostles, Isaiah was among the prophets.

My text finds him standing on a mountain of inspiration, looking out into the future, beholding Christ advancing and anxious that all men might know Him, his voice rings down the ages, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." "Oh," says some one, "that was for olden times." No, my hearer. If you have traveled in other lands you have taken a circular letter of credit from some banking house in London, and in St. Petersburg or Venice or Rome or Antwerp or Brussels or Paris you presented that letter and got financial help immediately. And I want you to understand that the text, instead of being appropriate for one age or for one land is a circular letter for all ages and for all lands, and whenever it is presented for help, the help comes. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

I come to-day with no hairspun theories of religion, with no nice distinctions, with no elaborate disquisition, but with a plain talk on the matters of personal religion. I feel that the sermon I preach this morning will be the savor of life unto life or death unto death. In other words, the Gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine; it either kills or cures. There are those who say: "I would like to become a Christian. I have been waiting a good while for the right kind of influence to come." And still you are waiting. You are wiser in worldly things than you are in religious things. And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to heaven—waiting, waiting, but not with intelligent waiting, or they would get on board the line of Christian influences that would bear them into the kingdom of God.

Now you know very well that to seek a thing is to search for it with earnest endeavor. If you want to see a certain man in London, and there is a matter of much money connected with your seeing him, and you cannot at first find him, you do not give up the search. You look in the directory, but cannot find the name; you go in circles where you think perhaps he may mingle, and, having found the part of the city where he lives, but perhaps not knowing the street, you go through street after street and from block to block, and you keep on searching for weeks and for months.

You say, "It is a matter of £10,000 whether I see him or not." Oh, that men were as earnest in seeking for Jesus Christ! Had you one half that persistence you would long ago have found Him who is the joy of the forgiven spirit. We may pay our debts, we may attend church, we may relieve the poor, we may be public benefactors, and yet all our life disobey the text, never seek God, never gain heaven. Oh, that the spirit of God would help this morning while I try to show you, in carrying out the idea of my text, first, how to seek the Lord, and in the next place, when to seek Him. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

I remark, in the first place, you are to seek the Lord through earnest and believing prayer. God is not an autocrat or a despot seated on a throne of power, resting on brazen lions and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a father seated in a tower, waiting for His children to come home from the fields and get His kiss and His benediction. Prayer is the cup with which we go to the "fountain of living water" and dip up refreshment for our thirsty souls. Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask of water to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God, which we pull, bringing the blessing.

I do not care so much what posture you take in prayer, nor how large an amount of voice you use. You might get down on your face before God, if you did not pray right inwardly, and there would be no response. You might cry at the top of your voice, and unless you had a believing spirit within, your cry would not go farther up than the shout of a plowboy to his oxen. Prayer must be believing, earnest, loving. You are in your house some summer day, and a shower comes up, and a bird flies at that time into the window, and wheels around the room. You seize it. You smooth its ruffled plumage. You feel its fluttering heart. You say, "Poor thing, poor thing!" Now a prayer goes out of the storm of this world into the window of God's mercy, and He catches it and He feels its fluttering pulse, and He puts it in His own bosom of affection and safety.

Prayer is a warm, ardent, pulsating exercise. It is the electric battery which, touched, thrills to the throne of God. It is the diving bell in which we go down into the depths of God's mercy and bring up "pearls of great price." There is an instance where prayer made the waves of Gennesaret solid as granite pavement. Oh, how many wonderful things prayer has accomplished! Have you ever tried it? In the days when the Scotch Covenanters were persecuted and the enemies were after them one of the head men among the Covenanters prayed: "O Lord, we be as dead men unless Thou shalt help us. O Lord, throw the lap of Thy cloak over these poor things." And instantly a Scotch mist enveloped and hid the persecuted from their persecutors—the promise literally fulfilled. "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

Oh, impenitent soul, have you ever tried the power of prayer? God says: "He is loving and faithful and patient." Do you believe that? You are told that Christ came to save sinners. Do you believe that? You are told that all you have to do to get the pardon of the Gospel is to ask for it. Do you believe that? Then come to Him and say: "O Lord, I know Thou canst not lie. Thou hast told me to come for pardon, and I could get it. I come, Lord. Keep Thy promise and liberate my captive soul."

Oh, that you might have an altar in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the store, in the barn! for Christ will be willing to come again to the manger to hear prayer. He will come in your place of business as He confronted Matthew, the tax commissioner. If a measure should come before Congress that you thought would ruin the Nation, how you would send in petitions and remonstrances. And yet there has been enough sin in your heart to ruin it forever, and you have never remonstrated or petitioned against it. If your physical health failed, and you had the means, you would go and spend the summer in Germany and the winter in Italy, and you would think it a very cheap outlay if you had to go all around the earth to get back your physical health. Have you as much as one effort, any expenditure, any exertion for your immortal and spiritual health? No, you have not taken one step.

Oh, that you might now begin to seek after God with earnest prayer! Some of you have been working for years and years for the support of your families. Have you given one-half day to the working out of your salvation with fear and trembling? You came here this morning with an earnest purpose, I take it, as I have come hither with an earnest purpose, and we must face to face, and I tell you, first of all, if you want to find the Lord you must pray and pray and pray.

I remark again, you must seek the Lord through Bible study. The Bible is the newest book in the world. "Oh," you say, "it was made hundreds of years ago, and the learned men of King James translated it hundreds of years ago." I confute that idea by telling you it is not five minutes old, when God, by His blessed spirit, retranslates it into the heart. If you will, in the seeking of the way of life through Scripture study, implore God's light to fall upon the page, you will find that these promises are not one second old and that they drop straight from the throne of God into your heart.

There are many people to whom the Bible does not amount to much. If they merely look at the outside heavy, why will they be more lead them to Christ than Washington's farewell address or the Koran of Mahomet or the Shaster of the Hindoos. It is the inward light of God's Word you must get or die. I went up to the church of the Madeleine in Paris and looked at the doors, which were the most wonderfully constructed I ever saw, and I could have studied them for a whole week; but I had only a little time, so, having glanced at the wonderful carving on the doors, I passed in and looked at the radiant altars and the sculpture I done. Alas! that so many stop at the outside door of God's holy Word, looking at the rhetorical beauties, instead of going in and looking at the altars of sacrifice and the dome of God's mercy and salvation that hovers over every penitent and believing soul!

Oh, my friends, if you merely want to study the laws of language, do not go to the Bible. It was not made for that. Take "Howe's Elements of Criticism." It would be better than the Bible for that. If you want to study metaphysics, better than the Bible will be the writings of William Hamilton. But if you want to know how to have sin pardoned, and at last to gain the blessedness of heaven, search the Scriptures, "for in them ye have eternal life."

When people are anxious about their souls—and there are some here to-day—there are those who recommend good books. That is all right. But I want to tell you that the Bible is the best book under such circumstances. Baxter wrote "A Call to the Unconverted," but the Bible is the best call to the unconverted. Philip Doddridge wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," but the Bible is the best rise and progress. John Angell James wrote "Advice to the Anxious Inquirer," but the Bible is the best advice to the anxious inquirer.

Oh, the Bible is the very book you need, anxious and inquiring soul! A dying soldier said to his mate, "Comrade, give me a drop!" The comrade shook up the canteen and said, "There isn't a drop of water in the canteen." "Oh," said the dying soldier, "that's not what I want: feel in my knapsack for my Bible." And his comrade found the Bible and read him a few of the gracious promises, and the dying soldier said: "Ah, that's what I want. There isn't anything like the Bible for a dying soldier, is there, my comrade?" Oh, blessed book while we live. Blessed book when we die.

I remark, again, we must seek God through church ordinances. "What," say you, "can't man be saved without going to church?" I reply, there are men, I suppose, in glory, who have never seen a church; but the church is the ordained means by which we are to be brought to God; and if truth affects us when we are alone, it affects us more mightily when we are in the assembly—the feelings of others emphasizing our own feelings. The great law of sympathy comes into play, and a truth that would take hold only with the grasp of a sick man beats mightily against the soul with a thousand heart throbs.

When you come into the religious circle, come only with one notion and only for one purpose—to find the way to Christ. When I see people critical about sermons, and critical about tones of voice, and critical about sermonic delivery, they make me think of a man in prison. He is condemned to death, but the officer of the Government brings a pardon and puts it through the wicket of the prison and says: "Here is your pardon. Come and get it." "What! Do you expect me to take that pardon offered with such a voice as you have, and with such an awkward manner as you have? I would rather die than so compromise my rhetorical notions!" Ah, the man does not say that, for it is not. It is his life. He does not care how it is handed to him. And if this morning that pardon from the throne of God is offered to our souls, should we not seize it, regardless of all criticism, feeling that it is a matter of heaven or hell?

But I come now to the last part of my text. It tells us when we are to seek the Lord, "While He may be found." When is that? Old age? You may not see old age. To-morrow? You may not see to-morrow. To-night? You may not see to-night. Now? Oh, if I could only write on every heart in three capital letters that word *N-O-W—now!*

Sin is an awful disease. I hear people say, with the toss of the head and with a trivial manner, "Oh, yes, I'm a sinner." Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is dropsy. It is consumption. It is all moral disorders in one. Now you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your family. Sometimes the physician has called and he has looked at the patient and said: "That case was simple enough, but the crisis has passed. If you had called me yesterday or this morning I could have cured the patient. It is too late now; the crisis has passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul; there is a crisis. Before that, life! After that, death! O my dear brother, as you love your soul, do not let the crisis pass unattended to!

There are some here who can remember instances in life when if they had bought a certain property they would have become very rich. A few acres that would have cost them almost nothing were offered them. They refused them. Afterward a large village or city sprang up on those acres of ground and they see what a mistake they made in not buying the property. There was an opportunity of getting it. It never came back again. And so it is in regard to a man's spiritual and eternal fortune. There is a chance; if you let that go, perhaps it never comes back. Certainly that one never comes back.

There is a time when mercy has set for leaving port. If you are on board before that you will get a passage for heaven. If you are not on board you miss your passage for heaven. As in law courts a case is sometimes adjourned from term to term, and from year to year, till the bill of costs eats up the entire estate, so there are men who are adjourning the matter of religion from time to time, and from year to year, until they have to foot the bill of costs for that man would have to pay for it.

Why defer this matter, O my dear hearer? Have you any idea that sin will wear out? that it will evaporate? that it will relax its grasp? that you may find religion as a man accidentally finds a lost pocketbook? Ah, no! No man ever became a Christian by accident or by the relaxing of sin. The embarrassments are all the time increasing. The hosts of darkness are recruiting, and the longer you postpone this matter the steeper the path will become. I ask those men who are before me this morning whether in the ten or fifteen years they have passed in the postponement of these matters they have come any nearer God or heaven?

I would not be afraid to challenge this whole audience, so far as they may not have found the peace of the Gospel, in regard to that matter. Your hearts, you are willing frankly to tell me, are becoming harder and harder, and that if you come to Christ it will be more of an undertaking now than it ever would have been before. Oh, fly for refuge! The avenger of blood is on the track! The throne of judgment will soon be set, and if you have anything to do toward your eternal salvation you had better do it now, for the redemption of the soul is precious and it ceaseth forever!

Oh, if man could only catch just one glimpse of Christ, I know they would love Him. Your heart leaps at the sight of a glorious sunrise or sunset. Can you be without emotion as the Sun of Righteousness rises behind Calvary and sets behind Joseph's sepulcher? He is a blessed Saviour! Every nation has its type of beauty. There is German beauty and Swiss beauty and Italian beauty and English beauty, but I care not in what land a man first looks at Christ, he pronounces Him "chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." O my blessed Jesus! Lost in darkness! The rock on which I build! The Captain of salvation! My joy! My strength! How strange it is that men cannot love Thee.

The diamond districts of Brazil are carefully guarded, and a man does not get in there except by a pass from the Government, but the love of Christ is a diamond district we may all enter and pick up treasure for eternity. Oh, cry for mercy! To-day, if ye will hear this voice, harden not your hearts." There is a way of opposing the mercy of God too long, and then there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversary. My friends, my neighbors, what can I say to induce you to attend to this matter—to attend to it now? Time is flying, flying—the city clock joining my voice this moment, seeming to say to you: "Now is the time! Now is the time!" Oh, put it not off!

Why should I stand here and plead and you sit there? It is your immortal soul. It is a soul that shall never die. It is a soul that must soon appear before God for review. Why throw away your chance for heaven? Why plunge off into darkness when all the gates of glory are open? Why become a castaway from God when you can sit upon the throne? Why will ye die miserably when eternal life is offered you, and it will cost you nothing but just willingness to accept it? "Come, for all things are now ready." Come, Christ is ready, pardon is ready! The church is ready. Heaven is ready. You will never find a more convenient season if you should live fifty years more than this very one. Reject this and you may die in your sins.

Why do I say this? Is it to frighten your soul? Oh, no. It is to persuade you. I show you the peril. I show you the escape. Would I not be a coward beyond all excuse if, believing that this great audience must soon be launched into the eternal world, and that all who believe in Christ shall be saved, and that all who reject Christ will be lost—would I not be the veriest coward on earth to hide that truth or to stand before you with a cold or even a placid manner? My dear brethren, now is the day of your redemption.

It is very certain that you and I must soon appear before God in judgment. We cannot escape it. The Bible says: "Every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him, and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." On that day all our advantages will come up for our glory or for our discomfiture—every prayer, every sermon, every exhortation remarked, every reproof, every call of grace; and while the heavens are rolling away like a scroll, and the world is being destroyed, your destiny and my destiny will be announced. Alas! alas! if on that day it is found that we have neglected these matters. We may throw them off now. We cannot then. We will all be in earnest then. But no pardon then. No offer of salvation then. No rescue then. Driven away in our wickedness—banished, exiled forever!

Have you ever imagined what will be the soliloquy of the soul on that day unpardoned, as it looks back upon its past life? "Oh," says the soul, "I had glorious Sabbaths! There was one Sabbath in autumn when I was invited to Christ. There was a Sabbath morning when Jesus stood and spread out His arms and invited me to His holy heart. I refused Him. I have destroyed myself. I have no one else to blame. Ruin complete. Darkness unpitying, deep, eternal! I am lost! Notwithstanding all the opportunities I have had of being saved, I am lost! Oh, Thou long-suffering Lord God Almighty, I am lost! Oh, day of judgment, I am lost! Oh, father, mother, brother, sister, child in glory, I am lost!" And then as the tide goes out your soul goes out with it—farther from God, farther from happiness, and I hear your voice fainter and fainter, "Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost!" O ye dying, yet immortal men! "Seek the Lord while He may be found."

But I want you to take the hint of the text that I have no time to dwell on—the hint that there is a time when He cannot be found. There was a man in this city, eighty years of age, who said to a clergyman who came in, "Do you think that a man at eighty years of age can get pardoned?" "Oh, yes," said the clergyman. The old man said, "I can't; when I was twenty years of age—I am now eighty years—the spirit of God came to my soul, and I felt the importance of attending to these things, but I put it off. I repented God, and since then I have had no feeling." "Well," said the minister, "wouldn't you like to have me pray with you?" "Yes," replied the old man, "but it will do no good. You can pray with me if you like to."

The minister knelt down and prayed, and commended the man's soul to God. It seemed to have no effect upon him. After awhile the last hour of the man's life came, and through his delirium a spark of intelligence seemed to flash, and with his last breath he said, "I shall never be forgiven!" "O seek the Lord while He may be found."

The Ram in Naval Warfare.

Naval authorities assert that rams will be the most effective weapons in the naval conflicts of the future. In the building of every battle-ship nowaways much attention is given to making the stem as powerful as possible, in order that she may ram an adversary effectively. Methods of conflict on the sea are reverting, curiously enough, to those practised 2000 years ago, when Rome was mistress of the waves. Then vessels of war were propelled by two or three banks of oars, now they are driven by two or three screws. Then, as now, the most deadly blow was struck with the ram. Then, as now, the commanding officer stood in a "conning tower," directing the movements of the ship, issuing orders for the launching of missiles against the enemy, and at the critical moment "giving the stem" to an opposing craft. In order to conceive the power of a modern ram, imagine a ship weighing 5000 tons driven at a speed of fifteen miles an hour against a floating antagonist! The force of the blow can be figured out by multiplying the mass into the square of the velocity. Twin screws help quick steering so much that a vessel so equipped is hard to strike, but practice in this kind of manœuvre is obtained by European officers of the navy in screw launches, which, with well-padded bows, rush at each other, and fight as men do with soft gloves.—Boston Transcript.

A Discordant Community.

So many husbands and wives are living apart in the little town of Kensington, Kan., that society is all broken up on account of it. Nobody dares to give a party, but fortunately there are two churches.

The Whisky Trust Indictment.

A Circuit and a District Judge of the United States have united in knocking the bottom out of the indictment found recently in Boston against the managers of the whisky trust. Some of the parties concerned live in Ohio. Bench warrants were issued for their arrest to appear and answer at Boston. They sued out writs of habeas corpus and in that way the matter came before District Judge Ricks at Cleveland and Circuit Judge Jackson at Cincinnati.

The indictment, which has four counts, sets forth substantially that before the passage of the anti-trust law of July 2, 1890:

"The defendants obtained control of seventy distilleries and operated them, so as to produce 75-100ths of the total production of the distilleries of the United States; that after the passage of the act they continued to operate said distilleries on the same extended scale; that part of their product was shipped to Massachusetts, to be sold there and for transportation to other States and sold by the defendants through their distillery agents, dealers in Massachusetts, under a promise on the part of the defendants that if said dealers should purchase their distillery products exclusively from the distributing agents of the defendants and should sell the same at prices not lower than the list prices of such distributing agents and should, at the expiration of six months, certify that they had done so, then the defendants would pay to all such dealers a rebate of 5 cents per gallon on all purchases."

It is alleged further that these acts constitute a combination in restraint of trade and an attempt to monopolize trade, and that therefore the parties are guilty of conspiracy. Both judges agree that it is not enough to say that a combination is in restraint of trade to make it one, but that it must be shown wherein it is so. Some act must be stated which is relied on to make the offense. But there was no avertment in the indictment that when the parties bought the distilleries they own they bound the sellers not to build others or not to carry on the business in the future, nor that they have made any attempt to control the remaining one-fourth of the distilleries or to induce the owners to limit the output or agree on the price. Nor was any illegality shown in the rebate contract made with the Boston parties. For these reasons they held that three of the counts are bad.

The remaining count charged the defendants with owing three-fourths of the distilleries in the United States, they having acquired them before the passage of the law of 1890. The judges agreed that as there was no law against those purchases when made, Congress could not pass an ex post facto law to make their ownership a crime. They agreed also that Congress had no power to pass such a law to apply in the future; that—

"Congress has no power to put restraints of limitations upon the right of an individual or a corporation in the acquision of property. Each may go and acquire all the property that the State of the residence or creation will permit him or it to acquire. Even the State cannot impose restraint in the amount of the property which the individual may acquire. In proportion as every business is built up and enlarged and extended, it more or less, in a popular sense, monopolizes the business. If Congress meant to make that an offense they have no power to do so: they had no power to enact such a law as that."

That is to say, the mere act of buying up distillery after distillery would not in itself constitute an offense so long as no unlawful use was made of the property thus acquired and the field was left open to others to start and run distilleries and no unlawful attempt made to crush them if they did go into the business. The mere ownership even of all the distilleries would not per se be "in restraint of trade," any more than the ownership of the solitary dry goods store in a town would make its proprietor a monopolist. The above remarks of Judge Jackson must not be taken as denying the right of a State to limit the amount of property a corporation created by it may acquire; but simply that the State cannot prescribe such limits to the individual citizen.

Hence it seems as if it would be necessary for the District Attorney at Boston to draw up a new indictment setting forth the acts done by the whisky trust to restrain trade or commerce or to monopolize the business by unlawful means.

THE proper place for undressed kid is in the bath-tub.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

The largest Masonic library building and the only Masonic library in the world are at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

BEECHAM'S PILLS stimulate the ptyalin in the saliva, remove depression, give appetite, and make the sick well.

The Friends' School of Providence, R. I., is now over a century old.

THE GEORGIA GOLD FIELDS.

Continued Excitement Over New Discoveries, and Transfers of Property of Almost Daily Occurrence.

The activity in gold mining in and about Dahonega, Ga., noted in my last communication, still continues. The excitement seems to be steadily increasing, and new discoveries of ore, that will pay handsomely under the new processes now being introduced, are of almost daily occurrence. Several new mills are already contracted for, some are now in process of erection, and many of the older ones are either now being or about to be remodeled.

The old methods of sluicing everything, clay-sand, slate and quartz, for treatment in the mills, without regard to the gold bearing qualities of the matter, are being abandoned, and the era of intelligent and systematic mining, having in view the treatment in the mills of only such matter as will pay richly for handling, is being inaugurated, and the horizon is bright with the dawn of permanent days of prosperity in the gold fields of Georgia. Underground work is being vigorously pushed at a number of points on the Great Calhoun lead, and miners who have for years been scratching the surface, and satisfied with the meagre returns of $3 to $5 per ton from the mixed mass of material they have been accustomed to handle with water, are surprised as well as delighted to find that the thin and scattered quartz veins or stringers of the surface, gradually and almost invariably come together as depth is attained, and form true reefs of gold bearing quartz from two to five feet in width and carrying in the deeper works the same amount of gold that at the surface was distributed unequally throughout the whole mass of matter sixty or 100 feet in width.

The old Calhoun mine is about to be opened and operated upon the modern system. The Murry mill is nearly completed and will soon be reducing rich ore from the lower levels. The Bertha C. mine, three miles from Dahlonega, on the famous Calhoun lead, is preparing to begin the erection of a twenty-ton mill, fully equipped with every gold-saving appliance, and to run upon the best western plan, provided with an assay office, with an experienced miner in charge, who will know every day what the ore to be treated should produce, and will see that the yield from the mill corresponds with the value of the ore. One of the officers of the Atlanta Gold Mining