The Carbuncle is Rare and Precious.

One of the rarest and most precious stones is the carbuncle, which is sometimes confounded with the ruby, from which it differs by the intensity of its fires, produced by an internal lustre of gold, while under the purple of the ruby there only appear dottings of azure or lacquer. Ethiopia produced the most precious ancient carbuncles. The Chaldeans regarded this stone as a powerful talisman. Legend makes the eyes of dragons out of carbuncle. Garcias ab Horto, physician of one of the Viceroys of India, speaks of carbuncles which he saw in the palace of that prince which were so extraordinary in their brilliancy that they seemed "Like red-hot coals in the midst of darkness." Louis Vertoman reports that the King of Pegu wore an enormous one, which at night seemed lighted up with sun beams. The virtues of the carbuncle are resistance to fire, preservation of the eyes, promotion of pleasant dreams, creation of happy illusions and an antidote against impure air.—Boston Transcript.

Vegetables Canned by Machinery.

Dr. Thomas Spackbrower, of Germantown, Penn., who has an interest in a large canning establishment in lower Delaware, said to a Philadelphia reporter the other day: "Most persons who think about the matter at all doubtless believe that canned vegetables are put up by hand, but such is not the case, and in that industry we have called in the aid of machinery to a surprising extent. For instance, my firm owns a machine that will shell 1800 bushels of peas in a day, and another ingenious contrivance that packs the peas into the cans at the very brisk rate of 1500 cans an hour. The work of both machines is cleanly and economically done, and the peas are not crushed or in any way injured. These two clever devices last season handled the peas that filled nearly 400,000 cans, and this year the figures will be close upon half a million. That is one reason, and a very important one, too, why canned vegetables are now so reasonable in price."

A Peculiar Western Plant.

On the Western prairie is found what is called the compass plant, which is of great value to travelers. The long leaves at the base of its stem are placed, not flat as in plants generally, but in a vertical position, and present their edges north and south. The peculiar propensity of the plant is attributed to the fact that both surfaces of its leaves display an equal receptivity for light (whereas the upper surfaces of the leaves of most plants are more sensitive to light than the lower), the leaves thus assume a vertical position and point north and south. Travelers on dark nights are said to feel the edges of the leaves to ascertain the point of the compass.—Boston Globe.

PACKET LINE.

THE SCHOONERS

Clara M. & Annie M. Leonard.

THE above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are NEW and built out of the very best material. Orders left with G. E. Bowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt St., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. GRAIN bought or taken at 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. R. LEONARD & BROTHER.

OFFICE.—In R. B. 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. 8mhly

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A child just born has less chance of living a year than an octogenarian.

The blood in a human body makes the round trip of the veins in twenty-five seconds.

Two of the best conservatories in the world are to be found in London and in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris.

England's new magazine rifle, tried against the Martini-Henri, has shown a superiority in target shooting of about fifteen per cent.

At a public entertainment in Paris, recently, a young man was hypnotized. Two days elapsed before he was restored to consciousness.

A bit of steel was removed from the cerebellum of a patient at Bellevue Hospital, New York City, so quickly and painlessly that the patient laughed aloud when the operation was over.

The latest mineral development in Arizona is a deposit of black onyx. It is as black as jet, exceedingly hard and takes a fine polish. The ledge is situated in the Grand canon and is said to be very extensive.

A correspondent of Invention suggests repeated examinations of the sea water as a precaution for vessels during fog. Approach to land, rocks or icebergs would be indicated by increasing turbidity of the water.

The Egyptologists are continually making fresh acquisitions of knowledge. A valuable find of skeletons belonging to the fourth dynasty was recently made in Egypt. This is the earliest known data of Egyptian remains.

A ray of light, which would travel around the earth in about one-eighth of a second takes more than four hours to come from Neptune. For Alpha Centauri, the nearest fixed star, light makes the journey in five and a half years.

Dr. Leviseur, who has made a special study of the removal of superfluous hairs by electricity, is of the opinion that the best results are obtained by allowing the patient herself to close and interrupt the current by pressure on the electrode attached to the positive pole.

A National photographic survey has been suggested to the Photographic Society of Great Britain by W. J. Harrison, who has given an account of a local photo-survey of Warwickshire already in progress. The idea is to secure the co-operation of all photographers in the preparation of a pictorial record of the present condition of the country.

All the fungus diseases of plants, such as mildew, scab, blight, rust, rot, etc., are contagious. The contagion is carried from year to year in the diseased parts, be it leaf, fruit or branch. The presence of any of this diseased material in the orchard or vineyard increases the chance of the appearance and spread of the disease another year. Nothing is so destructive to the fungus spores as fire, and all affected plants, or parts of plants, should be cut out and burned.

Electricity is making great progress in Japan. Tokio has an electrical society having over a thousand members and Nippon is forming an electric light association. There are 1014 telegraph offices in the country and a telephone exchange in Tokio having 1000 subscribers connects with a long distance line to Osaka, a distance of about 350 miles. There are twelve electric lighting stations in the country at present and two electric roads under consideration.

She Loved Him.

"Gwendoline, darling, do you love me?"

"Have you satisfied my father with regard to your social and financial standing?"

"I have."

"And I am to have the elegant establishment you promised?"

"You are."

"Horses, carriages, diamonds, and so forth?"

"Everything."

"Then I do love you, Reginald."—New York Press.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The silver dollar of 1804 is worth $600.

There are oak trees in existence 1000 years old.

In Mexican theaters they pay for each act separately.

Thirty-four pounds of raw sugar make twenty-one pounds refined.

A straw hat and a linen duster have been worn for forty winters by Dr. S. B. Victor, of Columbia, Mo.

A London publisher is going to reproduce the first folio 1633 edition of Shakespeare by means of photography.

A piece of ground was recently sold in Chicago at a price which in silver would cover the entire lot with three layers of silver.

In one of the public schools in New York City there are 710 pupils, all but ten of whom are of foreign birth and language.

The vastness of Krupp's gun works at Essen, Germany, is indicated by the fact that they consume nearly 2000 tons of coal and coke a day.

A woman living in Jasper County, Missouri, is reported to have been made deaf and dumb by a lightning stroke, during a recent storm.

A new-fangled electric light bath is said to tan a man's face so well that his friends will think he has passed many weeks at the seashore.

A dog at Yardley, Penn., saw a bass in the river, and, leaping in, frightened the fish so that it fled to the shore, where it was grabbed by the dog's master.

A colored man who went to Germany from Boston and became naturalized some time ago is now on the roll of pensioners of the State insurance for the aged.

During divine service in a church at Westminister, Connecticut, a steer dashed against the green baize door, and marched up the aisle with the door on his horns.

The laughing jackass, when warning his feathered mates that daybreak is at hand, utters a cry resembling a group of boys shouting, whooping and laughing in a wild chorus.

Blockman, the murderer who was executed at Greensboro, N. C., the other day, was hanged with the rope that ended the life of one of the Chicago anarchists on the scaffold.

The natural configuration of many mountains suggests the human face, and such physiognomies cut out of the rocks on a gigantic scale are commonly regarded by savages as objects of worship.

Masks are of very ancient origin. In a tomb 3000 years old at Mycenæ, Greece, Dr. Schliemann found two bodies with faces covered with masks of gold. One of the masks represented the head of a lion.

A day or two ago what is said to have been the largest fruit train that ever left California for the East pulled out of Sacramento. It consisted of twenty-seven cars, and these were loaded with peaches, plums, apricots, apples, etc.

The sisal grass of Yucatan is one of the most remarkable vegetable products known. It grows in long blades, sometimes to the length of four or five feet, and, when dry, the blade curls up from side to side, making a cord which is stronger than any cotton string of equal size that has ever been manufactured.

In the middle ages every family who could afford the luxury kept a dwarf, whose principal duties were to look as ugly as possible and to receive with equal manifestations of gratitude the chidings of his mistress and the kicks of her guests. No royal court was considered complete without a dwarf, who, as a court jester, amused by his wit, or, more commonly, served as a butt for the wit of others.

The Dirtiest Town in the World.

Amoy, China, bears the unenviable reputation of being the dirtiest and most unhealthful city on the globe, writes United States Consul Bedloe. The reputation is thoroughly deserved. What is a more unpleasant fact is the promise of the present tendency of affairs to a lower and worse condition. The reasons are obvious to a newcomer at a glance.

The city is built on the edge of a mountainous island and is exceedingly old. Inscriptions on ancient tombs run back as far as the beginning of the Christian Era, and coins found in accidentally discovered graves date to dynasties from 500 to 1000 B. C. During all this period the hillsides of the city have been used as burying grounds. As the population increased the houses encroached upon the cemetery land, until finally the two became hopelessly intermixed.

The United States Consulate is regarded as a very superior locality, but it is surrounded by over 100 tombs. A score of the large blocks of granite used in and about it are old tombstones. On the hill immediately behind the residence of F. Malcampo the graves touch one another at every point and form a solid white surface of rock, brick, porcelain and cement, covering more than 1,000,000 square feet. Near the Lam-paw-do joss houses 30,000 bodies are said to have been buried vertically to save space. They lie or stand in a plot of land of as many square feet. Amoy proper and its suburbs have a living population of about 1,000,000 and a dead one of four and a half times as many. The wells are shallow and are sunk on the edges of the graveyards, and even among the tombs themselves. I have not seen one whose water is not muddy and discolored by the perpetual turning up of the soil.

The city is a relic of the past. It is walled the same as it was in the time of Confucius. It has no sewers whatever. The streets vary from two to six feet in width; no wheeled vehicle can use them. An equestrian would experience great difficulty in turning a corner. Here and there is an open space or plaza, dug out so as to be a huge open cesspool; into it the streets discharge their filth.—The Practitioner.

HALF the trouble in the world is caused by men trusting others too much. The man who doubts the most, suffers least.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Prodigal Son."

TEXT. "*I will arise and go to my father.*" —Luke xv, 18.

There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been an army defeated not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread.

A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carab. Once in awhile the people reduced to destitution would eat these carabs, but generally the carabs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not get even them without stealing them. So one day amid the swine troughs he begins to soliloquize. He says, "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear, this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in—feeding swine; I'll go home; I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father."

I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin; but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is whether we will follow him.

Satan promises large wages if we will serve him, but he clothes his victims with rags and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of hell. Satan comes to us to-day, and he promises all luxuries, all emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." Oh, the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution, "I will arise and go to my father."

In the time of Queen Mary of England a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house, for the Lord's sake, one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said, "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said, "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said, "There is no heretic here." "Ah!" she said, "you look in the glass and you will see the heretic!" As I take up the mirror of God's word to-day, I would that instead of seeing the prodigal of the text we might see ourselves—our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition—so that we might be as wise as this young man was and say, "I will arise and go to my father."

The resolution of this text was formed in disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping account of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say: "I have a thousand dollars now of my own, what's the use of my going back to my father's house? Do you think I am going back to apologize to the old man? Why, he would put me on the limits, he would not have going on around the old place such conduct as I have been engaged in. I won't go home. There is no reason why I should go home. I have plenty of money; plenty of pleasant surroundings. Why should I go home?" Ah! it was his pauperism; it was his beggary. He had to go home.

Some man comes and says to me: "Why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the Nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason—a man never wants the Gospel until he realizes he is in a famine struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home and you are in good robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After awhile you would get tired, and you would say, "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor."

Suppose I come into your house and find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skilful enough to meet your case. You say "Bring on all that medicine; bring on that physician. I am terribly sick and I want help." If I came to you and you feel you are all right in body and all right in mind and all right in soul you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness, oh, then you say, "Bring me that balm of the Gospel; bring me that divine medicament; bring me Jesus Christ."

But says some one in the audience, "How do you prove that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say, "Let us have the statement of God." Well, He says in one place, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place, "What is man that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place, "There is none that doeth good; no, not one." He says in another place, "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

"Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is the reason, "There is one name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say, "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said, "I will arise and go to my father."

"Oh!" says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? How do I know, if I go back, I would be received?" "Oh!" says some man, "you don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered; you wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have committed." What is that flutter among the angels of God? It is news, it is news! Christ has found the lost.

> Nor angels can their joy contain,
> But kindled with new fire;
> The sinner lost is found, they sing,
> And strike the sounding lyre.

I remark still further that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I do not know how long this young man, how many months, how many years, he had been away from his father's house, but there is something about the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty of friends—you have said, "I would give the world to be home to-night." Well, this young man was homesick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said, "Now perhaps father may not be living."

We read nothing in this story—this parable founded on every day life—we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings, or perhaps he had gone into dissipation from the fact he could not remember a loving and sympathetic mother. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her here, but he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be.

Many a man, after having been off for a long while, has gone home and knocked at the door and a stranger has come. It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out father is gone, mother is gone and brothers and sisters all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself, "Perhaps father may be dead." Still he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here to-day homesick for God, homesick for heaven?

I will tell you of two prodigals, the one that got back and the other that did not get back. In Richmond there is a very prosperous and beautiful home in many respects. A young man wandered off from that home. He wandered very far into sin. They heard of him often, but he was always on the wrong track. He would not go home. At the door of that beautiful home one night there was a great outcry. The young man of the house ran down and opened the door to see what was the matter. It was midnight. The rest of the family were asleep. There were the wife and children of this prodigal young man. The face was he had come home and driven them out.

He said: "Out of this house. Away with these children. I will dash their brains out. Out into the storms!" The mother gathered them up and fled. The next morning the brother, a young man who had staid at home, went out to find this prodigal brother and son, and he came where he was and saw the young man wandering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his integrity said to the older brother: "Here, what does this mean? What is the matter with you? Why do you act in this way?" The prodigal looked at him and said: "Who am I? Whom do you take me to be?" He said: "You are my brother." "No, I am not. I am a brute. Have you seen anything of my wife and children? Are they dead? I drove them out last night in the storm. I am a brute, John, do you think there is any help for me? Do you think I will ever get over this life of dissipation?" He said, "John, there is just one thing that will stop this." The prodigal ran his finger across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I'll stop it before night. Oh, my brain; I can stand it no longer!" That prodigal never got home. But I will tell you of a prodigal that did get home.

In this country two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth, and they are going to take ship and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back." Mr. Griffin went and he tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion, because he was very homesick already. The other young man said: "I will not go. I have had enough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal; "no, you won't. I am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best."

Years passed on and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a message came to him saying there was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock—a young man condemned to death—who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on ship board. The young man said to him, "You don't know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home and he wouldn't go?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Griffin; "are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder and I must die, but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend and I would like to have you pray for me."

Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get that young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential persons to influential persons until in some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock, and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon the father came. He had heard that his son under a disguised name had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man the old father threw his arms around the son's neck and the son said, "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "Oh," said the father, "don't mention it. It don't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him and he kissed him and he kissed him.

To-day I offer you the pardon of the Gospel—full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your crime has been. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellow man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ—whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment you take that pardon your heavenly Father throws his arms about you and says "My son, I forgive you. It is all right You are as much in My favor now as if you had never sinned." Oh, there is joy on earth and joy in heaven! Who will take the Father's embrace?

A Tee-To-Tum.

A Tee-To-Tum has been opened in Essex street, New York City. It is the beginning of an effort to organize for the poor of New York a number of clubs like those which, bearing the same name, have proved very useful and successful in the crowded districts of London under Toynbee Hall auspices. The work is undertaken there by the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. Charles James Willis, of this Order, suggested it to Fulton Cutting, who generously contributed the necessary funds for the initial establishment.

America's first Tee-To-Tum occupies a five-story tenement house, which has been so completely transformed as to brighten and gladden the entire vicinage. For the present only three of the five floors are devoted to club purposes. The front part of the ground floor is a store for the sale of cooked food not to be consumed on the premises. It will be open at 6 o'clock every week day morning to enable workingmen to fill their pails before going to work, and workingwomen, or, in fact, any woman of family can get noonday meals, without the trouble of cooking them at home. In the rear of the store is a spacious clubroom for men, substantially furnished, cheerfully decorated, and provided in the games and various means of amusement and recreation. Light refreshments are served at slight cost to members of the club.

The entire second floor of the house is for a girls' club. The three rooms open into one another and are very neatly and cosily furnished. The club will be in charge of the Girls' Friendly Society, of which Mrs. John Greenough is Secretary. The third floor is to be occupied as chambers by three members of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. The upper floors will be rented to tenants, and, while funds have been provided to insure the existence of the Tee-To-Tum for at least two years, it is expected that the rentals, the receipts from kitchen and store and the membership fees will make it self-supporting. Should this prove to be the case, similar institutions will soon be started in other tenement-house localities. Any respectable man over eighteen is eligible to membership upon payment of $1 a year dues.—New Orleans Picayune.

Disagreeable Habit of Childhood.

"My little girl, who is only five years old, is literally spoiling the shape of her finger tips by biting her nails," complained a young mother to an elderly woman as they sat on the hotel piazza over their fancy work. "I have punished her repeatedly, but nothing makes the least impression on her, and the habit continues to grow." The elderly woman, whose reputation for general information is well founded, recommended the following remedy: Make a very thick solution of gumarabic, much thicker than for common mucilage, and mix with it a liberal supply of powdered quinine. Apply this to the child's fingers at night and two or three times during the day, and the habit will immediately be broken up. The same remedy is very efficacious in cases where children suck their thumbs, which habit, if indulged in for any length of time, spoils the shape of the lips, and is also liable to permanently injure the digestion.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

How Mutes Make Love.

A gentleman who enjoys a wide acquaintance among the deaf of Philadelphia told a Record reporter that the courtship of a pair of mutes was one of the most singular things on record. "I know a young man who is now deep in the toils of a fair and speechless girl," he said, "and he has taken me into his confidence. He is perfectly happy in his infirmity, for from conversations he has held with ordinary lovers he has come to the conclusion that silence is, after all, the best form for lovers. During the progress of his affair de cœur he experienced but one difficulty, and that in a short time he surmounted. The thorn that lay in his bed of roses was a gas jet, which, as he, of course, conversed with his adored one in the sign language, it was always necessary to keep a blaze—a woefully embarrassing thing for lovers. Finally they discovered that, like Laura Bridgman, they could utilize the sense of touch in deciphering their sign language. By holding one another's hands they found that they could carry on a conversation with tolerable facility, and in about a week were adepts. Thus deaf, dumb and practically blind, they enjoyed all the pleasure of love. They have spread their discovery among their friends, and I believe that the idea has taken fast hold upon deaf lovers, and has become quite popular."

Wouldn't Pass Any.

Deacon Bloodroot—"The number of saloons in New York is simply appalling. Why, if you should walk up Broadway from Union Square to 23d street how many dram-shops do you think you would pass?"

Dick Rounder—"None."—Life.

TWO CONGRESSES.

A BITING CONTRAST BETWEEN THE FIFTY-FIRST AND FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESSES INSTITUTED BY EX-SPEAKER REED.

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed makes a scathing arraignment of the present Democratic Congress, in his article on "Two Congresses Contrasted," in the North American Review. He says:

"Whenever an army is like the famous army of Xerxes, essentially barbaric, it matters not how far the ranks stretch across the field of vision, or how far off on the horizon's edge they pass glittering out of sight. They are useless alike for conquest or for slaughter. The numbers only emphasize the failure. They hasten its downfall, and serve only to astonish children in story books that so many could be conquered by so few. Wherever discipline or unity of purpose is lacking, numbers may be one of the elements of disaster. No army can fight the enemy if it must at the same time fight itself.

"When the House of Representatives of the Fifty-second Congress met, it met as a mob, and has kept up that interesting form of organization ever since. Of course, the Republican leaders could have driven the enemy into compact shape, covered them with reproaches, forced them to train, and otherwise have made an army of them. Then there would have been much glory won by the said leaders among the unthinking, but the exhibition would have been lost to the world of Democracy, as it really is a hopeless assortment of discordant differences, as incapable of positive action as it is capable of infinite clamor."

He speaks of the cause for surprise at the election of Mr. Crisp for Speaker instead of Mr. Mills, "then supposed to be the embodiment of Democracy," but "the determination of the leaders that the party should enter the next contest remembered by principles pushed Mr. Mills to the wall." Of the continuance of this "policy of noncommittalism" by the appointment of Mr. Springer as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, he says:

"While Mr. Springer has at all times formed and expressed a great variety of opinions on a great variety of subjects, he has never been, by his friends or his enemies, regarded as in the least degree bigoted. History has justified the confidence which the Democracy have in Mr. Springer. He has been a Democrat. The party can contemplate his work of this session with the calm certainty that there is no intellect so subtle, no mind so broad, no sympathy so delicate as to detect therein the slightest trace of a principle of economic science or a system of revenue, and the Democracy certainly do enter the next campaign unembarrassed by their immediate past, and with great power of being natural; that is, of being all things to all men."

The history of this Congress, he thinks, will present all the dead level of a Dutch landscape.

"The only picturesque object which will break the sky line will be Mr. Holman draped as a statue of Economy, standing on the railroad-crowned summit of the Lawrenceburg embankment trying in vain with a spy-glass to find any trace of the river the embankment was intended to confine. Indiana, however, and the appropriation will be in full view.

"When the House met great hopes were entertained that strict economy would reign. The man whose reputation was the highest was placed at the head of the Committee on Appropriations, and the great duty of reducing to an honest level all the expenditures of the Government were entered upon. Mr. Holman, the great high priest of the new dispensation, disappeared from mortal view for many days, and finally reappeared with a calm, stately, and self-denying resolution proclaiming the principles of honesty, just as though they had been newly discovered, and were, for the first time in the history of the world, to be put into practice. It was a solemn moment. Everybody felt that the high-water mark of human virtue had been reached, and, under the awe inspiring impressions of that day, they were treated as scoffers who suggested that after high water came the ebb. I hate to tell the sequel; but, alas, the scoffers were right. Never since that hour have the Democracy looked so grand, gloomy, and peculiar as on that Pentecostal day when the Holman proclamation of economic virtue was administered to them, and they resolved how bad others had been, and how good they themselves would be. It is sad to be obliged to add that now, after the results have been reached, we find that the squandering Republicans appropriated 463 millions at the first session of the 'Billion Congress,' while the economic Democrats have appropriated over 500 millions at the first session of a Congress that certainly cannot be called a 'Nickel Congress.' Would it be in the nature of insult to the fallen to propose to the Honorable Mr. Holman, of Indiana, a sum in the rule of three? If the expenditure of 463 millions made us of the Fifty-first Congress 'rascals,' what precise epithet would do justice to those who have appropriated 500 millions? It really begins to look as if this country was too big to be measured in some half bushels."

After reviewing the conditions confronting the Fifty-first Congress, the accumulation of the work of six years that preceding Democratic Congresses had not done, and the necessity that it should be done, Mr. Reed remarks, with pardonable exultation, that the House, "amid shouts and outcries which already seem strange and incomprehensible, broke down the barriers of custom and re-established the right of the majority to rule. This was its greatest achievement, for which it will have a name in history.

"Having thus assumed the reins of power, the majority became responsible for what was done. They became responsible for the act of 1890 relating to the purchase of silver. Whether that act, isolated from all the circumstances of 1890, was absolutely wise, is more than I know. That it then and there saved this country from the free coinage for which every Democratic leader was then clamoring, and on which they are now so silent, I do know. If time shall show that it ought to be repealed, that will in no wise militate against the wisdom of passing it in 1890. They became responsible for the refunding of the direct tax, a just measure, which, among other things, saved from bankruptcy the State of Kentucky, most, if not all, of whose representatives voted against it.

"They became responsible for that latest revision of the tariff, which is just now rising so high above the slanders which two years ago poured upon it as if the foundation of the great deep had broken up. Free sugar, larger exports and larger imports are fully justifying the bill, and increased manufacturing results will soon add their quota to the returning prosperity of the country.

"They became responsible also for the meat and cattle inspection, which took away from foreign Nations their last excuse for refusing to receive our food products, and enabled our able Secretary of Agriculture and our foreign ministers to restore to us in some measure the markets of the world for such products.

"They became responsible for the destruction of the Louisiana Lottery. They redeemed the honor of the United States by making provision to pay its honest debts. They opened up to actual settlement many million acres of productive lands, and gave a suitable form of Government to vast areas of the territory of the United States.

"They became responsible for pension laws which the Democratic House has not dared to assail, and which, however much they may be covertly complained of, were but the assurance of the Nation that the soldiers of the war and their dependents might be forever sure that the bounty of the Nation, which it was honorable for them to receive, should stand between them and that taint of dishonor which, whether justly or unjustly, has always attached itself to local and parochial charity.

"But it is not necessary to again enumerate the acts passed by the Fifty-first Congress. The catalogue already given of duties pressing upon the Congress at its commencement is also a catalogue of duties done. The House of Representatives of the Fifty-first Congress met every responsibility without exception, and gave the judgment of the representatives of the people upon all the questions which the people put before them."

Arguments on the Tariff.

The Democrats put forward their strongest man in Senator Carlisle, of Kentucky, to reply to Senator Aldrich's crushing showing of the good fruits of the McKinley law. Senator Carlisle with Senator Aldrich was a member of the sub-committee of the Senate Finance Committee which investigated wages and prices before and after the enactment of the McKinley tariff law. He assented to all the methods employed in that inquiry, and he did not cast a shadow of doubt on any of the results of the inquiry. He admitted that it had been fully and conclusively demonstrated by that inquiry that living was cheaper and wages higher after than before the enactment of the McKinley law. Then he went on to claim that this would have been so whether the McKinley law was enacted or not.

This admission from the best equipped Democrat on the subject of the tariff takes the very heart and vitality out of the Democratic onslaught upon the tariff. The amplification of that onslaught has been failure to maintain wages, higher prices for necessities of life, except farm products from the home farms.

In his speech of acceptance Cleveland wailed in a lugubrious strain, "Our workingmen are still told the tale, oft repeated in spite of its falsity, that the existing protective tariff is a boon to them, and that under its beneficent operation the wages must increase." Again, "We see the farmer listening to a delusive story that fills his mind with visions of advance, while his pocket is robbed by the stealthy band of high protection." In still another period he says: "Turning our eyes to the plain people of the land we see them burdened as consumers with a tariff system that unjustly and relentlessly demands from them in the purchase of the necessaries and comforts of life, an amount scarcely met by the wages of hard and steady labor."

And yet Senator Carlisle, the ablest and best informed man in his party on the tariff, gives his unqualified endorsement of the accuracy of an investigation and a report which shows: That wages in September, 1891, were .75 of 1 per cent. higher than in June, 1889; that the prices of farm products were 18.67 per cent. higher in September of 1891, than in June, 1889; that the cost of living or the prices of the "necessaries and comforts of life" were 3.4 per cent. less in May, 1892, than in June, 1889.

What is left, then, of Grover Cleveland and of the Democratic material for opposition against the protective tariff.

Bees Capture a Candy Store.

About nine o'clock one morning a few bees, apparently attracted by the odor of sweets, entered the confectionery store of Frank T. Theburg, at New Brunswick, N. J. Mr. Theburg and his clerk were behind the counter, and in a rear room, which could be seen through the doorway, four men were at work making fresh candy. The bees were driven out without difficulty, but it would appear that they were only a prospecting party. About 10:15 o'clock a very large swarm entered the rear room through a window. The men then fled into the store. Mr. Theburg hurried around the counter to close the window in the rear room, but when he reached the doorway he could hardly see the window. The room was black with bees. His employes in the store were lashing towels furiously to right and left, but the bees only buzzed the louder and stung the harder, and soon all the men rushed into the street. The bees remained in possession.

The other day some one told Mr. Theburg that if he caught the queen bee and took her out or killed her the rest would leave the place. "George," he said to his clerk, "go in and catch the queen bee." George did not do so. On Saturday, ordinarily the busiest day in the week, no business was done. The bees still held the fort. The following Tuesday Mr. Theburg began to burn sulphur. He bought a quantity of it, built a fire in a big can, and put the sulphur on it, made a wild rush into the rear room, with his face and hands protected, set the can on the floor and flew out again.

In the morning he filled a barrel and a small box with the dead bees he found on the floor. There were still several hundred crawling about in the show windows, but they died within a few hours.

Cat and Chickens.

Mrs. James Forwood of Darlington, has a very peculiar cat. One of Mrs. Forwood's hens, which had just hatched out a promising brood of young chicks, died not long ago leaving her chickens alone in the world. The cat, however, saw and pitied the forlorn condition of the orphaned brood and appointed herself guardian and adopted mother for them. Ever since the death of the hen she has devoted herself to the young chicks. She goes with them about the yard, looks after their welfare and has as much affection for them apparently as if she were their real mother. It is a pretty, as well as an unusual sight to see her play with her adopted children, fondle them and gather them about her with her paws, while the chicks seem as fond of her as though they were her kittens. The feline instinct shows itself, however, in some things. If one of the youngsters strays through the fence into a neighbor's yard the cat will leap the fence, and taking the chick by the back of the neck with her teeth, as she would do with her own young, will leap back with it into her mistress' yard.

After the death of the hen Mrs. Forwood put the chickens at night into a box. The cat is not allowed to stay in the box, but in the evening she takes the chicks by the back of the neck and puts them safely to bed in the box.—Hartford (Md.) Democrat.

It Has Many Uses.

Few people realize the value of salt. It can be used in many ways about the house and is indispensable as a medicine. A little salt rubbed on cups will take off tea stains. If put in whitewash it will make it stick better. Used as a tooth powder it will keep the gums hard and rosy. Salt and water is one of the best gargles for sore throat, and is a preventive of diphtheria if taken in time. Salt and water will clean willow furniture, if applied with a brush and then rubbed dry. If held in the mouth after having a tooth extracted it will stop the bleeding. Calico and all prints will hold their color and look brighter if rinsed in salt water. Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt water and ironed while hot to obtain the best results.

Potash.

Analysis shows that while more than half the potash is lost from tan bark, but a small quantity of the phosphoric acid is lost. Tannery ashes are worth considerably more than leached wood ashes, and are always worth hauling away; still such ashes contain considerable potash.

Geography in South Africa.

Boston is a noble and famous city, but there are millions of people in the world who have never heard of it. Mr. N. H. Bishop, a boy of seventeen or eighteen years, was travelling across the pampas of South America in company with some natives of the Argentine Republic.

Having said, perhaps a little proudly, that he was from Boston, he afterward overheard this conversation between two of his fellow-travelers:

"Where is Bostron?" asked one.

"Bostron is in France, to be sure," replied the other.

"That cannot be. France is a great way off, and has not got any moon; and the gringo told me the other night that there is a moon in Bostron, and North America is in the same place."

"Fool!" exclaimed Number One. "North America is in England, the country where the gringoes live that tried to take Buenos Ayres."

New York's Youngest City.

A new city has been born to the State of New York, the thirty-third in a very handsome and thriving family. The name of the newcomer is Niagara Falls, and it is made up of the former villages of Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge. By the Federal census of 1890 the Falls had 5,502 inhabitants and the Bridge 4,405, a total of 9,907. There has been a handsome growth since the count of two years ago, and the State census will no doubt give the new city well over 10,000 people to start with, while in scenery it can outmatch all the world besides, and it is the seat of the most interesting industrial experiment now anywhere in progress. Prosperity to the youngest city!—Buffalo Courier.

College Girls Who Play Base-Ball.

Smith College girls are enthusiastic and not unskillful base-ball players. There was a spirited game on the campus the other day between the sophs and freshmen, terminating in a decided victory for the latter. It might seem to the professional player that a girl with a long braid of hair hanging down her back and eyeglasses on her classic nose would not be a success at pitching, but her curves were pronounced, and the sophs batted a good deal of air. The sophomores do not indulge in either masks or gloves, and play with great spirit and nerve. Of course the innings are marred by mishaps to gowns, and in the waits for repairs there is a most amicable interchange of pins and hairpins between the opponents.

Couldn't Scratch.

A Colorado paper tells of a picturesque yarn about a chicken fancier who was very much troubled by the propensity of hens to scratch. After many experiments he at last succeeded in crossing a breed of long-legged bramas with short-legged bantams in such a way that chickens had one long leg and one short one. When they attempted to scratch they lost their balance and fell over, which, after a few trials, was sufficient to show that scratching was impossible, and they gave it up.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

The deepest perpendicular shaft is in the Kuttenberg mine in Bohemia, 3778 feet deep.

Beats 'Em All.

GRAND EXCURSION VIA C., H. & D. TO MONTREAL AND QUEBEC, THURSDAY, SEPT. 8.

The great excursion route, the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R., will run the first of their annual excursions to Montreal and Quebec, from Cincinnati and Indianapolis, Thursday, Sept. 8. The round trip rates are marvelously low, being $12.50 from Cincinnati or Indianapolis to Montreal and return, and but $15 to Quebec and return, with side-trip to Ottawa returning. Tickets will be good (returning) for twenty days from date of sale. This is the first cheap excursion ever run to beautiful Montreal or historic Quebec from Cincinnati. For tickets, sleeping-car berths, etc., call on or address any C., H. & D. agent, or E. O. McCormick, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Ag't, Cincinnati, O.

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

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.

There are said to be 2,800,000 bee-hives in the United States.

MAN'S system is like a town, it must be well drained and nothing is so efficient as Beecham's Pills. For sale by all druggists.

Japan is said to have apple trees only four inches in height, which produces fruit about the size of currants.

Sample Package Mailed Free. Address *Small* Bile Beans, New York.

The average age that women marry is twenty-one, men twenty-six.

Any man, woman or child can be cured of Biliousness, Sick-Headache, Constipation, Fevers, Colds and Stomach Trouble by taking Bile Beans *Small*. Every bottle is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. 40 in each bottle. 25c.

A blonde is said to have about ten years the advantage of a brunette.

Colds promptly relieved by *Small* Bile Beans.

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

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Paper car wheels ceased years ago to be a novelty.

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.

A horse was killed by bees at Leslie, Ga. recently.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it at 25cts. per bottle.

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

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.

"August Flower"

My wife suffered with indigestion and dyspepsia for years. Life became a burden to her. Physicians failed to give relief. After reading one of your books, I purchased a bottle of August Flower. It worked like a charm. My wife received immediate relief after taking the first dose. She was completely cured—now weighs 165 pounds, and can eat anything she desires without any deleterious results as was formerly the case. C. H. Dear, Prop'r Washington House, Washington, Va. ⊛

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ARE EVIDENCE That the blood is wrong, and that nature is endeavoring to throw off the impurities. Nothing is so beneficial in assisting nature as Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) It is a simple vegetable compound. Is harmless to the most delicate child, yet it forces the poison to the surface and eliminates it from the blood.

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I contracted a severe case of blood poison that unfitted me for business for four years. A few bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured me. J. C. JONES, City Marshal, Fulton, Arkansas.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism,

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, 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.

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

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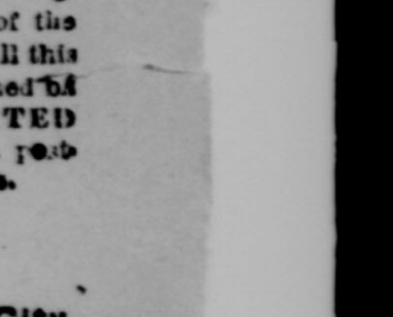
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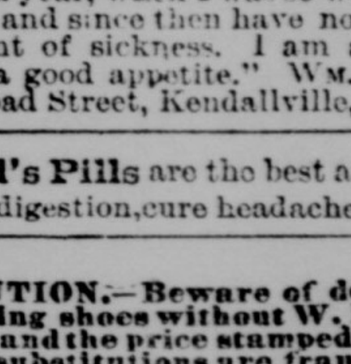
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A genuine sewed shoe that will not rip; fine Calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The only $3.00 Shoe made with two complete soles, securely sewed at the outside edge (as shown in cut), which gives double the wear of cheap welt shoes sold at the same price, for such easily rip, having only one sole sewed to a narrow strip of leather on the edge, and when once worn through are worthless.

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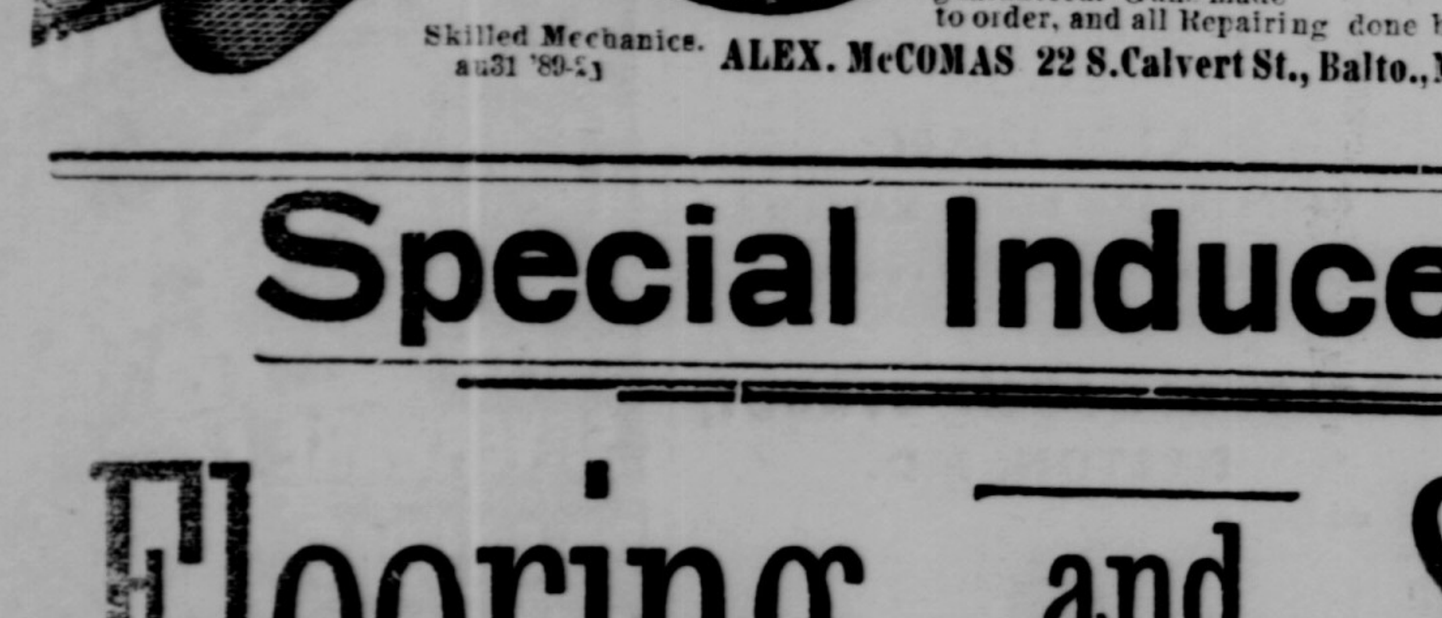
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