Of the 82,329 persons imprisoned in the United States for crimes last year, 7357 were murderers.

By the pulling down of part of the Rivington street side, the most thickly settled district of the world has lost part of its population, states the New York Independent. The little New York block, bounded by Ridge and Pitt, Rivington and Stanton streets, was the home of 2953 persons!

The New York Independent exclaims: It is a word to make one's hair stand on end, a word to frighten children, to suggest Ojibeway scalps, this word Wimodaughsis, which is the name of a women's benevolent society in Washington and it is derived from four such gracious words as wife, mother, daughter and sister.

According to the Boston Transcript Berlin has followed the Chicago model for increasing its population in a hurry. By the annexation of suburbs, hitherto separate municipalities, the number of inhabitants, now 1,500,000, will be doubled. The city will hereafter comprise a radius of about ten miles from its centre.

The Russians are at last face to face with the English in Asia. The northeastern strip of Afghanistan formed by he Pamirs has separated the political rontiers of the two empires by 100 niles. The Hindu Koosh is the British olitical frontier, though the administrative frontier is far to the south, and he Russian troops now face it.

A clever piece of work was recently lone by the telegraph battalion of an English regiment in the course of some ight experiments. A cable was rapidly aid over the roughest possible ground, nd that, too, without the slightest asistance from search lights, and the Genral in command was thus enabled not nly to find a lost brigade, but to contro he simultaneous advance and attack of hree separate brigades on an earthwork t midnight. The telegraph, in fact, endered a most difficult and doubtful peration comparatively easy and ceriain. With large scale maps, a balloon nd increased observing staff it is likely o be made a most important aid to th trategist and the tactician.

In all the talk, patriotic and other, bout cur defenceless coast and the need f protecting it with ships and guns, it eem to the New York Post to have esaped notice that one important stretch f coast is particularly open to foreign ttack—that is the shore line of the iulf of Mexico. Although the Navy)epartment has recommended that a ard and stations be located on the Gulf, ongress has ignored the application. he despatch of the Kearsage to look fter Americans' interests in Central merica imperilled by the rebellion in Ionduras has prompted the New Oreans Picayune to read the National overnment a lesson on its heedlessness. "If the navy yards and naval protection re to be distributed according to the nportance of the commerce of the diferent sections of the country," it says, "the Gulf of Mexico has been very adly treated. The leading Gulf port, Iew Orleans, with its foreign trade mounting to $150,163,000 during the ast fiscal year, and with its immense oastwise trade, is in fact the second ort of importance in the country. The tal foreign trade of the Gulf ports mounted last year to nearly $210,000,00. This is very nearly double the tal foreign trade of the entire Pacific oast, which last year amounted to little nore than $105,000,000, and yet the pproaches to San Francisco are fortified ith a number of powerful modern uns, there is an extensive navy yard at Iare Island, and a naval yard at Puget ound; while a squadron is maintained n the coast at all times."

SLUMBER SONG.

The mill goes toiling slowly around,
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak;
While round and round those big white wings
Grimly and ghostlike creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And, over his pot of beer,
The fisher, against the morrow's dawn
Lustily maketh cheer;
He mocks at the winds that caper along
From the far-off clamorous deep,
But we, we love their lullaby song
Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Shaggy old Fritz, in slumber sound,
Moans of the stony mart;
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you around,
Hitched to our new milk cart!
And you shall help me blanket the kine,
And fold the gentle sheep,
And set the herring a-soak in brine;
But now, little tulip, sleep.

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies
And scolds at the stars that wink;
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And rocking your cradle, she softly sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

—Eugene Field.

PITH AND POINT.

The world owes us a living, but it hasn't yet authorized anybody to setttle debts of that kind.—Puck.

Conundrums submitted for the Post's gold eagle prize: What makes a coach dog spotted? The spots.—Boston Post.

She packed a trunk with flannel gowns
And took it to the shore,
But when the damp air stuck that trunk
Those flannels were no more.
—Life.

Mrs. Slimson—"My Clara is an awfully delicate girl; she can't stand anything." Mrs. Von Blumer "Neither can my Maude. She put on a sailor hat the other day, and it made her seasick."—Cloak Review.

Jones—"Why on earth do you offer such a large reward for the return of that horrid, yapping, snapping cur?" Brown—"To please my wife." Jones—"But such a large reward will be sure to bring him back." Brown—"Oh, no, it won't. He's dead. I drowned him myself."—Judy.

An estimable but unhealthy lady who is taking the water at Saratoga was describing the symptom to a friend, and wishing to explain that she first visited the bath and afterward took her glass of mineral water at the spring, she said: "My dear, the treatment is very simple. You take your bath first and drink the water afterward."—Texas Siftings.

"Are you a mechanical engineer?" "Yes." "Do you know all about the combustion of fuel in locomotive grates?" "I know something of it. Why do you ask?" "I am looking for information on a certain point." "What point?" "I want to know if the father who discourages his daughter's lover can be called a spark arrester?"—Detroit Free Press.

Secret Murder in India.

A report by the Indian Government, just published at Bombay, reveals a most extraordinary state of affairs regarding an epidemic of poisoning which seems to be prevalent throughout the country. This the report attributes, in a great measure, to the facility with which arsenic and other poisons may be purchased, and urges that stricter laws on the subject should be at once enacted. Among the cases cited is that of the son of a wealthy Begum who, being dissatisfied with the amount of the spending money allowed him, plotted with the cook to destroy the family. As a result of these machinations five died from the administration of strychnine. Horrified at the consequence of her act, the cook made a full confession and the murderer was hanged. In Podeysore, a young girl, who was on the eve of being married to the man of her choice, encountered great opposition from her friends, who, being unable to postpone the ceremony in any other way, poisoned him with arsenic. In Poonah, a girl robbed her mistress while she was ill, and afterward poisoned her. In the Kaladgi district a woman applied to the Mahaer, for a charm to stop the quarrelsome habits of her husband. The charm worked so effectively that the man died, after its administration, as did also a dog that ate the remainder of the charmed food.—Boston Transcript.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

VEGETABLE POETRY.

Potatoes came from far Virginia;
Parsley was sent us from Sardinia;
French beans, low growing on the earth,
To distant India trace their birth;
But scarlet runners, gay and tall,
That climb upon our garden wall—
A cheerful sight to all around—
In South America were found.
The onion traveled here from Spain;
The leek from Switzerland we gain,
Garlic from Sicily obtains,
Spinach in far Syria grows;
Two hundred years ago or more
Brazil the artichoke sent o'er,
And Southern Europe's sea-coast shore
Beet-root on us bestows.
When 'Lizbeth was reigning here
Pease came from Holland, and were dear,
The south of Europe lays its claim
To beans, but some from Egypt came.
The radishes, both thin and stout,
Natives of China are, no doubt;
But turnips, carrots and sea kale,
With celery, so crisp and pale,
Are products of our own fair land;
And cabbages—a goodly tribe
Which abler pens might well describe—
Are also ours, I understand.
—[Goldthwaite's Magazine

LITTLE GEORGE'S DILEMMA.

George had come from the city to spend the summer with relatives on a New-England farm. To his delight he had been given a melon-patch to "call his own." He was carrying the first ripe melon in triumph to the house one day, when he met his uncle. Here was a dilemma! He felt bound by common courtesy to offer a share of his treasure, and at the same time he was unwilling to divide it. The riddle was solved, however, and his reputation for generosity saved by his asking: "Uncle Ed, do you want some of my melon? Say no!"—[New York Tribune.

IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

A girl of fourteen was sent to the butcher's the other day to purchase meat for dinner. The butcher was out, but behind the meat-block lay a great tawny St. Bernard dog dozing and snapping at the occasional fly that disturbed his dreams. "Oh, you beautiful old doggie! What a darling you are!" exclaimed the girl, and in another moment she was kneeling by him with her hand on his lion head and her yellow braids half buried in his brown coat. The dog opened his sleepy eyes, licked her other hand and wagged his tail, thereby signifying that though he had not previously had the pleasure of her acquaintance, he considered her a very nice girl indeed. Looking up, the little maiden saw the butcher standing in the door. His face was white as death. "For mercy's sake, keep still!" he cried. "Come here, Jack!" he added sternly to the dog, and in a moment he had him by the chain. "I wouldn't have taken that risk for all that I possess," he said afterward to the child's father. "He was left to mind the till, and he would have torn anybody else limb from limb. I cannot understand it." "But I do," laughed the girl. "I love animals, and am not afraid of them." Maybe that is the reason why Jack and this young heroine are the best of friends even unto this day.—[New York News.

A GREAT SNAKE.

Can you imagine, dear boys and girls, a grown man, who was not only brave but wise, almost paralyzed with fright? You shall hear how it happened once.

In the city of Washington is a great building called the Smithsonian Institution, where many clever, busy men spend all day, and every day, even sometimes many years, studying about animals, birds, insects, and all living things. From every part of the country specimens are sent to them to be studied, and many curious creatures and marvels of nature find their way there.

One day a great curiosity was received, a huge and monstrous rattlesnake. I am afraid to say how long it was, because I do not quite remember, but it was so very large that these wise and learned gentlemen had not believed such a thing possible. They decided to take his picture in a very surprising way. First they poured on his head, through the grating of his cage, great quantities of a drug called chloroform, in order to kill him, giving him three or four times as much as they thought necessary, to make sure. Then, lifting him out of the cage, they coiled him carefully in the very manner to make him appear the most terrible, and made, in soft, wet plaster, a snake exactly like him. When the plaster was dry, the wisest of all the wise men sat down with paints and paintbrushes and carefully colored the plaster snake to look precisely like the real one, lying on a shelf near by, patiently copying each little spot and stripe.

He worked many hours, and just at dusk, pleased with his perfect work and hurrying to catch the last bit of daylight, he bent eagerly over the nearly finished picture, when suddenly, on the silent air, a sound arose that paralyzed his arm and made his very heart stand still—the sharp whir of a rattlesnake. Quick as thought he sprang across the room, then turned, and there on the shelf was the terrible creature he had for two whole days believed to be dead, coiled, angry, with fangs rapidly darting, ready to strike. For one moment he was helpless, half dead with fear, remembering only that he had locked the door to keep out curious visitors, and that the key was on a shelf near the enraged snake. The next he seize a bottle of chloroform, soaked his handkerchief and threw it dexterously over the head of the threatening reptile. A moment of suspense and the head dropped, the rattle was silent, and once more the great snake was insensible, overcome by the drug. It took but a few minutes to open the door and call for help, as you may suppose, and in less time than it takes to tell it the snake was carried off, killed most effectually, cut up and buried. But should you chance to visit the Smithsonian any day you will see the plaster picture, and may perhaps then realize how terrifying it would be to be shut up, alone and defenseless, in a little room with a monstrous, angry rattlesnake, which had survived a dose strong enough to have killed three snakes of ordinary size.

Professor Max Muller, the famous philogogist, has published a very strong attack on the anti-Semitic movement. Professor Muller, although not a Hebrew himself, declares that he is heartily in sympathy with the historic race.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Celestial Sympathizers."

TEXT: "*I have fought with beasts at Ephesus.*"—I Corinthians xv., 32.

Crossing the Alps by the Mount Cenis pass or through the Mount Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Veronia, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world—the amphitheatre. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings and the twenty-five thousand excited spectators.

At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food until, frenzied with hunger and thirst they are let out upon some victim who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively but literally that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands, come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip into his right hand. The twenty-five thousand sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant.

Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasted strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the twenty-five thousand people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs down as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To one of the Roman amphitheatrical audiences of one hundred thousand people Paul refers when he says: "We are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses." The direct reference in the last passage is made to a race, but elsewhere having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life as a combat.

The fact is that every Christain man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die and you shall be victor, through Christ! Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years, but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay! that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory—the sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify, when every man and woman has a lion to fight. If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out; for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trojan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. The combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think when they contend against an evil habit that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the centre of an immense circle of sympathy! Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak, and then says: "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in an arena around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages; and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God and leap on their fallen carcasses! O bending throng of bright angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot! I hail you to-day from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again and see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark; and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide; and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return; and John, of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that Time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon! They have been in this fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out, "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out, "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelujahs.

I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—eight hundred and eighty-four thousand—who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian.

Yonder is a family group, Felicitas, of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns, another was flung from a rock, another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are together—a family group in heaven. Yonder is John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "If I had ten heads they should all fall off for Christ!"

The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands, and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red hot pincers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and then set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances they would make the midnight all the world over as bright as noonday.

And now they sit yonder in the martyr's gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardships, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage! down there in the arena."

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give, and cry, "Hail! sons and daughters of the fire!"

I look again and see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There is Albert Barnes, and around him the presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there is John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There is George Whitefield and the ministers who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing.

And there the band of missionaries—David Abeel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved, and David Brainard, of the aborigines evangelized, and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions, I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

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

Toplady shouts in his old hymn:

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied:

A charge to keep you have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky!

I look again and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of; but these we knew. Oh, how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children—do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay; I see that child running its hand over your brow and saying, "Father, do not fret." "Mother, do not worry."

They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay, I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the King to call us, saying: "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow and stand on tip toe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying: "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown!"

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe! Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again! How shall we ever become discouraged again! How shall we ever feel lonely again!

With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us—shall we give up the fight and die? No! Son of God, who didst die to save us. No! ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No! ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. No! ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us. No! we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Be faithful to my Lord;
And bear the Cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar
And seize it with their eye.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

My hearer, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital rose up in bed the last moment and cried, "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted "Here" "Oh I heard the roll call of heaven and I was only answering to my name." I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our name will be called in the muster role of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls, we cry, "Here! Here!"

GENERAL STATE NEWS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

A new frame dwelling-house belonging to Mr. T. E. Hogg, near Port Deposit, was destroyed by fire. The house was built two years ago. The building was 45x75 feet, contained forty-two rooms, and was a very costly structure.

The congregation of St. James's Lutheran Church have purchased the Maulsby property, on West Second street, Frederick city, to build a new church.

Mayor Hebb sent a message to the city council of Cumberland Wednesday, in which he advised the appropriating of $5,000 for the benefit of the water board, to be used by them in making surveys and plans for the construction of a new system of water works. The recommendation was referred to the finance committee. The mayor also advised the taking of precautionary measures against cholera.

The corner-stone of Bethel A. M. E. Church, Rev. M. W. Traverse, pastor, was laid in Cumberland Sunday afternoon. The pastor was assisted by presiding Elder W. R. Arnold, of Washington, D. C. The following lodges and organizations participated: Star of the West Lodge of Masons, Queen City Lodge of Odd-Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Laboring Sons and Allegany Guards.

Thomas Ford, charged with robbing the house of John M. Thackery, in Wilmington, who escaped from that city, came to Elkton and gave himself up. He said he went to Cecil to secure some papers which were at Mr. Thackery's farm-house, near Elkton, of which Ford has been a recent tenant, and having accomplished his object had no hesitancy in returning to custody.

The Howard county republican primaries were without contest, and the delegates elected were supposed to be in favor of Thos. Parran, of Calvert, for Congress.

John R. Kenley Post, No. 58, of the G. A. R., was organized at Crisfield.

Town property in Cambridge is being reassessed for taxation and it is thought that the basis may go up to $1,500,000, which would be an increase of about $300,000. The increase results from the enhanced value of real estate, the assessment of a large amount of personal property and private securities heretofore untaxed, and the new property recently assessed in the West end, which footed up over $160,000. The town commissioners will sit for several days after the completion of the assessment to hear applications for abatement.

Burglars broke into the store of N. K. Warner & Co., in Elkton. An entrance was affected by removing a wire guard on the front window and then breaking a pane of glass. Five revolvers, two hundred cartridges and a number of razors and knives and about thirty-five plated rings rewarded the robber for his risk. A small sum in pennies, not amounting to a dollar, was taken from the money-drawer.

The town council of Elkton has formally accepted the water works lately completed by Joseph G. Johnson, contractor, after a thorough inspection and test. The water plugs are so arranged that the town is well protected in case of fire. The contract required that the works shall be capable at all times of throwing two streams through one hundred feet of two-and-one-half-inch hose, with one inch nozzle, sixty feet high. The test in that particular was satisfactory.

A large barn on the farm of Joseph Germand, near Fleagle's Mills, Carroll county, was destroyed by fire together with a quantity of grain and farming implements. The grain belonged to John Bullington. It is not known how the fire originated but indications point strongly to incendiarism.

The break in the towpath of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal in the neighborhood of Sharpsburg, which was reported to be of a serious nature has been found by the engineer to be of not much consequence, and in a day or two at the most will be throughly repaired. Boats will not be delayed.

In connection with the sudden deaths in Queen Anne's county, of Annie and Louis Kirby and an infant child, State's Attorney P. B. Hopper has written to Baltimore to make arrangements about having the stomachs analyzed, not being able to do so early because the county commissioners who have the bill to pay, could not be earlier consulted in the matter.

An examination for teachers' certificates was held in Denton, Caroline county, by School Examiner Stephens. About fifteen persons presented themselves for examination.

The grangers picnic at Williams Grove was attended by 5,000 persons.

Mr. J. S. L. Rodrick, who has just sold and retired from the Banner of Liberty, Frederick county, has been proprietor and publisher of the paper for thirty-nine years.

At Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, alone, 1200 men and women are employed in the lobster industry. Five millions is the annual catch, which represents $180,000 in value.

THE NEW TARIFF.

SOME RESULTS OF THE WORKINGS OF THE MC KINLEY BILL—OLD INDUSTRIES EXPANDING AND NEW ONES SPRINGING UP.

Day after day come accounts of new industries established or new manufacturing works opened in this or adjacent States. These accounts give the number of hands employed, showing that thousands of American workers have thus found employment; the rate of wages paid, showing that they receive about double the wages paid in any other country for similar work, and in many cases more than double; and the former and present cost of products, showing in almost every instance that consumers get articles more cheaply because of the growth of American industries. The astonishing variety of these new works, the great range of wants which they supply, deserve the attention of Americans who doubt whether the new tariff has done any good.

Not merely in the creation of new industries, but even more in the expansion of industries long established, this tariff produces remarkable results. Of this expansion evidence is given in official reports of foreign trade. Those industries which depend wholly or mainly upon foreign materials find in the record of imported goods an accurate measure of their progress, not only in the increased quantities of materials here required, but in the diminished importations of products from other countries.

The silk manufacture, for some years much depressed by changes in fashion, has reached within the last year a production greater by twenty-five per cent. than it had ever attained in any previous year. The imports of raw silk were 7,521,342 pounds, against less than 6,000,000 pounds in 1890, when the quantity was greater than in any other year, and only 2,562,246 pounds in 1880. This manufacture has thus increased about threefold since the census of 1880, when it employed 31,000 hands and yielded products worth $41,000,000.

The manufacture of india rubber required during the last year imports of 39,976,205 pounds, against 33,712,089 pounds in 1891 and about the same in 1890, an increase of eighteen per cent. in two years. In one previous year, 1888, the imports rose to 36,000,000 pounds, but in no other were they within twenty per cent. as large as in 1892. Yet in 1890 this manufacture had substantially doubled in ten years, for imports of india rubber and gutta-percha were but 16,682,516 pounds in 1880, and in twelve years rose to 40,284,444 pounds, a gain of 141 per cent.

The various manufactures in which pig tin is used as a material required in 1892 no less than 43,908,652 pounds, against 39,787,622 pounds in 1891 and 34,933,099 pounds in 1890. The increase had been but small for ten years, as the imports in 1890 were 31,694,544 pounds, so that the gain was barely ten per cent. But, in the two last years under the new tariff the imports of this material have increased more than twenty-five per cent. The imports of bleaching powder, used in several manufactures, have increased more than ten per cent. in two years, and have gained forty-five per cent. in twelve years. The imports of kaoline and other clays have increased in two years 17,500 tons, or thirty-five per cent., and are now 67,186 tons, but in 1880 they were but 19,723 tons.

Supplies of wool are in part obtained from American farms, but the domestic production has increased too slowly for the manufacture. Hence the imports last year were 148,670,672 pounds, against 129,303,648 pounds in 1891 and 105,431,285 pounds in 1890, a gain of more than forty per cent. in two years. After a period of serious depression under the old tariff, the manufacture still consumed in 1890 about 371,000,000 pounds domestic and foreign wool, against 331,000,000 pounds in 1880. But during the last year the consumption must have been, domestic and foreign, about 439,000,000 pounds, an increase of seventeen per cent. in two years, against a previous increase of twelve per cent. in ten years under the old tariff. The value of woolen goods imported has diminished $21,000,000 in two years, and the value of silk goods $7,500,000.

Is there an American who would rather have the new mills and works in this country destroyed, and the American hands deprived of employment, and the goods imported as they formerly were? If so, he ought to vote for Mr. Cleveland.—New York Tribune.

Tin Plate Made At Home.

The official report of Special Agent Ayer, of the Treasury Department, on production of tin and terne plates in the United States during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1892, is a document of unusual, even extraordinary interest, in view of the emphatic, repeated and still continued declarations of the Free Traders that not only have no such plates been produced but that the manufacture of them in large quantities in this country in competition with Wales is impracticable. Despite such declarations, the industry has taken root and flourished to such an extent that in the first twelve months after the new law took effect, there were produced in the United States 13,646,719 pounds of tin and terne plates, and more than 4,800,000 of American sheet iron or steel were made into articles and wares tin or terne coated. As the latter manufactures constitute tin and terne plate within the meaning of the law, it now seems probable that when full returns of the same are received the total production for the year, inclusive of such manufactures, will not fall much short of 20,000,000 pounds.

"Ah," says the Free Trader, "but all the black plates used have to be imported."

According to Agent Ayer's report, a careful estimate shows that the quantity of black plates produced in the United States, which entered into the manufacture of tin and terne plates during the year, was by quarters as follows: Quarter ended September 30, 1891, 785,547 pounds; December 31, 1891, 1,200,661; March 31, 1892, 2,132,082; June 30, 1892, 5,178,263; total, 9,296,533. To which add black plates sold to stamping companies, made into articles and wares, and tinned or terne coated as per returns to date, 4,828,228; aggregate, 14,124,781.

In other words, of the production of tin and terne plates proper for the year over sixty-eight per cent., and of the total production over seventy per cent. were made from American black plates.

During the first quarter of the fiscal year five firms were engaged in the manufacture of tin and terne plates, eleven during the second, twenty during the third and twenty-six during the fourth. The probability is that at least eight new names will be added to the list of manufacturers at the end of the present quarter.

Under the circumstances the growth of the industry has been phenomenal. The production of tin and terne plates in the quarter ended September 30, 1891, was only 826,922 pounds; in the next quarter it was 1,409,821 pounds; in the quarter ended March 31, 1892, the production amounted to 3,209,225 pounds, or more than double that of the preceding quarter, and in the quarter ended June 30, 1892, the production of the preceding quarter was again more than doubled, and amounted to 8,207,751 pounds.

It must not be forgotten that all the figures given in Mr. Ayer's report are based on the sworn returns of the manufacturers for each quarter of the year. In each case the name of the company, or firm making the returns is given in the report, as well as the name of the place where the establishment is situated. These returns impart verity, and the report is therefore entitled to as much weight and credence as any other report made by a sworn official of the Government, and something more than the loud and wild assertions of Free Trade editors and stump speakers, however often repeated, will be required to discredit it.—New York Tribune.

The McKinley Law Vindicated.

The annual report of the Democratic Commissioner of Labor for New York State (which has just been published) constitutes an argument for the McKinley tariff which is absolutely unanswerable. The report is purely a business and non-partisan document. This makes it of the highest value as a vindication of protection. Its figures are official. They were not prepared with a view to help either party. The sole object of the Labor Commissioner's investigation into the condition of industry in the State was to ascertain the facts. The collection and publication of these facts are simply a part of his duty to his employers, the people of this commonwealth.

Here is Commissioner Peck's official statement as to the effect produced by the McKinley law on labor in New York State:

He finds that in the wholesale manufactories of this State the wages paid for the year ending August 31, 1890, showed an increase over the wages paid during the year ending August 31, 1890, of $6,377,925.09.

He finds that the net increase of production in the same time was $31,315,130.68.

He finds that of sixty-seven industries investigated seventy-seven per cent. show an increase in wages or production, or both.

He finds that the number of individual increases of wages in these industries reported for the year ending August 31, 1891, was 89,717.

He finds that the average increase in the wages of the entire 285,000 employes represented was $23.11, while in fifty-one of the trades represented the average increase in wages per individual was $43.96.

These statistics demonstrate beyond all doubt the influence of the tariff in promoting industrial development, increasing production and raising wages. They prove that under the McKinley law the manufacturing industries in this State are steadily growing more prosperous; that the level of wages paid to operatives is being raised year by year, and that the workingman of New York is becoming more and more independent and more and more able to surround his family with comforts and to provide for the future.

The Democratic Party is pledged, if it goes into power, to repeal the McKinley law, to destroy it root and branch, and to put the American workingman in open and unrestrained competition with the pauper labor of Europe. The Republican Party is pledged to uphold protection. It is the party of prosperity. The Democracy is the calamity party, the party that is for the foreigner against the American, the party whose policy would close factories by the thousand and lower wages in every factory that it did not close. The facts contained in Commissioner Peck's report have a significance that not all the ravings of the calamity shriekers, from Grover Cleveland down, can obscure. They show that a vote for Republican protection in November is a vote for steady employment and higher wages for the workingmen of America.—New York Press.

The Short Story of a Great Triumph.

Official reports show that since the McKinley tariff was enacted there has been—

A decline in the cost of 215 leading necessaries of life of 3 4-10 per cent;

An average advance in wages of ¾ of one per cent. and in the textile mills of Massachusetts of 3½ per cent;

A gain in the purchasing power of wages of more than four per cent;

An average advance in the prices of farm products of 13.67 per cent;

A reduction of duties on all imports to 20.65 per cent., which is nearly the lowest on record, and is only $2.62 per capita;

A gain of $10,000,000 in the commerce of Boston;

Larger exports and imports than the country has ever known before;

Such a gain in exports, through reciprocity in non-competing articles, that the balance of trade in our favor exceeds $200,000,000;

And the production of more than 8,000,000 pounds of tin plate per quarter, which has brought down the foreign price $1.21 a box, or to within 8 cents of the duty.

Unofficial but wholly trustworthy reports show that—

Our vast internal commence has surpassed all record;

We are importing industries instead of the products of industries;

We have gained 1,500,000 sheep.

More than 260 new factories have been established, and many more old plants have been enlarged;

Manufacturing capital has been increased about $40,000,000, and by latest returns 29,307 new hands were employed.

And all this, achieved in the face of Democratic opposition, is but the beginning of such an era of prosperity as no nation has ever known if the Republican Party is continued in control.—Home Market Bulletin.

Harrison's Administration.

The administration of President Harrison has been in keeping with his personal character—clean, able, conservative, dignified and patriotic. He has naturally gathered about him men who sympathize with him in his views and resemble him more or less in character. The general tone of the administration has been imparted to it by its Chief, and there have been no grave scandals, defalcations or other stains to mar its good name. The search light of political investigations, seeking campaign ammunition, have brought to view nothing that challenges criticism. An opposition Senator, in an article on the administration published in the North American Review, does not even hint at anything to the discredit of his personnel, motives or methods; while Senator Dawes says:

"He called into his Cabinet as his advisers men who commanded at once the fullest confidence of the country; some of them already so tried in the public service that they had been designated by common consent for the places they filled. Some of them were new men in public life, but brilliant service has in each case proved the sagacity and wisdom of the selection. Subordinate offices have been filled with able and clean men; commendation of this administration does not demand or claim that there has been no exception. In the vast machinery of this Government, in operation at a thousand points, many of them thousands of miles beyond the eye of the Executive, it never has been and never can be the case that men who operate it will in every instance prove themselves fit and faithful. But one who has witnessed the successes and mistakes of administrations in this particular during nine of these quadrennial periods challenges without fear for the present administration a comparison with any or all of the others."—Hon T. J, Morgan, in Review of Reviews.

Mayor C. G. McMillen, of Dayton, Ohio, issued a proclamation urgently appealing to the population of that city to cease all kinds of labor and business on Labor Day.

The congress of the workingmen's socialistic revolution party adopted a resolution in Paris, France, to send to American miners an address of sympathy.

Rousing Sleepers.

In the olden time church services were so long—prayers, hymns, and sermons—that it is no wonder that many of the hard-worked people in the congregations could not keep awake. Both in the old world and in the new various devices were resorted to for the purpose of banishing sleep from the church. Among these was not the modern one of making the services short and interesting. Our English fathers tried several methods of breaking up the offensive practice. One method was that known as "bobbing," a term thus explained by a writer in Notes and Queries:

"My mother can remember Betty Finch, a very masculine sort of woman, being the 'bobber' at Holy Trinity Church in the year 1810. She walked very majestically along the aisles during divine service, armed with a great long stick like a fishing-rod, which had a bob fastened to the end of it; and when she caught any sleeping or talking, they got a 'nudge.'"

Doctor Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, gives in one of his "Letters" an amusing account of a Kerry custom for awakening sleepers in church.

"It is by ancient custom a part of the sexton's duty to perambulate the church during service time with a bell in his hand, to look carefully into every pew, and whenever he finds any one dozing to ring the bell.

"He discharges this duty, it is said, with great vigilance, intrepidity and impartiality, and consequently with the happiest effect on the congregation; for as everybody is certain that if he or she gives way to drowsiness the fact will be forthwith made known through the church by a peal which will direct all eyes to the sleeper, the fear of such a visitation is almost always sufficient to keep every one on the alert."

The Oldest Language.

Probably the oldest known specimens of recorded language in the world to-day are the inscriptions on the door-sockets and brick stamps found at Niffer by the Babylonian exploration expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, which has recently returned. The brick stamps, which are of yellow clay, about four by five inches and an inch in thickness, bear the name and titles of King Sargon and his son Naram-Sin, who lived about 3800 B. C., and they were taken from the mound which covers the site of ancient Nippuru, with its famous temple of Baal. The expedition also found many other objects of interest, such as clay tablets containing contracts, lists of goods, temple incomes, art fragments, and images sold by the temple fakirs. These throw much light on the history of the people as opposed to that of the kings, and the work of the expedition carries Babylonian records back one thousand years, to a time of which practically nothing has hitherto been known. The antiquities found are now in the university museum.

It is pretty certain that Corot, the French artist, did not paint more than 700 sketches, and yet there have been 12,000 examples of his work palmed upon a picture-buying public, which has only just begun to learn that auction-catalogued pictures are not always what they pretend to be.

The True Laxative Principle

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

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

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

The St. Louis Chief of Police requires the 1000 Chinese in that city to be photographed.

Long spells of sickness and heavy doctor bills can be prevented by using in time Bile Beans Small.

There are 525,000 Congregationalists in the United States.

Go twice as far as liver pills and cure oftener —*Small* Bile Beans.

A million dollar sugar refinery is to be built at Brooklyn, N. Y.

To aid Digestion take one *Small* Bile Bean after eating. 25c. per bottle.

There were 1500 railroad accidents in New Jersey last year.

Constipation cured by *Small* Bile Beans.

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

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.

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

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

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

Malaria cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

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

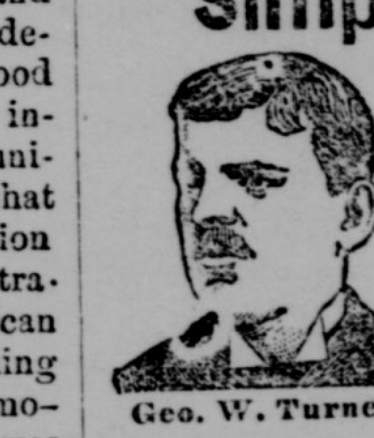
Scurvy and scorbutic affections, pimples, and blotches on the skin are caused by impure blood which Beecham's Pills cure.

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

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

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

Simply Awful



Geo. W. Turner.

"I had what the doctors called the worst case of Scrofula they ever saw. It was on my arms, face and neck and was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and found the sores gradually began to heal. I took 10 bottles and was perfectly cured. For the past 4 years I have had good health and no sores." G. W. Turner, farmer, Galway, N. Y.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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"

"I am ready to testify under oath that if it had not been for August Flower I should have died before this. Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I employed three of our best doctors and received no benefit. They told me that I had heart, kidney, and liver trouble. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. August Flower cured me. There is no medicine equal to it." Lorenzo F. Sleeper, Appleton, Maine.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.
Rheumatism,
Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.
Disordered Liver,
Impaired digestion, gout, billious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, La Grippe, urinary trouble, bright's disease.
Impure Blood,
Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.
Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid.
At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.
"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.
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FOR renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of scrofulous or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal.
TRADE S S S MARK
"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by best local physicians, but obtained no relief; the sore gradually grew worse. I finally took S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles."
C. B. McLemore, Henderson, Tex.
TREATISE on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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Who are for the first time to undergo woman's severest trial we offer
"Mothers Friend"
A remedy which, if used as directed a few weeks before confinement, robs it of its PAIN, HORROR AND RISK TO LIFE of both mother and child, as thousands who have used it testify.
"I used two bottles of Mothers Friend with marvelous results, and wish every woman who has to pass through the ordeal of child-birth to know if they will use Mothers Friend for a few weeks it will rob confinement of pain and suffering, and insure safety to life of mother and child."
Mrs. Sam Hamilton, Montgomery City, Mo.
Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Book To Mothers mailed free.
Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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B N U 36

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Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. ☞ GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores Complexion; cures Constipation. Send for Free Sample to 319 West 45th Street, New York City.

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THIS IS THE BEST $3. SHOE IN THE WORLD.
WILL NOT RIP.

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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.
The two soles of the W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 Shoe when worn through can be repaired as many times as necessary, as they will never rip or loosen from the upper.
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