The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LXXVI.---NO. 50. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1892. $1.50 PER YEAR

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BEYOND THE LIMIT.

A dream lay on the rim
Of the horizon far and dim,
Where the sea and sky together
Shut in the golden weather;
The ships with stately ease,
Close to the steady breeze,
Drew on, and on, and on,
Pierced the limit and were gone.

The headlands in the sheen
Of orchards waxing green,
Were like billows of rare bloom;
The air was all perfume;
Great sea-birds overhead
On silent pinions sped,
All was so sweet and calm
That mere living was a balm.

But somewhere, far away,
A hint of sorrow lay;
A vague, deep longing stirred;
Some strain, as yet unheard
(Of music strange, to shake
The heart till it should break)
Was just beyond the rim
Of the horizon far and dim.

O land! O sky! O sea!
Is there no peace for me?
What shadowy dread is this
That hovers round my bliss?
Far as my vision goes
My tide of pleasure flows;
What lies beyond the rim
Of the horizon far and dim?

—Maurice Thompson, in the Century.

THE WRONG MAN.

RIGHT ahead of me in a smoking car as we pulled out of Chicago, sat a young man about twenty-six years of age, with brown, curly hair, shoulders slightly stooped, wearing a light overcoat and a dark felt hat.

I was a young man about twenty-six years old, with brown, curly hair, shoulders slightly stooped, wearing a light overcoat and a dark felt hat.

I noticed with some interest those several points of coincidence, and finally, in order to get a square look at the stranger's face, I passed him in going for a drink of water. A twin brother could not have resembled me more closely in feature and expression. The likeness was wonderful.

He looked up suddenly and my own astonishment was reflected in his face.

"My double," he exclaimed pleasantly, "even to the hat and coat. You almost frightened me. I am John Loyd Evans, of Boston."

"And I," as we shook hands, "am Parker M. Leonard, of Chicago."

"So," he laughed, "if only our names got mixed, there would be a tangle, eh?"

He had handed me his card, and this, after glancing at it, I put in my pocket. The name was printed in old English type on thick bevel and gilt edged white cardboard.

We soon became quite confidential. He told me that he was a stock broker and man of leisure.

I told him that I was senior bookkeeper for a big Chicago packing firm, that I had fallen in love three years before with an Ohio young lady and was to marry her next day.

"It's pleasant to hear you talk about it," he said, thoughtfully; "I wish you all happiness."

He was silent for a second, busy with his own thoughts. Then he asked abruptly:

"Don't you stay over in Cincinnati until morning?"

"Yes, leaving at 9 and reaching there at 11."

"I never liked Cincinnati," he rejoined, "but your dreams there to-night will be pleasant enough."

"Yes," I said, "but don't you go on to Cincinnati with me?"

"No; my ticket is for Cincinnati, but I won't go that far. Leonard—or Mr. Leonard—will you humor a fancy of mine?"

"In reason," I assented readily. "What is it?"

"Register to-night under my name. Call yourself John Loyd Evans, of Boston, and let me register as Parker M. Leonard."

I thought he must be joking, but his face was quite serious. It seemed a silly request, but after some little hesitation I consented.

Five minutes later I left him to return to the rear car in which I had left my valise and parcels.

"No," he had replied to my invitation, "I won't go back now. I must enjoy an other cigar or two here. However, I will see you again presently."

He didn't, though. Just before the train reached Cincinnati I went forward to look for him, but my double had disappeared.

In Cincinnati I registered according to promise as John Loyd Evans, Boston.

For an hour or two I lounged about the hotel, meeting no one with whom I was acquainted, and was finally upon the point of going to my room and to sleep when I noticed a shabbily dressed man at the clerk's desk staring at me.

Just then another man joined the one at the counter and both stared at me. After a second's conversation—about me, I thought—they approached me together.

"Good evening," said one of them. "What is your name, sir?"

"Leonard," I answered, thoughtlessly and rather curtly.

The shabby man laughed boisterously, nudging his companion.

"That's good," he said, "that's clever. But isn't your name John Loyd Evans?"

"I am registered by that name," I had to admit.

"So—we want you, Mr. John Loyd Evans. We want you bad."

Before I could protest I was handcuffed. They started out with me, one on each side.

"Come, come," said the shabby man, "you're too old a bird to be taking on like this. Come along quiet."

I pleaded and threatened, but to no purpose. A crowd of street arabs were following at our heels and people passing by stopped to look and smile.

"I have been a fool," I protested frantically, "but no more than that."

"It was rather lame in you," said my shabby captor, "but the smartest of you slip once or twice in a life time."

I was finally allowed to order a double carriage so that all three of us might ride to the central police station, in this manner avoiding the humiliation of being dragged along the sidewalk.

At the station I was searched. It can readily be understood that on a wedding trip I carried no business letters or other papers of identification. The only name in my pockets was on that card which Evans had given me.

In this card my two captors and the several other detectives present appeared particularly interested.

"The same to a T," said my shabby acquaintance. "Get the telegram and let's see."

The telegram was from the chief of police of Philadelphia:

Arrest Link Murphy, alias Stoop Meadows, confidence man, forger, safe expert and murderer. One thousand dollars reward. He is twenty-eight years old, brown curly hair and stoops slightly. He was in Chicago two days ago, but believed to have left there for Cincinnati to-day. Just before he left here Monday night called at job printing office for cards ordered that morning. There was only one, which had been taken as a proof for him to correct. He took this with him. It was in old English type on bevel edged white card, also gilt edged. When he left here wore light overcoat, dark felt hat and gray trousers.

I listened to this as to my doom. I was bewildered and desperately disheartened. What would my bride do when to-morrow came and no lover?

When I thought over the matter, paying little attention to the conversation of the detectives, I caught the words "said" and "deserved it." I wondered what connection they could have with my case.

"Yes," my shabby friend was saying, "very clever fellow, seemed to me. Used to be on the force in Philadelphia himself. Shrewd fellow. He put us on to it. Come in askin' if Link Murphy wasn't wanted—said he believed he'd seen him. He showed up all right, and we let him look at the telegram. He said it was the man and named one hundred. We put it up down stairs and he waited there till we got back with our man. It was a plain case and he took the money."

"Has he gone yet?" asked another detective.

"His train left at 12:35," said the narrator, looking at his watch. "I guess he sifted pretty soon after we came and turned over the money to him. Anyhow, he's gone now, for it's exactly 1 o'clock."

I had listened in absolute amazement.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that some man got $100 from you for pointing me out?"

"Precisely."

It must have been my double—no other than Link Murphy himself.

"Let me interrupt just once more," said I. "I must send some explanation to this young lady's family. You won't let me telegraph her nor her father. Let me send the message through the chief of police at that place. He will know Howard Pearson, and surely you can trust the chief of police."

"Pearson!" repeated one of the men. "I think that's it. I think our man telegraphed him over an hour ago. I think that's the name."

"What did he say?" I gasped.

"Who?"

"This man who pointed me out to you. What message did he send to Mr. Pearson?"

"Don't let it scare you. I don't know what it was."

The impudence of that man Link Murphy! He had thrown the police off his own track by having me arrested, he had put $100 in his own pockets as net profit on the transaction, and finally had taken in hand a correspondence with the family of my betrothed, leaving me powerless to interfere!

I was led to a cell finally, still handcuffed, to stay until morning. For five minutes I was left there. My cell mates were two men, one a negro. The white man was beastly drunk. He waked up as the door was unbolted for me to enter and then bolted after me. He grumbled at being waked and cursed at me, and presently he was snoring again. The atmosphere was sultry and malodorous. There were thieves and cutthroats for company. I was one of them. To-morrow morning I was going to Philadelphia with my shabby friend. I wondered vaguely if my double would actually take it into his head to marry my bride, and then I wondered if I was going crazy. I was afraid so.

These thoughts were interrupted by another clanking of bolts and rattling of iron doors. My shabby friend and the turnkey were coming toward my cell. The detective was swearing viciously.

"Well, Linky," he said to me, "the lawyers will get a whack at you after all. It's habeas corpus I reckon."

"Thank God!" I said, huskily.

"Linky," the detective continued, seriously, "what's the use of this? You're only makin' trouble for us, that ain't your best game. Go along quiet, why don't you? A day or two a week ain't goin' to help you any."

"But the chief said to hold him anyhow," interrupted the turnkey.

I learned then that a telegram had been received from Mr. Pearson, my bride's father, and that the chief of police had ordered me held in Cincinnati until the case could be investigated.

"The old man's comin' on himself," added the turnkey. "They tell me he chartered a special engine for the trip and he is to reach here at 6:40—one hour and twenty minutes to wait."

Gradually I reasoned to the conclusion that this must be the work of Link Murphy himself. That was the telegram he had sent Mr. Pearson—a message that was bringing the old gentleman on post haste to Cincinnati.

I was too happy to care for my shabby friend's disappointment or profanity. I positively smiled at the thought of what he would do when he learned that I was really not Link Murphy, and that the real Link Murphy had swindled him out of $100.

There is little more to be said. Mr. Pearson, taking hold of the case in a businesslike way, soon straightened the matter out. I was kept in custody two days in comfortable quarters under guard, postponing the marriage just that long. I was happy and miserable, of course, until I walked out a free man, and then I was altogether happy. I even forgave quite heartily my shabby friend, the detective.

The night of the wedding we found, among scores of letters and telegrams of congratulations, this note:

"Mr. and Mrs. Parker M. Leonard:—I wish you a long, useful and happy life together. Be good enough in your happiness to forget and forgive the suffering I have caused you, and to accept the hearfelt congratulation of JOHN LOYD EVANS."—Chicago Herald.

A Bread-Making Machine.

A bread-making machine company has been organized in a Western city with seven women directors. The machine can be operated almost entirely by women. Loaves of bread, perfectly kneaded and shaped, are turned out from the material almost as rapidly as newspapers are issued from a press. The loaves are lifted into the oven by means of automatically opening and closing slides, and the molds and pans are cleaned by revolving brushes.—Chicago Herald.

An Appropriate Name.

The founders of Phœnix, Arizona, "builded better than they knew" in naming their infant town. In some recent excavations there the ashes of prehistoric residents were found inclosed in urns. By the way, this evidence of the practice of urn burial by our predecessors, if not by our ancestors, taken in connection with our recent discoveries, should silence the complaint that this country has no past.—San Francisco Chronicle.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Golden Calf."

TEXT: *"And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel drink of it."*—Exodus xxxii., 20.

People will have a God of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there were masculine as well as feminine decorations. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they "borrowed" them from the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled, the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle or a war charger, but of a calf; the gold cools off, the mold is taken away, and the idol is set upon its four legs.

An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate and shriek and dance mightily and worship. Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets mad he is very apt to break all the Ten Commandments.

Moses rushes in, and he takes this calf god and throws it into a hot fire until it is melted all out of shape, and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro-muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of niter, or by the old fashioned file. He makes for the people a most nauseating draft. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it into the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all. But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river, and then flows on down the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back the remains of this golden calf are carried up into the Hudson and the East River, and the Thames and the Clyde and the Tiber, and men go out and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore, and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo! we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

I shall describe to you the god spoken of in the text, his temple, his altar of sacrifice, the music that is made in his temple, and then the final breaking up of the whole congregation of idolaters.

Put aside this curtain and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not like other idols, made out of stocks or stones, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street and Third street and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the Bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat, and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard, and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger.

It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American civil war, and under God stopped it, and it decided the Turko-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted, "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. This golden calf of the text has its right front foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship!

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's of the English, and St. Peter's of the Italians, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos, and all the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed niches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further, every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone, as other altars, but out of counting room desks and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are innumerable. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it! With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. Oh, heaven and earth, what an altar! What a sacrifice of body, mind and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants.

Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at 1 o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting: "A thousand shares of railroad stock—one hundred and eight and a half, take it!" until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" or a sudden "rise" in something else. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone—they die. The clergyman comes in and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Mistake. They do not "die in the Lord"—the golden calf kicked them!

The trouble is when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go; but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenue, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until Black Calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxurious occupants of the equipage, "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up again. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof—the death dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice, on one occasion, twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep; but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock in India walked literally ankle deep in the blood of the "house of massacre," where two hundred women and children had been slain by the Sepoys; but the blood around about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust, and count their golden beads, and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches; it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity have been doubly damned. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made. Chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost.

The temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with moldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—"More! more! more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of folk on the Stock Exchange. Indeed it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description, and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in. What snapping of finger and thumb and wildest gesticulation, and raving like hyenas, and stamping like buffaloes, and swaying to and fro, and running one upon another, and deafening uproar until the President of the exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order! order!" And the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the Stock exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

But my text suggests that this worship must be broken up, as the behavior of Moses in my text indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in my text was hollow, and merely plated with gold; otherwise, they say, Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that, but somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire, and it is melted, and then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance, or by an old fashioned file, it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a punishment the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff.

So, my hearers, you may depend upon it that God will burn and He will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and He will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the Battery or Central Park, whether at Brooklyn Bridge or at Bushwick, whether at Shoreditch, London or West End, but it will be a very hot blaze. All the Government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast. All the money, safes and depositing vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and the shipping will be abandoned forever. The melted gold in the broker's window will burst through the melted window glass and into the street, but the flying population will not stop to scoop it up.

The cry of "Fire" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "Fire" in the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea, and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London with one cut of the red scythe of destruction will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in shrouds of flame and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted or between the upper and the nether millstone of falling mountains ground to powder. Dagon down. Moloch down. Juggernaut down. Golden calf down.

But, my friends, every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Merchants of Brooklyn and New York and London, what is the characteristic of this time in which we live? "Bad," you say. Professional men, what is the characteristic of the times in which we live? "Bad," you say. Though I should be in a minority of one, I venture the opinion that these are the best times we have had, for the reason that God is teaching the world as never before that old fashioned honesty is the only thing that will stand. We have learned as never before that forgeries will not pay; that the spending of fifty thousand dollars on country seats and a palatial city residence, when there are only thirty thousand dollars income, will not pay; that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay.

We had a great national tumor in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement. Instead of calling it enlargement we might better have called it a swelling. It has been a tumor, and God is cutting it out—has cut it out—and the nation will get well and will come back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers, when twice three made six instead of sixty, and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel, and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton, and a man who wore a five dollar coat paid for was more honored than a man who wore a fifty dollar coat not paid for.

The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers, not paying for the articles they get, borrow of the grocer, and the baker, and the butcher, and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow and borrow and borrow until the community is divided into two classes—those who borrow and those who are borrowed of—and after awhile the capitalist wants his money and he rushes upon the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money and he rushes upon the consumer, and we all go down together.

There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire, and the wheelwright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harness maker for the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage tongue clear back to the tip of the shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle everything is paid for by notes that have been three times renewed.

It is this temptation to borrow and borrow and borrow that keeps the people everlastingly praying to the golden calf for help, and just at the minute they expect the help the golden calf treads on them. The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship; and I say, let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feel themselves bound to keep them, and when a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his cannibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall by the law of the land be compelled to exchange his mansion for Sing Sing. Let the golden calf perish!

But, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we will see our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your coffin with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah, no! The ferryboat that crosses this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than a spirit. You may perhaps take five hundred dollars with you two or three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings, to Greenwood, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring, it would be a temptation to the pillagers.

Ah, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we die we will see our idol ground to pieces by our pillow, and we will have to drink it in bitter regrets for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be gone. Oh, this is a fleeting world; it is a dying world! A man who had worshiped it all his days, in his dying moment described himself when he said, "Fool! fool! fool!"

I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are securities that will never fail. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

When your parents have breathed their last, and the old, wrinkled and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, He will be to you father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other, and when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them good by forever. He only wants to hold them for you a little while. He will give them back to you again, and He will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome.

Oh, what a God He is! He will allow you to come so close this morning that you can put your arms around His neck, while He in response will put His arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing father and returned prodigal locked in glorious embrace. Quit worshiping the golden calf, and bow this day before Him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes and the scorched parchment of the sky shall be rolled together like an historic scroll.

FOUR BURNED TO DEATH.

A Fast Freight Crushes Into a Caboose Containing a Number of People.

A fatal accident occurred on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad at Highland Centre, a small station north of Ottumwa, Iowa. A fast freight train dashed into the caboose of a local freight train, telescoping the caboose and four cars. The caboose caught fire, four people were burned to death and a number of others had narrow escapes.

The caboose was split by a car of grain, wedging in four people. The most pitiful case was that of Miss Lizzie Butler, of Ottumwa, who got her head out of the window and pleaded with those about to save her, but her body was pinioned by a freight car and it was impossible to extricate her. Mrs. Jones, also of Ottumwa, tried to escape through a window, but she was an unusually large woman and could not succeed. The other victims were an unknown women and an unknown man. The latter is thought to be a butcher at Oskaloosa.

The injured are Mrs. Clyde Mills and Mrs. Pickett, of Ottumwa, and Miss Lizzie Corey, of Sigourney. They are badly burned. A curious incident was that one of the passengers was disguised, and in the crash the disguise came off, revealing a noted crook. He quickly disappeared.

THE NEWS.

The Atlanta Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution forwarded to Mrs. Cleveland an invitation to be a member of their chapter. The members are the most prominent ladies in Atlanta and Georgia.——The body of Bob Slaughter, nearly devoured by hogs, was discovered about two hundred yards from the Belt Line road at Middleborough, Ky. Slaughter was an old desperado, who was continually in trouble with the police. It is probable that some other ruffian waylaid and shot him.——The Robinson and Stokes Company failed, at Omaha, Neb. The assets are placed at $200,000, and the liabilities at $93,000. A receiver will be applied for, pending a reorganization of the company.——The strike of engineers on the Birmingham Union Railway (Dummy Line), ended in the company agreeing not to reduce wages. The company was unable to run trains during the day.——W. H. Howard, who has been in jail at Troy, N. Y., since the night before election, charged with having conspired to take a number of voters from the city on a steamboat on election day was held to await the action of the grand jury, being released on bail of $500. Archie Aston, arrested at New York by an officer from Troy and charged with interfering with the officer when Howard was arrested, was held in $500 to await the action of the grand jury.——The city of Chicago loses $500,000 through irregularities in the Water Department office.——A big storm on the coast did considerable damage at Long Branch and Sea Bright.——Albert Ruth, in jail at Sunbury, Pa., who was bitten by a mad dog when a boy, is dying of hydrophobia.

A serious accident is reported to [illegible] occurred at Pleasant Hill, Mo. A freight train ran into a passenger train at the junction of two branches of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, injuring many persons.——The New Orleans strike ended with a victory for the employers.——Policeman Coleman, of New York, committed suicide because of insomnia.——Wm. R. Nichols, a prominent citizen, and for many years a leading coal dealer of Petersburg, Va., died after a protracted illness. He was widely known.——A despatch from St. Johns, N. F., states that as a result of the gale of October 19th ten vessels were lost or are missing and twenty-two lives are known to have been lost.——Allison, Shafer & Co., contracting firm for the World's Fair, was sued for $500,000 by the Western National Bank of New York.——Fire caused a panic in the Hotel Brunswick, in Denver, but no one was injured.——The Missouri Funeral Directors Association decided to urge legislation on requiring undertakers to pass an examination.——The fire in Camden, Me., turned out $500,000 worth of property. Very little of the city is left.——Kit Carson was found guilty of involuntary man-laughter at Las Animas, Col.

The difference existing between the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific Railway and the telegraphers in its employ is now in the hands of the Order of Railway Telegraphers for adjustment, although the chances of an early settlement are anything but flattering.——The police think they have a clue to the murderer of Henry Platz, whose body was found hanging to a tree in San Jose, Cal.——Henry Sykes, a farmer living near Newport, Ind., was torn to pieces by his hogs.——It is reported that Terence V. Powderly will probably not be reelected master workman of the Knights of Labor at the general assembly which meets in Chicago.——D. M. Bliss, proprietor of the Pacific rubber works in Elizabeth, N. J., committed suicide. Mr. Bliss was a widower with no children. He was sixty years of age. He made his home with his sister, Mrs. Roswell Green.——An outbreak is feared by the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians, whose rations are said to have been cut down so that they are in danger of starvation.——The survivors of the wrecked Arbutus tell a story of fearful hardships.——Several Pittsburg manufacturers negotiated the lease of the large nail mill at Georgetown, Pa., which has been idle for several years. The mill will be put in operation at once, and employment given to about six hundred men and boys.——Harry Cooke, alias William Wilson, a glib English swindler, was sentenced by Recorder Smyth, in New York, to two years and four months' imprisonment in the penitentiary.——A fire in Winston, N. C., destroyed about a quarter of a million dollars' worth of property.

Mrs. Anna Ross, of Elmira, N. Y., celebrated the one hundred and second anniversary of her birth.——Mr. Adams, president of the Portsmouth Fire Brick Works, the largest establishment of it kind in the world, died suddenly of heart disease.——Fire broke out in the Honeybrook mine at Audenried, Pa., operated by the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, and six hundred men were thrown out of work.——An English syndicate is reported to have bought ninety thousand acres of mineral land in West Virginia and propose to establish large steel and iron works.——Charles Doolittle, of Cincinnati, died from a pistol shot wound which he received while returning to his home at night. At first it was supposed he committed suicide and the coroner's jury gave a verdict to that effect. The widow and a reporter, however, made several discoveries which led the coroner to reopen the investigation and now it would appear that a murder was committed, but that it is enshrouded in mystery.——Duke Suydam, aged forty years, who had lost heavily in betting on Harrison, committed suicide at Trenton, N. J.——Forty mules and ten horses were burned to death in a stable fire at Kansas City.——Major M. M. Burke, for many years prominent in Southern railroad circles died in Memphis, aged fifty-eight years.——Phillips, the notorious desperado of Pike county, Ky., is reported to have been killed. ——Robert Brewer, accountant of the House of Commons of Ontario, and his assistant, Captain Bolton, have been suspended for an irregularity discovered by the audit office in the fund out of which the sessional indemnity of the members is paid.——A dynamite explosion at the Niagara Falls tunnel caused the death of one workman. Others saved themselves by running away.

Max Newman, a workman in Carnegie's steel mill, in Homestead, shot and killed another non-unionist who, he says, assaulted him.——St. Louis police are making strong efforts to locate Joseph "Baron" Dixon Orth, who has been swindling a number of merchants and friends, and who disappeared some days ago.——The Diebold-Mosler-Damon Safe Company was incorporated in New Jersey, with a capital of $5,000,000.——

Ex-Judge Niblack filed his brief in the suit to set aside the Indiana legislative apportionment.——While seven-year old Freddie Nodig was playing with paper near a gas jet at the home of his parents in Allentown, Pa., his clothing caught fire, and the unfortunate little fellow was burned to a crisp.——Fire destroyed Moses Heilman's flouring mills, a dwelling, Swiss barn and two large ice-houses in Leighton, Pa., loss, $50,000. The mill, dwelling and barn were the property of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company; the ice-houses belong to Heilman and Joseph O. Bert.——A bad break in the supply culvert, the result of an apparently bad oversight, has rendered it useless for a long time to come the dry-dock at the League Island navy yard Philadelphia.——F. L. Chollar was set on fire by a burning carpet in Easton, Pa., and burned to death.——Dr. Enoch Fithian, the oldest man in Cumberland county, N. J., died at his home in Greenwich, aged one hundred years seven months and five days.

FREDERICK SION, the sailor who planted the first French flag upon the soil of Algeria, on the 14th of June, 1830, has just died at the age of 85 years. He was decorated for that and other achievements some years ago.

DEATH ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

Five Men Flown Into Bits by a Boiler Explosion.

Riding Home in the Cab When the Accident Accurred.

A distressing accident occurred on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad at two o'clock in the morning, at Conner's crossing a short distance north of Schuylkill Haven, when the boiler of mogul engine No. 563 exploded, killing five men and probably fatally injuring another.

The killed are:

Henry C. Allison, engineer of 563, residing at Palo Alto, leaves wife.

William Mackey, fireman of 563, Port Carbon, leaves wife and one child.

William Cowhey, an engineer, on way home to Mount Carbon, leaves wife and ten children.

William Kendrick, conductor, of Port Carbon, leaves wife and four children.

William Moyer, Cowhey's fireman, Palo Alto, single.

Besides the above, Michael Dobbins, of Mount Carbon, brakeman, of engineer Cowhey's crew, was badly scalded, and will probably die.

Engine 563 was northbound with a heavy train of empty cars. William Cowhey, with his crew, had brought up a train of empties, and, after running them into the Cressona yards, boarded Engine 563 at the Mine Hill crossing, with the intention of reaching their homes in that way, and, as it is customary, took possession of the cab. Dobbins, who escaped instant death, was crowded out of the cab, and was sitting on the tender.

The men had barely been on the engine two minutes, when, nearing the wagon-crossing at Conner's, a half mile north of Schuylkill Haven Station, without any warning, the terrible, fatal explosion occurred, throwing the crews into the air in all directions, and to eternity. The boiler and fire box were blown clean off the trucks, and the trucks were so badly damaged that traffic was considerably delayed. The north and south-bound midnight Buffalo trains were compelled to run via the Little Schuylkill Branch from Tamaqua to Port Clinton.

From persons, who were near the scene of the accident, it is learned that the train had come to a standstill because of the lowness of steam, and the blowers had been put on. It was during this process that the boiler exploded. Dobbins, the injured man, had alighted prior thereto, and it is evidently due to this fact that he was not killed outright.

The engine was one of the "L" class, and the impression is that the explosion occurred because Engineer Allison had allowed the water in the boiler to run too low in his endeavor to reach his terminal at Palo Alto.

The men were horribly mangled, two of them being blown to atoms. Cowhey and his fireman were blown up against a high embankment, and the former's face was crushed to a jelly, while Moyer's body was badly battered. The bodies of the victims were removed to their homes during the forenoon.

The engine had only left the shop two weeks ago, when slight repairs were made. It is a peculiar coincident that all of the Reading locomotives that have exploded of late have but a short time previous been taken out of the shop, and not a few railroaders say the explosions are due to poor repairs.

FATALLY SHOT HIS SISTER.

A Young Hunter Tries His Aim with Terrible Results.

Miss Mary Bickleman, of New Philadelphia, Pa., was accidentally shot by her brother George, and it is believed was fatally injured. The brother was about starting off on a hunting trip when the accident occurred.

He loaded his gun with a heavy charge and raised the weapon to his shoulder to test his aim, when it was discharged, the full contents of the gun striking his sister between the eyes. Both eyes were blown out and her face was literally riddled with shot.

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