Ungrateful Binkie.

Dorothy was 4 years old, and Binkie was her fuzzy little Scotch terrier. One summer day Dorothy came in from her play and said: "Mamma, don't you think it would be very nice to dig a hole in the garden and help poor little Binkie bury his bones? He hasn't anything 'cept just his little paws to dig with."

Mamma thought it would, so Dorothy took her little spade, found a nice, soft place in the garden, and dug a hole that seemed to her just the right size. Binkie looked on with a puzzled air, but when Dorothy asked him if he thought it was big enough, he pranced around and wagged his small tail as if he knew all about it. But he didn't. Then she drew her little cart around, picking up the bones, and Binkie trotted behind, still puzzled, but very much interested. When she had filled the cart she dropped the bones one by one in the hole. Then Binkie looked as if he began to understand a great many things. So when Dorothy started for the next load he went with her a few steps, then turned, and ran back to the hole, snatched the bones out, and ran away with them as fast as he could scamper. He had to make several trips, but he worked fast, and when Dorothy returned the second time she found only an empty hole, and a very wise looking little doggie beside it.

"Well," she exclaimed, "that's funny."

Binkie looked as if he thought so, too.

Dorothy dropped the fresh lot of bones in slowly, saying to herself. "I do wonder who stoled poor little Binkie's bones? We better keep watch, Binkie." Then she started once more, with the doggie behind her, as at first. He waited till he saw she was very busy, then ran back to the hole. Dorothy had not forgotten she was to keep watch, and turned in time to see Binkie take out one of the bones and dart off with it. She looked after him a moment with eyes ablaze, then almost crying, said: "I do think you are just the meanest ungratefulest dog I ever did see. I won't play with you any more, never. I'll go get my dear, sweet little dolly." And so she did.—Harper's Young People.

You never hear of the heirs of a rich grandfather advising the old gentleman not to try bicycle riding for his health.

MURRAY, the BARBER.

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after eating a hearty meal, and the result is a chronic case of Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, or a bilious attack.

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TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

THE troubles of to-day alone never kill.

TEMPERANCE is a bride who makes her husband rich.

GOODNESS is contagious when it comes close enough to touch.

THE man who believes that God loves him will respect himself.

WHEN sin hides it forgets that it cannot cover up its tracks.

SINNERS never feel comfortable where they are not in the majority.

EVERY Christian's walk ought to have as many italics in it as his talk.

FOR which do you work the hardest in your church—a revival or a festival?

NO ONE can become a follower of Christ without also becoming a leader.

TRUTH never builds on the sand, no matter how much like rock it may look.

IT is as hard for God to bless a stingy man as it is for rain to fall on a desert.

NO CHRISTIAN has any business to have any business that is not God's business.

BELIEVING the devil makes us like him, but believing Christ saves us from him.

GOD is disappointed if all the noise we make for Him is done with the mouth.

CHRIST must be our Master in all things, or he cannot be our Guide in anything.

THERE are not many whom God can trust to know the real meaning of their work.

ONE of the first things a backslider does is to pray for the Lord to give him more work.

THE more we know about the goodness of God, the wider the windows of Heaven open.

THE who makes his own God always makes one that never gives him an hour's rest.

WHEN we pray for strength to resist temptation, avoid it by keeping out of bad company.

BEFORE God will do much for us He wants to see that we are willing to do something for ourselves.

FIND a Christian who is having a hard time, and you find one who is not praising God half enough.

WHEN the devil goes fishing he baits for hearts, not heads. Too many preachers do just the opposite.

ONE taste of living water will make a man dissatisfied forever with the green stuff in the devil's ponds.

THE Lord wants us to be witnesses, but about half the people in prayer-meeting undertake to be advocates.

SOME parents take their children to see the procession, and then whip them if they want to go to the circus.

EVERY Christian is called to be a preacher of some kind, but only a small percentage are sent into the pulpit.

Superstitions of Scotch Fishermen.

Some still existing supertitions among fishermen are communicated by a resident. At the beginning of the herring season the crew all try to seize the herring first on board to see if it be a male or female or female. If it is a male their fishing may be expected to be a poor one; if a female a good one. Sometimes, however, the skipper secures it, and hides it away, salting and laying it aside for the season. The boat must not be turned against the sun.

Certain animals considered of ill omen must not be spoken of in the boat, and ministers in this respect occupy the same place as rabbits, hares, and pigs. Fishermen do not like to lend anything to a neighboring boat lest their luck should go with it. If they will lend a match they will contrive—secretly, if possible—to break it and keep part, hoping thereby to retain their luck.

Their dislike to have anything stolen is increased by the fear that the thief may have stolen their luck with it. To ask the question, "Where are you going?" of any one who is going on board is equivalent to destroying all his chances for that time. Persons of certain names are held to be of bad omen, the dreaded names being different in different villages.

He Knew What War Was.

"Pop," said a Philadelphia lad, whose father is an officer in the militia, "did you ever see a battle?" "No, my son." "But didn't you ever see any real fighting?" "Yes, my son; some years ago I umpired a game of base-ball."

FROSTS in Japan have damged the tea plants and silk cocoons to the extent of 6,000,000 yen.

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These goods are excellent value for the money. We have higher grades at higher prices. If you wish prices on anything else, write us and we will reply promptly.

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SHINGLES.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Iceland has only two lawyers.

Hungary furnishes the best opals.

London has rubber-tired omnibuses.

Gun salutes cost Uncle Sam $1600 a day.

England has 30,000 miles of telegraph.

We eat 300,000,000 bushels of wheat annually.

Black tea and green tea are the product of the same plant.

The first paved street in America was Stone street in New York City.

There is a cypress tree in Lombardy that is said to be nearly 2000 years old.

The Chinese have a flower which is white at night or in the shade and red in the sunlight.

There are 18,000 typewriters at work in New York City, two-thirds of the number being women.

The eastern Gulf Coast is reported to have the heaviest rain, and Arizona and New Mexico the lightest.

Mrs. P. Busch, of Columbus, Ind., is the owner of a parrot that, it is claimed, is fifty years old.

The most quarrelsome creature in the world is the scorpion. Two placed in the same box will always sting each other to death.

There is a hen in Thomaston, Ga., that is evidently afraid of chicken thieves. She has built her nest in the fork of a tree, twenty feet above the ground.

What is generally believed to be the oldest pear tree in New England is on a farm at Danvers, Mass. The tree was planted in 1630. Over a bushel of fruit was harvested from the tree last year.

Magna Charta, the great charter of Englishmen's liberties, is preserved in the British Museum. It is somewhat stained by time, but King John's seal and name are still quite legible at the bottom of it.

The flagship of the British North Atlantic squadron is named after Robert Blake, the famous admiral who fought for the commonwealth under Cromwell against the royalists, and subsequently beat the Dutch in a series of brilliant engagements.

The greatest swarm of locusts ever known invaded South Africa in 1797. They were driven into the sea by a north wind and, the waves throwing them back, a bank of dead locusts from three to six feet thick was formed for fifty miles along the coast.

The doctors of Kingston, Canada, are greatly exercised over the predicament that Miss Lizzie Mills is in. The young woman had occasion to prepare an early breakfast and while yawning her jaw became paralyzed and she has not since been able to close her mouth.

The Santa Catina of the Cathedral of Genoa, Italy, is an imitation emerald disk, fourteen inches wide and five deep. It was, according to tradition, given by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. It was captured at Cæsarea by the crusaders and given to Genoa in 1801.

Turpentine farmers in South Carolina and Georgia protect their property against loss by fire in summer by burning the grass and underbrush in midwinter. The turpentine land is thus protected by the destruction in advance of such light material as feeds a forest fire.

Odd Facts About Beasts and Birds.

Perhaps no birds spend more of their lives on the wing than parrots and pigeons, the latter being among the most graceful and rapid of the inhabitants of the air. In New Zealand a species of parrot is found that, finding its food entirely upon the ground has lost the power of flight. It differs from the rest of the family only in this particular, and in being almost voiceless.

Among recent breeds of pigeons is the parlor tumbler, which has not only lost the power of flight, but has very nearly lost that of walking as well. Its queer motions when it attempts to walk have given it its name, the tumbler.

"As thick as the hair on a dog's back" expresses nothing in Mexico, for the Mexican dog is utterly devoid of hair on its back or anywhere else. The hot climate having rendered it superfluous, Mother Nature kindly divested him of it. Nor does "the little busy bee improve each shining hour" in that country. On the contrary, it soon learns that, as there is no winter there, there is no necessity for laying in a store of honey, and degenerates into a thoroughbred loafer.

"As big as a whale," might be rather small, as there is a species of the cetacean genus hardly three feet long.

"As cunning as a fox," would have sounded idiotic to the discoverers of Kamchatka. They found foxes in large numbers, but so stupid, because they had never before seen an enemy, that they could be killed with clubs.

The "birds of a feather" that "flock together" do not belong to the penguin family, as they are entirely destitute of feathers, having for a covering a kind of stiff down. Another penguin peculiarity is that it swims not on but under water, never keeping more than its head out, and, when fishing, coming to the surface at such brief and rare intervals that an ordinary observer would almost certainly mistake it for a fish.

Ducks swim the world over, but geese do not. In South America a domestic species is found that cannot excel an ordinary hen in aquatic accomplishments. It has lived so long in a country where water is only found in wells that it has lost its aquatic tastes and abilities entirely.

"As awkward as a crab" does not apply on some of the South Sea Islands, for a crab is found there that not only runs as fast as an average man, but climbs trees with the ease of a schoolboy.—London Sports Afield.

ONE WAY TO STOP CRIME.

The Original Method Employed for Punishing an Egg-Stealing Servant.

Among the passengers on a train running into Buffalo the other day was a spruce looking young farmer who occupied a seat alone and appeared to be reflecting on something really amusing. He would now and then chuckle to himself as though he had got the better of some one in a way that tickled him. Finally an Express reporter remarked to him that he looked particularly happy.

"Yes," he said, "I had a little fun yesterday over a serious matter. We have a girl working for us who is chain lightning at housework but is light-fingered. We had missed a good many little things from the house, but had no evidence that she had taken them. I observed, however, that for some reason every time she went to the home of her parents she carried a bundle of clothing and brought it back again with precise regularity. Among the things we missed most conspicuously was almost the entire production of eggs, but we could not conceive of a way in which she could carry them home without being detected in the act. I was determined to ascertain if she carried them away in the bundle, and so when she arranged to go home a few days ago I insisted upon driving over that way. I noticed at once that she was not enthusiastic over the proposition, but I was just the same. When all was ready I caught up the regulation bundle and at once could feel the eggs within. There must have been two or three dozen in there. I handled it as though it was damage proof, and she grew correspondingly nervous. I put the bundle where one of my feet could easily reach it, and on the way I would every few minutes crack an egg and remark that I thought I heard peculiar noises now and then and wondered what it could be. It was a zero day, but when I turned to see how the girl was enjoying it the sweat was pouring down her face and she looked the very picture of despair. I cracked a few more eggs, and remarked about the peculiar sound again. When we reached her home I took good care when I helped her out to hand her the precious bundle. It was in a condition unfit for transportation, but I placed it in her hands with great pleasure. I think she never will forget just how she felt as she endeavored to hang on to the bundle and keep the eggs where she had placed them. I shall not soon forget how she looked. I need not describe how the eggs seemed to enjoy the situation, but let the curtain drop in front of her dress and wraps."

Wanted to Amuse the Boys.

George Butler, Canon of Winchester Cathedral, was the son of Dr. Butler, headmaster of Harrow. The boy grew up to be a dignified and serious man, a power in philanthropy and the church, but that he had a demure sense of humor is shown by one anecdote of his earliest years. Doctor Butler wore a fine suit of black, with knee-breeches and cloth gaiters, and with his powdered hair was a figure to move any school-boy to admiration and awe.

One morning little George watched him, as he set out for school, and observed that his father wore one gaiter. When Doctor Butler returned, he said to the lad:

"You were here, George, when I went away this morning. Didn't you see that I had only one gaiter?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Because," answered George, innocently, "I thought it would amuse the boys!"

Dummy's Joke.

Jones was sauntering about at the Academy of Design, and chanced to meet a friend, a deaf-mute, who was conversing with a companion in sign-language. Greeting Jones cordially, the deaf-mute drew out a note-book and pencil, and, after a brief pencil-and-paper conversation, introduced his companion by the same means, and shortly after withdrew.

Jones and the stranger discussed the pictures pleasantly for twenty minutes or more, meanwhile covering the backs of sundry envelopes and scraps of paper with their pencillings, when a fourth character in this little drama came upon the scene—a friend of Jones' new-made acquaintance.

"Hello, George!" said the dumb man to the newcomer, familiarly. "How do you like the pictures this year?"

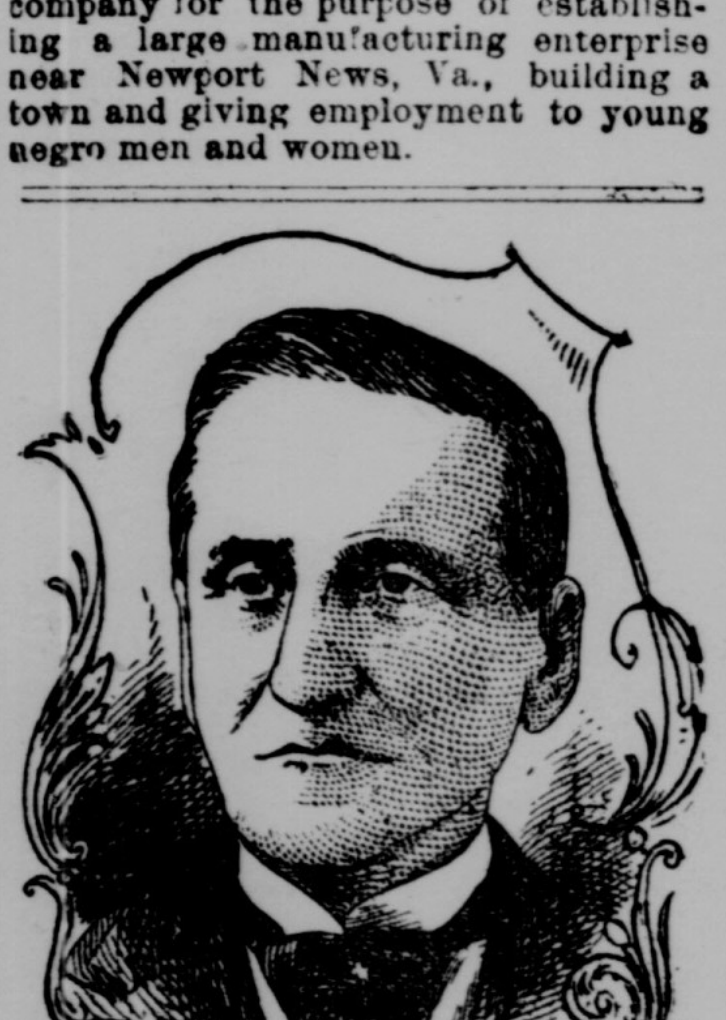
"By Jove!" exclaimed Jones, in surprise. "Can you talk?"

"Well, I should smile," said the gentleman, equally surprised, as he hastily put away pencil and paper. "Aren't you deaf and dumb?"

"Not by a darned sight," Jones replied, thrusting into his pocket an envelope nearly covered with pencil marks; "but I'll kill Dummy next time I see him!"—Ernest P. Neville, in Life.

A Novel Scheme.

Frederick Douglass has organized a company for the purpose of establishing a large manufacturing enterprise near Newport News, Va., building a town and giving employment to young negro men and women.



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For Help Derived From Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I am profoundly impressed with the medicinal virtues of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was *threatened with cancer* and disagreeable eruptions on my back and other places. The cancer was appearing on my lip. Providentially I obtained a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and by the time it was gone, the bad symptoms had nearly all disappeared. I have used four bottles, and I believe it has

Saved Me From Premature Death.

I am now almost 73 years of age and *I work like a tiger.* And I *know* that Hood's Sarsaparilla has had much to do with my vigor and strength." REV. O. H. POWER, 2024 Hanover Street, Chicago, Ill.

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25 cents per bottle, at Drug Stores.

Write for sample dose, free.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Moses and Miriam on the Banks of the Red Sea."

TEXT: *"And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.'"*—Exodus xv., 20, 21.

Sermonizers are naturally so busy in getting the Israelites safely through the parted Red sea and the Egyptians submerged in the returning waters that but little time is ordinarily given to what the Lord's people did after they got well up high and dry on the beach. That was the beach of the Red sea, which is at its greatest width 200 miles and at its least width 12 miles. Why is the adjective "red" used in describing this water? It is called the Red sea because the mountains on its western coast look as though sprinkled with brick dust, and the water is colored with red seaweed and has red zoophyte and red coral.

This sea was cut by the keels of Egyptian, Phœnician and Arabic shipping. It was no insignificant pond or puddle on the beach of which my text calls us to stand. I hear upon it the sound of a tambourine, for which the timbrel was only another name—an instrument of music made out of a circular hoop, with pieces of metal fixed in the sides of it, which made a jingling sound, and over which hoop a piece of parchment was distended, and this was beaten by the knuckles of the performer.

The Israelites, standing on the beach of the Red sea, were making music on their deliverance from the pursuing Egyptians, and I hear the Israelitish men with their deep bass voices, and I hear the timbrel of Miriam as she leads the women in their jubilee. Rather lively instruments, you say, for religious service, the timbrel or tambourine. But I think God sanctioned it. And I rather think we will have to put a little more of the festive into our religious services and drive out the dolorous and funereal, and the day may come when the timbrel will resume its place in the sanctuary. But that which occupied the attention of all the men and women of that Israelitish host was the celebration of their victory. They had crossed. They had triumphed. They were free.

More wonder was this victory and defeat than when the hosts of Richard overcame the hosts of Saladin at Azotus, than when at Bannockburn Scotland was set free, than when the Earl of Northumberland was driven back at Branham Moor, than when at the battle of Wakefield York was slain, than when at Bosworth Field Richard was left dead, than when the Athenians under Miltiades at Marathon put the Persians to flight, for this victory of my text was gained without sword or catapult or spear. The weapon was a lifted and prostrated sea. "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

Brooklyn Tabernacle to-day feels much as Moses and Miriam did when they stood on the banks of the Red sea after their safe emergence from the waters. By the help of God and the generosity of our friends here and elsewhere our $140,000 of floating church debt is forever gone, and this house, which, with the ground upon which it stands, represents $410,000, I this day reconsecrate to God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. A stranger might ask how could this church get into debt to an amount that would build several large churches? My answer is, Waves of destruction, stout as any that ever rolled across the Red sea of my text.

Examine all the pages of church history and all the pages of the world's history and show me an organization, sacred or secular, that ever had to build three great structures, two of them destroyed by fire. Take any of your biggest life insurance companies, or your biggest storehouses, or your biggest banks, or your biggest newspaper establishments and let them have to build three times on the same foundation, and it would cost them a struggle if not demolition. My text speaks of the Red sea once crossed, but one Red sea would not have so much overcome us. It was with us Red sea after Red sea. Three Red seas! Yet to-day, thanks be to God, we stand on the shore, and with organ and cornet in absence of a timbrel we chant "Sing ye unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

But why the great expense of this structure? My answer is the immensity of it and the firmness of it. It cost over $34,000 to dig the cellar before one stone was laid, reaching as the foundation does from street to street, and then the building of the house was constructed in a way, we are told by experienced builders who had nothing to do with it, for durability of foundation and wall such as characterizes hardly any other building of this city. To the day of your death and mine, and for our children and grandchildren after us, it will stand here a house of God and a gate of heaven.

For me personally this is a time of gladness more than tongue or pen or type can ever tell. For twenty-four years I had been building churches in Brooklyn and seeing them burn down until I felt I could endure the strain no longer, and I had written my resignation as pastor and had appointed to read it two Sabbaths ago and close my work in Brooklyn forever. I felt that my chief work was yet to be done, but that I could not do it with the Alps on one one shoulder and the Himalayas on the other. But God has interfered, and the way is clear, and I am here and expect to be here until my work on earth is done.

My thanks must be first to God and then to all who have contributed by large gift or small to this emancipation. Thanks to the men, women and children who have helped, and sometimes helped with self sacrifice that I know must have won the applause of the heavens. If you could only read with me a few of the thousands of letters that have come to my desk in The Christian Herald office, you would know how deep their sympathy, how large their sacrifice has been. "I have sold my bicycle and now send you the money," is the language of one noble young man who wrote to The Christian Herald. "This is my dead son's gift to me, and I have been led to send it to you," writes a mother in Rhode Island.

As a church we from this day make new departure. We will preach more instructive sermons. We will offer more faithful prayers. We will do better work in all departments. We will in the autumn resume our lay college. We will fill all the rooms of this magnificent pile with work for God and suffering humanity. More prayers have been offered for this church, and on both sides the sea, than for any church that has ever existed, and all those prayers will be answered. Clear the track for the Brooklyn Tabernacle! "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

If we never shouted victory till we got clear through the struggles of this life, we would never shout at all. Copy the habit of Miriam and Moses. The moment you get a victory celebrate it. The time and place to hold a jubilee for the safe crossing of the Red sea is on its beach and before you leave it. It is awful, the delayed hosannahs, the belated halleluiahs, the postponed doxologies, the trains of thanksgiving coming in so long after they are due!

The time to thank God for a rescue from temptation is the moment after you have broken the wine flask. The time to thank God for your salvation is the moment after the first flash of pardon. The time to be grateful for the comfort of your bereft soul is the first moment of Christ's appearance at the mausoleum of Lazarus. The time for Miriam's tambourine to sound its most jubilant note is the moment the last Israelite puts his foot on the sand on the parted inland ocean. Alas, that when God's mercies have such swift wings our praises should have such leaden feet!

Notice that Miriam's song in my text had for its burden the overthrown cavalry. It was not so much the infantry or the men on foot over whose defeat she rejoiced with ringing timbrel, but over the men on horseback—the mounted troops! "The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." Tremendous arm of war is the cavalry! Josephus says that in that host that crossed the Red sea there were 50,000 cavalrymen. Epaminondas rode into battle with 5000 cavalrymen and Alexander with 7000. Marlborough depended on his cavalry for the triumph at Blenheim. It was not alone the snow that despoiled the French armies in retreat from Moscow, but the mounted Cossacks. Cavalrymen decided the battles of Leuthen and Leipsic and Winchester and Hanover Court House and Five Forks. Some of you may have been in the relentless raids led on by Forrest or Chalmers or Morgan or Stuart of the southern side, or Pleasanton or Wilson or Kilpatrick or Sheridan of the northern side. The army saddles are the thrones of battle. Hurricanes in stirrups are the cavalrymen.

No wonder that Miriam was chiefly grateful that the Egyptian cavalrymen, pursuing the Israelites down to midway the Red sea, were unsaddled, unstirruped, unhorsed.

And I have to tell you, O child of God, that the Lord, who is on your side now and forever, has at His disposal and under His command all waters, all winds, all lightnings, all time and all eternity. Come, look me in the face while I utter the word God commands me to speak to you, "No weapon formed against you shall prosper." Don't throw away your tambourine. You will want it as sure as you sit there and I stand here, and the tune you will yet play on it, whether standing on beach of time or beach of eternity, will be the tune that Miriam played when she cried "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

I expect to have a good laugh with you in heaven, for the Bible says in Luke, sixth chapter, twenty-first verse, "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." We shall not spend all eternity psalm singing, but sometimes in review of the past, as Christ says, we shall laugh. There is nothing wrong in laughter. It all depends on what you laugh at, and when you laugh. Nothing, it seems, will more thoroughly kindle our heavenly hilarities after we have got inside the pearly gate than to see how in this world we got scared at things which ought not to have frightened us at all.

How often we work ourselves up into a great stew about nothing! The Red sea before may be deep, and the Egyptian cavalry behind us may be well mounted, but if we trust the Lord we will go through no more hurt by the water than when in boyhood we rolled our garments to the knee and barefoot crossed the meadow brook on the old homestead. The odds may seem to be all against you, but I guess it will be all right with you if you have God on your side and all the angelic, cherubic, seraphic and archangelic kingdoms. "If God be for you, who can be against you?"

But let me criticise Miriam a little for the instrument of music she employed in the divine service on the sandy beach. Why not take some other instrument? The harp was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? The cymbal was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? The trumpet was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? Amid that great host there must have been musical instruments more used in religious service. No. She took that which she liked the best and on which she could best express her gratulation over a nation's rescue, first through the retreat of the waves of the Red sea, and then through the clapping of the hands of their destruction. So I withdraw my criticism of Miriam. Let every one take her or his best mode of divine worship and celebration. My idea of heaven is that it is a place where we can do as we please and have everything we want. Of course we will do nothing wrong and want nothing harmful.

How much of the material and physical will finally make up the heavenly world I know not, but I think Gabriel will have his trumpet, and David his harp, and Handel his organ, and Thalberg his piano, and the great Norwegian performer his violin, and Miriam her timbrel, and as I cannot make music on any of them I think I will move around among all of them and listen. But there are our friends of the Scotch Covenanter church who do not like musical instruments at all in divine worship, and they need not have them.

What a day it will be when we stand on the beach of heaven and look back on the Red sea of this world's sin and trouble and celebrate the fact that we have got through and got over and got up, our sins and our troubles attempting to follow gone clear down under the waves.

Oh, crimson floods roll over them and drown them, and drown them forever! In this world we have so little time for that, I am looking forward to eternal socialities. To be with God and never sin against Him. To be with Christ and forever feel His love. To walk together in robes of white with those with whom on earth we walked together in black raiment of mourning. To gather up the members of our scattered families and embrace them with no embarrassment, though all heaven be looking on.

A mine in Scotland caved in and caught amid the rocks a young man who in a few days was to have been united in holy marriage. No one could get heart to tell his affianced of the death of her beloved, but some one made her believe that he had changed his mind about the marriage and willfully disappeared. Fifty years passed on, when one day the miners delving in the earth suddenly came on the body of that young man, which had all those years been kept from the air and looked just as it was the day of the calamity. Strong, manly, noble youth, he sat there looking as on the day he died. But no one recognized the silent form.

After awhile they called the oldest inhabitants to come and see if any one could recognize him. A woman with bent form and her hair snowy white with years came last, and looking upon the silent form that had been so completely preserved gave a bitter cry and fell into a long swoon. It was the one to whom half a century before she was to have been wedded, looking then just as when in the days of their youth their affections had commingled. But the emotion of her soul was too great for mortal endurance, and two days after those who fifty years before were to have joined hands in wedlock were at last married in the tomb, and side by side they wait for the resurrection.

My friends, we shall come at last upon those of our loved ones who long ago halted in the journey of life. They will be as fair and beautiful—yea, fairer and more beautiful than when we parted from them.

I see them now—the glorified—assembled for a celebration mightier and more jubilant than that on the banks of the Red sea, and from all lands and ages, on beach of light above beach of light, gallery above gallery and thrones above thrones, in circling sweep of 10,000 miles of surrounding and upheaved splendor, while standing before them on "sea of glass mingled with fire" Michael, the archangel, with swinging scepter beats time for the multitudinous chorus, crying: "Sing! Sing! Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

OPENED TO THE SEA.

Dallax, Tex., Celebrated an Important Event of Her History.

Twenty-five thousand people celebrated the opening of navigation of Trinity River from Dallas to the sea, the occasion being the arrival of the Harvey, a steamboat of 500 bales of cotton capacity.

Speeches were made by the leading men of the State. The demonstration was the greatest ever seen in Texas. It included a procession five miles long of all classes of business.

FROSTS in Japan have damged the tea plants and silk cocoons to the extent of 6,000,000 yen.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.$	4 70	@$ 4 75
High Grade Extra	4 00	4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	74	75
CORN—No. 2 White	52	53
Yellow	50	51
Ear Yellow per brl	2 75	2 80
OATS—Southern & Penn.	38	41
Western White	37½	43
Mixed	35	36
RYE—No. 2	65	67
HAY—Choice Timothy	16 50	17 00
Good to Prime	15 00	16 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds	11 50	12 00
Wheat Blocks	7 00	7 50
Oat Blocks	10 00	11 09

CANNED GOODS.

TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3.$	90	@$ 1 25
No. 2	82½	85
PEAS—Standards	1 20	1 60
Seconds		1 00
CORN—Dry Pack		1 15
Moist		1 00

HIDES.

CITY STEERS $	6	@$ 7
City Cows	4	4½
Southern No. 2	4	5½

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks $	90	@$ 95
Va. Yellow	4 50	5 00
ONIONS	1 00	1 20

PROVISIONS.

HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.$	10	@$ 11
Clear ribsides	11	11½
Bacon sides	12	12½
Hams	15	15¾
Mess Pork, per bar		22 00
LARD—Crude		11
Best refined		12¼

BUTTER.

BUTTER—Fine Crmy $	27	@$ 28
Under fine	20	21
Roll	19	20

CHEESE.

CHEESE—N. Y. Factory $	10¾	@$ 11
N. Y. flats	11	11¼
Skim Cheese	7	9

EGGS.

EGGS—State $	14	@$ 15
North Carolina	14	14½

POULTRY.

CHICKENS—Hens $	11	@$ 12
Ducks, per lb	9	10

TOBACCO.

TOBACCO—Md. Infer's $	1 50	@$ 1 50
Sound common	3 00	4 00
Middling	6 00	8 00
Fancy	12 00	13 00

LIVE STOCK.

BEEF—Best Beeves $	5 12	@$ 5 50
Good to Fair	4 75	5 05
SHEEP	4 00	5 75
Hogs	7 75	8 20

FURS AND SKINS.

MUSKRAT $	10	@$ 11
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox	—	1 00
Skunk Black	—	80
Opossum	22	23
Mink	—	80
Otter	—	6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern $	3 15	@$ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	77	78
RYE—Western	67	69
CORN—No. 2	51	51½
OATS—No. 3	38	38½
BUTTER—State	17	20½
EGGS—State	16	16½
CHEESE—State	9	12

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern $	3 60	@ $ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	74½	74½
CORN—No. 3	49½	49¾
OATS—N. 2	40¼	41
BUTTER—State	21	23
EGGS—Penn. fst	15	16

Monkey Jokers.

No one will doubt that monkeys have a keen sense of humor which enables them to relish a joke. It is not to be supposed that they care whether the fun is at the expense of one of their own species or ours. Their jokes are necessarily practical. In the New Review Mr. R. S. Garner describes one of these.

In a large cage in the Philadelphia Garden were kept at one time about twenty monkeys. Among them were two big, wise-looking apes with gray beards and hair, and with the mien of stoics. They had very long, straight tails, and a habit of sitting high up from the ground, and allowing their tails to hang at full length. In the same cage were three or four brown Cebus monkeys, who were much devoted to exercise and fun.

While the big monkeys would cling to the side of the cage, or sit on a perch some ten or twelve feet from the ground, one of the little brown monkeys would stealthily creep up to one of them, and suddenly grasp the end of the long tail and swing with all his might. Of course the "big 'un" could not lift his tail because of the little monkey clinging to it. He could only climb down the side of the cage with his burden until he could reach the floor.

During this operation the brown monkey kept swinging until his own tail touched the floor, at which instant he would release his hold and spring to the top of the cage, followed by the outraged monkey amid the screams of the others.

By the time he had reached a point where he could attack his little tormenter, who would show some signs of resistance, and cause him to pause for a moment, another brown monkey would seize his long tail and take a swing.

The Women of Alaska.

There is a woman in Sitka, known as Princess Tom, who is very rich. She at one time had three husbands, but has become Christianized and has discarded two. She is an extensive trader, and has several large canoes in which she transports goods from Sitka to the interior and exchanges them with the natives for furs. She is known all over Alaska, and wears upon her arms twenty or thirty gold bracelets made out of $20 gold pieces. The natives also trace their genealogy through the female branch of the family, and the inheritance comes through the mother's side. For instance, if a chief should die, leaving a son, his sister's son or nephew would succeed in authority and not his own son. The women are not slaves, as in the Indian tribes in this country, but exercise a great deal of authority. The women emulate their sex in civilized countries in their affectation of bright and gaudy colors, and most of the money that they receive is invested in bright-colored goods and shawls.—Washington Star.

We Rival the Tropics.

There are now more than 500,000 almond trees bearing in the United States; there are hundreds of thousands of bearing cocoanut trees; there are more than 150,000 olive trees, producing fruit equal to the best Mediterranean varieties. There are more than 500,000 bearing banana plants, 200,000 bearing lemon trees, 4,000,000 orange trees, and 1,000,000 pineapples.

One Cent Gold Paper Per Bolt.

Fine, 2cts., 3cts.; embossed, 4cts.; ingrain, Five Cents; gold border 1c. a yard. 100 Samples, all prices for 2c. stamp. REED, Wall Paper Jobber, Rochester, Pa.

A great many people are right in their hearts and wrong in their heads.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, cold or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

The taste of pie does not depend upon the size or the shape of the piece.

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.

It is the troubles of to-morrow that make people heavy laden to-day.

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

The man who will not improve his talents steals from himself.

Many persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

Thinking will keep us from doing wrong.

Mornings—Beecham's Pills with a drink of water. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

During the most violent gales the sea is disturbed to a depth of 500 feet.

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

There are thirteen elements in the body—five gaseous and eight solid.

An Odd Reminder.

A down-town lawyer borrowed a book from a friend in the same office, took it home, and forgot to return it. Several times he was reminded of this by the owner of the book, and as many times forgot to put it in his pocket when he left the house. At last, stung to desperation by his friend's gibes, he sat down, and, addressed a postal card to himself at his residence, and wrote on the back of it thus: "If you do not attend to that matter within twenty-four hours you may expect the worse."

"There," he said grimly, "if that doesn't fetch me nothing will."

It did fetch him. It fetched him out of a late sleep the next morning immediately after the postman's first visit to explain to his white-faced, terrified wife that she was not likely to be made a widow. He offered explanations—and took the book back; but he is not sure that his wife does not believe that he has committed some crime or in some way got into the clutches of a blackmailer.

A Farmer's Advice to Mr. Hayes.

The story is told that the late R. B. Hayes had for a neighbor in Ohio a testy old fellow who ran a small truck farm. He was honest and upright, and Mr. Hayes held him in high esteem, notwithstanding his lack of the social amenities and respect for persons. On one of his visits to Ohio during the Presidency he passed the old man's farm and found him planting potatoes in a patch near the road. The President, being somewhat of a farmer himself, noticed some peculiarity in his neighbor's style of planting, and, after a few minutes' chat, he called his attention to it, and the old man argued the point awhile.

"After all," concluded the President, "I don't think you are doing it as it should be done for the best results."

The old farmer rested his arm on the fence and looked steadily at Mr. Hayes.

"They ain't neither one of us," he said, "above havin' fault found with us, but ef you jest go on Presidentin' the United States your way, an' I go on plantin' pertaters my way, I guess we won't be no wuss off in the end."

Mr. Hayes accepted the suggestion pleasantly and passed on.—Detroit Free Press.

There are a few people left

who still follow antiquated methods of raising bread, biscuit, cake and pastry with home-made mixtures of what they suppose to be cream of tartar and soda, compounded haphazard,

but there are very few

The best housekeepers use the Royal Baking Powder instead. Its scientific composition insures uniform results. By its use alone can the finest flavored, most wholesome food be produced. To any housekeeper who has not used the Royal Baking Powder we would like to send our Cook Book, free. Mark your request "For instruction."

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M. H. McCOY, Van Wert, Ohio.

Acted like Magic!

Suffered Years with Kidneys and Liver.

LIFE WAS A BURDEN!

Mr. McCoy is a wealthy and influential citizen of Van Wert, and a man known for miles around. See what he says:—

"For years I was a terrible sufferer with Kidney and Liver trouble, also **nervous prostration** and **poor health** in general. I was all run down and life a burden. I tried **physicians** and every available remedy, but **found no relief.** Was induced to give Swamp-Root a trial, which acted like magic, and to-day I am **entirely cured** and as good a man as ever. It is without question the **greatest remedy** in the world. Any one in doubt of this statement can address me."

M. H. McCOY, Van Wert, Ohio.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

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

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At Druggists 50c. or $1.00 Size.

Dr. Kilmer's Parilla Liver Pills ARE THE BEST! 42 Pills, 25 cents.

S.S.S. CURES MALARIAL POISON

Nature should be assisted to throw off impurities of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so safely or so promptly as Swift's Specific.

LIFE HAD NO CHARMS.

For three years I was troubled with malarial poison, which caused my appetite to fail, and I was greatly reduced in flesh, and life lost all its charms. I tried mercurial and potash remedies, but to no effect. I could get no relief. I then tried S.S.S. A few bottles of this wonderful medicine made a complete and permanent cure, and I now enjoy better health than ever. J. A. RICE, Ottawa, Kan.

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IN THE MAD STRUGGLE

for wealth, do not lose sight of the fact that success is not worth the price paid for it, if it has been obtained at the expense of your health. The essence of wisdom is, first, health; second, moderation; third, wealth. To have health you must have sleep. To have sleep you only need a

PILGRIM SPRING BED,

which is the highest attainment of the science of bed-making.

It is made from Highly Tempered Steel Wire, is the PERFECTION of EASE, and will last a LIFETIME. Beware of cheap made common wire imitations, for "they are not what they seem."

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It fights to Kill. It wins its Battles and Comes off Conqueror.

"German Syrup"

My acquaintance with Boschee's German Syrup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N. J.

Getting Thin

is often equivalent to getting ill. If loss of flesh can be arrested and disease baffled the "weak spots" in the system are eradicated.

Scott's Emulsion

is an absolute corrective of "weak spots." It is a builder of worn out failing tissue—*nature's food* that stops *waste* and creates healthy flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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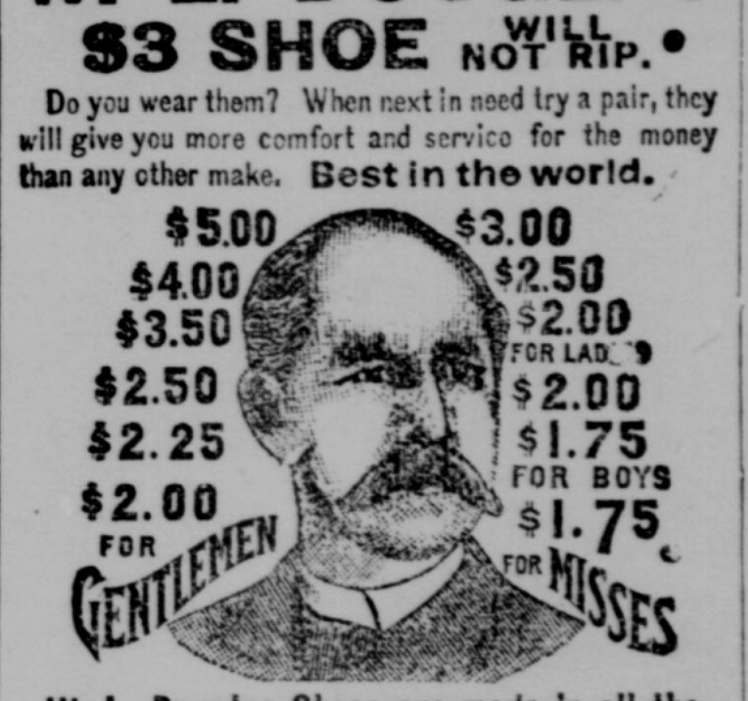

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If you want a fine DRESS SHOE don't pay $6 to $8, try my $3.50, $4 or $5 Shoe. They will fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, you can do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. My name and price is stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy. Take no substitute. I send shoes by mail upon receipt of price, postage free, when Shoe Dealers cannot supply you. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

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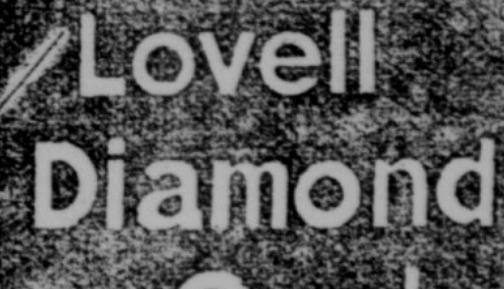

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MY FRIEND! YOU SHOULD USE FRAZER AXLE GREASE

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For Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Bad Complexion, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels,

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