Yawn as You Please.

According to current ideas yawning in good society is an improper sign of weariness; according to the teachings of physiology, it is a long-drawn, forcible inspiration, followed by a shorter respiration; according to Dr. Nægeli, it is one of nature's many remedies, the proper application of which depends upon good judgment.

In yawning, not only the muscles which move the lower jaw are used, but also the breathing muscles of the chest, and he who yawns to his heart's content also raises and extends his arms. In the deepest inspiration the chest remains extended for a short time, the eyes are almost or entirely closed, the ears somewhat raised, the nostrils dilated.

Inside the mouth, the tongue becomes round and arched, the palate stiffly stretched, and the uvula is raised, almost entirely closing the space between the nose and the throat. At the beginning of the inspiration a crackling noise is heard in the ears, a proof that the duct leading to the hearing also succumbs to this stretching.

If the yawning has reached the deepest point, it will require from one to one and a half seconds for it to become noticeable to the hearing. In order to observe this, let one place himself at a sufficient distance from a clock, so that its ticking will not be easily heard, and yawn deeply. During this deep breathing the sound of the clock is not perceptible to the most careful listening. All this simply goes to show that yawning sets a number of muscles to work, and particularly those which are not directly subject to will.

Although when one is yawning he does not present a very agreeable appearance, it is very agreeable to himself, for the stretching of the muscles causes a feeling of comfort, it acts like massage, and is the most natural gymnastics of the lungs imaginable. Dr. Naegeli, therefore, advises people not to concern themselves with so-called decency, but every morning and evening, and as often as possible, to exercise the lungs and all the muscles of respiration by yawning and stretching, as many chronic lung troubles may thus be prevented.

JOHN BURNS, the London labor leader, began his summer series of Sunday lectures at Battersea Park yesterday. He is to profess an almost old-fashioned courtesy of manner in private intercourse. His great hobby is skating.

MURRAY, the BARBER.

MURRAY, the Barber, respectfully informs his customers and friends that he continues to prosecute his profession at his old stand, four doors east of the European House

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PRESIDENTIAL PLUMS.

A Long List of Important Offices Filled by Mr. Cleveland.

The President made the following appointments:

Joseph C. Donnelly, of Wisconsin, to be Consul-General of the United States at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico.

Van Leer Polk, of Tennessee, to be the Consul-General of the United States at Calcutta, India.

To be consuls of the United States—D. J. Partello, of the District of Columbia, at Sonneberg, Germany; Marshall P. Thatcher, of Michigan, at Windsor, Ontario; W. H. Spencer, of Alabama, at Palermo, Italy; John Patton, of Michigan, at Amherstburg, Ontario; Frederick Opp, of Texas, at Breslau, Germany; Alexander S. Rosenthal, of New York, at Leghorn, Italy; Wm. H. Jacks, of Indiana, at London, Ontario; Claude Thomas, of Kentucky, at Mars illes, France; Pulaski F. Hyatt, of Pennsylvania, at Santiago de Cuba; Frances H. Underwood, of Massachusetts, at Leith, Scotland; Newton B. Ashby, of Iowa, at Dublin, Ireland; Jacob T. Child, of Missouri, at Hankow, China; Max Goldfinger, of New York, at Man heim, Germany; William H. Robertson, of District of Col mbia, at Hamburg, Germany; Chas. A. O'Connor, of New Hampshire, at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Julius Mutzi, of New York, at Magdeburg, Germany; Frank C. McGhee, of Mississippi, at Huddersfield, England; Louis A. Bettanatta, of Baltimore, at Messina, Italy.

Parboiling.

There are various and sundry whims about cooking, but none of them are more absurd than the idea that beans must be parboiled. One would hardly think of turning off the water from meat while it is cooking, but it might just as well be done, as in either case it takes away a great portion of the nutriment and flavor of the dish.

Beans should be carefully looked over, thoroughly washed and put to soak over night in about their bulk of water. Put them in the kettle soon after breakfast the next morning, add about as much water as at first, place them where they will not burn, and let them cook slowly and without stirring until about 10 o'clock. Then add half a pound of salt pork thoroughly washed and cut across the rind in small dice. Place the pork on top of the beans and let it boil for an hour or more. Then lift the meat out, turn the beans and liquor into a baking pan, press the pork down until only the rind is out of the water and bake in a slow oven for several hours.

Many persons complain that beans are indigestible and cause dyspepsia. It is said by eminent authorities that if beans are cooked for six or eight hours no complaint of this sort can be made against them.—New York Ledger.

A Detestable Character.

The slanderer has ever been regarded as a most detestable character; and the person who commits the iniquity must expect the severest retaliation. Few would err in this respect, if they would but consider that they provoke the same conduct in others which they exhibit themselves. We are none of us immaculate; and the most irreproachable cannot afford to fling a stone at a neighbor. Indulgence in scandal of any kind is a disgraceful occupation of time, and tends in no small degree to vitiate the heart and weaken the understanding. It is the pastime of the idle and the corrupt, and no virtuous man or woman will stoop to the indignity. Based on falsehood, calumny, and envy, it exposes those who pursue it to similar treatment at the hands—or, we should say, when alluding to the ladies, mouths—of those whom they have detracted, and by and by it is a contest between the parties who shall be the clevere t and most racy inventor and unblushing detractor.

A Nice Question.

A policeman and a supposed criminal whom he had arrested were walking beside the Danube at Kelheim, Bavaria, recently, when the prisoner suddenly jumped into the river. The water was full of great blocks of ice, stretching quite across the stream, and the man jumped safely from block to block and reached the opposite bank. The policeman followed, but being less agile fell between the blocks into the river. His late prisoner had a very nice question of casuistry to decide, and he settled it by plunging into the river, at imminent risk of his life, to save the life of the policeman. He succeeded in getting the officer to land, and then the policeman was in a quandary. He offered to state the case to the authorities and try to get a life-saving medal for his rescuer. But the latter thought he would rather have his liberty, and the policeman promptly set him free, and gave him a couple of marks to help him on his way. The fugitive has not since been recaptured.

WHEN General Dodds received his brevet during his campaign in Dahomey he was unable to procure there the four silver stars that, stitched in the uniform, are a sign of the general's rank. He therefore made use of silver coins as a substitute and the only ones he could obtain were English shillings bearing the queen's head.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES

BY the premature explosion of blasting powder in the Jeddo colliery, at Hazleton, Penn., Daniel Marley was instantly killed and James Mahon fatally injured.

THE cyclone which visited Hope, Arkansas, and vicinity left 5,000 people homeless and in destitute circumstances, and an appeal for aid has been made by Mayor Black.

BY an explosion of gasoline in the basement of a grocery store in St. Louis, sixteen persons were injured, four perhaps fatally, namely: Samuel and Mrs. Hesopper and two children, aged 5 and 10 years.

THE Governor of Louisiana arrived in New Orleans to negotiate with the banks for a loan of 50,000 for the flood sufferers in the Lake Providence district. About 10,000 people, nearly all colored, are on the verge of starvation in this district.

CHARLES RICHMOND, aged 33 years, of Springfield, Ill., was killed near Trenton, N. J., by the fall of a parachute. He had ascended in a balloon to a height of 3000 feet, and the parachute failed to act. He fell into a pond and was probably drowned.

AN express train for New York on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad collided with a runaway engine on an iron bridge near Count and, New York, and a frightful wreck took place. Isaac Wallace, engineer, was killed, and Bert Sherwood, engineer, so badly injured that he died in a few hours. George Chaffee, a night watchman, who had charge of the engine that ran away, was arrested for criminal negligence.

THE Marine Hospital Service received a despatch from the United States Charge d' Affairs at Constantinople, stating "that latest news shows a rapid spread of the cholera in Mesopotamia. This will soon bring it into Mediterranean ports." Another despatch from the United States Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden, states that the epidemic of small pox in that region is increasing.

HELD UP A TRAIN.

Knights of the Road Busy at Work Near East St. Louis.

A Mississippi and Ohio train was held up by six masked men at Forest Lawn, a suburb of East St. Louis.

The robbers are said to have made a clean haul of the express after beating the messenger into insensibility. Forest Lawn is the same place where an attempt was made to rob a train a week ago.

PINKNEY IN JAIL.

The Escaped Maryland Murderer Recaptured by the Officers.

William Pinkney, the colored murderer who escaped from jail more than three weeks ago, was recaptured near Marlboro'.

He is under sentence along with Barber, also colored, to hang June 30th, for the murder of Francis H. Bowie. A reward of $750 was offered for Pinkney's capture.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$ 4 70	@ $	4 75
High Grade Extra	4 00		4 05
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	70		71
CORN—No. 2 White	5		53
Yellow	48½		49
Ear Yellow per bri	2 45		2 70
OATS—Southern & Penn.	38		41
Western White	39		43
Mixed	35½		37
RYE—No. 2	59		60
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 50		8 00
Oat Blocks	10 50		11 00
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3	90	@ $	1 25
No. 2	82½		83
PEAS—Sifted Standards	1 30		1 60
Seconds			1 00
CORN—Dry Pack			1 15
Moist			1 00
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS	$	6¼ @ $	6¾
City Cows		4	4½
Southern No. 2		4	4½
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 90	@ $	95
ONIONS	1 00		1 25
Yams	3 50		4 50
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	$ 10	@ $	10¾
Clear ribsides	10¾		11
Bacon sides	12		12½
Hams	15		15¾
Mess Pork, per bar	22 0		
LARD—Crude			11¼
Best refined			11¾
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 20	@ $	21
Under fine	17		19
Roll	15		17
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N.Y. Factory	$ 10¾	@ $	10¾
N. Y. flats	10¾		11
Skim Cheese	7		9
EGGS.			
EGGS—State	$ 16	@ $	16½
North Carolina	15		15½
POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens	$ 10	@ $	10½
Ducks, per lb	8		9
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 40	@ $	5 65
Good to Fair	5 15		5 25
SHEEP	2 50		4 00
Hogs	6 75		7 75
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	70¾		71
RYE—Western	56		60
CORN—No. 2	46½		47
OATS—No. 2	35¾		36½
BUTTER—State	20		20¾
EGGS—State	16		16¾
CHEESE—State	8		9

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68		68¼
CORN—No. 2	45¾		46
OATS—N. 2	38¾		39
BUTTER—State	20		20½
EGGS—Penn. fst	16		16¾

TRUMPET CALLS.

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



ACTIONS are ideas in motion.

BACKBITERS have sharp teeth.

EVERY enemy the Christian has is a giant.

GOLDEN opportunities fly low, but they fly swift.

THE first thing man ever needed was a Savior.

IT takes a knowledge of God to tell man what he is.

SAYING good-bye to our sins one at a time is slow work.

THE man who is resting in God is always busy for Christ.

WHOEVER opposes truth is bound to come out a loser by it.

THE place for the revival to begin is in the preacher's heart.

MEN are most like Christ when they are suffering for him.

THE man who thinks as Christ did will try to do as Christ did.

LOVE'S name can be written only in blood drawn from its own heart.

SOMETIMES little troubles on earth open very big windows in Heaven.

THE devil has no fault to find with the man who is in love with himself.

HUMAN nature on the throne is no better than human nature in the gutter.

IT is a grand thing to belong to church, but a grander one to belong to God.

PEOPLE are scarce who do not talk more than they should about themselves.

PEOPLE sometimes make the most noise in church when they are sound asleep.

THE man who talks much about himself will always have a tired audience.

SOME preachers fail because they preach about Christ instead of preaching him.

EVERY man who is right with God is a man on whom the devil keeps close watch.

THE world is full of people who want to do good but are in no hurry to commence.

THE heart is the largest thing in the world, because it takes more than the world to fill it.

ONE of the saddest sights upon which angels have to look is the life of a lonely child.

WHETHER we get to Heaven or not is to be decided by what we love, not by what we know.

IF you want to have power to lead others, learn to control the man who wears your own hat.

WHEN we get to Heaven we will all find that we have had something to do with building it.

THE woman who paints her cheeks and the man who dyes his whiskers never fool but one person.

OUR first parents made God's blessings a means of cursing themselves. People are still doing that.

THE fact that the devil is opposing a man ought to be sufficient evidence that he is on the Lord's side.

EVERY time a man sins he has one more reason for trying to prove that the church is full of hypocrites.

WHENEVER a good thought knocks at the door of the mind, Jesus Christ is asking to come into the heart.

The Queerest of Railroads.

One of the queerest railroads on this continent is the Salisbury and Havey, in New Brunswick. It is but twenty miles long, and although it connects with the Intercolonial Road, an admirably constructed line, it is confessedly unsafe. A printed notice hung up in the cars cautions passengers that it is well to get out and walk on reaching a certain bridge, and it was long the custom to push the cars over this crazy structure before the mighty engine was trusted upon its rotten timbers.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Thrashing Machine."

TEXT: "*For the fitches are not threshed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it.*"—Isaiah xxviii., 27, 28.

There are three kinds of seed mentioned—fitches, cummin and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and the cummin were small seeds like the caraway or the chickpea. When these grains or herbs were to be thrashed, they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff or rod or flail and beat them until the seed would be separated, but when the corn was to be thrashed that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron dented wheels. That cart would be drawn around the thrashing floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of thrashing for different products. "The fitches are not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it."

The great thought that the text presses upon our souls is that we all go through some kind of thrashing process. The fact that you may be devoting your life to honorable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "Dr. Cantwell." Thomas Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "Babbletongue Macaulay." Norman McLeod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industriously maligned in all quarters, although on the day when he was carried out to his burial a workman stood and looked at the funeral procession and said, "If he had done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he should shine as the stars forever and ever." All the small wits of London had their fling at John Wesley, the father of Methodism.

If such men could not escape the maligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the thrashing. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Besides that there are the sicknesses, and the bankruptcies, and the irritations, and the disappointments which are ever putting a cup of aloes to your lip. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics which, if deciphered, would make out a thrilling story of trouble. The footstep of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and on the white hairs of the aged are footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

Even amid the joys and hilarities of life trouble will sometimes break in. As when the people were assembled in the Charlestown theatre during the Revolutionary war and while they were witnessing a farce and the audience was in great gratulation the guns of an advancing army were heard and the audience broke up in wild panic and ran for their lives, so oftimes while you are seated amid the joys and festivities of this world you hear the cannonade of some great disaster. All the fitches, and the cummin, and the corn must come down on the thrashing floor and be pounded.

My subject, in the first place, teaches us that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin on the thrashing floor might look over to the corn on another thrashing floor and say: "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn. We have only been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do you know the reason you have not been as much pounded as I have? It is because you are not so much worth as I am. If you were, you would be as severely run over."

Yet there men who suppose they are the Lord's favorites simply because their barns are full, and their bank account is flush, and there are no funerals in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin, while down at the end of the lane the poor widow may be the Lord's corn. You are but little pounded because you are but little worth, and she bruised and ground because she is the best part of the harvest.

The heft of the thrashing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much thrashed in life, perhaps there is not much to thrash. If you have not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps there is going to be a very small yield. When there are plenty of blackberries the gatherers go out with large baskets, but when the drought has almost consumed the fruit then a quart measure will do as well. It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and the Ephesian wolf-eration, and the skinned ankles of the painful stocks, and the foundering of the Alexandrian corn ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his proper development.

It was not because Robert Moffat and Lady Rachel Russell and Frederick Oberlin were worse than other people that they had to suffer; it was because they were better and God wanted to make them best. By the carefulness of the thrashing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

Next my text teaches us that God proportions our trials to what we can bear, the staff for the fitches, the rod for the cummin, the iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say, "Oh, I can't bear it!" But you did bear it, God would not have sent it upon you if he did not know that you could bear it. You trembled, and you swooned, but you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too many, nor from your lungs one sigh too deep, nor from your temples one throb too sharp. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate.

You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bludgeons flying haphazard. Oh, no; they are thrashing instruments that God just suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger, or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up, but that have gone down, or a swindle of your business partner, or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of business that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me. I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn thrasher, but after it has been thrashed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing mills and corn thrashers.

Well, you say, "If I could choose my troubles I would be willing to be troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurts it does not get sanctified. Your trial perhaps may be childlessness. You are fond of children. You say: "Why does God send children to that other household, where they are unwelcome and are beaten and banged about, when I would have taken them in the arms of my affections?" You say, "Any other trial but this." Your trial perhaps may be a disfigured countenance or a face that is easily caricatured, and you say: "Oh, I could endure anything if only I was good looking." And your trial perhaps is a violent temper, and you have to drive it like six unbroken horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever and anon it runs away with you. Your trial is the asthma. You say, "Oh, if it were rheumatism or neuralgia or erysipelas, but it is this asthma, and it is such an exhausting thing to breathe." Your trouble is a husband, short, sharp, snappy and cross about the house and raising a small riot because a button is off! How could you know the button is off?

Your trial is a wife ever in contest with the servants and she is a sloven. Though she was very careful about her appearance in your presence once, now she is careless, because she said her fortune is made! Your trial is a hard school lesson you cannot learn, and you have bitten your finger nails until they are a sight to behold. Everybody has some vexation or annoyance or trial, and he or she thinks it is the one least adapted. "Anything but this," all say. Pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter,

Oh, my hearer, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this world anyhow? Is it an infinite Modoc, or a Sitting Bull savage, or an omnipotent Nana Sahib? No, it is the most merciful and glorious and wise Being in all the universe. You cannot teach Omnipotence anything. You have fretted and worried almost enough. Do you not think so? Some of you are making yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the angels.

Here is a naval architect, and he draws on the plan of a ship of many thousand tons. Many workmen are engaged on it for a long while. The ship is done, and some day, with the flags up and the air gorgeous with bunting, that vessel is launched for Southampton. At that time a lad six years of age comes running down the dock with a toy boat which he has made with his own jackknife, and he says: "Here, my boat is better than yours. Just look at this jibboom and these weather cross jack braces," and he drops his little boat beside the great ship, and there is a roar of laughter on the docks.

Ah, my friends, that great ship is your life as God planned it—great, million tonned, ocean destined, eternity bound. That little boat is your life as you are trying to hew it out and fashion it and launch it. Ah, do not try to be a rival of the great Jehovah. God is always right, and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He sends just the hardships, just the bankruptcies, just the cross that it is best for you to have. He knows what kind of grain you are, and He sends the right kind of thrashing machine. It will be a rod or staff or iron wheel just according as you are fitches or cummin or corn.

Again, my subject teaches us that God keeps trial on us until we let go. The farmer shouts "whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grain has dropped from the stalk. The farmer comes with his fork and tosses up the straw, and he sees that the straw has let go the grain and the grain is thoroughly thrashed. So God. Smiting rod and turning wheel both cease as soon as we let go. We hold on to this world with its pleasures and riches and emoluments, and our knuckles are so firmly set that it seems as if we could hold on forever. God comes along with some thrashing trouble and beats us loose.

We started under the delusion that this was a great world. We learned out of our geography that it was so many thousand miles in diameter and so many thousand miles in circumference, and we said, "Oh, my, what a world!" Troubles came in after life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world, and that trouble sliced off another part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world, and in some of your estimations a very insignificant world, and it is depreciating all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent. off, fifty per cent. off, and there are those here who would not give ten cents for this world—for the entire world—as a soul possession.

We thought that friendship was a grand thing. In school we used to write compositions about friendship, and perhaps we made our graduating speech on commencement day on friendship. Oh, it was a charmed thing. But does it mean as much to you as it used to? You have gone on in life, and one friend has betrayed you, and another friend has misinterpreted you, and another friend has neglected you, and friendship comes now sometimes to mean to you merely another ax to grind!

So with money. We thought if a man had a competency he was safe for all the future, but we have learned that a mortgage may be defeated by an unknown previous incumbrance; that signing your name on the back of a note may be your business death warrant; that a new tariff may change the current of trade; that a man may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow. And God, by all these misfortunes, is trying to loosen our grip, but still we hold on. God snatches us with a staff, but we hold on. And He strikes us with a rod, but we hold on. And He sends over us the iron wheel of misfortune, but we hold on.

There are men who keep their grip on this world until the last moment who suggest to me the condition and conduct of the poor Indian in the boat in the Niagara rapids coming on toward the fall. Seeing that he could not escape, a moment or two before he got to the verge of the plunge he lifted a wine bottle and drank it off and then tossed the bottle into the air. So there are men who clutch the world, and they go down through the rapids of temptation and sin, and they hold on to the very last moment of life, drinking to their eternal damnation as they go over and go down.

Oh, let go! Let go! The best fortunes are in heaven. There are no absconding cashiers from that bank, no failing in promises to pay. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Let go! Depend upon it that God will keep upon you the staff, or the rod, or the iron wheel until you do let go.

Another thing my text teaches us is that Christian sorrow is going to have a sure terminus. My text says: "Bread corn is bruised because he will not be ever thrashing it." Blessed be God for that. Pound away, O flail. Turn on, O wheel! Your work will soon be done. "He will not be ever thrashing it." Now the Christian has almost as much use in the organ for the stop trumpet as he has for the trumpet. But after awhile he will put the last dirge into the portfolio forever. So much of us as is wheat will be separated from so much as is chaff, and there will be no need of pounding.

They never cry in heaven because they have nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement. You shall have your friends all round about you. There are no tears of poverty because each one sits at the King's table and has his own chariot of salvation and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias on the air, and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life, and no crutch for the lame limb, and no splint for the broken arm, but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall, or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter.

In that land the souls will talk over the different notes of thrashing. Oh, the story of the staff that struck the fitches, and the rod that beat the cummin, and the iron wheel that went over the corn! Daniel will describe the lions, and Jonah leviathans, and Paul the elmwood whips with which he was scourged, and Eve will tell how aromatic Eden was the day she left it, and John Rogers will tell of the smart of flame, and Elijah of the fiery team that wheeled him up the sky steeps, and Christ of the numbness and paroxysm and hemorrhages of the awful death. There they are before the throne of God. On one elevation all those who were struck of the staff. On a higher elevation all those who were struck of the rod. On a highest elevation, and amid the highest altitudes of heaven, all those who were under the wheel. He will not ever be thrashing it.

Oh, my hearers, is there not enough salve in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it, "Now, it will soon feel better." And this is what God says when He unbosoms all the trouble in the hush of this great promise, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." You may leave your pocket handkerchief sopping wet with tears on your death pillow, but you will go up absolutely sorrowless. They will wear black; you will wear white. Cypresses for them, palms for you.

You will say: "Is it possible that I am here? Is this heaven? Am I so pure now I will never do anything wrong? Am I so well that I will never again be sick? Are these companionships so firm that they will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved one I put away into darkness? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so wan and emaciated in the back room on that awful night dying? Oh, how radiant they are. Look at them! How radiant they are."

"Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality! They told me on earth that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming day.

Then the gates of heaven will be opened, and the enamored host, with the acuteness and power of the celestial vision, will look ten thousands of miles down upon the bannered procession—a river of shimmering splendor—and will cry out, "Who are they?" and the angel of God standing close by will say, "Don't you know who they are?" "No," says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." Then the soul will say, "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are they who came out of great tribulation, or thrashing, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Oh, that I could administer some of these drops of celestial anodyne to those nervous and excited souls. If you would take enough of it, it would cure all your pangs. The thought that you are going to get through with this after awhile—all this sorrow and all this trouble. We shall have a great many grand days in heaven, but I will tell you which will be the grandest day of all the million ages of heaven. You say, "Are you sure you can tell me?" Yes, I can. It will be the day we get there. Some say heaven is growing more glorious. I suppose it is, but I do not care much about that. Heaven now is good enough for me.

History has no more gratulatory scene than the breaking in of the English army upon Lucknow, India. A few weeks before a massacre had occurred at Cawnpore, and 260 women and children had been put in a room. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Cawnpore they went into the room, and, oh, what a horrid scene! Sword strokes on the wall near the door, showing that the poor things had crouched when they died, and they saw also that the floor was ankle deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it lest their shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses.

Out in Lucknow they had heard of the massacre, and the women were waiting for the same awful death, waiting amid anguish untold, waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting heroically, when one day Havelock and Outram and Norman and Sir David Baird and Peel, the heroes of the English army—huzza for them!—broke in on that horrid scene, and while yet the guns were sounding, and while cheers were issuing from the starving, dying people on the one side and from the travel worn and powder blackened soldiers on the other, right there in front of the king's palace there was such a scene of handshaking and embracing and boisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter.

And no wonder, when these emaciated women, who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarceration and wounded English soldier got up in his fatigue and wounds and leaned against the wall and threw his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers, my boys, for the brave women!"

Oh, that was an exciting scene! But a gladder and more triumphant scene will it be when you come up into heaven from the conflicts and incarcerations of this world, streaming with the wounds of battle and won with hunger. And while the hosts of God are cheering their great hosanna you will strike hands of congratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of heaven, and there will be illumination in every palace, and there will be a candle in every window. Ah, no; I forget, I forget. They will have no need of the candle or of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hail, hail, sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty!

A TEN-YEAR-OLD MURDERER

Blows Out the Brains of a Child in His Care.

McAullin Jones, aged 3 years, was shot and killed by his nurse, Artemus Johnson, aged 10, at Bowman, S. C. All are colored.

Johnson found a gun in the house and asked Jones if he wanted to be shot. The child said no, but Johnson said he would shoot anyhow.

The top of Jones' head was blown off and his brain splattered on the wall. The children were alone at the time.

CHARLES DE LESSEPS and the other Panama canal defendants recently convicted are to be released from prison.

How Paper Money Started.

Paper money developed from the bills of exchange or certificates of the banks and was probably first issued by the Italian bankers of the fourteenth century. Governments found it an easy way of obtaining money in times of necessity, being, in effect, a forced loan from the people. Paper bills are promises to pay and when the Government issues them in exchange for supplies or services it has actually borrowed just so much from the man to whom it pays them. It, however, allows him to pass this note in payment of his debts, so instead of being a loan from him singly, it is a loan from the whole people.

The ease with which the notes may be issued has led many Governments into disastrous experiments in time of war and stress, the promises being issued in such profusion that they become of no value.

The continental currency issued during the Revolution by the American Congress and the assignats of the French Revolution may be instanced. Paper money depends for its value on the ability of the authority that issues it to give value for it when payment is demanded. When the issue of the Civil War was in doubt the value of the greenbacks issued by the United States sunk to one-third their face value, due partly to a lack of confidence in the Government, and due still more to the certainty that payment of the notes must be indefinitely postponed.

Even when the war closed and there was no longer doubt of the Government, the currency was depreciated for thirteen years. The Government was in the position of the man known to his neighbors as "good but slow pay." His notes pass at a discount. The Government was known to be good for the amount, and it was certain that it would be ready to redeem its notes some day, but that was not enough for the man who wanted to see the money right away. He thus passed the note at a discount.

The value of paper money thus depends at any given moment on the promise of the Government to redeem it. If the promise will be met when the notes are presented they pass at their face value. If there is a doubt on this point the notes must pass at a discount, greater or less, according to circumstances. If there is no chance that they will ever be paid they are worth nothing at all. As the United States Government has stood ready since 1879 to redeem in gold any notes as soon as presented, its currency passes without question at its face value.

High Railway Speed.

Westinghouse, the inventor and electrician says: "There is no question about the development of a much higher rate of speed than that which even the fastest service on the railroads of to-day maintain. I presume that a speed of from ninety to one hundred miles an hour could be secured with modern locomotives which are sure to come. But I am inclined to think that other influences may operate to prevent in the next century the running of railway trains at such a speed. I have seen mentioned in some of the newspapers. It is not a question of attaining speed, but a question of the control of the train after great speed has been secured. I am inclined to think that the development of railway travel in the next century along the present lines will be not so much great speed as uniform speed. The ideal speed, I think, will be about forty miles an hour, and steadily maintained from the time of leaving one terminal to the arrival at destination. That will give most satisfactory results. I am also satisfied that the immense cost of furnishing power for electric railways, which some persons seem to think can secure and maintain a speed of 100 miles an hour or more, will make such a development commercially unprofitable, although there is no doubt that electricity as a motive power for passenger traffic will be extensively used in the next century."

Where Is "The Silent City?"

Many stories have been written about mirages and delusions, but none more interesting and curious than that of the Silent City illusion, which makes its appearance near the Pacific Glacier, in Alaska.

The discovery of this wonderful mirage was made by the Indians, who often tell of the city which was built in the clouds. The mirage can be seen in the early part of July from 5 to 6 p. m. It rises from the side of the Pacific glacier.

It appears like a heavy mist and soon becomes clearer, and one can distinctly see the spectre city, well-defined streets and trees, tall spires, huge and odd-shaped buildings, which appear to be ancient mosques and cathedrals.

It is a city large enough to contain 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants. As yet no one has been able to identify it, although several have claimed to recognize the place. There is no city like it in Alaska, nor in any country about it for thousands of miles.

Some claim it is a city in Russia, others say it is a city in England, but none can tell what or where it is.

The mirage was given the name of "Silent City," as it appears to one like a dead city; there is nothing to indicate that it is the pictured reflection of an inhabited place.

WE are not in condition to enjoy riches until we can be happy without them.

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.

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

If your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, good for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's Iron Bitters