WORK AND WORKERS.

The miners at the Patterson Colliery, Shamokin, Pa., accepted the company's terms and resumed work.

Fully half of the employes of the Peperell and Laconia Mills, at Biddeford, Maine, went on strike.

The Standard Oil strike at Whiting, Illinois, has been declared off, and 400 men will resume work, with a nine-hour day.

Fifty weavers of the Richard Borden Manufacturing Company of Fall River, Mass., struck against an alleged cut in wages.

The firemen at Havemeyer's sugar refinery at Brooklyn, N. Y., struck for shorter hours during the summer months, tying up the entire plant.

The forty-first annual convention of the International Typographical Union was begun in Chicago with 300 accredited delegates in attendance.

It is reported that the factories of the American Wheel Company at Crawfordsville, Ind., Memphis, Tenn.; Paducah, Ky., and Humboldt, Tenn., have shut down for an indefinite time.

Employes of the Central Railroad of New Jersey are dissatisfied with the reception by President Maxwell of their statement of grievances. They say they are thoroughly organized and will push their claims.

Three men are known to have been killed in the riot at Romeo, Ill., between strikers and the men who continued at work for the drainage contractors. It is believed that three or four men were fatally wounded.

The locked out lumber shovers at Tonawanda, New York, have acceded to the demand of the employers that they withdraw from the National Union. They will retain their local organization and probably resume work soon.

A BOY MURDERER.

He Killed His Half-Sister Because She Became Fretful.

One of the most unnatural deeds ever perpetrated was committed in Charles Mix County, S. D.

The 12-year old son of Mrs. Efflin, a farmer's wife, was left in charge of his half-sister 2 years old. Because the baby became fretful the inhuman boy got down a shotgun and shot the little one in the head, instantly killing it.

KILLED BY A BASEBALL.

A Young Man at Altoona, Pa., Succumbs to His Injuries.

Max Meindel, the young man who was struck on the left temple by a pitched ball in a game at Juniata Park Altoona, died at his home on Seventeenth street, that city.

The physicians who attended Meindel stated his death was caused by a fracture of the skull and a rupture of a bloodvessel in the head. Meindel's mother, who is a widow, take's her son's death very hard, and it is feared she may lose her mind.

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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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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SPAVIN CURE

The Fourth of a Day.

"How many days in a year?" asked the teacher of a little class in arithmetic.

"Three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth," came the answer.

"Why, how can that be? How can there be a day one-fourth long?"

The children thought and thought.

"Come, come," she urged, with an encouraging smile, "tell me which day stands for the fourth."

"Oh, I know, I know," shouted Lila, while she stood up in her excitement (and wasn't very big even then), and clasped her dimpled hands, as she always does when she is proud and happy, "the Fourth of July."—Harper's Young People.

Too Much Curiosity.

The new servant girl came to the lady crying and holding on to her finger.

"What's the matter?" asked the lady

"I've run a fork into my finger, and if it's this plated stuff I'll get lockjaw."

"Don't be afraid. All my silver is genuine. I don't keep any plated ware in the house."

Next morning the servant girl and all the silver were missing, and the table ware was all plated for some time after, until the times were better.

CANNOT SELL VAGRANTS.

Missouri's Inhuman Practice at Last Declared Unconstitutional.

No more vagrants will be sold off the block in Missouri, the Supreme Court deciding that the law was unconstitutional.

Vagrants have recently been sold to the highest bidder at Mexico, Marshall, Fayette and other points.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$ 4 70	@ $ 4 75
High Grade Extra	4 00	4 0[illegible]
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	70	71
CORN—No. 2 White	5[illegible]½	52
Yellow	48½	49
Ear Yellow per bbl	2 45	2 [illegible]0
OATS—Southern & Penn.	[illegible]	41
Western White	39	43
Mixed	35½	[illegible]7
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	85
PEAS—Standards	1 20	1 60
Seconds		1 00
CORN—Dry Pack		1 15
Moist		1 00

HIDES.

CITY STEERS	$ 6½	@ $ 6¾
City Cows	4	4½
Southern No. 2	4	4½

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks.	$ 90	@ $ 95
ONIONS	1 00	1 20
Yams	3 50	4 50

PROVISIONS.

HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	$ 10	@ $ 10½
Clear ribsides	10½	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.	$ 10½	@ $ 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	4 [illegible]5	5 [illegible]5
SHEEP	2 50	4 [illegible]0
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. 3	35¼	36¼
BUTTER—State	20	20½
EGGS—State	16	16½
CHEESE—State	8	9

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68	68¼
CORN—No. 3	4[illegible]½	46
OATS—N. 2	38¾	39
BUTTER—State	20	20½
EGGS—Penn. fst	16	16½

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We offer you, delivered to Wharf or Depot in Baltimore:

1 inch Yellow Pine Boards, (Edge,) $12.50 per M.
1 " Worked Yellow Pine Flooring, 15.00 "
6x20 Sawed Cypress Shingles, - - 6.00 "

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

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, Etc.

SHINGLES.

CURIOUS FACTS.

China has many stone bridges 3000 years old.

The tomb of Mahomet is covered with diamonds, sapphires and rubies valued at $10,000,000.

Twin mules are claimed to be owned by a Platte City (Mo.) man. Twin mules are of rare occurrence.

Paris now gets its water supply from six great springs, which travels through eighty-three miles of aqueducts.

A sugar dish owned by Mrs. I. K. Smith, of Roswell, Ga., has been in use by her family for over 100 years.

Miss E. J. Whitton, of Topsham, Me., has hair which measures eight feet 2½ inches. It has been growing ten years.

In Europe, the etiquette of street walking is to "keep to the left." In the United States, the rule is "keep to the right."

In Middle Smithfield, Penn., there is a chestnut tree the trunk of which measures nineteen feet in circumference, breast high.

William Gardenio was the first person entitled doctor of medicine, he received the degree from the College of Asti in the Fourteenth Century.

From an observation tower on the Brocken, in the Harz Mountains, Germany, eighty-nine cities and 668 villages can be seen in clear weather.

There is a church at Kirkwood, Ga., owned by a Presbyterian, with a Methodist pastor, and the seats were originally owned by Baptists and donated by Episcopalians.

The term "tabby cat" comes from the word Atab, the name of a famous street in Bagdad where live the manufacturers of a silken stuff called Atibi, which has markings resembling those of a tabby cat.

Two lost hogs were found by their owner at Lone Jack, Mo., the other day in such a place that they must have been without food or drink since they were first missed, four weeks previous. Soon after their rescue one of them became the mother of six healthy pigs.

A superstitious idea of the middle ages still exists in many parts of England that when the death of a person is imminent the fastenings of the door of the death chamber hinder the departure of the soul from the body, thus making final dissolution doubly painful.

By some misadventure, a note for one penny stamped with the "promise to pay" of the Bank of England got into circulation in 1818 and for many years gave the cashiers much trouble with their accounts. About fifteen years ago it was brought to the bank, but the owner, not unwisely, would not take a penny for it, and the bank settled the transaction by giving him $25.

There are two words in the English language which contain the vowels in their regular order, viz.: "Abstemious" and "facetious." The following words each have them in irregular order: Mendacious, authoritative, disadvantageous, encouraging, efficacious, instantaneous, importunate, nefarious, objectionable, precarious, pertinacious, sacrilegious, simultaneous, tenacious, unintentional, unequivocal, undiscoverable and vexatious.

Labor Colonies.

A committee of leading Englishmen have recently been making investigations into the labor colony question in England and on the continent of Europe, the result of their researches being the conclusion that the continental method of carrying on these philanthropic works is one which is not likely to have general application. For instance, there is a farm colony at Rickling, in Schleswig Holstein, which is said to be a decided success, but at this place the applicant for work is first compelled to declare that he is unable to find employment elsewhere, and that he wishes to be admitted to the Rickling colony on the ground that he is willing to receive only his subsistence and shelter, and anything allowed beyond this will be considered an act of kindness. In case he gives the inspector cause for dissatisfaction in any way, he may not only be dismissed at once, but will forfeit any reward promised him for industrious work. The clothes he has on when entering are taken from him, and he is given fresh clothes on loan, the inspector destroying the clothes of the applicant, if he thinks them valueless, although these are the only ones in which the inmate can clothe himself if he wishes to leave. During the first fortnight he receives food and shelter only. For the following four weeks, if he is thought to deserve it, he is given a voluntary allowance of five cents per working day, this to be increased to eight cents per day, provided his work proves satisfactory. This, however, applies to the period from May 1 to September 1. But such allowances are entirely voluntary, and may be withdrawn at any time. The service to which the labor of the inmates is turned is largely that of reclaiming land, which seems to be a duty that can best be undertaken by colonies of this character, when it is thought undesirable to enter into competition with ordinary labor. But the conditions under which service is carried on are so straightened that it is looked upon as doubtful whether the system can be satisfactorily adopted in England. It would certainly prove difficult to introduce it into the United States, although what we will have to experience when the pressure of population crowds upon us as it does in continental Europe yet remains to be proved.—Boston Herald.

Success to 'Em.

Tobacco planters in the ten counties around Chattanooga will raise 1,000,000 pounds this year with fair luck.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The black diamond is so hard that it cannot be polished.

Three hundred thousand earth globes could be stored inside the sun.

Science says that one cannot be stung by a bee if the person holds his breath.

The microscope made by the Munich (Bavaria) Optical Institute for the Chicago Fair magnifies 11,000 diameters and is worth $8750.

In certain parts of India cocoanut trees, once almost lifeless in appearance, have been made to yield abundantly by placing salt at the roots.

The kudzu vine is probably the most rapid-growing plant in the world. It belongs to the bean family, and will easily grow sixty feet tall in three months.

The remains of a gigantic race of extinct human beings have been discovered near Vasa, Minn. Each had double teeth in front as well as in the back part of the jaw.

The wonderful influence of the sun on the earth is shown by the fact that in less than three minutes, during which the last eclipse was total, the temperature fell three degrees.

The skeleton of the "whale lizard," discovered in Alaska last summer, weighs 2400 pounds. This is the second of the species so far known to science. It had both legs and wings.

It has been found that bicyclists who ride to excess are afflicted with a catarrhal laryngitis. Mouth breathing and the rapidity and pressure with which large quantities of air are forced into the larynx are said to be the cause.

Charles Toope, who has taken a prominent part in the attempt to abate the smoke and fog nuisance in England, suggests the application of charcoal for purifying the air of houses located in infected districts—all air admitted to be passed through thin canvas bags containing crushed charcoal.

The Canaigre root, which belongs to the dock family and grows in a wild state in New Mexico, has been found to contain such a large proportion of tannic acid as to suggest the development of a new industry for that Territory in the erection of factories for the extraction of this important industrial product.

A granite wall eighteen inches thick will lose more heat than a brick wall the same thickness. A frame building, plastered on the inside and covered with paper, felt and sheathing on the outside, will lose seventy-five per cent. less heat than a brick wall of the same thickness. A frame house built without paper-felt covering on the outside will lose twenty-five per cent. more heat than the same house if covered with felt.

Wyoming's Mineral Riches.

The tin of the Black Hills extends into Wyoming. The State has some extraordinary soda deposits, some of these being actual lakebeds of soda. Copper is found all along the North Platte River. Lead appears at least twice in large quantities in a survey of the State and kaolin fire clay, mica, graphite, magnesia, plumbago, and sulphur are more or less abundant. Gypsum is found in almost every county, and plaster of Paris is being made of it at Red Buttes, on the Union Pacific Railroad. Marbles—some of them very fine and beautiful—are being gathered in every county for exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago. They are of all colors, but the only white marble is found in the Sibylee region, where, by the way, is another undeveloped agricultural section of great promise. The granites of the State are very fine, and the sandstones, which are of unlimited quantity, include beautiful varieties for building purposes and for interior decorative work.

Petroleum appears in several places in the State. There are wells at Salt Creek in Johnson County. The Omaha Company have flowing wells at Bonanza in another part of the county, and this oil, whose flow is stopped by the company, is a splendid illuminant. A mile away is a spring carrying oil on its surface. Near Lander, south of the Indian reservation, are more than two dozen borings. All have flowed, and all are now cased, but there is a three-acre lake of leakage from them. There are signs of oil elsewhere in the State.

Gold is still being mined where it was first found, below the Indian reservation in the South Pass District. Here is both lode and placer mining, but the principal placer owner is working the quartz. Within the past year many new mines have been opened there; and one shipper claims to be getting from $200 to $400 a ton out of his ore. Another gold district is east of this on the Seminoe Mountains. Others are on both sides of the Medicine Bow range, southwest of Laramie City, and near the Colorado line; in the Black Hills, in the Little Laramie Valley, in the Silver Crown District, and in the Big Horn country. The gold mining in the State is sufficiently promising to interest a great many miners and considerable capital; but the best friends and best judges of the new State see the richest future for her in the development of her splendid agricultural lands first, and next in her coal and iron fields.—Harper's Magazine.

A Beaver Dam.

So long as warm weather lasts, the beaver lives an easy life, disturbed only by the ungainly moose that wades out and shares his crop of lily-stems. But in a country where the winters are severe and the snow piles up six to nine feet on a level, he must prepare for the future.

A family of beavers, consisting, perhaps, of a pair of old ones and their children, have eaten everything in the way of bark that can be eaten, and must change their quarters. Selecting a stream where food is abundant, they will build a dam—for a ready-made pond like the one just described is, of course, not to be found every day.

On these northern brooks, alders spring up wherever they find a foothold, often quite choking the stream. Usually mere bushes, they sometimes attain a height of twenty feet and a diameter of six inches, and take entire possession. Such places a beaver loves, for they furnish an abundant building material, and help to hold their dams in place. At the point chosen for the dam, sticks are cut of varying size and laid in the brook, butts pointing downstream. Others are laid on top of these, not always parallel, but in every direction, yet moderately smooth on the lower side. Dirt, sticks and stones are piled on top, then more sticks, until there rises an irregular, narrow pile of brush and dirt, the whole thoroughly matted together.

Groups of alders standing in midstream are taken in whenever it is possible, and to obtain the support of these, a dam may change its direction several times. Freshets cannot tear them away. As the dam grows higher, the water begins to flow around the ends. So the dam is added to, bit by bit, until even in a small brook it may reach a length of three or four hundred feet, in some places a slight ridge that one would scarcely notice, in others a pretentious structure, two or three, and sometimes five or six, feet high, over which the water trickles.—St. Nicholas.

There are in Missouri three "lady undertakers" who have made a success of a profession.

ANIMAL CENSUSES.

A Phase of the Population Question but Seldom Considered.

We are accustomed to take into consideration the population of a country or town in thinking or speaking of it, but we consider this matter from a somewhat restricted—that is, a human—point of view. If we looked at it from an equine point of view, and considered countries and cities as to their horse population, these regions and places would be changed about a great deal in rank and importance. Populous countries would all at once become thinly inhabited, and certain great cities would disappear from the face of the earth. Thus it would be, also, if we looked at the matter from the mule's or the pig's or the sheep's point of view.

Certain cities of Eastern Asia, for instance, have no horses at all. The Tuamotu archipelago, which extends in the Pacific Ocean a distance of fifteen hundred miles, is put down in the official publication of the United States Department of Agriculture on the farm animals of the world as possessing only two horses. They must be lonesome animals indeed, unless they are so fortunate as to have the same owner.

The most populous horse country in the world is Russia in Europe. It has twenty millions of horses. The United States comes next, with a horse population of more than sixteen millions.

In proportion to the number of inhabitants, the United States is far richer in horses than Russia. But in that proportion the United States is in turn far surpassed by the Argentine Republic, where, according to the latest accessible figures, there are a few more horses than people.

The countries of Western and Southern Europe are thinly populated with horses, compared with the American continent and Russia. Italy, with a human population of more than thirty millions, has only seven hundred and twenty thousand horses. But it has almost twice as many mules and donkeys as horses.

Spain has only a few more than three hundred thousand horses, or about one horse to every sixty people. Most of the "cavaliers" of Spain ride on donkeys.

The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has only about two million horses.

The United States is the most populous mule country in the world. It is also, by many millions, the most populous pig country, possessing over forty-six millions of swine. There is here also a larger proportion of pigs to the human population than in any other country—larger even than in Ireland, a country which is popularly but mistakenly supposed to be the Utopia of the pig.

The country of the sheep, par excellence, is Australia. On that continent there are a few more than three million people, but there are sixty-two million sheep—that is to say, twenty sheep to every man, woman and child.

In the United States we have only about forty-seven million sheep, which, though a larger sheep population than that of any other country except Australia and the Argentine Republic, is not proportionately so great a number as several other countries possess.

British India has more cattle than any other country, but the United States has almost as many—upwards of fifty-two millions. However, the Argentine Republic again leads in the number of cattle in proportion to human beings. If the cattle in Argentina were divided equally among all the people, every man, woman and child would have five cattle to take care of, and there would be enough left to give one additional "critter" each to almost a million of the people.

Considered from the point of view of farm animals, the Argentine Republic is probably the most important country in the world.

Cannon Balls Travel 1,365 Miles per Hour.

A locomotive working under a pressure of 140 to 165 pounds to the square inch of boiler surface can move a train with a velocity as high as sixty miles per hour and, under exceptionally good circumstances and conditions, even seventy-five miles in the same length of time. While we are apt to set this down as a wonderful rate of speed, it is slow, very slow, when compared with the velocity of a projectile fired from a modern "great gun," of the 100-ton variety. Such missiles push forward through the air at the unthinkable rate of 1,365 miles per hour, the impelling force exerting a pressure of 45,000 pounds to each square inch.—Philadelphia Press.

Ladies who do a great deal of sewing frequently suffer a great deal from soreness of the mouth and lips, and are often at a loss to ascertain the cause of the trouble. Half the time it is simply the result of biting off thread instead of using a pair of shears for cutting. In the case of silk thread the danger is quite marked, because it is usual to soak the thread in acetate of lead, partly to harden it and give it a good surface, and also, perhaps, to increase its weight somewhat. If this practice is followed regularly and very much silk thread is used the results may be quite serious and even lead to blood-poisoning.

We Cure Rupture.

No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price $1; by mail, $1.15.

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

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.

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

J. S. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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

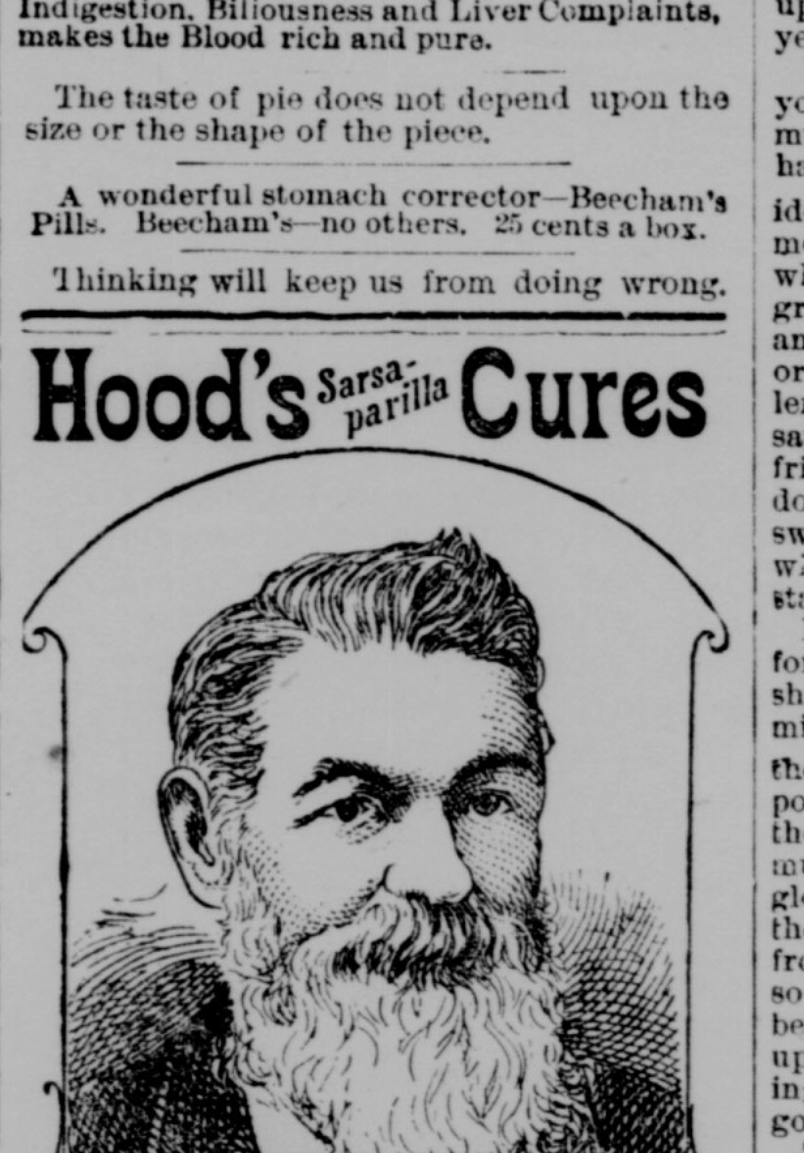
Ladies needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

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

A wonderful stomach corrector—Beecham's Pills. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

Thinking will keep us from doing wrong.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures



"I cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all suffering with indigestion, impure blood, humors, loss of appetite, or run down, or out of order generally. ***It will surely help you*** if there is any help for you. I have found it a very great benefit for malaria, chills and fever, rheumatism, kidney complaint and catarrh, ***even when I considered myself incurable.***" Henry S. Foster, Scarborough, N. Y. N. B.—Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25 cents.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Grapes From Canaan."

Text: *"And they came unto the brook of Eschol and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff."*—Numbers xiii., 23.

The long trudge of the Israelites across the wilderness was almost ended. They had come to the borders of the promised land. Of the 600,000 adults who started from Egypt for Canaan, how many do you suppose got there? Five hundred thousand? Oh, no. Not 200,000, not 100,000, nor 50, nor 20, nor 10, but only 2 men. Oh, it was a ruinous march that God's people made, but their children were living, and they were on the march, and now that they had come up to the borders of the promised land they were very curious to know what kind of a place it was and whether it would be safe to go over. So a scouting party is sent out to reconnoiter, and they examine the land, and they come back bringing specimens of its growth.

Just as you came back from California, bringing to your family a basket of pears or plums or apples to show what monstrous fruit they have there, so this scouting party cut off the biggest bunch of grapes they could find. It was so large that one man could not carry it, and they thrust a pole through the cluster, and there was one man at either end of the pole, and so the bunch of grapes was transported.

I was some time ago in a luxuriant vineyard. The vine dresser had done his work. The vine had clambered up and spread its wealth all over the arbor. The sun and shower had mixed a cup which the vine drank until with flushed cheek it lay slumbering in the light, cluster against the cheek of cluster. The rinds of the grapes seemed almost bursting with the juice in the warm lips of the autumnal day, and it seemed as if all you had to do was to lift a chalice toward the cluster and its lifeblood would begin to drip away. But, my friends, in these rigorous climes we know nothing about large grapes.

Starbo states that in Bible times and in Bible lands there were grapevines so large that it took two men with outstretched arms to reach round them, and he says there were clusters two cubits in length, or twice the length from the elbow to the tip of the long finger. Achaicus, dwelling in those lands, tells us that during the time he was smitten with fever one grape would slake his thirst for the whole day. No wonder, then, in those Bible times two men thought it worth their while to put their strength together to carry down one cluster of grapes from the promised land.

But this morning I bring you a larger cluster from the heavenly Eschol—a cluster of hopes, a cluster of prospects, a cluster of Christian consolations, and I am expecting that one taste of it will rouse up your appetite for the heavenly Canaan. During the past winter some of this congregation have gone away never to return. The aged have put down their staff and taken up the scepter. Men in midlife came home from office or shop and did not go back again and never will go back again. And the dear children, some of them have been gathered in Christ's arms. He found this world too rough a place for them, and so He has gathered them in. And, oh, how many wounded souls there are—wounds for which this world offers no medicament—and unless from the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ there shall come a consolation there will be no consolation at all. Oh, that the God of all comfort would help me while I preach and that the God of all comfort would help you while you hear!

First, I console you with the divinely sanctioned idea that your departed friends are as much yours now as they ever were. I know you sometimes get the idea in your mind when you have this kind of trouble that your friends are cut off from you and they are no longer yours, but the desire to have all our loved ones in the same lot in the cemetery is a natural desire, a universal desire and therefore a God implanted desire and is mighty suggestive of the fact that death has no power to break up the family relations.

If our loved ones go away from our possession, why put a fence around our lot in the cemetery? Why the gathering of four or five names on one family monument? Why the planting of one cypress vine so that it covers all the cluster of graves? Why put the husband beside the wife and the children at their feet? Why the bolt on the gate of our lot, and the charge to the keepers of the ground to see that the grass is cut and the vine attended to and the flowers planted? Why not put our departed friends in one common field and grave? Oh, it is because they are ours.

That child, O stricken mother! is as much yours this morning as in the solemn hour when God put it against your heart and said as of old, "Take this child and nurse it for Me, and I will give thee thy wages." It is no mere whim. It is a divinely planted principle in the soul, and God certainly would not plant a lie, and He would not culture a lie! Abraham would not allow Sarah to be buried in a stranger's grounds, although some very beautiful ground was offered him a free gift, but he pays 400 shekels for Machpelah, the cave, and the trees overshadowing it. The grave has been well kept and to-day the Christian traveler stands in thoughtful and admiring mood gazing upon Machpelah, where Abraham and Sarah are taking their long sleep of 4000 years.

Your father may be slumbering under the tinkling of the bell of the Scotch kirk. Your brother may have gone down in the ship that foundered off Cape Hatteras. Your little child may be sleeping on the verge of the flowering western prairie. Yet God will gather them all up, however widely the dust may be scattered. Nevertheless it is pleasant to think that we will be buried together. When my father died and we took him out and put him down in the graveyard at Somerville, it did not seem so sad to leave him there, because right beside him was my dear, good, old, beautiful Christian mother, and it seemed as if she said: "I was tired, and I came to bed a little early. I am glad you have come; it seems as of old."

Oh, it is a consolation to feel that when men come and with solemn tread carry you out to your resting place they will open the gate through which some of your friends have already gone and through which many of your friends will follow. Sleeping under the same roof, at last sleeping under the same sod. The autumnal leaves that drift across your grave will drift across theirs, the bird songs that drop on their mound will drop on yours, and then in starless winter nights, when the wind comes howling through the gorge, you will be company for each other. The child close up to the bosom of its mother. The husband and wife remarried; on their lips the sacrament of the dust.

Brothers and sisters who used in sport to fling themselves on the grass, now again reclining side by side in the grave, in flecks of sunlight sifting through the long, lithe willows. Then at the trumpet of the archangel to rise side by side, shaking themselves from the dust of ages. The faces that were ghastly and fixed when you saw them last all aflush with the light of incorruption. The father looking around on his children and saying, "Come, come, my darlings; this is the morning of the resurrection." Mrs. Sigourney wrote beautifully with the tears and blood of her own broken heart:

> There was a shaded chamber,
> A silent watching band,
> On a low couch a suffering child
> Grasping her mother's hand.
> But 'mid the gasp and struggle
> With shuddering lips she cried:
> "Mother, oh, dearest mother,
> Bury me by your side."
> Only one wish she uttered
> As life was ebbing fast:
> "Sleep by my side, dear mother,
> And rise with me at last."

Oh, yes, we want to be buried together. Sweet antetype of everlasting residence in each other's companionship.

When the wrecker went down into the cabin of the lost steamer, he found the mother and child in each other's arms. It was sad, but it was beautiful, and it was appropriate. Together they went down. Together they will rise. One on earth. One in heaven. Is there not something cheering in all this thought and something to impress upon us the idea that the departed are ours yet—ours forever?

But I console you again with the fact of your present acquaintanceship and communication with your departed friends. I have no sympathy, I need not say, with the ideas of modern spiritualism, but what I mean is the theory set forth by the apostle when he says, "We are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses." Just as in the ancient amphitheatre there were 80,000 or 100,000 people looking down from the galleries upon the combatants in the center, so, says Paul, there is a great host of your friends in all the galleries of the sky looking down upon our earthly struggles. It is a sweet, a consoling, a scriptural idea. With wing of angel, earth and heaven are in constant communication.

Does not the Bible say, "Are they not sent forth as ministering spirits to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" And when ministering spirits come down and see us, do they not take some message back? It is impossible to realize, I know, the idea that there is such rapid and perpetual intercommunication of earth and heaven, but it is a glorious reality. You take a rail train, and the train is in full motion, and another train from the opposite direction flashes past you so swiftly that you are startled. All the way between here and heaven is filled with the up trains and the down trains—spirits coming—spirits going—coming—going—coming going.

That friend of yours who died last month—do you not suppose he told all the family news about you in the good land to the friends who are gone? Do you not suppose that when there are hundreds of opportunities every day for them in heaven to hear from you that they ask about you—that they know your tears, your temptations, your struggles, your victories? Aye, they do.

Perhaps during the last war you had a boy in the army, and you got a pass, and you went through the lines, and you found him, and the regiment coming from your neighborhood and you knew most of the boys there. One day you started for home. You said: "Well, now, have you any letters to send? Any messages to send?" And they filled your pockets with letters, and you started for home. Arriving home, the neighbors came in, and one said, "Did you see my John?" and others, "Did you see George?" "Do you know anything about my Frank?" And then you brought out the letters and gave them the messages of which you had been the bearer. Do you suppose that angels of God, coming down to this awful battlefield of sin and sorrow and death and meeting us and seeing us and finding out all about us, carry back no message to the skies?

Oh, there is consolation in it! You are in present communication with that land. They are in sympathy with you now more than they ever were, and they are waiting for the moment when the hammer stroke shall shatter the last chain of your earthly bondage, and your soul shall spring upward, and they will stand on the heights of heaven and see you come, and when you are within hailing distance your other friends will be called out, and as you flash through the pearl hung gate their shout will make the hills tremble. "Hail! ransomed spirit, to the city of the blessed!"

I console you still further with the idea of a resurrection. I know there are a great many people who do not accept this because they cannot understand it; but, my friends, there are two stout passages—I could bring a hundred, but two swarthy passages are enough—and one David will strike down the largest Goliah. "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth." The other swarthy passage is this: "The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, and the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first." Oh, there will be such a thing as a resurrection.

You ask me a great many questions I cannot answer about this resurrection. You say, for instance, "If a man's body is constantly changing, and every seventh year he has an entirely new body, and he lives on to seventy years of age and so has had ten different bodies, and at the hour of his death there is not a particle of flesh on him that was there in the days of his childhood, in the resurrection which of the ten bodies will come up or will they all rise?"

You say, "Suppose a man dies, and his body is scattered in the dust, and out of that dust vegetables grow, and men eat the vegetables, and cannibals slay these men and eat them, and cannibals fight with cannibals until at last there shall be a hundred men who shall have within them some particles that started from the dead body first named, coming up through the vegetable, through the first man who ate it and through the cannibals who afterward ate him, and there be more than a hundred men who have rights in the particles of that body—in the resurrection how can they be assorted when these particles belong to them all?"

You say, "There is a missionary buried in Greenwood, and when he was in China he had his arm amputated—in the resurrection will that fragment of the body fly 16,000 miles to join the rest of the body?"

You say, "Will it not be a very difficult thing for a spirit coming back in that day to find the myriad particles of its own body, when they have been scattered by the winds or overlaid by whole generations of the dead, looking for the myriad particles of its own body, while there are a thousand million other spirits doing the same thing, and all the assortment to be made within one day?"

You say, "If 150 men go into a place of evening entertainment and leave their hats and overcoats in the hall, when they come back it is almost impossible for them to get the right ones, or to get them without a great deal of perplexity, and yet you tell me that myriads of spirits in the last day will come and find myriads of bodies."

Have you any more questions to ask? Any more difficulties to suggest? Any more mysteries? Bring them on! Against a whole regiment of skepticism I will march these two champions: "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth." "The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, and the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first." You see I stick to these two passages. Who art thou, O fool, that thou repliest against God? Hath He promised, and shall He not do it? Hath He commanded, and shall He not bring it to pass? Have you not confidence in His omnipotence? If He could in the first place build my body, after it is torn down can He not build it again?

"Oh," you say, "I would believe that if you would explain it. I am not disposed to be skeptical, but explain how it can be done." My brother, you believe a great many things you cannot explain. You believe your mind acts on your body. Explain the process. This seed planted comes up a blue flower. Another seed planted comes up a yellow flower. Another seed planted comes up a white flower. Why? Why that wart on your finger? Tell me why some cows have horns and other cows have no horns. Why, when two obstacles strike each other in the air, do you hear the percussion? What is the subtle energy that dissolves a solid in a crucible? What makes the notches on an oak leaf different from any other kind of leaf? What makes the orange blossom different from that of the rose? How can the almightiness which rides on the circle of the heaven find room to turn its chariot on a heliotrope? Explain these. Can you not do it? Then I will not explain the resurrection. You explain one-half of the common mysteries of everyday life, and I will explain all the mysteries of the resurrection. You cannot answer me very plain questions in regard to ordinary affairs. I am not ashamed to say that I cannot explain God, and the judgment, and the resurrection. I simply accept them as facts, tremendous and infinite.

Before the resurrection takes place everything will be silent. The mausoleums and the labyrinths silent. The graveyards silent, the cemetery silent, save from the clashing of hoofs and the grinding of wheels as the last funeral procession comes in. No breath of air disturbing the dust where Persepolis stood and Thebes and Babylon. No winking of the eyelids long closed in darkness. No stirring of the feet that once bounded the hillside. No opening of the hand that once plucked the flower out of the edge of the wild wood. No clutching of swords by the men who went down when Persia battled and Rome fell. Silence from ocean beach to mountain cliff and from river to river. The sea singing the same old tune. The lakes hushed to sleep in the bosom of the same great hills. No hand disturbing the gate of the long-barred sepulcher. All the nations of the dead motionless in their winding sheets. Up the side of the hills, down through the trough of the valleys, far out in the caverns, across the fields, deep down into the coral palaces of the ocean depths where leviathan sports with his fellows—everywhere, layer above layer, height above height, depth below depth—dead! dead! dead! But in the twinkling of an eye, as quick as that, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, reverberating, crashing across continents and seas, the earth will give one fearful shudder and the door of the family vault, without being unlocked, will burst open, and all the graves of the dead will begin to throb and heave like the waves of the sea, and the mausoleum of princes will fall into dust, and Ostend and Sebastopol and Austerlitz and Gettysburg stalk forth in the lurid air, and the shipwrecked rise from the deep, their wet locks looming above the billow, and all the land and all the sea become one moving mass of life—all generations, all ages with upturned countenances—some kindled with rapture and others blanched with despair, but gazing in one direction, upon one object, and that the throne of resurrection.

On that day you will get back your Christian dead. There is where the comfort comes in. They will come up with the same hand, the same foot and the same entire body, but with a perfect hand, and a perfect foot, and a perfect body, corruption, mortality having become immortality. And, oh, the reunion! Oh, the embrace after so long an absence! Comfort one another with these words.

While I present these thoughts this morning does it not seem that heaven comes very near to us, as though our friends, whom we thought a great way off, are not in the distance, but close by? You have sometimes come down to a river at nightfall, and you have been surprised how easily you could hear voices across that river. You shouted over to the other side of the river, and they shouted back. It is said that when George Whitefield preached in Third street, Philadelphia, one evening time his voice was heard clear across to the New Jersey shore.

When I was a little while chaplain in the army, I remember how at eventide we could easily hear the voices of the pickets across the Potomac just when they were using ordinary tones. And as we come to-day and stand by the river of Jordan that divides us from our friends who are gone it seems to me we stand on one bank, and they stand on the other, and it is only a narrow stream, and our voices go, and their voices come. Hark! Hush! I hear distinctly what they say. "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Still the voice comes across the water, and I hear, "We hunger no more; we thirst no more; neither shall the sun light on us nor any heat for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, leads us to living fountains of water, and God wipeth away all tears from our eyes."

Bastinado Punishment in Persia.

Among the Persians, the usual mode of punishment is the bastinado, from which men of the highest rank are not exempt. It is inflicted with very great severity, frequently so as to render the sufferer almost a cripple for life. The victim is thrown upon his face, each foot is passed through a loop of strong cord attached to a pole, which is raised horizontally by men, who, twisting it round, tighten the ropes and render the feet immovable. Two executioners then strike the soles alternately with switches of the pomegranate tree, well steeped in water to render them supple. A store of these switches is generally ready for use in the pond which adjoins the courtyards of the houses of the great. The punishment frequently lasts an hour, or until the unfortunate victim faints from pain.—Sala's Journal.

A train on the Ohio Southern Railroad jumped the track at Harris's curve, near Storm's Station, Ohio. The fireman was badly injured, and eight passengers received cuts and bruises.

A VILLAGE OF FARM HOUSES.

The European System of Agricultural Life Will Be Tried in Georgia.

An experiment is to be tried in Georgia as the result of recent discussion by the local press which has been very successful in parts of Europe. This is to build farm houses in a group as a center of the farms lying about. Already a tract of land twenty-five miles square has been acquired at Floyd Springs, Floyd County, and a company organized to control the experiment. The causes which have led to the adoption of this system are deep-seated and far-reaching. For years felonious assaults have been on the increase in the South, and it has come to the pass that prudent men dislike to leave their families unprotected on isolated farms while they are at some distance away at work. The chief cause is the depression in agriculture resulting from the present system of insufficient culture over a wide area. The idea is to substitute extensive farming and sell the surplus land.

An equally important cause is the lack of social facilities on widely separated farms, especially during the winter months, when the roads are often very bad. Thus, on a tract twenty-five miles square, there would be 160 farms of 100 acres each, and as many families situated at a village in the center of the tract, where they would have all the advantages of urban life, with schools, churches, a postoffice, stores, etc., and at the same time no man would be further than two miles from his farm, and could easily reach it in twenty-five minutes. Thus all the monotony of rural life would be avoided, while practically all of its freedom would be retained.

Similar movements are in process of formation in other parts of the State, and from what can be seen this new phase of rural life is likely to extend throughout the Southern States. It will have a great effect upon crops, and is likely to curtail the production of cotton and increase grain-growing, fruit-growing and a variety of agricultural and horticultural industries. It is part of the Floyd County scheme to establish a canning factory for the preservation of the fruit raised.

Bunyan's Pilgrim in a New Role.

Those who are familiar with Bunyan's immortal allegory will thoroughly appreciate the following: An auctioneer was selling a library at auction. He was not very well read in books, but he scanned the titles, trusted to luck and went ahead. "Here you have," he said, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; how mutch'm I offered for it? How much do I hear for the Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan? 'Tis a first-rate book, gentlemen, with six superior illustrations; how much do I hear? All about the Pilgrims, by John Bunyan! Tells where they come from, an' where they landed, and what they done after they landed! Here's a picter of one of 'em going about Plymouth peddlin', with a pack on his back."

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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

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Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

The export of frozen mutton is becoming one of New Zealand's chief industries. The export of frozen beef has been declining of late years, but that of mutton has largely increased. There are now twenty-one freezing establishments in the colony with a capacity not far short of 4,000,000 sheep a year. Nearly all the frozen meat exported from New Zealand and Australia goes to England. A new storehouse recently built on the Thames in London has a capacity of 200,000 carcasses. New Zealand exports about twice as much mutton as does Australia.

To Make Excellent Cologne.

Into one pint of spirits of wine put half an ounce of camphor, two drachms of ambergris, six drachms of oil of civet and six drachms of oil of bergamot. Cork up tight and shake every morning and night for a couple of weeks. Then filter, and it is ready for use.

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(See Bulletin 13, Chemical Division of U. S. Agricultural Dept.)

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"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried your August Flower and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Ont.

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