Some Ferocious Beasts.

The age of archery was preceded by a long period of rough-and-tumble combats that must often have made it doubtful if the claws and teeth of carnivorous beasts would not ultimately prevail against the rude weapons of our forefathers. The invention of bows and arrows decided the supremacy of man, and many of his fellow-creatures thought it wisest to purchase the privilege of survival by entering the service of the terrible tool-maker.

But there are animals that refuse that compromise, says a writer in the Globe-Democrat. Like the Bedouin bandits who answer the challenge of surrender with a rifle shot, thousands of four-footed outlaws still maintain the desperate struggle for independence; and under circumstances precluding the hope of victory, conduct their campaign on the principle of selling their lives as dearly as possible. Many species of carnivora clearly prefer revenge to flight. In the interior of Ceylon there are mountain forests where the cave bear (ursus labiatus) finds a safe retreat from the pursuit of the native hunters, but, if wounded, that small relative of our grizzly will invariably turn upon his aggressors, and decline to be satisfied with the triumph of routing them at the first charge. With leaps that would do credit to a kangaroo, he hunts the would-be hunters, and is thus sometimes drawn into an ambush where a reserve force of native sportsmen discharge their spears and then scatter in wild flight, well aware that the bear would make an example of the first prostrate foe. He would tear off his face like a mask, flay his ribs and chew his hands to pieces. Cingalese travelers, who have to cross the haunts of the cave bear, provide themselves with written charms, setting forth the meritorious purpose of their journey, and the harmlessness of their personal disposition, and Sir Emerson Tennent speaks of a messenger who took the precaution to make a Buddhist priest sign a document of that sort. Prudence, moreover, makes it advisable to cross the perilous thickets in silence, for an untimely whoop may provoke the bear to the degree of flaying the tresspasser, with brutal indifference to the indorsements of his certificates.

A Moberly (Mo.) girl poisoned herself because her father directed her to perform some slight household duty while her sweetheart was calling on her. The emancipation-of-woman craze doesn't seem to have reached Moberly as yet.

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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Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS attended to for MODERATE FEES. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON. Send MODEL, DRAWING or PHOTO of invention. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

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Your Stomach Distresses You

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

RIPANS TABULES

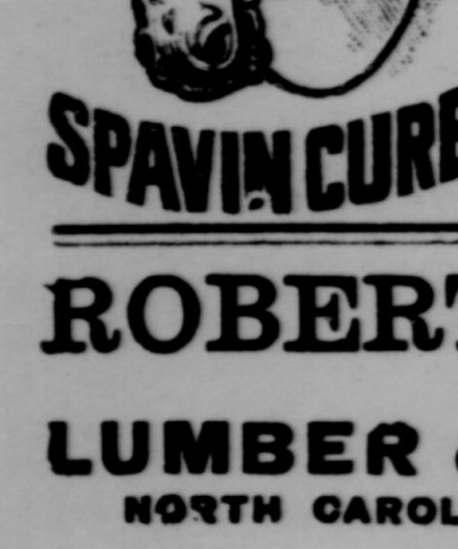
Promote Digestion, Regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Purify the Blood, and are a Positive Cure for Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, and all other Diseases arising from a disordered condition of the Liver and Stomach. They act gently yet promptly, and perfect digestion follows their use.

Ripans Tabules take the place of an Entire Medicine Chest, and should be kept for use in every family.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY!

DR. CHECINI'S ELECTRIC SPAVIN CURE



Positively removes BONE SPAVIN, Ringbone, Splint, or Curb, IN 48 HOURS, Without Pain. $500 Reward For Failure or Slightest Injury. This is the Greatest Wonder of the 19th Century, astonishing, as it does, the entire Veterinary world. Circulars and Sworn Proofs Mailed Free. Dr. Guy Checini, No. 378 Canal St., New York.

Some Efficient Antidotes.

In every case of poisoning an emetic should be given as quickly as possible, to remove from the stomach as much of the poison as can be taken out. The subsequent treatment varies according to the nature of the poison. For arsenic in any of its forms the hydrated sequi-oxide of iron, chalk, or magnesia and castor oil should be administered: for lead or copper poisoning, no matter by what compound of the metals, sweet milk, the white of eggs, sweet oil and mucilaginous drinks are the best treatment. For lye, soda, potash or ammonia, vinegar, oil or warm lard, with white of egg, followed by mustard and ipecac in warm water. For nux vomica or strychnine, tauric acid or creosote, any kind of oil in liberal doses. For oxalic, nitric, and other caustic acids, soda, chalk, lime, followed by oil and emulsions. For the narcotic poisons, cold applications and strong coffee must be given and the patient kept in constant motion to overcome the tendency to stupor. Sometimes, as in the case of chloroform against strychnine, one poison may be made to counteract another. This is illustrated by phosphorus, the antidote to which is blue vitrol in large quantities to empty the stomach, hydrated magnesia and French oil of turpentine. For iodine the best remedy is starch swallowed by handfuls.—St. Louis Republic.

Trees.

It is a common error that the roots of trees extend only as far from the trunk as the length of the branches; the truth is that they are usually longer on each side than the entire height of the tree. A tree thirty feet high forms a circle of roots more than sixty feet in diameter.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$4 55	@ $4 60
High Grade Extra	3 80	3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68	69
CORN—No. 2 White	53	54
Yellow	48	49
Ear Yellow per brl	2 45	2 50
OATS—Southern & Penn.	38	41
Western White	36	39
Mixed	35	37
RYE—No. 2	50	52
HAY—Choice Timothy	18 00	18 50
Good to Prime	17 00	17 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds	12 00	12 50
Wheat Blocks	7 00	7 50
Oat Blocks	8 50	9 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	$5	@ $5½
City Cows	4	4½
Southern No. 2	5½	5¾

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks	$2 00	@ $2 25
ONIONS	1 00	1 20
Yams	4 00	4 50

PROVISIONS.

HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds	$10	@ $10¼
Clear ribsides	10	10½
Bacon sides	12	12½
Hams	14½	15
Mess Pork, per bar		20 00
LARD—Crude		10¼
Best refined		11

BUTTER.

BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$21	@ $22
Under fine	20	21
Roll	17	18

CHEESE.

CHEESE—N. Y. Factory	$10	@ $10½
N. Y. flats	10½	10¾
Skim Cheese	6	8

EGGS.

EGGS—State	$13½	@ $14
North Carolina	13	13½

POULTRY.

CHICKENS—Hens	$11½	@ $12
Ducks, per lb	11	12

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	$4 75	@ $5 10
Good to Fair	4 00	4 65
SHEEP	2 00	4 60
Hogs	6 75	7 00

FURS AND SKINS.

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

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$3 15	@ $4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	70	70¼
RYE—Western	57	58
CORN—No. 2	47¾	48¼
OATS—No. 3	34	34½
BUTTER—State	17	21
EGGS—State	15½	16½
CHEESE—State	7½	8

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$3 60	@ $4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68¼	68½
CORN—No. 3	47½	47¾
OATS—N. 2	38½	39
BUTTER—State	20½	21
EGGS—Penns. ft	15½	16

SOUTHERN NEWS ITEMS.

The Florida system of picking oranges will be introduced in Louisiana this fall. The old system that has prevailed in Louisiana was to pull the fruit, often tearing out the stem instead of breaking it off. The fruit was piled on the ground and afterward hauled in carts to the river and dumped on the bank in bulk, often being exposed to the weather for days at a time. The next move was into the holds of luggers, which carried the fruit to New Orleans, where it was sold to dealers and packers. In consequence of this careless treatment Louisiana organes have never been shipped North with profit. By the more modern system a railroad switch is constructed to the orange farm, capable of holding fifteen cars at a time. The fruit will be stem cut by a patent clipper, with a scoop attached, into which the orange drops when the stem is cut, the picker's hand only touches the fruit once, when he puts it into canvas sack at his side. When the sack is full the man descends a ladder and puts the oranges in grove boxes, which are set around the tree. A wagon comes and takes these boxes to the packing house, where the fruit is poured into sizing machines. These machines are to grade the oranges to the number of oranges to a box, varying according to the size of the fruit. From the sizing machine the fruit goes to the packer in the house, who stands behind the table or in a pit. This man takes an orange and packs it in a box. When the box is full it is sent to the nailers and is nailed up. The box is then branded, the size marked on it and it is then put into a car.

The levee convention called by Governor Foster met at the State House at Baton Rouge, and after a few speeches on the efficacy of the levee system, the presentation of exhaustive statistics of the State engineers, the committee on address issued presented a memorial to be sent to Congress urging liberal appropriation for levee work. Resolutions were adopted stating that the outlet system was impracticable for the reason that if an outlet were secured it would have to be leveed from its source to the mouth, which would cost as much or more than putting the present levee system in perfect condition; that Congress give the Mississippi river commission control of the Arkansas river from the Kansas bluff land to the mouth, it being necessary in connection with the levee system; that the Governor of Louisiana convene the levee boards of the State and adjacent States annually.

Justice Jackson has fixed the rehearing of the Georgia Southwestern Railroad case for August 28 in Nashville, Tenn. The petition asked in behalf of the Southwestern Railroad a further hearing in the matter of the foreclosure of the mortgage made by it October 1, 1872, to secure the triparite bonds, and it especially asks a hearing on the point as to whether the property covered by this mortgage should be sold under decree of foreclosure before the sale of the property of the Central Railroad and Banking Company covered by its own mortgage to secure the same bonds.

Stockholders of the Galveston and Western Railroad voted to increase the capital stock to $2,000,000 and build east to the Sabina river, north to Houston and west to San Antonio river. It was voted to issue $20,000 mile 5 per cent. bonds, running thirty years, on all the road to be built. The road has no bonded debt.

At Vidalia, Montgomery county, Ga., James Strickland killed James Lockley. It is said that Lockley killed Strickland's dog the day before. When Strickland learned this fact he took his gun, went to Lockley's house and shot him while at supper. Strickland was arrested and is now in jail.

In the United States Court at Atlanta, Ga., the attorney for the Central Trust Company filed a bill to foreclose a mortgage on the Georgia Pacific Railroad for $14,500,000. This is a part of the reorganization plan.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES

Corporal John W. Burke, Jr., of the Macon Volunteers, was killed at Cumberland Island, Georgia, by lightning, which ran down a tent pole.

A passenger train crashed into a crowded street car at a crossing in Chicago. Three persons were killed and a number injured, two fatally.

Mrs. George Bennett, aged 62 years, of Paterson, N. J., drank a quantity of tincture of iodine in mistake for syrup of rhubard, and will probably not recover.

Michael Snow and Richard Marshall were killed and four persons were seriously injured in Chicago by the premature explosion of a fireworks bomb at an Italian picnic.

The steamer Nasmyth, which arrived at New York from Santos and Rio de Janeiro, had three cases of yellow fever and two deaths during the voyage. She was detained at Quarantine.

John Peterson, aged 9 years, while bathing in the Monongela river, near Pittsburg, Pa., had his skull fractured by striking against a timber and was drowned. His brother Stanislaus, aged 13 years, went to the rescue and he too was drowned.

A can of naphtha exploded in the sweetband factory of J. D. Campbell, Brooklyn, killing four persons—J. D. Campbell, Samuel K. Campbell, his son, John Weiss, 25 years old, and Jacob Weiss. Matthew Deering was badly injured. The building was completely wrecked.

J. B. K. Prian, a wealthy lumber merchant of Washington, D. C., while suffering from hallucination, climbed to the roof of his house and made a running jump into the street, apparently under the belief that he was diving into a pool of water. Death was instantaneous.

By the explosion of a boiler in the Towanda Nail Works, at Towanda, Pa., one man was instantly kiled, one fatally injured and another severely burned and bruised. Within a few minutes after the explosion the whole plant was in flames, and the buildings were completely destroyed. A man named McGovern is missing, and is believed to be in the ruins.

Natural gas was struck near Newton Brook, Ontaria, at a cost of two lives. William Holmes, at work in the well 50 feet below the surface, signalled that he was in trouble and a man named Sharp descended. He did not return, and, after water was used to dissipate the gas, the two bodies were brought up. Holmes was dead and Sharp cannot recover.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

An iron railway lasts sixteen years; a steel one lasts forty.

One man out of every four is troubled with defective vision.

The common frog can change its color, to some extent, in harmony with its surroundings.

Glass bricks are on exhibition at the World's Fair. They are intended for buildings wherein great light is needed.

A botanist has found by experiment that there are grown in the country sixteen species of trees which, when thoroughly soaked, will sink in water.

Telephonemeter is the new instrument that registers the time of each conversation at the telephone from the time of ringing up the exchange to the ringing-off signal.

In 1863 measurements of many thousands of men in the United States Army showed that the average height of men born in the United States was 67.8 inches; of Englishmen, 66.7; of Irishmen, 67; Frenchmen, 65.5; Germans, 66.7.

The prevalence of crimson colors in certain fishes on our New England coast on portions of which scarlet and crimson seaweeds abound, is explained by Professor J. Brown Goode by the red pigment derived by the crustaceans from the seaweeds they devour, and which in turn form the food of the fishes.

Some writers think the process of turning white among arctic animals is in some way connected with a decrease of vital energy; and in his notes on recent science in the Nineteenth Century, Prince Krapotkin brings forward as an example the alleged permanent white colors of domesticated animals in sub-arctic regions, such as the Yakutsk horse.

Doctor W. C. Phillips, of New York City, recently made an interesting experiment at the Academy of Medicine. In a boy's mouth he placed a small electric light, then the extinguishment of the gas left the spectators in the dark. They saw that the boy's face was illuminated, the light shining through his cheeks, revealing every vein and imperfection.

One of the most curious rock formations in the world is to be seen in Arizona. It is a short distance east of the stage road between Tucson and Oracle and stands on a knoll several feet above the surrounding sand hills. It is a most perfect representation of a camel and is formed of one piece of granite. It is about sixty feet high and is very white and smooth.

An apparatus has been constreted for telephoing simultaneously over telegraph wires. The system has been in operation for some time on the telephone line from Buda-Pesth to Szegedin, a distance of 121 miles. The results were satisfactory. The apparatus can easily be inserted in a telegraph circuit and used at once. It is said that simultaneous telegraphy along the wire does not in the least interfere with telephoning and that the effects of induction and all disturbing noises are completely removed.

Marine Punishment.

An old Maine mariner was talking about punishments on shipboard. Some one had referred to those cruel persecutions alleged against Captain William Patterson by the Jefferson Borden mutineers, and the Maine sailor man, who has endured most of these chastisements that are visited upon an incorrigible Jack, fell into a sadly reminiscent mood. Nowadays offenders escape such stiff and straight doses as inexorable skippers had power to prescribe ten or fifteen years ago. In the navy especially are the punishments toned down.

In the merchant service an ugly "old man" can make life hot for his crew, but most captains understand that this barbarity doesn't pay. A reputation for traculence drives away good men. Only those with tough hides and red-hot dispositions will ship with a bullying skipper.

Probably keel-hauling was one of the most severe of the old-time punishments. A long rope was run through a block at the end of the yard arm, passed under the ship and brought up through another block at the opposite end of the yard.

The unhappy culprit was stripped and made fast to this rope. A detail stood ready to pull all together. At a signal the man was dumped overboard, was hauled quickly around under the vessel and brought to the deck on the opposite side, kicking and strangling. This dose was repeated according to the man's offence and his staying qualities.

The victims did not grumble so much at the douche in the cold sea as at the fearful scraping they received against the bottom of the ship. The bare hide found knobs, mussels and barnacles in plenty. There have been instances in which a shark, straying conveniently near, has made a hasty lunch from the anatomy of a marine as he was hurried past.

If any one is keel-hauled nowadays he never hears about it.

The lockup on board is called "the brig." The brig is a sort of cage in which an offender is confined on short rations or no rations at all. Sometimes he is ironed and sometimes he is unshackled.

Confinement in the brig isn't a grewsome punishment at all. In fact, if a sailor is a little tired or feels lazy the brig, under most conditions, enables him to spend a day of leisure very comfortably. Sailors who come back to shipboard in an enthoosled state will have a taste of brig life.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Smart Young Poacher.

On a property where the rabbit shooting was strictly preserved, upon the southern coast of England, a boy was once caught with two dead rabbits in his possession, and nothing else that would account for their decease. A search of his pockets revealed nothing but two live crabs of small dimensions, the end of a candle and a box of matches. Under promise of release the urchin was persuaded to disclose his method of proceedure, which is described by the London Spectator.

First he selected a likely burrow and then he stripped off his clothes, putting his coat over one hole, his trousers over another and his shirt over the third. He lit the candle and dropped a little of the grease upon a crab's back and stuck the lighted candle thereon and then put the crab at an unoccupied opening. Straightway the frightened torch-bearer fled sideways in the darkness and explored the innermost depths, while the boy expectant as a terrier, awaited events outside. Presently a rabbit bolted into the coat and boy, rabbit, coat all rolled over together, the boy rising from the fray with the rabbit in his clothes. What happened to the crab the history did not relate.

Horses' Hats.

The horse's hat, which last year a humane horse owner in Bordeaux provided for his horses, is now becoming a great article of trade in France. It is made of straw and covers the eyes and forehead of the horse, while openings are left for the ears. A sponge is kept in the inside of the hat, and this is moistened from time to time with vinegar, so as to keep the horse's head refreshingly cool.

Umbrellas were introduced into London between the years 1750 and 1760, and are supposed to have been invented just before that time.

Success in Life.

"If we expect to succeed in life we must make up our mind to work hard. We must not let it be our notion of a fine lady or gentleman to do nothing. The idle life is a miserable life; it is bound to be so. God has promised many a blessing to industry; He has promised none to indolence. God Himself works, and He wants His children to work.

"The second thing that tends directly to success in life is a distinct aim. A man may run very hard in a race; the perspiration may stream from his brow, and every muscle be strained; but if he is not running in a right direction, if he is running away from the goal, all his activity will not help him. So industrious habits are not sufficient, unless we have a distinct idea of what we are aiming at. The world is full of purposeless people, and such people come to nothing.

"The third essential to success in life is moral character, in its various elements of honesty, truthfulness, steadiness, temperance. 'Honesty is the best policy' is one of these worldly maxims that express the experience of mankind. A small leak will sink a great ship. One bad string in a harp will turn its music into discord. Any flaw in moral character will sooner or later bring disaster. * * * We may have other qualifications that go to command success, such as those we have noticed—industry and a distinct aim—but want of principle will render them useless.

"The last essential to success in life is religious hopefulness. Our industry, our purpose, our principles may be all that they ought to be, yet the 'race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong.' * * * Christian faith keeps men in good heart amid many discouragements. Even if a man or woman becomes rich or clever, and have life pleasant around them, they cannot feel, at the close of life, that they have succeeded, if the future is dark before them. When Cardinal Wolsey, who had been the favorite of the King, and had long held the Government of England in his hand, fell from power, he said: 'If I had served my God as truly as I served my King, He would not have forsaken me in my gray hairs.' The world is a poor comforter at the last."—Rev. J. Cameron Lees, D. D.

Which Was the Prince?

Some years ago a masquerade ball was given by the late Lady Marion Alford, mother of the present Earl Brownlow, and a very distinguished company was invited. As all were to be marked, each guest was naturally requested to present the card of invitation at the door of Alford House. And, equally naturally, several of the masqueraders had forgot to bring their cards.

The first of these, being a gentleman of resource, hit, however, on a plan to gain admission without the required formula, that proved perfectly successful.

"Your card of invitation, please, sir."

"I am the Prince of Wales."

The servant bowed low, and the pseudo-prince passed up.

Ten minutes later another guest arrived without his card. By an odd coincidence the same expedient occurred to him.

"I must ask you for your invitation card, sir," said the servant.

The guest stared at him absentmindedly.

"Oh!" he said, "I have not got it; but it doesn't matter, I think. I am the Prince of Wales."

The second pretender might have had more difficulty in enforcing his claim; but at the foot of the steps was one of the royal carriages, and the sight of the scarlet liveries convinced the servant that he had been deceived by the first pretender, and that the true Prince stood there in propria persona.

With a murmured apology the official bowed lower than before, and amid the whispers of the bystanders the royal claimant passed on.

His place was taken by a stout gentleman in a marvelous costume of scarlet and crimson.

"Your card, sir."

"I am the Prince of Wales," said the scarlet domino, briefly.

But the servant smiled.

"Oh, no!" he said, blandly but firmly. "I must really thank you to return for your ticket of invitation. His Royal Highness has already arrived!"

And the heir apparent of the realm had to remove his mask ere he could obtain a recognition of his identity.

Twain Lied.

The following story is told of Mark Twain by a gentleman who lives near his residence at Hartford: One day Mark answered the telephone, and, after hallooing for some time without an answer, he used some language not generally seen in print, but which was certainly picturesque. While thus engaged he heard an answer in astonished tones, and recognized the voice of an eminent divine whom he knew very well. "Is that you, Doctor?" questioned Mark: "I didn't hear what you said. My butler has been at the telephone and said he couldn't understand you."

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

When young hearts break they knit again readily.

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.

No sympathy is felt for the man who is a fool twice.

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

A baby is a blossom on which there are a few thorns.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Discover your false friends; your true ones will discover you.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters—the Best Tonic. It rebuilds the Blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.

When gossip beats the drum of the ear the tongue tells the tune.

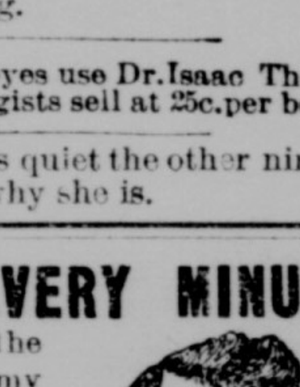
Mornings—Beecham's Pills with a drink of water. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

Some men pray without thinking and some think without praying.

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

While one woman is quiet the other ninety-nine are asking her why she is.

SUFFERED EVERY MINUTE



Since I came out of the war, with catarrh in my head, chronic diarrhœa and rheumatism," says Mr. J. G. Anderson, of Scottdale, Pa. "I had pains all over me, my sight was dim, and there seemed to be *floating specks* before my eyes. The food I ate seemed like lead in my stomach. The rheumatism was in my right hip and shoulders. Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills did me more good than anything else. All my disagreeable symptoms have gone."

Mr. J. G. Anderson.

HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

"SHARPENED AXES."

Subject of Dr. Talmage's Sermon at Madison, Wis.

TEXT: *"Now, there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel," etc.*—I Samuel xiii., 19-21.

My loving and glad salutation to this uncounted host, Chautauquans, Christian Endeavors, gospel workers and their friends from all parts of Wisconsin and America, saints and sinners! My text is gloriously appropriate. What a galling subjugation the Israelites were suffering! The Philistines had carried off all the blacksmiths and torn down all the blacksmiths' shops and abolished the blacksmith's trade in the land of Israel.

These Philistines had a particular grudge against blacksmiths, although I have always admired them and have sometimes thought I ought to have been one myself. The Philistines would not even allow these parties to work their valuable mines of brass and iron; nor might they make any swords or spears. There were only two swords left in all the land. Yea, these Philistines went on until they had taken all the grindstones from the land of Israel, so that if an Israelitish farmer wanted to sharpen his plow or his ax he had to go over to the garrison of the Philistines to get it done. There was only one sharpening instrument left in the land, and that was a file. The farmers and the mechanics having nothing to whet up the coulter, and the goad, and the pickax save a simple file, industry was hindered and work practically disgraced.

The great idea of these Philistines was to keep the Israelites disarmed. They might get iron out of the hills to make swords of, but they would not have any blacksmiths to weld this iron. If they got the iron welded, they would have no grindstones on which to bring the instruments of agriculture or the military weapons up to an edge. Oh, you poor, weaponless Israelites, reduced to a file, how I pity you! But these Philistines were not forever to keep their heel on the neck of God's children. Jonathan, on his hands and knees, climbs up a great rock beyond which were the Philistines, and his armor bearer, on his hands and knees, climbs up the same rock, and these two men, with their two swords, hew to pieces the Philistines, the Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was then; so it is now. The two men of God on their knees mightier than a Philistine host on their feet.

I learn first from this subject how dangerous it is for the church of God to allow its weapons to stay in the hands of its enemies. These Israelites might again and again have obtained a supply of swords and weapons, as for instance, when they took the spoils of the Ammonites, but these Israelites seemed content to have no swords, no spears, no blacksmiths, no grindstones, no active iron mines, until it was too late for them to make any resistance. I see the farmers tugging along with their pickaxes and plows, and I say, "Where are you going with those things?" They say, "Oh, we are going over to the garrison of the Philistines to get these things sharpened." I say, "You foolish men; why don't you sharpen them at home?" "Oh," they say, "the blacksmiths' shops are all torn down, and we have nothing left us but a file."

So it is in the church of Christ to-day. We are too willing to give up our weapons to the enemy. The world boasts that it has gobbled up the schools, and the colleges, and the arts, and the sciences, and the literature, and the printing press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in its hand and then to keep them. You know it is making this boast all the time; and after a while, when the great battle between sin and righteousness has opened, if we do not look out we will be as badly off as these Israelites, without any swords to fight with and without any sharpened instruments.

I call upon the superintendents of literary institutions to see to it that the men who go into the classrooms to stand beside the Leyden jars, and the electric batteries, and the microscopes or telescopes be children of God, not Philistines. The atheistic thinkers of this day are trying to get all the intellectual weapons of this century in their own grasp. What we want is scientific Christians to capture the science, and scholastic Christians to capture the scholarship, and philosophic Christians to capture the philosophy, and lecturing Christians to take back the lecturing platform.

We want to send out against Schenkel and Strauss and Renan of the past men like the late Theodore Christlieb of Bonn, and against the infidel scientists a God worshiping Silliman and Hitchcock and Agassiz. We want to capture all the philosophical apparatus and swing around the telescopes on the swivel until through them we can see the morning star of the Redeemer, and with mineralogical hammer discover the "Rock of Ages," and amid the flora of the realms find the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."

We want a clergy learned enough to discourse of the human eye, showing it to be a microscope and telescope in one instrument, with 800 wonderful contrivances and lids closing 30,000 or 40,000 times a day, all its muscles and nerves and bones showing the infinite skill of an infinite God, and then winding up with the peroration, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" And then we want to discourse about the human ear, its wonderful integuments, membranes and vibration, and its chain of small bones, and its auditory nerves, closing with the question, "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?"

And we want some one able to expound the first chapter of Genesis, bringing to it the geology and the astronomy of the world, until, as Job suggested, "the stones of the field shall be in league" with the truth, and "the stars in their courses shall fight against Sisera." Oh, church of God, go out and recapture these weapons. Let men of God go out and take possession of the platform. Let all the printing press of this country speak out for Christ, and the reporters, and the typesetters, and the editors and publishers swear allegiance to the Lord God of truth.

Ah, my friend, that day must come, and if the great body of Christian men have not the faith, or the courage, or the consecration to do it, then let some Jonathan on his busy hands and on his praying knees climb up on the rock of hindrance, and in the name of the Lord God of Israel slash to pieces those literary Philistines. If these men will not be converted to God, then they must be destroyed.

Again, I learn from this subject what a large amount of the church's resources is actually hidden and buried and undeveloped. The Bible intimates that that was a very rich land—this land of Israel. It says, "The stones are iron, and out of the hills thou shalt dig brass," and yet hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of this metal was kept under the hills. Well, that is the difficulty with the church of God at this day. Its talent is not developed. If one-half of its energy could be brought out, it might take the public iniquities of the day by the throat and make them bite the dust. If human eloquence were consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ, it could in a few years persuade this whole earth to surrender to God.

There is enough undeveloped Christian energy in the United States to bring the whole world to Christ, but it is buried under strata of indifference and under whole mountains of sloth. Now, is it not time for the mining to begin, and the pickaxes to plunge, and for this buried metal to be brought out and put into the furnaces and be turned into howitzers and carbines for the Lord's host? The vast majority of Christians in this day are useless. The most of the Lord's battalion belong to the reserve corps. The most of the crew are asleep in the hammocks. The most of the metal is under the hills.

Oh, is it not time for the church of God to rouse up and understand that we want all the energies, all the talents and all the wealth enlisted for Christ's sake? I like the nickname that the English soldiers gave to Blucher, the commander. They called him "Old-Forwards." We have had enough retreats in the church of Christ; let us have a glorious advance. And I say to you now as the general said when his troops were affrighted. Rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he lifted his voice until 20,000 troops heard him, crying out, "Forward, the whole line!"

Again, I learn from this subject that we sometimes do well to take advantage of the world's sharpening instruments. These Israelites were reduced to a file, and so they went over to the garrison of the Philistines to get their axes, and their goads, and their plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states in the context that they had no other instruments now with which to do this work, and the Israelites did right when they went over to the Philistines to use their grindstones. My friends, is it not right for us to employ the world's grindstones? If there be art, if there be logic, if there be business faculty on the other side, let us go over and employ it for Christ's sake.

The fact is we fight with too dull weapons, and we work with too dull implements. We hack and we maul when we ought to make a clean stroke. Let us go over among sharp business men and among sharp literary men and find out what their taste is, and then transfer it to the cause of Christ. If they have science and art, it will do us good to rub against it. In other words, let us employ the world's grindstones. We will listen to their music, and we will watch their acumen, and we will use their grindstones, and we will borrow their philosophical apparatus to make our experiments, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their rail trains to carry our Christian literature, and we will borrow their ships to transport our missionaries.

That was what made Paul such a master in his day. He not only got all the learning he could get of Dr. Gamaliel, but afterward standing on Mars hill and in crowded thoroughfares quoted their poetry and grasped their logic and wielded their eloquence and employed their mythology until Dionysius, the Areopagite, learned in the schools of Athens and Heliopolis, went down under his tremendous powers.

That was what gave Thomas Chalmers his power in his day. He conquered the world's astronomy and compelled it to ring out the wisdom and greatness of the Lord, until for the second time the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. That was what gave to Jonathan Edwards his influence in his day. He conquered the world's metaphysics and forced it into the service of God, until not only the old meeting house in Northampton, Mass., but all Christendom, felt thrilled by his Christian power.

Well, now, my friends, we all have tools of Christian usefulness. Do not let them lose their edges. We want no rusty blades in this fight. We want no colter that cannot rip up the glebe. We want no ax that cannot fell the trees. We want no goad that cannot start the lazy team. Let us get the very best grindstones we can find, though they be in the possession of the Philistines, compelling them to turn the crank, while we bear down with all our might on the swift revolving wheel until all our energies and faculties shall be brought up to a brigat, keen, sharp, glittering edge.

Again, my subject teaches us on what a small allowance Philistine iniquity puts a man. Yes, these Philistines shut up the mines, and then they took the spears and the swords, then they took the blacksmiths, then they took the grindstones, and they took everything but a file. Oh, that is the way sin works. It grabs everything. It begins with robbery, and it ends with robbery. It despoils this faculty and that faculty and keeps on until the whole nature is gone. Was the man eloquent before, it generally thickens his tongue. Was he fine in personal appearance, it mars his visage. Was he affluent, it sends the sheriff to sell him out. Was he influential, it destroys his popularity. Was he placid and genial and loving, it makes him splenetic and cross, and so utterly is he changed that you can see he is sarcastic and rasping and that the Philistines have left him nothing but a file.

Oh, "the way of the transgressor is hard." His cup is bitter. His night is dark. His pangs are deep. His end is terrific. Philistine iniquity says to that man, "Now, surrender to me, and I will give you all you want—music for the dance, swift steeds for the race, imperial couch to slumber on, and you shall be refreshed with the rarest fruits in baskets of golden filigree." He lies. The music turns out to be a groan. The fruits burst the rind with rank poison. The filigree is made up of twisted snakes. The couch is a grave. Small allowance of rest, small allowance of peace, small allowance of comfort. Cold, hard, rough—nothing but a file. So it was with Voltaire, the most applauded man of his day:

The Scripture was his jestbook, whence he drew
Bonmots to gall the Christian and the Jew;
An infidel when well, but what when sick?
Oh, then a text would touch him to the quick.

Seized with hemorrhage of the lungs in Paris, where he had gone to be crowned in the theater as an idol of all France, he sends a messenger to get a priest that he may be reconciled to the church before he dies. A great terror falls upon him. He makes the place all round about him so dismal that the nurse declares that she would not for all the wealth of Europe see another infidel die. Philistine iniquity had promised him all the world's garlands, but in the last hour of his life, when he needed solacing, sent tearing across his conscience and his nerves a file, a file.

So it was with Lord Byron, his uncleanness in England only surpassed by his uncleanness in Venice, then going on to his brilliant misery at Missolonghi, and fretting at his nurse, Fletcher, fretting at himself, fretting at the world, fretting at God, and he who gave to the world "Childe Harold," and "Sardanapalus," and "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Siege of Corinth," reduced to nothing but a file!

Oh, sin has great facility for making promises, but it has just as great facility for breaking them. A Christian life is the only cheerful life, while a life of wicked surrender is remorse, ruin and death. Its painted glee is sepulchral ghastliness. In the brightest days of the Mexican Empire Montezuma said he felt knawing at his heart something like a canker. Sin, like a monster wild beast of the forest, sometimes licks all over its victim in order that the victim may be more easily swallowed; but generally sin rasps and galls and tears and upbraids and files. Is it not so, Herod? Is it not so, Hildebrand? Is it not so, Robespierre? Aye! aye! it is so; it is so. "The way of the wicked He turneth upside down."

History tells us that when Rome was founded, on that day there were 12 vultures flying through the air, but when a transgressor dies the skies is black with whole flocks of them. Vultures! When I see sin robbing so many people, and I see them going down day by day and week by week, I must give a plain warning. I dare not keep it back lest I risk the salvation of my own soul. Rover, the pirate, pulled down the warning bell on Inchcape rock, thinking that he would have a chance to despoil vessels that were crushed on the rocks, but one night his own ship crashed down on this very rock, and he went down with all his cargo. God declares, "When I say to the wicked thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, that same man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hands."

I learn from this subject what a sad thing it is when the church of God loses its metal. These Philistines saw that if they could only get all the metallic weapons out of the hands of the Israelites all would be well, and therefore they took the swords and the spears. They did not want them to have a single metallic weapon. When the metal of the Israelites was gone, their strength was gone. This is the trouble with the church of God today. It is surrendering its courage. It has not got enough metal. How seldom it is that you see a man taking his position in a pew, or in pulpit, or in a religious society, and holding that position against all oppression, and all trial, and all persecution, and all criticism.

The church of God to-day wants more backbone, more defiance, more consecrated bravery, more metal. How often you see a man start out in some good enterprise, and at the first blast of newspaperdom he has collapsed, and all his courage gone, forgetful of the fact that if a man be right all the newspapers of the earth, with all their columns pounding away at him, cannot do him any permanent damage! It is only when a man is wrong that he can be damaged. Why, God is going to vindicate His truth, and He is going to stand by, you, my friends, in every effort you make for Christ's cause and the salvation of men.

I sometimes say to my wife: "There is something wrong; the newspapers have not assaulted me for three months! I have not done my duty against public iniquities, and I will stir them up next Sunday." Then I stir them up, and all the following week the devil howls and howls, showing that I have him very hard. Go forth in the service of Christ and do your whole duty. You have one sphere. I have another sphere. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah."

We want more of the determination of Jonathan. I do not suppose he was a very wonderful man, but he got on his knees and clambered up the rock, and with the help of his armor bearer he hewed down the Philistines, and a man of very ordinary intellectual attainments, on his knees, can storm anything for God and for the truth. We want something of the determination of the general who went into the war, and as he entered his first battle his knees knocked together, his physical courage not quite up to his moral courage, and he looked down at his knees and said, "Ah, if you knew where I was going to take you, you would shake worse than that!"

There is only one question for you to ask and for me to ask. What does God want me to do? Where is the field? Where is the work? Where is the anvil? Where is the prayer meeting? Where is the pulpit? And finding out what God wants us to do go ahead and do it—all the energies of our body, mind and soul enlisted in the undertaking. Oh, my brethren, we have but little time in which to fight for God. You will be dead soon.

Put in the Christian cause every energy that God gives you. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is neither wisdom nor device in the grave whither we are all hastening." Oh, is it not high time that we wake out of sleep? Church of God lift up your head at the coming victory! The Philistines will go down, and the Israelites will go up. We are on the winning side. Hear that—on the winning side!

I think just now the King's horses are being hooked up to the chariot, and when He does ride down the sky there will be such a hosanna among His friends and such a wailing among His enemies as will make the earth tremble and the heavens sing. I see now the plumes of the Lord's cavalrymen tossing in the air. The archangel before the throne has already burnished his trumpet, and then he will put its golden lips to his own, and he will blow the long, loud blast that will make all Nations free. Clap your hands, all ye people! Hark! I hear the falling thrones and the dashing down of demolished iniquities.

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W. H. Guick, superintendent of the United States Express Company, and E. D. Gross, of the Pacific, are in Keokuk, Ia., investigating a mysterious express robbery. A package alleged to contain $1000 left Chicago via the United States and was transferred to the Pacific at Keokuk and taken out to Promise City, Ia., its destination.

The consignee, Banker N. A. Robertson, was expecting the package and was at the depot when it arrived. At once he detected that something was wrong and the package was opened and found to contain nothing but brown wrapping paper and cotton. The seal had been raised and the money abstracted—by whom is the problem the officials are trying to solve.

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A remarkable phenomenon was recently reported from the Lick Observatory. Fog filled the valley, and upon its level surface the mountain peaks were mirrored as if from a placid lake. A similar spectacle was seen in England from Leyburn, overlooking Wensleydale, last September. This lovely Yorkshire valley was half filled with fog, which looked like a mighty flood or lake. Upon it the opposite slopes, lit up by the bright sunshine, was reflected with extraordinary clearness.

'Twas a Pity.

A friend was visiting Mr. Oscar Wilde one day recently, and found him hard at work "cutting" superfluous dialogue from his new play. "Isn't it infamous?" he asked, looking up after a moment or two; "what right have I to do this thing? Who am I, that I should tamper with a classic?"

Disappearance of the Duster.

Where has the duster gone? It is still worn in the West. It still appears on longer lines of travel. Its manifest and sensible convenience endears it to middle-aged men. But on a short line like that between this city and New York the duster has disappeared as completely as last winter's snowflakes. The clothing stores keep them on the back shelves. Few are sold. The big wholesale dealers do not sell a dozen where they once disposed of bales. In a few short years this convenient garment has been relegated to the country districts and the provinces. Yet in our climate, with our hot, dry summers, our abundant dust and long railroad journeys, the duster ought to have become a permanent article of clothing for all travelers.—Philadelphia Press.

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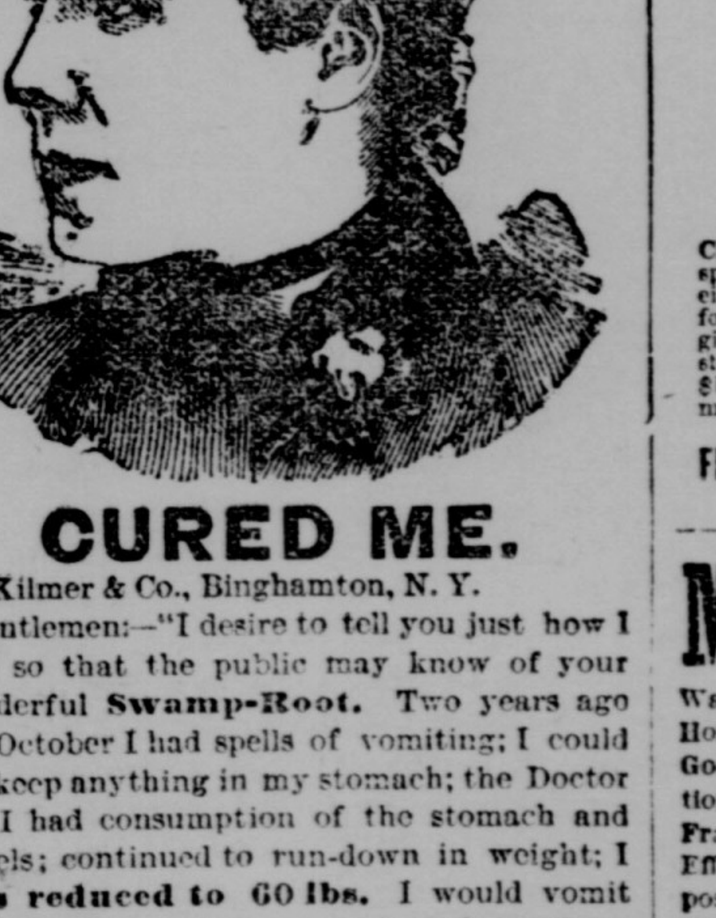
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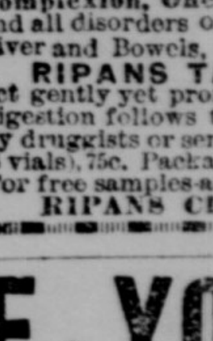
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