What She Knew About Dogs.

Nick is an office boy employed on Broadway, says the New York Mercury. He turned up in the office the other day with an ungainly looking cur hanging on to a tattered rope which he had improvised from some remnants in the ash barrel. The chief clerk shook his head resolutely at Nick's proposition that the canine should become one of the office staff. Nick said it was too cold for thoroughbred dogs to be wandering about without a home. The clerk said that it was a cur and had better die anyway, so Nick led his acquisition off into the street. He was looking about as dejected as the cur, when a lady met him who looked as if she might have picked up her information about canines at the dog show. She accosted Nick, and asked him what he would take for the dog.

"Seventy-five cents," said Nick.

The woman took out a half dollar and compromised. Then she led the dog off in triumph.

When Nick got back to the office the chief clerk said to him: "Nick, you're in luck: there's a $10 reward offered in the Herald this morning for your dog." Nick began to feel giddy. "The description tallies exactly. Take it around to 15 Irving Place and get your $10," added the clerk. Nick slid out of the office without making any reply, and just as he reached the steps of No. 15 he met the woman who had bought the dog coming down with a new $10 bill in hand and a smile on her face which made Nick go off and kick himself all over.

DEATH IN A RAT'S BITE.

A Wound on a Girl's Little Finger Results Fatally.

Mamie Keating seventeen years old, a servent in the family of Dr. G. G. Blank, died at the home of her parents in South White Hall Township, Pa., from the effects of a rat's bite.

During April an addition was built to the residence of Dr. Blank, during which a cellar grating was left open, and a number of rats got into the house.

Among the number was an unusually large and vicious one, which one day jumped on Mrs. Blank's back and attempted to bite her. A few days later the rodent got into Miss Keating's bedroom, and bit her on the little finger of the right hand. The wound was a slight one and apparently healed. Three weeks later the finger became inflamed and sore, and her arm began to swell. She then went to her parents home and sought medical treatment. The girl suffered intense agony.

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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Dr. Guy Checini, No. 378 Canal St., New York.

A BRAVE OFFICER.

He Encouraged His Men by Eating Dinner in the Teeth of the Enemy.

It is the duty of an officer in command of troops on the battlefield to be equal to any demand upon his courage, but to avoid merely foolhardy displays of valor. On occasion, however, if he believes that nothing else than an unnecessary risking of his own life will nerve his men to do their duty, a brave officer will undoubtedly resort to such an expedient. A Russian officer's remarkable exploit of this nature has lately been put on record in the Memoirs of Gen. Kurapatkin.

At the siege of Plevna by the Russians and Roumanians, in the Russo-Turkish war of 1878, the attacking army was composed largely of raw recruits and young men, whereas the besieged Turks were, for the most part, veterans and excellent soldiers. Beside defending their works well, they made many intrepid sallies upon their assailants.

The Turks had discovered a weak point in the Russian lines, where a trench was defended by a battalion of raw recruits. They opened a heavy fire of shot and shell upon this trench, and massed their forces for an assault upon it. The battalion was under the command of a young captain. The missiles were dropping into the trench, killing and disabling many. Terror-stricken the troops were wavering, and evidently on the point of flight.

At this moment the young captain looked at his watch. "Why, its dinner-time!" said he. "Ivan, gather some of those sticks and put on the camp kettle here."

With this he jumped out upon the ground outside the trench, in full range of the Turkish infantry fire, and completely exposed also to the artillery fire which was going on heavily.

His terrified servant obeyed, and began to cook the Captain's dinner. Meantime the Turkish infantry sallied forth and began an advance.

"Fire!" the Captain commanded his men in the trench. "Aim lower; that's it. Ivan, what are you letting that kettle boil over for?"

The man handed the Captain food and he ate coolly. The Turks charged up within a hundred paces. The Captain, his mouth half full of food, gave orders to his men which concentrated their deadly fire upon exactly the right spot. But he never left his exposed post outside the trenches, and did not cease to eat deliberately.

All this time the bombs were dropping mercilessly into the trench; but the recruits kept their places well and repulsed the assault.

When the Turks had withdrawn completely, and the fire had ceased, the Russian soldiers found that Ivan had cooked a large kettleful of soup, of which they all partook, the Captain eating his share with the men.

"Goodness," he said, "those fellows thought they were going to interfere with our dinner, but they didn't."

The Pyramid Came Back.

A Detroiter recently back from New Orleans relates this as among his experiences: He was seeing all that he could and among other places visited a faro bank run by a colored proprietor and exclusively for persons of his race. When the Detroiter arrived on the scene there were only a few "pikers" testing their luck, risking ten or fifteen cents on a play. Soon afterward a regular plantation specimen, black even to his gums, dressed in the loudest clothes, of the period and sporting a plug hat on the back of his head, came in.

"What's de limick?" he inquired.

"No limick heah, sah," was the response.

"Gimme a two-dollah pyramid."

The pikers looked on it amazement as the "plungah" placed his stack on the ace and coolly awaited results. He was incidentally working on a mammoth chew of tobacco, and when he turned to a cuspidor near at hand the "pikers" raided his chips from every angle. As he turned back the heavy swell saw that there was something to be explained, and immediately made his call. "Hold on, dah, Mistah Dealer. Did dat ace lose anything?"

"No, sah."

"Did she win?"

"No, sah."

"Did my card git any actshing at all, sah?"

"No sah."

Then the howling swell turned to the tin horn aggregation. "Lookey heah, niggahs. I'se gwine to turn round heah and spit agin, and if dat dar pyramid don't 'sume its formah proportions I'se gwine to 'dulge myself in a little razah excercise. See?"

When he next looked at the stack it was worth at least two fifty.

Such Is Fame.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the great English painter, once had an excellent opportunity to get an expression of opinion concerning himself.

Passing down Piccadilly one day, he happened to catch sight of a very good specimen of his own work in the window of a picture-dealer. He walked into the shop and inquired the name of the painter. The attendant said the picture was a genuine Landseer, and one of the best he ever painted. Landseer took it up and critically examined it, and asked if the dealer could warrant it.

"Most certainly," he replied; "and what is more, he'll never paint another."

"How is that?" said Landseer.

"Gone, sir—gone," he replied, putting his finger to his forehead—"gone, sir, completely off his head, and not likely ever to recover."

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If you wish prices on other goods, write us and we will reply promptly.

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SHINGLES.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

Says the New York Sun: "Some of the young collegians who went to Chicago in the Viking ship are back in this city looking the color of Italian laborers, and bringing home enthusiastic reports of the trip. They praise their foreign shipmates as solid good fellows, straightforward, manly, and wide-awake.

The Royal Geographical Society of England has held a special meeting to consider the question whether women may be admitted on the same footing as men, and decided it in the negative by a vote of 172 to 158. This majority is not a large one, and ladies who wish to write F. R. G. S. after their names need not be too much discouraged, especially as there is good reason for believing that the vote does not represent the views of the society as a whole.

The college infirmary has been an institution hitherto not as conspicuous as the college gynasium, but in the perfect equipment of our great colleges it appears as an essential feature. With the opening of the next college year Yale offers among her new buildings a complete infirmary known as Yale House. It was built by subscription and designed to have the appearance of a house more than of a hospital. There will be no wards, each patient having a room.

Beginning with 1894 an index of periodicals, on a new plan, will be published weekly in New York. Each successive issue during a quarter will recapitulate all the titles from the beginning of a quarter; at the end of the sixth, ninth, and twelfth months a special issue will recapitulate all the titles from the commencement of a year. Its publisher will be J. Wellman Parks, who is at present in charge of the library exhibit of the National department of education in the United States Government building at the World's Fair.

At the monthly meeting for July of the directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, President Angell exhibited pictures taken with kodaks. He proposes to use the kodaks to show not only high check reins and horses mutilated by docking, together with owners who ride and drive them, but also all kinds of cruelty that can be found on cattle cars, in cattle yards, slaughter-houses, markets, horse racing, polo games, and otherwise. It was voted to send placards into every town in the State asking humane persons not to hire or ride on or behind any horse mutilated by docking.

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	53
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	@ $ 10¼
N. Y. flats	10¼	10½
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 00
Hogs	6 75	7 00

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	70	70¾
RYE—Western	57	58
CORN—No. 2	47¾	48¼
OATS—No. 3	34	34¾
BUTTER—State	17	21
EGGS—State	15½	16½
CHEESE—State	7½	8

PHILADELPHIA.

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

Order may be heaven's first law, but it isn't the short-term order.—Lowell Courier.

Prince Yoshihito, a relative of the Emperor of Japan, is expected to visit America this summer.

Patience for the Erring.

God has a mother's patience for the erring. If one does wrong, first his associates in life cast him off; if he goes on in the wrong way, his business partner casts him off; if he goes on, his best friends cast him off—his father casts him off. But after all others have cast him off, where does he go? Who holds no grudge, and forgives the last time as well as the first? Who sits by the murderer's counsel through the long trial? Who tarries the longest at the windows of a culprit's cell? Who, when all others think ill of a man, keeps on thinking well of him? It is his mother. God bless her gray hairs, if she be still alive; and bless her grave if she be gone. And bless the rocking chair in which she used to sit, and bless the cradle that she used to rock, and bless the Bible that she used to read! So God, our mother, has patience for all the erring. After everybody else has cast him off, God, our mother, comes to the rescue. God leaps to take charge of a bad case. After all the other doctors have got through, the Heavenly Physician comes in. Human sympathy at such a time does not amount to much. Even the sympathy of the church, I am sorry to say, often does not amount to much. I have seen the most harsh, bitter treatment on the part of those who professed faith in Christ toward those who were wavering and erring. They tried on the wanderer sarcasm, and billingsgate, and caricature, and they tried tittle-tattle. There was one thing they did not try, and that was forgiveness. A soldier in England was brought by a Sergeant to the Colonel. 'What,' said the Colonel, 'bringing the man here again? We have tried everything with him.' 'Oh, no,' said the Sergeant, 'there's one thing you have not tried. I would like you to try that.' 'What is that?' said the Colonel. Said the man: 'Forgiveness!' The case had not gone so far but that it might take that turn, and so the Colonel said: 'Well, young man, you have done so and so. What is your excuse?' 'I have no excuse, but I am very sorry,' said the young man. 'We have made up our minds to forgive you,' said the Colonel. The tears started. He had never been accosted in that way before. His life was reformed, and that was the starting point for a positively Christian life. Oh, church of God, quit your sarcasm when a man falls! Quit your irony, quit your tittle-tattle, and try forgiveness. God, your mother, tries it all the time. A man's sin may be like a continent, but God's forgiveness is like the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, bounding it on both sides."—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D

OIL OF PEPPERMINT.

More Than Half the World's Product Comes from Michigan.

More than one half of all the oil of peppermint, spearmint, and tansy used in the world is said to be procured and distilled in Michigan, says the New York Post. The center of the industry is St. Joseph County. Peppermint plants to the weight of 15,000 tons when dried are cultivated every year in the State. From these the essential oils are distilled. Early in spring the roots are planted in furrows from two to three feet apart. In a day a good workman will plant an acre with them. A few weeks later the rows meet and cover the entire ground. In September the plants mature. They are covered with fragrant purple blossoms and the time has arrived for mowing.

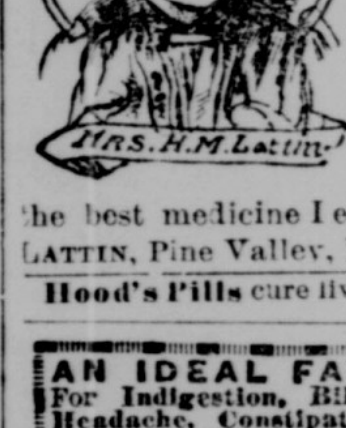
After lying in the sun to dry they are raked into heaps and taken to the distilleries, of which there are about 150 in the State. It is estimated that 350 pounds of dried peppermint plants produce one pound of oil. The yield per acre is 15 pounds of oil. Distilled peppermint brings from $1.25 to $5 per pound in the home market. The industry was originally established about 150 years ago. Early in the present century a beginning was made in this country in Wayne County, N. Y., and in St. Joseph, Mich. To-day nine-tenths of the entire product of the world is made in the United States. The rich alluvial soil so abundant in Michigan, together with its desirable climate, has enabled the State to take precedence over any other State or country in this industry.

The Crown of Scotland.

A once precious diadem, which is now only an historical relic of much interest, is the ancient crown of Scotch kings, kept in the castle of Edinburgh. It is supposed to have been made for Robert Bruce, and is formed of two circles of gold, the upper and narrowest circlet being surmounted by a row of crosses and gem-incrusted imitation flowers. The lower ring, the head band proper, is adorned from end to end of the golden band with large precious stones of different kinds, mostly in their rough, unpolished state. Above rise two arches of gold, which unite and are surmounted with the historic "cross and ball." Even when the Stuarts became kings of England they went to the trouble of going to Scotland to seat themselves for a few moments upon the celebrated "stone of Scone" and to have King Bruce's diadem pressed upon their royal heads. Charles I. declared his intention of removing Scotland's famous relic to London, so that such ceremonies could be carried on at home, but the sturdy Scots soon convined him that such a proceeding would be an infringement upon their rights, so the king had to go to Edinburgh as others had done before. The wife of a preacher by the name of Granger once stole the Scotch crown and the other royal insignia—this in 1652 or 1653. At the time of the restoration they were transferred to Charles II. They were returned to Edinburgh castle in 1707, and have remained there ever since.—St. Louis Republic.

What becomes of all the smart children after they grow up.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures



"I am glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills. I have suffered very much with severe

Sick Headache.

After taking six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and two boxes of Hood's Pills, I am cured of that terrible disease. I know Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I ever took." Mrs. H. M. Lattin, Pine Valley, N. Y. Get **HOOD'S.**

Hood's Pills cure liver ills. 25 cents per box.

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The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

Dr. Talmage Champions the Cause of Young Folks.

The Evils of Unnecessary Academic Honors.

Text: "*My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth.*"—Judges xi., 36.

Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament.

The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander-in-chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back," but he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and getting no favorable response marshals his troops for battle.

Before going out to the war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow that if the Lord will give him the victory then on his return home whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edges of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the points of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood and the horses reared to leap over the piles of bodies of the slain. In those old times opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken, and then each one would throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death stare to death stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed out.

Jephthah wins the day. Twelve cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Homeward to your wives and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Homeward to have the applause of an admiring Nation. Build triumphal arches. Swing out flags all over Mizpeh. Open all your doors to receive the captured treasures. Through every hall spread the banquet. Pile up the viands. Fill high the tankards. The Nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed, and the National honor is vindicated.

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home, that should he sacrifice as a burnt offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves, will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt offering. Oh, horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back his child from his heaving breast and pushing the locks back from the fair brow and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with choked utterance he says: "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain. My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sacrifice!"

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip as a rose leaf trembles in the sough of the south wind, there may have been the starting of a tear like a raindrop shook from the anther of a water lily, but with a self sacrifice that man may not reach and only woman's heart can compass she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She bows to the knife, and the blood which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek smokes in the fires of the burnt offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpeh twisted for Jephthah, the warrior, had gone into the dust, but all ages are twisting the girl's chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah or Abigail or Miriam, but no one in all the ages can have the title of this daughter of sacrifice.

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord; but before you hurl your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty, remember that in olden times, when vows were made, men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's vow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it were better broken than kept. But do not take on pretentious airs and say, "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If to-day you were standing on the banks of the Ganges and you had been born in India, you might have been throwing your children to the crocodiles. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because we have more gospel light.

Now, I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physical, mental and spiritual sacrifice of 10,000 children in this day. There are parents all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influences which will as certainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. While I speak, the whole Nation without emotion and without shame looks upon the stupendous sacrifice.

In the first place, I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours a day in school, and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of coming life?

No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest caliber, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill ventilated school-rooms and poorly equipped halls of instruction is making many of the places of knowledge in this country huge holocausts.

Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs, and while the two political parties are scrabbling for the honors Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is so much so that there are many schools in the country to-day which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future, so that in many places by the the time the child's education is finished the child is finished! In many places, in many cities of the country, there are large appropriations for everything else and cheerful appropriations, but as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational or moral interest of the city we are struck through with an economy that is well nigh the death of us.

In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies—children of delicate brain compelled to tasks that might appall a mature intellect, children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact is, in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate for the simple reason, they say, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution."

Tens of thousands of children educated into imbecility, so connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be asylums for the wrecked. It is push and crowd and cram and stuff and jam until the child's intellect is bewildered, and the memory is wrecked, and the health is gone. There are children turned out from the schools who once were full of romping and laughter and had cheeks crimson with health, who are now turned out in the afternoon pale faced, irritated, asthmatic, old before their time. It is one of the saddest sights on earth, an old-mannish boy or an old-womanish girl.

Girls 10 years of age studying algebra! Boys 12 years of age racking their brains over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother tongue crying over their Latin, French and German lessons! All the vivacity of their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you wonder what is the matter with them. I will tell you what is the matter with them, they are finishing their education.

In my parish in Philadelphia a child was so pushed at school that she was thrown into a fever, and in her dying delirium, all night long, she was trying to recite the multiplication table. In my boyhood I remember that in our class at school there was one lad who knew more than all of us put together. If we were fast in our arithmetic, he extricated us. When we stood up for the spelling class, he was almost always the head of the class. Visitors came to his father's house, and he was almost always brought in as a prodigy. At 18 years of age he was an idiot. He lived 10 years an idiot and died an idiot, not knowing his right hand from his left, or day from night. The parents and the teachers made him an idiot.

You may flatter your pride by forcing your children to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but when you are old and dead, alas! for them if through the wrong system of education which you adopted, they have no swarthiness or force of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you make the child's head ache or its heart flutter.

I hear a great deal about black men's rights and Chinamen's rights and Indians' rights and women's rights. Would God that somebody would rise to plead for children's right! The Carthaginians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into the arms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no sooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking, but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were only one Jephthath's daughter.

Again, there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with wrong systems of discipline—too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. They come to the authority. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the scepter, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants.

There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey Divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are those young men that swagger through the street, with their thumbs in their vest, talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squire," "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman?" They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli, having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward and broke his neck and died. Well he might. What is life to a father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasant to his taste, and the driving rains that drip through the roof of the sepulcher are sweeter than the wines of Helbon.

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great vigor. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer; her hand seems better fit to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother cry for it. They hope to dissolve her will with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper. There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parents shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene. I have witnessed it—a mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs and mocked her wrinkled face and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless gums!

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child!

But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you cannot successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover that our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature goodness.

You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than 10 years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the Gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers will never come to canonization. The arithmetics cannot calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the groan of the sacrificed. In this important matter seek divine direction, O father, O mother. Some one asked the mother of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield if she was not proud to have three such eminent sons and all of them so good. "No," she said, "it is nothing to be proud of, but something for which to be very grateful."

Again, there are many who are sacrificing their children to a spirit of worldliness. Some one asked a mother whose children had turned out very well what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said: "This was the secret. When in the morning I washed my children, I prayed that they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I put on their garments, I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food, I prayed that they might be fed with manna from heaven. When I started them on the road to school, I prayed that their path might be as the shining light, brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be enfolded in the Saviour's arms." "Oh," you say, "that was very old fashioned." It was quite old fashioned. But do you suppose that a child under such nurture as that ever turned out bad?

In our day most boys start out with no idea higher than the all encompassing dollar. They start in an age which boasts it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a 10 cent piece, and the Ten Commandments on a 10 cent piece. Children are taught to reduce morals and religion, time and eternity, to vulgar fractions. It seems to be their chief attainment that 10 cents make a dime, and 10 dimes make a dollar. How to get money is only equaled by the other art, how to keep it. Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments? The money market resounds again and again with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what awful tragedy many of the youth of this country are ruined.

Further on thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to wordliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are induced into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that 50-cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly ministries, or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a demolition.

In the siege of Charleston, during the Civil War, a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the ex-Governor of the State of South Carolina. They were taking the vows of marriage. A bombshell struck the roof, dropped into the group and nine were wounded and slain; among the wounded to death, the bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the carpet trying to stanch the wounds the bride demanded that the ceremony be completed, that she might take the vows before her departure, and when the minister said, "Wilt thou be faithful unto death?" with her dying lips she said, "I will," and in two hours she had departed. That was the accidental slaughter and the sacrifice of the body, but at thousands of marriage altars there are slaughters slain for time and slain for eternity. It is not a marriage; it is a massacre.

Affianced to some one who is only waiting until his father dies so he can get the property. Then a little while they swing around in the circles, brilliant circles. Then the property is gone, and having no power to earn a livelihood the twain sink into some corner of society—the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacrifice. Ah, spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom!

I lift up my voice to-day against the sacrifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath and I see a group of children—unwashed, uncombed, un-Christianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one kind word?

When the city missionary passing along the park in New York saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing, he said to him: "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God to-day. You ought to be good. You ought to be a Christian." The lad looked in his face and said, "Ah, it is easy for you to talk, well clothed as you are and well fed, but we chaps hain't got no chance!" Who lifts them to the altar for baptism? Who goes forth to snatch them up from crime and death and woe? Who to-day will go forth and bring them into schools and churches? No. Heap them up, great piles of rags and wretchedness and filth. Put underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more fagots, and while we sit in the churches with folded arms and indifferent crime and disease and death will go on with the agonizing sacrifice.

During the early French Revolution at Bourges there was a company of boys who used to train every day as young soldiers, and they carried a flag, and they had on the flag this inscription: "Tremble, tyrants, tremble! We are growing up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightier generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin, and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of God? They are coming up!

I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-day encouraging you, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." And though when you lay your head in death there may be some wanderer of the family far away from God, and you may be 20 years in heaven before salvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the kingdom, and before the throne of God you will rejoice that you were faithful. Come at last, although so long postponed his coming. Come at last!

I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will never stop. Long after you have been garnered for the skies your prayers, your teachings and your Christain influence will go on and help to people heaven with bright inhabitants.

Which would you rather see—which scene would you rather mingle in in the last great day—being able to say, "I added house to house and land to land and manufactory to manufactory; I owned half the city; whatever my eyes saw I had, whatever I wanted I got," or on that day to have Christ look you full in the face and say, "I was hungry, and ye fed Me; I was naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited Me; inasmuch as ye did it to the least of My brethren, ye did it to Me?"

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The occupants of a balloon a mile high command a radius of ninety-six miles.

A depth of 2409 fathoms has been lately found in the Mediterranean, the greatest yet known in the sea.

A meteorological station has been established at Siberis, Palestine, a place 682 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea.

Photography has now reached the point where an object traveling at the rate of 10,000 miles an hour can be photographed by means of the electric flash.

Making wrought iron pipe direct from bars is the process recently started in a rolling mill at Stubenville, Ohio. If it works it means a complete change in pipe manufacture.

It appears that the camel does a good deal of harm in Egypt by eating the trees as they are growing up. "Already the massive Cairo camel is a type distinct from other camels, surpassing all in its cumbrous, massive proportions."

A railway train traveling night and day at the rate of fifty miles an hour would reach the moon in six months, the sun in 200 years, and Alpha Centauri, the nearest of the fixed stars, in 42,000,000 years. A ball from a gun, traveling at the rate of 200 miles an hour, would not reach Alpha Centauri in less than 2,700,000 years.

A remarkable new Medara, or jellyfish, has been found to occur in Lake Tanganyika, Africa, a "fresh water" lake, though the water is slightly brackish. It is entirely different from the jellyfish found living a few years ago in the Victoria Lily-tank of the Kew Gardens, at London, and represents a distinct family, whose exact position is unknown.

Nearly all animal life has been provided with some means of defense. Among the curious ones is that given the horned toad. Under certain circumstances, especially when the creature has reason to fear attack, it will discharge a blood red liquid at the supposed enemy with great precision for a distance of five or six feet. The liquid does not appear to be poisonous, but seems to be designed chiefly to temporarily blind the attacking party.

A recent electrical invention of interest to horsemen is the electrical stable alarm. An alarm bell is placed in the sleeping apartment of the groom and connected with a spring circuit closer by means of a small insulated wire. The circuit closer is operated by a light, flexible cord stretched across the rear of the stalls. When the horses are disturbed in the night by being backed out of their stalls by thieves or any other cause, an alarm is instantly sounded.

A Marriage in Cairo.

There was a young girl married while I was in Cairo. The streets around the palace of her father were hung with flags for a week; the garden about his house was enclosed with a tent which was worth in money $20,000, and which was as beautiful to the eye as the interior of a mosque; for a week the sheiks who rented the estates of the high contracting parties were fed at their expense; for a week men sang and bands played, and the whole neighborhood feasted; and on the last night everybody went to the wedding and drank coffee and smoked cigarettes and listened to a young man singing Arabian love songs. I naturally did not see the bride. The women who did see her described her as very beautiful, barely sixteen years old, and covered with pearls and diamonds. She was weeping bitterly; her mother, it appears, had arranged the match. I did not see her, but I saw the bridegroom. He was fat and stupid, and over sixty, and he had white hair and a white beard. A priest recited the Koran before him at the door of the house, and a band played, and the people cheered the Khedive three times, and then the crowd parted, and the bridegroom was marched to the door which led to the stairs, at the top of which the girl awaited him. Two grinning eunuchs crouched on this dark staircase, with lamps held high above their heads, and closed the door behind him. His sixteen-year-old bride has him to herself now—him and his eunuchs—until he or she dies. We could show similitudes between this wedding and some others in civilized lands, but it is much too serious a matter to be cynical about.—Harper's Weekly.

Blasting Kills the Chickens.

The contractors who are engaged in building the great drainage canal for Chicago have gotten into trouble more serious even than the strikes with which they have recently been struggling. It is with the wives of the farmers who live in the vicinity of the big ditch. Since work on the canal was begun not a chicken has been hatched within a mile of the scene of operations. As a great many of the residents of the neighborhood are engaged in raising fowls for the Chicago market, their loss is very serious indeed. One hatchery near Lockport has lost over 600 turkeys, to say nothing of innumerable chickens, ducks and geese. It is claimed that the shock produced by the continuous and heavy blasting is responsible for the failure of the eggs to hatch, and the farmers propose to bring in claims for damages against the drainage commission. If these are not allowed, they mean to carry the matter into the courts, and are very confident of winning the suits. It will be an interesting and novel question for the courts to decide, and seems likely to be a heavy item of expense for the canal that was not foreseen.—Picayune.

Tomcat Versus Eagle.

While two residents of Galena were driving through Southern Wisconsin recently they witnessed, near Arena, a fierce fight between a bald-headed eagle and a large tomcat. "The proud bird of the mountains" had attacked the cat while hunting in the field, and succeeded in fastening its talons into the animal's back, when the battle immediately began and was continued amid the terrific yowls of the cat and the screams of the eagle. It was a sort of catch-as-catch could contest, and while it continued the feathers and fur flew thick and fast. The cat was too heavy for the eagle to fly with, but it succeeded in raising it several times in the air, a hundred feet at each effort; but the attempts to get away with its prey were futile, as the weight of the cat and its fierce struggle for life invariably brought the eagle to the ground again, where the battle was repeated with nearly the same result. In the final bout, which took place on terra firma, the eagle threw up the sponge and flew laboriously across the river, while the cat, much worried, made tracks as rapidly as possible away from the scene of battle.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Frazer Axle Grease.

Is now recognized as the standard axle grease of the U. S.; is sold in every State and county in the Union, and is to-day *without a rival*. Imitations have been made, all claiming to be as good as the Frazer, thus virtually admitting its superiority. Every genuine package bears the trade mark. Dealers and consumers can thus distinguish the genuine from the imitation, and protect themselves against fraud.

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

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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.

If your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, good for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you, make you strong, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite—tones the nerves.

When young hearts break they knit again readily.

Students, Teachers (male or female), Clergymen and others in need of change of employment, should not fail to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. Their great success shows that they have got the true ideas about making money. They can show you how to employ odd hours profitably.

A flower grows wherever a kind word is spoken.

For impure or thin Blood, Weakness, Malaria, Neuralgia, Indigestion and Biliousness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young persons strong; pleasant to take.

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

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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

Beecham's Pills are better than mineral waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

His Honor's Mild Protest.

Hickman County, Kentucky, has a judge who is so exceedingly slow to anger that he does not appear to know "contempt of court" when he sees it. During the trial of a case before him recently two lawyers got mad and went at each other fist and skull. Quiet was restored at last, but soon the belligerents were at it again. When the second riot had been quelled and the frightened spectators had returned to the court-room his honor mildly observed to the Sheriff that "it seems to me there is entirely too much disorder in the court-room."—Indianapolis News.

To Test a Thermometer.

Bring water to the active boiling point; warm the thermometer gradually in the steam and then plunge it in the water. If it indicates a temperature of 212 degrees the instrument is a good one.

KNOWLEDGE

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.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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.

A Queer Proposition.

How could two persons be born at the same time and die at the same time at the end of fifty years, and yet one of them live one hundred days more than the other?

The answer turns upon the familiar fact that a person who goes around the world toward the west loses a day, while the person who travels in the opposite direction gains a day.

We will suppose, then, that the two men in question were born at the same instant in Dublin, from whence a trip around the world may easily be made once a year. One of them goes always toward the west, the other toward the east. One loses a day every year, the other gains a day every year. When the men die at fifty years of age one has seen one hundred days more than the other.

A man loses his power when he loses his temper.

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