PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

MRS. (NELLIE GRANT) SARTORIS is on her way from Europe, and will join her mother at West Point this week.

AT the London university examinations for the degree of master of arts last week women candidates obtained first place in three of the four departments of knowledge for excellence in which the degree is granted and in the fourth another was bracketed second.

NEW YORK is converting its famous old Battery into a great antiquarium. The legislature appropriated $150,00 for the purpose. This old site was first a fortification, then a place of amusement with the name of Castle Garden, and then an immigrant depot.

PIERRE LOTI, the French novelist, has completed his service in the navy and is about to form a caravan to start for the holy land from Cairo and pursue the route, as near as may be, taken by the holy family in the flight to Egypt. He is going to write a book on the subject.

ANTHONY DREXEL BIDDLE, a grandson of the late A. J. Drexel, who comes into $1,000,000 under the will of the dead banker, is a reporter on the local staff of the Philadelphia Ledger. He entered the employ of the Ledger at the commencement of the year, and has reported the coroner's office and other routine.

PEAK'S ISLAND, near Portland harbor, Me., is a great peat bed, and a fire has been raging for two weeks which has baffled all efforts to extinguish it. When they have thought it under control it would suddenly break out in a new place and shoot flames to the tree tops. The fire boats from Portland, have gone to the rescue.

PROFESSOR FELIX KLEIN, of the University of Goettingen, has been commissioned by the German government as its representative to the World's Congress of Mathematics and Astronomy. No announcement could have been more welcome to the American mathematicians. Professor Klein is well known in this country, and is probably the most popular foreign teacher and writer on mathematical subjects known here.

THE Duke of Veragua a few years ago was regarded as rich. He had a comfortable income and a large estate. It is not true that he gambled his money away at cards or other games of chance. He lost his fortune at the Paris Exposition of 1889. He opened an arena near the exposition grounds and made preparations to give real Spanish bull fights on an elaborate scale. At first it drew fairly well, but after the first week he did not take in enough to pay half his expenses. The result was when the exhibition closed the duke found himself practically a bankrupt.

MANY well-to-do Frenchmen now in Chicago intend to buy land in California and establish there large colonies of fruit growers.

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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SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, ETC.

SHINGLES.

MARYLAND STATE NEWS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

While Mr. Charles E. Rigney was operating an emery-wheel in his gunsmith shop, on North Jonathan street, Hagerstown, the wheel bursted and the fragments flew in every direction. Once piece struck a spring harrow-tooth Mr. Ridgely was sharpening on the wheel, and it tore his right hand very badly splitting his palm between the index and middle finges. Other fragments demolished a gun, bored a hole in the ceiling, broke a work-bench, etc. The wheel was making 2,500 revolutions per minute when the accident took place.

The sugar-corn growers in Frederick county, who have in the aggregate many hundreds of acres, are greatly depressed over their blighted prospects, resulting from the long-continued drought. It is not believed now, unless rain falls within the next few days, that more than half a crop, if that, will be raised.

John C. Spratt, aged twenty-one, is lying at his home, at Poplar Hill, Cecil county, in a precarious condition, the result of a driving accident. He was driving a fractious colt through Cherry Hill, when the animal became frightened, and dashing off ran into a fence, upsetting the carriage and hurling Spratt to the ground. He was rendered unconscious and at latest reports was lying in a critical condition. He is a son of Wm. Spratt.

The twenty-first anniversary service of the organization of Coventry parish and the one hundredth and twelfth of the erection of the present Episcopal church at Rehoboth will be celebrated on Tuesday, August 17, 1893. Rev. Wm. Munford, rector of St. Peter's Church, Salisbury, and Rev. Henry B. Martin, rector of St. Andrew's Church, Princess Anne, Md., will deliver discourses. The object of these yearly services is to gather the parishoners and descendants of the founders of this old and venerable parish and to awaken an interest in this old historic church.

The members of the Prince George's County Fair Association are making every effort to have their buildings and ground ready for the fair the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th of September. They have had a road surveyed leading from one of the principal streets of Upper Marlboro across Marlboro Branch direct to the fair grounds. They are now building a causeway across the low ground of the branch and are preparing for an iron bridge across the branch, which, when all is completed, will add greatly to the beauty of the town. The people of Calvert, Anne Arundel, Prince George's, Charles and St. Mary's counties who could not visit the World's Fair at Chicago have a chance this fall to visit one of the best fairs ever held in Southern Maryland.

A little three-year old daughter of Mr. Dodson, at Rock Hall, was drowned under most distressing circumstances. Mr. Dodson has a shipyard at what is known as Deep Landing, near Rock Hall, and the garden of his residence runs down to the water, but a fence and gate provided a safeguard against the children going to the creek. Mrs. Dodson had been accustomed to take the children bathing with her this summer. The little one was missing, and search was instituted. The gate leading from the farm to the creek was found open, and the lifeless form of the child was found near the shore. It is supposed that she went in bathing by herself, and, going out too far, became frightened and helpless to save herself.

SHOT DOWN THE AVENGERS.

Two Murderers Add Four More Victims to Their List and Escape.

There was a battle to death between white caps and murderers in Boone Township in the southern part of Harrison County, Ind. Four white caps were killed and several wounded, one of whom received bullets in both eyes. A few weeks ago Samuel and William Conrad quarreled with their old father and killed him. They were at once arrested. The neighbors were very much wrought up over the horrible crime and the excitement was doubly increased when the murderers were released on bond.

Over 100 citizens proceeded to the home of the Conrads with the avowed intention of hanging the two murderous brothers. William Conrad received word of the intentions of the mob and he and his brother armed themselves with shotguns and pistols.

They proceeded to a cornfield about half a mile from their home, where the lynchers must necessarily pass, and lay in wait for them. The moon was hid by clouds and as the mob passed by the cornfield the brothers opened fire, first with shotguns and then with pistols. The avengers were taken by surprise and thirty-five fell in all directions before the deadly fusillade.

The leaders of the mob checked the panic and started back down the road to the cornfield, firing all the while. When opposite the spot where the firing commenced they found four of their comrades dead, Alfred Howe, Edmond Houston, John Timberlake and John Esinger. William May was found in a fence corner with both eyes shot out. Maddened by the sight, the mob began firing into the cornfield, but the shots were not answered, the murderers having escaped after putting the mob to flight.

DURING last week there were 157 deaths from cholera in Naples. Reports from the interior of Russia show that in some provinces the disease is nearly as bad as last year

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES

IN a freight wreck near Beaumont, Texas, two unknown men were killed and two other passengers injured.

WM. E. EMMET, United States Consul at Symra, has cabled the State Department that cholera exists in that port.

WEST VIRGINIA is suffering from the most severe and long-continued drought which has been known in many years. Crops are drying up.

ONE man was burned to death and forty others had a narrow escape at a fire in the five-story factory building, 385 Broome-st., New York.

Two brothers named Wolfe and John Alexander were killed, and Squire Wallace badly injured by the explosion of a saw-mill boiler at Camp Creek, Ohio.

JOHN CARTER, colored, climbed a tree near Wilmington, North Carolina, to secure some honey made by wild bees, and was killed by lightning which struck the tree.

THOS. AND MICHEAL CONNALAN, of Pittsburg, were killed, and William Diskin, of Scranton, mortally injured by the Eastern fast line on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Brinton Station.

FIVE men were killed and four badly hurt by the explosion of the boiler of a farm engine near Newark, Ohio. A straw stack was fired and the bodies of the dead horribly burned. Low water caused the explosion.

WHILE crossing the railroad tracks at Grafton, West Virginia, Rev. Father Kelleher, one of the best-known priests in the diocese of Wheeling, was run over by a locomotive and killed.

By the falling of a crowded balcony of the Chelsea Yacht Club on the Mystic river, near Boston, Mass., three persons were killed and 15 or 20 injured. Many of the occupants of the balcony were thrown into the river and narrowly escaped drowning.

A TRAIN on the Mexican International Railway ran into a washout made by the waterspout near Trevino Station. Express Messenger Furrival and Engineer McLaughlin were fatally and Fireman Martin seriously injured. A tramp stealing a ride was killed. No passengers were hurt.

A stock train of 26 cars was wrecked on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad at Kinsman, near Streator, Illinois. A tramp and thirty cattle were killed and the fireman injured. The wreck took fire, and the cars, dead cattle, elevator and depot were destroyed.

MRS. LANGTRY'S beautiful steam yacht White Ladye, has arrived in New York. The "Lily" is not with her, for the boat is rented to a New York millionaire, Ogden Goelets and she will be one of the Newport fleet, She is of 700 tons, and cost $160,000.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$ 4 35	@	$ 4 40
High Grade Extra	3 60		3 65
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	63½		65½
CORN—No. 2 White	48		49
OATS—Southern & Penn.	30		35
Western White	35		37½
Mixed	35½		5
RYE—No. 2	57		58
HAY—Choice Timothy	19 00		19 50
Good to Prime	18 00		18 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 Packed			1 15
Moist			1 00

HIDES.

CITY STEERS	$ 5	@	5½
City Cows	4		4½
Southern No. 2	5		5½

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 70	@	$ 75
ONIONS	1 00		1 20
Yams	4 00		4 00

PROVISIONS.

HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	$ 8½	@	$ 9
Clear ribsides	9		9½
Hams	13½		14
Mess Pork, per bbl			19 5
LARD—Crude			10½
Best refined			11

BUTTER.

BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 21	@	$ 23
Under fine	20		21
Roll	18		19

CHEESE.

CHEESE—N.Y. Factory	$ 10	@	$ 10½
N. Y. flats	10¼		10½
Skim Cheese	5		7

EGGS.

EGGS—State	$ 13	@	$ 13½
North Carolina	12		12½

POULTRY.

CHICKENS—Hens	$ 12	@	$ 12½
Ducks, per lb	9		10

TOBACCO.

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

LIVE STOCK.

BEEF—Best Beeves	$ 4 62	@	$ 4 85
Good to Fair	3 90		4 00
SHEEP	2 50		4 00
Hogs	6 75		7 00

FURS AND SKINS.

MUSKRAT	$ 10	@	$ 11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		1 60
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		90
Otter			6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 15	@	$ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68		68½
RYE—Western	57		59
CORN—No. 2	47½		48
OATS—No. 2	30⅝		30½
BUTTER—State	19		19½
EGGS—State	16		17
CHEESE—State	8¾		9

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@	$ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	65¼		65⅝
CORN—No. 3	47		47½
OATS—N. 2	32¾		33
BUTTER—State	20¾		21
EGGS—Penns. ft	16		17

"FIRESIDE MUSING."

Dr. Talmage Conjures Up a Reminiscent Past.

Vagaries of Life Histories.

TEXT: *"While I was musing the fire burned."*—Psalm xxxix., 3.

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple, the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often, closing the door against the world while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate. I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was 10 years of age, and I was 8, and I was 5. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the bay, from shore to shore there were 10,000 memories, and the groves were ashen with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in midlife and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation. You mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this if it does not make you discontended with the present or disqualify you for existing duties.

It is a useful thing sometimes to look back and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean to-day, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there and after long toil removed the covering and restored the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with 10,000 obliterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again.

I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the sickle.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised that Byron's heart was a conglomeration of sin in a castle near which his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in heaven.

Perhaps your early home was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there were memories in that plain house, in that small house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back this morning, you see it as though it were a day-light sitting room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamplight, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table; your father with a firm voice commanding silence, that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The baby became silent forsakingly troubles, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe because you could not wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again of the very best out of that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Softness in the dusty path where you walk with your feet home again on that cool grass or in the hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your window some beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but none of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forget-me-not playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father, who used to come in sunburned from the fields and sit down on the doorsill and wipe the sweat from his brow, may have gone to the everlasting rest. The mother who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will.

Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father. Thank God for a Christian mother. Thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel. Thank God that you early got your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. Your twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most significant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier.

One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker. But out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to translate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them. A gun to flash in heaven's corridors, and you to publish. Eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created being.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered, and prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered. You were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through the salvation of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you to-day in your solemn reminiscence and let His mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited! God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin! God have mercy on the mother who in addition to her own pangs has the pang of a child's iniquity! Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart! Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence to-day!

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night. There was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house, or through your office, or your shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. You remember how your hand trembled as you took the cup of the holy communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle. You remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," and though those hands have all withered away that communion Sabbath is resurrected today. It is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you! This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start to-day as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them all in one great sheaf, and I bind them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought mortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago; you are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life, but how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two, the first trouble and the last trouble.

And when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical timebeat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. With the bright, clear oar, you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until after awhile suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" And you halted. You grew pale. You confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread, but after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, it you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched the child from the destroyer!

You went to your room, and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!" You felt as if you could not put the lashes over the bright eyes never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped into the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, and instantly all the light went out, and the room was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you were about to put that cup to your lips God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts His left arm under your head, and with His right hand He pours into your lips the wine of His comfort and His consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Ah, it is your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven and you felt an irresistable drawing heavenward. You have been purer and holier of heart ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa. Good night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

But I must come on down to your later sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbs you. Through the long, weary days you counted the figures on the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness and exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, were your frequent cry. But you are better—perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in this place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and to implore God's help, and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hand to seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities now you have hard work to make the two ends meet.

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs and blood for your heart and light for your eye and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but at heart as earnest and loving—watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves—is taken away forever.

Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. Going along your path in life, suddenly, right before you was an open grave.

People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a chasm down which went all your hopes and all your expectations.

But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, He is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe and give it a palm branch and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear.

Some years ago I was sailing down the St. John river, which is the finest plume and the most commanding in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia."

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year. Spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought, "It is not on the heights of the church and it is not the heights of this world that are the scenes of the greatest prosperity, but the soil over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soil over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land.

But these reminiscences reach only to this morning. There is only one more point of tremendous reminiscences, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena—the same island—20 years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium as he exclaimed, "Head of the army!" Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And, then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour and woke amid the songs of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said: "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing."

Augustus Cæsar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the roof of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life and the opening of a glorious eternity.

SHOT WHILE STEALING FOOD.

One Was Killed and the Other May Die of His Injuries.

While robbing a potato patch near Brilliant, Ohio, John McDonald and Charles Justus were shot, the latter fatally, by Lewis Downer, the owner of the place. Justus has a large charge of birdshot in his right lung and cannot recover, while McDonald escaped with a badly wounded leg.

For some time the farmers and gardeners in and around Brilliant have been annoyed by petty thieves, and Downer concluded to put a stop to it. He loaded his shotgun, and when Justus and McDonald appeared he opened fire upon them. Justus is still living but cannot recover. The wounded man was employes of the Brilliant Mill, and are out of employment and needed the potatoes for their families, who are starving.

THE whole family of the sheriff of the village of Ewyk, in the Providence of Gelderland, Holland, was stricken with cholera nostrasux. One of the children died of the disease.

AT Pall River the directors of the Seaconet Mills voted to shut down until September 1 or until the cloth market shows improvements.

JENNIE MAY BE UP THERE YET.

At Any Rate the Wily Agriculturist Tried It on His Wife.

A son of the soil who was as crafty as he was free with his relatives approached the ticket office of the elevator leading to the roof of the Manufacturers Building the other day and said to the lady ticket-seller:

"Be you sure these elevators air safe?"

"Oh, perfectly!" the lady ticket-seller said, without missing a chew of her frutti-frutti.

"Well, I dunno 'bout it," he said, stepping back and looking up at the web of light iron work through which the elevators were noiselessly gliding. "It looks pretty flimsy. Do you want to try it?" he asked his wife, a plain-looking woman of evident rural antecedents.

She, having the boldness bred of ignorance, expressed a desire to try it, when he again approached the window and said:

"How many's been killed on these machines so far?"

"Oh, they are perfectly safe! Not a single accident yet."

"Well, I dunno," he doubtfully mused, with another look upward. "Do you want to try it, Jennie?"

She said she did.

"What's it cost, miss?"

"Round trip 25 cents."

"I looks to me like a perpendicular trip," he chuckled.

But the ticket-seller only frowned and impatiently tapped the desk with a package of tickets.

"Other people waiting behind you, sir," she said, as the man hesitated.

"Is it 25 cents for one?"

"Yes."

"Well, Jennie, perhaps you'd better go, and if you like it you come back and tell me and I'll go."

Jennie went, while her weak, undecided husband stood with open mouth and staring eyes and watched the elevator waft her to the dizzy heights above

The reporter was called away at this interesting juncture, and hence is uncertain whether Jennie ever came down or not.—Chicago Tribune.

An Artificial Sun.

The sun used to be cited as an example of a work of Nature with which it was useless for man to try to enter into competition, says the San Francisco Examiner. But at the present rate of progress we shall be making contracts within a few years for lighting cities by electricity in the daytime, to secure something better than the unsatisfactory solar illumination. A German firm has a search-light on exhibition at the World's Fair that projects a beam of 180,000,000 candle power. It is stated that if this little study lamp were placed at a sufficient altitude it would furnish enough light to read by at a distance of a hundred miles. In other words, if the light were set on Mount Diablo the people in the foot-hills of the Sierras could sit on their porches and read by the rays it would send across the San Joaquin valley.

It is asserted that "if this light were turned on a man's face at a less distance than several miles it would instantly blind and kill him by the shock." That statement appears to be subject to discount. The sun does not kill, or even blind, a man when it shines in his face, and if an artificial light can do it, the sun must be already a back number. If the German project were really as deadly as represented there would be a revolution in warfare, and instead of wasting ammunition on an enemy the commander of a garrison would mow down the hostile ranks by sweeping them with his search-light. But it appears probable that the new condenser would be able to make its beam visible from the moon, so that if there were any inhabitants there, and they had advanced in science as far as we have, it would be a simple matter to open communication with them by a succession of flashes. Unfortunately, the inhabitants of the moon are probably all dead. They ran their course millions of years ago, before man had appeared upon our world, and perhaps in that time they had their Moon's Fairs and turned their search-lights upon the unresponsive earth, then inhabited only by trilobites and echinoderms, just as we may now turn ours upon the barren waste whose heaps of desiccated bones give no reply.

A Beautiful Wood.

One of the most beautiful woods ever made into furniture is the cornino wood of South America. The wood, which is very rare and therefore very expensive, is of a medium golden brown, very brilliant in appearance, and with curious, cloud-like markings. A piano of this wood inlaid with ebony, satinwood, mahogany, tortoise shell, and mother of pearl, is valued at $10,000. A second piano, nearly as valuable, is of curly birch dyed a light green and inlaid with cornino wood. The top of the piano case is inlaid with representations of musical instruments and with the names of musical composers. The music rest is a rare painting of the muses. A bench of the same wood, made with infinite skill, goes with this piano to be used instead of the everyday music stool.

A Sensible Prayer.

"A little maid's prayers are usually simple, sweet, and touching," said a prominent United States official, "but I know of one prayer made by a little miss which is humorous and well worth the telling. She was taught by her mother to go through her ritual—that is, the prayers she was in the habit of saying—and to add any special petitions suggested by her needs at the time. On one occasion she was ill and suffering some pain and considerable inconvenience from nausea, and her simple prayer at the end of the regular vesper offering was: 'Oh Lord, bless poor little Em and make her well, for who wants to be frowing up all the time?'"—St. Louis Republic.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

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

We Cure Rupture.

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

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

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Some men pray without thinking and some think without praying.

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

When young hearts break they knit again readily.

Impaired digestion cured by Beecham's Pills. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

A flower grows wherever a kind word is spoken.

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

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

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

A verse may find him whom a sermon flies.

Distress in the Stomach

Heartburn, Sick Headache and other symptoms of **Dyspepsia** troubled me for several years. Since I have been taking **Hood's Sarsaparilla** all this is changed. Dyspepsia trouble no longer bothers me. I do not have heartburn and I am free from headache. I have gained in flesh and feel better in every way." MRS. J. H. COOK, Martinsville, Ill.