SOME SANITARY ASPECTS OF BREAD MAKING.

BY CYRUS EDSON, M. D.,
Health Commissioner, New York City.

It is necessary, if one would understand the sanitary aspects of bread making, to fully comprehend the present theory held by scientists of germs and the part played by them in disease. The theory of disease germs is merely the name given to the knowledge had of those germs by medical men, a knowledge which is the result of innumerable experiments. Being this, the old term of a "theory" has become a misnomer. A germ of a disease is a plant, so small that I do not know how to express intelligibly to the general reader its lack of size. When this germ is introduced into the blood or tissues of the body, its action appears to be analogous to that which takes place when yeast is added to dough. It attacks certain elements of the blood or tissues, and destroys them, at the same time producing new substances.

"DISEASE GERMS FOUND THEIR WAY INTO THE YEAST BREAD."

But the germs of the greater part of the germ diseases, that is, of the infectious and contagious diseases, will develop or increase in number without being in the body of a human being, provided always you give them the proper conditions. These conditions are to be found in dough which is being raised with yeast. They are warmth, moisture and the organic matter of the flour on which the germs, after certain changes, feed.

It is necessary to remember at this point that yeast is germ growth, and when introduced into a mixture of glucose or starch, in the presence of warmth and moisture sets up a fermentation. If the mixture be a starchy dough the yeast first changes a portion of the starch into glucose and then decomposes the glucose by changing it into two new substances, viz., carbonic acid gas and alcohol.

Now the glutten, which is also a constituent of dough and moist starch, affords, with the latter, an excellent nidus for the development of germs of disease as well as for the yeast germs. The germs of cholera, as of typhoid fever, would, if introduced into dough, find very favorable conditions for their growth.

I do not wish to "pose" as an alarmist, nor am I willing to say there is very much chance of the germs of typhus and of cholera reaching the stomachs of the people who eat bread which has been raised with yeast. But I have not the slightest cause to doubt that other diseases have been and will be carried about in the bread.

I have met journeymen bakers, suffering from cutaneous diseases, working the dough in the bread trough with naked hands and arms. I have no reason to suppose bakers are less liable to cutaneous diseases than any other men, and I know, as every housewife knows, yeast-raised bread must be worked a long time. This is an exceedingly objectionable thing from the standpoint of a physician for the reason that the germs of disease which are in the air and dust and on stairways and straps in street cars, are most often collected on the hands. Any person who has ever kneaded dough understands the way in which the dough cleans the hands. This means that any germs which may have found a lodging place on the hands of the baker before he makes up his batch of bread are sure to find their way into the dough, and once there, to find all the conditions necessary for subdivision and growth. This is equivalent to saying that we must rely on heat to kill these germs, because it is almost certain that they will be there. Now, underdone or doughy bread is a form which every man and woman has seen.

BREAD WITHOUT YEAST—"THE MOST PERFECT OF ALL CONCEIVABLE WAYS OF RAISING IT."

It is a belief as old as the hills that underdone bread is unhealthful. This reputation has been earned for it by the experience of countless generations, and no careful mother will wish her children to eat bread that has not been thoroughly cooked. The reason given for this recognized unhealthfulness has been that the uncooked yeast dough is very difficult to digest. No one but a physician would be apt to think of disease germs which have not been killed during the process of baking as a cause of the sickness following the use of uncooked yeast bread. Yet this result from this cause is more than probable. I have not the slightest doubt that could we trace back some of the cases of illness which we meet in our practice we would find that germs collected by the baker have found their way into the yeast bread, that the heat has not been sufficient to destroy them, that the uncooked yeast bread has been eaten and with it the colonies of germs, that they have found their way into the blood and that the call for our services which followed, has rounded off this sequence of events.

I have already pointed out that the germs of disease are to be found in the air and dust. The longer any substance to be eaten is exposed to the air, the greater the chance that germs will be deposited on it. Bread raised with yeast is worked down or kneaded twice before being baked and this process may take anywhere from four hours to ten. It has, then, the chance of collecting disease germs during this process of raising and it has two periods of working down or kneading during each of which it may gather the dirt containing the germs from the baker's hands. As no bread save that raised with yeast, goes through this long process of raising and kneading so no bread save that raised with yeast has so good a chance of gathering germs.

What is meant by "raising" bread is worth a few words. The introduction of the yeast into the moist dough and the addition of heat when the pan is placed near the fire produces an enormous growth of the yeast fungi—the yeast "germ," in other words. These fungi effect a destructive fermentation of a portion of the starchy matter of the flour—one of the most valuable nutrient elements in the flour. The fermentation produces carbonic acid gas, and this, having its origin in every little particle of the starch which is itself everywhere in the flour, pushes aside the particles of the dough to give itself room. This is what is called "raising the bread."

It needs but a glance to see that it is, in its effects on the dough, purely mechanical. The dough, which was before a close-grained mass, is now full of little holes, and when cooked in this condition is what we ordinarily call light. This porous quality of bread enables the stomach to rapidly and easily digest it, for the gastric juices quickly soak into and attack it from all sides. The fermentation of the dough, however, uses up a portion of the nutrient elements of the loaf. If it be possible, therefore, to produce a light porous loaf without this destruction and without the "kneading" process, which fills the dough with germs and filth, and without the long period during which the raising process goes on, the gain in food and the gain in the avoidance of the germs is exceedingly plain.

But while we can easily see the dangers which attend the use of yeast it is certain that the vesiculating effect produced by it on the dough is to the last degree perfect. It is apparent that if we are to substitute any other system of bread making we must have one which will give us, first, mechanical results equally as good, that is, that will produce minute bubbles of carbonic acid gas throughout the mass of dough. Now it is in no way difficult to produce carbonic acid gas chemically, but when we are working at bread we must use such chemicals as are perfectly healthful. Fortunately these are not hard to find.

The evils which attend the yeast-made bread are obviated by the use of a properly made, pure and wholesome baking powder in lieu of yeast. Baking powders are composed of an acid and an alkali which, if properly combined, should when they unite at once destroy themselves and produce carbonic acid gas. A good baking powder does its work while the loaf is in the oven, and having done it, disappears.

But care is imperative in selecting the brand of baking powder to be certain that it is composed of non-injurious chemicals. Powders containing alum or those which are compounded from impure ingredients, or those which are not combined in proper proportion or carefully mixed and which will leave either an acid or an alkali in the bread, must not be used.

It is well to sound a note of warning in this direction or the change from the objectionable yeast to an impure baking powder will be a case of jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the "Royal." It contains absolutely nothing but cream of tartar and soda, refined to a chemical purity, which when combined under the influence of heat and moisture produce carbonic acid gas, and having done this, disappear. Its leavening strength has been found superior to other baking powders, and as far as I know, it is the only powder which will raise large bread perfectly. Its use avoids the long period during which the yeast made dough must stand in order that the starch may ferment and there is also no kneading necessary.

The two materials used in the Royal, cream of tartar and soda, are perfectly harmless, even when eaten. But they are combined in exact compensating weights, so that when chemical action begins between them they practically disappear, the substance of both having been taken up to form the carbonic acid gas. More than this, the proper method of using the powder insures the most thorough mixing with the flour. The proper quantity being taken, it is mixed with the flour and stirred around in it. The mixture is then sifted several times and this insures that in every part of the flour there shall be a few particles of the powder. The salt and milk or water being added, the dough is made up as quickly as possible and moulded into the loaves.

These are placed in the oven and baked. But the very moment the warmth and moisture attack the mixture of cream of tartar and soda, these two ingredients chemically combine and carbonic acid or leavening gas is evolved. The consequence may be seen at a glance, the bread is raised during the time it is baking in the oven, and this is the most perfect of all conceivable methods of raising it.

Here, then, there is no chance for germs of disease to get into the dough and thence into the stomach, more than that the bread is necessarily as sweet as possible, there having been no time during which it could sour. This involves the fact that the bread so made will keep longer, as it is less likely to be contaminated by the germ that affect the souring process.

It will be strange if the crowds of visitors to the World's Fair do not greatly increase the number of contagious diseases, which we will have to treat. Under these circumstances is it not folly of follies to open a single channel through which these germs may reach us? Is it not the part of wisdom to watch with the greatest care all that we eat and drink, and to see that none but the safest and best methods are employed in the preparation of our food? To me it seems as though there could be but one answer to questions like these.

I have shown the danger of using the yeast raised bread, and with this I have shown how that danger may be avoided. The ounce of prevention which in this case is neither difficult nor expensive is certainly worth many pounds of cure, and the best thing about it is that it may be relied on almost absolutely. Those who eat bread or biscuits or rolls made at home with Royal baking powder may be sure they have absolutely stopped one channel through which disease may reach them.

NOTE.—Housekeepers desiring information in regard to the preparation of the bread which, for sanitary reasons, Dr. Edson so strongly urges for general use, should write to the Royal Baking Powder Company, New York.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The first almanac was printed in Hungary in 1470.

Paper money was first issued by the notorious John Law.

On the railways in France, passengers are sold cooked snails in packages.

In the picturesque speech of the far West Washington is nicknamed "the corner State."

It is believed that crocodiles lived to be hundreds of years old. The Egyptians embalmed them.

A rattlesnake in the "Zoo" at Atlanta, Ga., has not eaten anything, it is said, since last August.

There is one Chinese, one Portugese and one Cherokee newspaper printed in the United States.

Tobacco and warehouse receipts issued after it was stored were both used in Colonial Virginia as money.

Sections of a cable laid twenty-one years were dug up at Key West, Fla., the other day. The copper wire was uninjured.

A New York policeman has resigned because the Commissioner wanted him to sacrifice about six inches of his mustache.

A colored boy at Macelenny, Fla., was chased up a tree by an alligator the other day, where he was kept a prisoner until help arrived.

A lady at Dalton, Ga., owns a gold breastpin of great antiquity, and within a circle of diamonds of the brightest luster is a lock of George Washington's hair.

A Boston gentleman recently killed a blacksnake about four and a half feet long, from the stomach of which he took another snake about fifteen inches in length that had been swallowed by the larger reptile.

The Chinese are inveterate gamblers. It is said that when a Chinese has lost everything else he will even stake his finger joints. If he loses he chops a joint off with a hatchet, dips the stump in oil and resumes play. If he loses again he chops off another joint, and so on till all are gone.

That the Egyptians carried the art of distilling perfumes to a high degree of perfection is attested by some of their ointment preserved in an alabaster vase, in the museum at Alnwick, England, which still retains a powerful aromotic odor, though believed to be between 2000 and 3000 years old.

Dick Quick, a seafaring man, has shown that there is something in a name despite what Shakespeare wrote on the subject. Quick entered a seminary at Rucksport, Me., without even knowing how to read or write, and now, at the end of two terms, he is one of the prize pupils of the school.

New York and Its Charities.

New York City, in its corporate capacity, spends more money for pure charity than the net income of half the pretentious cities of the country. No municipality in the world is so broad and general in its philanthropies, so careful and considerate of its unfortunates, so bountiful in its care for all classes of its distressed elements as is this same city of New York.

The private charities of its citizens are almost astounding in their extent and elicit admiration and praise from all who know them. Hospitals, orphan asylums, homes for the aged, industrial schools and other institutions for caring for the children of the poor, asylums for the deaf, dumb and blind, institutions for the special care and treatment of all manner of infirmities, reading rooms and public libraries, societies for the amelioration of every form of suffering by man or beast—these abound on every hand, monuments of the practical benevolence of our people. They represent united millions of private wealth, and are maintained by the steady flow of charitable offerings from the same prolific source.

But supplementing all this comes the city itself with its bountiful, indiscriminating, magnificent provisions for every form of human misery, distress and suffering, expending millions and millions from the public treasury in works of charity and benevolence. The grand total of this public bounty, altogether aside from the immense sums already invested in lands, buildings and facilities for carrying on the work—otherwise the plant—amounted in 1892 to no less than $1,250,309.82. Stop and think of it for a moment. The entire revenue from taxation of the great city of St. Louis is but a little more than four millions of dollars. Yet this city expends upwards of four and a quarter millions annually in works of charity and benevolence. The State of New York, foremost of all the States of the Union in its educational enterprise, expended but $4,466,517.83 in 1891 for educational purposes, or but a trifle more than this city's annual bill for charity. The entire State tax for general purposes, collected on the real and personal property throughout the State, yields but a little over five millions of dollars, barely a million more than New York City appropriates for the relief of its poor and distressed.—New York News.

A Peculiar Lake of Siberia.

The great salt lake at Obdorsk, Siberia, is nine miles wide, and seventeen miles long, yet, except in a few places, it is solidly roofed over with a deposit of salt, which is getting thicker and thicker every year.

Our guide, who is an old man, said that he could remember when the salt crystals first began to form upon the surface of the water. Year by year, owing to the evaporation of the water, the crystals became more numerous, and then caked together, till this great roof formed.

In 1878 the water beneath this salt crystal roof found an underground outlet in the River Obi. This lowered the lake's surface about three feet, leaving that distance between the water and the roof.

Looking down through one of the openings made for the purpose in the roof, we saw a low-sided small boat. Our guide put us one at a time into the boat. We lay flat on our backs and looked up at the curiously beautiful salt ceiling overhead. We propelled the boat by pushing with our hands against the irregularities of the roof.

The guide held a long rope attached to the boat to prevent our going too far and getting lost, a thing he said it was easy to do.

It was like a palace of enchantment, with the sun shining down through the salt crystals, the colors were so rich and wonderful.

Many springs surround this lake. Their water flows over the roof and evaporates there, and thus continually adds to its thickness. After many years the springs will probably become choked with their own deposits, and then the whole will gradually become covered with earth, and so a great salt mine will be formed—a treasure for the Siberians hundreds of years to come.—Geographical Magazine.

SECOND-SIGHT SHOOTING.

An Old Marksman's Sad Shot at a Fleeing Convict.

One night an old fellow came to the stockade where the convicts were penned and said that he had heard that more guards were needed.

"We do need more guards," the Superintendent replied, "but do you think that you can serve our purpose?"

"Yes, I think I can."

"But you're pretty old."

"I know that, but I've got my second sight, and I can shoot a gun about as well as I ever could, and that's one of the main requirements, I reckon."

"Yes; the orders are strict—shoot any convict that attempts to get away. But it strikes me that you are a little too old."

The old fellow stood under a lamp swinging from a crossbeam in the guardroom. His gray whiskers and his white hair, catching the moving light and the following shadow, gave him a weirdly venerable look.

"Now, you may think I'm too old, but I'm not," he urged. "I'll kill any man that tries to get away; and not only this, if they should try to overpower me they'll find me the handiest man with a gun they ever saw. Cap'n, I wish you'd give me the place, for I need it. Somehow I haven't the heart to do much of anything, and for a good while I have just been drifting from one place to another. Family's all gone—wife's dead, and my children are scattered everywhere. Give me the place, Captain, and I'll do my duty."

"What is your name?"

"Well, I have been called 'Old Ambrose' so long that I hardly know what my other name is. Reckon you'd better call me Old Ambrose."

"I don't know whether to take you or not, Mr. Ambrose."

"Old Ambrose, if you please."

"All right then, Old Ambrose. As I was saying, I don't know whether to take you or not. A number of convicts have got away lately, and the lessee is held responsible, and he, of course, looks to me."

"Didn't I tell you I'd got my second sight?"

"Yes, that's all very well, but still I am afraid. But we do need another man. Are you willing to get up mornings at 5 o' clock?"

"My dear sir, I can't sleep after 4 o' clock."

"You can stand a diet of corn bread and beef?"

"My dear sir, wheat bread gives me dyspepsia, and beef is my only meat."

"All right, Mr. Ambrose——"

"Old Ambrose, sir."

"All right then, Old Ambrose. I'll try you for a while, any way. To-morrow morning you will go with a gang to the second embankment, about two miles from here, and you'll have to get up earlier than 5 o'clock."

"All right, sir."

"And I think you'd better turn in now, so as to get enough sleep."

"I will, sir."

"By the way, your gun's in the corner."

"Thank you, sir."

Early the next morning the old man moved out with the squad, and just before the embankment was reached he thus addressed a brother guard: "I hate to do this kind of work, but the truth is I'm hardly fit for anything. I've traveled two hundred miles since I had a regular job, and I made a dead set at this one, and I'm going to keep it if I can. I reckon all a man has before him is his duty, and I never had my duty to scare me yet. I hope I won't have to shoot at one of these convicts, for, as I said last night, I've got my second sight, and a man that ever could shoot can shoot better than ever when his second sight comes."

Old Ambrose stood at one end of the embankment. It was just about daylight. Suddenly a convict fell, rolled down the embankment, and then, springing to his feet, made a break for a wood not a great distance away.

"Halt!" Old Ambrose cried. The convict paid no attention. Three times did Old Ambrose cry halt, and then fired. The convict fell.

"You got him," said the construction boss, coming forward.

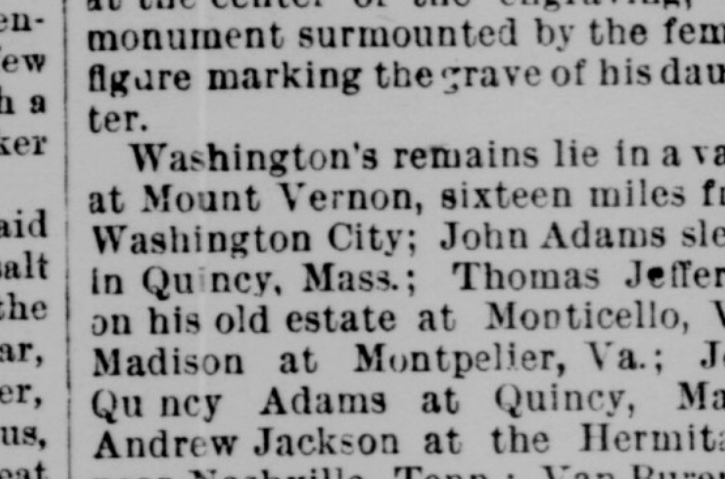
"Yes, and I know he's done for. I was going to shoot him in the leg, but just as I pulled the trigger he stepped in a low place. I'm going over to see the poor fellow."

The construction boss went with him. It was now broad daylight. The convict lay on his face. The construction boss turned him over. "Merciful God!" Old Ambrose cried, sinking upon his knees. It was his son.—Chicago Journal.

GRAVES OF TWO PRESIDENTS.

Tyler and Monroe Rest in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond.

The interment of the remains of Jefferson Davis in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., brings to mind the fact that in the same cemetery rest two Presidents of the United States—Monroe and Tyler. The remains of Monroe lie beneath a handsome open-work caging of iron, while near by, unmarked in any way, rests all that is mortal of John Tyler. Our illustration shows the resting-place of these two Presidents. Tyler sleeps beneath the shade of the trees shown at the center of the engraving, the monument surmounted by the female figure marking the grave of his daughter.



WHERE MONROE AND TYLER REST.

Washington's remains lie in a vault at Mount Vernon, sixteen miles from Washington City; John Adams sleeps in Quincy, Mass.; Thomas Jefferson on his old estate at Monticello, Va.; Madison at Montpelier, Va.; John Quincy Adams at Quincy, Mass.; Andrew Jackson at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn.; Van Buren at Kinderhook, N. Y.; William Henry Harrison at North Bend, Ohio; James K. Polk in Nashville, Tenn.; Zachary Taylor near Louisville, Ky.; Millard Fillmore near Buffalo, N. Y.; Franklin Pierce at Concord, N. H.; James Buchanan at Lancaster, Pa.; Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Ill.; Andrew Johnson near Greenville, Tenn.; U. S. Grant in New York City; Garfield at Cleveland, Ohio; Arthur at Albany, N. Y.; and Hayes at Fremont, Ohio.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Bold Challenge."

TEXT: "*Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.*"—Romans viii., 34.

"This is the last sermon I shall ever preach," said Christmas Evans on the 13th of June, 1838. Three days afterward he expired. I do not know what his text was, but I know that no man could choose a better theme—though he knew it was the last time he should ever preach—than the subject found in this text.

Paul flung this challenge of the text to the feet of all ecclesiastical and civil authority. He feared neither swords or lions, earth nor hell. Diocletian slew uncounted thousands under his administration, and the world has been full of persecution, but all the persecutors of the world could not affright Paul. Was it because he was physically strong? Oh, no. I suppose he was very much weakened by exposure and maltreatment. Was it because he was lacking in sensitiveness? No. You find the most delicate shades of feeling playing in and out his letters and sermons. Some of his communications burst into tears. What was it lifted Paul into this triumphant mood? The thought of a Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted, a Saviour interceding.

All the world has sang the praise of Princess Alice. One child having died of a contagious disease, she was in the room where another was dying, and the court physician said to her, "You must not breathe the breath of this child, or you yourself will die." But seeing the child mourning because of the death of her brother, the mother stooped down and in sympathy kissed the little one, caught the disease and perished. All the world sang the heroism and the self-sacrifice of Princess Alice, but I have to tell you that when our race was dying the Lord Jesus stooped down and gave us the kiss of His everlasting love and perished that we might live. "It is Christ that died."

Can you tell me how tender hearted Paul could find anything to rejoice at in the horrible death scene of Calvary? We weep at funerals; we are sympathetic when we see a stranger die; when a murderer steps upon the scaffold we pray for his departing spirit, and how could Paul—the great hearted Paul—find anything to be pleased with at the funeral of a God? Besides that Christ had only recently died, and the sorrow was fresh in the memory of the world, and how in the fresh memory of a Saviour's death could Paul be exultant?

It was because Paul saw in that death his own deliverance and the deliverance of a race from still worse disaster. He saw the gap into which the race must plunge, and he saw the bleeding hands of Christ close it. The glittering steel on the top of the executioner's spear in his sight kindled into a torch to light men heavenward. The persecutors saw over the cross five words written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, but Paul saw over the cross of Christ only one word—"expiation!" He heard in the dying groan of Christ his own groan of eternal torture taken by another. Paul said to himself, "Had it not been that Christ volunteered in my behalf, those would have been my mauled hands and feet, my gashed side, my crimson temples."

Men of great physical endurance have sometimes carried very heavy burdens—300 pounds, 400 pounds—and they have still said: "My strength is not yet tested. Put on more weight." But after awhile they were compelled to cry out; "Stop! I can carry no more." But the burden of Christ was illimitable. First, there was His own burden of hunger and thirst and bereavement and a thousand outrages that have been heaped upon Him, and on top of that burden were the sorrows of His poor old mother, and on the top of those burdens the crimes of the ruffians who were executing Him.

"Stop!" you cry. "It is enough. Christ can bear no more." And Christ says, "Roll on more burdens, roll on Me the sins of this entire nation, and after that roll on Me the sins of the inhabited earth, and then roll on Me the sins of the 4000 years past, so far as those sins have been forgiven." And the angels of God, seeing the awful pressure, cry: "Stop! He can bear no more." And the blood rushing to the nostril and lip seems to cry out "Enough! He can endure no more." But Christ says: "Roll on a greater burden, roll on the sins of the next 1900 years, roll on Me the sins of the succeeding ages, roll on Me the agonies of hell, ages on ages, the furnaces and the prison houses and the tortures." That is what the Bible means when it says, "He bore our sins and carried our sorrows."

"Now," says Paul, "I am free. That suffering purchased my deliverance. God never collects a debt twice. I have a receipt in full. If God is satisfied with me, then what do all the threats of earth and hell amount to? Bring on all your witnesses," says Paul. "Show all your force. Do your worst against my soul. I defy you. I dare you. I challenge you. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." Oh, what a strong argument that puts in the hand of every Christian man! Some day all the past sins of his life come down on him in a fiery troop, and they pound away at the gate of his soul, and they say: "We have come for your arrest. Any one of us could overcome you. We are 10,000 strong. Surrender." And you open the door, and single handed and alone you contend against that troop. You fling this divine weapon into their midst. You scatter those sins as quick as you can think it.

"It is Christ that died." Why, then, bring up to us the sins of our past life? What have we to do with those obsolete things? You know how hard it is for a wrecker to bring up anything that is lost near the shore of the sea, but suppose something be lost half way between Liverpool and New York. It cannot be found; it cannot be fetched up. "Now," says God, "your sins have been cast into the depths of the sea." Mid-Atlantic! All the machinery ever fashioned in foundries of darkness and launched from the doors of eternal death, working for 10,000 years, cannot bring up one of our sins forgiven and forgotten and sunken into the depths of the sea. When a sin is pardoned, it is gone. It is gone out of the books; it is gone out of the memory, it is gone out of existence. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

From other tragedies men have come away exhausted and nervous and sleepless, but there is one tragedy that soothes and calms and saves. Calvary was the stage on which it was enacted, the curtain of the night falling at midnoon was the drop scene, the thunder of falling rocks the orchestra, angels in the galleries and devils in the pit the spectators, the tragedy a crucifixion. "It is Christ that died." Oh, triumphant thought!

If you go through the picture gallery of Versailles, you will find a great change there. I said to a friend who had been through those galleries, "Are they as they were before the French war?" and I was told there was a great change there, that all that multitude of pictures which represented Napoleonic triumphs had been taken away, and in the frames were other pictures representative of German success and victory. Oh, that all the scenes of satanic triumph in our world might be blotted out, and that the whole world might be a picture gallery representing the triumphant Jesus! Down with the monarchy of transgression! Up with the monarchy of our King! Hail! Jesus, hail!

But I must give you the second cause of Paul's exhilaration. If Christ had staid in that grave, we never would have gotten out of it. The grave would have been dark and dismal as the conciergerie during the reign of terror, where the carts came up only to take the victims out to the scaffold. I do not wonder that the ancients tried by embalmment of the body to resist the dissolution of death.

The grave is the darkest, deepest, ghastliest chasm that was ever opened if there be no light from the resurrection throne streaming into it, but Christ staid in the tomb all Friday night and all Saturday, all Saturday night and a part of Sunday morning. He staid so long in the tomb that He might fit it for us when we go there. He tarried two whole nights in the grave, so that He saw how important it was to have plenty of light, and He has flooded it with His own glory.

It is early Sunday morning, and we start up to find the grave of Christ. We find the morning sun gilding the dew, and the shrubs are sweet as the foot crushes them. What a beautiful place to be buried in! Wonder they did not treat Christ as well when He was alive as they do now that He is dead. Give the military salute to the soldiers who stand guarding the dead. But hark to the crash—an earthquake! The soldiers fall back as though they were dead, and the stone at the door of Christ's tomb spins down the hill, flung by the arm of an angel. Come forth, O Jesus, from the darkness into the sunlight! Come forth and breathe the perfume of Joseph's garden.

Christ comes forth radiant, and as He steps out of the excavation of the rock I look down into the excavation, and in the distance I see others coming hand in hand and troop after troop, and I find it is a long procession of the precious dead. Among them are our own loved ones—father, mother, brother, sister, companion, children, coming up out of the excavation of the rock until the last one has stepped out into the light, and I am bewildered, and I cannot understand the scene until I see Christ wave His hand over the advancing procession from the rock and hear Him cry: "I am the resurrection and the life. He who believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And then I notice that the long dirge of the world's woe suddenly stops at the archangelic shout of "Come forth!"

Oh, my friends, if Christ had not broken out of the grave you and I would never come out of it! It would have been another case of Charlotte Corday attempting to slay a tyrant, herself slain. It would have been another case of John Brown attempting to free the slaves, himself hung. It would have been Death and Christ in a grapple and Death the victor. The black flag would have floated on all the graves and mausoleums of the dead, and hell would have conquered the forces of heaven and captured the ramparts of God, and satan would have come to coronation in the palaces of heaven, and it would have been devils on the throne and sons of God in the dungeon.

No! no! no! When that stone was rolled from the door of Christ's grave, it was hurled with such a force that it crashed in all the grave doors of Christendom, and now the tomb is only a bower where God's children take a siesta, an afternoon nap, to wake up in mighty invigoration. "Christ is risen." Hang that lamp among all the tombs of my dead. Hang it over my own resting place. Christ's suffering is ended; His work is done. The darkest Friday afternoon of the world's history becomes the brightest Sunday morning of its resurrection joy. The Good Friday of bitter memories becomes the Easter of glorious transformation and resurrection.

Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord.
Behold the place. He is not here.
The tomb is all unbarred.
The gates of death were closed in vain.
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

I give you the third cause of Paul's exhilaration. We honor the right hand more than we do the left. If in accident or battle we must lose one hand, let it be the left. The left hand being nearer the heart, we may not do much of the violent work of life with that hand without physical danger, but he who has the right arm in full play has the mightiest of all earthly weapons. In all ages and in all languages the right hand is the symbol of strength and power and honor. Hiram sat at the right hand of Solomon. Then we have the term, "Is he a right hand man." Lafayette was Washington's right hand man. Marshal Ney was Napoleon's right hand man. And now you have the meaning of Paul when he speaks of Christ who is at the right hand of God.

That means He is the first guest of heaven. He has a right to sit there. The hero of the universe! Count His wounds; two in the feet, two in the hands, one in the side—five wounds. Oh, you have counted wrong. These are not half the wounds. Look at the severer wounds in the temples. Each thorn an exeruciation.

If a hero comes back from battle, and he takes off his hat or rolls up his sleeve and shows you the scar of a wound gotten at Ball's Bluff or at South Mountain, you stand in admiration at his heroism and patriotism, but if Christ should make conspicuous the five wounds gotten on Calvary—that Waterloo of all the ages—He would display only a small part of His wounds. Wounded all over, let Him sit at the right hand of God. He has a right to sit there. By the request of God the Father and the unanimous suffrage of all heaven let Him sit there. In the grand review when the redeemed pass by in cohorts of splendor they will look at Him and shout "Victory!"

The oldest inhabitant of heaven never saw a grander day than the one when Christ took His place on the right hand of God. Hosanna! With lips of clay I may not appropriately utter it, but let the martyrs under the altar throw the cry to the elders before the throne and they can toss it to the choir on the sea of glass until all heaven shall lift it—some on point of scepter, and some on string of harp, and some on the tip of the green branches. Hosanna! hosanna!

A fourth cause of Paul's exhiliration After a clergyman had preached a sermon in regard to the glories of heaven and the splendors of the scene an aged woman said, "If all that is to go on in heaven, I don't know what will become of my poor head." Oh, my friends, there will be so many things going on in heaven I have sometimes wondered if the Lord would not forget you and em!

Perhaps Paul said sometimes "I wonder God does not forget me down here in Antioch, and in the prison, and in the shipwreck. There are so many sailors, so many wayfarers, so many prisoners, so many heartbroken men," says Paul, "perhaps God may forget me. And then I am so vile a sinner. How I whipped those Christians! With what vengeance I mounted that cavalry horse and dashed up to Damascus! Oh, it will take a mighty attorney to plead my cause and get me free." But just at that moment there came in upon Paul's soul something mightier than the surges that dashed his ship into Melita, swifter than the horse he rode to Damascus. It was the swift and overwhelming thought of Christ's intercession.

My friends, we must have an advocate. A poor lawyer is worse than no lawyer at all. We must have one who is able successfully to present our cause before God. Where is He? Who is He? There is only one advocate in all the universe that can plead our cause in the last judgment, that can plead our cause before God in the great tribunal.

Sometimes in earthly courts attorneys have specialties, and one man succeeds better in patent cases, another in insurance cases, another in criminal cases, another in land cases, another in will cases, and his success generally depends upon his sticking to that specialty. I have to tell you that Christ can do many things, but it seems to me that His specialty is to take the bad case of the sinner and plead it before God until He gets eternal acquittal. Oh, we must have Him for our advocate.

But what plea can He make? Sometimes an attorney in court will plead the innocence of the prisoner. That would be inappropriate for us. We are all guilty! guilty! Unclean! unclean! Christ, our advocate, will not plead our innocence. Sometimes the attorney in court tries to prove an alibi. He says. "This prisoner was not at the scene. He was in some other place at the time." Such a plea will not do in our case. The Lord found us in all our sins and in the very place of our iniquity. It is impossible to prove an alibi. Sometimes an attorney will plead the insanity of the prisoner and say he is irresponsible on that account. That plea will never do in our case. We sinned against light, against knowledge, against the dictates of our own consciences. We knew what we were doing. What, then, shall the plea be?

The plea for our eternal deliverance will be Christ's own martyrdom. He will say: "Look at all these wounds. By all these sufferings I demand the rescue of this man from sin and death and hell. Constable, knock off the shackles—let the prisoner go free." "Who is he that condemneth! It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

But why all this gladness on the faces of these sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? I know what you are thinking of. A Saviour dead; a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted; a Saviour interceding. "What," say you, "is all that for me?" All, all! Never let me hear you complaining about anything again. With your pardoned sin behind you, and a successful Christ pleading above you, and a glorious heaven before you, how can you be despondent about anything?

"But," says some man in the audience, "all that is very good and very true for those who are inside the kingdom, but how about those of us who are outside?" Then I say, Come into the kingdom, come out of the prison house into the glorious sunlight of God's mercy and pardon, and come now.

It was in the last day of the reign of terror—the year 1793. Hundreds and thousands had perished under the French guillotine. France groaned with the tyrannies of Robespierre and the Jacobine Club. The last group of sufferers had had their locks shorn by Monchotte, the prison barber, so that the neck might be bare to the keen knife of the guillotine.

The carts came up to the prison, the poor wretches were placed in the carts and driven off toward the scaffold, but while they were going toward the scaffold there was an outcry in the street, and then the shock of firearms, and then the cry: "Robespierre has failed! Down with the Jacobins! Let France be free!" But the armed soldiers rode in upon these rescuers, so that the poor wretches in the carts were taken on to the scaffold and horribly died.

But that very night these monsters of persecution were seized, and Robespierre perished under the very guillotine that he had reared for others, all France clapping their hands with joy as his head rolled into the executioner's basket. Then the axes of the excited populace were heard pounding against the gates of the prison, and the poor prisoners walked out free. My friends, sin is the worst of all Robespierres. It is the tyrant of tyrants. It has built a prison house for our soul. It plots our death. It has shorn us for the sacrifice; but, blessed be God, this morning we hear the axes of God's gracious deliverance pounding against the door of our prison.

Deliverance has come. Light breaks through all the wards of the prison. Revolution! Revolution! "Where sin abounded, grace does much more abound that whereas sin reigned unto death even so grace may reign unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Glorious truth! A Saviour dead; a Saviour risen; a Saviour exalted a Saviour interceding!

WORK AND WORKERS.

THE Schuyler Electric Company, of Middletown, Connecticut, has laid off 200 hands.

GLOVE shops in Gloversville and Johnstown, New York, are closing down or reducing the number of employes.

SWIFT & Co., packers at the stock yards in Chicago, laid off 500 employes, and reduced the wages of the others 10 per cent.

THE Planet Mills, of Brooklyn, New York, making carpet yarns and twines, have shut down for at least two weeks, leaving 400 employes idle.

THE Park Hill Manufacturing Company's three gingham mills, at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, employing 1100 hands, began to run three days a week.

THE Richmond and Danville Railroad Company has discharged over 50 employes from its shops at Alexandria, Virginia, and dropped many others along the line.

OWING to the difficulty in obtaining currency with which to pay its 710 operatives, the Pemberton Cotton Mills of Lawrence, Massachusetts, will close for three weeks.

The Mississippi Valley Lumber Association, in semi-annual session at Minneapolis, Minnesota, agreed to reduce the cut for the balance of the season one-half.

The Hecla Iron Works of Brooklyn, which was reported to have shut down, are said to be running full force and with contracts enough to keep them busy for a year to come.

A DESPATCH from Panama says that the Panama Mail employes are excited over a reduction in salaries of 50 per cent. Notice was given that salaries from September 1 would be paid in common silver instead of American gold.

THE steel plant of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, at Pueblo, Colorado, will resume operations with a full force of 1600 men, after a shut-down for three weeks for repairs. The company has large orders ahead, and will run for a year, it is said, without a cessation of operations.

THE B. B. & R. K. Knight mills, at Providence, Rhode Island, which has been idle for a week, will resume this week. The firm operates mills in Pontiac, Natick, River Point, Artic, Fisherville, Arkwright, White Rock and Providence, in Rhode Island, and in Hebronville, Dodgeville, Manchaug and Readville, in Massachsetts, employing about 8000 hands.

THE case of the London military organization which gives performances in the stock pavilion at the World's Fair was again called before Commissioner Hoyne in Chicago. The managers had been charged with an infringement of the Contract Labor law. District Attorney Milchrist consented to a dismissal on receiving the promise of the managers to send back to England such members of the company as had been discharged.

LEVELLED BY A CYCLONE.

Residences, Barns and Outhouses in Larned, Kas.

A funnel-shaped cyclone visited Larned and vicinity about five o'clock in the afternoon. At one time five separate clouds, whirling with great velocity, and with their points reaching to the earth, were seen by the residents, who gathered in the streets. Wherever one of these funnels struck the ground, it cleaned up everything as completely as if it had been run over by a giant mowing machine. The farms of Thomas Barby, Peter Rupe, Amos Reese and John Payton were visited and their residences, barns and outhouses were completely destroyed. Mrs. Barby was badly hurt about the head and shoulders. Her son escaped by jumping into the cellar, The cyclone levelled the house, and a large portion of it fell into the cellar, but missed young Barby. A party of hucksters who were thrashing for S. T. Gartin escaped the fury of the storm by jumping into the water wagon, when they saw the cloud coming, and driving out of its track. The losses will be heavy.

FATAL EXPLOSION.

A Steamer on Snake River Blown to Pieces Near Waite's Bar.

The Union Pacific steamer Annie Fallon, plying in Snake River, between Riperia, Washington, and Lewiston, Idaho, was blown up off Waite's Bar, four miles below Almota. Seven persons were killed, and all the rest injured. The vessel was blown to pieces. The names of the killed are: Thomas McIntosh and brother, passengers; Mrs. Toppen, purser's wife; George Farwell, waiter; Joseph Bush, deck hand; William Kidd, deck hand, and a fireman, whose Christian name is Paul.

THE STEAMER BLEW UP.

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PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

REV. MICAJAH M. BINFORD, of Carthage, Ind., has received a call to the Friends' church at Richmond.

PROFESSOR Nicholas Crouch, famed the world over as the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," was 86 years old on July 31. He has lived in Baltimore for a number of years, but is now in New York awaiting the opening of the fall engagement of "Glen-da-Lough." "Kathleen Mavourneen" is one of the principal airs in this opera, and during its rendition Professor Crouch leads the orchestra.

FOR once Emperor William is disposed to retire the army to a secondary place in the affairs of the nation. He has given orders that the autumn maneuvers are only to be held this year if it can be clearly proved that the agricultural district in which they are to take place will not suffer from the military operations.

REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG, whose "Spartacus to the Gladiators" has been so many schoolboys' favorite declamation for many years, is still preaching on Sundays in his church at Harpswell, Me., although he has passed his eightieth birthday. He has done a wonderful amount of good among the fisherman of Casco Bay in his long career. He expects soon to retire from active service, but he can never cease doing good as long as life lasts.

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT, who sailed in May, expects to return late in September, having visited England, France, Germana, Switzerland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Bulgaria, and Italy, and having held eight conferences, the last in Rome. He writes home that he is in splendid health and enjoying his travels very much. This is the chancellor's first European conference tour. He has previously visited more countries and traveled more miles in a single tour, having during one year covered 20,000 miles.

PROFESSOR B. K. Emerson, of Amherst college, who was seriously hurt in the Lake Shore accident the other day, studied at Amherst, Goettingen, and Berlin, and finally became professor of geology and zoology at his alma mater. He is without challenge one of the best professors in the institution, having an eye single to the work given to his charge, possessing great personal enthusiasm for the two sciences and having the power to convey his own interest in the subjects under consideration to the students in his class room. He is eminent in both the departments of geology and mineralogy, and when ten years ago Walker hall was burned with the Shepard collection of minerals Professor Emerson set about replacing it. This was no easy task, but he had reason this year to congratulate himself and the college that he had more than made good that loss.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has effected a $3,000,000 loan in London at six per cent. to complete improvements now under way.

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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