CABLE SPARKS.

THE striking cabmen of Naples attacked the police.

THE Arab soldiers at Kismayoo, near Zanzibar, have risen in revolt.

THE House of Lords expect to take up the home-rule bill on September 5.

THE government report for the past week shows cholera to be on the increase in Russia.

IT is said the demands of the French envoy at Siam exceed the terms of the ultimatum.

THE Duke of Edinburg has resigned his position as admiral of the fleet of the British navy.

TURKEY has established five days' quarantine against vessels arriving from Russian ports.

AN alleged conspiracy has been discovered in South Russia to separate Ukrain from Russia.

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia represented the German Emperor at the fleet maneuvers of the Italian navy.

IT is said that Russia is making an effort to ship rye into Germany by way of France, Italy and Hungary.

SIAM has deposited the guarantee of three million francs required to insure the payment of French indemnity.

FRANCE will not send military attaches to the German maneuvers this fall because the sham battle-field is to be around Metz.

ROBERT INGLIS, marine engineer for the Cunard Steamship Company, was drowned by the upsetting of a sailboat.

THE police officials at Rome who are held responsible for not suppressing the anti-French rioting have been dismissed from office.

THERE are indications that the strike of English coal miners will soon end by the men resuming work without insisting upon an advance.

FOUR thousand striking Welsh miners started to march over the mountains to the Ebbw Vale mines to induce their comrades to quit work, but all left the ranks before reaching their destination.

Lord Dunraven's yacht Valkyrie sailed for New York to compete for the America's cup. Dunraven's horse won at the York August meeting, and the coincidence was noted by sporting men.

PASTOR STOECKER, formerly German court chaplain, who is celebrated for the animosity he entertains for the Hebrews, sailed from Hamburg for New York on the steamer Augusta Victoria. He is to make a lecturing tour of the United States.

THE Michigan Peninsular Car Company, at Detroit, will close its shops for three months. The shops when in full operation could build 100 cars a day, and employed about 6000 hands.

MURRAY, the BARBER

MURRAY, the Barber respectfully informs the public and friends that he continues to prosecute his profession at his old stand, four doors east of the European House

PATENTS

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

For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State, County, City or Town, write to C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Your Stomach Distresses You

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

RIPANS TABULES

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

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

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY!

Positively removes

DR. CHECINI'S ELECTRIC BONE SPAVIN, Ringbone, Splint, or Curb,

IN 48 HOURS, Without Pain.

$500 Reward

For Failure or Slightest Injury.

This is the Greatest Wonder of the 19th Century, astonishing, as it does, the entire Veterinary world.

SPAVIN CURE

Circulars and Sworn Proofs Mailed Free.

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

ROBERT B. DIXON & CO,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

LUMBER & BUILDING MATERIAL,

NORTH CAROLINA LOCUST POSTS, VERY EXTRA CYPRESS SHINGLES.

FENCING,

BOTH HEMLOCK AND NORTH CAROLINA.

—DEALERS IN—

ANTHRACITE AND CUMBERLAND COALS

—AND—

FERTILIZERS.

☞ We are selling the above at lowest prices to suit the times. Jan8 9

LUMBER.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.

414 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.

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

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

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

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, ETC.

A FATAL WRECK.

Manhattan and Rockaway Beach Excursionists Crushed.

15 DEAD, 17 WOUNDED.

The Late Saturday Night Trains on the Long Island Railroad from the Two Seaside Resorts Come Together at Berlin with Awful Results.

An accident that cost the lives of fifteen persons occurred shortly after midnight in the little village of Berlin, near Calvary Cemetery, in the town of Newton, L. I. The Long Island Railroad train that left Manhattan Beach at 1.15 o'clock was overtaken by the train that left Rockaway Beach fifteen minutes earlier. In the collision that ensued the two rear cars of the five that made up the Manhattan Beach train were demolished and the middle car was overturned. Hardly one of the score of the passengers aboard these cars escaped unhurt.

The accident happened at half an hour after midnight. It was over an hour before any news reached any outside point.

The railroad company immediately despatched a relief train with all the physicians obtainable. The Manhattan Beach train had been standing in the block to allow of another train ahead getting at a safe distance. The Rockaway Beach train came dashing along behind, ran into the same block and crushed into the rear end of the Manhattan Beach train. Both were crowded with excursionists and both were the last trains from their respective resorts.

There were five cars in the Manhattan Beach train, all of them open cars. The Rockaway train plunged in and plowed its way completely through the two rear cars and partly wrecked the third. Passengers in the three cars were maimed and mangled horribly.

The Rockaway engine was wrecked. Its smokestack was carried away, and its huge boiler resembled a pin-cushion from the timbers of the wrecked cars sticking into it. Upon these timbers were human beings lapaled, some dead and others gasping their last.

Everything was spattered with the blood of the dead and the wounded, and the cries of the latter rose high above the hissing of steam and the calls of the frantic trainmen.

As fast as the wounded were taken from the wreck they were carried to the relief train and cared for. The doctors on board worked swiftly but well. Other doctors were out in the wreck, applying restoratives and making hurried dressings of the wounds as the sufferers were taken out, and then the latter were put on the relief train for more careful treatment.

Haberman's tin factory stands close to the tracks at the scene of the accident. This was thrown open and some of the dead and injured were carried in there. One of the physicians was stationed there to receive them as they were brought in.

When all the wounded had been found that could be the relief train started with them for Long Island City. They were met there by the only ambulance which St. John's Hospital owns. Two were placed in it and hurried to the hospital and the ambulance returned for more. Meanwhile express wagons, horse cars, coaches and vehicles of every sort were pressed into service to get the wounded to the hospital quickly.

Seventeen of them were taken to the hospital in all, of whom two died upon the way there.

The dead were taken by another special train to Newton, which is the nearest town to the scene of the accident, and placed in Skelton's Morgue by the order of Coroner Brandon.

TURKEY'S PROTECTION.

It Will Hereafter Be Given to Missionaries.

The vigorous protest entered by the United States Government against the assault on Miss Melton, an American missionary in the Turkey province at Mosul, has borne fruit that will insure, to some extent, in future the safety of Christain missionaries in Turkey. Under instructions from the State Department the United States Ministers at Constantinople made a demand for a rigid investigation of the facts connected with the outrage and the punishment of the guilty parties. The demand has been met by the Turkish authorities in a manner entirely satisfactory to this government so far as preliminary steps are concerned, but standing instructions have been sent to the ministers to see that the promises so freely given are carried out to the letter.

Hereafter the vizier of Mosul will give a vizerial letter to missionaries traveling through his province recommending the bearer to the protection of the authorities, and a military escort will be furnished all missionaries who desire it. Furthermore, the vizier has sent an officer and troops to the scene of the outrage with instructions to investigate and make arrests, but owing to the remote situation of the place no report has yet been received.

A DYING BOY'S SERMON.

Though Suffering from Hydrophobia He Preaches With His Last Breath.

George Willis, 14-years-old, son of Mr. J. W. Will, a painter, died at his home in Atlanta, Ga. Three months ago young Willis was bitten on the calf of the leg by a small dog. Every effort possible was made to save the boy's life, all of which proved in vain.

Just before his death he called for a Bible to read a few words from the book to those in the room. Suddenly his eyes lit up and he preached a sermon. After he finished the sermon he said that God had prepared him a place in Heaven and was waiting for him and with these words on his lips he died. Three others being bitten at the same time are being closely watched.

ONLY one Columbian souvenir coin has been received at the United States Treasury for redemption. It is therefore argued that the coins are being treasured and that the remainer of the 5,000,000 will yet go at a high premium.

MARYLAND STATE NEWS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

MR. M. P. TRAVERS, farmer, of New Market, died suddenly from heart disease while driving in a buggy with one of his daughters in the vicinity of Monrovia. He was about forty-eight years of age.

TOBACCO housing is in full blast in Calvert county. The crop, which at one time promised to be the largest for years, is a poor one and will not yield as well as the crop of last year.

THE peach growers of Calvert county are losing hundreds of boxes of their very best fruit owing to the inability to have their boxes returned.

DR. WM. LEE, of Baltimore, secretary and executive officer of the State lunacy commission, paid an official visit to Hagerstown for the purpose of making an inspection of Bell vue, the Washington county almshouse and lunatic asylum. Dr. Lee paid a similar visit to this institution about a year ago, at which time he found it in a very bad condition. On his visit he states he was very much pleased to see the improvements had been made. The bathrooms and closets, which had been in a filthy condition, have been altered and improved. The old sewer, which was in too close proximity to the buildings, have been torn up and a new one constructed at a sufficient distance from the building to insure protection to the inmates. All the rooms are cleanly and well-kept, and the beds are in good condition. That part of the building known as the "garrett room," where violent cases are kept, has also been improved, and presents a much better appearance than it did on the occasion of the last official visit.

THE one great topic of conversation in the upper part of Caroline county at present is the singular predicament in which Mr. Alonzo Vane, near Templeville, is situated. His relatives and friends, as well as individuals, are thoroughly excited over the matter, and the subject is being discussed generally. Several weeks ago, during a hot spell of weather, Mr. Vane was at work, when he suddenly received a sunstroke, which terminated in paralysis. Since then he has been almost entirely helpless, and has not uttered a word nor tasted any food for twenty-seven days. His intellect is apparently all right. From the fact that he cannot speak he has to write, the best he can, all of his communications. Mr. Vane, previous to this, was a strong, healthy man. He is about twenty-six years of age, 6 feet in height and will weigh about 175 pounds. He has always taken an active part in politics. His recovery is doubtful.

MR. G. W. Coburn, a commercial traveler of Philadelphia was run over by passenger train No. 226 at Ridgely Station, in Caroline county. He attempted to get off before the train stopped. When he jumped the train was running at a rapid speed and Mr. Coburn was buried under the wheels, which passed over him, severing one foot and leaving him in a horrible condition. The platform of the car struck him on the head and bruised him internally, breaking several ribs.

THE recent heavy rain-storm, accompanied by a high wind, which struck Caroline county, did considerable damage. The rain fell in a deluge and the wind howled. Many peaches were blown off of trees and fields of corn blown down.

WORK has commenced on a large town hall at Galena, to take the place of the one destroyed by fire in March last. Henry Carr has commenced building a residence on the site of the one destroyed at the same time. Other buildings of a substantial character have been erected in the burnt district.

TEN carloads of peaches per day was the average at Millington Station last week and twelve carloads were sent out on one day.

FISH formerly unknown to Chesapeake bay fishermen are being caught this season in Maryland waters, notably pompano, supposed to be exclusively a Gulf of Mexico fish which is now caught in large quantities in the lower bay. A party of fishermen have also caught a handsome sheepshead as far north as the mouth of Chester river, off Cove Point light. This game fish has never been known so far up the bay.

AT a recent meeting of the town council of Smithsburg, Washington county, vigorous means es were instituted toward improving the sanitary condition of the town. A number of orders were issued for the removal of nuisances and a house-to-house inspection of premises was directed. A tax of 80 cents on every $100 worth of property was levied for lighting and street improvement. These measures are the result of the recent visit to that town of County Health Officer T. W. Simmons.

A LARGE barn and a number of outbuildings, owned by Mr. Thomas Pearre, an extensive farmer near Unionville, Frederick county, were destroyed by fire. The contents of the barn, which were also destroyed, included an entire wheat crop, which was only threshed a few days ago, a considerable quantity of hay, farming implements, &c. Five horses and one mule also perished in the flames. Loss is estimated at between $4,000 and $5,000. The fire was caused by children playing in the barn with matches.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Bottle of Tears."

TEXT: "*Put thou my tears into thy bottle.*"—Psalms lvi., 8.

Hardly a mail has come to me for twenty years that has not contained letters saying that my sermons have comforted the writers of those letters. I have not this summer nor for twenty years spoken on the platform of any outdoor meeting but coming down I have been told by hundreds of people the same thing. So I think I will keep on trying to be a "son of consolation."

The prayer of my text was pressed out of David's soul by innumerable calamities, but it is just as appropriate for the distressed of all ages. Within the past century travelers and antiquarians have explored the ruins of many of the ancient cities, and from the very heart of those buried splendors of other days have been brought up evidences of customs that long ago vanished from the world. From among tombs of those ages have been brought up lachrymatories, or lachrymals, which are vials made of earthenware. It was the custom for the ancients to catch the tears that they wept over their dead in a bottle, and to place that bottle in the graves of the departed, and we have many specimens of the ancient lachrymatories, or tear bottles, in our museums.

When on the way from the Holy Land our ship touched at Cyprus, we went back into the hills of that island and bought tear bottles which the natives had dug out of the ruins of the old city. There is nothing more suggestive to me than the tear bottles which I brought home and put among my curiosities. That was the kind of bottle that my text alludes to when David cries, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

The text intimates that God has an intimate acquaintance and perpetual remembrance of all our griefs, and a vial, or lachrymatory, or bottle, in which He catches and saves our tears, and I bring to you the condolence of this Christian sentiment. Why talk about grief? Alas, the world has its pangs, and now, while I speak, there are thick darknesses of soul that need to be lifted. There are many who are about to break under the assault of temptation, and perchance, if no words appropriate to their case be uttered, they perish. I come on no fool's errand. Put upon your wounds no salve compounded by human quackery; but, pressing straight to the mark, I hail you as a vessel midsea cries to a passing craft, "Ship ahoy!" and invite you on board a vessel which has faith for a sudder, and prayer for sails, and Christ for captain, and heaven for an eternal harbor.

Catherine Rheinfeldt, a Prussian, keeps a boat with which she rescues the drowning. When a storm comes on the coast, and other people go to their beds to rest, she puts out in her boat for the relief of the distressed, and hundreds of the drowning has she brought safely to the beach. In this lifeboat of the Gospel I put out to-day, hoping, by God's help, to bring ashore at least one soul that may now be sinking in the billows of temptation and trouble. The tears that were once caught in the lachrymatories brought up from Herculaneum and Pompeii are all gone, and the bottle is as dry as the sceoria of the volcano that submerged them, but not so with the bottle in which God gathers all our tears.

First, I remark that God keeps perpetually the tears of repentance. Many a man has awakened in the morning from the debauch of a night's debauch that he has sobbed and wept. Pains in the head, aching in the eyes, kick at heart and unfit to step into the light. He grieves, not about his drinking, but only about its consequences. God makes no record of such weeping. Of all the million tears that have gushed in the result of such misdemeanor, not one ever got into God's bottle. They dried on the fevered cheek or were dashed down by the bloated hand or fell into the red wine cup as if sane again to the lips, foaming with still worse intoxication.

But when a man is sorry for his past and tries to better things and mourns over wasted advantages and bemoans his rejection of God's mercy, and cries amid the lacerations of an aroused conscience for help out of his horrible predicament, then God listens; then heaven bows down; then scepters of pardon are extended from the throne; then his crying rends the heart of heavenly compassion; then tears are counted in God's bottle.

Oh, when I see the heavenly Shepherd bringing a lamb from the wilderness; when I hear the quick tread of the prodigal hastening home to find his father; when I see a sailor boy coming on the wharf and hurrying away to beg his mother's pardon for long neglect and unkindness; when I see the houseless coming to God for shelter, and the wretched, and the vile, and the sin burned, and the passion blasted appealing for mercy to a compassionate God, I proclaim in ecstasy and triumph: "More tears for God's bottle!"

Again, God keeps a tender remembrance of all your sicknesses. How many of you are thoroughly sound in body? Not one out of ten! I do not exaggerate. The vast majority of the race are constant subjects of ailments. There is some one form of disease that you are particularly subject to. You have a weak side or back or are subject to headaches or faintnesses or lungs easily distressed. It would not take a very strong blow to shiver the golden bowl of life or break the pitcher at the fountain. Many of you have kept on in life through sheer force of will. You think no one can understand your distresses. Perhaps you look strong, and it is supposed that you are a stranger to sickness, or say you are nervous—as if that were nothing! God have mercy upon any man or woman that is nervous!

At times you sit alone in your room. Friends do not come. You feel an indescribable loniness in your sufferings, but God knows; God feels; God compassionates. He counts the sleepless nights. He regards the acuteness of the pain. He estimates the hardness of the breathing. While you pour out the medicine from the bottle and count out the drops, God counts all your falling tears. As you look at the vials filled with nauseous drafts and at the bottles of distasteful tonic that stand on the shelf, remember that there is a larger bottle than these, which is filled with no mixture by earthly apothecaries, but it is God's bottle, in which he hath gathered all our tears.

Again, God remembers all the sorrows of poverty. There is much want that never comes to inspection. The deacons of the church never see it. The comptrollers of the almshouses never report it. It comes not to church, for it has no appropriate apparel. It makes no appeal for help, but chooses rather to suffer than expose its bitterness. Fathers who fail to obtain a livelihood, that they and their children submit to constant privation; sewing women, who cannot ply the needle quick enough to earn them shelter and bread.

But whether reported or uncomplaining, whether in seemingly comfortable parlor, or in damp cellar, or in hot garret, God's angels of mercy are on the watch. This moment those griefs are being collected. Down on the back streets, in all the alleys, amid shanties and log cabins, the work goes on. Tears of great soothing in summer's heat or freezing in winter's cold—they fall not unheeded. They are jewels for heaven's casket. They are pledges of divine sympathy. They are tears for God's bottle.

Again, the Lord preserves the remembrance of all paternal anxieties. You see a man from the most infamous surroundings step out into the kingdom of God. He has heard no sermon. He has received no startling providential warning. What brought him to this new mind? This is the secret—God looked over the bottle in which He gathers the tears of His people, and He saw a parental tear in that bottle which has been for 40 years unanswered. He said, "Go too, now, and let Me answer that tear!" and forthwith the wanderer is brought home to God.

Oh, this work of training children for God! It is a tremendous work. Some people think it easy. They have never tried it. A child is placed in the arms of the young parent. It is a beautiful plaything. You look into the laughing eyes. You examine the dimples in the feet. You wonder at its exquisite organism. Beautiful plaything! But on some night fall as you sit rocking that little one a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying: "That child is immortal! The stars shall die, but that is an immortal! Suns shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an immortal!"

Now, I know with many of you this is the chief anxiety. You earnestly wish your children to grow up rightly, but you find it hard work to make them do as you wish. You check their temper. You correct their waywardness in the midnight your pillow is wet with weeping. You have wrestled with God in agony for the salvation of your children. You ask me if all that anxiety has been ineffectual. I answer, No. God understands your heart. He understands how hard you have tried to make that daughter do right, though she is so very petulant and reckless, and what pains you have bestowed in teaching that son to walk in the path of uprightness, though he has such strong proclivities for dissipation.

I speak a cheering word. God heard every counsel you ever offered Him. God has known all the sleepless nights you have passed. God has seen every sinking of your depressed spirit. God remembers your prayers. He keeps eternal record of your anxieties, and in His lachrymatory—not such as stood in an ancient tomb, but in one that glows and glitters besides the throne of God—holds all those exhausting tears.

The grass may be rank upon your graves and the letters upon your tombstones defaced with the elements before the divine response will come, but He who hath declared, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee," will not forget, and some day in heaven while you are ranging the fields of light the gates of pearl will swing back, and garlanded with glory that long wayward one will rush into your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph. The hills may depart, and the earth may burn, and the stars fall, and time perish, but God will break His oath and trample upon His promises—never! never!

Again, God keeps a perpetual remembrance of all bereavements. These are the trials that cleave the soul and throw the red hearts of men to be crushed in the wine press. Troubles at the store you may leave at the store. Misrepresentation and abuse of the world you may leave on the street where you found them. The lawsuit that would swallow your honest accumulations may be left in the courtroom. But bereavements are home troubles, and there is no escape from them. You will see that vacant chair. Your eye will catch at the suggestive picture.

You cannot fly in the presence of such ills. You go to Switzerland to get clear of them; but, more sure, footfall than the mule that takes you up the Alps, your troubles climb to the tiptop and sit shivering on the glaciers. You may cross the seas, but they can outsail the swiftest steamer. You may take caravan and put out across the Arabian desert, but they follow you like a simoom, armed with suffocation. You plunge into the Mammoth cave, but they hang like stalactites from the roof of the great cavern. They stand behind with skeleton fingers to push you ahead. They stand before you to throw you back. They run upon you like reckless horsemen. They charge upon you with gleaming spear. They seem to come haphazard, scattering shots from the gun of a careless sportsman. But not so. It is God's aim that sends them just right, for God is the archer.

This summer many of you will especially feel your grief as you go to places where once you were accompanied by those who are gone now. Your troubles will follow you to the seashore and I will keep up with the lightning express in which you speed away. Or, tarrying at home, they will sit beside you by day and whisper over your pillow all night after night. I want to assure you that you are not left alone and that your weeping is heard in heaven.

You will wander among the hills and say, "Up this hill last year our boy climbed with great glee and waved his cap from the top," or "This is the place where our little girl put flowers in her hair and looked up in her mother's face," until every drop of blood in your heart tingles with gladness, and you thanked God with a thrill of rapture and you look around as much as to say: "Who dashed out that light? Who filled this cup with gall? What blast froze up these fountains of the heart?"

Some of you have lost your parents within the last twelve months. Their prayers for you are ended. You take up their picture and try to call back the kindness that once looked out from those old, wrinkled faces and spoke in such a tremulous voice, and you say it is a good picture, but all the while you feel that, after all, it does not do justice, and you would give almost anything—you would cross the sea; you would walk the earth over—to hear just one word from those lips that a few months ago used to call you by your first name, though so long you yourself have been a parent.

Now, you have done your best to hide your grief. You smile when you do not feel like it. But though you may deceive the world, God knows. He looks down upon the empty cradle, upon the desolated nursery, upon the stricken home and upon the broken heart, and says: "This is the way I thrash the wheat; this is the way I scour My jewels! Cast thy burden on My arm, and I will sustain you. All those tears I have gathered into My bottle!"

But what is the use of having so many tears in God's lachrymatory? In that great casket or vase, why does God preserve all your troubles? Through all the ages of eternity, what use of a great collection of tears! I do not know but that in some distant age of heaven an angel of God may look into the bottle and find it as empty of tears as the lachrymals of earthenware dug up from the ancient city. Where have the tears gone? What sprite of hell hath been invading God's palace and hath robbed the lachrymatories? None. These were sanctified sorrows, and those tears were changed into pearls that are now set in the crowns and robes of the ransomed.

I walk up to examine this heavenly coronet, gleaming brighter than the sun, and cry, "From what river depths of heaven were those gems gathered?" and a thousand voices reply, "These are transmuted tears from God's bottle." I see scepters of light stretched down from the throne of those who on earth were trod on of men, and in every scepter point and inlaid in every ivory stalk of golden throne I behold an indescribable richness and luster and cry, "From whence this streaming light—these flashing pearls?" and the voices of the elders before the throne, and of the martyrs under the altar, and of the hundred and forty and four thousand radiant on the glassy sea exclaim, "Transmuted tears from God's bottle."

Let the ages of heaven roll on—the story of earth's pomp and pride long ago ended and the Saviour diademed with that kings proud, the precious stones that adorned Persian tiara and flamed in the robes of Babylonian processions forgotten; the world's mine charred in the last conflagration, but firm as the everlasting hills and pure as the light that streams from the throne, and bright as the river that flows from the eternal rock, shall gleam, shall sparkle, shall flame forever these transmuted tears of God's bottle.

Meanwhile let the empty lachrymatory of heaven stand for ever. Let no hand touch it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision crack it. Purer than beryl or chrysoprasus. Let it stand on the step of Jehovah's throne and under the arch of the unfading rainbow. Passing down the corridors of the palace, the redeemed of earth shall glance at it and think of all the earthly troubles from which they were delivered and say, each to each: "That is what we heard of on earth." "That is what the psalmist spoke of." "These once were put our tears." "That is God's bottle." And while standing there inspecting this richest inlaid vase of heaven the towers of the palace dome strike up this silvery chime: "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$ 4 25	@ $	4 40
" Grade Extra	3 60		3 65
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	63¼		63½
CORN—No. 2 White	50		51
OATS—Southern & Penn.	34		35
Western White	31		32
Mixed	31		32
RYE—No. 2	53		54
HAY—Choice Timothy	17 00		18 00
Good to Prime	16 00		17 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	10 50		10 50
Wheat Blocks	7 50		7 50
Oat Blocks	7 50		8 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	$ 5½	@ $	6
City Cows	4		4½
Southern No. 2	5½		5¾

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 70	@ $	75
ONIONS	2 60		2 75
Yams	4 00		4 50

PROVISIONS.

HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	8½	@ $	9
Clear ribsides	9		9½
Hams	13¼		13¾
Mess Pork, per bar			16 00
LARD—Crude			9½
Best refined			10¼

BUTTER.

BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 24	@ $	25
Under fine	21		22
Boil	20		21

CHEESE.

CHEESE—N.Y. Factory	$ 10	@ $	10½
N. Y. Flats	10¼		10¾
Skim Cheese	6		7

EGGS.

EGGS—State	$ 15	@ $	15½
North Carolina	14		14½

POULTRY.

CHICKENS—Hens	$ 9	@ $	10
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 60	@ $	4 70
Good to Fair	4 00		4 60
SHEEP	3 75		4 00
Hogs	6 00		6 60

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 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68¼		68¼
RYE—Western	57		59
CORN—No. 2	47¾		47¾
OATS—No. 3	20		20¼
BUTTER—State	17		23
EGGS—State	17		17½
CHEESE—State	8¾		9¾

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	65¾		66
CORN—No. 3	47¼		47½
OATS—N. 2	32		34
BUTTER—State	29		31
EGGS—Penns. ft	17		17½

It is noticed at Pittsburg that the hard times are moving many Italians to return to Italy. Four coaches filled with them left that city in one night. All take more or less money that their characteristic thrift has preserved to them.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Paper-making ranks fifth among our industries.

The Roman supper was in three courses—soups, meats and fruits.

The King of Siam wears a golden hat which weighs twenty-seven pounds.

The use of cotton cloth was brought to Europe by the Saracens, A. D. 800.

A one-armed resident of Youcalla, Oregon, built, during the past month, a house twenty-four feet square without assistance.

The State of Massachusetts at one time previous to the Revolution claimed the Pacific Ocean as its Western boundary.

The relative ratios of the smaller letters in ordinary printing is: Z, 1; k, j, q, x, 3; b, v, 7; g, p, w, y, 10; c, f, u, m, 12; d, l, 20, h, r, 30; a, i, n, o, s, 40; t, 45; e, 60—total, 532.

In Heligoland Sabbath begins at 6 p. m. on Saturday, when the church bell is tolled, and ends on Sunday at the same hour. Formerly no vessel could leave port between those hours.

Vinegar will not split rocks, so Hannibal could not thus have made his way through the Alps. Nor will it dissolve pearls, so that the story of Cleopatra drinking pearls melted in vinegar must have been a fiction.

The inhabitants of Thibet are the dirtiest people on earth. Not only do they never wash, but when once full growth has been attained they never take their clothes off. When the garments they wear become old others are put over them.

M. W. Thomas, of Richmond, Va., waved his arm to his wife out of the open window of a moving railroad car one day recently and had it badly broken. It was hard to account for the accident, but his arm is supposed to have struck the mail-bag catcher.

The discovery of the process of tinting white paper was the result of sheer carelessness. The wife of an English paper-maker named East accidentally dropped the "blue bag" into a vat of pulp, where it lay long enough to give the entire mass a bluish tint before she could recover it.

The ibis, the sacred bird of Egypt, is occasionally met with in the South, particularly in Florida. In St. Augustine and other coast towns the birds are frequently seen perched on the ridge of the roof of house or stable. They are easily tamed, and seem fond of human company.

The age of the lata dragon tree of Orotava was variously estimated at from 6000 to 10,000 years. On the lowest estimate it surpassed not only Domesday oaks and Soma cypresses, but the Hedsor yew, with its 3200 years, and Alphonse Karr's baobabs of Senegal. Balfour gives the ages, as ascertained by De Candolle, of the cypress as 350 years, the oak 1500, the yew 2820 and the baobab as probably the same as the yew.

Uncle Sam as an Advertiser.

In Eighth avenue there is a recruiting office for the United States Army. In front of the premises during business hours is stationed an orderly whose erect figure, bright new uniform and fine, soldierly bearing are well calculated to make a favorable impression upon the minds of discontented young men who may be taken with a sudden impulse to enter the service of their country. On the streets in the neighborhood there are generally to be seen two or three robust and well fed young men in the uniform of privates, lounging about in a contented sort of way, from whose leisurely manner it might easily be inferred that, in time of peace at least, the soldier's lot was quite a happy one. "The whole scheme is a slick one," was the remark of an ex-private who only a few weeks ago received an honorable discharge from the regular army after six years of service in the West. "The whole scheme is a slick one," he repeated, "and it catches lots of fellows who are just as fresh and green as I was when I enlisted in Philadelphia nearly six years ago. Young fellows who are out of work or who are dissatisfied with their positions or who are in a desperate frame of mind after a spree or who are unhappy in their love affairs, accidentally run across these recruiting officers, and the idea suddenly pops into their heads that it would be a mighty nice thing to join the army and thus run away from their trouble.

"They see the orderly and the privates in their neat, bright uniforms, with apparently nothing in the world to do but keep their shoes and clothes well brushed, and what was at first merely a vagrant notion becomes a determined resolution. They apply for enlistment, pass the necessary examination, and, almost before they are aware of it, have surrendered a large share of their personal freedom and become subjects of military discipline. Too often they seek to retrace their steps only when it is too late, and in many cases they begin their army service with a sullen hatred against the flag they have sworn to follow. Once in a while, but not often, a fellow is exempted or discharged after he has been sworn in, but it is generally done because he pleads the baby act or through some pull of his friends in the War Department. But the natty orderly on duty in front of the recruiting office and the well fed privates on the streets nearby—what of them, you ask? Why, they run the scheme I spoke of in the first place. Uncle Sam is the shrewdest advertiser in the business. He places those fellows, wearing new uniforms, on view, to advertise what a royal, free-for-all picnic he has in store for those who join the regular army."—New York Herald.

A Gleam of Sunshine.

I stood in the great courtyard of Sing Sing prison two days before the famous escape of Roehl and Pallister. The genial keeper had shown us everything and everybody of the hundreds of prisoners, save the fatal five in the condemned cells. We had seen the workships, the dining-room, the tiny sleeping-apartments, the chapel painted by a convict's pencil with scenes from the "Prodigal Son." As we turned to go away, the attendant called to me: "Look yonder."

There was a little girl, the daughter of an official of the prison, surrounded by three men in stripes. How they kissed her innocent face and almost worshiped her as she stood amongst them, with the sunlight playing around her slender form.

"Strange thing, sir; but these fellows do so love the children," said the keeper. "If we only let them play where the prisoners can see them, they will watch them by the hour and spend days in making little toys for them. Ay," continued he, "and robins, mice, rats, anything alive, they will catch, tame and cherish."

The scene in the grim, gaunt prison was a fascinating one. As the great iron gate clanged behind us, I turned and looked again. The group was still there, gilded by the April sunlight.

Truly, the worst among men must love. A little child can lead those who are lost to every terror of punishment. For love is stronger than death, leave alone Sing Sing gates and bars, which can never shut it out.

In every heart, however degraded and vicious, the melodies of heaven will sometimes make music.—New York Ledger.

The Bank of England manufactures on its own premises all the material necessary in its business, making the paper of its own notes, and even the ink in printing them.

Tobacco and Sight.

The bad effect of tobacco on the eyes was unknown, even by physicians, until within the present century.

Sixty years ago Doctor McKenzie, of Glasgow, wrote, "I have already had occasion repeatedly to hint my suspicion that tobacco is a frequent cause of amaurosis"—complete or partial blindness. To one form of this disease Hutchinson gave the name "tobacco amaurosis," because he often found it in men strongly addicted to the use of tobacco.

Doctor Williams, the celebrated oculist of Boston, says, "To be of service, treatment in tobacco amaurosis must be begun in the early stage, before the congestion has been succeeded by atrophy."

Doctor Francis Dowling, of Cincinnati, within a few years tested the eyes of one hundred and fifty employes in the principal tobacco factories of that city. Only one woman was found to be suffering from the disease, and she had never used tobacco. This showed that merely working in the factory had very little effect on the sight, though it did affect unfavorably the general system.

Of the men examined, forty-five showed more or less evidence of amaurosis, thirty of them being pretty well marked cases. They all mistook red for brown or black, and green for light blue or orange, and in all there was also a contraction of both pupils. Thirty out of the forty-five complained of a gradual failure of vision.

In one case—not among the employes just spoken of—the contraction of the pupil was so great that the sufferer was unable to go about without assistance. He had smoked from twenty to thirty cigars a day. He renounced tobacco, and his sight was fully restored in three and one-half months.

Chewing has been found to be much worse than smoking, as more of the poison is absorbed.

The ophthalmoscope shows, in the early stage of the disease, a congested condition of the optic disk and the retina. The pressure thence resulting at length causes a gradual atrophy of the disk, and eventually of more or less of the retina, according to the duration of the disease and the amount of the infection.—Youth's Companion.

An Adjustable Statue.

The American is an inventive genius, whether he be a Yankee or a South American. He seems to have a notion that it is his duty to look about him and discover new ways of doing old things, and to put all things to every possible use is with him a pet idea. French people, when they grow weary of the bronze effigy of a certain individual that has been set up upon public highways, be that individual poet, king or other, destroy that statue. They tear it down, disfigure it and, in so far as they can, destroy it. In Venezuela, however, where popularity is quite as fleeting as in France, the American's ingenious mind has found a better way to do this sort of thing than that employed by the French; and a far more sensible and economical way, too, as it seems to us—that is to