A Strange Custom.

A student of life and manners in the Punjaub has been struck by the large proportion of very old men in the Indian jails. In the prison at Mooltan there were last year seventeen life prisoners, whose total ages were found to amount to more than 1100 years—two of them being patriachs of upward of eighty. This remarkable fact is attributed partly to the great improvement in the economy of Indian jails, since the exposure of their mismanagement some years ago, but more directly to the prevalent practice when a crime has been committed of handing over the least useful member of the family as a sort of vicarious offering to justice.

On this point the Inspector-General of Indian Prisons observes that the confinement which conviction entails is, of course, less irksome to the aged than to the young. "Moreover," he continues, "the people know that a specially comfortable place in the shape of good food, ample clothing, a special dietary, the lightest of work and a society not entirely uncongenial awaits the old man in our jails."

A case has been cited in which a man had been strangled. The person to whom the crime, by his own confession, was brought home was a feeble old fellow who had been paralyzed in both arms for twenty years, and could not have committed the crime. But as his family all said he did it, and as there were plenty of "eye witnesses," the old man went cheerfully to jail, and lies there still.—London News.

A New Disease.

It seems that the street car has added a new disease to the troubles that flesh is heir to. It is called the "Bell Arm" by the vulgar, and cellular opestacitis by the wise. It seems to be yet a rare trouble. In Philadelphia a man was taken to a hospital recently to be treated for it. He is a conductor on a cable car, and the constant habit of listening for the sharp tang of the bell, followed by the raising of his arm toward the bell strap, has developed the strange ailment. This muscular movement has become a second nature to him, and his arm actually acts more quickly than his brain. To such an extent has this involuntary action gone that whenever he hears a bell of any kind his arm at once shoots upward toward an imaginary bell cord. The physicians at the hospital were greatly puzzled to account for this at first, but the case has finally been diagnosed as one of cellular opestacitis.—New Orleans Picayune.

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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Your Stomach Distresses You

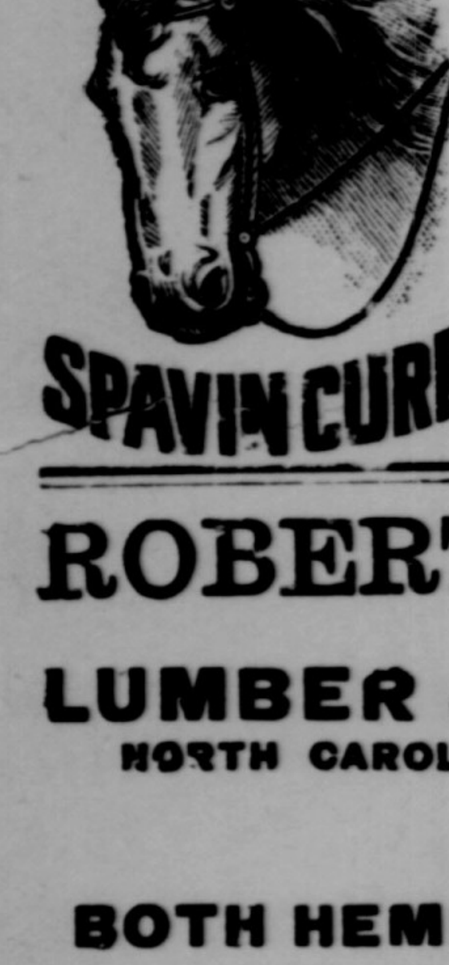
after eating a hearty meal, and the resulting chronic case of Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, or a bilious attack.

RIPANS TABULES

GOLD BY DRUGGISTS

A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY!

DR. CHECINI'S ELECTRIC SPAVIN CURE



$500 Reward

Dr. Guy Chechini, New York.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The first lifeboat was launched in 1802.

Geese in migrating often travel over 6000 miles.

The average depth of an Irish bog is twenty-six feet.

In Russia indolent or careless cooks are still occasionally flogged.

The Croton aqueduct, New York City, is forty miles long, having sixteen tunnels and a collecting reservoir of 3,000,000,000 gallons capacity.

It was one of the great Napoleon's superstitious fancies that the names of persons and places beginning with the letter M possessed an influence over his career.

A gold coin of the weight of four pennyweights, and valued at $1.58, struck in the reign of Henry VI., is known as an "angel," but why, no coin collector can tell.

On the plantation of Nicholas Colvin, near Halsellville, Chester County, S. C., there is a hole ten inches in diameter and of unknown depth, from which smoke constantly arises.

In 1809 Spain was visited by a sweltering temperature that is described as fearful. Madrid and other cities were deserted and the streets silent. Laborers died in the fields and the vines were scorched and blasted as if by a simoon.

The Hessian fly is so called because it was supposed to have been brought from Germany during the Revolutionary war in wheat imported for the use of the Hessian mercenaries in the British army. It has traveled West at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a year.

Many years ago a beekeeper named Wildman surprised all Europe with the ease with which he handled bees, compelling a swarm to settle where he pleased. His secret was to get possession of the queen bee, when the others would follow wherever she was placed.

The "Rocking Stone" in Sullivan County, New York, weighs forty tons, and is so evenly balanced on a table of rock that it can be easily set in motion by the pressure of a finger, yet so solidly laid that the combined strength of 100 men without artificial appliances could not displace it.

In Buckinghamshire, England, is an estate partially surrounded by a stone wall, which has been building for over 200 years. Only one man has been employed upon the work at a time, and the unfinished wall has descended from father to son in one family. A legend which attaches to the wall relates that some dire calamity will happen if it is either completed or the work goes into other hands.

The term "Christian name" is used in England and America only. "Baptismal name" is used in other countries. The term seems to have been used first after the Reformation, when Biblical names were used as a reaction against the use of the saints' names in the calendar. It is evident that all Biblical names are not Christian, but the reaction went so far as to consider everything in the Bible as pagan, or certainly nonchristian.

A Dog Hypnotized at Will.

A hypnotized dog is the last new thing in animal curiosities. This interesting quadruped belongs to M. Durov, who was awarded a gold medal by the Paris Academy of Science for his original investigations and discoveries in the science of hypnotism as applied to animals and its effects upon them. Several tests have been made in the presence of Dr. Afanasiev, of the War Department, though it is not obvious why this gentlemen should have been chosen.

One of the tests consisted in placing several articles, as a pencil, cigar case, handkerchief, cuff button, etc., on the floor. Then the dog, having been thrown into a hypnotic trance by him, M. Durov requested one of the audience, which consisted of several other physicians of renown and some newspaper men, to think about something and what the dog was to do with it, then to write it on a piece of paper and show it to the rest of the audience, excepting, of course, himself. This was done, and the dog, having been brought in, what was the astonishment of the whole assemblage to see the animal go up to the cigar case, pick it up and bring it to the one who had been indicated in the wish.

Another test consisted in laying several cubes with figures on them in a certain order in a closed box. At the same time several pieces of paper were put upon the floor bearing like numbers on each. The dog was then called in and required to place the pieces of paper in the same order as the cubes were laid in the closed and sealed box. This he did, to the astonishment of all assembled. M. Durov declares that he knows no more about what is being done or wished than does the dog, and is, therefore, unable to prompt him in any way.—London Sunday Times.

A ROUGH DAY AT THE FAIR.

The Paid Admissions Last Week Over a Million.

Umbrellas, waterproofs and light overcoats were needed Sunday at the Exposition to keep dry and warm. There was no heavy or steady rain, but the day's enjoyment of the silent Exposition was marred by decidedly unpleasant autumn weather. The people passed through the pay gates just the same and to see the same parts of the Exposition that they have been coming to see every Sunday since the first of May—the fine art treasures, the Plaisance resorts and the architectural beauties of the Fair.

The only special event was a private display at night for the press, officials and electrical experts of the "cloudy projector," an invention of L. H. Rogers, of Cleveland, O. The exhibition was given on the east plaza of the Administration building. The projector is an electrical apparatus for throwing signs, pictures and characters of any description in legible outlines upon the clouds several thousand feet, so that they can be plainly seen and read from the earth.

The weekly attendance keeps on increasing, and it is predicted by many that 20,000,000 will be the paid record for the six months. The total attendance for last week was 1,133,482, making a grand total up to date of 13,504,776.

Dumas at Work.

The "Englishman in Paris" relates that he one day called to see the elder Dumas, and inquired of the servant, "Is monsieur at home?"

"He is in his study, monsieur. Monsieur can go in."

At that moment I heard a loud burst of laughter from the inner apartment, so I said I would wait till monsieur's visitors were gone.

"Monsieur has no visitors; he is working," replied the servant. "Monsieur Dumas often laughs like that at his work."

It was true enough; the novelist was alone, or rather in company with one of his characters. He was simply roaring.

Mabel's Grandpa.

Mr. Bennett is a bright and well-preserved old gentleman, but to his little granddaughter, Mabel, he seems very old indeed.

She had been sitting on his knee and looking at him seriously for some moments one day, when she said, "Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Why, no, my dear!" gasped the astonished grandparent.

Mabel's eyes grew large and round with astonishment. "Then why weren't you drowned?" she asked.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$4 50	@ $4 50
High Grade Extra	3 70	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	71	72
CORN—No. 2 White	53	54
OATS—Southern & Penn.	36	36½
Western White	34	35
RYE—No. 2	51	52
HAY—Choice Timothy	14 50	15 00
Good to Prime	13 50	14 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	10 00	10 [illegible]
Wheat Blocks	5 50	6 00
Oat Blocks	7 50	8 00

CANNED GOODS.

TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3	$ 90	@ $ 95
No. 2	70	75
PEAS—Standards	1 20	1 60
Seconds		90
CORN—Dry Pack		1 00
Moist		90

HIDES.

CITY STEERS	$ 4½	@ $ 5
City Cows	4	4½
Southern No. 2	5½	5¾

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 75	@ $ 80
ONIONS	90	95
Yams	2 00	2 10

PROVISIONS.

HOG PRODUCTS—shlds.	$ 8¼	@ $ 9
Clear ribsides	9	9½
Hams	13¼	13½
Mess Pork, per bar		17 00
LARD—Crude		9½
Best refined		10¼

BUTTER.

BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 27	@ $ 28
Under fine	26	27
Roll	24	25

CHEESE.

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

EGGS.

EGGS—State	$ 17	@ $ 17½
North Carolina	15	16

POULTRY.

CHICKENS—Hens	$ 11	@ $ 12
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 50	@ $ 4 85
Good to Fair	3 87	4 25
SHEEP	2 00	3 25
Hogs	6 60	6 90

FURS AND SKINS.

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

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 15	@ $ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	72	73
RYE—Western	50	54
CORN—No. 2	51½	52½
OATS—No. 3	32¼	32¾
BUTTER—State	10	15
EGGS—State	19	19
CHEESE—State	9¾	9½

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	72	73½
CORN—No. 3	50	50½
OATS—No. 2	35	35½
BUTTER—State	27	28
EGGS—Penns. ft	18	18

ARE TOYS TOO GOOD?

A Suggestion That the Toys of Our Childhood Were Better.

Men are, after all, only overgrown children. Give your little boy money, and the sweetshop and the toyshop will, too probably, eclipse the mute appeal of the missionary box.

And, when the boy grows up, physically, if his income also grows, he will spend at sweetshop and toyshop. Instead of acid drops he will purchase rare wines and order elaborate dinners; the race game and the clockwork boat will expand the real thoroughbreds and a steam yacht.

Do we really outgrow the taste for sweets and toys? Some of us never have it; some lose it by over-indulgence during youth.

But to the temperate person, whose pocket money has always been limited, are toys and sweets ever wholly without attractions? He is ashamed to be seen openly purchasing sugared almonds and chocolate creams, and looking in vain longing at lead soldiers and clockwork trains; but the old delight is not dead.

Even a humble box of bricks, that best of toys, unrolls before his mental vision a prospect of houses, fortresses, harbors, railway stations, zoological gardens, and all the ingenious constructions of the young architect, half blocks and half "make-believe."

When I look into the toy-shop windows, as I usually do, it seems to me that children are losing the poetic imagination that transformed a dingy play room into a fairyland.

Toys are becoming daily more elaborate, more realistic; less room is left for fiction and romance. Lead soldiers are no longer flat simulacra of humanity, but big, broad, solid and expansive. Cavalrymen sit plump astride bulging horses: artillery trains, pontoon trains, complete in every detail, replace the improvised substitutes in which I once reveled.

Yet, can the model 81-ton gun give as much satisfaction to the boyish possessor as the fortress artillery I used to contrive out of an old brass cannon, three bricks and the tender of a tin train?—The Sketch.

An Amphibious Boat.

A new Canadian invention for use in the lumber districts is coming into general use in Northern Ontario. It is called a steam warping tug. It propels itself on land as well as on water, and is used by lumbermen whose operations are carried on among small lakes connected by streams of uncertain navigation.

The vessel has proved not only a success, but a great boon to the lumber trade. Six of these unique crafts have been built by the inventors during the past season, four completed at their yard in Ottawa, and two shipped, ready to be put together at their destination in the Nipissing district.

They are built in scow shape, with steel-shod runners for moving overland; are thirty-seven feet long, ten feet beam, decked all over, and have sleeping-room for four men in the bow; the bottom and up the bow is covered with steel boiler plate. An engine twenty-two horse power furnishes steam for ten hours' work, with three quarters of a cord of wood.

In the water it moves six miles an hour forward or backward, as required, propelled by side wheels.

On land it is propelled by having a cable drum on which is coiled five-eighths of a mile of steel wire cable, which is fastened with pulleys to a tree or some object in front, the boat moving as the wire is coiled up. The boiler is hung on an axle in the center, and a screw arranged on the front enables the firemen to tip it forward or back, and keep it level going up or down hill.

It will move over an elevation of one foot in three on land, and draws about twenty-eight inches in the water.

It Was Dead Economy.

An excursion from Birmingham to Montgomery was run the other day, says the Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald. A negro man appeared at the ticket office in the depot and purchased a ticket for himself. Then he said to the ticket agent:

"Boss, I want 'nother round trip 'scursion ticket for a corpse."

The agent opened his eyes in astonishment. An excursion ticket for a corpse was something new to him, even with his varied experience.

The negro explained: "You see, boss, my brudder died yesterday and I want ter take de corpse down to Montgomery and let de fambly view de 'mains, and den bring 'em back to Birmingham and bury 'em. Dis will be a heap cheaper den fur de fambly to cum up here."

The agent saw at once that this was a great stroke of economy and enterprise on the part of the negro. There were probably a dozen members of the family, and tickets for them to Birmingham and board while there wo ld be quite expensive. The corpse could get the benefit of excursion rates to Montgomery and would pay no board while there. Thus the negro subserved the ends of economy and preserved the respect for the grief of the family at the same time.

Do Ants Talk?

This query is made by a writer, and he then goes on to say: "I one day saw a drove of the small black ants moving, perhaps to better quarters. The distance was some one hundred and fifty yards. Almost all which came from the old home carried some of the household goods. Some had eggs, some had what might have answered for their bacon or meat, some had one thing and some another. I sat and watched them closely for over an hour. I noticed that every time two met in the way they would hold their heads close together as if greeting one another; and no matter how often the meeting took place this same thing occurred as though a short chat was necessary.

"To prove more about it, I killed one who was on his way. Others being eye witnesses to the murder went with speed, and with every ant they met this talking took place as before. But instead of a pleasant greeting, it was sad news they had to communicate. I knew it was sad news, for every ant that these parties met hastily turned back and fled on another course, as much as to say:

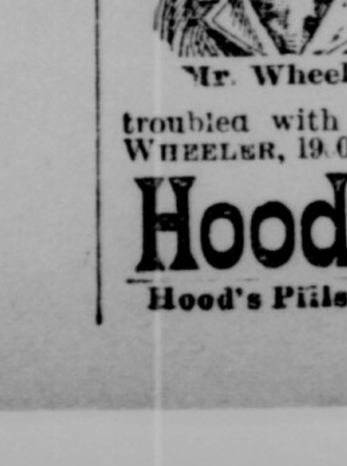
"For the king's sake and for your safety do not go there, for I have seen a monster, just behind, that is able to destroy us all at one blow. I saw him kill one of our family. I do not know how many more are killed."

So the news spread, and it was true. How was the news communicated, if not by speech.

DURING the day the soldiers in camp haven't too good a time, but after dark the fun is in tents.—Philadelphia Times.

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

WHILE IN THE WAR



Mr. Wheeler.

I was taken ill with spinal disease and rheumatism. I went home and was confined to my bed, unable to help myself for 22 months. After years of misery a companion machinist advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I got a bottle and could quickly note a change for the better. After taking 7 bottles I was well and have not since been troubled with my old complaints." JAS. A. WHEELER, 1900 Division St., Baltimore, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

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

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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.

SHINGLES.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Proposition to Celebrate the Nineteen Hundredth Birthday of Christ by an International Jubilee."

TEXT: *"To us a child is born,"* Isaiah ix., 6.

That is a tremendous hour in the history of any family when an immortal spirit is incarnated. Out of a very dark cloud there descends a very bright morning. One life spared and another given. All the bells of gladness ring over the cradle. I know not why any one should doubt that of old a star pointed down to the Saviour's birthplace, for a star of joy points down to every honorable nativity. A new eternity dates from that hour, that minute.

Beautiful and appropriate is the custom of celebrating the anniversary of such an event, and clear on into the eighties and nineties the recurrence of that day of the year in an old man's life causes recognition and more or less congratulation. So also Nations are accustomed to celebrate the anniversary of their birth and the anniversary of the birth of their great heroes or deliverers or benefactors. The 22d of February and the 4th of July are never allowed to pass in our land without banquet and oration and bell ringing and cannonade. But all other birthday anniversaries are tame compared with the Christmas festivity, which celebrates the birthday described in my text.

Protestant and Catholic and Greek churches, with all the power of music and garland and procession and doxology, put the words of my text into National and continental and hemispheric chorus, "To us a child is born." On the 25th of December each year that is the theme in St. Paul's and St. Peter's and St. Mark's and St. Isaac's and all the dedicated cathedrals, chapels, meeting houses and churches clear round the world.

We shall soon reach the nineteen hundredth anniversary of that happiest event of all time. This century is dying. Only seven more pulsations, and its heart will cease to beat. The fingers of many of you will write at the head of your letters and the foot of your important documents, "1900." It will be a physical and moral sensation unlike anything else you have before experienced. Not one hand that wrote that "1801" at the induction of this century will have cunning left to write "1901" at the induction of another.

The death of one century and the birth of another century will be sublime and suggestive and stupendous beyond all estimate. To stand by the grave of one century and by the cradle of another will be an opportunity such as whole generations of the world's inhabitants never experienced. I pray God that there may be no sickness or casualty to hinder your arrival at that goal or to hinder your taking part in the valedictory of the departing century and the salutation of the new.

But as that season will be the nineteen hundredth anniversary of a Saviour's birth, I now nominate that a great international jubilee or exposition be opened in this cluster of cities by the seacoast on Christmas day, the 25th of December, 1900, to be continued for at least one month into the year 1901. This century closing December 31st, 1900, and the new century beginning January 1st, 1901, will it not be time for all Nations to turn aside for a few weeks or months from everything else and emphasize the birth of the greatest being who ever touched our planet, and could there be a more appropriate time for such commemoration than this culmination of the centuries which are dated from His nativity? You know that all history dates either from before Christ or after Christ, from B. C. or A. D. It will be the year of our Lord 1900 passing into the year 1901.

We have had the Centennial at Philadelphia, celebrative of the one hundredth anniversary of our Nation's birth. We have had the magnificent expositions at New Orleans and Atlanta and Augusta and St. Louis. We have the present World's exposition at Chicago, celebrative of this continent's emergence, and there are at least two other great celebrations promised for this country, and other countries will have their historic events to commemorate, but the one event that has most to do with the welfare of all Nations is the arrival of Jesus Christ on this planet, and all the enthusiasm ever witnessed at London or Vienna or Paris or any of our American cities would be eclipsed by the enthusiasm that would celebrate the ransom of all nations, the first step toward the accomplishing of it being taken by an infantile foot one winter's night about five miles from Jerusalem, when the clouds dropped the angelic cantanta, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

The three or four questions that would be asked me concerning this nomination of time and place I proceed to answer. What practical use would come of such international celebration? Answer—The biggest stride the world ever took toward the evangelization of all Nations. That is a grand and wonderful convocation, the religious congress at Chicago. It will put intelligently before the world the nature of false religions which have been brutalizing the Nations, tramping womanhood into the dust, enacting the horrors of infanticide, kindling funeral pyres for shrieking victims, and rolling juggernauts across the mangled bodies of their worshipers.

But no one supposes that any one will be converted to Christ by hearing Confucianism or Buddhism or any form of heathenism eulogized. That is to be done afterwards. And how can it so well be done as by a celebration of many weeks of the birth and character and achievements of the wondrous and unprecedented Christ? To such an exposition the kings and queens of the earth would not send their representatives—they would come themselves.

The story of a Saviour's advent could not be told without telling the story of His mission. All the world say, "Why this ado, this universal demonstration?" What a vivid presentation it would be, when at such a convocation the physicians of the world should tell what Christ has done for hospitals and the management of human pain, and when Christian lawyers declare what Christ has done for the establishment of good laws, and Christian conquerors should tell what Christ had done in the conquest of Nations, and Christian rulers of the earth would tell what Christ had done in the Government of earthly dominions!

Thirty days of such celebration would do more to tell the world who Christ is than twenty years. Not a land on earth but would hear of it and discuss it. Not an eye so blinded by the superstition of ages but would see the illumination. The difference of Christ's religion from all others is that its one way of dissemination is by a simple "telling," not argument, not skilful exegetists, polemics or the science of theological fisticuffs, but "telling." "Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh." "Go quickly and tell His disciples that He has risen from the dead." "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." "When He is come, He will tell us all things." A religion of "telling."

And in what way could all Nations so well be told that Christ had come as by such an international emphasizing of His nativity? All India would cry out about such an affair, for you know they have their railroads and telegraphs. "What is going on in America?" All China would cry out, "What is that great excitement in America?" All the islands of the sea would come down the gangplanks of the arriving ships and ask, "What is that they are celebrating in America?" It would be the mightiest missionary movement the world has ever seen. It would be the turning point in the world's destiny. It would waken the slumbering Nations with one touch.

Question the Second—How would you have such an international jubilee conducted? Answer—All arts should be marshaled, and art in its most attractive and impressive shape. First, architecture. While all academies of music, and all churches, and all great halls would be needed, there should be one great auditorium erected to hold such an audience as has never been seen on any sacred occasion in America.

If Scribonius Curio, at the cost of a kingdom, could build the first two vast amphitheatres, placing them back to back, holding great audiences for dramatic representation, and then by wonderful machinery could turn them round with all their audiences in them, making the two auditoriums one amphitheatre, to witness a gladitorial contest, and Vespasian could construct the Coliseum with its eighty columns, and its triumphs in three orders of Greek architecture, and a capacity to hold 87,000 people seated and 15,000 standing, and all for purposes of cruelty and sin, cannot our glorious Christianity rear in honor of our glorious Christ a structure large enough to hold 50,000 of its worshipers?

If we go groping now among the ruined amphitheaters of Verona and Pompeii and Capua and Puzzuoli and Tarraco, and then stand transfixed with amazement at their immense sweep that held from 50,000 to 100,000 spectators gathered for carousal and moral degradation, could not Christianity afford one architectural achievement that would hold and enthrall its 50,000 Christian disciples? Do you say no human voice could be heard throughout such a building? Ah! then you were not present when at the Boston peace jubilee Parepa easily with her voice enchanted 50,000 auditors.

And the time is near at hand when in theological seminaries, where our young men are being trained for the ministry, the voice will be developed, and instead of the mumbling ministers, who speak with so low a tone you cannot hear unless you lean forward and hold your hand behind your ear, and then are able to guess the general drift of the subject and decide quite well whether it is about Moses or Paul or some one else—instead of that you will have coming from the theological seminaries all over the land young ministers with voice enough to command the attention of an audience of 50,000 people. That is the reason that the Lord gives us two lungs instead of one. It is the Divine way of saying physiologically, "Be heard!"

That is the reason that the New Testament in beginning the account of Christ's sermon on the mount describes our Lord's plain articulation and resound of utterance by saying, "He opened his mouth." In that mighty concert hall and preaching place which I suggest for this nineteen hundredth anniversary let music crown our Lord. Bring all the orchestras, all the oratorios, all the Philharmonic and Handel and Haydn societies.

Then give us Haydn's oratorio of the "Creation," for our Lord took part in universe building and "without him," says John, "was not anything made that was made," and Handel's "Messiah" and Beethoven's "Symphonies" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the prophet that typified our Christ and the grandest compositions of German and English and American masters, living or dead. All instruments that can hum or roll or whisper or harp or flute or clap or trumpet or thunder the praises of the Lord joined to all voices that can chant or warble or precentor multitudinous worshipers. What an arousing when 50,000 join in "Antioch" or "Coronation" or "Ariel," rising into hallelujah or subsiding into an almost supernatural amen!

Yea, let sculpture stand on pedestals all around that building—the forms of apostles and martyrs, men and women, who spoke or wrought or suffered by headsman's ax or fire. Where is my favorite of all arts, this art of sculpture, that it is not busier for Christ or that its work is not better appreciated? Let it come forth at that world's jubilee of the nativity. We want a second Phidias to do for that new temple what the first Phidias did for the Parthenon. Let the marble of Carrara come to resurrection to celebrate our Lord's resurrection. Let sculptors set up in that auditorium of Christ's celebration bas-relief and intaglio descriptive of the battles won for our holy religion. Where are the Canovas of the Nineteenth Century? Where are the American Thorwaldsens and Chantreys? Hidden somewhere, I warrant you.

Let sculpture turn that place into another Acropolis, but more glorious by as much as our Christ is stronger than their Hercules, and has more to do with the sea than their Neptune, and raises greater harvests than their Ceres, and raises more music in the heart of the world than their Apollo. "The gods of the heathen are nothing but dumb idols, but our Lord made the heavens." In marble pure as snow celebrate Him who came to make us "whiter than snow." Let the chisel as well as pencil and pen be put down at the feet of Jesus.

Yea, let painting do its best. The foreign galleries will loan for such a jubilee their Madonnas, their Angelos, their Rubens, their Raphaels, their "Christ at the Jordan," or "Christ at the Last Supper," or "Christ Coming to Judgment," or "Christ on the Throne of Universal Dominion," and our own Morans will put their pencils into the nineteen hundredth anniversary, and our Bierstadts from sketching "The Domes of the Yosemite" will come to present the domes of the world conquered for Immanuel.

Added to all this I would have a floral decoration on a scale never equaled. The fields and open gardens could not furnish it; for it will be winter, and that season appropriately chosen, for it was into the frosts and desolations of winter that Christ immigrated when he came to our world. But while the fields will be bare, the conservatories and hot-houses within 200 miles would gladly keep the sacred coliseum radiant and aromatic during all the convocations.

Added to all let there be banquets, not like the drunken bout at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, celebrating the centennial of Washington's inauguration, where the rivers of wine drowned the sobriety of so many senators and governors and generals, but a banquet for the poor, the feeding of scores of thousands of people of a world in which the majority of the inhabitants have never yet had enough to eat, not a banquet at which a few favored men and women of social or political fortune shall sit, but such a banquet as Christ ordered when He told His servants to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." Let the mayors of cities and the governors of States and the President of the United States proclaim a whole week of legal holiday—at least from Christmas day to New Year's day.

Added to this let there be at that international moral and religious exposition a mammoth distribution of sacred literature. Let the leading ministers from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany and the world take the pulpits of all these cities and tell what they know of Him whose birth we celebrate. At those convocations let vast sums of money be raised for churches, for asylums, for schools, for colleges, all of which institutions were born in the heart of Christ. On that day and in that season when Christ gave Himself to the world let the world give itself to Him.

Why do I propose America as the country for this convocation? Because most other lands have a State religion, and while all forms of religion may be tolerated in many lands America is the only country on earth where all evangelical denominations stand on an even footing, and all would have equal hearing in such an international exposition. Why do I select this cluster of seacoast cities? Answer—By that time—December 25, 1900—these four cities of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken, by bridges and tunnels, will be practically one and with an aggregate population of about 6,000,000. Consequently no other part of America will have such an immensity of population.

Why do I now make this nomination of time and place? Answer—Because such a stupendous movement cannot be extemporized. It will take seven years to get ready for such an overtowering celebration, and the work ought to begin speedily in churches, in colleges, in legislatures, in congresses, in parliaments, in all styles of National assemblages, and we have no time to lose. It would take three years to make a programme worthy of such a coming together.

Why do I take it upon myself to make such a nomination of time and place? Answer—Because it so happened that in the mysterious providence of God, born in a farmhouse and of no royal or princely descent, the doors of communication are open to me every week by the secular and religious printing presses and have been open to me every week for many years, with all the cities and towns and neighborhoods of Christendom, and indeed in lands outside of Christendom, where printing presses have been established, and I feel that if there is anything worthy in this proposition it will be heeded and adopted. On the other hand, if it be too sanguine, or too hopeful, or too impractical, I am sure it will do no harm that I have expressed my wish for such an international jubilee, celebrative of the birth of our Immanuel.

My friends, such a birthday celebration at the close of one century and reaching into a new century would be something in which heaven and earth could join. It would not only be international, but interplanetary, interstellar, interconstellation. If you remember what occurred on the first Christmas night, you know that it was not a joy confined to our world. The choir above Bethlehem was imported from another world, and when the star left its usual sphere to designate the birthplace all astronomy felt the thrill. If there be anything true about our religion, it is that other worlds are sympathetic with this world and in communication with it. The glorified of heaven would join in such a celebration. The generations that toiled to have the world for Christ would take part in such jubilation and prolonged assemblage.

The upper galleries of God's universe would applaud the scene, whether we heard the clap of their wings and the shout of their voices or did not hear them. Prophets who predicted the Messiah, and apostles who talked with Him, and martyrs who died for Him would take part in the scene, though to our poor eyesight they might be invisible. The old missionaries who died in the malarial swamps of Africa, or were struck down by Egyptian typhus, or were butchered at Lucknow, or were slain by Bornesian cannibals would come down from their thrones to rejoice that at last Christ had been heard of, and so speedily in all nations. At the first roll of the first overture of the first day of that meeting all heaven would cry: "Hear! Hear!"

Aye! Aye! I think myself such a vast procedure as that might hasten our Lord's coming, and that the expectation of many millions of Christians who believe in the second advent might be realized then at that conjunction of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. I do not say it would be, yet who knows but that our blessed and adored Master, pleased with such a plan of worldwide observance, might say concerning this wandering and rebellious planet, "That world at last shows a disposition to appreciate what I have done for it, and with one wave of my scarred hand I will bless and reclaim and save it."

That such a celebration of our Lord's birth, kept up for days and months, would please all the good of earth and mightily speed on the gospel chariot and please all the heavens, saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic and divine, is beyond question. Oh, get ready for the world's greatest festivity! Tune your voices for the world's greatest anthem. Lift the arches for the world's mightiest procession. Let the advancing standard of the army of years, which has inscribed on one side of it "1900" and on the other side "1901," have also inscribed on it the most charming name of all the universe—the name of Jesus.

Whether this suggestion of a world's celebration of the nativity be taken or not, it has allowed me an opportunity in a somewhat unusual way of expressing my love for the great central character of all time and all eternity. He is the infinite nonesuch. The armies of heaven drop on their knees before him. After Bourdaloue, before overwhelmed audiences, has preached Him, and Milton in immortal blank verse has sung Him, and Michael Angelo has glorified the ceiling of the Vatican with His second coming, and martyrs while girdled and canopied with the flames of the stake have with burning lips kissed his memory, and in the "hundred and forty and four thousand" of heaven with feet on seas of glass intershot with sunrise, have with uplifted and downswung baton, and sounding cornets, and waving banners, and heaven capturing doxologies celebrated Him, the story of His loveliness, and His might and His beauty, and His grandeur, and His grace, and His intercession, and His sacrifice, and of His birth, and His death will remain untold. Be His name on our lips while we live, and when we die after we have spoken farewell to father and mother and wife, and child let us speak that name which is the lullaby of earth and the transport of heaven.

Before the crossing of time on the midnight between December 31, 1900, and the 1st of January, 1901, many of us will be gone. Some of you will hear the clock strike twelve of one century and an hour after it hear it strike one of another century, but many of you will not that midnight hear either the stroke of old the city clock or of the old timepiece in the hallway of the homestead. Seven years cut a wide swath through the churches and communities and Nations.

But those who cross from world to world before Old Time in this world crosses that midnight from century to century will talk among the thrones of the coming earthly jubilee, and on the river bank and in the house of many mansions, until all heaven will know of the coming of that celebration, that will fill the earthly Nations with joy and help augment the Nations of heaven. But whether here or there we will take part in the music and the banqueting if we have made the Lord our portion.

Oh, how I would like to stand at my front door some morning or noon or night and see the sky part and the blessed Lord descend in person, not as he will come in the last judgment, with fire and hail and earthquake, but in sweet tenderness to pardon all sin, and heal all wounds, and wipe away all tears, and feed all hunger, and right all wrongs, and illumine all darkness, and break all bondage, and harmonize all discords. Some think he will thus come, but about that coming I make no prophecy, for I am not enough learned in the Scriptures, as some of my friends are, to announce a very positive opinion.

But this I do know, that it would be well for us to have an international and an interworld celebration of the anniversary of His birthday about the time of the birth of the new century, and that it will be wise beyond all others' wisdom for us to take Him as our present and everlasting coadjutor, and if that Darling of earth and heaven will only accept you and me after all our lifetime of unworthiness and sin we can never pay Him what we owe, though through all the eternity to come we had every hour a new song and every moment a new ascription of homage and praise, for you see we were far out among the lost sheep that the gospel hymn so pathetically describes:

Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die,
But all through the mountain thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rises a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echo round the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

AN UNUSUALLY LIVELY CHOIR.

Discord Among the Singers Put the Parson to Flight.

Perhaps if the Rev. Lamb Agnus of Weeping Canon, N. M., knew as much about church choirs as he does now he would not have attempted to start a male choir at that place. If the reports of the Weeping Canon experiment are correct, Mr. Agnus had but recently left a theological school and had more enthusiasm than practical knowledge, but there can be no doubt that his intentions were the best. It was said many times in Weeping Canon that the clergyman "meant well but had no 'sabe.'" At all events, according to the generally credited accounts of the affair, as given in the Boston Advertiser, Mr. Agnus set about forming a male choir soon after his arrival in Weeping Canon.

At his personal and urgent solicitation about every cowboy and miner in that part of Sierra County who could sing, or who thought he could sing, was taken into the choir on trial. The first few rehearsals were a source of many sleepless nights to Mr. Agnus, but matters finally progressed to such a stage that it was announced that a concert would be given by the choir on an evening in the early part of June. It was generally supposed that an influential and popular individual who was known as "Chloride Jack" would be given the leading part because of his remarkably powerful if not particularly sweet voice, but Weeping Canon was startled by the announcement that a young ranchman, Pompilio Peraltes, was to be the star of the evening. It was noticed that "Chloride" was absent from the rehearsals after that, and many of the older and wiser members of the choir at once resigned from the organization.

The concert was held on the evening as announced, but what the Weeping Canon Coyote, the local weekly, described as an "unfortunate misunderstanding" served to shorten the program noticeably. After the choir had sung two athems, which were vigorously applauded, Senor Peraltes started in on a solo. He had hardly finished a brief recitation when a double-barreled gun was thrust through one of the open windows and a heavy load of buckshot was discharged at the soloist. As the buckshot "scattered" to a great extent several persons in the audience were more seriously injured than Senor Peraltes was, and the injured ones made haste to whip out their six-shooters.

A large portion of the audience made a rush for the door; many others dropped quickly to the floor and crawled under the benches; some vicious cowboy "shot out" the lights and, to quote the Weeping Canon Coyote, "the scenes that followed beggared description."

About 9 o'clock that evening a young man in clerical garb hailed the Hermosa stage excitedly and clambered in. His muddy and disheveled attire was not such as the Rev. Lamb Agnus usually wore, but he was the individual. He was afterward induced to return to the Weeping Canon Church after a few weeks had elapsed; but for several years since his return he has insisted upon purely congregational singing.

Brave Hannah Snell.

There have been many women warriors in the world, but it must be admitted that there have been very few whose deeds were such as to claim the admiration of the country for any great length of time. In the annals of woman's warfare there are generally stories of over-zealousness, leading to fanaticism and subsequent punishment and disgrace. Seldom, indeed, has a woman warrior been gratefully recognized by the government of her country. Within the memory of our grandparents there lived in England a woman named Hannah Snell, who, when but a girl, took the strange resolution of enlisting as a soldier. She served as a marine on one of the vessels of a fleet bound for the West Indies, and showed so much courage that she was repeatedly promoted. Her sex was unknown, and therefore it could never be claimed that Hannah Snell's success was due to partiality or favoritism. Once, when dangerously wounded, she extracted the ball herself, fearing that she might be discovered and discharged. After long service she returned to her native home at Worcester, England, where her adventures soon became spread abroad. The government, on investigation of her really great career, granted her a pension of £20. She died full of years and laden with honors in an inn near Wapping.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An Inoffensive Ghost.

The mystery of the "whistling tree" of Pittsburgh has been unsealed, but only by the sacrifice of the tree. For years a peculiar murmuring had been heard in the trunk of a large maple at what is called the East End, and the noise troubled superstitious people, who made the rumor current that a murder had been committed there. Recently Lawyer Maxwell, the owner of the tree, cut it down. When his ax had reached to a depth of a few inches water gushed forth and continued running. The rings on the tree showed its age to be over 150 years. It stood on sloping ground near the bank of a swift stream. There were several decayed, hollow streaks in the body of the tree. The water had worked through the roots, up one decayed streak and down another, thus constituting a steady flow. It was this water that caused the whispering noise, and the small voiced spook was laid.

No Motive Appears.

A Boston Post reporter in a recent issue of that lively journal describing a suicide, said: "It is quite certain that he is unmarried, and there is absolutely no apparent motive for the self-destruction."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Li Hung Chang.

Li Hung Chang, viceroy of China, says a writer in Frank Leslie's Weekly, does not live in Peking, but has his palace in Tien-Tsin (ninety miles from the capital), where he is surrounded by his armies, and has his fleet near at hand.

It is well known that the members of the Summi Yamen, (Grand Council of the Empire), who sat in Peking, have the most profound hatred for the viceroy, and have tried several times to get rid of him by means which would recall those used in the Middle Ages. But Li Hung Chang is too well guarded in Tien-Tsin. Every attempt has been a failure, and after several of them the heathens in office came to the conclusion that the only thing to be done was to get the viceroy to come to Peking.

They demonstrated to the Emperor and his mother that Li Hung Chang's ambition might lead him to overthrow the actual dynasty and make himself a monarch, and that it was quite necessary to have him live in Peking, where the Summi Yamen would watch him.

The Emperor saw the imaginary danger and ordered the viceroy to make his headquarters in Peking. He did not even answer.

Two orders were sent, the last being so imperative that he answered at once:

"I am coming. Arrange quarters for the fifteen thousand soldiers I take with me."

One can easily imagine the alarm of the Emperor and the members of the Summi Yamen when they heard of those fifteen thousand soldiers, and they answered promptly:

"Stay where you are by all means, and keep your soldiers away."

Li Hung Chang may be considered the most liberal and most progressive man in the Chinese Empire.

The Neck of the House.

There are husbands who, among their male companions, like to have it supposed that they are just a little tyrannical at home. One such man, who had two or three friends at his home one evening, remarked, as they were chatting together comfortably at a rather late hour:—

"Yes, I do what I like at home. My wife, she has to bend to my will, I can tell you. In my own house I'm a regular Julius Caesar."

His wife came into the room in time to hear this last sentence. The tyrant of his household looked a little uneasy, but his wife neither frowned nor, apparently, paid any attention to the remark. But, after a moment, she remarked very positively:—

"Gentlemen, it is late, and Julius Caesar has got to go to bed."

Whereupon the husband arose, stammered his excuses, and retired, leaving his guests to find their way out as best they could. It was in another household that the husband once remarked to his wife:—

"You know, my dear, that I'm the head of the house."

"You may be the head as much as you like," said the wife, "but I'm the neck."

"The neck? Oh, yes, you may be the neck if you want to, my dear."

"Very well. It's the neck that turns the head whichever way it pleases, isn't it?"

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

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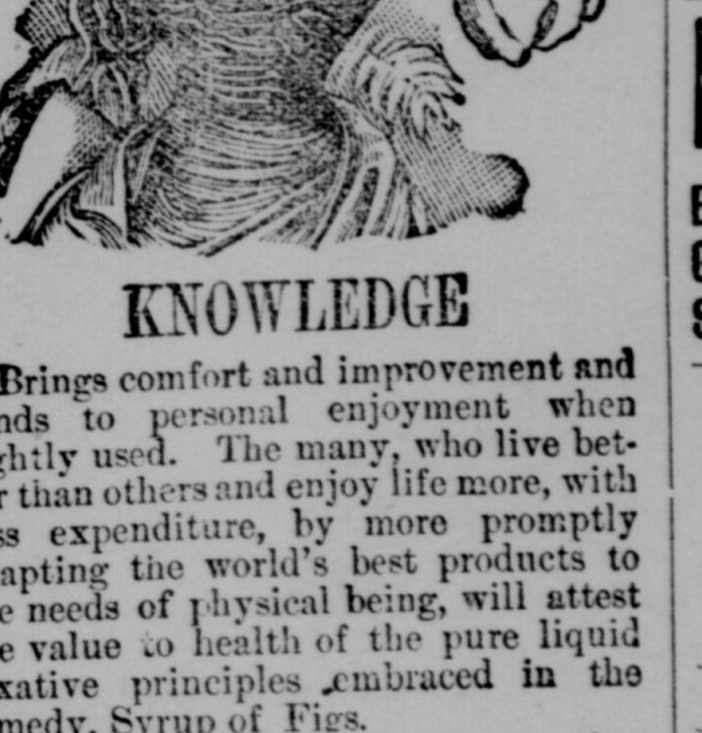
Traces of prehistoric city have been discovered not far from Zanzibar, in Africa.

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

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In Madagascar.

The island of Madagascar has two distinct climates, two classes of natives, and two classes of fauna and flora. Along the coast it is tropical and malarious, and the natives are darker and larger than in the interior. The interior is a high table-land, and mountainous. There the climate is cooler and the natives smaller and lighter in color than on the coast. But in the interior they are more intelligent, and they rule the island.

Chinese Ingenuity.

Chinese ingenuity seems equal to every emergency. A man-of-war attacked a Chinese junk engaged in illegal traffic and was eager to capture the crew alive. The sailors on the junk threw overboard thousands of cocoanuts and then leaped among them. The man-of-war's men could not distinguish heads from cocoanuts, and nearly all the Chinamen escaped.

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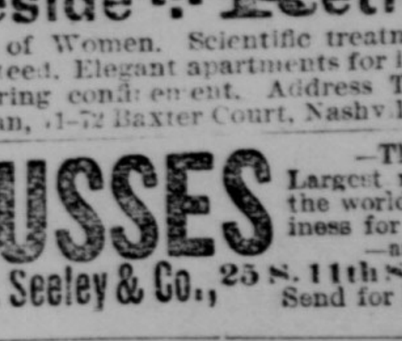
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