Interesting French Investigations.

In a communication to the Societe Medicate du XIIe Arrondissement de Paris, Dr. Rosenblith shows that effusions of blood in sprains are very rapidly reabsorbed by massage. In practice the injured articulation is at first immersed in very warm water in order to dilate the superficial vessels, after which preparation of the affected region massage is performed outside of the injured part; it is then gradually approached, a very gentle stroke being applied to it at first, followed by more vigorous friction, thus gradually producing insensibility. When partially obtained a more or less energetic kneading is pursued, according to the varying degree of sensibility experienced by the patient, and to the massage part is finally applied a compressive bandage, with wadding, which is wrapped in a flanel or linen band. If the strain occurs in the inferior limbs Dr. Rosenblith—contrary to the ordinarily commended practice of avoiding movements for a shorter or longer period—advises the patient to walk as soon as he can do so without feeling great pain. Walking, he says, adapts the auricular surface in a natural way and actuates the venal and lymphatic circulations by the muscular contraction.

The Way to Keep Pictures.

Apropos of our museums and picture galleries, it is hoped that the powers that be will turn their attention to a recent invention of W. S. Simpson, C. E., which promises to do away with the dangers which all pictures, and especially water-color drawings, have hitherto undergone from the disastrous effect of light on pigments, says a London special to the New York Tribune. Mr. Simpson has, by an exceedingly simple device, made it possible to frame all pictures, large or small, under this desirable condition. The canvas or painting is placed in a chamber or paper box, either copper or aluminum, according to the size and weight of the picture. The front of this chamber is of achromatic glass, and by the use of an air-pump all air behind the glass is exhausted and a vacuum created. The picture is then replaced in the original frame, the only difference being that the colors appear considerably brighter and every detail more distinct, owing to the absence of the air formerly imprisoned between the glass and the painting, and the substitution of achromatic for ordinary glass Under these conditions the most delicate Turner water-color may be exposed to the full light of the sun without any danger of fading. A picture once inclosed in a vacuum needs no further cleaning or dusting.

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The Æolian Harp.

The æolian harp is not very well known, but is very curious, and is supposed to have been invented by Father Kircher, the Jesuit savant, who lived in the seventeenth century and invented many ingenious machines. But the fact of the spontaneous resonance of certain musical instruments when exposed to a current of air had struck the observers of nature in times of remotest antiquity. One of the Talmuds says that the harp of David sounded when the north wind blew on it, and it has been suggested that he had an æolian, as we understand it.

Kircher's harp had fifteen strings of catgut and the force of the wind was deflected on to it by various shutters of screens. In later times this was improved upon by Messrs. Frost and Kastner, but was similar to the preceding form in principle and construction. The æolian harps in the old castle of Baden Baden, and those in the four turrets of Strasburg Cathedral, are celebrated.

These are all made of strings stretched over a sounding-board, and require tuning to keep them in harmony. They are also large and cumbrus, and have a limited number of strings, which make the music more or less monotonous, and they are dependent on the wind from one direction only. The changes of temperature and dampness of the atmosphere make them constantly out of tune, and, indeed, often cause the strings to break. These difficulties and drawbacks have hitherto prevented the æolian harp from being so well known and popular as such an interesting and curious instrument deserves to be; but the latest development of this harp, named æolia, invented by an Englishman, is a step in the right direction.

The music is produced by sensitive metallic reeds, instead of strings, so that it never requires tuning, and as there are eight separate notes, there is a great variety of sound. It is intended to hang on the bough of a tree, and may be left there without damage from the weather; it turns round before the wind, and is, therefore, exposed to every point of the compass, and the music passes into an organ pipe, by which it is greatly enriched and improved.

Besides the æolian harp possesses remarkable properties which act upon the nervous system and cause very different impressions, according to the temperament of those who listen to its accords. An English physician—Dr. J. M. Cox—asserts that lunatics have sometimes been calmed by the sweet and varied music of an æolian harp. Other observers declare that æolian sounds will produce sleep.

A STEAMER'S BILL OF FARE.

The Many Tons of Provisions Consumed on a Vessel Annually.

The cost of provisioning an ocean steamer of the present day is very great. In a year the provisioning of only one boat will, as a fair average, include 500 sheep, 200 lambs, 3,000 oxen, 300 fowls, as many ducks and miscellaneous poultry, besides several thousand head of game and other sundries. Add to these a hundred thousand eggs, 10 tons of ham and bacon, 5 tons of fish, 2 tons of cheese, 1,000 tins of sardines, 100 tons of potatoes, 5,000 loaves and 50 tons of flour biscuits, 5 tons of jam and marmalade, 3 tons of catmeal, 2 tons each of rice and peas, pearl barley, plums and currants, and 12 tons of sugar, with a ton of tea and 3 tons of coffee, and you have what may be called the backbone of the daily fare. The drink bill will average per vessel per year about 50,000 bottles of beer, 20,000 mineral waters, 3,000 bottles of spirits and 5,000 bottles of wine.

We have only mentioned the necessaries and said nothing of the luxuries which we ought not entirely to omit. Let it be added, then, that each passenger averages three oranges, almost as many apples, and half as many lemons a day; and that the ice cream supplied averages a pint a head a week; and that on an Atlantic trip, taken at a venture, the fruit bill included 160 melons, 100 pineapples, 10 crates of peaches, 10 bunches of bananas, 100 quarts each of gooseberries and currants, 250 quarts each of raspberries, strawberries and cherries, and 75 pounds of grapes.

The breakages are simply appalling. During one week, not so very long ago, the steward's return on one well-known liner showed an average breakage list of 900 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 200 wine glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water bottles, all of which had, of course, to be made good on arrival in port.

Some Good Superstitions.

A curious popular belief among the Mexicans relates to the so-called gold snake. Wherever it makes its nest there is sure to be a ledge containing the precious metal, and many miners will locate at once if they chance upon a serpent of this species. People who dig for metals are full of superstitions. Mines are always haunted by demons and hobgoblins, some of them malicious and others benevolent. Nickel and Kobold are the names of two gnomes who infest underground workings in Germany. From them are derived the words "nickel" and "cobalt."

DISASTERS AND CASAULTIES

Thirteen new cases of yellow fever and one death were reported from Brunswick, Georgia.

ANOTHER victim of the wreck on the Rock Island Railroad, in Chicago, died, bringing the number of killed up to six.

THE Centre street barns of the North Side Cable road, in Chicago, were burned, together with 11 gas motors and 40 cars: loss, $100,000.

MISS BOARD, of Harrisburg, Illinois, President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Illinois, was thrown from a buggy at Benton, by a runaway horse, and fatally injured.

Norfolk, Va., and vicinity was visited by a severe storm. Considerable damage was done by wind, which reached a velocity of 50 miles an house, and about two inches of rain fell.

THE Chicago cannon ball train on the Wabash road ran into an open switch at Moberly, Missouri. The engine was overturned. Fireman William Malone was killed and the engineer was badly hurt.

THE Lyceum Theatre in Memphis, Tennessee, together with a saloon, a hardware store and Bruce's livery stable, was burned. The loss is placed at $300,0 0. The theatre was owned by the Memphis Amateur Athletic Association and was a combination theatre and club building.

BY a rear end collision on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, at Seventy-first street, in Chicago, five persons were killed and 11 were injured. An express train ran into an accommodation during a dense fog. Two coaches and an engine were wrecked.

A passenger train on the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo Railroad ran into a freight train, 12 miles north of Fostoria, in a dense fog. Andrew Jones, the engineer of the passenger train; C. H. Jones, his fireman, who is his son; Express Messenger William Gresh and Engineer W. S. Kerlin, of the freight train, were killed.

SANTANDER'S HORROR.

Property Worth $2,500,000 Destroyed and 200 Lives Lost.

The correspondent of the London Standard at Madrid says that Senor Gamazo has returned there and explained to the Queen Regent the results of his mission to Santander. He says that it will take a long time to repair the great loss to the city and the public buildings.

Senor Gamazo says that the public buildings destroyed include the offices of the Governor, the Collector of Taxes, the Custom House, the Courts of Justice, the Mining Department and the prisons. He says that besides these houses private property valued at $2,500,0 0 was destroyed. Eighty persons are still missing. The latest reports place the number of killed at 200 and of wounded at 400.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $		@ $	4 80
High Grade Extra			3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	62¾		64¾
CORN—No. 2 White	40		4
OATS—Southern & Penn.	35		36¼
Western White	35		36
RYE—No. 2	52		53
HAY—Choice Timothy	15 00		15 50
Good to Prime	14 00		14 0
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	11 00		11 50
Wheat Blocks	6 50		7 00
Oat Blocks	8 00		8 50

CANNED GOODS.

TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3. $	75	@ $	1 00
No. 2	70		75
PEAS—Standards	1 20		1 60
Seconds			90
CORN—Dry Pack			10
Moist			85

HIDES.

CITY STEERS $	4½	@ $	4¾
City Cows	4		4½
Southern No. 2	3½		4

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks $	65	@ $	70
ONIONS	70		80
Yams	1 25		1 35

PROVISIONS.

HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds. $	8¾	@ $	9
Clear ribsides	10		11
Hams	12¼		3
Mess Pork, per bar.			19 75
LARD—Crude			10
Best refined			11¼

BUTTER.

BUTTER—Fine Crmy. $	28	@ $	29
Under fine	26		28
Roll	26		27

CHEESE.

CHEESE—N.Y. Factory. $	12¼	@ $	12½
N. Y. flats	12¾		12¾
Skim Cheese	7		9

EGGS.

EGGS—State $	24	@ $	25
North Carolina	21		22

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 75
Good to Fair	4 25		4 65
SHEEP	2 00		3 40
Hogs	6 50		6 75

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 10	@ $	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	66⅝		67
RYE—Western	50		57
CORN—No. 2	46¼		46¾
OATS—No. 3	34¾		35
BUTTER—State	25		28
EGGS—State	24		25
CHEESE—State	9		11¾

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern $	3 60	@ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	64½		64¾
CORN—No. 3	45½		46
OATS—N. 2	34¾		36¼
BUTTER—State	29		30
EGGS—Penns. ft.	25½		26

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SHINGLES.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Oblivion and Its Defeats."

TEXTS: "*He shall be no more remembered,*" Job xxiv., 20; "*The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance,*" Psalms cxii., 6.

"Oblivion and Its Defeats" is my subject to-day. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It cranches individuals, families, communities, States, Nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of eons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionarians oblivion. It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge in which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it.

Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are together, inseparable and to each other indispensable, and then they part, some by marriage going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it and obliterate it. So the generations vanish.

Walk up Broadway, New York; State street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia; the Strand, London; Princess street, Edinburgh; Champs Elysees, Paris; Unter den Linden, Berlin, and you will meet in this year 1893 not one person who walked it in 1793. What engulfment! All the ordinary effort at perpetuation are dead failures. Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while "Old Mortality" is cutting in one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies devoured of bookworms or unread of the rising generations.

All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up, because the name of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant. The city of Rome stands to-day, but dig down deep enough and you come to another Rome, buried, and go down still farther and you will find a third Rome. Jerusalem stands to-day, but dig down deep enough and you will find a Jerusalem underneath, and go on and deeper down a third Jerusalem. Alexandria on the top of an Alexandria, and the second on the top of the third.

Many of the ancient cities are buried thirty feet deep, or fifty deep, or 100 feet. What was the matter? Any special calamity? No. The winds and waves and sands and flying dust are all undertakers and grave diggers, and if the world stands long enough the present Brooklyn and New York and London will have on top of them other Brooklyns and New Yorks and Londons, and only after digging and boring and blasting will the archæologist of far distant centuries come down as far as the highest spires and domes and turrets of our present American and European cities.

Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin I., or of Charles Martel, or of Marlborough, or of Mithridates, or of Prince Frederick, or of Cortes, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,700,000 infantry and the 200,000 cavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Stand in line the 1,000,000 men of Sesostris, the 1,200,000 men of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa, the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylæ, and call the long roll. Not one answer.

At the opening of our civil war the men of the Northern and Southern armies were told that if they fell in battle their names would never be forgotten by their country. Out of the million men who fell in battle or died in military hospitals, you cannot call the names of 1000, nor the names of 500, nor the names of 100, nor the names of fifty. Oblivion! Are the feet of the dancers who were at the ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels the night before Waterloo all still? All still. Are all the ears that heard the guns of Bunker Hill all deaf? All deaf. Are the eyes that saw the coronation of George III. all closed? All closed. Oblivion! A hundred years from now there will not be a being on this earth that knew we ever lived.

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name, and from the nearly faded ink, with great effort, find that some person of our name was born somewhere between 1810 and 1890, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in a village in Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother. Will you describe the style of the hat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June?

Oblivion! That mountain surge rolls over everything. Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a chip of that granite. The sea is triumphing over the land, and what is going on at Coney Island is going on all around the world, and the continents are crumbling into the waves, and while this is transpiring on the outside of the world the hot chisel of the eternal fire is digging under the foundation of the earth and cutting its way out toward the surface. It surprises me to hear people say they do not think the world will finally be burned up, when all scientists will tell you that it has for ages been on fire. Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside raging to get out.

Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a schoolboy's india rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go, too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axletree of the constellations will break and let down the population of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow anything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if it had not been for the merciful removal of Nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic.

Many of the State and National libraries to-day are only morgues in which dead books are waiting for some one to come and recognize them. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3000 years ago would snarl at us, saying, "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind were not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die, their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon.

This world was hardly a comfortable place to live in before the middle of the last century. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in, we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe, the fountain of forgetfulness, are a healthful draft. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts. In all the Pantheon the weakest goddess is Clio, the goddess of history, and instead of being represented by sculptors as holding a scroll might better be represented as limping on crutches.

Faithful history is the saving of a few things out of more things lost. The immortality that comes from pomp of obsequies, or granite shaft, or building named after its founder, or page of recognition in some encyclopedia is an immortality unworthy of one's ambition, for it will cease and is no immortality at all. Oblivion! A hundred years. But while I recognize this universal submergence of things earthly who wants to be forgotten? Not one of us.

Absent for a few weeks or months from home, it cheers us to know that we are remembered there. It is a phrase we have all pronounced, "I hope you missed me." Meeting some friends from whom we have been parted many years, we inquire, "Did you ever see me before?" and they say, "Yes," and call us by name, and we feel a delightful sensation thrilling through their hand into our hand, and running up from elbow to shoulder, and then parting, the one current of delight ascending to the brow and the other descending to the foot, moving round and round in concentric circles until every nerve and muscle and capacity of body and mind and soul is permeated with delight.

A few days ago, visiting the place of my boyhood, I met one whom I had not seen since we played together at ten years of age, and I had peculiar pleasure in puzzling him a little as to who I was, and I can hardly describe the sensation as after awhile he mumbled out: "Let me see. Yes, you are De Witt." We all like to be remembered.

Now, I have to tell you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats, and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously remembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindnesses in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the curbstone, and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man, swamped by the stringency of the money market, that times would after awhile be better?

Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more?" Did you tell a man, clear discouraged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide, that for him was near by a laver in which he might wash, and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear?

What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor, there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. They have no cutlass to part that cable. They have no strength to hurl into oblivion that benefaction.

Has Paul forgotten the inhabitants of Malta, who extended the island hospitality when he and others with him had felt, added to a shipwreck, the drenching rain and the sharp cold? Has the victim of the highwayman on the road to Jericho forgotten the Good Samaritan with a medicament of oil and wine and a free ride to the hostelry? Have the English soldiers who went up to God from the Crimean battlefields forgotten Florence Nightingale?

Through all eternity will the Northern and Southern soldiers forget the Northern and Southern women who administered to the dying boys in blue and gray after the awful fights in Tennessee and Pennsylvania and Virginia and Georgia, which turned every house and barn and shed into a hospital, and incarnadined the Susquehanna, and the James, and the Chattahoochee, and the Savannah with brave blood? The kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in the appreciation of others as the gates of heaven will stand, as the "House of Many Mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will stand.

Another defeat of oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man—every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it, or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work upon it shall rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last.

Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ; that you, by prayer or gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky.

We teach a Sabbath class, or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passerby, or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting, or preach a sermon, and go home discouraged, as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down.

There is no sublimer art in the world than architecture. With pencil and rule and compass the architect sits down alone and in silence, and evolves from his own brain a cathedral, or a National capitol, or a massive home before he leaves that table, and then he goes out and unrolls his plans, and calls carpenters and masons and artisans of all sorts to execute his design, and when it is finished he walks around the vast structure and sees the completion of the work with high satisfaction, and on a stone at some corner of the building the architect's name may be chiseled. But the storms do their work, and time, that takes down everything, will yet take down that structure until there shall not be one stone left upon another.

But there is a soul in heaven. Through your instrumentality it was put there. Under God's grace you are the architect of its eternal happiness. Your name is written, not on one corner of its nature, but inwrought into its every fiber and energy. Will the storms of winter wash out the story of what you have wrought upon that spiritual structure? No. There are no storms in that land, and there is no winter. Will time wear out the inscription which shows your fidelity? No. Time is past, and it is an everlasting now. Built into the foundation of that imperishable structure, built into its pillars, built into its capstone, is your name—either the name you have on earth or the name by which celestials shall call you.

I know the Bible says in one place that God is a jealous God, but that refers to the work of those who worship some other god. A true father is not jealous of his child. With what glee you show the picture your child penciled, or a toy ship your child hewed out, or recite the noble deed your child accomplished! And God never was jealous of a Joshua, never was jealous of a Paul, never was jealous of a Frances Havergal, never was jealous of a man or woman who tried to heal wounds and wipe away tears and lift burdens and save souls; and while all is of grace, and your self-abnegating utterance will be, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name, O Lord, give glory!" you shall always feel a heavenly satisfaction in every good thing you did on earth, and if iconoclasm, borne from beneath, should break through the gates of heaven and efface one record of your earthly fidelity, methinks Christ would take one of the nails of His own cross and write somewhere on the crystal, or the amethyst, or the jacinth, or the chrysoprasus, your name and just under it the inscription of my text, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

Oh, this character building! You and I are every moment busy in that tremendous occupation. You are making me better or worse, and I am making you better or worse, and we shall through all eternity bear the mark of this benediction or blasting.

Let others have the thrones of heaven—those who have more mightily wrought for God and the truth—but it will be heaven enough for you and me if ever and anon we meet some radiant soul on the boulevards of the great city who shall say: "You helped me once. You encouraged me when I was in earthly struggle. I did not know that I would have reached this shining place had it not been for you." And we will laugh with heavenly glee and say "Ha! ha! Do you really remember that talk? Do you remember that warning? Do you remember that Christian invitation? What a memory you have! Why, that must have been down there in Brooklyn or New Orleans at least ten thousand million years ago." And the answer will be, "Yes, it was as long as that, but I remember it as well as though it were yesterday."

Oh, this character building! The structure lasting independent of passing centuries, independent of crumbling mausoleums, independent of the whole planetary system. Aye, if the material universe, which seems all bound together like one piece of machinery, should some day meet with an accident that should send worlds crashing into each other like telescoped railway trains, and all the wheels of constellations and galaxies should stop, and down into one chasm of immensity all the suns and moons and stars should tumble like the midnight express at Ashtabula, that would not touch us and would not hurt God, for God is a spirit, and character and memory are immortal, and over that grave of a wrecked material universe might truthfully be written, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

O, Time, we defy thee! O, Death, we stamp thee in the dust of thine own sepulchers! O, Eternity, roll on till the last star has stopped rotating, and the last sun is extinguished on the sapphire pathway, and the last moon has illumined the last night, and as many years have passed as all the scribes that ever took pen could describe by as many figures as they could write in all the centuries of all time, but thou shalt have no power to efface from any soul in glory the memory of anything we have done to bring it to God and heaven!

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship—perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen a soldier roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress which he was garrisoned, or the face of a great general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage.

This tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out. It may have been there fifty years, but when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that he has tattooed us upon his hands. There can be no other meaning in the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!"

It was as much as to say: "I cannot open My hand to help, but I think of you. I cannot spread abroad My hands to bless, but I think of you. Wherever I go up and down the heavens I take these two pictures of you with Me. They are so inwrought into My being that I cannot lose them. As long as My hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of My hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of My hands for Myself to look at and study and love. Not on the palm of one hand alone, but on the palms of both hands, for while I am looking upon one hand and thinking of you, I must have the other hand free to protect you, free to strike back your enemy, free to lift if you fall. Palms of My hands indelibly tattooed! And though I hold the winds in My first no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of My hand its billowing shall not wash out the record of My remembrance. 'Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands.'"

What joy, what honor can there be comparable to that of being remembered by the mightiest and kindest and loveliest and tenderest and most affectionate being in the universe? Think of it, to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God. The heart of God! The most beautiful palace in the universe. Let the archangel build some palace as grand as that if he can. Let him crumble up all the stars of yesternight and to-morrow night and put them together as mosaics for such a palace floor. Let him take all the sunrises and sunsets of all the days and the auroras of all the nights and hang them as upholstery at its windows.

Let him take all the rivers, and all the lakes, and all the oceans, and toss them into the fountains of this palace court. Let him take all the gold of all the hills and hang it in its chandeliers, and all the pearls of all the seas, and all the diamonds of all the fields, and with them arch the doorways of that palace, and then invite into it all the glories that Esther ever saw at a Persian banquet, or Daniel ever walked among in Babylonian castles, or Joseph ever witnessed in Pharaoh's throneroom, and then yourself enter this castle of archangelic construction, and see how poor a palace it is compared with the greater palace that some of you have already found in the heart of a loving and pardoning God, and into which all the music, and all the prayers, and all the sermonic considerations of this day are trying to introduce you through the blood of the slain lamb.

Oh, where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began, it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchered. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again. Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet a voice responds, half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Thank God for this blessed oblivion! So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but upon a throne; not into the graveyard to watch all materialism is destined, but into a garden all abloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

CLAIMS BY SEALERS.

Canadians Want $1,000,000 for The Exclusion from Bering Sea.

Sealing claims to the amount of $1,000,000 have been filed with Collector Milne and forwarded to Ottawa for compensation for exclusion from Bering Sea during arbitration.

It was agreed that if arbitration should affirm the right of British sealers to take seals in Bering Sea within bounds claimed by the United States, compensation should be made by the United States to Great Britain.

This payment was to be upon the basis of such regulated and limited cases as in the opinion of the arbitrators might have been taken without undue diminution of the seal herds.

As the arbitrators expressed no opinion on this point, the United States are expected to contend that compensation shall be on the basis of the possible catch in Bering Sea under the new regulations.

KILLED HIS BROTHER.

He Was Afraid He Would Be Whipped if He Told.

While hunting near Peoria, Ill., Rudolph Bomholz, aged fifteen, was accidentally killed by his young brother Harry, who told a story about the fatal shot having been fired by a stranger without cause. The country was scoured by a posse in search of the supposed murderer. The boy finally told the truth concerning the affair, and explained the fanciful story on the ground that he was afraid of a whipping.

FIRST FOREIGN WHALEBACK.

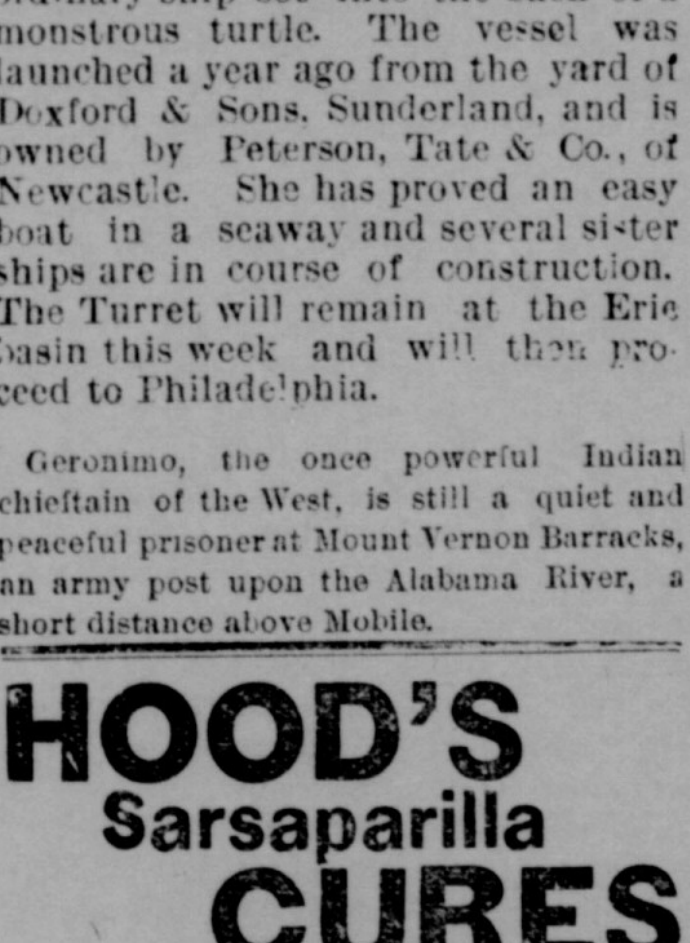
A Rival of Captain MacDougal's Idea Comes Into New York Harbor.

Not since Ericsson's famous monitor slipped from the ways has such a singular-looking craft appeared in

THE ENGLISH WHALEBACK.

these waters as the pioneer British whaleback Turret, which steamed into New York harbor the other day after a nine-days' voyage from Tucacas, Venezuela, with 3,022 tons of copper ore abroad. They don't call her a whaleback in England but a turret steamer, but she is none the less an adaptation of the American whaleback principle. She is 280 feet long by 39 feet beam and can carry 3,250 tons dead weight on an eighteen-foot draught of water. Below the water line there is little unusual about the construction, but above her freeboard tumbles home in a short curve to a turret running from stem to stern, and she looks like an ordinary ship set into the back of a monstrous turtle. The vessel was launched a year ago from the yard of Doxford & Sons, Sunderland, and is owned by Peterson, Tate & Co., of Newcastle. She has proved an easy boat in a seaway and several sister ships are in course of construction. The Turret will remain at the Erie Basin this week and will then proceed to Philadelphia.

Geronimo, the once powerful Indian chieftain of the West, is still a quiet and peaceful prisoner at Mount Vernon Barracks, an army post upon the Alabama River, a short distance above Mobile.



HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

A Running Sore

On my ankle grew worse, finally spreading over both feet, arms and hands. Bones came out of my toes and fingers. I lost sleep and appetite. I was in bed when I began to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Before I finished the first bottle I could eat and sleep well. I continued with the Sarsaparilla and now the sores are all healed." MRS. MARY SPEAKMAN, 2725 Latona Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Get only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The Orloff diamond is now set in the Russian scepter just under the eagle on top.

The persimmon was first brought over from Japan by Commodore Perry in 1856.

The Mt. Vernon Association holds the key of the bastile presented to Washington by Lafayette.

The practice of using eggs at Easter is of Hindoo origin, the egg being in India an emblem of immortality.

Davy's invention of the safety lamp was due to noticing that a flame was deflected by being pressed against a fine wire netting.

The plant known to us as Love-lies-bleeding is eaten as a vegetable in China. The young shoots of the Chinese mahogany are also served at table.

A chain made for the United States Government at Troy, N. Y., in 1883 was six miles and a fraction in length. It was made of bars of iron each 2½ inches in diameter.

The distinctive Roman arm was the pilum or spear, 4½ feet of wood, 1½ of iron. It weighed ten or twelve pounds and when thrown at ten paces almost invariably proved fatal.

Lucinda Robinson, a well-known colored woman of Houston, Texas, who died a few days ago, left considerable property, which she had accumulated by industry and thrift. Besides real estate in Houston, which consisted of two houses and lots, she is reported to have left between $6000 and $7000 in cash.

Anam, a French protectorate in Asia, has a silver coin that weighs as much as fifteen United States silver dollars. The largest gold coin in circulation is the "loof," which belongs to the Oriental French colony mentioned above. This monster gold disk will weigh as much as 325 American gold dollars.

David Teniers, who was one of the most exquisite colorists that the art of painting ever produced, could not draw a human form worthy of his brush. Louis XIV. used to say, when persons who bought pictures for him tried to introduce any of Teniers's into his collection: "Take away from my sight those little baboons."

It is certain that all creatures on the desert show remarkable intelligence, and how they acquire their information is decidedly a puzzle. Suppose, for example, alfalfa seed is sown. The place may not have a bird about the day before the seed is put in, but next day a cloud of them will descend upon the spot and faithfully eat every seed. They do their work thoroughly and with praiseworthy industry. Poisoned wheat will check the entire removal of the seed, but the sparrow is never deterred by death, though there are some who affirm a few dead sparrows will have a chastening influence upon the rest.

Pueblo Indian Corn Dance.

The men dancers have bunches of green and yellow parrot feathers fastened to the top of their waving raven hair, while around their necks are strings of beads made of shells, feldspar, and turquoise. Their bodies are nude to the waist, and are painted with a blue-white clay, sometimes merely in crude spots, while the legs and arms are frequently striped with the same or a different tone. Around the loins a Zuni or Moqui woven breech-cloth embroidered in red and black is held in place by a white cotton girdle or sash, ending in balls and long strings, waving with every movement. Below the knee masses of brilliant colored wool are knotted; over various colored and beaded moccasins are anklets of white and black skunk or goat fur; and hanging from the belt behind, a fox skin with the tail downward. Under broad armlets of tinted buckskin are sprigs of cedar; a bunch of the same is held in the left hand, while the right shakes a gourd rattle at every change of posture.

The dress of the women is a square of heavy dark blue wool, drawn over one shoulder and under the other, while the sides are held together by ornamented silver pins. A long, woven, colored sash is wound around the waist. Their headdress is decidedly peculiar. It is made of an oblong piece of board or dried buffalo hide, notched at the top, with a T-shaped piece resembling the "Tau," the emblem of life of the ancient Egyptians, cut out of the centre. It is painted a light green, with red and yellow stripes and symbolic figures; on the sides and points are flecks of white eagle's down. The lower part is hollowed out to fit the head, and is held in place by thongs of buckskin fastened under the hair. Immense strings of shell and coral beads encircle the women's necks and big Navajo silver rings or a crude turquoise hang as ear pendants. Many silver and copper bracelets dangle at their wrists as they wave the branches of evergreen from side to side in unison with the steps. Rich vermilion covers their cheeks and heightens their savage beauty. They are modest in demeanor, gracefully naive in movement, and rarely take their eyes off the ground during the dance.

The dancing was kept up for seven long hours; but there was never any shirking; they stamped as energetically the last hour as the first. Any sign of fatigue would be met with renewed vigor of the chanting chorus, while the drummer would reverse his drum and thump harder on the other head. The chorus huddled closer together, gesticulating seriously with their hands, as though to emphasize the meaning of their songs.

At sundown they all filed solemnly into the church-yard, and kneeled down while the image of the saint was carried inside. A volley from the guns, then the Indian character asserted itself in a wild race of men and women to the estufa, where they indulged in their first refreshment of the day. Feasting was kept up far into the night, as were bonfires throughout the Pueblo and on the church towers and walls.—Harper's Weekly.

The World's Hebrews.

Professor Lexis, the well known statistician, computes the Jews on the globe to number 7,403,000. The entire population of the earth is computed at 1,480,000,000. In Europe there are 6,800,000 Jews, of whom 3,600,000 are found in Russia, 1,860,000 in Austria Hungary, 568,000 in Germany, 400,000 in Roumania, 97,000 in the Netherlands, 80,000 in Turkey, 56,000 in France, 46,000 in Great Britain, 40,000 in Italy and 24,000 in Bulgaria and East Rumelia. The largest proportion is found in Roumania, viz., 794 to each 10,000. Great Britain has the smallest proportion, viz., twelve in 10,000. There are four times as many Jews in New York City alone as there are in all Great Britain. America is the "Paradise Regained" of this long persecuted people.—St. Louis Republic.

To Record Sunshine.

An ingenious contrivance for recording sunshine is the recent invention of Professor Marvin. The Professor describes the instrument as consisting in principle of a Leslie differential air thermometer, mercury, however, being used to separate the air in the two bulbs, and the whole thermometer is designed in the form of a straight tube, having a bulb at each end.

Ireland is larger than Scotland by 1200 square miles.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

No other leavening agent will make such light, sweet, delicious, wholesome food.

Before the Days of Postage Stamps.

Before the use of postage-stamps various sums were paid for the delivery of letters. The amounts were regulated by the distance, and were collected on the delivery of the letter.

In the early part of this century the postage on a single sheet of paper was 8 cents, and over forty miles the rate was increased; so that over five hundred miles a single sheet was 25 cents. But after a time these rates were gradually reduced, until 1845 a letter weighing not over half an ounce was 5 cents under three hundred miles, and over that distance, 10 cents.

Sir Rowland Hill, who was at the head of the Postoffice Department of England at this time, introduced the use of postage stamps in 1840, and also lessened the charges for postage. In 1847 the United States adopted the use of the postage stamp, the lowest priced one being 5 cents.

But railways and steamboats had now taken the place of the old-fashioned mail coaches and post-boys; and with the more rapid sending of the mails, the cheaper rates of postage, and the growing population of the country, gradual changes and improvements took place in the postoffice system. And here we are, in 1893, receiving our letters from the Pacific Coast in six days—also from England in the same time; and a few days or hours will place us in direct communication with our friends and correspondents in almost every part of the country.—St. Nicholas.

Mexico's Ingenious President.

President Diaz of Mexico is a hard worker, and has a hobby for collecting fire-arms of all ages and nations. He is a practical mechanic, having constructed all the furniture in his bedroom with implements of his own make, and he has recently invented and patented many implements, including a new-fangled corkscrew.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally know that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Ugliness has this advantage over beauty—it never fades.

$100 Reward. $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

It it human nature to hate him whom you have injured.

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

The best preparation for behaving right is to think right.

A SORE THROAT OR COUGH, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give instant relief.

Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.

Mornings—Beecham's Pills with a drink of water. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

If you don't want to be detested don't be a chronic growler.

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

Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.

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

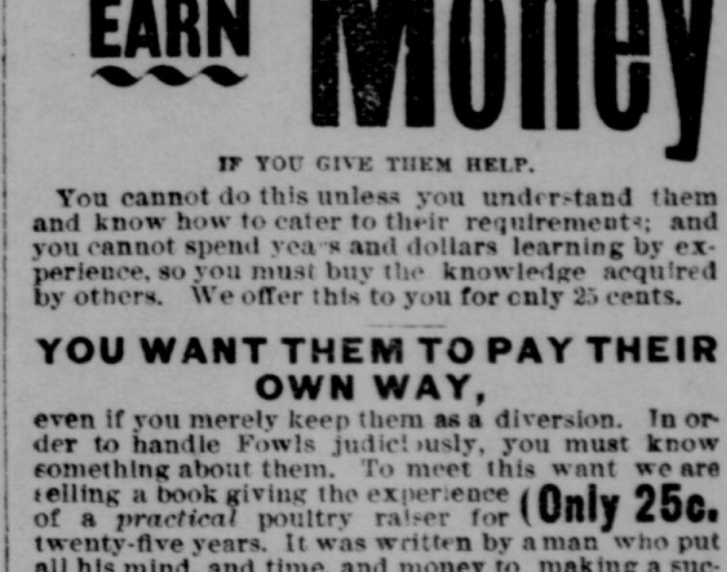
Beware of the man or woman whom a child will not love.

"German Syrup"

I am a farmer at Edom, Texas. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Pains in Chest and Lungs and Spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many kinds of Cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. We are subject to so many sudden changes from cold to hot, damp weather here, but in families where German Syrup is used there is little trouble from colds. John F. Jones.

PIERRE

Offers wonderful fine chances for small investments. $100.00 invested here now will grow to thousands in the next ten years. For circulars, maps and special quotations address CHAS. L. HYDE, INVESTMENT BANKER, Pierre, South Dakota



Chickens EARN Money

IF YOU GIVE THEM HELP.

You cannot do this unless you understand them and know how to cater to their requirements; and you cannot spend years and dollars learning by experience, so you must buy the knowledge acquired by others. We offer this to you for only 25 cents.

YOU WANT THEM TO PAY THEIR OWN WAY,

even if you merely keep them as a diversion. In order to handle Fowls judiciously, you must know something about them. To meet this want we are selling a book giving the experience (Only 25c.) of a *practical* poultry raiser for twenty-five years. It was written by a man who put all his mind, and time, and money to making a success of Chicken raising—not as a pastime, but as a business—and if you will profit by his twenty-five years' work, you can save many Chicks annually,

"*Game Chickens.*"

and make your Fowls earn dollars for you. The point is, that you must be able to detect trouble in the Poultry Yard as soon as it appears, and know how to remedy it. This book will teach you.

It tells how to detect and cure disease; to feed for eggs and also for fattening; which fowls to save for breeding purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject to make it profitable. Sent postpaid for twenty-five cents in stamps.

Book Publishing House,

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191 Pages. 91 Full-Page Maps. Many of them colored. Also a vast amount of information relative to different States and Countries, Form of Government, Farm Products and Value, &c. Only 25c. in stamps. Address BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., N. Y.

Senseless Display.

When diamond aigrets are used as bonnet pins and gemmed and enameled watches are flimsily and ostentatiously fastened on bodices, it is not strange that thieves should find occupation among the tens of thousands that flock to the Fair daily. If good taste—that necessarily revolts against a needless display of costly ornaments in such places—will not induce women to leave jewels at home and to wear watches less obtrusively, conscience ought to have some weight with them. Many a thief has been made so by opportunity. It is tempting the weak to carry expensive gems where a little stratagem is all that is required to seize and conceal them. It is putting a premium on dishonesty to parade bijouterie in a manner to make employment of detectives necessary, where simplicity of dress would be at once more dignified and less dangerous.—Chicago Herald.

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

Sleepless Nights, All Unstrung.

East Groveland, N. Y. May 19, 1893.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Last March I suffered very bad with heart and kidney trouble. After using two bottles of your Swamp-Root I began to improve and I now feel like another person. I do not have those terrible

Pains in my Back

and across my kidneys. My food does not distress me, I have a good appetite and sleep well nights; something I have not done in a long time. Now I do not have that tired dragging feeling that I used to have before taking your medicine. After sitting down awhile and getting on my feet I would have to stand and steady myself before I could place one foot before the other on account of the pain across my back and kidneys.

MRS. WM. TETER.

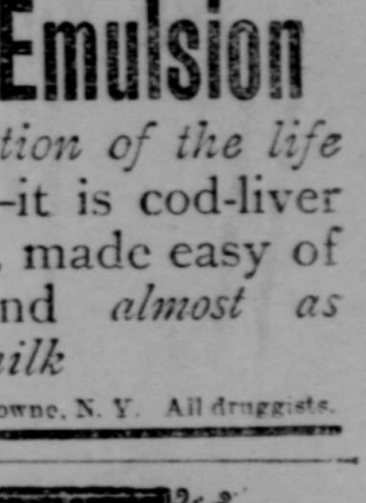
Swamp-Root Cured Me.

I was troubled with constipation very much, but your medicine has regulated my bowels which were in a bad condition. I will willingly answer any one who will write to me. Mrs. William Teter.

At Druggists, 50 cents and $1.00 Size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., - Binghamton, N. Y.



A Natural Food.

Conditions of the system arise when ordinary foods cease to build flesh—there is urgent need of arresting waste—assistance must come quickly, from *natural food* source.

Scott's Emulsion

is a condensation of the life of all foods—it is cod-liver oil reinforced, made easy of digestion, and *almost as palatable as milk*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

In 1886, my son, suffered very much from cancer of the mouth. By advice of physicians, an operation was performed, extending from the jawbone, which they scraped but the cancer returned and grew rapidly. Finally, after trying many remedies in vain, I commenced to give him S. S. S.; after seven bottles had been taken the cancer disappeared entirely and though 7 years have elapsed, there has been no return, and I have every reason to believe that he is permanently cured. His cure is due exclusively to S. S. S. **REMOVES CANCER**

J. R. MURDOCK, Huntsville, Ala.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases Mailed Free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

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Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

BreakfastCocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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The Best for Either Heating or Cooking.

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260 KINDS AND SIZES. EVERY ONE WARRANTED AGAINST DEFECTS.

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LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE SOUTH

AN IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE

For Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Bad Complexion, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

RIPANS TABULES

act gently yet promptly. Perfect digestion follows their use. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Box (6 vials), 75c. Package (4 boxes), $2. For free samples address

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Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.