CABLE SPARKS.

SARAH BERNHARDT is playing to poor houses in Paris.

PARIS detectives have gone to Barcelonia to assist in the hunt for anachists.

THE Belgians are preparing to oppose the French expedition in the Congo.

Rubinstein has declined to make an American tour of 50 concerts for $125,000.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is entertaining the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia at Potsdam.

THE Right Rev. Ernest R. Wilberforce, D. D., Bishop of Newcastle, Eng., is seriously ill.

MORMAN leaders from the United States have made arrangements for the purchase of 3,000,000 acres of land in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico.

PROF. GARNER has returned from Africa and declares that he has learned, beyond doubt, that there is a monkey language and it can be learned by man.

REPORTS have been circulating in London affecting the Bank of England, and the Times says there has been irregularities in the management of the bank.

ENGLISH mine-owners and striking employees have accepted the meditation of Mr. Gladstone, and a conference will be held with Lord Roseberry as chairman.

THE Gounod committee is arranging for a grand performance in Paris of the late master's works. It has been decided to erect a memorial of the great composer in Morceau Park.

A BOMB, to which a lighted fuse was attached, was found on a balcony of a Barcelona building, in front of which a large crowd was gathered. An explosion was averted.

THE warfare against the Riffians is being waged with energy. Tribesmen attacked a caravan conveying treasure belonging to Sultan of Morocco and secured over $50,000 in coin.

644 WERE DROWNED.

Latest Reports from the Food Districts of Japan.

Further particulars of the recent flood in Okayama have been received from Japan by the steamer Belgic.

They show 644 deaths from drowning, 444 injured, 3207 houses washed away, 6852 houses nearly or quite destroyed, 47,429 buildings partly wrecked and 7519 acres of land more or less damaged. The survivors are in great distress.

SO FAR no one has ever made the blunder of painting a Cupid to look as if he had any sense.

RIO JANERIO was completely taken with Admiral Mello's shell game.

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

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TERRIFIC GALES.

Hundreds of Lives Lost in the Channel in Great Britain.

MANY VESSELS FOUNDER.

Wrecks Line the Coasts and the Life Guardsmen Kept Busy Saving the Crews—Calais Looks Like a Port in an Earthquake—Damage on Land.

All the coasts and waters of the United Kingdom and the nearby coasts of France have been swept by a storm of extraordinary severity. It is just beginning to abate after raging for nearly three days and the loss to life, to shipping and to property on land will be very heavy.

The channel steamer Foam left Dover for Calais before the companies decide to suspend the channel service. She had the greatest difficulty in entering Calais harbor. Her officers counted twenty-nine wrecks, principally fishing boats, in the twelve-mile interval between Gravelins and Calais.

They found the east pierhead at Calais and the lighthouse in Calais harbor swept away. More than 600 feet of the pier had been swept away in the night. The harbor looked as if it had been shaken by an earthquake. More than 300 persons were drowned at Calais and in the immediate neighborhood. Fifty bodies have been recovered.

Aside from the losses of life at Calais the reports received make the total number of deaths from drowning during the gale as 134 and this is without reckoning the crews of several vessels which have been seen to founder off the coast and the total fatalities, irrespective of the numerous crews of fishing fleets, is estimated at quite 200, according to the lowest conservative estimates.

Some idea of the force of the gale can be gathered from the fact that two heavy railroad engines were blown off the track near Inverness, blocking all travel north, and necessitating the dispatch of two wrecking trains to clear the track.

Tremendous damage has been done at West Hartlepool by the storm, which will cause much loss and consequent suffering to the miners of that locality. Considerable anxiety is expressed for the safety of the crews of a hundred fishing boats which were last seen being driven northward by the forces of the gale.

From all parts of Ireland, where there is telegraphic communication, come reports of the severity of the gale which has been accompanied there by a heavy snowstorm. Several fatalities and numerous cases of injury are reported at Waterford, Carrickfergus, Belfast, Newry and Skibbereen.

Hundreds of fishing boats are missing and numerous wrecks are reported. Much less has also been caused to live stock, and considerable damage has been done to houses and to produce.

The landing stage at Londonderry has vanished and the steam ferry was sunk.

During the height of fury of the gale the steamer Hampshire was driven ashore in St. Ives Bay and was pounded to pieces near Gunard's Head. Twenty-one out of the Hampshire's crew were drowned, only one man managing to reach the shore alive. The Hampshire belonged to Glasgow and was of 2,397 registered tons.

Such was the fury of the gale she encountered that the steamer became almost unmanageable from the outset and the boats were torn from the stanchions to which a spar crankhead was fastened, loosening the later and causing it to penetrate the ship's side.

The position of the Hampshire was soon most critical and Captain Weir decided to run for St. Ives Bay. When entering the bay the steamer began to sink. This was at 5 30 in the evening, and the sole survivor of the crew, Chief Mate Swanson, and four others got into a boat which was immediately swept away from the ship's side, and as the boat was driven away from the steamer the chief mate says he saw her settling down by the stern and pounding near Gurnard's Head. The chief mate adds that when he last saw the Hampshire there was a boat alongside of her and some of the crew were making their way into her in the hope of escaping, but it is believed certain that they were all drowned.

After a fearful night of exposure to wind and wave in the open boat, during which the chief mate and his four companions were nearly swamped over a hundred times, they began to near land at about 5 o'clock in the morning and considered themselves lucky in having escaped with their lives.

Suddenly, however, just as the seamen were within easy reach of land, a more than usually heavy sea struck the boat, capsizing it, and throwing its five occupants into the raging sea.

Then followed a terrible battle for life, during which, one after another, four of the five struggling seamen were sucked downward to their death, only Chief Mate Swanson having strength enough to swim ashore, and he landed in a condition of utter exhauston. He cried loudly for help, which finally attracted the attention of a coast guardsman, who swam to the half-drowned man's assistance.

MISS HELEN GOULD is a slender brunette, with a face of strength and womanliness rather than mere beauty. She still wears morning.

UNCLE "JERE" IS DEAD.

The Operation on Ex-Secretary Rusk Was Fatal.

Ex-Secretary Jeremiah Rusk died at his home in Viroqua, Wis., at 8 o'clock in the morning. The immediate cause of death was shock caused by an operation for the removal of the postate gland.

GOVERNOR RUSK'S CAREER.

Jeremiah M. Rusk was born in Morgan county, Ohio, 68 years ago, and 20 years later removed to Wisconsin, settling near his present home, in what was then Bad Axe county. Few men have held so many public positions. Up to war times he had served in many local offices; was a member of the assembly in 1862 and during the summer following was commissioned major of the Twenty-fifth Wisconsin, of which regiment he afterward became colonel, and at the close of the war was commissioned brevet brigadier-general.

In 1866-7 he was bank comptroller and was elected a member of the Forty-second, Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses; was tendered by President Garfield the mission to Paraguay and Uruguay, the mission to Denmark and the chief of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, all of which were declined. He was elected Governor of Wisconsin in 1881, and served for three terms, a distinction never accorded to any citizen of the state, with the exception of Gen. Lucius Fairchild. When General Harrison became President in 1889 he called Governor Rusk into his Cabinet as Secretary of Agriculture.

General Rusk was a man of powerful physique, being six feet three inches tall and heavily built. In his earlier years he was a stage driver.

MOONSHINERS RAIDED.

Several of the Illicit Distillery Owners Are Killed.

Deputy-Collector Caldwell and posse, who captured a dozen illicit distilleries in a raid among Randolph county, Ala., moonshiners and killed Andrew Howell, near Christiania, had another battle with moonshiners in the same locality. The officers returned to Christiania to capture the still of Mose Smith. Smith had been apprised of their coming and as they approached they saw him carrying part of his still on his back. He opened fire on them. The posse returned the fire, riddling Smith with bullets. He died on the spot.

At the first fire a gang of two dozen of Smith's friends, who were ambushed nearby, ran up and opened fire on the officers with shot-guns. The latter returned the volley and two of the gang fell. Seeing they were outnumbered the officers fled. None of the posse was hurt. The officers are organizing a larger force and will returned to the scene and capture the gang.

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FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$	@ $ 4 50
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WHEAT—No. 2 Red	62¾	64¾
CORN—No. 2 White	40	4.
OATS—Southern & Penn.	35	36½
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
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TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3	$ 75	@ $ 1 00
No. 2	70	7.
PEAS—Standards	1 20	1 60
Seconds		90
CORN—Dry Pack		90
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.	$ 8½	@ $ 9
Clear ribsides	10	11
Hams	12¼	13
Mess Pork, per bar		19 75
LARD—Crude		10
Best refined		11½
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 28	@ $ 29
Under fine	26	28
Roll	26	27
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N. Y. Factory	$ 12½	@ $ 12¾
N. Y. flats	12½	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	66¾	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	64½
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: "The 'Ifs' of the Bible."

TEXT: "*If Thou wilt forgive their sin—and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book.*"—Exodus xxxii., 32.

There is in our English language a small conjunction which, I propose, by God's help, to haul out of its present insignificancy and set upon the throne where it belongs, and that is the conjunction "if." Though made of only two letters, it is the pivot on which everything turns. All time and all eternity are at its disposal. We slur it in our utterance, we ignore it in our appreciation, and none of us recognize it as the most tremendous word in all the vocabulary outside of those words which describe deity.

"If!" Why, that word we take as a tramp among words, now appearing here, now appearing there, but having no value of its own, when it really has a millionairedom of worlds, and in its train walk all planetary, stellar, lunar, solar destinies. If the boat of leaves made watertight, in which the infant Moses sailed the Nile, had sunk who would have led Israel out of Egypt? If the Red Sea had not parted for the escape of one host and then come together for the submergence of another, would the book of Exodus ever have been written? If the ship on which Columbus sailed for America had gone down in an Atlantic cyclone, how much longer would it have taken for the discovery of this continent?

If Grouchy had come up with reinforcements in time to give the French the victory at Waterloo, what would have been the fate of Europe? If the Spanish Armada had not been wrecked off the coast, how different would have been many chapters in English history! If the battle of Hastings or the battle of Pultowa, or the battle of Valmy, or the battle of Mataurus, or the battle of Arbela, or the battle of Chalons, each one of which turned the world's destiny, had been decided the other way!

If Shakespeare had never been born for the drama, or Handel had never been born for music, or Titian had never been born for painting, or Thorwaldsen had never been born for sculpture, or Edmund Burke had never been born for eloquence, or Socrates had never been born for philosophy, or Blackstone had never been born for the law, or Copernicus had never been born for astronomy, or Luther had never been born for the reformation!

Oh, that conjunction "if!" How much has depended on it! The height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the immensity of it, the infinity of it—who can measure? It would swamp anything but omnipotence. But I must confine myself today to the "ifs" of the Bible, and in doing so I shall speak of the "if" of overpowering earnestness, the "if" of incredulity, the "if" of threat, the "if" of argumentation, the "if" of eternal significance, or so many of these "ifs" as I can compass in the time that may be reasonably allotted to pulpit discourse.

First, the "if" of overpowering earnestness. My text gives it. The Israelites have been worshiping an idol, notwithstanding all that God had done for them, and now Moses offers the most vehement prayer of all history, and it turns upon an "if." "If Thou wilt forgive their sins—and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book." Oh, what an overwhelming "if!" It was as much as to say: "If Thou wilt not pardon them, do not pardon me. If Thou wilt not bring them to the promised land, let me never see the promised land. If they must perish, let me perish with them. In that book where Thou recordest their doom record my doom. If they are shut out of heaven, let me be shut out of heaven. If they go down into darkness, let me go down into darkness." What vehemence and holy recklessness of prayer!

Yet there are those here who, I have no doubt, have, in their all absorbing desire to have others saved, risked the same prayer, for it is a risk. You must not make it unless you are willing to balance your eternal salvation on such an "if." Yet there have been cases where a mother has been so anxious for the recovery of a wayward son that her prayer has swung and trembled and poised on an "if" like that of the text. "If not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book. Write his name in the Lamb's Book of Life, or turn to the page where my name was written ten or twenty or forty or sixty years ago, and with the black ink of everlasting midnight erase my first name, and my last name, and all my name. If he is to go into shipwreck, let me be tossed amid the same breakers. If he cannot be a partner in my bliss, let me be a partner in his woe. I have for many years loved Thee, O God, and it has been my expectation to sit with Christ and all the redeemed at the banquet of the skies but I now give up my promised place at the feast, and my promised robe, and my promised crown, and my promised throne unless John, unless George, unless Henry, unless my darling son can share them with me. Heaven will be no heaven without him. O God, save my boy, or count me among the lost!"

That is a terrific prayer, and yet there is a young man sitting in the pew on the main floor, or in the lower gallery, or in the top gallery, who has already crushed such a prayer from his mother's heart. He hardly ever writes home, or, living at home, what does he care how much trouble he gives her! Her tears are no more to him than the rain that drops from the eaves on a dark night. The fact that she does not sleep because of watching for his return late at night does not choke his laughter or hasten his step forward.

She has tried coaxing and kindness and self sacrifice and all the ordinary prayers that mothers make for their children, and all have failed. She is coming toward the vivid and venturesome and terrific prayer of my text. She is going to lift her own eternity and set it upon that one "if," by which she expects to decide whether you will go up with her or she down with you. She may be this moment looking heavenward and saying "O Lord reclaim him by Thy grace," and then adding that heart-rendering "if" of my text "if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book."

After three years of absence a son wrote his mother in one of the New England whaling villages that he was coming home in a certain ship. Motherlike, she stood watching, and the ship was in the offing, but a fearful storm struck it and dashed the ship on the rocks that night. All that night the mother prayed for the safety of the son, and just at dawn there was a knock at the cottage door, and the son entered, crying out, "Mother, I knew you would pray me home!" If I would ask all those in this assemblage who have been prayed home to God by pious mothers to stand up, there would be scores that would stand, and if I should ask them to give testimony it would be the testimony of that New England son coming ashore from the split timbers of the whaling ship, "My mother prayed me home!"

Another Bible "if" is the "if" of incredulity. Satan used it when Christ's vitality was depressed by forty days' abstinence from food, and the tempter pointed to some stones, in color and shape like loaves of bread, and said, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." That was appropriate, for Satan is the father of that "if" of incredulity. Peter used the same "if" when, standing on the wet and slippery deck of a fishing smack off Lake Galilee, he saw Christ walking on the sea as though it were as solid as a pavement of basalt from the adjoining volcanic hills, and Peter cried, "If it be Thou, let me come to Thee on the water."

What a preposterous "if!" What human foot was ever so constructed as to walk on water? In what part of the earth did law of gravitation make exception to the rule that a man will sink to the elbows when he touches the wave of river or lake and will sink still farther unless he can swim? But here Peter looks out upon the form in the shape of a man defying the mightiest law of the universe, the law of gravitation, and standing erect on the top of the liquid. Yet the incredulous Peter cries out to the Lord. "If it be Thou." Alas, for that incredulous "if!" It is working as powerfully in the latter part of this nineteenth Christian century as it did in the early part of the first Christian century.

Though a small conjunction, it is the biggest block to-day in the way of the gospel chariot. "If!" "If" We have theological seminaries which spend most of their time and employ their learning and their genius in the manufacturing of "ifs." With that weaponry are assailed the Pentateuch, and the miracles, and the divinity of Jesus Christ. Almost everybody is chewing on an "if." When many a man bows for prayer, he puts his knee on an "if." The door through which people pass into infidelity and atheism and all immoralities has two doorposts, and the one is made of the letter "i" and the other of the letter "f."

There are only four steps between strong faith and complete unbelief: First, surrender the idea of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures and adopt the idea that they were all generally supervised by the Lord. Second, surrender the idea that they were all generally supervised by the Lord and adopt the theory that they were not all, but partly, supervised by the Lord. Third, believe that they are the gradual evolution of the ages, and men wrote according to the wisdom of the times in which they lived. Fourth, believe that the Bible is a bad book and not only unworthy of credence, but pernicious and debasing and cruel.

Only four steps from the stout faith in which the martyrs died to the blatant caricature of Christianity as the greatest sham of the centuries. But the door to all that precipitation and horror is made out of an "if." The mother of unrests in the minds of Christian people and to those who regard sacred things is the "if" of incredulity. In 1879, in Scotland, I saw a letter which had been written many years ago by Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Chalmers. Carlyle at the time of writing the letter was a young man. The letter was not to be published until after the death of Carlyle. His death having taken place, the letter ought to be published.

It was a letter in which Thomas Carlyle expresses the tortures of his own mind while relaxing his faith in Christianity, while at the same time expresses his admiration for Dr. Chalmers, and in which Carlyle wishes that he had the same faith that the great Scotch minister evidently exercised. Nothing that Thomas Carlyle ever wrote in "Sartor Resartus," or the "French Revolution," or his "Life of Cromwell," or his immortal "Essays," had in it more wondrous power than that letter which bewailed his own doubts and extolled the strong faith of another.

I made an exact copy of that letter, with the understanding that it should not be published until after the death of Thomas Carlyle, but returning to my hotel in Edinburgh I felt uneasy lest somehow that letter should get out of my possession and be published before its time. So I took it back to the person by whose permission I had copied it. All reasons for its privacy having vanished, I wish it might be published.

Perhaps this sermon, finding its way into a Scottish home, may suggest its printing, for that letter shows more mightily than anything I have ever read the difference between the "I know" of Paul, and the "I know" of Job, and the "I know" of Thomas Chalmers, and the "I know" of all those who hold with a firm grip the gospel, on the one hand, and the unmooring, bestorming and torturing "if" of incredulity on the other. I like the positive faith of that sailor boy that Captain Judkins of the steamship Scotia picked up in a hurricane. "Go aloft," said Captain Judkins to his mate, "and look out for wrecks."

Before the mate had gone far up the ratlines he shouted: "A wreck! A wreck!" "Where away!" said Captain Judkins, "Off the port bow," was the answer. Lifeboats were lowered, and forty men volunteered to put out across the angry sea for the wreck. They came back with a dozen shipwrecked, and among them a boy of twelve years.

"Who are you?" said Captain Judkins. The answer was: "I am a Scotch boy. My father and mother are dead, and I am on my way to America." "What have you here?" said Captain Judkins as he opened the boy's jacket and took hold of a rope around the boy's body. "It is a rope," said the boy. "But what is that tied by this rope under your arm?" "That, sir, is my mother's Bible. She told me never to lose that." "Could you not have saved something else?" "Not and saved that." "Did you expect to go down?" "Yes, sir, but I meant to take my mother's Bible down with me." "Bravo!" said Captain Judkins. "I will take care of you."

That boy demonstrated a certainty and a confidence that I like. Just in proportion as you have few "ifs" of incredulity in your religion will you find it a comfortable religion. My full and unquestioned faith in it is founded on the fact that it sooths and sustains in time of trouble. I do not believe that any man who ever lived had more blessings and prosperity than I have received from God and the world. But I have had trouble enough to allow me opportunity for finding out whether our religion is of any use in such exigency. I have had fourteen great bereavements, to say nothing of lesser bereavements, for I was the younger of a large family. I have had as much persecution as comes to most people. I have had all kinds of trial, except severe and prolonged sickness, and I would have been dead long ago but for the consolatory power of our religion.

Any religion will do in time of prosperity. Buddhism will do. Confucianism will do. Theosophy will do. No religion at all will do. But when the world gets after you and defames your best deeds, when bankruptcy takes the place of large dividends, when you fold for the last sleep, the still hands over the still heart of your old father, who has been planning for your welfare all these years, or you close the eyes of your mother, who has lived in your life ever since before you were born, removing her spectacles because she will have clear vision in the home to which she has gone, or you give the last kiss to the child reclining amid the flowers that pile the casket and looking as natural and lifelike as she ever did reclining in the cradle, then the only religion worth anything is the old fashion religion of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

I would give more in such a crisis for one of the promises expressed in half a verse of the old book than for a whole library containing all the productions of all the other religions of all the ages. The other religions are a sort of cocaine to benumb and deaden the soul while bereavement and misfortune do their work, but our religion is inspiration, illumination, imparadisation. It is a mixture of sunlight and hallelujah. Do not adulterate it with one drop of the tincture of incredulity.

Another Bible "if" is the "if" of eternal significance. Solomon gives us that "if" twice in one sentence when he says, "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest thou alone shalt bear it." Christ gives us that "if" when he says, "If thou hadst known in this thy day the things which belong unto thy peace, but now they are hidden from thine eyes." Paul gives us that "if" when he says, "If they shall enter into my rest." All these "ifs" and a score more that I might recall put the whole responsibility of our salvation on ourselves. Christ's willingness to pardon—no "if" about that. Realms of glory awaiting the righteous—no "if" about that.

The only "if" in all the case worth a moment's consideration is the "if" that attaches itself to the question as to whether we will accept, whether we will repent, whether we will believe, whether we will rise forever. Is it not time that we take our eternal future off that swivel? Is it not time that we extirpate that "if," that miserable "if," that hazardous "if?" We would not allow this uncertain "if" to stay long in anything else of importance. Let some one say in regard to a railroad bridge, "I have reasons for asking if that bridge is safe," and you would not cross it. Let some one say, "I have reasons to ask if that steamer is trustworthy," and you would not take passage on it.

Let some one suggest in regard to a property that you are about to purchase, "I have reason to ask if they can give a good title," and you would not pay a dollar down until you had some skillful real estate lawyer examine the title. But I allowed for years of my lifetime, and some of you have allowed for years of your lifetime, an "if" to stand tossing up and down questions of eternal destiny. Oh, decide! Perhaps your arrival here to-day may decide. Stranger things than that have put to flight forever the "if" of uncertainty.

A few Sabbath nights ago in this church a man passing at the foot of the pulpit said to me, "I am a miner from England," and then he pushed back his coat sleeve and said, "Do you see that scar on my arm?" I said, "Yes; you must have had an awful wound there some time." He said: "Yes; it nearly cost me my life. I was in a mine in England 600 feet underground and three miles from the shaft of the mine, and a rock fell on me, and my fellow laborer pried off the rock, and I was bleeding to death, and he took a newspaper from around his luncheon and bound it around my wound and then helped me over the three miles underground to the shaft, where I was lifted to the top, and when the newspaper was taken off my wound I read on it something that saved my soul, and it was one of your sermons. Good night," he said as he passed on, leaving me transfixed with grateful emotion.

And who knows but the words I now speak, blessed of God, may reach some wounded soul deep down in the black mine of sin, and that these words may be blessed to the stanching of the wound and the eternal life of the soul? Settle this matter instantly, positively and forever. Slay the last "if." Bury deep the last "if." How to do it? Fling body, mind and soul in a prayer as earnest as that of Moses in the text. Can you doubt the earnestness of this prayer of the text? It is so heavy with emotion that it breaks down in the middle. It was so earnest that the translators in the modern copies of the Bible were obliged to put a mark, a straight line, a dash, for an omission that will never be filled up. Such an abrupt pause, such a sudden snapping off of the sentence!

You cannot parse my text. It is an offense of grammatical construction. But that dash put in by the typesetters is mightily suggestive. "If thou wilt forgive their sin (then comes the dash)—"and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book." Some of the most earnest prayers ever uttered could not be parsed and were poor specimens of language. They halted, they broke down, they passed into sobs or groans or silences. God cares nothing for the syntax of prayers, nothing for the rhetoric of prayers. Oh, the worldless prayers! If they were piled up, they would reach to the rainbow that arches the throne of God. A deep sigh may mean more than a whole liturgy. Out of the 116,000 words of the English language there may not be a word enough expressive for the soul.

The most effective prayers I have heard have been prayers that broke down with emotion—the young man for the first time rising in a prayer meeting and saying, "Oh, Lord Jesus!" and then sitting down, burying his face in the handkerchief, the penitent in the inquiry room kneeling and saying, "God help me," and getting no further; the broken prayer that started a great revival in my church in Philadelphia. A prayer may have in style the gracefulness of an Addison, and the sublimity of a Milton and the epigrammatic force of an Emerson, and yet be a failure, having a horizontal power but no perpendicular power, horizontal power reaching the ear of man, but no perpendicular power reaching the ear of God.

Between the first and the last sentences of my text there was a paroxysm of earnestness too mighty for words. It will take half of an eternity to tell of all the answers of earnest and faithful prayer. In his last journal David Livingstone, in Africa, records the prayer so soon to be answered: "19 March—my birthday. My Jesus, my God, my life, my all, I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen."

When the dusky servant looked into Livingstone's tent and found him dead on his knees, he saw that the prayer had been answered. But notwithstanding the earnestness of the prayer of Moses in the text, it was a defeated prayer and was not answered. I think the two "ifs" in the prayer defeated it, and one "if" is enough to defeat any prayer, whatever other good characteristics it may have. "If Thou wilt forgive their sins—and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book." God did neither. As the following verses show, He punished their sins, but I am sure did not blot out one letter of the name of Moses from the Book of Life.

There is only one kind of prayer in which you need to put the "if," and that is the prayer for temporal blessings. Pray for riches, and they may engulf us; or for fame, and it may bewitch us; or for worldly success, and it may destroy us. Better say, "If it be best," "If I can make proper use of it," "If Thou seest I need it." A wife praying for the recovery of her husband from illness, stamped her foot and said with frightful emphasis: "I will not have him die. God shall not take him." Her prayer was answered, but in a few years after the community was shocked by the fact that he had in a moment of anger slain her.

A mother, praying for a son's recover from illness, told the Lord he had no right to take him, and the boy recovered, but plunged into all abominations and died a renegade. Better in all such prayers and all prayers pertaining to our temporal welfare to put an "if," saying, "If it be Thy will." But in praying for spiritual good and the salvation of our soul we need never insert an "if." Our spiritual welfare is sure to be for the best, and away with the "ifs."

Abraham's prayer for the rescue of Sodom was a grand prayer in some respects, but there were six "ifs" in it, or "peradventures," which mean the same thing. "Peradventure there may be fifty righteous in the city, peradventure forty-five, peradventure forty, peradventure thirty, peradventure twenty, peradventure ten." Those six peradventures, those six "ifs" killed the prayer, and Sodom went down and went under. Nearly all the prayers that were answered had no "ifs" in them—the prayer of Elijah that changed dry weather to wet weather, the prayer that changed Hezekiah from a sick man to a well man, the prayer that halted sun and moon without shaking the universe to pieces.

Oh, rally your soul for a prayer with no "ifs" in it! Say in substance: "Lord, Thou hast promised pardon, and I take it. Here are my wounds; heal them. Here is my blindness; irradiate it. Here are my chains of bondage; by the gospel hammer strike them off. I am fleeing to the City of Refuge, and I am sure this is the right way. Thanks be to God, I am free!"

Once, by the law, my hopes were slain,
But now, in Christ, I live again.

With the Mosaic earnestness of my text and without its Mosaic "ifs," let us cry out for God. Aye, if words fail us, let us take the suggestion of that printer's dash of the text, and with a wordless silence implore pardon and comfort and life and heaven. For this assemblage, all of whom I shall meet in the last judgment, I dare not offer the prayer of my text, and so I change it and say, "Lord God, forgive our sins and write our names in the book of Thy loving remembrance, from which they shall never be blotted out."

MARYLAND STATE NEWS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

FRANK DASHIELL, of Somerset county, will take possession of the office of deputy collector of internal revenue in place of H. C. Dodson, of Talbot county, December 1. He is now with Mr. Dodson making the rounds of visiting the fruit distilleries in the division so as to get some acquaintance with the work.

THE new board of county commissioners of Caroline county, received their commissions and after taking the oath of office, organized by electing Wm. E. Lord president. William H. Dewees was elected counsel to the board. Mr. Lord has already served his county as president of the board of commissioners four years, and now holds a six-year commission from this date. Geo. H. Berry, the newly elected sheriff, also took the oath of office and appointed R. Kemp Williams as deputy.

Rev. Nicholas Burhart, of Baltimore, has purchased of Robert G. Henry, trustee, the Horsey land at Drawbridge, in Dorchester county, and will divide the same into parcels and sell it to German settlers. The tract contains between 390 and 400 acres and lies immediately at the Drawbridge, between the Henry and Thompson tracts heretofore purchased by Mr. Burkhart. The price paid was $1,000.

Two children of Robert Reedy, of Northeast, Cecil county, were bitten by a mad dog. The dog belonged to Mr. Reedy, and it was afterward killed.

THE suit instituted in the Circuit Court for Washington County last summer by the individual county commissioners against members of the school board for malicious prosecution, growing out of the school controversy was marked "off" the docket by Gen. H. Kyd Douglas, counsel.

MUCH interest is being manifested among the heirs of the late John P. Giles, of Sharptown, concerning a letter of inquiry received from a man in Ohio about the relatives of a certain John H. Phillips, who recently died there without any known heirs, leaving an estate to be worth about a half a million dollars. John H. Phillips, brother to Mrs. Kittie Giles, nee Phillips, wife of the late John P. Giles left home in 1836 to seek his fortune in the West. He was then a young man and not married. But little or nothing has been known here of his whereabouts since. The other two sisters are dead and it seems their immediate descendants are also dead, thus leaving the heirs of Mrs. Giles the nearest relatives to the deceased.

THE Delta town council has appointed a board of health, constitued by E. J. Blain, J. H. Stubbs, A. J. Barnett, J. E. Smith and Dr. J. T. Heaps.

THE Deer Creek Railway Company will now push ahead the proposed electric road between Belair and Havre de Grace. Rights of way have been granted, with the exception of the rights of way through the streets of this place, which will be decided by the town council.

MR. Joseph Crosby, of Barton, was severely injured on the tramroad leading from Morrison's saw-mill by a runaway car containing several heavy logs. His injuries may prove fatal. Dr. C. R. Foutche is attending him.

AN evil thought is the mother of an evil act.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC AND PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have remarkable curative properties. *Sold only in boxes.*

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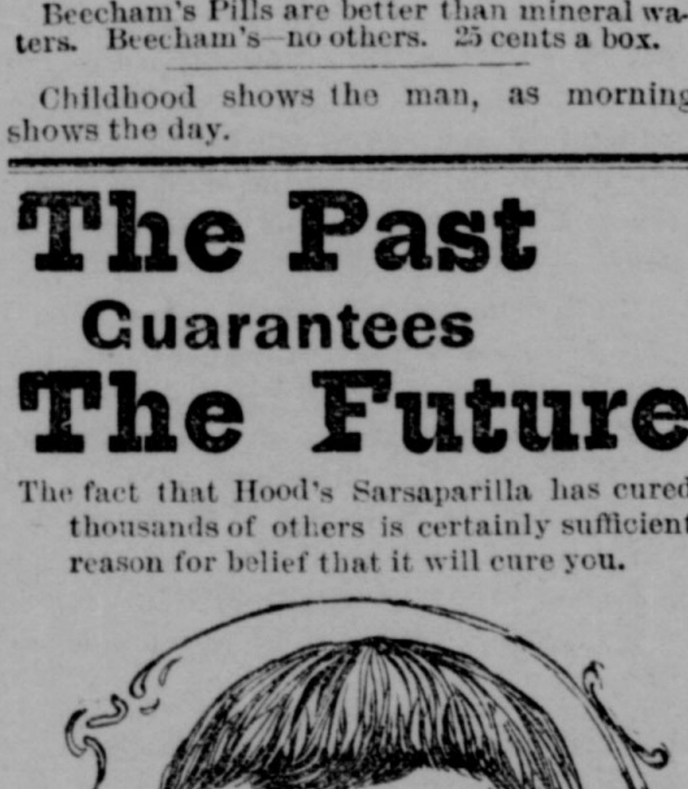
If you don't want to be detested don't be a chronic growler.

Beecham's Pills are better than mineral waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.

The Past Guarantees The Future

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of others is certainly sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you.



Sophie McKeldin.

When 7 years old began to be troubled with eczema on the head, causing intense itching and burning, and affecting her eyes. Her mother testifies: "We gave her six bottles of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and she is entirely well. I have taken it myself for that tired feeling and it does me great good." MRS. WILLIAM MCKELDIN, 404 Stockholm St., Baltimore, Md. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25 cents.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The highest recorded leap of a horse is thirty seven feet.

The surface of Lake Superior is 602 feet above the ocean's level.

About ten thousand gross of pens are produced from a ton of steel.

Over a thousand children are annually suffocated in bed with their parents in London.

A farmer who lives near Salem, N. C., became violently insane after eating a quart of ice cream.

Salem, Mass., lays claim to one of the oldest persons in the country in Mrs. Bridget Connery, who is over 105 years of age.

Children in India have to learn the multiplication table up to forty times forty, and this is further complicated by the introduction of fractional parts.

It is estimated by a statistician with a penchant for the odd that all the people that have died since Adam's day could be buried in a cemetery 100,000 miles square.

When the Japanese and the Coreans "hitch" a horse they do so by tying his forefeet together. Hitching posts are never used in either Corea or Japan except by foreigners.

Trajan, the Roman Emperor, had a palace sunken under Lake Nemi. It was 500 feet long, 270 feet wide and sixty feet high. There was an arched tunnel leading from the shore to the main entrance.

Thomas Somers, of Brooklyn, N.Y., had a curious experience. He dived into the Wallabout canal, Brooklyn, in an attempt to rescue a drowning man and brought up instead the body of an unknown man.

The largest building stones in the world are those that were used in constructing the ancient walls of Boalbec, in Syria. Some of them are fully sixty-three feet in breadth by twenty in width and are of unknown depth.

The Corean does not have the trouble of carrying his umbrella in his hand. It is like an ordinary umbrella in shape, only it is smaller and has no handle. It is made of oiled paper and is worn on the head over the hat.

The day is usually reckoned as being twenty-four hours in length; strictly speaking such is a mistake. The standard unit of time is the "sidereal day," which is twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes and 4.092 seconds in "solar" "mean" time.

One of the ugliest savage races on earth are the "Canoe Indians," who spend all their daylight time on the water. At the bottom of each boat, near the centre, some earth is piled, and on it a small fire of sticks is kept burning for the partial comfort of the occupants.

The parish of St. Christopher-le-Stock, London, has not a single inhabitant, but its electorial list must always be duly made out and signed. This parish extends over the open space in front of the Mansion House and the Royal Exchange and includes a corner of the Bank of England.

According to expert calculations the Coliseum of Rome seated 87,000 spectators, while 60,000 more could have found standing room. The external circumference of the Coliseum as it stands to-day is 1728 feet, its long diameter 615 feet, its short diameter 510 feet. The arena is 279x296 feet, and the height of the building 156 feet There is still standing four stories of the original structure. It was in all probability the largest building of auditorium arrangement ever known.

A Great Artificial Waterfall.

Making a mountain stream run over and above a railroad track is a unique piece of engineering that the Southern Pacific Company is shortly to commence near Wright's Station, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, in California. Last spring there was a big landslide at the northern end of the long tunnel near Wright's Station which caused a blockade of the South Pacific Coast road for a number of weeks and caved in about a hundred feet of the tunnel. The moving side of the mountain, as it came down the canyon, filled up the bed of a large mountain stream to such an extent that it was five or six feet higher than the track, while before it was several feet lower. The creek is dry now, but during the rainy season, unless its course is diverted, the mountain torrent will sweep over the road so as to make its operation at that point impossible.

The officials first entertained the idea of carting away large quantities of dirt to lower the bed of the stream to its old level. But that plan was abandoned because of the great expense it would entail, and it was decided to extend the tunnel northward 200 feet and past the point where the stream crosses the track by an arch of solid masonry. Plans for this stone tunnel have been completed.

The arch will be twenty feet high and be composed of huge blocks of stone that will stand the wear and tear of the weather for years. On the inside it will have the same width and height as the tunnel proper, and will be constructed in such a manner that the stream of water flowing over it will not percolate through. The top of the arch, when finished, will be about fifteen feet above the present bed of the stream, so the latter will have to be raised up to its level. This will necessitate filling in for a distance of several hundred feet.

As the stream flows over the top of the arch it will have a fall of not less than twenty feet on the other side of the track. It will be a precipitous fall, and during the winter time, when the volume of water is large, it will make a very pretty waterfall. The officials are inclined to think it will be the largest artificial waterfall in the world.—New York Herald.

A Superstitious Village.

An old woman in a village near Salzburg recently died. Her death gave great satisfaction to the other villagers, for she was looked upon as a witch, and feared accordingly. After the funeral, several of the chief inhabitants repaired to the Wirthschaft to celebrate suitably the relief experienced at getting this dangerous person safely under ground; but while they were sitting drinking pleasantly, in came a messenger to say that the cow of one of those present, a neighbor of the deceased, had died suddenly without any apparent cause. The meeting, horror-stricken, adjourned in a body to examine the cow, and unanimously agreed that the animal had been bewitched. No doubts were entertained as to the perpetrator of the deed. Evidently burying was not enough to stop this dangerous old lady, and it was decided, after earnest discussion, to adopt the old plan of making a horse jump over the witch's grave, and thus put an end to her powers. A horse was accordingly fetched, but, strange to say, nothing would induce him to jump over the grave. This incontestable proof of the unholy influence emanating from the spot caused the public excitement to increase. The Mayor of the village decided to use a somewhat drastic means, much in favor in the Middle Ages, viz., to stab the witch's body with a red hot pitchfork. The body was exhumed, the fork heated and the whole ceremony carefully carried out. But by the time the company had finished their work, and gone back to refresh themselves at the Wirthschaft, the authorities of the neighboring town had heard of what was going on. A party of mounted police were sent to the village, and all those who had been concerned in the affair were taken into custody.

SHIPS AND WHALES.

Many Encounters Between the Two Are Recorded.

The steamship Petersburg of the Russian volunteer fleet had a unique experience near Minicoy, in the South Indian Ocean. A sharp shock was felt by all on board and she stopped as though gripped in a vise. The sea was found to be colored with the lifeblood of two huge whales, which lay floating in their last agony. One was cut through by the steamer's sharp stem, and the other killed by repeated blows of the screw propeller.

The German steamship Waesland, bound from Antwerp to New York, ran into and killed a sleeping whale. A smaller steamer, the Kelloe, collided with a whale near Seaham Harbor, and wounded it badly. The celebrated yacht Genesta narrowly avoided collision with a dead cetacean during the jubilee race around our islands. In 1889 a Shields steamship, the James Turpie, nearly cut a whale in two one starlight night. The schooner O. M. Marrett was almost wrecked by passing whales in the North Atlantic. Many of the school struck her repeatedly with such violence that her whole hull shook and articles in the officers' rooms were thrown to the floor.

In 1890 a small sailing vessel, the Ocean Spray, bound from Galveston to England, struck a sleeping whale and received damage. On the morning of the 17th of July, a whale fifty feet long made his appearance close alongside the steamship Port Adelaide, Capt. C. M. Hepworth, R. N. R., in forty-two degrees south, seventy-five degrees east. He followed the vessel for four days, never more than seventy yards away, and generally close astern, much to the edification of numerous passengers. He threw up the sponge in forty-one degrees south, ninety-seven degrees east, after traveling 980 statute miles, certainly without resting, and apparently fasting.

In November the ship Earnock, Capt. Parson, was under sail in twenty-nine degrees south, twenty-one degrees west, when a large whale lashed the sea into foam with his tail, so near the ship that the chief officer, who happened to be below forward, came quickly on deck to see what had happened. He actually felt the impact of the water against her bows.

In June, 1891, while her majesty's ship Immortalite was steaming from Arosa Bay to Gibraltar at the rate of twelve knots an hour, she stopped short as though a submerged danger had been located. It was presently found that she had cut deeply into a whale, and it became necessary to go astern in order to get rid of the incumbrance. Four months later the Anchor Line steamship Ethiopia collided with a whale when about 800 miles from New York.—Chambers' Journal.

Napoleon's Toilet.

One of the most interesting articles I have found among recent French periodicals is on the toilet of Napoleon, which, it appears, was a most important matter, and regulated down to the smallest details with mathematical precision.

When awakened Napoleon would glance over the papers while the fires were lit. He was sensitive to cold and a fire was prepared in every room even in midsummer. Then of distinguished people awaiting an audience he would designate those whom he wished to see, after which he would rise and take a hot bath, lasting about an hour.

The daily shaving was the next duty. Ordinarily his physician, Corvisart, would be present, chatting and securing favors for his friends. Corvisart's greeting was usually some badinage, such as "Ah, charlatan! How many patients have you killed this morning?" and the physician would reply in kind.

Two valets were necessary for shaving, one holding the basin and another the mirror. The emperor, in a flannel robe de chambre then covered his face with soap and proceeded to shave, beginning at the left side, at the top of the cheek. The left side done, the two valets passed to the other side.

Throwing off his robe, Napoleon was next deluged with eau de cologne, and subjected to a thorough scrubbing with a rough brush. The valet then rubbed the whole body with linen rolls saturated with eau de cologne, a custom that Napoleon had acquired in the East. The scrubbing was none of the lightest, either, for he would call out from time to time: "Harder, que diable; rub harder just as you would an ass!"

When the scrubbing was over the emperor dressed himself. A curious detail of his costume was the religious care with which he kept hung round his neck the little leather envelope, shaped like a heart, which contained the poison that was to liberate him in case of irretrievable reverses of fortune. This poison was prepared after a recipe that Cabanis had given to Condorcet, and after the year 1808 the great emperor never undertook a campaign without having his little packet of poison.

Renaud's Exploits.

In February, 1848, when the French capital was in the throes of revolution, a mob surrounded the Hotel de Ville and menaced the deliberations of the Assembly, which was sitting within. At the Theatre Historique, where Chateau-Renaud, an actor of no great consequence at the time, happened to be, he heard of the turmoil, and a bright thought came to him. He put on a costume of a representative of the people in the year 1793. Then he hunted up an old white horse, mounted it, and, with a small crowd at his heels, rode straight to the Hotel de Ville and through the mob which was shouting about its doors. Dismounting, he went into the hall, where Lemartine was presiding. "Citizens," he shouted, "deliberate in peace! No one shall come in while I am here!" He went out and remounted his white horse, and no one did come in. One fantastically attired man, with a terrible countenance, had completely overawed the crowd, which probably would have defied successfully a regiment of soldiers.

The Ungallant Dutchman.

In Holland a woman is a secondary consideration—and a poor consideration at that. No Dutch gentleman when walking on the sidewalk will move out of his way for a lady. The latter turns out invariably, however muddy or dangerous the street.

Don't Forget it is Royal BAKING POWDER that makes the delicious biscuit, griddle cake and doughnut.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

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"August Flower"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the Stomach distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am to-day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health. Mrs. Sarah J Cox, Defiance, O.

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