$3,400.00 CASH AND PRIZES GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH FOR Sunlight SOAP WRAPPERS

as follows:

4 First Prizes, each of $100 Cash - - - $ 400.00
20 Second " " " $100 PIERCE SPECIAL Bicycles* 2,000.00
40 Third " " " $ 25 Gold Watches - 1,000.00
Cash and Prizes given each month - - $3,400.00
12
Total given during 12 mos. 1897, $40,800.00

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.

Competitors to save as many SUNLIGHT SOAP Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper, that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Coupons") are to be sent, postage fully paid, enclosed with a sheet of paper stating Competitor's full name and address and the number of Coupons sent in, to Lever Bros., Ltd., New York, marked on outside Wrapper (*top left hand corner*) with NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in.



No. of District	NAME OF DISTRICT.
1	New York City, Brooklyn, Long and Staten Islands, New Jersey.
2	New York State (*outside of N. Y. City, Brooklyn, Long and Staten Islands*).
3	Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and District of Columbia.
4	The New England States.

*The Bicycles are the celebrated Pierce Special, 1897 Pattern, m'f'd by Geo. N. Pierce & Co., of Buffalo, Boston and New York. Fitted with Hartford Tires, First Class Nickle Lamp, New Departure Bell, Standard Cyclometer, and Hunt Lace Saddle.

RULES.

1. Every month during 1897 in each of the 4 districts prizes will be awarded as follows:
The **1** Competitor who sends in the **Largest Number** of coupons from the district in which he or she resides will receive **$100 Cash.**
The **5** Competitors who send in the **Next Largest Numbers** of coupons from the district in which they reside will **Each** receive at winner's option a lady's or gentleman's **Pierce Special** bicycle, price $100.00.
The **10** Competitors who send in the **Next Largest Numbers** of coupons from the district in which they reside will **Each** receive at winner's option a lady's or gentleman's Gold Watch, price $25.

2. The Competitions will **Close** the **Last Day** of **Each Month** during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Lever Brothers, Ltd., and their families, are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of Winners in Competitor's district will be forwarded to Competitors in about 21 days after each competition closes.

5. Lever Brothers, Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Lever Brothers, Ltd., as final.

LEVER BROS., Ltd., New York.

A QUICK ROUT OF SIN.

REV. DR. TALMAGE FAVORS A SUDDEN ASSAULT.

He Thinks the Earth Can Be Captured For Righteousness by the Cavalry of the Christian Hosts—An Eloquent Exhortation For a Revival.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage in behalf of a sudden movement to capture the world for righteousness strikes a chord that will vibrate through Christendom. The text is II Kings xviii, 23, "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses if thou be able on thy part to set riders upon them."

Up by the waterworks, the upper reservoir of Jerusalem, the general of the besieging army and the generals of besieged Jerusalem are in consultation. Though General Rab-shakeh had been largely paid to stop the siege, he kept the money and continued the siege—the military miscreant! Rab-shakeh derides the capacity of the city to defend itself and practically says: "You have not 2,000 men who can manage horses. Produce 2,000 cavalrymen, and I will give you a present of 2,000 cavalry horses. You have not in all your besieged city of Jerusalem 2,000 men who can mount them, and by bit and bridle control a horse." Rab-shakeh realized that it is easier to find horses than skillful riders, and hence he makes the challenge of the text, "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Rab-shakeh, like many another bad man, said a very suggestive thing. The world is full of great energies and great opportunities, but few know how to bridle them and mount them and manage them. More spirited horses than competent riders! The fact is that in the church of God we have plenty of fortresses well manned and plenty of heavy artillery and plenty of solid columns of brave Christian soldiery, but what we most need is cavalry—mounted troops of God—for sudden charge that seems almost desperate. If Washington, if New York, if London, are ever taken for God, it will not be by slow bombardment of argumentation or by regular unlimbering of great theological guns from the portholes of the churches, but by gallop of sudden assault and rush of holy energy that will astound and throw into panic the long lines of drilled opposition armed to the teeth. Nothing so scares the forces of sin as a revival that comes they know not whence, to do that which they cannot tell, to work in a way that they cannot understand. They will be overcome by flank movement. The church of God must double up their right or left wing. If they expect us from the north, we will take them from the south. If they expect us at 12 o'clock at noon, we will come upon them at 12 o'clock at night. The opportunities for this assault are great and numerous, but where are the men? "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Praise For the Press.

The opportunities of saving America and saving the entire planet were never so many, never so urgent, never so tremendous as now. Have you not noticed the willingness of the printing press of the country to give the subject of evangelism full swing in column after column? Such work was formerly confined to tract distribution and religious journalism. Now the morning and evening newspapers, by hundreds and thousands of copies, print all religious intelligence and print most awakening discourses. Never since the world has stood has such a force been offered to all engaged in the world's evangelization. Of the more than 15,000 newspapers on this continent I do not know one that is not alert to catch and distribute all matters of religious information. Oh, now I see a mighty suggestiveness in the fact that the first book of any importance that was ever published after Johann Gutenberg invented the art of printing was the Bible. Well might that poor man toil on, polishing stones and manufacturing looking glasses and making experiments that brought upon him the charge of insanity and borrowing money, now from Martin Brether and now from Johann Faust, until he set on foot the mightiest power for the evangelization of the world. The statue in bronze which Thorwaldsen erected for Gutenberg in 1837 and the statue commemorating him by David D'Angers in 1840 and unveiled amid all the pomp that military processions and German bands of best music could give the occasion were insignificant compared with the fact, to be demonstrated before all earth and all heaven, that Johann Gutenberg, under God, inaugurated forces which will yet accomplish the world's redemption.

The newspaper press will yet announce nations born in a day. The newspaper press will report Christ's sermons yet to be delivered and describe his personal appearance, if, as some think, he shall come again to reign on earth. The newspaper press may yet publish Christ's proclamation of the world's emancipation from sin and sorrow and death. Tens of thousands of good men in this and other lands have been ordained by the laying on of hands to preach the gospel, but it seems to me that just now, by the laying on of the hands of the Lord God Almighty, the newspaper presses are being ordained for preaching the gospel with wider sweep and mightier resound than we have ever yet imagined. The iron horses of the printing press are all ready for the battle, but where are the men good enough and strong enough to mount them and guide them? "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Useful In Battle.

Go out to the Soldiers' home and talk with the men who have been in the wars, and they will give you right appreciation of what is the importance of the cavalry service in battle. You hear the clatter of the hoofs and the whir of the arrows and the clash of the shields and the bang of the carbines as they ride up and down the centuries. Clear back in time Osymandyas led 20,000 mounted troops in Bactriana. Josephus says that when the Israelites escaped from Egypt 50,000 cavalrymen rode through the parted Red sea. Three hundred and seventy-one years before Christ Epaminondas headed his troops at full gallop. Alexander, on a horse that no other man could ride, led his mounted troops. Seven thousand horsemen decided the struggle at Arbela.

Although saddles were not invented until the time of Constantine, and stirrups were unknown until about 450 years after Christ, you hear the neighing and snorting of war chargers in the greatest battles of the ages. Austerlitz and Marengo and Solferino were decided by the cavalry. The mounted Cossacks re-enforced the Russian snowstorms in the obliteration of the French army. Napoleon said if he had only had sufficient cavalry at Bautzen and Lutzen his wars would have triumphantly ended. I do not wonder that the Duke of Wellington had his old war horse Copenhagen turned out in best pasture, and that the Duchess of Wellington wore a bracelet of Copenhagen's hair. Not one drop of my blood but tingles as I look at the arched neck and pawing hoof and panting nostril of Job's cavalry horse. "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley; he goeth on to meet the armed men. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

The Bold Dash.

I think it is the cavalry of the Christian hosts, the grand men and women who, with bold dash and holy recklessness and spurred on energies, are to take the world for God. To this army of Christian service belong the evangelists. It ought to be the business of the regular churches to multiply them, to support them, to cheer them, to clear the way for them. Some of them you like; some of them you do not like. You say some are too sensational, and some of them are not enough learned, and some of them are erratic, and some of them are too vehement, and some of them pray too loud. Oh, fold up your criticism and let them do that which we, the pastors, can never do.

I like all the evangelists I have ever seen or heard. They are busy now; they are busy every day of the week. While we, the pastors, serve God by holding the fortress of righteousness and drilling the Christian soldiery and by marshaling anthems and sermons and ordinances on the right side, they are out fighting the forces of darkness "hip and thigh, with great slaughter." All success to them! The faster they gallop the better I like it. The keener the lances they fling the more I admire them. We care not what conventionality they infract if they only gain the victory. Moody and Chapman and Mills and Jones and Harrison and Munhall and Major Cole and Crittenden and a hundred others are now making the cavalry charge, and they are this moment taking New York and Philadelphia and Cincinnati for God, and I wish they might take our nation's capital. Hear the tremendous facts: There are now in this country nearly 160,000 church congregations, with nearly 21,000,000 communicants and seating capacity in church for more than 48,000,000 people—in other words, room in the churches for three-fourths of the population of this country, and about one-third of the population of this country already Christian. In other words, we will have only to average bringing two souls to God during the next three years and our country is redeemed. Who cannot, under the power of the Holy Ghost, bring two souls to God in three years? As so many will bring hundreds and thousands to God, most of you have to bring only one soul to God and the gospel campaign for this continent will be ended. If you cannot bring one soul to God, or two souls, or three souls, in three years, you are no Christian and deserve yourself to be shut out of heaven. The religious pessimists of this country are all the time depicting the obstacles as so great and our forces as so small that we half of the time feel that we are attempting an impossibility.

Take out of your prayers and preaching some of your stuffing of groans and put in something of acclamation and triumph, and the United States will be gospelized, and if the United States be gospelized America will be gospelized, and, America gospelized, we will take Asia from the Pacific beach and Europe from the Atlantic beach, and not far from now the lost star we live on will take its place among the constellations that never fell. Let the more than 21,000,000 communicants, as they lift the sacramental cup to their lips, take oath that they will not rest until the other 40,000,000 are saved. The opportunities are all saddled and bridled. Where are the men and women to guide them? "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them." What two men can do for good or evil is impressed upon me by the fact that, two Scotchmen going to California, each took something that would remind him of his native country. The one took a thistle, the national emblem of Scotland. The other took a hive of bees. Years went by, and the work of the two Scotchmen is widely seen. The curse of the Pacific slope is the thistle, and the blessing of the Pacific slope is the honey found everywhere in woods and fields. In your life are you responsible for honey or thistles, and if one man can do so much good and another so much evil, how much could be done for the ransom of this country by 21,000,000 people all consecrated?

Pull Up the Blinds.

Get out of the way with your dolorous foreboding and change your dirges for what we have not done for the grand march of what we may do and will do. The woman at Sedan, in whose house Napoleon the last was waiting to make surrender of himself and his army, said to the overthrown French emperor, "What can I do for you?" And the despairing ex-monarch replied, "Nothing but draw down the blind so that I cannot be stared at." In this gospel campaign we have plenty to draw down the blinds. In God's name, I say, pull up the blinds and let the morning sun of the coming victory shine upon us. What we want in this campaign for God is the self abnegation and courage of the men of Sir Colin Campbell, who, as Lord Bishop Cowie of New Zealand, once chaplain of his army, told me, said to the troops: "Men, no retreat from this place. Die right here." And they shouted: "Yes, Sir Colin. We will do it." And they did!

Temporary defeats ought not to dishearten. What is Bunker Hill monument? Monument of defeat. But from that bloody mount American independence started for its grandest achievement, and all the defeats of the cause of God are incipient victory.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die.
They see the triumph from afar
And seize it with their eye.

And now, standing as I do in this national capital, let me say that what we want in the senate and house of representatives and the supreme court is a pentecostal blessing that will shake the continent with divine mercy. There recently came into my hands the records of two congressional prayer meetings, on the rolls of which were the names of the most eminent senators and representatives who then controlled the destinies of this republic—the one congressional prayer meeting in 1857 and the other in 1866. The record is in the handwriting of the philanthropist, William E. Dodge, then a member of congress. There are now more Christian men in the national legislature than ever before. Why will they not band together in a religious movement which before the inauguration of the next president shall enthrone Christ in the hearts of this nation? They have the brain, they have the eloquence, they have the influence. God grant them the grace sufficient! Who in congressional circles will establish the capitoline prayer meeting in 1897? Let the evening of the last decade of this century be irradiated with such a religious splendor. There are the opportunities for a national and international charge, all bridled and saddled. Where are the riders to mount them?

A Quick Flight.

The cavalry suggests speed. When once the reins are gathered into the hands of the soldierly horseman, and the spurs are struck into the flanks, you hear the rataplan of the hoofs. "Velocity" is the word that describes the movement, acceleration, momentum, and what we want in getting into the kingdom of God is celerity. You see the years are so swift, and the weeks are so swift, and the days are so swift, and the hours are so swift, and the minutes are so swift, we need to be swift. For lack of this appropriate speed many do not get into heaven at all. Here we are in the last Sabbath of the year. Did you ever know a twelvemonth quicker to be gone? The goldenrod of one autumn speaks to the goldenrod of the next autumn, and the crocus of one springtime to the crocus of another springtime, and the snowbanks of adjoining years almost reach each other in unbroken curve. We are in too much hurry about most things. Business men in too much hurry rush into speculations that ruin them and ruin others. People move from place to place in too great haste, and they wear out their nerves and weaken the heart's action. But the only thing in which they are afraid of being too hasty is the matter of the soul's salvation. Yet did any one ever get damaged by too quick repentance or too quick pardon or too quick emancipation? The Bible recommends tardiness, deliberation and snaillike movement in some things, as when it enjoins us to be slow to speak and slow to wrath and slow to do evil, but it tells us, "The king's business requireth haste," and that our days are as the flight of a weaver's shuttle and ejaculates: "Escape for thy life. Look not behind thee. Neither stay thou in all the plain." Other cavalry troops may fall back, but mounted years never retreat. They are always going ahead, not on an easy canter, but at full run. Other regiments hear the command of "Halt!" and pitch their tents for the night. The regiments of the years never hear the command of "Halt!" and never pitch tent for the night.

The century leads on its troop of 100 years, and the year leads on its troop of 365 days, and the day leads on its troop of 24 hours, and the hour leads on its troop of 60 minutes, and all are dashing out of sight. Perhaps there are two years in which we are most interested—our first and our last. Held up in our mother's arms, we watched the flight of the first. With wondering eyes we all watch the coming of the last. The name of that advancing year we cannot call. It may be in the nineties of this century, it may be in the tens or twenties or thirties of the next century, but it is coming at full gallop.

How to Meet It.

With what mood will we meet it? In jocosity, as did Thomas Hood in his last moment, saying, "I am dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wishes to earn a lively Hood." Or in fear, as did Thomas Paine, saying in his last moment, "Oh, how I dread this mysterious leap in the dark!" Or in boastfulness, as did Vespasian, saying in his last moment, "Ah, methinks I am becoming a god!" Or in frivolity, as did Demonax, the infidel philosopher, saying in his last moment, "You may go home; the show is over." Or conscience stricken, as did Charles IX of France, saying in his last moment: "Nurse, nurse! What murder! What blood!" Or shall we meet it in gladness of Christian hope, like that of Julius Charles Hare, who said in his last moment, "Upward, upward!" Or like that of Richard Baxter, in his last moment saying, "Almost well." Or like that of Martin of Tours, saying in his last moment, "I go to Abraham's bosom." Or like that of polished Addison, who said in his last moment, "See with what ease a Christian can die." Or like that of George Whitefield, who felt that he had said all that he could of Christ, declaring in his last moment, "I shall die silent." Or like that of Mrs. Schimmelpennich, who said in her last moment: "Do you not hear the voices? And the children's are the loudest." Or like that of Dragonnatti, saying in his last moment: "Stand aside! I see my father and my mother coming to kiss me."

Or as did the dying girl who, having a few evenings before sat on a bench in a London mission, was seen to have tears of contrition rolling down her cheek, and who, departing from the room, had put in her hand by a Christian woman a Bible, with the passage marked, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Though having promised to be at the next meeting, she did not come. The Christian woman who gave her the Bible was visiting the hospital, and the nurse said to her: "I wish you had been here a little while ago. We had a young woman who had been run over by a wagon. Poor thing, she was fearfully crushed and died almost at once. She had a Bible in her hand, with your name in it, and she said when she was brought in: 'Thank God, I found Christ as my Saviour last night! The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin.'" Oh, my friends, if all right for the next world, the years cannot gallop past too rapidly. If it were possible for the centuries to take the speed of the years, and the years the speed of the days, and the days the speed of the hours, they could do us no harm. The shorter our life the longer our heaven. The sooner we get out of the perils of this life, if our work be done, the better. No man is safe till he is dead. Better men than we have been wrecked, and at all ages. Lord and Lady Napier were on horseback on a road in India. Lord Napier suddenly said to Lady Napier, "Ride on and fetch assistance and do not ask me why." She sped on and was soon out of sight. The fact was a tiger's eyes glared on them from the thicket, and he did not dare to tell her, lest, affrighted, she fall in the danger and perhaps lose her life. From all sides of us, on this road of life, there are perils glaring on us, from tigers of temptation, and tigers of accident, and tigers of death, and the sooner we get out of the perils of this life the better. Let 1897 take the place of 1896, and 1898 the place of 1897, and our souls will be landed where there shall be "nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount." "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon. It shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

A Grand Spectacle.

Oh, will it not be grand when from the windows and doors of the "house of many mansions" we look out and see passing along the golden boulevards of heaven the white horse cavalry that St John describes in Revelation? John Wesley said he thought horses had souls, but take the story in Revelation as figurative or literal, you must admit that none but cavalry horses are mentioned as being in heaven. John xix, 14, "The armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses." You see, they are mounted troops. Their leader is in deep crimson attire. His vesture, we are told, is "dipped in blood," not blood of human slaughter, as many other conquerors have their attire, but his own blood, blood of crucifixion agony, the blood by which he redeemed you and me. That deep red of garment is in vivid contrast with the snowy white charger on which our Lord is seated. And no saved sinner can gaze on that red and that white without remembering that though his sins were once red like crimson they have become whiter than snow. Oh, those celestial cavalcades whom our Conqueror in scarlet shall lead on through the streets of heaven! Wide streets, hundreds of mounted troops abreast, long streets, thousands in sight followed by coming thousands through the long day of heaven which hath no setting sun. Mind you, only the cavalry are in that shining procession, those who did work outside the forts, those who dared all things for God, those who had in them the spirit of holy dash. We who did easy work may look at that procession, but will not be a part of it. There they pass, the equestrians and equestriennes of heaven, regiments of evangelists, of tract distributers, of street preachers, of salvation armies, of once half starved home missionaries on the frontiers, of those who did inconspicuous service for Christ and never had their name in the newspapers but once, and that in the notice of their own obsequies—a notice not accompanied by the request, "Send no flowers," for there was no danger that there would be a profusion of flowers.

As from the windows and doors of the "house of many mansions" we look on the passing spectacle some of us will wish that on earth we had had less salary and more hardship, less comfort and more exposure, less caution and more courage, less shelter and more storm, less smooth sailing and more cyclone, and that we had dared all at the front instead of taking good care of ourselves in the rear. Forward, mounted troops! Favorites of heaven! Cavalrymen and cavalrywomen of the Lord God Almighty. No chargers of heaven too white or too arched of neck or too prancing of gait for those seated on them. If Job's warhorse, while the battle was going on, said, "Ha, ha!" shall not these chargers, now that the day is won, utter a more jubilant "Ha, ha?" Forward, under arches of triumph, by fountains rainbowed of eternal joy and amid gardens abloom with unfading efflorescence, and along palaces where, after they have dismounted, these souls shall reign forever and ever, they march, they brandish their weapons with which they gained bloodless victory, and they rise in stirrups of gold to greet all the rest of heaven gazing upon them from the amethystine balconies. A glorious heaven it will be for all of us who anywhere and anyhow served the Lord, but an especial heaven, a mounted heaven, a processional heaven, for those who have done outside work, exposed work, and belonged to the Lord's cavalry. "The armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses."

Then, let the creaking door of the closing year go shut. When that closes, better doors will open. The world's brightest and happiest years are yet to come. Toward them we speed on in swiftest stirrup. Cavalry charge at Inkerman was not so rapid. At last the equestrians equal the chargers. At last the riders are as many as the horses.

A Glass Mansion In Newport.

A magnificent dwelling house, built wholly of colored glass bricks, has been planned to be built at Newport for a Pacific coast millionaire. The architects are not yet permitted to disclose the name of the prospective owner of this unique architectural oddity, first, because he is still abroad, and, second, because certain details of construction have not been determined.

This Newport building, which will be designed somewhat after the style of an old Pompeiian palace, is to be begun during the coming winter. On account of the elaborateness of the design and the great care and skill required in the construction of the building it will not be completed under two years.

The architects say that the ground plan of the house will in some respects resemble that of the house of Pansa, familiar to readers of "The Last Days of Pompeii." The bricks will be of various sizes, shapes and colors, and the effect will be of an oriental richness which will defy description.

This will be the first residence in the world constructed of such material and on these lines. It is to be built in the form of a square, inclosing an open court, inside of which a fountain will play. By means of electric lights in many colored globes concealed at the source of the fountain the water will fall in a shower of varicolored hues. It is said that the owner of this fountain contemplates on certain occasions having perfumed water flow from the fountain, thus scenting the entire court, and on occasions of festivity a continuous current of California wine of his own vintage will flow from the pitcher held in the uplifted hand of the bacchante in the center of the fountain.—Chicago Chronicle.

Button Timepieces.

A buttonhole watch is obviously a very useful and ornamental fashion. This unique timepiece can always be kept in sight and enables one to answer a question as to the time with the minimum amount of trouble. Large quantities of these miniature watches were imported from France for the Christmas season. The buttonhole watch fad originated in France. They were first worn by bicyclists in the sleeve or in one of the lower buttonholes of the coat. They enabled the cyclist to see the time without inconvenience while riding at full speed.

In America they will be worn, however, in the lapel of the coat. The ordinary form of buttonhole watch has a face about half an inch in diameter, or even less. It may readily be seen that when these tiny faces are tastefully decorated they will be highly ornamental to the draper of most coats. At a distance they might readily be mistaken for a badge of the Legion of Honor or some similar device.

The works of these novel watches are about the size of an ordinary lady's watch. The face, which is about one-fourth the diameter of the works, is connected with the mechanism by a thin neck. The buttonhole watches may be bought for $10, although some of the most elaborate designs are worth ten times that figure.—New York World.

Coal From China.

China has thrown down the gauntlet to the big coal miners of this country. An American bark recently brought to the Pacific coast a mixed sample cargo of anthracite and manufactured coal mined and made in the Tonquin district. It is intended to push the Chinese fuel at prices greatly below those which Pennsylvania and Welsh coals of the same character are now bringing. Experts have pronounced the Tonquin coal bed practically inexhaustible. The manufactured coal is entirely new to American markets. It is made by the Chinese natives from coal dust. The dust is mixed with a pitchy substance and compressed into egg shaped lumps. The inflammable cement aids combustion, and the coal makes a very hot and a very clean fire. The imported coal is said to be of the finest quality, fully equal to the best American or British coals, while it can be sold profitably at a price much below the standard rates. Pennsylvania and Welsh anthracite for house use are now selling on the Pacific coast at about $13 a ton. The Tonquin coal of the same grade can be sold to give a good return at $9 a ton, while Tonquin anthracite steam coal can be quoted at least $1 a ton under the present price of Welsh coal of that grade.

Temperature of Deep Wells.

W. Hallock, a government expert geologist, has taken the temperature at various depths in the famous "deep wells" at Wheeling. Several of these are over 4,000 feet in depth. In one of them—one in which the depth, as given by the foreman of the drilling company which put the well down, is 4,558 feet—it was found that the temperature at a depth of 1,300 feet was 20.4 degrees, centigrade. When the instrument was lowered to a depth of 2,000 feet and given time to do its registering, it was found that the mark had been set at 32.2, while at a point only eight feet from the bottom and 4,550 feet from the surface of the earth it registered as high as 43.4 degrees.—St. Louis Republic.

THE SILVER QUESTION IN A NUTSHELL

Free Coinage of Bricks Would Not Raise Their Price.

Did you ever stop to think what would be the result if the government should by legislation determine that ordinary building bricks 2 by 4 by 8 inches in size should be legal tender in any amount for $1 each and should arrange to have them so stamped in any quantity free of cost to the persons presenting them?

Under such circumstances the price of building bricks would at once advance to $1,000 a thousand, for if they could be "coined" without cost the bricks "uncoined" would be worth just as much as the "coined" bricks—$1 each. But did it ever occur to you that it would not be an advance in the value of the bricks, but a decrease in the value of the dollars, which would thus establish a new "parity between money and property;" that under such a system $1,000 would be worth only 1,000 bricks; that that 1,000 bricks would exchange for no more commodities or labor than it does today, and consequently that $1,000 would mean no more to us than 1,000 bricks do now?

In other words, our government can determine by legislation what commodity and what amount of that commodity $1 shall be, but it must leave it to the laws of comparative supply and demand, cost of production, etc., to determine what the value of that commodity shall be. It may declare that a brick shall be a dollar, in which case $1 will be worth whatever a brick will exchange for. It may declare that 25.8 grains of gold shall be a dollar, in which case $1 will be worth whatever 25.8 grains of gold will exchange for, or it may declare that 412½ grains of silver shall be a dollar, in which case $1 will be worth only what 412½ grains of silver will exchange for, the same today as 50.3 cents in gold, or, "giving the debtor the option" as to what dollar he shall use with which to pay his debts, it may declare that each of these three shall be a dollar, in which case $1 will be worth just as much as the least valuable of the three, which under present conditions would be the brick.—L. Carroll Root.

"The Crime of '73."

The following explanations why the silver dollar should no longer be coined were made in the house of representatives April 9, 1872:

It has become impossible to retain an American dollar in this country except in collections of curiosities.—Judge Kelley.

The silver dollar "has long since ceased to be a coin of circulation. * * * The gold dollar should be declared the money unit."—Mr. Hooper.

The principal change proposed by the bill was in "more clearly specifying the gold dollar as the unit of value. * * * The time has come in this country when the gold dollar should be distinctly declared to be the coin representative of the money unit."—Mr. Stoughton.

Is Your Mortgage Overdue?

Have you a mortgage? Is it overdue? If so, vote for free coinage, and you invite the mortgagee to foreclose as soon as possible after election and before there is time to pass a free coinage bill. If you don't think so, just imagine that you have changed places with your creditor and then consider what you would do six months before the cheap money era was expected to begin.