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The Chestertown Transcript.

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ADVERTISING RATES:

One square (8 lines nonpariel type), 3 or less insertions—$1.00. Each subsequent insertion 25 cents.

☞ Yearly and Monthly advertisements at moderate rates.

JOB WORK of ALL KINDS

DONE AT MODERATE PRICES.

☞ Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention.

Address all business communications to the TRANSCRIPT, Chestertown, Md.

WILLIAM W. BECK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
Office with M. deK. Smith on Court Street.

CLARENCE W. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 215 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
County business solicited. Special attention to collections in the city. s28-y.

LEWIN W. WICKES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, - - Maryland.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND.
OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A.M.; 1 to 4 P.M.
☞ Teeth extracted by local anesthetics and comparatively without pain.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past Nov. 29-tf.

DR. T. H. COOPER.
SPECIALTY,
The treatment and cure of Alcoholism (or liquor habit), Morphine, Opium and Cocaine habit a specialty.
Office on Main street, Chestertown, can be found in office every day from 9 A. M. till 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and from 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays excepted.

DR. CHARLESR. TWILLEY,
Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,

having located in Chestertown, office in connection with his father, on Main street, is prepared to perform all the operations in Dentistry in the most improved style.
☞ EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Special attention paid to crown and bridge work also filling teeth with gold and other materials.
April 5, 1894—y.

ROBERT H. BLAIN,
CIVIL ENGINEER, SURVEYOR,
EASTON, - - - MARYLAND.
Office with J. Frank Turner, Dover st., adjoining Farmers' and Merchants' National Bank.
☞ Correspondence solicited. j5-y.

FRANK WRIGHT & CO.
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUIT,
FISH, LIVE STOCK, WOOL, HIDES, FURS
AND GENERAL PRODUCE
121 LIGHT STREET,
Between Pratt and Lombard Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD
Telephone 1073.
March 16, 1893.

Stewart Fruit Company.
WHOLESALE
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND GRAIN
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
118 E. Pratt Street, Baltimore.
Reference, Merchants' National Bank.

W. M. VICKERS. E. T. COMEGYS
E. T. COMEGYS & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
Grain, Fruit, Poultry, Live Stock, Vegetables, etc
☞ GRAIN A SPECIALTY. ☜
Mr. Vickers is one of the oldest members of the Corn and Flour Exchange, and is conceded by every one who knows him, to be one of the best grain salesmen in Baltimore.
Grain Bags, for both Shelled Grain and Cob Corn, furnished upon short notice.
Consignments solicited. Returns made immediately upon the sale of grain.
E. T. COMEGYS & CO.,
No. 7 East Camden St., Baltimore, Md.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 115 Callowhill Street,
PHILADELPHIA

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS.,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
206 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

CHAS. B. LONEY. GEO. B. PROBERT
COMEGYS BROWN
—WITH—
LONEY & CO.,
Successors to Wright & Loney.
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
☞ REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

Public Notice
—OF—
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
of Kent County.

ALL PERSONS who have trimmed their hedges or mowed down the weeds, etc., along the public roads, are hereby notified to remove the cuttings, etc., at once. Persons disregarding this notice are liable to presentment to the grand jury.

T. J. SHALLCROSS, Pres.;
ROBERT C. MORGAN,
GEO. W. RODENHISER,
JOHN A. GROVES,
HORACE A. WILLSON,
County Commissioners.
Attest—T. WATERS RUSSELL, Clerk. s3-tf

A CLOTHING REVELATION!

T. S. BORDLEY has just placed with three leading New York Clothing manufacturers, the largest order for

Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing

ever placed for Chestertown. This stock will arrive about March 15th, and will include all the newest and latest designs of the most perfect fitting Clothing ever shown in this market. The extreme low prices for the coming Spring and Summer, are simply marvelous. I will be able to sell a neat, perfect fitting suit for men for only $5, such as you paid last season $8 for. $2 will buy a fine homespun suit for your boy. As my stock will be the largest in the town, I am determined that my prices will be the lowest. In the meantime, all the winter stock we have left will be sold for less than cost during the next 30 days. When you are ready to buy, search the town over for low prices, then come to me and see if I don't make good my promise, viz: to sell you fine, perfect fitting Clothing for less money than you can get them elsewhere.

Respectfully,
THOMAS S BORDLEY,
Feb. 21, 1895. CORNER CLOTHING HOUSE.

AT CHESTERVILLE'S
New CASH STORE.
You Will Find
PRICES FOR TIRED PURSES. PRICES YOU LIKE.
Prices that anyone can afford.
Prices brought to the very verge of nothingness. If price is an object, your object is to price our goods. Come in and be surprised at our surprising prices. If you have any money to save, save it to-morrow by spending it with us.
If you want the best, come here; if not, anywhere else will do.
You'll learn more in five minutes' talk at the store than in a whole paperful of technical talk. Our advertising is thrown away if you doubt it.
Very truly,
W. A. Williams.

E. E. HUDSON,
KENNEDYVILLE, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Always in the Front Ranks for General Merchandise.
A COMPLETE LINE OF GOODS AT TEMPTING PRICES
to close cash buyers. The year of 1894 is rapidly closing upon us, and while to some the year has not brought much prosperity, yet the encouragement we have received as a merchant spurs us onward with lift, and the motto of our store for 1895 will be "Foward March." At the present time we have on our counters entirely too many goods, and the people of this neighborhood shall have the advantages of LOW PRICES in order to reduce this stock. For the month of December and January we have made sweeping reductions in our Dry Goods department, Boot and Shoe department; also Notions, Underwear, etc. This stock embraces a complete line of
GROCERIES, HARNESS, CUTLERY, HARDWARE, TINWARE, CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR BY THE BARREL OR SACK,
in fact everything usually found in a well-appointed store. Catch-penny advertisements are no longer popular with the masses, and to those who favor me in the future with their patronage, we would say that we will convince them that we advertise only facts. A first-class line of
DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES
always on hand, and prescriptions compounded with care at all hours, day or night.
☞ *EXTRA.—Hats and Caps at rock bottom prices; Also splendid line of Choice Cigars and Tobacco CHEAP.*
Dec. 30, 1894. E. E. HUDSON, Kennedyville, Md.

Millington's Cheapest & Best Store
L. C. CLARK,
DEALER IN
GENERAL LINE OF GROCERIES,
CONSISTING OF
Coffees, Teas, Sugars,
Salted Meats, Poultry,
Confectionery,
Tobacco and Cigars.
The neighborhood of Millington should know a good thing when they see it, and a dollar invested at our store means a dollar well spent. Give me a call and be convinced.
Respectfully, etc.,
December 6, 1894. L. C. CLARK.

G. E. LEARY & SON,
Rock Hall,
Kent County, - - - - - Maryland.
Are the pioneers in the local manufacture of
Building Materials
of every class and description. Framing, Flooring, Shingles, hard-wood materials and everything essential to a thoroughly equipped planing and saw mill always in stock. Materials of the best and in quantities to meet every demand of the local market.

Car Load! Car Load!
32,854 Lbs.
WIRE GOODS!
RECEIVED DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURES AT PITTSBURG, PA.
Barbed Wire,
Cable Wire,
SMOOTH WIRE, No. 9, 10, 11, 12 & 14.
Wire Nails, Fence Staples, Poultry Netting, Staples, all bought for Spot Cash and will be sold at guaranteed prices. Call and get our prices for Ton Lots.
—LARGE LOT OF—
Galvanized Poultry Wire Netting
just received from the factory and will be sold
CHEAPER THA EVER.
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
Feb. 14, 1895. Chestertown, Md.

CHILLS AND FEVER
Freezing one minute, burning up the next—racked with aches from head to foot. When you're in this condition, preparations of quinine and opiates are more dangerous than efficient. Chills and fever and all malarial troubles can be *cured*—remember, can be
Cured with Pain-Killer
a remedy with a reputation of 50 years standing. Try it. Sold everywhere. The quantity has been doubled but the price remains the same.
Perry Davis & Son, Providence, R. I.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,
AT THE OLD STAND, KENNEDYVILLE, MD.
Up in Quality and Down in Price.
Blacksmithing and Wheelwrighting.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
WE KEEP FOR SALE THE GENUINE
OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS

AND CASTINGS
AND ALL KINDS OF

Agricultural Implements.
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,
NO-TOP BUGGIES, ROAD CARTS, DAYTONS, SULKIES, CARRIAGE TOPS, CARRIAGE POLES, CARRIAGE HARNESS OF ALL KINDS.
FARM WAGONS AND DEARBORNS.
Grass Seeders, Power Feed Cutters and Crushers, Power Grinding Mills, Root Cutters, Cucumber Pumps, Barb Fence Wire, Belting of all kinds.
☞ Also Fire Insurance Agent.
TILGHMAN SHAFER,
January 24, 1895—y. KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

GREAT EXCITEMENT
IN MILLINGTON
would follow if we advertised as some do in a "harum skarum" way, but the people would soon discover that misrepresentations are not the proper thing to draw the solid trade. Twelve years of uninterrupted success at Millington
Handling a GENERAL LINE OF MERCHANDISE,
CONSISTING OF
MEN'S CLOTHING
BOOTS AND SHOES.
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES
OF ALL KINDS,
And an Extra Room for Furniture,
where is kept a supply of Household Goods unequaled in the county as far as regards prices
EXTRA—Sweeping Reductions during the month of December will be made in for line of Clothing, Dry Goods and Furniture. Call and be convinced of this one fact, our every dollar spent we give a full dollar's worth of reliable goods.
Respectfully, etc.,
HENRY S. COOK,
December 6, 1894. *MILLINGTON, MD*

MELITOTA TO THE FRONT!
M. M. RASIN,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise,
is determined, during the month of December, to make sweeping reductions in his general line of goods in order to reduce the stock. No store in the county carries a more complete line of goods, consisting of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes
AND GENERAL NOTIONS.
EXTRA.—Being an advertiser of facts, I do not propose to misrepresent a single article in my store, and those who favor me with their patronage will be fully convinced that a dollar's worth of goods from this store will equal $1.25 elsewhere.
CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR BY THE BARREL OR SACK,
AND AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH ALL.
Give me a call and be convinced. Resp'y, etc.,
M. M. RASIN,
Dec. 13, 1894. *MELITOTA, MD.*

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Have you headache? Do your eyes burn? Do you have trouble to see at a distance or to read fine print? Have you pains in the back of your head? If you have any of these symptoms, send for our "*Eyesight By Mail.*" Satisfaction invariably guaranteed. WALTER H. PODESTA & CO. Eye Specialists,
Walter H. Podesta late Eye Specialist for Queen & Co. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A GLORIOUS GOSPEL.

THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC THRONGED.

An Eloquent and Forceful Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage—The Great Edifice Crowded to the Doors and Several Thousand Turned Away.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—Several thousand persons were turned away this afternoon from the doors of the Academy of Music after the huge building had been filled to overflowing, the crowds having begun to assemble fully two hours before the time fixed for opening the services. Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject "The Glorious Gospel," the text chosen being, "According to the glorious gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust" (I Timothy i, 11).

The greatest novelty of our time is the gospel. It is so old that it is new. As potters and artists are now attempting to fashion pitchers and cups and curious ware like those of 1,900 years ago recently brought up from buried Pompeii, and such cups and pitchers and curious ware are universally admired, so any one who can unshovel the real gospel from the mountains of stuff under which it has been buried will be able to present something that will attract the gaze and admiration and adoption of all the people. It is amazing what substitutes have been presented for what my text calls "the glorious gospel." There has been a hemispheric apostasy.

Able Theological Preachers.

There are many people in this and all other large assemblages who have no more idea of what the gospel really is than they have of what is contained in the fourteenth chapter of Zend-Avesta, the Bible of the Hindoo, the first copy of which I ever saw I purchased in Calcutta last September. The old gospel is 50 feet under, and the work has been done by the shovels of those who have been trying to contrive the philosophy of religion. There is no philosophy about it. It is a plain matter of Bible statement and of childlike faith. Some of the theological seminaries have been hotbeds of infidelity because they have tried to teach the "philosophy of religion." By the time that many a young theological student gets half through his preparatory course he is so filled with doubts about plenary inspiration, and the divinity of Christ, and the questions of eternal destiny, that he is more fit for the lowest bench in the infant class of a Sunday school than to become a teacher and leader of the people. The ablest theological professor is a Christian mother, who out of her own experience can tell the 4-year-old how beautiful Christ was on earth, and how beautiful he now is in heaven, and how dearly he loves little folks, and then she kneels down and puts one arm around the boy, and with her somewhat faded cheek against the roseate cheek of the little one consecrates him for time and eternity to him who said, "Suffer them to come unto me." What an awful work Paul made with the D. D.'s, and the LL. D.'s, and the F. R. S.'s, when he cleared the decks of the old gospel ship by saying, "Not many wise men, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

A Theological Dude.

There sits the dear old theologian with his table piled up with all the great books on inspiration and exegesis and apologetics for the Almighty and writing out his own elaborate work on the philosophy of religion, and his little grandchild coming up to him for a good night kiss he accidentally knocks off the biggest book from the table, and it falls on the head of the child, of whom Christ himself said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Ah, my friends, the Bible wants no apologetics. The throne of the last judgment wants no apologetics. Eternity wants no apologetics. Scientists may tell us that natural light is the "propagation of undulations in an elastic medium, and thus set in vibratory motion by the action of luminous bodies," but no one knows what gospel light is until his own blind eyes by the touch of the Divine Spirit have opened to see the noonday of pardon and peace. Scientists may tell us that natural sound is "the effect of an impression made on the organs of hearing by an impulse of the air, caused by a collision of bodies, or by other means," but those only know what the gospel sound is who have heard the voice of Christ directly, saying: "Thy sins are forgiven thee. Go in peace." The theological dude unrolls upon the plush of the exquisitely carved pulpit a learned discourse showing that the garden of Eden was an allegory, and Solomon's Song a rather indelicate love ditty, and the book of Job a drama in which satan was the star actor, and that Renan was three-quarters right about the miracles of Jesus, and that the Bible was gradually evoluted and the best thought of the different ages, Moses and David and Paul doing the best they could under the circumstances, and therefore to be encouraged. Lord of heaven and earth, get us out of the London fog of higher criticism!

The night is dark, and the way is rough, and we have a lantern which God has put in our hands, but instead of employing that lantern to show ourselves and others the right way we are discussing lanterns, their shape, their size, their material, and which is the better light—kerosene, lamp oil or candle—and while we discuss it we stand all around the lantern, so that we shut out the light from the multitudes who are stumbling on the dark mountains of sin and death. Twelve hundred dead birds were found one morning around Bartholdi's statue in New York harbor. They had dashed their life out against the lighthouse the night before. Poor things! And the great lighthouse of the gospel—how many high soaring thinkers have beaten all their religious life out against it, while it was intended for only one thing, and that to show all nations the way into the harbor of God's mercy and to the crystalline wharves of the heavenly city, where the immortals are waiting for new arrivals. Dead skylarks, when they might have been flying seraphs.

A Question of Belief.

Here also come, covering up the old gospel, some who think they can by law and exposure of crime save the world, and from Portland, Me., across to San Francisco, and back again to New Orleans and Savannah, many of the ministers have gone into the detective business. Worldly reform by all means, but unless it be also gospel reform it will be dead failure. In New York its chief work has been to give us a change of bosses. We had a Democratic boss, and now it is to be a Republican boss, but the quarrel is, Who shall be the Republican? Politics will save the cities the same day that satan evangelizes perdition.

Here comes another class of people who in pulpit and outside of it cover up the gospel with the theory that it makes no final difference what you believe or how you act, you are bound for heaven anyhow. There they sit, side by side, in heaven: Garfield, and Guiteau, who shot him; Lincoln, and John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated him; Washington, and Thomas Paine, who slandered him; Nana Sahib, and the missionaries whom he clubbed to death at Cawnpur; Herod, and the children whom he massacred; Paul, and Nero, who beheaded him. As a result of the promulgation of such a mongrel and conglomerate heaven, there are millions of people in Christendom who expect to go straight to heaven from their seraglios, and their inebriation, and their suicides, when among the loudest thunders that break over the basaltic island to which St. John was expatriated was the one in which God announced that "the abominable and the murderers and whoremongers and sorcerers and idolaters and all liars, shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." I correct what I said when I declared the gospel was buried 50 feet deep. It is buried 1,000 feet deep. Had the glorious gospel been given full opportunity, I think before this the world would have had no need of pulpit or sermon or prayer or church, but thanksgiving and hosannas would have resounded in the temple to which the mountains would have been pillars, and the blue skies the dome, and the rivers the baptistery, and all nations the worshipers in the auditorium of the outspread world. But so far from that, as I remarked in the opening sentence of this sermon, the greatest novelty of our time is the gospel. And let me say to the hundreds and thousands of educated and splendid young men about to enter the gospel ministry from the theological seminaries of all denominations, on this and the other side of the seas, that there is no drawing power like the glorious gospel. "Him hath God lifted up to draw all men unto him." Get your souls charged and surcharged with this gospel, and you will have large audiences and will not have to announce in order to assemble such audiences a Sunday night sacred concert, with a brief address by the pastor, or the presence of "Black Pattis," or Creole minstrels, or some new exposure of Tammany, or a sermon accompanied by a magic lantern or stereopticon views.

Glorious News.

The glorious gospel of the blessed God as spoken of in my text will have more drawing power, and when that gospel gets full swing it will have a momentum and a power mightier than that of the Atlantic ocean when under the force of the September equinox it strikes the highlands of the Navesink. The meaning of the word "gospel" is "good news," and my text says it is glorious good news, and we must tell it in our churches, and over our dry goods counters, and in our factories, and over our thrashing machines, and behind our plows, and on our ships' decks, and in our parlors, our nurseries and kitchens, as though it were glorious good news, and not with a dismal drawl in our voice, and a dismal look on our faces, as though religion were a rheumatic twinge, or a dyspeptic pang, or a malarial chill, or an attack of nervous prostration. With nine "blesseds" or "happys," Christ began his sermon on the mount—blessed the poor; blessed the mourner; blessed the meek; blessed the hungry; blessed the merciful; blessed the pure; blessed the peacemakers; blessed the persecuted; blessed the reviled; blessed, blessed, blessed; happy, happy, happy. Glorious good news for the young as through Christ they may have their coming years ennobled, and for a lifetime all the angels of God their coadjutors, and all the armies of heaven their allies. Glorious good news for the middle aged as through Christ they may have their perplexities disentangled, and their courage rallied, and their victory over all obstacles and hindrances made forever sure. Glorious good news for the aged as they may have the sympathy of him of whom St. John wrote, "His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow," and the defense of the everlasting arms. Glorious good news for the dying as they may have ministering spirits to escort them, and opening gates to receive them, and a sweep of eternal glories to encircle them, and the welcome of a loving God to embosom them.

The Bill Was Paid.

Oh, my text is right when it speaks of the glorious gospel. It is an invitation from the most radiant being that ever trod the earth or ascended the heavens, to you and me to come and be made happy, and then take after that a royal castle for everlasting residence, the angels of God our cup bearers. The price paid for all of this on the cliff of limestone about as high as this house, about seven minutes' walk from the wall of Jerusalem, where with an agony that with one hand tore down the rocks, and with the other drew a midnight blackness over the heavens, our Lord set us forever free. Making no apology for any one of the million sins of our life, but confessing all of them, we can point to that cliff of limestone and say, "There was paid our indebtedness, and God never collects a bill twice." Glad am I that all the Christian poets have exerted their pen in extolling the matchless one of this gospel. Isaac Watts, how do you feel concerning him? And he writes, "I am not ashamed to own my Lord." Newton, what do you think of this gospel? And he writes, "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound!" Cowper, what do you think of him? And the answer comes, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Charles Wesley, what do you think of him? And he answers, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Horatius Bonar, what do you think of him? And he responds, "I lay my sins on Jesus." Ray Palmer, what do you think of him? And he writes, "My faith looks up to thee." Fannie Crosby, what do you think of him? And she writes, "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." But I take higher testimony: Solomon, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Lily of the valley." Ezekiel, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Plant of renown." David, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "My shepherd." St. John, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Bright and morning star." St. Paul, what do you think of him? And the answer comes, "Christ is all in all." Do you think as well of him, O man, O woman of the blood bought immortal spirit? Yes, Paul was right when he styled it "the glorious gospel."

And then as a druggist, while you are waiting for him to make up the doctor's prescription, puts into a bottle so many grains of this, and so many grains of that, and so many drops of this, and so many drops of that, and the intermixture taken, though sour or bitter, restores to health. So Christ, the divine physician, prepares this trouble of our lifetime, and that disappointment, and this persecution, and that hardship, and that tear, and we must take the intermixture, yet though it be a bitter draft. Under the divine prescription it administers to our restoration and spiritual health, "all things working together for god." Glorious gospel!

The Royal Castle.

And then the royal castle into which we step out of this life without so much as soiling our foot with the upturned earth of the grave. "They shall reign forever and ever." Does not that mean that you are, if saved, to be kings and queens, and do not kings and queens have castles? But the one that you are offered was for 33 years an abandoned castle, though now gloriously inhabited. There is an abandoned royal castle at Amber, India. One hundred and seventy years ago a king moved out of it never to return. But the castle still stands in indescribable grandeur, and you go through brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious stoned into wider halls precious stoned, and on that hill are pavilions deeply dyed and tasseled and arched, the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; birds in arabesque so natural to life that while you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the flutter of their wings while you are passing; walls pictured with triumphal procession; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light" and "Hall of Victory;" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morn and night; alabaster, and mother of pearl, and lacquer work.

Standing before it the eye climbs from step to latticed balcony, and from latticed balcony to oriel, and from oriel to arch, and from arch to roof, and then descends on ladder of all colors, and by stairs of perfect lines to tropical gardens of pomegranate and pineapple. Seven stories of resplendent architecture! But the royal castle provided for you, if you will only take it on the prescribed terms, is grander than all that, and, though an abandoned castle while Christ was here, achieving your redemption, is again occupied by the "chief among ten thousand," and some of your own kindred who have gone up and waiting for you are leaning from the balcony. The windows of that castle look off on the King's gardens where immortals walk linked in eternal friendship, and the banqueting hall of that castle has princes and princesses at the table, and the wine is "the new wine of the kingdom," and the supper is the marriage supper of the Lamb, and there are fountains into which no tear ever fell, and there is music that trembles with no grief, and the light that falls upon that scene is never beclouded, and there is the kiss of those reunited after long separation. More nerve will we have there than now, or we would swoon away under the raptures. Stronger vision will we have there than now, or our eyesight would be blinded by the brilliance. Stronger ear will we have there than now, or under the roll of that minstrelsy, and the clapping of that acclamation, and the boom of that hallelujah we would be deafened.

The Coronation.

Glorious gospel! You thought religion was a straitjacket; that it put you on the limits; that thereafter you must go cowed down. No, no, no! It is to be castellated. By the cleansing power of the shed blood of Golgotha set your faces toward the shining pinnacles. Oh, it does not matter much what becomes of us here—for at the longest our stay is short—if we can only land there. You see there are so many I do want to meet there. Joshua, my favorite prophet, and John among the evangelists, and Paul among the apostles, and Wyclif among the martyrs, and Bourdaloue among the preachers, and Dante among the poets, and Havelock among the heroes, and our loved ones whom we have so much missed since they left us, so many darlings of the heart, their absence sometimes almost unbearable, and, mentioned in this sentence last of all because I want the thought climacteric, our blessed Lord, without whom we could never reach the old castle at all. He took our place. He purchased our ransom. He wept our woes. He suffered our stripes. He died our death. He assured our resurrection. Blessed be his glorious name forever! Surging to his ear be all the anthems! Facing him be all the thrones!

Oh, I want to see it, and I will see it—the day of his coronation. On a throne already. Methinks the day will come when in some great hall of eternity all the nations of earth whom he has conquered by his grace will assemble again to crown him. Wide and high and immense and upholstered as with the sunrises and sunsets of 1,000 years, great audience room of heaven. Like the leaves of an Adirondack forest the ransomed multitudes, and Christ standing on a high place surrounded by worshipers and subjects. They shall come out of the farthest past led on by the prophets; they shall come out of the early gospel days led on by the apostles; they shall come out of the centuries still ahead of us led on by champions of the truth, heroes and heroines yet to be born.

And then from that vastest audience ever assembled in all the universe there will go up the shout: "Crown him! Crown him! Crown him!" and the Father who long ago promised this his only begotten Son, "I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," shall set the crown upon the forehead yet scarred with crucifixion bramble, and all the hosts of heaven, down on the levels and up in the galleries, will drop on their knees, crying: "Hail, King of earth! King of heaven! King of saints! King of seraphs! Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and to thy dominions there shall be no end! Amen and amen! Amen and amen!"

Special Pins For Insect Collectors.

"Much care," said a taxidermist, "has to be taken in selecting the long, fine pins used in fastening the specimens in insect collections. For cheap collections of butterflies and bugs we use the ordinary brass pins mostly, but every one of these must be carefully examined before impaling the insect to see that it is well tinned, for were the tin coating imperfect or the slightest flaw evident it would be in nine cases out of ten liable to oxidize in the body of the insect, and thus destroy it. We also use black varnished pins, but they are almost as bad, for the glazed coating soon cracks, leaving the metal exposed, and consequently it is not very long before oxidization sets. Even the more expensive kind, the nickel plated pins, are not much better. The latest things we have now are solid silver pins and bronze pins, and there is being used as an experiment a nickel and aluminium alloy, which possesses decided advantages over all the others kinds used."—New York Sun.

Another Victim.

Collector—See here, when are you going to do anything on this account?

Mudge—I don't know. I have been hypnotized so that I can't go through the performance of paying even when I have the money. I'm awfully sorry, I assure you.—Indianapolis Journal.

Several knives, evidently intended for table use, have been found in the catacombs near Memphis.

The Greeks had oats B. C. 200, but used them only as food for their horses.

Muncy, Pa., was named from the Munsi Indians.