Kent News.

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Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
☞Office in Masonic Hall.☜

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Commission Cards.

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J. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.
J. P. MOYER & CO.,
Wholesale Produce Commission Merchants
—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, PRODUCE,
LIVE STOCK, &c.,
256 North Front Street, Philadelphia.
Cards sent on application.
References—CASH. d17-3m.

E. C. CROW,
No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANT
—IN—
ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE.
Market Price Guaranteed. d18.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE
AND LIVE STOCK.
328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
☞Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

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WALTER S. HILL,
Fruit and Produce Commission Merchant
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REFERENCE — My account sale and check every Monday. je4.

BALTIMORE.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
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For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
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jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 3,)
Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
☞Special attention given to the sale of Grain, Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
118 East Pratt St., Balto., Md.
☞We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples' Bank of Baltimore.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.
WM. H. RUTTER,
—WITH—
EMORY & NEAVITT,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 68 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Reference— Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE.
CREW & LOANE,
Grain and General Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15,
ja29. BALTIMORE, MD.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
STEVENS BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.
☞Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
320 Light St., (old No. 114), Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

PERCY T. McFEELY,
Formerly with Chester River Steamboat Company,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
Successors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
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☞REFERENCES. — Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

Professional Cards.

WM. B. HIDDEN, M. D.,
SPECIALIST,
208 West Monument Street, Baltimore, Md.
Practice limited to Diseases of the Chest, Throat and Nasal Passages. Specially successful in treating Enlarged Tonsils, Hay Fever, Rose Cold, Asthma. Nasal Catarrh, and Deafness resulting therefrom.
☞Refers to Thomas E. Norris and others. o1-6m.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST,
STILL POND, MD.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House.

DR. C. P. GILPIN, Dentist,
☞Office in the dwelling-house on High street, adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past. j8-tf.

DR. J. C. HACKETT,
MILLINGTON, MD.,
Offers his services to the people of the town and vicinity. Can be found at his office in Thomas' hotel at all hours when not professionally engaged.
☞Special attention given to diseases of Women and Children. jy16-6m.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s Store.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

WM. R. MILLER, Auctioneer,
GALENA, MARYLAND.
I HAVE had large experience in this business and flatter myself that I can't be beat in this county I look after the interest of all sales I am engaged to attend and I think persons intending to have sales will find it to their interest to try me. All orders will be promptly attended to by addressing as above
August 13, 1887—tf.

—1888—
Established 20 Years

New Goods-Low Prices

¾ Brown and Bleached Muslin .... 4½c. a yard
4-4 " " " .... 5c. "
4-4 " Heavy " " .... 7c. "
Fruit of Loom " " .... 9c. "
Calico 3½ to 6c.; Simpson's Mourning Prints 7c.; Double Purple 7c.; Dress Ginghams 5c. to 10c. per yard; Tickings 8c. to 25c.; Misses' Hose 5c. to 10c. a pair,
Ladies' Solid Colored Hose .... 8c. a pair
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose..............................10c. "
Ladies' Full Reg. Made Balbriggan Hose...23c. "
Ladies Corsets, good 25c, extra good Corsets 45c. "
Ladies Vests, extra good..45c.
Gloves ....5c. to 25c.
Gents Undershirts...25c.
Extra Heavy Undershirts.....................................45c.
Gents unlaundried Shirts, New York Mills Muslin, pure Linen Bosoms ....65c.
Clark's Cotton 5c. a spool, or 55c. a dozen; Buttons 5c. a gross.

GROCERIES!

Brown Sugar.................................5c. per pound.
Nearly White Sugar .... 6c. "
Granulated Sugar .... 7½c. "
Enterprise Coffee............................. 24c. "
Good Tea, green and black................. 50c. "
Good Syrup .... 30c. a gallon.
Black Molasses................................. 20c. "
Pure Apple Vinegar .... 30c. "
Best Coal Oil, no smell no smoke 14c. a gal. or 8 gallons...$1.00
'Red C." Coal Oil 16c. a gal. or 5 gallons for.. ......75c.
Lump Starch......................................4½c a pound
Bread Soda..4½c. "
Babbitt's Best Soap 5c., 22 bars for.................... $1.00
Soapine ....4c.
Kirk's Chicago Soap ....4c.

Our TOBACCO at 40c. BEATS the BEST.
Cigars 90c. a Box--100 in a box.

CONFECTIONERY!

CANDY, NUTS, RAISINS, ORANGES,
LEMONS, CITRON, CURRANTS,

MINCE MEAT, ALL KINDS CANNED FRUITS, VEGETABLES and MEATS, MACKAREL, HERRING and SHAD.

FLOUR—Clifton, Kirkwood, Occidental, Patapsco Superlative, do. Family, do. Extra and Orange Grove at LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

Country Produce at Best Market Price.

Respectfully,
J. B. SAPPINGTON,
at the Old Stand on Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.
Dec. 10, 1887—6m.

Use	*For*	Kirkwood.
Use	*a*	Kirkwood.
Use	*Fine*	Kirkwood.
Use	*Family*	Kirkwood.
Use	*Flour*	Kirkwood.

Mill Notice.

I WISH to inform my customers and the public generally, that I have started my mill on the Roler Process of manufacturing the highest grades of

ROLLER-GROUND FLOUR

on the market. I am now prepared to accommodate the public on the exchange system, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case where good wheat is sent me For every sixty (60) pounds of good wheat I will give thirty-six (36) pounds of the best flour and a half bushels of bran.

In connection with our Roller Process we are prepared to do all kinds of work that can be expected of any mill. Fine Meal ground for one-eighth (⅛), Shelled Corn Chopped for one-twelfth (1-12), Hominy made for the offal, Ear Corn crushed for one-eighth.

For merchant work our facilities are such that we can compete with all competitors. Our grades of Flour, three in number,

KENT'S SUPERLATIVE,
KENT'S FAVORITE,
and ECONOMY,

can hold their own with any in the market. Flour will be delivered free of charge at store door, at less than city prices.

Special attention is given to the sale of MEAL, HOMINY and FEED, at low figures. Reduced prices given to consumers of feed. for winter feeding, by the ton. There are several reasons why

URIEVILLE MILL IS THE MILL,

namely: It is centrally located, and in the best Grain section of the county. We always buy the best grain in the market for merchant work. Orders are always delivered promptly. Its facilities for grist work are such that customers can be accommodated with any amount up to forty (40) bushels in one hour after it is delivered. It has a never-failing water power. We grade our wheat in five different grades, so that it is impossible for customers to bring us a grade that we can't match, consequently you always get flour out of the same grade that you bring. Last, but not least, I have a first-class miller, that understands his business, and is always at his post.

I feel thankful for all past patronage and only ask for my share in the future, I remain yours truly,

WM. W. McKNETT,
no19-tf. PROPRIETOR.

Lea's	*Highly*	Farina.
Lea's	*Nutricious*	Farina.
Lea's	*and*	Farina.
Lea's	*Palatable.*	Farina.
Lea's	*Try it.*	Farina.

Insurance!

FIRE, LIGHTNING AND LIFE!!

WM. H. McFEELY'S
AGENCY.

INSURE YOUR BUILDINGS
Against Fire and Lightning. Fires occur at unexpected moments, and a few dollars expended in Insurance furnishes very substantial assistance in event of loss.

INSURE YOUR LIVESTOCK
Against Lightning and Fire. Payment for same is promptly made. if killed on premises or anywhere else.

INSURE YOUR GRAIN
In the barn. The value of two bushels of wheat will protect $1,000 worth of grain for a month. Policies issued for from Two Weeks to Three Years at low rates.

INSURE YOUR LIFE
In the "New York Life," where you have the privilege of settling up your policy at the end of every five years, just as one's circumstances may demand.

WM. H. McFEELY,
Gen'l Ins. Agent, Chestertown, Md
☞Office opposite Bank. jy9-tf.

Clifton	*Highest*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Grade*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Patent*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Flour*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Made.*	F. F. F.

STRAW WANTED!

HAVING Leased the Chestertown STRAWBOARD MILL, I am ready to BUY ALL THE STRAW that Farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up ALL THE STRAW from the stackyards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 pounds per ton for dry straw; only asking those wishing to sell to take a little extra pains in Stacking and not put the chaff with their Straw.
☞MR. JAMES BRICE is my authorized agent to buy.
WILBUR ELIASON.

SMOKE the 103 Segar, best in town for the money
For sale by E. W. F. SIMPERS.

A DAY WITH TALMAGE.

HOW A FAMOUS PREACHER CARES FOR HIS BIG FLOCK.

Preparing His Sermons and Lectures—Callers at His House on all Sorts of Errands—Visiting the Dying—How He Looks on the Platform and at Home.

"Helpfulness!"

That was the laconic reply scrawled on the margin of a letter that Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage sent to a young lady in Georgia one day this week.

It was a charming morning. Breakfast was over. The famous Brooklyn preacher had taken an armful of letters and papers that the postman had left at his door, and carried them upstairs to his workshop on the second floor of his beautiful home on South Oxford street. The air was crisp. The sun was streaming in the windows and flooding the room with its mellow light. It is an unattractive room that we are in. There is no evidence here of luxury, or even comfort. The floor is of hard, polished wood. The walls are plain white. Drawn up to a big window is a table. It is littered with letters, newspapers, books, magazines, pen, ink bottles, pencils and writing paper. A stiff-backed chair, without a cushion, turned aside, and an open book shows that the great preacher was hurriedly called away. It is a typical literary man's den. Bookshelves are ranged around the walls. Books are piled in corners and even in the middle of the floor. A score or more of the leading daily newspapers of the country are filed away in one corner. Over in another is a mass of discarded papers. Bundles of old letters tied together by strings, are thrown carelessly here and there.

"This is my workshop," said Dr. Talmage, and he looks me in the face with a merry twinkle in his eye, to see whether I am surprised or pleased.

"Sit down," he says, cheerily, and he attacks the big pile of letters and papers before him.

What a mail it is!

Letter after letter is opened. Some are put aside for his secretary to answer.—Others are quickly disposed of by the great preacher himself.

"Here is a young girl in Georgia," he says, "who writes me to know what I consider the most important word in my vocabulary."

He picks up a pen and writes the one word that begins this article on the margin of the girl's letter, signs his name and sticks it in an envelope. As he dashes off the address he says:

"I wish she had asked me for two words, for then I should have added Sympathy. Helpfulness and Sympathy I consider the most important words in the vocabulary."

And so it goes on for an hour. The big pile of letters quickly disappears. Only one remains. There comes a rapping to the study door. A white-capped maid announces that there is a roomful of people down stairs waiting to see the popular preacher.

"All right," he replies, "I'll be down soon," and he opens the last letter. It is written in a female hand. The words are badly spelled. Great blots of ink deface it and there is a total disregard of all rules of orthography and grammar. The preacher studies it in silence for a few moments. Then he folds it and lays it on his table. He turns his face to the sunlight and tears roll down his cheeks. He picks the letter up again and reads it through. Then he carefully folds it and puts it in his pocket.

"That is the saddest letter I've ever read," he says.

It was from a young mother. She had told her life story in it. She had married against the wishes of her parents. Love was stronger than blood. She had left home with the man of her choice. He had turned out badly. It was the old story of rum and ruin. The poor mother had borne all until her little babe had been taken ill. The husband and father had long since ceased to support them. They were in poverty. The husband was arrested in a barroom brawl. The child was dying.—The mother's tear-stained letter told that help was needed. It was like the cry from Macedonia. She knew no one to appeal to for aid. Would Dr. Talmage help her?

"Help her?" he said, in a burst of grief, as he brushed away the tears. "I'd give my life to save an innocent child from suffering. Let us go downstairs. I will see the callers and then will go and see what can be done for this poor woman."

NO. II.

Visitors to the Talmage mansion are ushered through a broad hall into the great preacher's back parlor. It is a room of rare elegance and taste. There are bookcases, etchings and bits of statuary. A handsome upright piano and a highly-polished escritoire are on either side of the room. The floor is covered with a rich carpet, and easy chairs here and there tell that it is a useful as well as an ornamental room. The front parlor or drawing-room, shows that the mistress of the house is a woman of taste and culture. It is a beautiful room. Here are shown souvenirs gathered from all parts of the globe and etchings and paintings by men of note in the art world. In one of the windows is a collection of growing plants. Everything breathes an air of refinement.

It is in these rooms Dr. Talmage receives visitors. They begin to arrive, very often, before breakfast and ring the bell long after the house is closed for the night. They are men and women of all ages. Some are richly dressed and some are clothed in raiment far from new and fashionable. Some never spoke a word to Dr. Talmage in their lives. Others are members of his church and want advice, or have suggestions to make, and still others have come for alms. They think that Talmage has only to smite the rock to bring forth a stream of shining dollars. He greets them all cordially. He enters the big drawing-room, in which from a dozen to fifteen people are seated. He looks agreeably around and those whose faces he recognizes he bows to pleasantly.

Finally all the callers have been heard except one young man who sits in a corner of the room toying with his hat. He has waited patiently so that he might have the preacher all alone. He rises as Dr. Talmage walks over to him.

"I am in no hurry," he says. "I'll wait if you want to speak to—to—to that man over there," pointing to me.

"No," is the reply. "We are going out together soon. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I can call again if you are too busy to talk to me now?"

"No, I am not too busy. Speak up. I can give you ten minutes."

"But I want a long talk," persisted the visitor.

"I'd like to oblige you," says the preacher, "but I'm very busy to-day."

"I'll come to-morrow."

"No, I shall be busy to-morrow also."

"And to-night, too?"

"Yes, my time is engaged for the entire week."

"Well, then," says the young man in a stammering way, "I want your advice. I'm employed in a big house in New York, and I am getting a fair salary. I have been offered a position in a rival house. Would it be right and honorable for me to leave? I am to get a little more salary. I must give my answer by to-morrow. I must make some excuse for leaving. I've thought it all over, and don't know what to say. My present employers have treated me well. I want your advice."

The good preacher protests that it is a delicate question to put to a stranger, even if that stranger happens to be a minister.

"Is the firm a good one? Are you treated well? Haven't you a fair chance? Are they honorable men?"

The answer to all these questions were in the affirmative.

"But you could tell me whether it would be right for me to do it, and—and—if I could get a letter of recommendation from you it would help me."

"Why don't you ask your mother or father for advice?"

"They are dead."

"Was your mother a Christian?"

"Yes."

"Then get down on your knees here and lift your face to heaven. Ask your angel mother if you would be doing right."

The young man's eyes fall to the floor. He toys nervously with his hat and backs out of the hall to the door. As he turns the knob he holds out his right hand to the preacher and whispers:

"I thank you for your advice. I'll not leave my present employer."

NO. III.

Now the great preacher hastily puts on a thick overcoat, and taking a heavy walking stick in hand, says: "We'll go now." He calls a cheery "good-bye" to Mrs. Talmage and closes the big door behind him. The air is crispy and invigorating. Once in the street the preacher throws back his shoulders until his form is as straight as that of an Indian. His blue eyes look out from behind a pair of shaggy eyebrows. They snap and sparkle like a schoolboy's. The face denotes health and strength. The preacher is fond of walking and strides along with giant steps. The color quickly mounts to his cheeks and reveals a face free from lines and full of health and manly vigor. He has noted the direction that he is to take carefully. As he walks along the street he is noticed by everybody. His figure is a familiar one in the streets of Brooklyn. Nearly everybody bows to him. He has a hearty "How are you to-day" for all.

Our direction lies in a thickly-populated section, not many blocks from the water front. It is in the tenement district, where dozens of families are huddled together in one house. We pause in front of a ricketty building and stop an urchin in the hallway, who replies to the question that we are in the right house. Then the good doctor pulls out of his pocket the letter he received some hours ago from the grief-stricken young mother, whose baby was ill and who asked for aid.

Up flight after flight of stairs we go. Two stories, three, four, five. As we reach the landing, a tidy young woman appears. She is holding her face in her hands and sobbing to break her heart.

"Oh, I knew you would come," she says, as the tears roll down her cheeks, "I used to go to your church, and I know how deeply your sermons touched me. Oh! That was long ago. It was before I knew John, and before our baby came."

Here the speaker broke down completely. "But it's all over now," she began again. "John has ill-used me, and beaten me and forced me to support him in drunkenness. I could stand all that for my baby's sake."

She had sunk to the floor on her knees. She was pouring out her soul in an agony of grief.

"Oh! my baby, my baby!" she cried, piteously, "why were you taken? Oh, the blow is too much! I can't stand it. Merciful Father, have I not suffered enough?"

She fell in a heap on the floor. The heavy breathing and sobbing continued. We looked into the little room. It was scrupulously clean, but barren of furniture and even the rudest comforts of a home. The window curtains are pulled down, but a ray of bright sunlight shoots in, lying on the apology for a bed, is—a babe. Its eyes are closed. Its face is as white as alabaster. The little, thin hands are folded across its tiny breast. Its sufferings are over.

The Angel of Death had touched its forehead with its icy finger and its spirit had flown to the clouds.

The end had come before the preacher could offer aid.

What a scene it was!

Here, in one of the biggest cities in the world, an innocent child had died of hunger, and because its mother was too poor to pay for medical attendance.

A word or two was whispered in the mother's ear, and we pass down the creaking stairs to the street. The sun is shining brightly. A half-dozen romping children are on their way home to lunch. The business of the great city is moving briskly. It is Christmas week, and the air is redolent with the suggestion of good things to come and visions of Kriss Kringle. Truck-drivers are whipping their horses and swearing at others in their way. An organ-grinder is playing "Sweet Violets" on a neighboring corner. Every one in the streets is of smiling face and happy.

And the young mother with her dead babe, up in yonder tenement, is kneeling at a bedside sobbing her life away!

NO. IV.

After his midday meal Dr. Talmage spends an hour in pleasant conversation with the ladies of his family, and then he goes to his study and, with his secretary begins the work of getting up his sermons, lectures and Friday night talks. Few men who have stood in the fierce light of public life for twenty years have said so much and said it as well as Talmage. His sermons and talks are always fresh and new. He seldom, if ever, repeats himself. His sermons come to him in a variety of ways. He may get a suggestion from a remark heard in the street or from an article in a newspaper. When he finds his subject he selects his text, or vice versa, as the case may be. He aims to hit on some topic that is prominently before the public, and out of this draws a lesson that his hearers will not forget. Do not imagine that sermon writing is easy. On the contrary it is very difficult. Dr. Talmage has no trouble apparently in preparing a sermon, for he dictates at the rate of one hundred and fifty words a minute to his secretary, but before he can do this he has to "think out" his sermons. He first begins by having something to say and then saying it. He delights in selecting odd texts and using short, sharp, snappy sentences. But these very sentences have come to him with difficulty. He has learned them by heart while riding on cars, while walking in the streets and even while lying in his bed at night. He has a wonderful memory and apt illustrations are at his tongue's end. He has been a close student of history and he is never at a loss for names and dates.

And so it comes that when he is ready to begin to dictate to his secretary his sermon is practically finished. It is memorized. He knows it by heart. After it is written he reads it once or twice carefully and he can then repeat it word for word. Very often he does this. But he is a man who thinks while on his feet, and sometimes while on the platform, some incident will suggest a new train of thought and a few pertinent anecdotes. But he can recur at once to the original sermon, and deliver it word for word without the omission of even one hallelujah—a word by the way that Talmage likes exceedingly, as all the world knows.

And now I shall tell you something that will surprise you.

You have known for a long time that Dr. Talmage is popular. Everybody knows that. His church is one of the largest in the country, if not in the world. The Brooklyn Tabernacle can seat on its main floor and in the galleries over four thousand persons. Camp stools are always placed in the aisles and in the corridors. Thus 500 more persons can be accommodated, and by a series of annexes to the church 1,500 more can be given seats or standing room. These annexes have been built recently. They surround the church, and when the sermon begins doors separating the church from the annexes are raised up by pulleys so that the preacher can be seen and his voice plainly heard.

The immediate congregation at each service consists of about 6,000 persons and, as a rule, fully half that number more are turned away because they cannot find even standing room.

A big congregation, you say?

Yes, indeed; but nothing like so vast a congregation as the Brooklyn preacher addresses every Monday morning of his life through the newspapers.

His Sunday morning sermon, or a portion of it, is published in some newspaper in nearly every city in this country. In a score of cities the sermon is published by some newspapers in its entirety. The various syndicates, or newspaper agencies that supply news to out-of-town papers, and others that supply what is known as "plate matter" make a feature of publishing these sermons.

The next time you hear anyone disparage the great Brooklyn preacher's ability or usefulness, tell him that Talmage is doing what no other man in the world has ever done. He is addressing a multitude in his Sunday morning sermon of from 9,000,000 to 18,000,000 persons.

NO. V.

The first object that strikes the visitor to the Brooklyn Tabernacle is the immense organ. Promptly at 7.15 o'clock the organist runs his fingers over the ivory keys, and plays two or three selections. At the exact moment of 7.30 Dr. Talmage walks on the platform. His black broad-cloth frock coat is thrown open. A turned-down collar encircles his neck and a black tie covers his snowy shirt front. He drops into a blue plush chair, and a moment is spent in prayer. Then he adjusts his glasses to his eyes and opens his Bible. The organ peals forth, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." A stout, well-built man steps on a small platform and waves his right hand. In his left he holds a silver cornet. This he puts to his mouth and leads the vast audience in song. There is no choir or quartette in the Tabernacle. The singing is entirely by the congregation. After this Dr. Talmage steps forward. The peal of the organ has hardly died away before he announces his Bible reading. He holds the good book in his right hand, close to his face. His left hand steals around to his back and clutches nervously at his coat-tail. He begins in a well-rounded but not musical voice. The vast audience is hushed in expectancy. The fall of a pin could be heard. Slowly the preacher proceeds. It is that ever delightful story of Ruth that he has selected. He reads sentence after sentence and in a conversational way injects comments until the old story that all the world has laughed and cried over is invested with a new light and a new meaning. After this another hymn and then the collection. As the pennies, dimes and quarters jingle musically together in the collection boxes the cornetist plays again. The great church is by this time full to overflowing. There is not standing room anywhere. Massive chandeliers light up the building perfectly and the stained glass windows make a pretty and effective background. Then the sermon begins. The preacher comes down to the front of the platform without notes or even a book in his hand. He doesn't use a table or a pulpit. He stands alone. Every eye is on him. He gives out his text in a clear, loud, ringing voice, and repeats it twice. He usually begins the sermon by a hasty word picture of the scene where the text is laid, or by an anecdote. The sermon lasts forty minutes. It is full of vigor and earnestnes! Indeed, that is the chief characteristic of Talmage on the platform. He is in earnest. He talks very quickly and nervously. He paces up and down the platform, and now tells a story in a low, sweet voice, and again he belches forth like Vesuvius, and makes the chandeliers rattle with the sound of his voice. At times he is intensely humorous. Again he has the audience in tears. Again, he is so dramatic that the conviction forces itself upon you that if he had taken to the stage instead of the pulpit he would have made a great actor.

"What words did the Master use when winds and waves lashed Galilee into a fury?" he shouts.

He steps back a half-dozen feet, and for a moment there is silence. Then he comes rushing down the platform like a tornado until he reaches the very edge. His hands are uplifted. He turns his face to the ceiling until his mouth is on a straight line with his ears, and in a pleading voice says, softly, musically: "Peace!"

Quick as a flash his hands come down. His face has lost its sweetness. His voice is changed and harsh, and the sentence is completed by an awful and intensely dramatic yell: "Be still!" It is the voice of authority. Galilee is stilled. There are "Ohs" in the audience, and a man in a pew in front of me leans over to his companion and whispers: "I never understood the meaning of that sentence before."

The vast audience never loses interest. It is an audience made up fully two-thirds of men between the ages of 25 and 35. They belong to all walks in life. Some are students, others are actors and playwrights, young ministers, bankers, brokers, lawyers and storekeepers. They laugh at the anecdotes, and they cry and they listen reverently, tenderly, to the manly pleading to come to Jesus.

The preacher knows every lute string in the human heart.

He draws magnificent pictures in words, but he never forgets to send home solid truths.

It is like a panorama.

The curtain is rising and falling on resplendent pictures. They dazzle the listeners. The eye is gently soothed and the ear charmed.

The big clock in the rear of the church points to 9.

Not a soul in the audience moves.

The sermon is nearly over.

Look! the last picture is shown!

It is Gethsemane!

There is the Mountain, the Cross and the Saviour of Men! FOSTER COATES.

The Petition of the Left Hand.

The following is stated in Hall's *Journal of Health* to be a translation of an article written in French by Benjamin Franklin and published in a French almanac in 1887:

I take the liberty of addressing myself to all the friends of youth, and to beseech them to have compassion upon my misfortune and help me to conquer the prejudice of which I am the innocent victim.

I am one of twin sisters of our family. The two eyes in the head do not resemble each other more completely than I and my own twin sister do.

My sister and I could perfectly agree together if it was not for the partiality of our parents, who favor her, to my great humiliation. From my infancy I was taught to look upon my sister as if she were of a higher rank than I. My parents allowed me to grow up without any instruction, while they did not spare any cost on the education of my sister. She had professors of writing, drawing, music and other useful and ornamental performances, but if I happened to touch a pencil, a pen or a needle I was severely reprimanded, and more than once I was even beaten for being so clumsy.

It is true that my sister likes my company, and does not despise my co-operation occasionally, but always claims superiority, and only calls upon me when she needs my assistance.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I do not believe that my complaints are dictated by vanity; oh, no, they have a more serious basis.

My sister and I are charged by our parents with the work of procuring the necessities of life. Now, if some sickness should befall my sister and make her unable to work (and I tell you in confidence my sister is subject to cramps, rheumatism, gout and many other ailments), what will become of our family? Alas! we shall perish in misery; for I shall not be able even to draw up a supplication for obtaining charity. Even for this present petition I have been obliged to use a stranger's hand.

Oh, how my parents will yet regret having established such an unjust distinction between two sisters who resemble each other so nearly!

Will you be so kind, ladies and gentlemen, as to make my parents realize how unjust it is to be so partial in their treatment of their children, and how necessary it is for them to bestow their care and affection upon their offspring equally.

I am, ladies and gentlemen, with the greatest respect, your most humble servant,
THE LEFT HAND.

A COLORED minister from St. Helena Island walked into a barber-shop in Beauford the other day and inquired of the barber how much he charged for honing a razor and putting it in good order. The polite barber replied: "Twenty-five cents, sir." "How much for a minister?" asked the customer. "Only 25 cents; I don't charge ministers any more than I do any other people." The minister has not been back yet.

SITTING IN THE AIR.—A young German officer, rather new in his work, was drilling a squad of raw recruits and gave the word of command: "Lift the right leg!" One of the soldiers by mistake lifted his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his neighbor. "Donnerwetter!" exclaimed the officer, "what jackanapes has lifted both his legs!"

A TALL MISSOURIAN called at the district school and, eying the teacher sternly, said:

"My boy Henry tells me you whipped him last evening."

"Yes," assented the teacher, edging toward the door, "but he deserved it, I assure you."

"And he says you used a rawhide on him?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"And you slapped him with your hand as well?"

"I did, but I assure you—"

"Assure nothin'. Let me give you a pointer. When you have to punish that boy use a club; he don't care a darn for rawhides."

ON the elevated situations of fortune, the great calamities of life chiefly fall.

GRANDMA TAUGHT HIM.

A Broker Won a Bet by Eating a Hundred Eggs at One Sitting.

At the Hoffman House last night a party sat at a table in the art gallery making wagers each on his particular trick. A young broker, who spent last summer with his grandmother in Jersey, won a pocketful of greenbacks on a trick taught him by the good old lady. He had lost considerable money on catch bets when he offered to wager any one in the party that he could eat more eggs than any other three men present, provided he was permitted to have the last turn. A doctor, a coroner, and a bank teller took the bet. After a brief discussion the three gentlemen decided to tackle fried eggs. He repaired to an all-night restaurant in Sixth avenue, famous for the encounters which men about town have had within its portal and ordered a batch. Every man ate and the waiter presented a check for several dozen.

Then the young broker who had learned a thing or two from his Jersey grandmother directed the cook to crack and spill into a large pan 100 fresh eggs. Before putting the eggs into the pan, however, he ordered that it be half filled with vinegar. His instructions were carried out. After allowing the mixture to cook a reasonable time the cover was lifted and the eggs placed in a big dish. By permission of the proprietor the gentlemen interested had watched the cooking. When the eggs were brought forth every one except the man with the Jersey grandmother gave vent to ejaculations of astonishment. The 100 eggs could be conveniently put into an ordinary teacup. Then the owner ate them in half a dozen swallows.

"There's a hole in the pan," yelled one of the party.

"No there ain't. I'lll explain. The vinegar has eaten them. It is a fact. You can drop a thousand eggs in a boiler with a little vinegar in it and you will find that when cooked in it the eggs will disappear as if my magic."

RIVAL TO MAMMOTH CAVE.

Seven Miles of Subterranean Avenues Studded with Marvels of Limestone.

A dispatch from Bloomfield, Kentucky, says:

J. A. Allen, of this place, while excavating the foundation for a new mill struck the dome of a cavern of immense proportions, from which a strong current of cold air issued with great force. Mr. Allen and Mr. Gain Hurst, carrying torches, were lowered into the cavern. It was about sixty feet from the door of the cave, which they found to be level and sandy, as if it had once been the bed of a subterranean stream. They followed the main avenue over two miles and discovered an opening in a cliff on the farm of Benjamin Wilson, and a well-beaten path was easily discerned that was once trod by human beings, although it is now in many places covered with forest trees and undergrowth. Mr. Allen and Mr. Hurst, after emerging from the cave, hastened back to the town and reported the result of their discoveries. A large party was at once formed, which entered the opening of the cliff on the Wilson farm.

On one of the main avenues numerous evidences existed that the place had been the abode of the cave-men, as many relics were found in the shape of pottery and bronze articles. A sepulchre was also discovered in a large niche or avenue at right angles with the main avenue, and in it were many mummified bodies. The formations in the cave are beautiful. Stately towers of stalagmites and beautiful pendants of translucent stalactites suggestive of grotesque figures stud the avenue. There is a beautiful little lake with water as clear as crystal, full of tiny eyeless fish. The avenues of the cave are about seven miles long, so that it is another rival of the Mammoth Cave.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

Gov. Marmaduke and a New York Footpad.

From the Missouri Republican.

Speaking of the late Governor Marmaduke, of Missouri, calls to mind a story of one of his experiences during a recent visit to New York. He was in the vicinity of Washington Square, at night, on his way to catch a street car to return to the St. James Hotel, where he was stopping. In going along in a very dark portion of the street he was accosted by a man, who inquired the time of night. Unsuspecting as he was, he took his watch from his pocket and, handing it to the man, said:

"Look for yourself; I'm nearsighted."

The man looked at Governor Marmaduke in astonishment, and then catching a good look at his face, said: "Thank you, Governor," and handed him back his watch.

The Governor was greatly puzzled to know who it was, but before he had time to inquire the man hurried out into the darkness. Some time after this a detective recalled this incident to the Governor, and told him the man had stopped him with the intention of stealing his watch, but he was surprised at the Governor handing it to him, and concluded that Marmaduke suspected the man's game, and delivered up the watch so readily in order to prevent being knocked down, and then shoot the thief as he made off. While hesitating what to do, he recognized the Governor as a person who had pardoned him. The thief was arrested that very night, and after being convicted for robbing a man, he told the detective of the experience he had had with the Governor.

Value of a Hobby.

If we ever became vindictive toward a fellow man, and desired to punish him, we would deprive him of his hobby; without that, he would be lonesome in a crowd, and crowded in a wilderness, and would seek what he had lost and find it not. The business man with a hobby that he rides is a happy man: but if the hobby rides him the business will suffer sooner or later. The man without a hobby will be found in the club room, the billiard room, or the card room. The hobbyist, with his loft of pigeons, his bird skins or eggs, bugs or beetles, takes more substantial happiness than all the members of the highest-toned club in a city combined. Besides that home and Dame Nature is all the world to, him and all the heaven he ever aspires to attain.

No man fails who dies trying.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:
One square, three insertions or less, - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25
Six lines of Nonpareil or less constitute a square.

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HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS,
BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

MRS. CLEVELAND AT HOME.

The prettiest girl in all New York married Grover Cleveland. He brought her official distinction, it is true, but she brought to him the charms and graces of superior womanhood, and he was the gainer not she. The young wife accompanies her big-bodied husband from Oak View to the White House every day when it is pleasant. She deposits Grover on the Greek portico of the American White House and then drives on. Sometimes she goes down to the big center market and orders something nice for dinner, and at other times she drives her buggy out to the northwest portion of the city, calls on a friend or two, and then drives out home. Occasionally she allows her little mare to be stabled and stays for lunch. She is thoroughly practical, and has a few intimate friends who are not surprised to have her call at any time or hour. She said to a very intimate lady friend a few days ago: "I shall not always be the mistress of the White House, and I want to pick out a few friends who will be friends always, no matter whether I am a social center or not. That is the reason I make informal calls. Sometimes my arrivals are exceedingly unexpected. They seem always glad to see me, and sometimes make me feel sad when I wonder how they will receive such informal visits after the glamour of the official position is gone, and I am only the wife of an ex-President."

Those who know her best say that Mrs. Cleveland is a very tender-hearted woman, and that her tears lie close to her eyes and come forth at the slightest call of sentiment. She often wishes that her husband were a man of wealth, because she would so like to visit the poor and needy and give them relief in person. They say that she does try the pocket of Grover quite often by giving in charity more than the old gentleman can afford. However, it is a good fault, even for the wife of a President. Her dressing this fall is wonderful for its simplicity. Her hats are comparatively cheap, and it is whispered that the first lady of the land has actually made several of them herself, and has bragged a little bit about her skill with the needle and her taste in colors and feathers. Her Tam O'Shanter, which is an improvement on the toboggan, is being imitated by all the young ladies in the city. Her heavy walking shoes are becoming, because she is a large woman. Slighter ladies are wearing sensible shoes in mimicry of her, and, while it looks well because wise, their feet do not look as small and as attractive as they use to. In imitation of her ladies are habituating themselves to driving their husbands down to their business offices, as Mrs. Senator Davis has done for so many years. By the way, Mrs. Davis will soon be here and there will be a world of gossip about her and her brilliant husband.—*St. Paul Globe.*

TO DRY DEAD BODIES.

A Young Inventor's Scheme for "Knocking Out" Cemeteries and Crematories.

Another answer to the question of how best to dispose of the dead has been given by J. G. Meyers, of Washington. He has invented a plan which he believes to be superior to cremation, burial, or any other ancient or modern method of treating dead bodies. The new "Mausoleum and Safe Deposit for the Dead" is the name of this new contrivance.

Meyers' plan may be regarded as a compromise between the two extremes of interment and cremation. In a fireproof building spaces will be provided just large enough to hold a single coffin. When a coffin with a dead body is placed in one of these the door of the apartment is hermetically sealed. Running from these apartments are tubes which bring air in the dead-rooms and also carry it downward by a forced draft to central furnace below, where are consumed all gases and fluids escaping from the bodies. Dead bodies treated in this manner will, in a short time, it is claimed, become naturally preserved or dried, and so remain.

Ample provision will be made to prevent entombing persons really not dead. A receiving room will be provided with an electrical apparatus so arranged that the slightest movement in the coffin will set off an alarm. This will continue for hours, if need be, and will also prove an indicator which will draw attention to the place where the movement occurred. If, again, for any reason the removal of the dead should be desired, the bodies in the mausoleum, unlike those in the gloomy pyramids of Gizeh, are always accessible and in such a state of preservation as to make a transfer practical and comparatively easy. Arrangements will also be made for embalming bodies and for entombing those treated in this way that they may be seen at any time by friends.

By the adoption of this system, Mr. Meyers maintains, body snatching will be made impossible. There will be but a single entrance to the vault, guarded day and night. Yet notwithstanding all these appointments the cost of entombing in the mausoleum will not exceed that of a respectable interment in any other known cemetery. Families could be accommodated with sections, including as many single apartments as desired. The fronts of these apartments can be adorned as elaborately as a tombstone, and with fully as great a variety of ornamentation. An ordinary mausoleum could be placed within the limits of a city as well as on the cemetery grounds, and be far less objectionable if built and managed as proposed, than the average brewery or sugar refinery.—*New York Tribune.*

Rapid Transit.

He was leaning against the lamp-post, and the watchful guardian of the night came up very respectfully.

"Fine night, Mr. Jones."

"Bootiful."

"You're out rather late, ain't you?"

"About my usual time."

"Are you waiting for some one?"

"I'm going home. A little tired, that's all; a little tired.

"I'll walk down with you, and see you to your door."

"Thank you, thank you; but there's no need. The other side of the block will be round this way in a moment, and I'll just pop in when my door comes along. Thank you. Good night."

IT is far better to educate persons to keep out of sin than to convert them out.