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# Here It

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HOW-DE-DO.

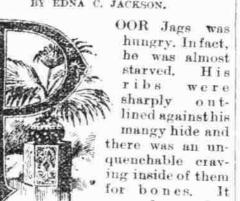
Say "how-de-do," an' say "goodby, Meet an' shake, an' then pass by; Ain't much difference twixt the two, Say "goodby" or "how-de-do." "How-de-do," with chilly heart, Ain't much difference, meet or part; Jes' a look, an' jes' a bow, Sometimes only jes' a "how. Ain't much difference which they say, "How-de-do" or tother way.

Meet a friend-yer grasp his hand, An' jes' stand, an' stand, an' stand-Glad yer met an' hate ter part, Kinder trembly in the heart. Neighbors lived on "Moody Hill," He was "Tom" an' you was "Bill." Kinder stop an' look an' say "How-de-do?" an' then "good day!"

Been away from home a spell. Swing the gate back, stand, an' well, Kinder don't know what ter do, Heart thumps like 'twas bustin' through. Said "goodby" a year afore-Betsy standing in the door-Said "goodby," but "how-de-do," Seems the strangest o' the two. Brace right up an' waltz right in, Shake the tremble from yer chin, Betsy's waitin' there for you, Waltz right in with-"How-de-do?"

THAT DOG JAGS,

BY EDNA C. JACKSON.



quenchable craying inside of them for bones. It one thinks of it, when there

was nothing to him but bones. He raised his head from his paws and snapped eagerly at a great, bulgy bluefly that buzzed lazily around, and swallowed it with a gulp. But one fly is not much when one has a hollow within him that feels as big as a Those hollows were common in Rat

Row. It was the riverstreet of a large city, where squalid men, women and children fought, quarreled, cursed and stole their wretched lives long to keep that inner void just sufficiently filled to ward off the Potter's Field. "Stole," I said. The younger habitants, perhaps, limited their achievements to this. As for their elders-well, if a man with a comfortably filled stomach strayed into their power and would give up his "ticker" and other valuables like a gentleman and evince no disposition to "squeal," all right, perhaps; if he rebelled, the river was handy. Then a fresh flow of firewater, more desperate fighting, cursing and cutting for a day or two. Sometimes a rush of patrol-wagon and armed police, a bleeding body carried away, a living, sullen, horrible one or

story to the blue-coats. Thus, Jags was a dog of the slums, kicked, cuffed and starved, with good points in him that once led an uptown clubman to coax him off the street when Jags inadvertently wandered, foraging, to a respectable quarter. For three days Jags was fed, petted first hour of liberty found him fawn- know best. ing joyfully at the feet of Blinks, the most brutal of all the Rat Row brutes, | that Jags was an ideal Christian. whom Jags followed with a worship-

"Here ye be, be ye, ye cuss? Thought ye'd mosey, did ye? Been feedin', has ye? Thought ye'd sneak! Take that—'nd that—'nd that!"

piteous agony. When they ceased eves was gone, knocked out of its give he did so, freely, generously and | fiery-eyed demon of the mists. ful thing and relieved him of a stomach visit his dream.

stomach, he never said so. close to his idol without awakening mind, perhaps, but dog instinctof that unnecessary luxury, food, but less streets.

of vile whisky. suds, her frowsy hair flying in the Scores of human beings, men, women. wind, Betsy O'Riley rushed from her little children, sleeping calmly in a

Mary! Run, ye murtherin' divils! —his idolized tyrant, in there!

Save 'im! Hilp!" a sensation in Rat Row society if a thin pull of smoke wavers to meet him. half dozen little "rats" had been Barking, howling, fairly shrieking, concentrating the low grade soft, red swept away altogether by the river. A Jags tears straight for the room where ores of some Southern districts are in or windows, two or three blear-eyed isn't there! Out again, jumping ing of good results. The consulting men, among whom was Blinks, lurched against doors in his frantic search, chemist of the Tennesee Coal, Iron lazily toward the place where the choked with smoke, rushing through and Railroad Company, operating upmuddy water, giving it plenty of time | Are they all dead in there! His mas- ore which contained forty per cent. to drown in the most leisurely way ter, where is he? It is well that one of iron and twenty-nine of silica, has the Leenard St. How York Oly | alive to the situation.

line of noble ancestors nerved him, filled room. In a flash, it seemed, his gaunt body was in the water and out, and Betsy had snatched her soaked "kid." ministered a ringing slap.

away from the wather-will vez?" master who, with another, had dropped strokes, the great bell. from sheer exhaustion on the yellow All this time a dog was flying, with

cally, nodding in Jags's direction. dawg! Git it!"

when one has had only one fly to eat prisoned in a tomb of fire. sarv exertion.

meekly out into the turbid water and The Old Mill is doomed. came trembling all over to lay the stick beside the tyrant. Again it flew out, farther than before. This time tering furnace. Jags was almost swept down the river. "Let up!" said Blinks's companion;

ribs were "the dawg's nigh croaked." of almost human entreaty when the ingly. there was an un- stick was thrown again, but tottered away to almost certain death.

seems funny when Blinks by that part of his garment dashes forward. where the collar should have been and shook him into a stupid protest.

I'll fling ye in arter 'im!" back with a growl at his assailant.

"Cussed if the dawg wouldn't fight fer ye now, ye sneakin' hound!" mutat Jags. He went into his own nest in | claimed that reward. the tenement house and flung Jags a

Jags snatched it with the fervor of starvation, but his master was filled with a sullen spite against the innocent cause of his shaking, and, looking to see that Big Andy was at a safe distance, he called: "Hyar, ye imp.

The dog came, clinging desperately to the precious food.

The poor animal obeyed, eyeing it wistfully the while. "Now, come git it!"

Jags bounded joyfully forward to two to answer for it-it was an old meet a kick that made him howl. Repeating this amusing performance until he was weary, the human brute finally threw the bone into the river. Jags started weakly after it, but obeyed with something like tears in his one pathetic eye when commanded to lie down.

Well, he had been hungry before, and began to grow handsome. The and if his master willed this, he must It has been seen, long before this,

Hours after this even Rat Row was ing fidelity only found in some women | wrapped in slumber- the heavy sleep and most dogs. He was ready to of the drunkard or the leaden one of tric railroads in this country. starve with his horrible idol rather exhaustion and weakness. Blinks, afthan desert him for soft treatment | ter taking several more drinks from a and unlimited bones with meat on flat, black bottle, staggered into some corner of the Old Mill, after ordering Jags in language savoring of brimstone to stay out, when the poor dog tried to follow him in.

The stars shone as serenely down on "That" was a series of brutal kicks | the foul smelling city slums as upon that made the poor dog yelp out in the clover-sweet meadows far away. one of Jags's beautiful, loving brown the black piers. Sometimes the favor. There are now fifty-five mubleeding socket by the master for whom clearly through the night; then its tem is used. the dog that he had anything to for- look through the darkness like some head during a thunder storm.

master might have done a more merci- tions of his wretched life and empty a diameter of \$20,000,000,000 miles.

real trouble by kicking out his Suddenly he starts up, nose in air, and listens. There is nothing unusual, to the side of Blinks, keeping a watch- the stars twinkle undimmed, there is sobbing sigh of relief when he got man mind can detect. Not human properties, and zinc in others.

him. The man was scated on a broken | Jags quivers, he sniffs the air and how even the breeze could touch him. | comes no other sound but the rippling Blinks was happy. He was "full," not | river, the roar of the far away, sleep-

Again and again he howls. Silence ! His slumber was soon disturbed by What is that? A mere shadow of a splash, a chorus of yells from the sound, faint, stealthy, as if some one gamins on the river bank, and with had stepped lightly on a dry twig and color photographs by Lipmann, who bare, red arms dripping with soap snapped it. It rouses Jags to frenzy. tinder-box, that tinder-box on fire and "The babby! The darlint! It's only he, Jags, a damb, helpless anidrowndid he is intoirely! Howly mal, to know and save them! And he

Jags throws himself against the door It would not have created much of with a yell of agony. It falls open. A fractive indices. few draggled women lounged to doors he and Blinks have their kennel. He process, and said to be so far promissmall, dirty figure had gone under the curling tongues of flame, goes the dog. on 3000 pounds at a time of the crude before their arrival. Only the screech- in that vast hive is not too tired nor been able to secure fifty-seven per ing mother and the dog were really too drunk to awaken. Big Andy cent. of iron and reduce silica ten per rouses to realize that the dog is making cent.

Jags was weak from long fasting, "a fuss," takes in the situation in a but the instinct inherited from a long flash, and bounds out of the smoke-

> "Great God! The house is on fire!" "Fire, fire, fire!" Somewhere a wire vibrates above

drained the water out of him and ad- the city streets. A great bell tolls out on the night. Clang, clang, clang! Subject; "Ye spalpane? Will yez be kapin' Rattle, rattle, rush! Streams of sparks in the wake of flying engines. Sharp The child replied with a vicious and clear the engine and patrol gongs squirm and an unchildlike curse. strike, in time with rattling hoofs and Betsy went back to her washtub, while wheels. Over all booms slowly and Jags crept patiently to the side of his solemnly, with pauses between the

earth. No one thought of praising or | feet scorched now by the heated floor, thanking Jags. Such small, sweet from room to room, hunting for one courtesies were not customary in Rat object. He finds him at last, in the Row. Only Blinks's companion, who second story, coiled up in a drunken seemed more alive than his surround- heap on the floor. He springs upon ings, looked approvingly at the dog. | him, tugs at his clothing, barks, whines "Fetch 'n carry?" he said laconi- and tries to drag him toward to door. At last the man awakes, stolidly, stu-"Like -!" drawled his master, pidly, then to a vague terror and abwith a laziness strangely at variance ject fright. He bounds to the door. with the lurid comparison. "Hyar, It is a wall of flames. He reaches the window; no thought of the creature Jags looked up imploringly as a who saved him comes to the brute's stick flew far into the water. He was mind. He raises the sash and leaps willing enough, heaven knows! But out. It falls behind him. Jags is im-

for twenty-four hours, and had just The people have swarmed out, dirty, dragged a heavy squirming body from dazed, half-dressed. The cordon is the water, he may be pardoned for thrown out; the engines throb and feeling trembly and averse to unneces- scream. The firemen work quietly, streams of perspiration dripping be-"Git it!" snarled his master. There neath their helmets. Floods of water was a kick in the eye, Jags went glitter like liquid fire in the red flames.

"Is every one out!" asks the Chief brusquely, gazing up toward the tot-

As if in answer there is a crash of breaking glass at a second-story window and a living thing appears there, sharply out- "Lazy, cuss 'im!" drawled Jags's pitiful, pleading, ablaze with little energetic owner. Jags gave a whine tongues of flame. It whines implor-

Big Andy has private reasons of his own for preferring to remain incog. Amicable relations are easily dis- among a swarm of policemen. But turbed in Rat Row. Big Andy caught | now into the full blaze of light he "The dawg, the dawg that saved all

our lives! Git 'im, boys; git 'im out! "Blame ver mizzable hide!" he My God! I hain't got no money, shouted furiously. "Call 'im back or boys, but look hyar! They's a reward of \$500 out fer me! I'm Big Blinks fell limply to the ground and | Andy, the safe-cracker. You know obeyed. But Jags had already turned me! I'll give myself up to anybody to defend his master and bounded that'll save that duwg. I mean it.

There was good in Big Andy; he was sobbing aloud. For the credit of tered Big Andy with an admiring grin | human nature be it said, no one ever

A quiet order through the Chief's bone. "Hyar, dawg! Put that down | trumpet, and a stream of water from the hose drove the crazy window in. The dog sprang to the sill and tottered weakly. A fireman ran lightly up the ladder and carried him down to the cool earth. There he fell, bleeding and scorched. He roused himself to gaze longingly around, dragged his mangled body to-where Blinks stood, staring stupidly, and laid his head, with a faint moan, against his master's

"Speak to him!" bawled Big Andy furiously. "Pet 'im, or I'll kill ye!" Perhaps something human stirred in the heart of the lower brute. He stooped and laid a not ungentle hand on the bleeding head,

"W'y, w'y, Jags, ole fel!" But with a rapturous look of gratitude from his one loving, beautiful eye, the dog had gone. Where? If

there is no dog heaven, what will the Creator do with the faithful, martyr soul of Jags?—The Voice.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The engines of a first-class man-ofwar cost nearly \$700,000. There are now 7500 miles of elec-

Children, plants and animals grow more rapidly during the night. The largest coast light in the United

States can be seen twenty-eight miles in clear weather. Slag from blast furnaces is pulverized and used for fertilizing farming

lands in Germany. The use of furnaces to destroy a The river murmured and gurgled along | city's garbage and refuse is growing in

"chug-chug" of a steamboat came | nicipalities in England where the syshe had sacrificed wealth and comfort. | hoarse whistle -one long-drawn, three | Professor Elihu Thompson says that That was merely a variation of the short, another long—woke the echoes an umbrella with brass chains hanging tortures that Jags's master habitually and it puffed past, its high, colored from the ends of the ribs makes a com-

put upon him. If it ever occurred to lights and trailing smoke making it plete protection when held over the Taking the earth as the center of

lovingly, creeping all the more Jags, lying prone on the rickety the universe and the polar star as adoringly to the feet that kicked him. steps of the Old Mill, moans and cries the limit of our vision, the visible If he ever thought, wistfully, that his a little in his sleep as vague realiza- universe embraces an aerial space with

A new chemical element was discovered during 1893. It was found in some specimens of alum brought from Just now he dragged his bony length Jags! The river gargles on softly, Egypt. It has been called Massrium, from Masr, the Arabic name for Egypt. ful eye for kicks, and oreathed along, no variation of sight or sound that hu-

Both eyes are necessary to perfect chair outside the tottering tenement walks about uneasily. He stops and vision. A man who has lost an eye house where he and Jags hada kennel. whines, tries to push in the barred requires some time to adjust himself His blosted red face was turned up- door and fails. Then he breaks into a to the new conditions. He finds it ward to the sun, his breath reeked bad long, plaintive howl. Surely that will very difficult, for instance, to form a whisky, the soft summer breeze stirred awaken some one in that narrow correct judgment of the distance of an his loathsome rags. One wonders street, that crowded house! But there object, as well as its position, and sometimes in attempting to pick up a small article, like a pin, will make a mistake of three or four inches in its situation.

During the year some further advance was made in the production of has discovered that albumenized and gelatinized plates soaked in bichromate of potash can be employed in photographing colors, which appear after immersion in water. The colors are very brilliant, and are produced by the interference of hygroscopic and nonhygroscopic layers with variable re-

Experiments in magnetizing and

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

"The Lightning of the

Text: "He maketh a path to shine after Job xli., 32. If for the next thousand years ministers of religion should preach from this Bible, there will yet be texts unexpounded and unexplained and unappreciated. What little ins been said concerning this chapter in Joh from which my text is taken bears on the wich instilled infidelity and vice into the entroversy as to what was really the leviathan described as disturbing the sea. What

creature it was I know not. Somesay it was a whale. Some say it was a crocodile. My own opinion is it was a sea monster now extinet. No creature now floating in Mediterranear or Atlantic waters corresponds to Joh's description. What most interests me is that as it moved n through the deep it left the waters flashing and resplendent. In the words of the text. "He maketh a path to shine after What was that illumined path? It was phosphorescence. You find it in the wake of a ship in the night, especially after rough weather. Phosphorescence is the lightning of the see. That this figure of speech is correct in describing its appearance I am certified by an incident. After crossing the Atlantic the first time and writing from Basle, Switzerland, to an Amer-

ican magazine an account of my voyage, in which nothing more fascinated me than the phosphorescence in the ship's wake, I called t the lightning of the sea. Returning to my hotel, I found a book of John Ruskin, and the first sentence my eyes fell upon was his lescription of phosphorescence, in which he miled it "the lightning of the sea." Down to the postofflee I hastened to get the manuscript, and with great labor and some expense got possession of the magazine article and put quotation marks around that one sentence, although it was as orig- his heart. He can talk on religion without inal with me as with John Ruskin. I sup- awkwar-lly dragging it in by the ears. He pose that nine-tenths of you living so near loves God and loves the souls of all whom he the seacoast have watched this marine ap- meets and is interested in their present and pearance called phosphorescence, and I hope | eternal destiny. that the other one-tenth may some day be so

sea diamonded: it is the inflorescence of the piliows: the waves of the sea crimsoned as was the deep after the sea fight of Lepanto: the waves of the sea on fire. There are times when from horizon to norizon the entire ocean seems in conflagration with this strange splendor as it dazzling color on all sides of you. You sit looking over the taffrail of the yacht or ocean steamer, watching and waiting to see what new thing the God of beauty will do with the Atlantic. It is the ocean in transfiguration; it is the marine world easting its carments of glory in the pathway of the Almighty as He walks the deep : it is an inverted firmament with all its stars gone lown with it. No picture can present it, for

photographer's camera cannot be successfully trained to eatch it, and before it the hand of the painter drops its pencil, overawed and nowerless. This phosphorescence is the appearance myriads of the animal kingdom rising. alling, playing, flashing, living, dying, These luminous animalcules for nearly 150 years have been the study of naturalists and the fascination and solemnization of all who have brain enough to think. Now, God. who puts in His Bible nothing trivial or useless, calls the attention of Job, the greatest scientist of his day, to this phosphorescence, and as the leviathan of the deep sweeps past points out the fact that "he maketh a path

Is that true of us now, and will it be true f us when we have gone? Will there be subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trial of gloom or good cheer? Can any one between now and the next 100 years say of s truthfully as the text says of the leviathan the deep, "He maketh a path to shine For we are moving on. While we live in the same house, and transact business in the same store, and write on the same table, and chisel in the same studio, and thrash in the same barn, and worship in the same church, we are in motion and are in many respects moving on, and we are not where we were ten years ago, nor where we will be ten years hence. Moving on! Look at the family record, or the almanac, or into the mirror, and see if any one of you is where you were. All in motion. Other, feet may trip and stumble and halt, but the

feat of not one moment for the last sixty centuries has tripped or stumbled or halted. Moving on! Society moving on! The world moving on! Heaven moving on! The universe moving on Time moving on! Eternity moving on! Therefore it is absurd to think that we ourselves can stop, as we must move with all the rest. Are we like the creature of the text, making our path to shine after use? It may be a peculiar question, but my text suggests it. What influence will we leave in this world after we have gone through it? "None," answer hundreds of voices; "we are not one of he immortals. Fifty years after we are out

of the world it will be as though we never inhabited it." You are wrong in saying that, I pass down through this audience and up brough these galleries, and I am looking for me one whom I cannot find. I am looking for one who will have no influence in this world 100 years from now. But I have found the man who has the least influence, and I inquire into his history, and I find that by a yes or a no he decided some

one's eternity. In time of temptation he gave

an affirmative or a negative to some tempta-

tion which another, hearing of, was induced to decide in the same way. Clear on the other side of the next million years may be the first you hear of the long reaching influence of that yes or no, but hear of it you will. Will that father make a path to shine after him? Will that mother make a path to shine after her? You will be walking along these streets or along that country road 200 years from now in the character of your descendants. They will be affected by your courage or your cowardice, your purity or your depravity, your holiness or your sin. You will make the path to shine after you or blacken after you. Why should they point out to us on some mountain two rivulets, one of which passes down into the rivers which pour out into the Pacific Ocean, and the other rivulet flowing down into the rivers which pass out into the lantic Ocean? Every man every woman stands at a point where words uttered, or deeds done, or prayers offered, decide opposite destinies and opposite eternities. see a man planting a tree, and treading sod on either side of it, and watering it in dry weather, and taking a great care in its culture, and he never plucks any fruits from its bough. But his children will. We are all

planting trees that will yield fruit hundreds of years after we are dead-orchards of golden fruit or groves of deadly upas. I am so fascinated with the phosphorescence in the track of a ship that I have sometimes watched for a long while and have seen nothing on the face of the deep but blackness. The mouth of watery chasms that looked like gaping jaws of hell. Not a spark as big as a fir ly; not a white scroll of surf; not a taper to illuminate the mighty sepulchers of dead ships : darkness 3000 feet deep, and more thousands of feet long and wide. That is the kind of wake that a bad man leaves behind him as he plows through the ocean of this life toward the vaster ocean

of the great future. Now, suppose a man seated in a corner grocery or business office among clerks gives himself to jolly skepticism. He laughs at the Bible, makes sport of the miracles, speaks of perdition in jokes and laughs at revivals as a frolic, and at the passage of a funeral procession, which always solemnizes sensible people, says, "Boys, let's take a drink." There is in that group a young man who is making a great struggle against temptation and prays night and morning and reads his Bible and is asking God for help day by day. But that guffaw against Christianity makes him lose his grip of sacred things, and he gives up Sabbath and church and morals and goes from bad to worse, till he falls under dissipations, dies in a lazar house and is buried in the potter's field. Another young man who heard that jolly skepticism made up his mind that "it makes no difference what we do or say, for we will

time, and all would be well even if he did not make it straight. He ends in the penitentiary. That scoffer who uttered the jokes against Christianity never realized what bad work he was doing, and he passed on through life and out of it and into a future that I am

not now going to depict. I do not propose with a searchlight to show the breakers of the awful coast on which that ship is wrecked, for my business now is to watch the sea after the keel has plowed it. No phosphorescence in the wake of that ship, but behind it two souls struggling in the wave-two young men destroyed by reckless skepticism, an unillumined ocean beneath and on all sides of them. Blackness of dark-

ness. You know what a gloriously good man Rev. John Newton was the most of his life. but before his conversion he was a very wicked sailor, and on board the ship Harmind of a young man-principles which destroyed him. Afterward the two met, an ! Newton tried to undo his bad work, but in vain. The young man became worse and worse and died a profligate, horrifying those who stood by him in his last moments.

Better look out what had influence you start, for you may not be able to stop it. It does not require very great force to ruin others. Why was it that many years ago a great flood nearly destroyed New Orleans? A crawfish had burrowel into the banks of the river until the ground was saturated and the banks weakened until the flood burst. But I find here a man who starts out in life with the determination that he will never see suffering but he will try to alleviate it, and never see discouragemen but he will try to cheer it, and never meet with anybody but he will try to do him good. Getting his strength from God, he starts from home with high purpose of doing all the good he can possibly do in one day. Whether standing behind the counter, or talking in the business off we with a pen behind his ear, or making a bargain with a fellow trader, or out in the field discussing with his next neighbor the wisest rotation of the crops, or in the shoem axer's shop pounding sole leather, there is something in his face, and in his phraseology and in his manner, that demonistrates the grace of God in

For fifty or sixty heaven a ransomed soul. But I am not going to describe the port into which that ship has

entered. I am not going to describe the Pilot who met him outside at the "lightship." I am not going to say anything about the crowds of frien is who met him on the cyrstalline wharves up which he goes on steps of chrysoprases. For God in His words to Job callis me to look at the path of foam in the wake of that ship, and I tell you it is all a-gleam with splendors of kindness done. and rolling with illumined tears that were wiped away, and a-dash with congratulations, and clear out to the horizon in all directions is the sparkling, flashing, billowing phosphorescence of a Christian life. maketh a path to shine after him. And here I correct one of the mean no

tions which at some time takes possession of all of us, and that is as to the brevity of human life. When I bury some very useful man, clerical or lay, in his thirtieth or fortieth year, I say: "What a waste of energies! It was hardly worth while for him to get ready for Christian work, for he had so soon to quit it." But the fact is that I may insure any man or woman who does any good on a large or small scale for a life on earth as long as the world lasts. Sickness, trolley car accidents, death itself, can no more destroy his life than they can tear down one of the rings of Saturn. You can start one good word, one kind act, one cheerful smile, on a mission that will last until the world becomes a bonfire, and out of that blaze it will pass into the heavens. never to balt as long as God lives. There were in the seventeenth century men

and women whose names you never heard of who are to-day influencing schools, coleges, churches, Nations. You can no more neasure the gracious results of their lifetime than you could measure the length and breadth and depth of the phosphorescence last night following the ship of the White Star line 1500 miles our at sea. How the courage and consecration of others inspire us to follow, as a general in the American army, ecol amid the flying bullets, inspired a trembling soldier, who said afterward, "I was nearly scared to death, but I saw the old man's white mustache over his shoulder and went on." Aye, we are all following somebody, either in right or wrong direc-

tions. A few days ago I stood beside the garlanded casket of a gospel minister, and in my remarks had occasion to recall a snowy night in a farmhouse when I was a boy and an evangelist spending a night at my father's house, who said something so tender and beautiful and impresssive that it led me into the kingdom of God and decided my destiny for this world and the next. You will, b fore twenty-four hours go by, meet some man or woman with a big pack of care and trouble, and you may say something to him or her that will endure until this world shall have been so far lost in the past that nothing but the stretch of angelic memory will b able to realize that it ever existed at all. I am not talking of remarkable men and women, but of what ordinary folks can do. I am not speaking of the phosphorescence in the track of a Newfoundland fishing smack. God makes thunderbolts out o sparks, and out of the small words and deeds

I a small life He can launch a power that will flash and burn and thunder through the eternities. How do you like this prolongation of your earthly life by deathless influence? Many a babe that died at six months of age by the anxiety created in the parent's heart to meet that child in realms scraphic is living yet in the transformed heart and life of thos parents and will live on forever in the history of that family. If this be the opportunity of ordinary souls, what is the opportunity of those who have especial intellectual

or social or monetary equipment? Have you any arithmetic capable of estimating the influence of our good and gracious friend who a few days ago went up to rest-George W. Childs, of Philadelphia? From a newspaper that was printed for thirty years without one word of tion or scurrility or scandal, and parts a chief emphasis on virtue and and clean intelligence, he reaped a fortune for himself and then distributed a vast putting his invalid and age! reporters on ensions, until his name stands everywhere large heartedness and sympathy and alp and highest style of Christian gentle

In an era which had in the chairs of its ournalism a Horace Greeley, and a Henry J Raymond, and a James Gordon Bennett, and an Erastus Brooks, and a George William Curtis, and an Irenaeus Frime, none of the will be longer remembered than George Childs. Staving away from the unveiling the monument he had reared at large pense in our Greenwool in memory of Pr essor Prector, the astronomer, lest I should ear something in praise of the man who had paid for the monument. By all acknow edged a representative of the highest Ameri can journalism.

If you would calculate his influence for good, you must count how many sheets of his newspapers have been published in the last quarter of a century, and how man people have read them, and the effect I only upon those readers, but upon all who they shall influence for all time, while you add to all that the work of the churches ! beloed build and of the institutions of meres he helped found. Better give up before you start the measuring of the phosphorescene in the wake of that ship of the Celestial line. Who can tell the post mortem influence of a Savonarola, a Winkelried, a Gutenberg, a Mariborough, a Decatur, a Toussaint, a Bolivar. a Clarkson, a Robert Raikes, a Harlan Page, who had 125 Sabbath scholars, eightyfour of whom became Christians, and six of hem ministers of the gospel. With gratitude and penitence and worship

I mention the grandest life that was ever lived. That ship of light was launched from the heavens nearly 1900 years ago, angelic hosts chanting, and from the celestial wharves the ship sprang into the roughest sea that ever tossed. Its billows were made up of the wrath of men and devils, Herodic all come out at last at the right place," and and sanhedrinic persecutions stirring the began as a consequence to purloin. Some deep with red wrath, and all the hurricanes money that came into his hands for others of woe smote it until on the rocks of Golgohe applied to his own uses, thinking perhaps he would make it straight some other

that appailed the earth and the heavens. But in the wake of that life what a phospho rescence of smiles on the cheeks of sorb pardoned, and lives reformed, and Nations redeemed. The millennium itself is only one roll of that iradiated wave of gladness and benediction. In the sublimest of all senses it may be said of Him, "He maketh a

path to shine after Him. But I cannot look upon that luminosity that follows ships without realizing how fon! the Lord is of life. That fire of the deep is life, myriads of creatures all a-swim and aplay and a-romp in parks of marine beauty aid out and partecred and reseated and dossomed by Omnipotence. What is the use of those creatures called by the naturalists 'erustaceans" and "copepods," not more than one out of hundreds of billions of which tre ever seen by human eye? God created abem for the same reason that He creates flowers in places where no human foot ever makes them tremble, and no human nostril ver inhates their redolence, and no human eye ever sees their charm. In the botanical world they prove that God loves flowers, as in the marine world the phosphori prove that He loves life, and He loves life in play, life in brilliancy of gladness, life in exuberance.

And so I am led to believe that He loves

our life if we fulfill our mission as fully as he phosphori fulfill theirs. The Son of God same "that we might have life and have it more abundantly." But I am glad to tell you that our God is not the God sometimes de scribed as a harsh critic at the head of the universe, or an infinite scold, or a God that loves funerals better than weddings, or a God that prefers tears to laughter, an omnipotent Nero, a ferocious Nana Sahib, but he loveliest Being in the universe, loving flowers and life and play, whether of phos-phori in the wake of the Majestic or of the

ıman race keeping a holiday. But mark you that the phosphorescene has a glow that the night monopolizes, and I ask you not only what kind of influence you are going to leave in the world as you pass through it, but what light are you going to throw across the world's night of sin and sorrow? People who are sailing on smooth sea and at noon do not need much sympathy, but what are you going to do for people in the night of misfortune? Will you drop or them shalow, or will you kindle for them phosphorescence?

At this moment there are more people cry ing than laughing, more people on the round world this moment hungry than well fed, more households bereft than homes unbroken. What are you going to do about it and then gets through with it and goes into | "Well," says yonder soul, "I would like to do something toward illumining the great ocean of human wretchedness, but I cannot de much.

Can you do as much as one of the phophori in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean creatures smaller than the point of a sharp pin? 'Oh, yes," you say. Then do that Shine! Stand before the looking glass and experiment to see if you cannot get that scowl off your forehead, that psevish look out of your lips. Have at least one bright ribbon in your bonnet. Embroider at least one white cord somewhere in the midnight of your apparel. Do not any longer impersonate a funeral. Shine! Do say something cheerful about society and about the world. Put a few drops of heaven into your dispo sition. Once in a while substitute a sweet orange for a sour lemon.

Remember that pessimism is biasphemy and that optimism is Christiaaity. Throw some light on the night ocean. If you can not be a lantern swinging in the rigging, be one of the tiny phosphori back of the keel Shine! "Let your light so shine before men that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven Make one person happy every day, and do that for twenty years, and you will have made 7300 happy. You know a man who has lost all his property by an unfortunate investment or by putting his name on the back of a triend's note. After you have taken a brief nap, which every man and woman is entitled to on a Sunday afternoon, go and cheer up that man. You can, if God helps you, say something that will do him good after both of you have been dead a thousand Shine! You know of a family with a bad boy who has run away from home. Go be-

fore night and tell that father and mother the parable of the prodigal son, and that some of the illustrious and useful men now in church and state had a silly passage in heir lives and ran away from hon You know of a family that has lost a child. and the silenes of the nursery glooms the whole house from cellar to garret. Go before night and tell them how much that child has happily escaped, since the most prosper-Shine! You know of some invalid who is dying for lack of an appetite. She caunot get well because she cannot eat. Broil a thicken and take it to her before night and cheat her poor appetite into keen relish. Shine! You know of some one who likes you, and you like him, and he ought to be a Christian. Go tell him what religion has

done for you, and ask him if you can pray

Shine! Oh, for a disposition so charged

with sweetness and light that we cannot help

but shine! Remember if you cannot be a

for him.

eviathan lashing the ocean into fury you can be one of the phosphori, doing your part toward making a path of phosphorescence, Then I will tell you what impression yo will leave as you pass through this life and after you are gone. I will tell you to your face and not leave it for the minister who of fleintes at your obsequies. The failure in all eulogium of the departed is that they cannot hear it. All hear it except the one most interested. This, in substance, is what I or some one else will say of you on such an occasion . "We gather fo offices of respect to this departed one. It is impossible to tell how many tears he wipe i away, how many burdens he lifted, or how many souls be was, under God, instrumental in saving. His influence will never cease We are all better for having known him, "That pillow of flowers on the casket was presented by his Sabbath-school class, all of whom he brought to Christ. That cross of flowers at the head was presented by the orphan asylum which he befriended. Those three single flowers—one was sent by a poor woman for whom he bought a ton of coal, and one was by a waif of the street whom he rescued through the midnight mission, and the other was from a prisce cell which he had often visited to encourage repensance in a young man who had done wrong. Those three loose flowers mean quite as

much as the garlands now breefning their

aroma through this saddened home crowded

with sympathizers, 'Blessed are the dead

at sea, let it be after the sun has gone down,

and the captain has read the appropriate

labors, and their works do follow them."

Or if it should be the more

wake of the ship. Then let some one say, in the words of my text, "He maketh a path to shine after him. innuence of Drugs on the Heart. The temporary expansion and contraction of the heart under the influence of certain drugs formed the subject of a paper read by Prof. Germain See at the last meeting of the Academy of Medicine, Paris. The professor, in collaboration with Dr. Pignol, gave the following summary: (1) Sparteine is the substance which diminishes most promptly and effect-

gally the volume of the heart. This drug! strengthens the cardic muscles and augments their vital force. (2) Digitalin also contracts the heart, but only when its cavities are already in a state of dilation. (3) lodide of potassium tends to contract. but to a less degree than spartiene. (4) Antipyrin expands the volume, but w thout influencing arterial pressure.

(5) The action of bromide of potassium may be taken as the opposite of iodide of potassium, but as similar to ant pyrin. It dilates the whole organ, the right side being slightly | Milch Cows, com. to good. ... more offected that the left. Certain other drugs have no effective action. Caffeine, says Prof. See, has no nfluence on the cardiac muscles, in spite that hat life struck with a resound of agony of certain assertions to the contrary. Dressed ...... 6 @ 8

HELD UP THE COURT.

Daring Escape of a Prisoner Who

Was Arraigned in Buffalo. Leroy Harris, a lame man with a gue, held up a United States Commissioner, a United States District-Attorney, two Deputy United States Marshals and two Postoffice Inspecfors in the United States Court in the Post office Building at Buffulo, N. Y., walked out of the room, locked the door behind him,

mprisoning the officials, and, limping to the

elevator, coolly rode down to the street and made his escape. It was Harris's plan to enter a postoffloo and represent himself as an inspector and steal blank postoffice orders, department en relopes, and the form of a tvices used by estimasters to notify each other of the issue postoffice money orders. He was once a derk in the New York Postofflee, and had sufficient familiarity with the workings of

the money order department to enaids him operate successfu The Commissioner read the complaint against Harris, which charged him with rging the name of William H. Clark to a oney order for \$100, sent from Buffalo, and shed at Valparaiso, Ind. Then he turned the prisoner, whose handcuffs had been aken off to administer the oath preparatory

hearing his testimony. "Hold up your hand," said the venerable ommissioner. "Hold up both of yours," was the quick eply, and Harris sprang to the door, put s back against it, and covered the little group with his revolver. Deputy United States Marshal Watts, Commissioner Fairchild and District After

ney Mackey, each with a revolver in his eket, threw up their hands. 'Keep them up or I'll fire!" said Harris, till keeping the men under cover of his reiver. He then opened the door and coolly sked it on the outside, leaving his victima prisoned. He was afterwart emplored in anada and returned without extradition proceedings.

A Japanese Jack the Ripper.

Japan has suffered from its "Jack the Ripper," Fortunately, he has been captured, and his every-day name turns out to be Kobayashi Mitsuya. At his trial it was stated at he went to Mayebashi about the m of last year, took up his abode in a cheap odging house, and prowied about the streets. sometimes as a shampooer, sometimes as an itinerant priest, and sometimes again as a deaf-mute beggar. In these disguises he be came acquainted with the interiors of several night. Not content with mere thieving, be began to strangle women in lonely places and mutilate them. The cases proved against him were three, but the murdered women found about the scene of his operations were greatly in excess of this number, and led the authorities to the belief that Kobayashi had accomplices. This rufflan will commit no nore brutal murders. He has just been exe-

THE MARKETS

Late Wholesale Prices of Country

Produce Quoted in New York. Reports from the principal milk receiving stations indicate a slow trade during the past week, with general sales of surplus milk at \$1.47 per can of 40 quarts. Exchange price 8. e per quar!

Receipts of the week, fluid 1.5081731 milk, gals 12, 260 reamery-Penn., extras Western, thirds to seconds State Dairy, new tubs .... Fall tubs, extras ..... Thirds to seconds.... Western Im. Creamery, extras. Western Factory, fresh, ex Seconds to firsts Thirds Summer make . . . . Rolls, fresh CHEERE. State- Full cream, white, fancy

Full cream, good to prime. State Factory-Part skims, Fuil skims..... State and Penn-Fresh..... Western Fresh, best BEANN AND IZ." . Zw. leans-Marrow, 1893 cl Medium, 1893, choice. Plea (1893) choice. Red kidney, 1893, choice

White Kidnes, 1893, choice 2.15 @ 2.25 Black turtle soup, 1893 2 10 6 2 15 Lima, Cal., 1893 \$60 lbs 1 17 66 1 20 Green peas, bbls, & bush ... PRUITS AND BERRIES PRESS. Apples Greening, P bbl ... 5.00 m 4.00 Frapes, Catawba, P basket. Copenrd. P basket Cranberries, Cape Cod, wibbl 5.50 & 8.00 Jersey, Perate Dranges, Indian River, 7 box 2 00 @ 3 00 tate-1893, choice, P fb ... 1893; common to good ..... 1892, choice: 1892, common to prime.... 12 @ Old odds....

HAY AND STRAW. Hay-Good to choice # 190 fb Clover mixed: -Straw - Long rye ...... Short rye LIVE POULTRY Fowls, & th. Chickens, 2 ft Roosters, old, # tb ..... Turkeys, # th ...... who die in the Lord. They rest from their Ducks Local, ? pair. Western, e pair Pigeons, P pair.... liturgy, and the ship's bell has tolled, and DRESSED POULTRY. you are let down from the stern of the vessel HOLESCON CO. T. T.

into the respientent phosphorescence at the | Chickens, Phila, # th..... State & Penn., & th ...... Western, 7 th Fowls-St. and West, ₱ lb ... Squate, ₹ doz ....... 2 25 @ VEGETABLES. Potatoes-State, # 180 fts ..., 1 50 @ 2 00 Jersey, # bbl. ..... Maine, W bbl ..... 4 00 60 6 00 Cabbage, 7 100 Onlons - White, F tibl

Red and yellow, 2 bbl. . . . 3 00 @ 4 00 Red and yellow, 2 bbl. . . 1 25 @ 1 75 Squash, L. L., & bbl...... 200 @ 250 ettuce, Boston & doz. Turnips, Russia, 7 bbl White @ bbl Sweet potatoes, So. Jersey ... 200 @ 350 Vineland, 7 bbl .... 275 @ 350 Beets, Southern, V crate ... Spinach, Norfolk, rt bbl . . . GEALN, ETC. Flour-Winter Patents. . . . 3 50 @ 3 55

Spring Patents .... 3 85 @ 3 25 Wheat, No. 2 Red ..... - 60 62 May..... Corn No. 2 LIVE STOCK.

Beeves, city dressed ... Calves, City dressed..... Country dressed .....

Lard-City Steam ..... - 60 755 Sheep, 7 100 ths ...... 2 50 @ 3 75 Lambs, ₹ 100 tbs....... 3 25 @ 4 75 Hogs-Live, ₹ 100 fbs..... 5 50 @ 6 00

Track mixed ...... 37 @ 88 Seeds Clover, 2 100 ..... 8 50 @ 10 50 Timothy, ₹ 100..... 4 25 @ 5 00