THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

PEXT: "Now when He came night o the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her He had compassion on her and said unto her, Weep not, and He came and touched the bier, and they that bore him stool still. And He said, Young man, i say unto thee arise! And he that was dead sat up and began to speak, and He delivered him to his mother."—Luke vil., 12-15.

The text calls us to stand at the gate of the city of Nain. The streets are a-rush with business and gayety, and the ear is deafened with the banners of mechanism and the wheels of traffic. Work, with its thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet, fills all the street, when suddenly the crowd parts, and a funeral passes. Between the wheels of work and pleasure there comes a long procession of mourning people. Who is it? A trifler says: "Oh, it's nothing but a funeral. It may have come up from the hospital of the city, or the almshouse, or some low place of the town," but not so, says the serious observer.

There are so many evidences of dire bereavement that we know at the first glance some one has been taken away greatly be-loved, and to our inquiry, "Who is this that is carried out with so many offices of kindness and affection?" the reply comes, "Th only son of his mother, and she a widow. Stand back and let the procession pass out! Hush all the voices of mirth and pleasure! Let every head be uncovered! Weep with this passing procession and let it be told through all the market places and bazaars of Nain that in Galilee to-day the sepulcher hath gathered to itself "the only son of his

mother, and she a widow." There are two or three things that, in my mind, give especial pathos to this scene. The first is, he was a young man that was being carried out. To the aged death be-comes beautiful. The old man halts and pants along the road, where once he bounded like the roe. From the midst of immedicable ailments and sorrows he cries out, "How long, Lord, how long!" Footsore and hardly bestead on the hot journey, he wants to get home. He sits in the church and sings, with a tremulous voice, some tune he sang forty years ago and longs to join the better assemplage of the one hundred and forty and four thousand who have passed the flood. How sweetly he sleeps the last sleep! Push back the white locks from the wrinkled temples. They will never ache again. Fold the hands over the still heart. They will never toil again. Close gently the eyes. They will never weep again.

But this man that I am speaking of was a young man. He was just putting on the armor of life, and he was exulting to think how his sturdy blows would ring out above the clangor of the battle. I suppose he had a young man's hopes, a young man's ambi tions and a young man's courage. He said:
"If I live many years, I will feed the hungty
and clothe the naked. In this city of Nain. where there are so many bal young men. I will be sober and honest and pure and magnanimous, and my mother shall never be ashamed of me." But all these prospects are blasted in one hour. There he passes lifeless in the procession. Behold all that is left on earth of the high hearted young man of the city of Nain.

is another thing that adds very much to this scene, and that is he was an only son. However large the family flock may be, we never could think of sparing one of the lambs. Though they may all have that commend them to the parental heart, and if it were peremptorily demanded of you to-day that you should yield up one of your children out of a very large family you would be confounded and you could not make a selection. But this was an only son. around whom gathered all the parental ex-pectations. How much care in his education! How much caution in watching his habits! He would carry down the name to other times. He would have entire control of the family property long after the parents had gone to their last rewar l. He would stand in society a thinker, a worker, a philanthropist, a Christian. No, no. It is all ended. Behold him there. Breath is gone.

Life is extinct. The only son of his mother. There was one thing that added to the pathos of this scene, and that was his mother was a widow. The main hope of that home had been broken, and now he was come up to be the staff. The chief light of the house hold has been extinguished, and this was the only light left. I suppose she often said. looking at him, "There are only two of us." Ob, it is a grand thing to see a young man step out in life and say to his mother; "Don't be down hearted. I will, as far as possible, take father's place, and as long as I live you shall never want anything." It is not always that way. Sometimes the young people get tired of the old people. They say they are queer ; that they have so many atiments, and they so netimes wish them ou of the way. A young man and his wife sat at the table, their little son on the floor playing beneath the table. The old father was very old, and his hand shook, so they said, "You shall no more sit with us at the table." And so they gave him a place in the corner, where, day by day, he are out of an earthen bowl—everything put into that bowl. One day his hand trembled so much he dropped it, and it broke, and the son, seated at the elegant table in midfloor, said to his wife.

"Now we'll get father a wooden bowl, and that he can't break." So a wooden bowl was obtained, and every day old gran l-father ate out of that, sitting in the corner. One day, while the elegant young man and his wife were seated at their table, with chased silver and all the luxuries, and their liftle son sat upon the floor, they saw the lad whittling, and they said: "My son, what are you doing there with that knife?" "Oh," said he, "I -I'm making a trough for my lather and mother to cat out of when they get old!"

But this young man of the text was not of that character. He did not belong to that school. I can tell it from the way they mourned over him. He was to be the companion of his mother. He was to be his mother's protector. He would return now some of the kindness he had received in the days of childhood and boyhood. Aye, he would with his strong hand up oid that form already enfeebled with age. Will he do it? No. In one hour that promise of help and companionship is gone. There is a world of anguish in that one short phrase, "The only son of his mother, and she a

Now, my friends, it was upon this scene that Christ broke. He came in without any introduction. He stopped the procession. He had only two utterances to make—the one to the mourning mother, the other to the dead. He cried out to the mourning one, "Weep not," and then, touching the bier on which the son lay, He cried out, "Young man, I say unto thee arise!" And

he that was dead sat up.
I learn two or three things from this subject, and first that Chirst was a man. You see how that sorrow played upon all the chords of His heart. I think that we forget this too often. Christ was a man more certainly than you are, for He was a perfect man. No sailor ever slept in ship's ham-mock more soundly than Christ slept in that boat on Gennesaret. In every nerve and muscle and bone and fiber of His body, in every emotion and affection of His heart, in every action and decision of His mind He

He looked off upon the sea just as you look off upon the waters. He went into Martha's house just as you go into a cottage. Ho breathed hard when He was tired, just as you do when you are exhausted. He felt after sleeping out a night in the storm just like you do when you have been exposed to a tempest. It was just as humiliating for Him to beg bread as it would be for you to become a pauper. He felt just as much insulted by being sold for thirty plears of silver as you would if you were sold for the price of a dog. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot He was a man. When the thorns were twisted for His brow, they hurt Him just as much as they burt your brow if they were twisted for it. He took not on Him the nature of angels. He took on Him the seed of Abraham. "Ecc: Homo!"

behold the man! But I must also draw from this subject that He was a God Suppose that a man should attempt to break up a funeral obsequy. He would be seized by the law, he would be imprisoned, if he were not actually siain by the mo's before the officers could secure him. If Christ had been a mere mortal, would He have a right to come in upon

REV. DR. TALMAGE such a procession? Would He have succeeded in His interruption? He was more than a man, for when He cried out, "I say unto thee, arise!" he that was dead sat up. What excitement there must have been thereabout! The body had lain prostrate. It had been mourned over with agonizing tears, and yet now it begins to move in the shroud and to be flushed with life, and at the com mand of Christ he rises up and looks into

"Oh, this was the work of a God. I hear it in His voice; I see it in the flash of His eye, I behold it in the snapping of death's shackles, I see it in the face of the rising slumberer; I hear it in the outcry of all those who were spectators of the scene. If, when I see my Lord Jesus Christ mourning with the bereaved, I put my bands on His shoulders and say, "My brother," now that I hear Him proclaim supernatural deliverances, I look up into H s face and say with Thomas, "My Lord and my Go!."
Do you not think He was a Gol? A great many people do not believe that, an I they compromise the matter, or they think they compromise it. They say He was a very gool man, but He was not a Gol. That is impossible. He was either a Gol or a wretch, and I will prove it. If a man professes to be that which he is not, what is he? He is a liar, an impostor, a hypocrite. That is your unanimous verdict. Now, Christ professed to be a Gol. He said over an ! over again He was a Go ', took the attributes of a God and assumed the works and offices of a God. Dare you now say He was not? He was a God, or He was a wretch. Choose

Do you think I cannot prove by this Bible that He was a Gol? If you do not believe this Bible, of course there is no neel of my talking to you. There is no common data from which to start. Suppose you do be-lieve it. Then I can demonstrate that He was divine. I can prove He was Creator, John L. 3, "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made " He was eternal, Revelation xxii. 13, "I am Alpha an I Omega, the be-ginning and the end, the first and the last." I can prove that He was omnipotent, Hebrews i. 10, "The heavens are the work of Thine hands," I can prove He was omniscient, John ii., 25, "He knew what was in man." Ob, yes, He is a God. He cleft the sea. He upheaved the crystalline walls along which the Israelites marched. He planted the mountains. He raises up governments and casts down thrones and arches across nations and across worlds and across the universe, eternal, omnipo-tent, unhindered and unabashed. That han t that was nailed to the cross holds the stars in a leash of love. That head that droppe I on the bosom in fainting and death shall make the world quake at its nod. That voice that groaned in the last pang shall swear be-fore the trembling world that time shall be no longer. Ob, do not insult the common ense of the race by telling us that this person was only a man in whose presence the paralytic arm was thrust out well, and the devils crouched, and the lepers dropped their scales, and the tempests folded their wings, and the boy's satchel of a few loaves made a banquet for 5000, and the sad procession of my text broke up in congratulation

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ was a sympathizer. Mark you, this was a city funeral. In the country, when the bell tolls, they know all about it for five miles around, and they know what was the matter with the man, how old he was and what were his last experiences. They know with what temporal prospects he has left his family. There is no haste, there is no indecency in the obsequies. There is nothing done as a mere matter of business. Even the children come out as the procession passes and look sympathetic, and the tree shadows seem to deepen, and the brooks weep in sympathy as the procession goes by. But, mark you, this that I am speaking of was a city funeral. In great cities the cart jostles the hearse, and there is mirth and gladness Duluth paper says that the assertions that the the hearse, and there is mirth and gladness and indifference as the weeping procession goes by. In this city of Nain it was a common thing to have trouble and bereavement and death. Christ saw it every day there. Perhaps that very hour there were others being carried out, but this frequency of trouble did not harden Christ's heart at all. He stepped right out, and He saw this mourner, and He had compassion on her, and He said

Now I have to tell you. O bruised souls, and there are many everywhere-have you ever looked over any great audience and no-ticed how many shadows of sorrow there are? I come to all such and say, "Christ meets you, and He has compassion on you, and He says, 'Weep not.'" Perhaps with some it is financial trouble, "Oh," you say, "it is such a silly thing for a man to cry

Is it? Suppose you had a large fortune, and all luxuries brought to your table, and your wardrobe was full, and your home was beautiful by music and sculpture and painting and thronged by the elegant and educated, and then some round misfortune should strike you in the face and trample your treasures and taunt your children for their faded dress and send you into commercial circles an underling where once you waved a scepter of gold, do you think you would cry then? I think you would. But Christ comes and meets all such to-day. He sees all the straits in which you have been thrust. He observes the sneer of that man who once was proud to walk in your shadow and glad to get your help. He sees the protested note, the uncanceled judgment, the foreclosed mortgage, the heartbreaking exasperation, and He says "Weep not. I own the cattle on a thousand I will never let you starve. From My hand the fowls of heaven peck all their food. And will I let you starve? Never no, My

Perhaps it may be a living home trouble that you cannot speak about to your best friend. It may be some domestic unhappiness. It may be an evil suspicion. It may and for years there may have been a vulture striking its beak into the vitals of your soul, and you sit there to-day feeling it is worse than death. It is. It is worse than death. And yet there is relief. Though the night may be the blackest, though the voices of hell may tell you to curse God and die, look up and hear the voice that accosted the woman of the text as it says, "Weep not."

Earth bath no sorrow That heaven cannot cure. I learn, ugain, from all this that Christ is the master of the grave. Just outside the gate of the city Death and Christ measured lances, and when the young man rose Death dropped. Now we are sure of our resurrection. Ob, what a scene it was when that young man came back! The mother never expected to hear him speak again. She never thought that he would kiss her again. How the tears started and how her heart throbbed as she said, "Oh, my son, my son, my son!" And that scene is going to be repeated. It is going to be repeated 10,000 imes. These broken family circles have got to come together. These extinguished household lights have got to be rekindled. There will be a stir in the family lot in the cemetery, and there will be a rush into life at the command, "Young man, I say unto the arise!" As the child shakes off the dust f the tomb and comes forth fresh and fair and beautifu!, and you throw your arms around it and press it to your heart, angel o angel will repeat the story of Nain, "Ke lelivered him to his mother." Did you no-lee that passage in the text as I read it? 'He delivered him to his mother." roubled souls! Oh, ye who have lived to see every prospect blasted, peeled, scattered, consumed, wait a little! The seedtime of tears will become the wheat harvest. In a clime cut of no wintry blast, under a sky palled by no burtling tempest and amid redeemed ones that weep not, that part not, that die not, friend will come to friend, and kindred will join kindred, and the long procession that marches the avenues of gold will lift up their palms as again and again it is announced that the same one who came to he relief of this woman of the text came to the relief of many a maternal heart and re-peated the wonders of resurrection and de-livered him to his mother." Oh, that will be the harvest of the world. That will be the coronation of princes. The will be the Sabbath of eternity.

Not Approved. Parson-"Deacon Smith, kindly waken Brother Hawkins. While it is true that the sleep of the just has often been commended, I do not think the snore of the just has ever received the stamp of approval,"-Harper's

means foam of the sea.

WILLIAM IS DOWN ON SECRET POLITICAL ORDERS.

Diligent Work Beats Alliance Grips and Passwords.

Our farmers are going to be in a bad fix next winter. They wont have any nubbins to feed the steers on. I never saw such big fine corn nor so much of it. I never saw such fine cotfor so much of it. I never saw such fine cot-ton in Bartow county nor so much of it. Our farmers made a fine crop of wheat and oats, and they will make a big crop of sweet pota-toes. The gardens are fine, the cattle are fat, and the chickens are juicy. A kind providence and deligent work beats the alliance and all its signs and grips and passwords and resolutions. I see that some farmers in South Carolina have recently passed a resolution that they will not sell their cotton seed for less than 20 cents a bushel. If they mean by that to put them back in the land, it is good, but if they mean to force the market price, it is as foolish as our state alliance at Macon, that a few years ago resolved that they would hold their cotton until it brought 12 1-2 cents a pound. But far-mers generally have quit such foolishness and have fallen back on hard work. They had some fun, and a few of their leaders got into office, but the masses never got their hands in the sub-treasury nor their cotton and grain in government warehouses. I never knew any good to come of these secret-class associations, except where they are formed for charity. Those formed for political purposes are a menace to good government, and an insult to outsiders. good government, and an insuit to outsiders. I remember when the know-nothing party came into being and for a few months hover dover the country like a dark and threatening cloud. Those who did not belong to it felt subdued and alarmed for they did not know who they were nor whom to talk to in confidence. Fome mornings we would find the sidewalk crotted with red paper triangles that idewalk spotted with red paper triangles that meant a secret meeting somewhere that night. If a municipal election came off the knownothings never said a word, but when the bal-lots were counted men were elected who were not candidates. Outsiders stood aghast. Many would have joined but were not wanted nor invited. "Put none but Americans on guard to-night" was the patriotic shibboleth, and no foreign-born citizen need apply. Protestant preachers were all in, but no priests nor Roman Cathelies. But soon the power of money began to be felt and some of the worst men were nomnated for office. About that time Alcek Stephens had waked up to the situation. He tumped the state against the new party, and so keen was his invective, so masterly his arguments, that good men everywhere dropped out of it, and their candidates were defeated. It was withering and tragic to see the little giant flash his dark eyes and hear him scream

"How now ye secret, dark and midnight hags! What is it ye do? A deed without a name." Yes, a party without a name, a party that darkeneth counsel without knowledge, a star chamber that would politically guillotine LaFayette and Baron de Steuben, if they were here; a party that designating hypocrites and disappointed demagogues originated for their own as grandizement.

Well, he killed it in Georgia. Of course he had help and co-operation, but he was the chief

L t me see. That was about forty years ago, and now that same old party has come to life again under a new name—the A. P. A.'s—and its vilification of Reman Catholics is just like it was then. The papers sent me from Duluh and Rock Librard teem with slander and life. and Rock Island teem with slander and lies. They declare the Roman Catholic priests to be libertines and the convents bagnios and the editor of the Duluth paper boldly charges that the cells in the basement of the convent in Duluth were built to imprison the nuns who re-Shermans were Roman Catholics is an infamous, slanderous lie, and that if Rose crans, Mc-Clellan and McDowell and McClennard were Roman Catholics they were utter failures as commanders; that out of the 144,000 Catholic Irishmen in the union army, over 100,000 of them deserted, and that it was Roman Cathol c influence that caused the assassination of Lincoln and Garfield. They are awful mad with Mr. Cleveland for attending high mass on the death of Carnot, and denounce the pope for sending old Jeff Davis his apostolic bless-ing. The anathemas in these papers are fearful, and I don't see how they can keep up the hek. When I was young I read a book called "The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk." Maria was an escaped nun from a Roman Catholic convent in Montreal, and her pitiful story was as startling a+ is that of Ida Wells on the southern ople. She sold 250,000 copies in a little me, and was a great heroine in the best society of New York and Boston. But by and by the whole story was disproved by a committee of Protestant clergymen in Montreal, and Maria had to retire as a fraud and an impostor. But she made a snug little fortune to retire on, and that is what Ida is trying to do. The fools are

not all dead yet, and she knows it. But no party can ride into power on the waves of persecution, c-pecially religious perse-cution. The A. P. A.'s will only make the Ronan Catholics stronger and more zealous. They are strong now. They can stand alone even in a sectarian war. The pope and the cardinal and archbishops have recently made a declaration against the Fquor traffic that will have a wide-spread influence for good gov rnment in this country. I wonder what Duluth will say about that. But persecution, boycotting, exil-ing, disqualifying for office and general os ra-cism for opinion's sake has never been a lasting ccess. Haman thought he had the dead wood on Mordecai and the Jews, but Haman was bung and 75,000 of his confederates were slain with the sword.

But, what excuse can the people of the south have for this persecution of the Roman Cathopiness. It may be an ovil suspicion. It may like? I gather from these organs of the A. P. be the disgrace following in the footsteps of a son that is wayward, or a companion who is cruel, or a father that will not do right, against a protective tariff and are friendly to southern traitors. This is about the sum of their offen ing, and for this they are 'not to hold office nor to be employed in any capacity if a Processant can be obtained to do the work These two things constitute the greed of the A. P. A's. Then, how can any selfrespecting southern man join them or give them aid and comfort in any way?" Jefferson said that error ceases to be dangerous when

reason is left free to combat it-and there aever was a time when reason was as free and as intelligent as it is now in the United State. The whole thing is a republican scheme, but it will not work in the south. Our people are getting hard to fool with bait that does not hide the brok.—Bill Arp in Arlanta Constitu-

The Columbia River Salmon.

"On a recent visit to the Pacific coast," said Walter Stelman, a New York drummer, at the Lindell, last night, "I paid a visit to one of the large canning factories in Oregon, where the Columbia River salmon are packed and shipped all over the country. It was a novel sight to me, and one in which I took a good deal of interest. The fish are caught in nets and carried in boats to the factory, where they are thrown upon a stage and lie in heaps, a thousand or so in a pile. You can see huge fish among them that weigh from thirty to sixty pounds. One Chinaman will seize a salmon, and, with a dexterous blow of a big knife, sever its head with one stroke; another workman then grabs it and slashes of the fins and disembowels it. It is then thrown into a vat, where the blood soaks out, and, I tell you, they bleed like a stuck pig. After repeated washings the fish is cut into chunks, plunged into brine and stuffed into cans, the bones first being removed. The tops of the cans, which have a small hole in them, are then soldered are plunged into boiling water, where they remain until the heat has expelled all the air. Then the little air hole in the top of the lid is soldered up and the salmon is ready for market."—St. Louis Globe-Damocrat.

In 1580 the first carriage was Meerschaum is a Dotch word and brougt to England from France. 1880 there were 463,000 in use

BILL ARP'S LETTER. MELTING OLD JEWELRY.

HEIRLOOMS IN THE LOAN BROK-ER'S CRUCIBLE.

The Silver and Gold Turned Into Coin at the Government's Big

Mints-Pawnshop Secrets. OOKS funny, doesn't it? (All the same there are a dozen of those machines going at least once a week in this city that the public never heard about before. When you un-derstand it you will be able to tell your friends what becomes of the gold and silver they leave with their 'uncle' and never redeem. 'On the dead,' now; don't give me away and I'll tell you some of the secrets of the pawnbrokers' trade."

The remark was made in a little dark room in the rear of one of the big loan offices of Chicago to a reporter for the Tribune of that city. The proprietor went on to say the reports show that ten to fifteen per cent. of all articles placed in "hock" is never called for. Then often gold and silver is purchased outright by the pennyweight or ounce, and in one way ar another a large amount of the precious metals is accumulated. To turn old-style goods into ready cash is the problem that confronts the loan broker. Bankrupt stocks of new designs and fresh goods fill the cases in the counters and show windows, and the old material goes into new golden eagles with Uncle Sam's stamps upon

On the floor of the back room, reached after setting half a dozen electric alarms going and the pressing of numerous buttons, was a peculiar contrivance looking like a six-inch tile stood on end with a brass barrel covered with pipes by its side. A copper pan, some iron tools and some bowls that looked like common flower pots lay on the floor.

"This copper barrel," said the pro-prietor, "is filled with naphtha; these ipes lead to this tile or furnace; this handle here is for the forcing of air behind the naptha so it will make a strong blast; these pots are crucibles. Into the furnace we place the crucible, into the crucible goes the gold. Hot, isn't it? So hot that we are compelle l to wear colored giasses to see what's going on. But that's nothing to the way the thing is done in Uncle Sam's furnaces. Now here goes to fill the

crucible." Into the stone jar went gold watch cases and chains with family histories. crests, and initials, souventr spoons and breastpins of forgotten dates, rings that could have spoken of wedding bells and birthdays in the long ago, golden charms, scarf pins with the jewels removed, and odds and ends collected in a week's trade. The estimated value of the hatful of stock was \$1000 in pure gold. Into the melting collection went a handful of borax. That was to make the gold flow when sufficiently melted. There was no smoke, nothing but a sickly smell of naphtha, the noise of the blast, and the glittering whiteness of the cruci-

To get a closer look at the melting gold a pair of green glasses was furnished. As the broker stirred the contents of the crucible with an iron poker, black bubbles would come to the top, pieces of coarser metal would be seen struggle to the surface, only to sink back into the yellow gold, now turned to fluid. The broker lifted the crucible out of the furnace and poured its white hot contents into an iron mold. The mold rested in a pan of water. All the gold settled into the mold and the borax, turning black as it hit the water, stayed on top. In a few minutes the borax was knocked off and out fell a bar of gold weighing several pounds, eight inches long and probably three-fourths of an inch square. After cleaning, the bar was laid aside

for shipment to the Treasury.
"We do this once a week," said the proprietor, as he shut off the valve to the naphtha barrel. "From here the bars go to Washington by express. Before its value is returned we will pay out nearly \$1 on \$1000. At Uncle Sam's works the bar will be remelted

by a fiercer heat. Then the melted mass will be poured into water, where it will form into shots or pellets of gold and silver and copper. These pellets are then placed in acid and the different metals separated. No, you can't fool the Government for a minute. Science does the work in good shape. After this process the Treasury ships gold eagles for the gold and silver coin for the silver metal contained in the bar. So you see the old battered watch case, the broken chain, or out of date ornament comes back in new coin of the realm. Over \$200,000 worth of gold bars is annually sent from Chicago brokers in just this way, and not one person in 10,000 ever sees how the melting is done. Of course many gold coins are made into jewelry, and in course of time are sent back through our crucibles once more. This is on account of change of style in gold ornaments of all kinds which is constantly going on. Any profit? Oh, yes, we figure all such things. An article pawnel means to us only its weight in the crucible with a profit deducted. This profit may be six or it may be twelve of gold we buy for \$3.50 or some

less. The \$1.50 is for profit, handling and the risk. Yes, it's quite a business, and many a family history has been told in the golden heirloomsthat have fallen into a loan broker's cru-

Bieyelists in the German Army. The sum of \$25,000 is included in

the German Army estimates for the present year for the supply of bicycles to the infantry. Two bicycles are assigned to each battalion. An instruction has been issued dealing with the bicycle service. Dicycles are to be on, and 500 or 600 of them at a time | used for communications between columns on the march and for communications between advanced guards. When troops are in quarters bieyelists are to fulfil the functions of orderlies, especially where mounted orderlies are wanting. They will also relieve the cavalry from relay and intelligence duties. In great fortresses the whole of the duties now devolving upon cavalry as message bearers will be transferred to bicyclists --- Chicago Herald.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The newest science is seismology, the study of earthquakes. The bed of the ocean is supposed to

be of mountainous formation. The application of electricity to the smelting of iron is being experimented

with in Sweden. It is asserted that in ninety-nine out of 100 the left side of the face is the more perfect in outline.

The number of telephonic stations in Germany, which was 1504 in 1881, had increased at the beginning of the

present year to 63,558. A bullet from one of the new rifles in use in the Italian army will penetrate five inches of solid ash at a distance of three-quarters of a mile.

The German Government has decided to paint their topedo boats bluishgray, this color being, they consider, the least visible under the electric

Annealed glass has not yet come in any practical form, but an advance has been made recently in making sheets of glass with fine wire threaded through them, so that in case of breakage the parts will hang together.

In Germany they have been analyzing and experimenting with dust swept from the floors, seats and walls of the railway coaches. One hundred and seventeen animals were inoculated with this dust; many died of various contagious diseases, three of marked tuberculosis.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds eight us up as an object of ridicule. Such ounces; of a female, two pounds four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves with their branches and minute ramifications probably exceed 10,000,000 in number.

Dr. Bembo, of St. Petersburg, Russia, advocates cutting the large bloodvessels of the neck as the most humane mode of slaughtering animals. When this is done unconsciousness sets in in a few seconds, and the movements observed are due to cerebral anæmia. Moreover, the flesh of animals which have been bled to death keeps best.

Pasteur, the French scientist, has shown that all fruits and vegetables when undergoing even partial decay contain bacteria, which, if taken into the stomach, may cause disease. Fruit grown near to the ground may contain the bacteria of typhoid fever, tetanus, diphtheria or cholera, which may have found their way into the material used for fertilizing, or may have become incorporated with the dried dust. Hence one should never neglect to cleanse fruit. Especial care shoull be taken with imported or shipped fruit-more particularly that from districts where there are infectious New in the Way of Entertainment.

Puff Balls as Food,

It will surprise many to know that the plebeian puff ball of our pastures is good for something besides old fashioned styptic, smoke, and the kick of the small boy.

There are a number of species of the puff ball, varying in shape and size from the small white globular variety of an inch in diameter, and the pearshaped, to the giant pasture species which may attain the dimensions of a football. All are edible, if gatherel at the white stage, those of yellow or darker fracture being excluded. Of the esculent qualities of the larger species, Lycoperdon giganteum, we may judge from the statement of a connoisseur. "Sliced and seasoned in butter and salt, and fried in the pan, no French omelet is half as good in richness and delicacy of flavor." M. C. Cooke, the British authority, says of it, "In its young and palpy condition it is excellent eating, and indeed has but few competitors for the place of honor at the table."-Harper's Maga-

The Telegraph in China.

A Chinese engineer, educated in New Haven, Conn., has nearly completed a telegraph line, 3000 miles long, across the Gobi desert, from Pekin to Kashgar, Chinese Turkestan. It has been three years under construction, and poles in places were hauled 600 miles. French lines connect it with the Rus sian system. - Literary Digest.

The earliest snow ever known in England was on October 7, 1829.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Boston will have an elevated railroad. The citizens voted in favor of the Meigs sys-

Pure and Wholesome Quality per cout. A chain weighing \$10 worth | Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is easant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidney, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it

is the best and only remedy.

STATISTICS of the recent strike show that the ratiroads lost \$355,912 in cars burned by

Overcome by the heat or extraordinary exertion, the physical system, like a machine, needs to be renovated and repaired. The blood needs to be parifled and invigorated

000'S Sarsa-I Reserve parilla and the nerves and ures nuscles strengthened by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates an 3333 appetite, removes that tired feeling and gives sweet, sound, refreshing sleep.

Hood's Pills cure all liver fils. 25a. CUT OUT AND KEEP. Book-keeping, Law, Pen-manship, Sho thand. &c., by mail or at Mc'ALLEN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Knoxville, Team THERE are any housekeepers not using ROYAL BAKING POWDER, its. great qualities warrant them in making a trial of it.

The ROYAL BAKING POWDER takes the place of soda and cream of tartar, is more convenient, more economical, and makes the biscuit, cake, pudding and dumpling lighter, sweeter, more delicious and wholesome.

Those who take pride in making the finest food say that it is quite indispensable therefor.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK. ENTIRE THE THE THE THE THE TENT OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

A Wicked Parrot.

Baldheaded people are continually being made the butt of other people's jokes. It is not often, though, that you hear of a parrot taking advantage of our misfortune and setting a thing happened to me a few weeks ago, and I will tell you how it was. An old college chum of mine received a parrot as one of his wedding presents, and both he and his wife are greatly attached to the bird. He is in the habit of getting out of his cage and roaming over the house at his own sweet will. One day the cook caught Polly in the act of pulling some pickled onions from a jar that stood on the kitchen table; she was so angry that she threw a dipper of hot water she had in her hand at him, some of which landed on top of his head, and the result was that a turf of feathers came off and he was a bald-headed parrot forevermore. Months after this occurrence I called at the home of my friend to spend the evening. The parrot's cage hung up in the hall in such a position that he could command a view of the front door. As I stepped inside the door and removed my hat, displaying my extensive bald pate, Polly at once cried out in the plainest

"Ha, ha, so you have been at the pickled onions, too, have you?"-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Western resort hotel has introduced something new in the way of entertainment for the guests. A channel runs back of the hotel, and, as it is known to abound in carp and catfish, some genius of the institution hit upon the plan of setting the guests to fishing, that they might while away the lagging hours of the afternoons. Sometimes the catch is large, and since the new pastime was inaugurated some two hundred pounds of fish bave been landed on the bank by the piscatorial prowess of the guests of the hotel. Generally there are several small boys about, who are rewarded by being given the catch, and sometimes the man who lands a nice bite wants a nice bite himself and has the chef of the institution to put it on the pan for him .--- Chicago Herald.

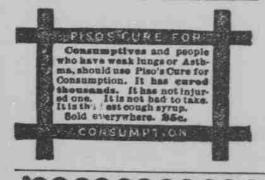
PIERCE ANTEES A CURE

OR MONEY IS REFUNDED. Disease follows a run-down system with

the liver inactive and the blood disordered. Pimples, Boils, Sores, Carbuncles, Ulcers, and like manifestations of impure blood, should be driven out of the system with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Mrs. Kuhn, of 618 B.
16th Street, New York
City, writes as follows;
"It pleases me to
state that I had a run-



change after using 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,' I took a few bottles and was soon cured. Later my husband had a lump behind his car; he tried MRS. KUHN. your medicine, and one bottle cured him. ahall always recommend your medicines.



Official German reports sho, 7 that the number of deaths caused by h thtning have been increased by about \$ '00 per cent. from the season of 1870 to 1882. The author attributes this too the gradual disappearance of forestand and to the greater use of metals in building construction. Lightning protectors have yielded excellent resuits in most cases, and it is deemed essential that all high buildings should be provided with them.

Only 10.23 per cent, of the voting strength of this nation is colored.

A Brautiful Skin

is one of the chief requisites of an a.t. tractive appearance. Rough, dry, scaly patches, little blis'ery eruptions, red and unsightly ringworms-these would spoil the beauty of a veritable Venus. They are completely and quickly cured by Tetterine. 50 cents a box at drug stores or postp. sid by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

MUTINIES in the army have kept the courts of Lima busy for some time.

The Best Men Wanted. "Yes, we want the strongest and best men among the readers of your paper to represent us in their respective localities, either devoting a lor any part of their time to our business. Men and women who stand well are offered exceptional opportunities for profitable work." That is what B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., say in reference to their advertisement.

DETROIT, Mich, will spend \$550,000 on the streets to provide work.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constitution, 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1

Gold keeps going to Europe at a lively

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Bye water, Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Farmers Nour Paint!

IMPROVE YOUR PROPERTY and avoid paying extravagant profits to Tousts and Monopoiles. You can make it from 10 to 20 cents a gallon principally out of materials now assess to you.

No trouble to manufacture. No delay, Enormous saving. Guaranteed as aurable as any PAINT in the world. The U. Government has been using this PAINT ou its war-ships for 6 years. The colors are White, straw, Buff, Gray, Drab, Red, Salmon, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Stone Slate, etc. Red, Salmon, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Stone Slate, etc.
Will mail you formulas, with full directions for any three colors, for \$1 - any one color for 50c.
The PAINT is no experiment: It has been made and sold, under various brands, for years. This is your chance to avail yours if or the formulas, and paint your houses at one cents the usual cost. We are incorporated under the laws of Md. Can give the most trustworthy references, and mean just what we say. THE FARMERS SPECIALTY CO., 417 Law Building, BALTIMORE, MD.
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L. Douclas \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. \$5. CORDOVAN, 4.35.50 FINE CALF& KANBARDIE \$ 3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$250\$2. WORKINGMENS \$2.\$1.75 BOYSSCHOOL SHOES BEST DONGOLA

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