hold refuse!

#### AT THE TABERNACLE.

THE INGATHERING SEASON THE OC-CASION OF AN IMPORTANT LESSON.

Dr. Talmage Thinks the Ancients Were Acquainted with Our American Corn-The

ing of the Harvest of Earth. BROOKLYN, Nov. 27.-Rev. Dr. Talmage today chose for his subject of discourse one eminently suited to the time following the ingathering of the harvests and to the thanksgiving season. The decorations of the Thanksgiving day still remained on the platform and the galleries, and long rows of yellow and white corn on the front and back of the platform were in accord with the sermon. The text selected was Job v, 20, "As a shock of corn cometh in in

his season." This is the time of the year for husking corn. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or in any of the country districts, you know that the corn is all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisns of straw into a band, and then, gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock. There are now at least two billion bushels of corn either standing in the shock or having been al ready husked. The farmers gather one day on one farm and then another day on another farm, and they put on their rough husking apron, and they take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leathern loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss

it into the golden heap. Then the wagons come along and take it to the cornerib. THE RIBLE USES CORN AS A TYPE. About corn as an important cereal corn as a metaphor the Bible is constantly speaking. You know about the people in famine coming to buy corn of Joseph, and the foxes on fire running into the "standing corn," and about the oxen treading out the corn, and about the seven thin ears of corn that in Pharoah's dream devoured the seven good ears, and the "parched corn" handed to beautiful Ruth by the harvesters of Bethlehem, and Abigail's five measures of "parched corn," with which she hoped to appease the enemies of her drunken husband, and David's description of the valleys "covered over with corn," and "the handful of corn in the earth," and "the full

corn in the ear," and Christ's Sabbath morning walk through corn fields, and the disciples "plucking ears of corn," and so I am not surprised to find corn husking time referred to in my text, "As a shock of corn How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remem-. brance of husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts, which had silvered everything during the night, began to melt off the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others

their fingers or thrashing their arms around their body to keep up warmth of circulation. Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. The men take hold of the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there

for warmth attempt escape. The withe of straw is unwound from the corn shock, and the stalks heavy with the wealth of grain are rolled into two bundles, between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain disimprisoned is hurled up into the sunlight. The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe that some laugh, and some shout, and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods in an eventide in a carriage that holds but two. and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn shocks before sundown.

After awhile the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cel lars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there is carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles, but more with tears, as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the field, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." THERE IS NO DEATH TO THE CHRISTIAN.

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields. but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize. for there have been grains of corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio; so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it; just as you and I threw it; just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls while we think of coming in at last "like a shock of corn cometh in in his

season."

It is high time that the King of Terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters, instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to roseate June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamonded wristlets of a bridal party, or, to use the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother, and I would that I could break up your sadnesses and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by

some cheering and cheerful view of the We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence; frost on the stubble; frost on the ground; frost on the bare branches of the trees: frost in the air; frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide between the corn stacks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek, and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun was high up, and all the frests went out of the air, and hilari- into the sunshine, out of the darkness into ties awakened the echoes, and joy from one the light, out of the tearing, and the ripcorn shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was | ping, and the twisting, and the wrenching answered by joy from another corn shock, and lacerating, and the husking time of death of our friend is the nipping of many | granary "like as a shock of corn cometh expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the in in his season.' frosting of many of our hopes. It is far

from being a south wind. when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy by the gladness that cometh in "like a | him where he could get a good doctor. Oh,

Of course the busking time made rough work with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in, and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then there was a pull and there was a ruthless tearing, and then a complete snapping off before the corn was free, and if the husk could have spoken it would have said: "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ah, my friends, that is the Harvest of the Year but a Foreshadowway God has arranged that the ear and husk shall part, and that is the way he has arranged that the body and the soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know that they are only forwarding the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge of the husking peg. Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker.

There is gold in you that must come out. Some way the shackle must be broken. Some way the ship must be launched for heavenly voyage. You must let the Heavealy Husbandman husk off the mortality from the immortality. There ought to be great consolation in this for all who have chronic ailments, since the Lord is gradually and more mildly taking away from you that which hinders your soul's liberaion, doing gradually for you what for many of us in robust health perhaps he will do in one fell blow at the last. At the close of every illness, at the close of every paroxysm, you ought to say, "Thank God. that is all past now; thank God, I will never have to suffer that again; thank God, I am so much nearer the hour of lib eration.'

You will never suffer the same pain wice. You may have a new pain in an old place, but never the same pain twice. The pain does its work and then it dies. Just so many plunges of the crowbar to free the quarry stone for the building. Just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statue. Just so many pangs to separate the soul from the body. You who have chronic ailments and disorders are only paying in installments that which some of us will have to pay in one payment when we pay the debt of nature. Thank God, therefore, ye who have chronic disorders, that you have so much less suffering at the last. Thank God that you will have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the hands of the Heavenly Husbandman when "the shock of corn cometh in in his

THE SOLBOWS OF THIS LIFE. Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morn ing, but did not answer, Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn, and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off the ear and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed, while, on the other hand, there was corn that hardly seemed worth husking.

We threw that into a place all by itself. and we called it nubbins. Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mice nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. they stood blowing their breath through Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn basket, and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us Joke and repartee and rustic salutation | there are people who amount to comparaof usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildewed all over Great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the

kingdom of our God. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life-who would not rather be torn and wounded and lacerated and wrenched and husked and at last go in amid the very best grain of the granery-tian to be pronounced not worth husking at all? Nubbins? In other words, I want to say to you people who see them. have distress of body and distress in business and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory; it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have busked you.

REJOICE TOGETHER. You remember also that in the time of husking it was a neighborhood reunion. By the great fireplace in the winter, the fires roaring around the glorified backlogs on an old fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociality; but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they same in the very best humor, and they came from beyond the meadow, and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles

Good spirits reigned supreme, and there were great handshakings, and there was carnival, and there was the recital of the rightest experience in all their lives, and here was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes all the nerves of by body tro ble with emotion as the

ing time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so heaven will be just that. old village churchyard. There they come up! They reclined amid the fountains and | ceded us "as a shock of corn cometh in in the sculpture and the parterres of a city cemetery. There they come up! They went down when the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras. They come up from all sides-from potter's field and out of the solid masonry of Westminster abbey.

They come up! They come up! All the hindrances to their better natur husked off. All their spiritual despond encies husked off. All their hindrance to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the God fashiened grain, visible and conspicuous. Some of them of earth were such disagreeable Christian you could hardly stand it in their presence Now in heaven they are so radiant you hardly know them. The fact is, all their imperfections have been husked off. The did not mean on earth to be disagreeable They meant well enough, but they told you how sick you looked, and they told you how many hard things they had heard about you, and they told you how often they had to stand up for you in some bat tles until you wished almost that they had been slain in some of the battles. Good pious, concentrated, well meaning dis agreeables. Now in heaven all their of fensiveness has been husked off. Each one

is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven - one great neighborhood re union. All kings and queens, all song sters, all millionaires, all banqueters. God the Father with his children all around him. No "goodby" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprase, into seas of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in; out of the frosts "Aha, aha!" So we all realize that the earth into the wide open door of the king's

THE SOCIETY OF HEAVEN. Yes, heaven is a great sociable, with joy It comes out of the frigid north, and like the joy of husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one that is not so large. Archangel will ing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolt our dead neighbors, our dead families, and ing of the door of caste at one heavenly we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller we will get over it amid the shoutings of mansion. No clique in one corner whisperheavenly reunion, and we will look back to | ing about a clique in another corner. David all these distresses of bereavement only as taking none of the airs of a giant killer Joshua making no one balt until he passes because he made the sun and moon halt: cometh in the morning." "Light, and but | Paul making no assumption over the most for a moment," said the apostle as he clapped his hands; "light, and but for a man, captain of the Syrian host, no more moment," The chill of the frosts followed | honored than the captive maid who told

man a king, the poorest woman a queen, the meanest house a palace, the shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange

about it all is we may all get there. "Not I," says some one standing back under the galleries. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has not been in church fifteen years before. Yes, you. "Not says some one who has been for fifty years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you. There are monopolies on earth-monopolistic railroads and monopolistic telegraph companies and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopolies in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course use common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking the ship for Portland, and you cannot get to heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race

ALL WILL BE AT HOME THERE. "But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernal society if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was a great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one corn shock a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all that covered by a mortgage.

That evening, at the close of the husking day, one man drove home a roan span so frisky, so full of life they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means, but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times. And so it will be in heaven. Our Father will gather his children around him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one wiil say: "Here is my old father that I put away with heartbreak. Just look at him! He is as young as any of us!"

And some one will say: "Here is my darling child that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation. Just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute!" Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness. Go in and dine. What though John Milton sit down on one side and John Howard sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs? A songster yourself, why be embarrassed among glorified songsters? Go

All the shocks of corn coming in in their season. Oh, ves, in their season. Not one of you having died too soon, or having died too late, or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time. Plowed at just the right time. Cut down at just the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time, Coming in in your season. Oh, I wish that the two billion bushels of corn now in the fields or on their way to the seaboard might be a type of the grand yield of honor and glory and immortality when all the

THE MEMORIES OF YOUTH. I do not know how you are constituted. but I am so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a corn field when I cross it at this time of year after the corn has been cut and it stands in shocks. And so I have thought it might be practically useful for us today to cross the corn field, and I have thought perhaps there might be some reminiscence roused in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In Sweden a prima donna, while her house in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to

One night after displaying these jewels and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone-one summer night-she sat thinking and looking into a mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos of the song more telling. Suddenly she noticed, while looking at the mirror, that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did not come back. degenerate descendants, the farmers used A few days after the prima donna received a letter from the robber, saying, "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night, and I came to take them at whatever hazard, but when I heard you sing

so often sang me to sleep I could not stand it, and I fled, and I have resolved upon a new and honest life." Oh, my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song relling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhood, or some song rolling in out of the corn fields, the song of the huskers twenty or forty years ago, might turn strings of a harp when the fingers of the all our feet out of the paths of sin into the player have swept the chords. The husk- paths of righteousness. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift There they come up! They slept in the fect toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already pre-

that nursery song with which my mother

bis season."

The Color of the Blood. Having recently examined a large number of specimens of human blood from persons of different ages, ranging from four to seventy-six years, some being these in robust health, others being tuberculous, I was struck with the great difference in the shade of color presented, some being of very rich tint, others very pale. The richest color was in the blood of a girl twenty-six years of age, a graduate of Vassar college, who had the highest anthropometic measurement for respiratory capacity in a class of about 500 girls. Her health was excellent, and she consumed rather more flesh food than is usual.

The next highest tint was found in the blood of a woman about seventy years old. with a somewhat unusual chest measure ment, having also excellent respiratory capacity and being in fine health. This woman, on the contrary, does not eat fiesh at all. I expected in her case to find a more than ordinary number of white blood corpuscles, but there were far less than usual, it being difficult to find them, they

The palest blood was from a chlorotic servant girl of twenty-five years and in a tuberculous boy of four. There was not much perceptible difference in their cases. The girl had naturally good respiratory power, but she had lessened it by tight clothing and an almost constant indoor life for a long time. After spending a month at the seaside I examined her blood again and found the tint somewhat deeper than before.-M. L. Holbrook in Science.

Value of the Shitting in 1600. We know that in Sbakespeare's day, say A. D. 1600, sixpence a day was a fortune for any workingman, say the equivalent of ten pounds per annum. A century earlier, before the access to America was open to English explorers, one of the Ardens of Warwickshire left an annuity of forty shillings per annum to a younger son, probably the poet's great-granduncle. Then if sixpence a day would now be the equivalent to twenty shillings a week, then forty shillings per annun would equate to £120 of present values .-- Notes and Queries.

The Rainlest Day of the Moon. A celebrated aeronaut asserts, after patient investigation, that the ninth day of the moon is the most rainy day of the whole twenty-eight, and 4 o'clock in the afternoon the rainiest hour of the day. shock of corn cometh in in his season," my soul, what a country! The humblest -Chambers' Journal

THE MYSTERY UNRAVELED.

Clever Newspaper Man Divines the Reason of a Tremendous Blockade. "Who is hurt?"

"Anybody been run over?"

"Is it a man in a fit?"

High above the ceaseless rumble and rear of traffic rese human voices in anxious inquiry, and the dense throng at the intersection of State and Madison streets grew denser still. It was just before sunset, and the mighty heart of Chicago's business center throbbed with the feverish energy that marked the closing hours of another day of toil, and the harrying homeward of restless, eager thousands. The swiftly moving streams of humanity that are wont to meet in eddying whirls in this dizzy vortex and then diverge and move onward again, each in its destined course, had suddenly become blocked and chaos reigned. Pushed toward the common center by the ever hurrying throngs afoot, in carriages and in street cars, and unable to extricate themselves, men, women and children gasped for breath, and the

hither and you like the resistless ebb and flow of a mighty sea. A policeman on the outskirts of the dense throng climbed a lamppost, and from his elevated position surveyed the

crowd in the streets and on the side-

walks overflowed into alleys and surged

"Give him air," he shouted sternly, waving his club. "Give him air!" "What's the matter?" inquired a hun-

dred voices as he climbed down. "I don't know," he answered, and with gloomy, lowering brow he strutted up the street, disappeared down a short flight of stairs, from which a few moments later he emerged, wiping his mouth, and in the same stern, uncompromising way he walked a block farther and sent in a fire alarm.

Meanwhile the surging multitude at State and Madison grew every moment more appalling and inextricable. Something must be done.

Fiercely eibowing his way through the crowd, a newspaper reporter at last was seen bearing down toward the center of the compact mass. His hat was off, his hair flying in the wind, and his face was deathly pale, but with set teeth and dilated nostrils he tore his way along, thrusting to the right and left every one who opposed his progress.

Reaching the center of the throng he seized two individuals by their arms, and in the same resolute, fearless way opened a passage for them to the outside, and, as if by magic, the vast concourse dissolved; the converging streams of humanity whirled and eddied as before, and the business heart of the great city throbbed again.

The reporter had conjectured rightly. The blockade was caused by two women who had met in the exact center of the street and stopped to tell each other the troubles they were having with their hired girls.-Chicago Tribune.

"Very" with a Verb. "Pleased," in the expression "very pleased," is nothing more than the past participle passive of "please" used as an adjective. "Very," so far as I am aware, is never used with any other part of a verb, and then only when that part has become adjective by usage. The following quotation from Pope's "Dunciad" shows its use as an adjective: Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high wrought And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st

A similar use of the word is when we say a person's face has "a pleased expression." This being the case it is as correct to say "very pleased" as to say "very much pleased." Annandale's "Imperial Dictionary," subject "Very," has: "Among old writers very was frequently used alone to modify a past participle, and it is still to some extent so used; thus, Sir W. Jones has 'very concerned; Gibbon, 'very unqualified;' Sydney Smith, 'very altered,'etc."

As there is no verb unqualify, unqualified can be nothing else but an adjective, and concerned and altered come under the same part of speech. When we say, "I am very pleased," there is no action implied, but there is simply a description of the state or condition in which one is at the time of speaking .-F. C. Birkbeck Terry in Notes and

Her Rule of Life. Mrs, Little was a woman greatly respected in the little neighborhood where she lived. Her friends and neighbors often spoke of her knowledge of Bibla teachings, and few were the occasions when she did not remind them of her attainments by some apt quotation. "How is it, Mrs. Little," asked a neigh-

member some suitable quotation for everything that happens?" "Oh, I don't know," responded the good woman with a pleased smile, "unless 'tis because I always act on what I ray. Now, whenever I see folks provoked I jest associate it with 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' "I've always acted on that myself. I made it a rule when I was young never

bor one day, "that you can always re-

to let the sun go down when I was mad. And so it is with other things, and I s'pose that's one reason I remember."-Youth's Companion.

The Pottery Tree of Brazil. The pottery tree, found in Brazil, is curious and useful. One would scarcely expect to find pots and jars and pitchers growing in if not on a tree, but the material for them certainly grows in this tree. It is found in the form of silica, chiefly in the bark, although the very hard wood of the tree also yields it. To make this curious pottery the bark is burned, and what remains is ground to powder and mixed with clay. - Harper's Young People.

Mollie Fancher's Ring. Mollie Fancher wears a pretty birthday ring. The setting is modern, but the gem itself is said to have been found at Pompeii. It is an orange red sardonyx, with a funeral urn cut in intaglio. and is set very simply in Etruscan gold -New York Lecorder.

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ASH BARREL PHILOSOPHY.

The Comedy and Tragedy of a Household Recalled by Its Receptacle for Debris. An ash barrel overflowing with house-

Not a very tempting object, but a vol ume of philosophy is stowed away among the curious debris of this fat receptacle on the curbstone. Near the top is a bit of dainty fabric-a mere fragment of a woman's handkerchief. It has fluttered in the brisk sea breeze of Newport of Long Branch, a pretty vehicle of gay flirtations. A sad spectacle it is now with its torn and soiled lace edging. Be neath this relic of the flown summer lie the ferruled end of a heavy walkin stick—the gift of a fond mamma to he fair haired boy, who is considered a great swell among his fellow chappie: The cane was a bit out of fashion when the youngster's mother presented it. an-"the fellows of the club," you know guyed him about the stick. In a fit of anger he broke the thing over his know (a wondrous feat of strength), and i found its way next morning to the as barrel.

Peeping from beneath a broken from dish is the tiny toe of a dilapidate. patent leather boot. The graceful line of a feminine foot are still there, despite the shabbiness. Do you think this sandal of a modern Venus still remembers the night that Harry Highflier begged to drink in champagne the health of his adored one from this same castoff piece of footgear?

A battered, torn and glossless silk hat of a date long past next comes to light. Through what vicissitudes has this discarded "tile" accompanied paterfamilias! It would still be reposing in a corner of an attic closet had not the wife of the wearer's bosom thrown it in the rubbish pile.

What a jumble of broken objects are overturned by the prodding hookyoung girl's glove; a bunch of wilted roses, with a card attached (compliments of Dick Dovely); a fragment of mirror, with the end of a spray of forget menots painted on its silver surface; shred of materfamilias' wedding dress a shattered Nankeen vase; a badly cracked billiard ball and the remnant

of a schoolboy's slate! Ah, but here is a symbol of gayetythe green nose of a pot bellied demijoha -retund and robust, and not a mite disconcerted by its present unfortunate pasition. Its fiery contents, long since disappeared down the throats of men, has helped to cheer as well as make foolish the drinkers at its font. The scrap of rug, which stands like a soft wall be tween a sharp edged brick and the willow clad sides of the demijohn had saved the latter from destruction. Good luck usually attends the wicked and unthink-

Some scraps of paper are blown up ward by the strong autumn breeze. They are fragments of a letter. "Must have -money immediately-been foolish--lost all-gambling-mean to reformyour refusal-will be ruined."

for me-very happy-call soon-your CUMBERLAND, BLACKSMITH and other own."-New York Recorder.

Dr. Laing's Method of Distilling. Some interesting processes in obtaining distilled or lighter products from mineral oils have been described by Dr. Laing, of Edinburgh, before the Royal Scottish Society of Arts. Among these he names the arrangement of a still in such a manner that the oil is continurequired density is obtained. Dr. Laing showed that radiant heat is a powerful agent in breaking down oil vapors, and Blue, Black and Brown Cheviot can be utilized by passing the gases as they leave the still through a superheater at a high temperature, placed

between the still and the condenser. His ingenious method for distilling under pressure-by means of which a hold is kept on all the considerable gases until liquefied-he describes as consisting of a relief tank interposed between the pressure valve and the condenser. into which the gases escape as they come from the still, the pressure here getting distributed over such a large area that it is practically reduced to nil, the oil running to the receiver at ordinary at-

mospheric pressure. Dr. Laing's new form of still for preventing oils being broken down, as in distilling for lubricating oils and paraffine wax, is so constructed that the nonconducting heavy residues which are continually forming under distillation are constantly being removed from the source of heat.—New York Sun.

The Wires Under the Sea. The world's submarine cables now measure about 143,011 nautical miles. in 1,168 sections. Different governments control 833 sections, or 13,383 miles, France claiming 3,269 miles, Great Britain 1,599, Germany 1,579, and Italy 1,027 miles. The remaining 335 cables, aggregating 129,628 miles, are owned by private companies. This great length of cable has been nearly all made on the banks of the Thames, but Italy now has a cable factory, and France will soon have two. To lay and repair the cables requires the constant service of a specially equipped fleet of thirty-seven vessels of 56,955 tons .- Ohio State Journal.

Sold Beds Besides Preaching. An active pastor, who has now retired from both ministerial and commercial life, was for many years partner in an iron bedstead business, and was not ashamed. He was accustomed to boast that his connection with business enabled him to live in a good house, to dress his wife well, to educate his children, to keep a respectable table for his friends, to help the poor and to benefit the church, all of which was true .- National Review.

A Reply from Tennyson. On one occasion it was publicly stated that Terayson had drawn his inspiration from Horace and Keats, and a correspondent wrote to ask him if this were so. "No," he replied; "Horace and Keats were great masters, but not my masters."-New York Tribune.

Financially Embarassed. A large manufacturer, whose affairs were very much embarrassed, and who was overworked and broken down with nervous exhaustion, went to a celebrated specialist. He was told that the only thing needed was to be relieved of care and worry, and have a change of thought. This doctor was more considerate of his patient's health than of his financial circumstances. He ought to 311 N. HOWARD ST., BALTO. storative Nervine, the best remedy for nervous prostration, sleeplessness, dizziness, headache, ill effects of spirits,

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