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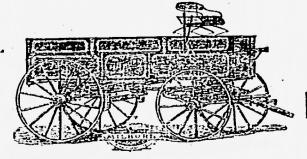
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THE VANISHED VOICE. There stood a tree beside his boylood's door That faced the west, and often, just before The sundown, seemed transfigured with the

That flooded in, and keen upon his sight Burned images of flame; and from the tree Fluted a nameless bird so goldenly He seemed part of the sunset and the sky.

The listener has listened for that ery Of love and longing many a weary time And heard it never; nor ean mortal rhymo-Encompass half its sweetn ss. Could the

The homely homestead, and the subtle grace Of youth return, the magic moment when The westering day shows heaven to morta

Though transiently, perchance the chanting Would be there too, perchance his voice were

The listener listens vainly. Song is rifo Still in the world, still love illumines life, But he would give the all of after-years, Its triumphs, wisdoms, and revealing tears To list that little bird-soul from its nest Leap into lyric rapture, sink to rest, Youth in the air, and sunset in the west.

"Ruth Temple, Spinster."

-Richard Burton, in Harper's.



typed book, ostentationsly labeled in groof the Lebanon

explanatory remarks anent their diet was that "she was game." spiritual or material welfare, past,

history.

thetic atmosphere of her little sitting-

When she had turned the pages till she came to the directory she laid the book on the table before her and let she came to the T's. There it was in fectatiously employed by the committee-"Ruth Temple, Spinster." The too on the old-fashioned name with

eral inclination, but in spite of that tance. for six months after her removal to bent down before the overwhelming then he said, abruptly: tide of their eloquence without one

feeble spurt of opposition. she got her letter from the Kansas surprise among us all. I have under- | reads it with a smile-"Ruth Weston." City church under whose guidance she stood that your relations with the had passed through youth and the congregation were very pleasant mercies of the committee, with the result that hers was the most conspicuous name in the whole membership move on your part. Why do you directory, for among its 200 odd wor- wish to leave us, Miss Temple?" directory, for among its 200 odd worshipers she was the only one who was entitled to be called a spinster. On that Monday afternoon when

the blue-veined index finger quietly | sensitive lips trembled. kept time to the evolutions of her brain, there was a strange, new shadow word and the cultivation of an effect blessedness." tive style of delivering its messages and a practical demonstration of its theories so far as human nature would been impressed with his carnestness with an uneasy smile. and perhaps it was his few well-chosen words of encouragement more than Sunday he had never preached a sermon whose theme could not safely be set down as a guide-post in her spirit-

ual life to which she could turn with But that day he had struck hitherto unsounded keys, and the notes jarred | book fall to the floor with a crash and on her painfully. "I shall speak to choking down a sob of mingled grief ing mechanism of emotion, passion, purned its way into her heart and ness to pry into." brain. Monday afternoon the sears still throbbed and ached, and she bowed her head over the report and general history, and let the tears trickle out through her heavy lashes and blot the page whereon the history of "It was a shame for him to talk so,"

The sermon from beginning to end was a monument to injustice. I don't men as much as for men, and that the the letter cannot be granted." great part she was expected to play in life and falls short of the requirements decisively, and there the interview of the elect. Every woman can't ended. detest him and the whole congrega-

the charge of deliberate calumny. | tendant at the meetings. Throughout the week she attended prayer meeting and held up her end nor had stirred up.

of his text was similar to that of the 'Perhaps he will make his meaning mands and refused to take upon her- ing at." backed, large- self the responsibilities of a wife and Sunday after Sunday when Israel perfect homemaker.

tesque gilt letters copal Church that morning had rend calm, demure face was now absent, "The Report and or heard of that portion of the report and Sunday after Sunday a tide of General History and general history in which Ruth bitter disappointment pulsed through Methodist Episcopal Church," and the rustling of each leaf as it fluttered the rustling of each leaf as it fluttered significantly toward the Temple pew tried to call into activity. One day through her thin fingers was a har- and tacitly agreed that the theological he came to a sudden determination. monious accompaniment to a plain. ammunication was intended for none All morning the thought of her intive little sigh that seemed to issue other than Ruth herself. There was a truded and had hopelessly tangled itfrom the innermost recesses of Miss bright red spot glowing in either cheek self with the half-formed outline of Ruth's being and trembled away in as she walked out of the church at the his next sermon. Shortly after noon pitcous undulations on the unsympatical of the sermon and her eyes had he closed his desk and started towards taken on themselves an unusual bright- Miss Temple's home. She was along ness. Everybody wondered how she and her face expressed considerable The last ten pages of the book con- would take it and they ranged them- surprise when he entered. tained complete plans and specifica- selves along the edge of the nisle she tions of the church, from the founda- would have to pass through and gath- been preaching on the text, 'It is tion to the weather-vane, and a full- ered in knots in the vestibule to see if not well for man to be alone," he fledged directory of all its members, she showed any visible signs of pertogether with their addresses and any turbation, and their unanimous verawkwardly with his watch chain.

slowly down the membership list till of their deliberations was that they gravely. decided to let her go her heretic way

the ridiculously large, black type af- in peace if she could give some wellgrounded reason for wishing to cut delicate, blue-veined hand rested there | tions. The minister was appointed a | will let you know." and the index finger beat a quiet tat- committee of one to call on her and It was two months before he saw the report and general history in her him. Ruth Temple had lived in Lebanon lap when Israel Weston, under the only a year. She was a Methodist by chaperonage of the landlady's little "Do you wish to hear it?" birth and by education and by gen- girl, tapped at the door for admit-

She laid the red-backed book, open the place she had declined to unite at the T's in the membership direcwith any church. At the expiration tory, on the table, and let him in. semi-religious essay on political amof that time, however, the pillars of The minister rubbed the palms of his bition, and from that time on he has the Methodist Episcopal congregation, whose services she had attended which served as a sort of lubricant for rying and giving in marriage. with great regularity, got after her the flow of his words, which never with all the persuasive power of their came quite so readily in house-to-combined forces and her will was house visiting as in the pulpit, and Methodist Episcopal Church. The

"At the meeting of the church di-Three months before the issuing of letter as you requested. It is needless ship list is another on which her inthe latest report and general history to say that it produced not a little dex finger often rests and its owner early years of maturity, and gave her- Nevertheless, we have decided to grant up unreservedly to the tender you a letter of withdrawal in good standing it you can give us a satisfactory explanation of this extraordinary The crimson spots that had burned in her cheeks the previous Sunday

flamed into sudden life again and her "When a woman whose only crime s that she has never seen fit to give of perplexity in Miss Ruth's smile in- herself wholly into the keeping of dientive of the disturbing train of any man is assailed promiseously by meditation that had found a foothold | both her pastor and his parishioners in her mind. The unusual fermenta- tor that one grievous fault I think it morning sermon of the day before. with some other denomination which The Rev. Israel Weston, pastor of the will be willing to take her just

had been spent in the study of the the error of remaining in single The Rev. Israel Weston crossed his

long legs and coughed nervously.

"I do," was the emphatic reply. "And this also," she added, taking anything else that had brought her the red book from the table and hold finger again pointed to the tear-blotted name, "Ruth Temple, Spinster."
"And you think—" be commenced,

looking at her half-wonderingly, halfpityingly.
"I think," she cried, letting the

day from Genesis ii., 18, 'It is not good that man should be alone. I got up this report are a lot of precious and nutrition.—Scientific American. will make him a helpmeet for him.'" numbskulls. I may be unduly sensi-The Rev. Israel Weston had pre- tive about some things, but I have my faced the announcement of the text | reasons for feeling so, and I can't help | with a conscientious cough and a com- it, and I think you are equally obtuse | been constructed in Austria which are prehensive sweep of his long, white and far more unfeeling than they, for said to be the largest of their kind in vhich seemed to be a missile aimed life the whys and wherefores of which | feet. The other, situated at Jaruna, | directly at Ruth Temple, and which you nor anybody else has any busi- has a span of 157.5 feet. About thirty-

staring at her in silence at the end of bridges. About fifty-five tons of her impassioned outburst. "But can't you see?" he said at sand cubic feet of ordinary mortar length picking up the book from the were used in the work. In beginning

His own face flushed faintly. "You do not see or understand," he believe it, that text was meant for wo- said deliberately, "and for that reason

woman who fails to marry misses the 'But for all that I am through with

marry, and he ought to know that. Ruth Temple's name was not crased He had better take his own prescrip- from the membership list, but she tion and hunt a wife for himself. It lived up to her hastily made yow and was cruel. He had no right to make kept away from the Methodist Church. me the target for his burning philip- Perhaps Israel Weston's sermons were pics, which doubtless are expressive of quoted more frequently and with more whatever disappointment and ill-feel- accuracy during the following month ing there may be rankling in his own than they had ever been before or ever heart on the subject. I thoroughly will be again, for all of Ruth Temple's interested friends considered it their ion, and I'll withdraw from the church | bounden duty to recall to her every idea of each discourse at so much sen-But her vexation were itself away sation per sentence, and she was kept in tears and by morning her forgiving as well informed of all matters in spirit had acquitted Israel Weston of which he had still been a regular at

"He's eternally harping on the mar-riage question," said Miss Temple's of the aid society and the numerous landlady one day, critically. "Someother auxiliary societies and did her times he gets his text from the Old work with such becoming meckness Testament, sometimes from the New. that the minister had no conception | What on earth he means by it I don't of the tempest of heartaches his ser- know. He must have an object, but what it is not one of the congregation The following Sunday the purport is smart enough to find out."

preceding and he pointed out in terms plain in his own good time and way," that were terrifying to the guilty the Ruth answered with her quiet smile, awful fate that was sure to overtake 'and in the meantime I don't suppose the woman who disobeyed divine com- it matters much to us what he is driv

Weston took his place in the pulpit Every man, woman and child who had wandered into the Methodist Epis- wards the Temple pew from which the

"I came to tell you why I have meant it for you in a certain sense, There was an official meeting of the but the message has far greater sigpresent or to come, that the commit- various church boards and commit- nificance for myself. Can't you see, tee might see fit to append thereto, tees the next Tuesday evening, and Ruth? I preached at both of us. I for it was one of the tenets of the just before their adjournment the thought it would strike a responsive Lebanon Methodist Church that there | Rev. Israel Weston real to all the pil- | chord in your own heart and that you should be no hopes and aspirations in lats and lights there assembled a let- would understand intuitively. Perter from Ruth Temple in which she haps it was not right, perhaps it was become the common property of the formally expressed a wish to sever her not minly. If I have hurt you I pray committee on the report and general connection with the Methodist Epis- you to forgive me and let me repeat copal Church forthwith and forever. the text with no listener but you." They pondered the matter and set | He said it again: "It is not good forth all the reasons as to why they that a man should be alone. I will should and why they shouldn't com- make him a help meet for him.' Can the index finger of her right hand run ply with her request, and the upshot you say it with me?" he added

Her pretty lips curved into their quiet smile, but she shook her head. "Not to-day," she answered, "but loose from her present church rela- I'll think it over, and if ever I can I

probe her feelings on the subject. He her again. One day when he came its one qualifying word, and as she chose the following afternoon to per- home from a call he found a note looked the full red lips curved them- form the duty assigned him. Miss awaiting nim which would have seemed selves into an expressive smile peculiar Ruth sat by the west window, with an unsolvable enigma to any one but "I can say it now," the line read.

When Israel Weston returned to his study that evening he destroyed the half-finished outline for his next sermon and plunged head first into a

Last month the committee got out a name "Ruth Temple, spinster," was conspicuous only by its absence, and rectors last night I presented your away down at the end of the member--Chicago News.

Influence of Trades on Faces.

A curious paper is contributed by Dr. Louis Robinson to a recent number of Blackwood's on the influence of trades on faces. It is pretty generally agreed that association with horses gives a person a horsey look; but it appears that circus riders and ring masters are exempt from the general rule, because with them the horses are regarded as mere "properties," and their minds are occupied solely with the achievement of certain feats to the satisfaction of the public. Dr. Robinson takes as types professional tion of her thoughts dated from the is about time for her to cast her lot and blacksmiths, and shows how their musicianis, priests, actors, actresses, pursuits induce strongly marked facial expression. Even the style of hair Methodist Episcopal Church, was a as she is without constantly repriman the greater portion of whose life manding her in public for committing musicians is not altogether dependent on fashion, but is evidence of trophic changes resulting from mental habits. The growth and vitality of the hair are profoundly influenced by emo-"Perhaps you allude to my last two tions. Dr. Robinson goes on to dispermit. Ruth Temple had always sermons, Miss Temple," he hazarded, cuss the other classes mentioned in the same strain, and he ends by saying that the aim of the paper is to aid those who are endeavoring to place within the fold. Until that particular ing it out before him while her index task is a difficult one, because in the physiognomy on a sound basis. The course of the article he admits that street. The street was full of those who are not only may the organic part of a man show every sign of guilt when there is no guilt, but only temptation; but it may go even further, in attaching a slanderous libel to the

Largest Masoury Bridges.

countenance, owing to the interlock-

Two masonry bridges have recently feet. The other, situated at Jaruna, has a span of 157.5 feet. About thirty-five thousand cubic feet of cut stone were used for the first of these bridges. About fifty-five tone of Portland coment and some four thousand cubic feet of ordinary mortar were used in the work. In beginning the work, the centering was loaded simultaneously at eight different points. The weight over the haunches is relieved by spandrel arches. The The minister had arisen and stood were used for the first of these blot the page whereon the history of Ruth Temple, spinster, was briefly given to all who might choose to read. "I do see," she retorted; "I do un- is relieved by spandrel arches. Tan she said at length, raising her head derstand, and that is the reason Lask other bridge is similar in design. The and looking at the name again. "He for a letter from the Methodist Episco-total cost of the Jaremeze bridge was meant me, anybody could see that, pal Church." \$36,000.—Scientific American.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divina's Sua day Sermon.

Subject: "The Worst Foe of Labor." Owing to great grief at the sudden death of his lamented wife, Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage canceled his engagement to preach, but in order that the vast congregation to which he speaks through the press may not be disappointed, a famous and always-timely sermon delivered by him on a previous cecasion is supplied for this week.]

Text: "He that carneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."-Haggai i., 6.

In Persia, under the reign of Darius Hy-it: spes, the people did not prosper. They made money, but did not keep it. They were like people who have a sack in which they put money, not knowing that the sack is torn, or eaten of moths, or in some way made incapable of holding valuables. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got, for they lost them. "He that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with

What has become of the billions and billions of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of these moneys have gone for house rent, or the purchase of homesteads, or wardrobe, or family expenses, or the necessities of life, or to provide comforts in old age. What has become of other billions? Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming-table. Wasted in intexicants. Put into a lear with a hundred hole. Put into a bag with a hundred holes. Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years, and I will build for every workngman a house, and lay out for him a gar-len, and clothe his sons in broadcloth an t his daughters in silks, and stand at his front loor a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse fee than monopoly, and worse than associated capi-

It annually swindles industry out of large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon-spell, and on his way home at ever-tide; on Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come to the family, and sacriflees it among the saloon keepers. Within eight hundred yards of San'ls Street Methodist Church, Brooklyn, it has fifty-four saloons and is plotting now for another. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it sations of this country sate by sate, and it is carefully estimated they would reach from New York to Chicago. Forward, march, says the rum power, and take possession of the American Nation! The rum business is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquids lown the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employes, I proclaim a strike universal against strong drink, which; if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the Nation. I will un-dertake to say that there is not a healthy the next ten years, if he will refuse all intoxleating beverage and be saving, may not be come a capitalist on a small scale. Our country in a year spends one billion five hundred million and fifty thousand dollars for rum. Of course the working classes do a great deal of this expenditure. Careful statistics show that the wage-earning classes of Great Britain expend in liquors one hundred million pounds, or five hundred million dollars a year. Sit down and think, O workingman! how much you have expended in these directions. Add it all up. Add up what your neighbors have expended, and ealize that instead of answering the beek of other people you might have been your own capitalist. When you deplete a workingman's physical energy you deplete Lis The stimulated workman gives out before the unstimulated workman. My father said:

though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants, I took none." oriekmaker in England gives his experience employ. He says, after investigation: "The peer-drinkers who made the fewest bricks made six hundred and flfty-nine thousand the abstainer who made the fewest bricks seven hundred and forty-six thousand." The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, eighty-seven thousand. There came a very exhausting time in the British Parliament. The session was prolonged until nearly all the members got sick or worn out. Out of six hundred and flftytwo members only two went through undamaged; they were tectotalers.
When an army goes out to the battle the teen marches easier and fights better than the soldier who has whisky in his canteen. Rum helps a man to fight when he has only one contestant, and that at the street corner. But when he goes forth to maintain some great battle for God and his country he wants no rum about him. When the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every so!lier. If there be in his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor, the man is sent back to the barracks. Why? He cannot eadure fa tigue. All our young men know this. When they are preparing for a regatta, or for a ball club, or for an athletic wrestling, they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after a while, and the money they fling away on hurtful indulgences they will put into exoperative associations, and so become capi-talists. If the workingman put down his wages and then take his expenses and spread them out, so they will just equal, he is not wise. I know workingmen who are in a perfect fidget until they get rid of their last

"I became a temperance man in early life,

because I noticed in the harvest field that,

The following circumstances came under our observation: A young man worked hard to earn his six or seven bundred dollars yearly. Marriage day came. The bride had inherited five hundred dollars from her grandfather. She spent every dollar of it on the wedding dress. Then they rented two rooms in a third story. Then the young man took extra evening employment; almost exnausted with the day's work, yet took even ing employment. It almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he ald evening employment to the day employment? To get money Why did he want to get money? To lay up something for a rainy day? No. To get his life insured, so that in ease of his death his wife would not be a beggar? No. He put the extra evening work to the day work that he might get a hundred an 1 fifty dollars to get his wife a sealskin coat. The sister of the bride heard of this achievement, and was not to be eclipsed. She was very poor, and she sat up working nearly all the nights for a great while until she bought a scalskin coat. I have not heard of the result on that on small incomes, but I suppose the contagion spread, and that everybody had a sealskin coat, and that the people came out and cried, practically, not literally: "Though the heavens fall, we must have a sealskin I was out West, and a minister of the Gos

pel told me, in Iowa, that his church and the neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philalelphia Centennial. It was not respectable not to go to the Centennial. Between such evilsand pauperism there is a very short step. The vast majority of children in your alm-houses are there because their parents are drunken, or lazy, or recklessly improvident. I have no sympathy for skinflint saving, but I plead for Christian prudence. You say rainy day. I know it, but we are at the day

their earnings, or they live I beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salarles went on to competency. I know a man who was all the time com-I know a man who was all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whisky and beer. Wilkins Micawber said to David Copperfield, "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses twenty shillings and six pence; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and six pence; result, happiness." But, O workingman of America, take your morning dram. nan of America, take your morning dram, and your noon dram, and your evening dram, and spend everything you have over for to-bacco and excursions, and you insure pov-erty for yourself and your children forever! If by some generous flat of the capitalists of this country, or by a new law of the Gov-ernment of the United States, twenty-five per cent., or fifty per cent., or one hundred per cent. were added to the wages of the working classes of America, it would be no advantage to hundreds of thousands of them unless they stopped strong drink. Aye, un-til they quit that evil habit, the more money,

the more ruin, the more wages, the more holes in the bag.

My plea this morning is to those working people who are in a discipleship to whisky bottle, the beer-mag, and the wine-flask. And what I say to them will not be more appropriate to the working classes than to the business classes, and the literary classes, and the professional classes, and all classes, and the professional classes, and all classes, and not with the people of one age more than of all ages. Take one good square look at the suffering of the man whom strong drink has enthralled, and remember that toward that goal multitudes are running. The disciple of alcoholism suffers the loss of self-

Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reachest he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He caunot. The Pailistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He enunot stop. I will proveit. He knows that his course is bringing ruln upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upor his family. He loves them. He would sto; if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago, not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try. I had a friend who was for fifteen years going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousants of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very

institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say, "I wish you would stop." "Why." he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens; he had it wish and we agree that he said "I can'd." twice; and yet, after that, he said. "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! Aud yet among his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, be-cause he could not stop it. On, there is a point in inspiration beyond which if a man One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get

man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, "Bring the hatchet and cut them off now." I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and, when he was ex-horted about his evil habit, said, "Unele, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine were set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew set on the moath of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it."

Oh, it is a salthing for a men to wa'to uin this life and feel that he is a captive! If says, "I could have got rid of this at once. but I can't now. I might havelived an hon orable life and die La Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is n escape for me. Doud, but not buried. I am a walking corose. I am an apparition of what once was. I am a cage t im nortal beating against the wires of my eags in this direc-tion; beating against the eags until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without

I go on, and say that the disciple of runsulfers from the loss of health. The older men in the congregation may re member that some years ago Dr. Sewell went hrough this country and electrific I the peo ple by his lectures, in which he showed the ffects of alcoholism on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upor the physical system. There were thousand of people that turned back from that ulcer-oussketch, swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate. God only knows what the drunkar I suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travel-

every musele, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creep-ing limbs! What flends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his sou!! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Jug-gernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ver been in the ward of the hospital where these incbrintes are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, now, be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Help! Help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they shield and they gray and they place out shrick, and they rave, and they plack out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groun, and they shrick, and they blasphene, and they skrick, and they blasphene, and they ask the keeper to kill the n—"Stab me! Snother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch! That thing is going on now all up and down the land, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming. Again, the inebriate suffers through th I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if his passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most out-rageous things; and if he could not get

drink in any other way, he would sell hi family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. Do not tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags. Why, there are on the roads and streets of this land today little children, barefooted, unwashed and unkempt—want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well elad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O rum, thou too of God, thou spoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!
But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the unfortunate of whom I speak suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our back passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go dong with us and make our torment there So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wake hands, and then had launched into a you publicly set me up as an object of discourse, every caustic sentence of ridicule because I hold a station in which seemed to be a missile simed life the whys and wherefores of which feet. The other situated at Jarung. poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity where is the rum to come from? Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell!

his feet and cry, "That is rum, aha! That is rum!" And it would wake up the echoes of the damned—"Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's absence of that will have the dribbard's sorrow. I do not believe that it will be the absence of light. I do not believe that it will be the absence of holines. I think it will be the absence of rum. Oh, "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a scrpent, and it stingeth like an

It is about time that we have another wo-

nan's crusade like that which swept through

Ohlo ten or twelve years ago. With prayer and song the women went into the groggeries, and whole neighborhoods, towns and cities were redeemed by their Christian heroics. Thirty women cleared out the rum traffic from a village of one thousan I inhabitants. If thirty women, surcharged of the Holy Ghost, could renovate a town of a thousand, three thousand consecrate I women, resolved to give themselves no peace until this crime was extirpated from this city, could in six months clear out three-fourths of he grog-shops of Brooklyn. If there be three thousand women now in this city who will put their hands and their hearts to the work, I will take the contract for driving out all these moral nuisances from the city—at any rate, three-fourths of them—in three months. If, when that host of three thousand consecrate I women is marshale I, there be no one to lead them, then, as a minister of the Most High God, I will offer to take my position at the front of the host, and I will cry to them, "Come on, ye women of Christ, with your songs and your prayers! Some of you take the enemy's right wing and some the left wing. Forward! The Lord of Hosts s with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge! Down with the dram shops!"

But not waiting for those mouths of hell o close, let me advise the working and the ousiness classes, and all classes, to stop strong lrink. While I declared some time ago that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man Ganuot stop in his own strength, the Lord God by His grace can help him to stop at any time. I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said, "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate

I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will give your heart to God, He will help you by His grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last

I have looked off upon the desolution Sitting in our religious assemblages there are a good many people in awful peril; and, judging from ordinary circumstance, there is not one chance in flye thousan I that they will get clear of it. There are men in my congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath of whom I must make the remark, that if they whom I must make the remark, that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that is an awful thing to say, but I cannot help saying it.

Oh, beware! You have not yet been cap-tured. Beware! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalics or pawter mug, in be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of Judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, this morning, in the fear of God and in the love for your soul, told you, with all affection and with all timess to their contents. tion and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights— a premonition of the blackness of darkness

Oh, if you could only hear this morning Intemperance with drunkards' bones drum ming on the head of the liquor-cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine-cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the bloot of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would re-mind you of the froth on the maniae's lip; and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray Gol that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the gravesweet prophecies of the resurrection! God has a balm for such a wound; but what heath of a drunkar i's sepulchre?

Paper Sails.

Among the new uses to which paper is put is that of sails for yachts. A regular processed pulp is made, and is treated with various chemicals. To a ton of pulp are added forty pounds of prime tallow and one and a half pounds of soluble glass, thirty-two pounds of alum, twenty-five pounds of glue, and one pound of bichromate of potash. All of these ingredients are thoroughly mixed, then made into sheets after the usual fashion, and then two sheets are gummed and pressed together sa as to practically unite them in one. Then specially built, very powerful compressors are employed to roll these thick, pulpy sheets out into the desired thinness. The result is a tough, strong, flexible paper ready for further treatment, which comes next in the way of a bath of sulphuric acid and water, then it must pass between glass rollers. Then follows an ammonia bath, then a clearwater washing and a pressing between felt rollers, winding up by a drying and polishing between heated cylinders. The sheets, which now resemble in weight and thickness the usual grades of duck employed for sails, are cemented and sewed or riveted to form a continuous sheet of the required size for sails. It is suggested that this material would make admirable tents and covers where cloth is or linarily used. When once its manufacture is carried on on a large scale it will be comparatively inexpensive, and quite as useful and durable as cloth.-New York Ledger.

How a Mantarin Travels. Zoom-crash-zoom! sounded a

nighty gong. Then again, crash-"What on earth is that?" The boy Ananias made answer: "That belong China mandalin-look-see!" We looked-saw, and lo! there came along an enormous boat, with a piano-polish all over it-long, wide, low, with a great cabin in the middle, and a roof over each end. In front was the gong, that sounded like the crack of doom. and some sailors lounging near it. In the middle, behind the plate-glass framed with carved and gilded arabesqueric, was his excellency a Governor, mustachioed, with many women. They were his wife, his mother, his numbertwo wife, and their maids; the ladies in their best-exquisite as to their beewelled hair, their complexions of thick white powder, and their silks and satins. Next came the kitchenshed, with a cook and a woman among the pots and pans, while over the stern plain meal, if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if it be to educate your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be to keep your funeral day from being horrible beyond all endurance, because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the domestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up