ELLICOTT CITY, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1895.

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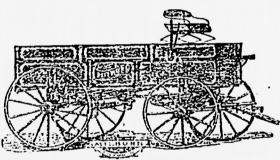
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THE TIMES has over 6000 readers weekly, therefore is the best advertising medium. Subscription price one dollar. Six pages.

Lovel It began with a glance, Grew with the growing of Cowers,

DOWN THE STREAM.

Smiled in a dreamful trance, Recked not the passage of hours. Our passion's flood rose ever, Flowing for her and me.

Till the brook became a river, And the river became a sea. Grief! It began with a word.

Grew with the winds that ravel; A prayer for pardon unheard. Pardon in turn unerayed:

The bridge so easy to sever, The stream so swift to be freet Till the brook became a river, And the river became a sea.

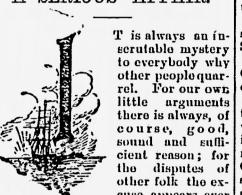
Life! It began with a sigh. Grew with the leaves that are dead; Its pleasure with wings to fly,

Its sorrows with limbs of lead; And rest remaineth never For the wearier years to be.

Till the brook shall become a river,

And the river become a sea.

#### -Lord Houghton. A SERIOUS AFFAIR.



absurdly inadequate. Why, for in-stance, young Greig and Miss Eisie fully in his arms. Norman, both returning from India on the Bengal, should break off with amazing suddenness their engagement of Biscay it was not easy to see.

But they did. than usual, "that nothing I can say will alter your decision? Your mind

is quite made up?"
"It always is," declared Miss Nor-

She held tightly to the brass rail and looked away at the spot in the distance which represented Spain. It

"I particularly wish that, for the ime that we shall have to travel together, we shall see as little of each other as possible. We can easily say know." 'Goodby' at Plymouth."

bing nowadays." "You're not yourself this morning, Elsie.

"I wish I were not!" she exclaimed, with a sudden change of manner. "If

means-Elsie Norman held out her hand. Greig pressed it, and she turned and Greig. "Do they all suspect me of-" went below. Mrs. Renton sank into her deck chair carefully, as stout ladies do, and seemed gratified when the deck chair only creaked complainingly and did not give way.

"Mr. Creig, pray come here at once. Miss Norman monopolizes your time to such an extent that we poor women and tell me all about yourself." "It's an uninteresting subject," said Greig, pulling another deck chair

to the side of Mrs. Renton. "Tell me a secret, then. I'm ex-

you going to marry Miss Norman?"
"Never." "Never? Of course, you're both young; but that seems a long time to

"Van Straaten is an old fool of the kind they make in Germany. I shall

have to ask Van Straaten not to interfere with my affairs." He looks after the diamond samples, I | ever happens."

suppose.' Straaten is the sort of old nuisance sure to come out sooner or later, salt of sea water that has filtered that ought to be labelled, like and-" scme of the luggage: 'Not wanted on voyage.""

"He always speaks very highly of this morning. I was quite wrong." Miss Norman," remarked Mrs. Renton thoughtfully. "Why shouldn't he?"

that she is only a girl after all." "That fact has not escaped notice,

first one small foot and then the other correct, for Mrs. Renton having men- ment was all off." tally audited them, sighed with satis-

widow confidentially, "as common ness only knows." sense." "I know, Cheap cau-de-Cologne

"No, no. Sense. S-c-n-s-e." "I wonder where. Mrs. Renton?" companion to a sensible man."

"The popular prejudice," remarked son in her very best spirits. Greig, "is nevertheless, oddly enough, in favor of girls twenty something."
He looked up. "What in the world's should be freintly with Mr. Greig afthe matter with Van Straaten?" The old German, with his pince-nez strongly advise you to gif him up. You

awry pinching the end of his nose, dold me you had decided-" was coming excitedly up the gangway. "Vere is the Captain?" he screamed. "I insist. Pring me all at once the good at a lot of things, but we do the vicinity of Pokagon and shipped Captain."

up. In a few words of mangled Eng- turned away. The old gentleman brings from \$5 to \$6 per pound, and lish Mr. Van Straaten explained. A when he was a few paces off seemed in China, to which a good deal of it is group of interested passengers stood agitated-so much so that he had to exported and where its virtues are

time," cried Mr. Vas. Straaten. "I sailors;

go then to my gabin; I find there my brecious diamonds--vanished." "They can't have gone far, sir," said

Eight tousand bounds' vorth all gone. stole them alretty."

"Any suspicion?" asked the Captain. "I am not so sure. I am not so

"Anybody on board seen them?" "Yon person only. Mr. Greig, if after we leave Calcutta?"

"That is so," said Groig cheerfully. "And very magnificent diamonds they were. I remember telling you that I wished one or two were mine then, so that I might give them to--" He stopped.

the cabins," said the Captain of the say, 'Yes.'" Bengal. "It's a fearful nuisance, ladies and gentlemen; but it can't be helped, May we begin with yours,

Mr. Greig?" "I really don't know," protested Greig, "why I should have my cabin upset and turned out just because—
"I desire that Mr. Greig's cabin

should be searched," said Mr. Van scrutable mystery Straaten insistently. "That settles it, then," said Henry other people quar-rel. For our own come down with you."

The crowd went below and stood in there is always, of the corridor while the examination course, good, was progressing. Elsie Norman, hear-them. He wiped his glasses carefully. sound and suffi- ing the noise, left her aunt, and, "I knew it would answer. I was once, cient reason; for the red at eyes, came forward. The disputes of other folk the exsteward, and Henry Greig reappeared

The Rew It would answer. I was once, a long time ago, in love mineself."
St. James's Budget. cuse appears ever at the door of the cabin. The old

"The diamonds have been found," announced the Captain of the Bengal, seriously. "We shall not have to ust as the Bengal was nearing the Bay trouble you, ladies and gentlemen." They were only ordinary folk, athered bored by the tediousness of the journey from Calcutta, and they and Hiyei. On the unengaged side "And I suppose," said young Greig, the journey from Calcutta, and they with a face that looked less bronzed could not help showing a certain relish over the diversion.

> "Most painful affair, really." "Case found under the pillow in the erth."

"Seemed such an honest fellow, "My dear," said Mrs. Renton bitterly, "it doesn't do to trust any one

"But you'd think really on a P. & O. steamship-" "I'm sorry for that poor Miss Nor- ceeding the smaller weather-worn en-

"Oh. that's broken off quite definite "It will not be easy for me," said ly. I heard her telling the old Ger- change was made on every other ship Henry Greig. "I am not used to say- man so. The old fellow asked her almost at once, and the Japanese ing goodby to any one that I-that I what was the matter, and she told him. promptly followed our example. He was a partner of her father's, you "You should be glad of a new ex- know, and he seemed much concerned fresh looking in their paint and their

> nctly listening, but-" "But you heard, dear-that's the main point. Come into my cabin and | culty in realizing that they were not see my new serge dress."

They went aft, leaving Greig at the But, looking closer on the Chen Yuen. were some one else I shouldn't be door of his cabin. He was holding one could see beneath this gayety so unhappy. Here is Mrs. Renton. the sides to prevent himself from fall- much that was sinister. Dark-skinned She mustn't see my eyes. This is the ling. Other passengers went past his men, with queues tightly coiled around last time we shall speak to each other. cabin, keeping carefully to the other their heads and with arms bare to the side of the narrow corridor. Not one elbows, clustered along the decks in say, isn't there some of them spoke to him, but they all spoke to each other.

"What does this mean?" cried Henry "Harry!" A soft white hard on his arm with

kindly pressure. He turned and seized it gladly. "Elsie! Aren't you, too, going to follow them?''

"Tell me first what it all means." see nothing of you. Sit here at once into possession of the facts. Her face flamed red with indignation. vould do a thing like that?"

"Well," said Greig uneasily, "they found the things there, you see. It's drop in and make trouble. The ceedingly fond of secrets. When are circumstantial evidence of rather an awkward kind. But I needn't tell extreme tension. On deck one could vou. Miss Norman-

"My name is still Elsie." "My dear girl! I needn't tell you wait, doesn't it? Mr. Van Straaten that I shouldn't dream of taking poor old Van Straaten's diamonds, or anybody else's."

"I am quite sure of that Harry. must see him about it." She repinned her straw but with a decided air. "We "His servant Hans is a queer youth. I two must stand together now, what-

have nt seen Hans. But Van fight it out alone? The truth is nearly trees, namely, that of retaining the

"In the meantime, dear, you will

"So was I,' said Greig, promptly.

but it is nearly always an act to be soon as the pressure reaches 1.5 to condemned by right thinking people 2.5 atmospheres the water is seen -at who have not had the chance of com- the end of from one to three minutes, Mrs. Renton looked complacently miting the crime. Nevertheless, if it according to the kind of wood useddown the undulating scene that her is at any time to be pardoned it was to make its exit from the other explump figure furnished, and lifted in the instance at present in question. | tremity of the trunk, at first in drops, from under the hem of her yellow ton to her companion. "I thought thus filtered being potable, freed, in skirt. The number appeared to be you said, my dear, that their engage- fact, from every particle of the usual

should be so affectionate with him manner. - Rulway Review. "There is such a thing," said the now, after this scandulous affair, good-

"Ah, my dear! Girls are queer

feelings for Mr. Greig of the Eastern his got the gold fever and went West. Bank. It was terrible to feel this promising to send back the first gold "It is not for me to tell you where," suspicion hanging over him; to watch he found. He chanced to be one of answered Mrs. Renton modestly; "all the looks cast at him by the passen- the successful ones, and it was but a that I can say is that you don't find gers, to observe Mr. Van Straaten's few months till Dr. Norton received a it with young girls. At the age of, say, thirty something, now, you often find a girl—or, perhaps, I should say a woman—admirably fitted to be a stress, as he sat on deck or strolled up and down, was a cheerful young per- | nal size. The sender, by the way, is

> ter what has habbened alretty. I "I've changed my mind," she said ginseng root from Michigan. Most definitely. "Women folk are not of the root is gathered by Indians in

Aptain."

The Captain of the Bengal hurried know how to change our minds."

The Captain of the Bengal hurried Mr. Van Staaten lifted his hat and like 33 per pound. In Chicago it pat his eyes gently with his scarlet | held in the highest estimation, it sells

"Dell my man Hans to come up instantly."

Much commotion soon after the appearance of the stolid faced Hans. A "They have no need to go at all. rush toward that part of the ship by all the passengers on deck. Swift I must know now queekly who has talking in German. Considerable temper on the part of Mr. Van Staaten; penitent words from Hans.

"Mr. Greig," cried the old German, "come here di-rectly. And Miss Norman. Listen to this horreeble man of "You person only. Mr. Greig, if mine. I hav lost also my hatbox; I you please come here. I show you my ask him where it is, and he replies brecious diamonds, ain't it, two days that he think he place it by mistake in Mr. Greig's gabin. Is it not so, Hans?" Sorrowful acknowledgement from the profusely penitent Hans. Mr. Van

Staaten raised his voice-"Then I say to him, 'Is it possible that you gareless shoundrel you blaced also by mistake the diamond-"I suppose we shall have to search box in Mr. Greig's cabin?" And he

> Quite a noisy cheering from the assembled passengers. A pressing forward to congratulate Greig. He, deighted beyond expression, turned to Esie Norman. "You don't repent being counsel for

my defence, young Portia?" "You are just the client I like." "And respecting this morning," said

"Sir! I do not respect this morning. Let's walk forward." They walked forward. "Dot was a good drick of mine," said Mr. Van Staaten as he watched

### Just Before a Sea Fight.

The Japanese formed into two quadrons: The Flying Squadron, consisting of the Yoshino (flag), Takacho, Naniwa and Akitsushima, led, followed by the Principal Squadron, composed of the Matsushima (flag of Admiral Ito, Commander in Chief). Itsukushima, Hasidate, Chiyoda, Fuso were the Akagi and Saikio.

These twelve Japanese ships, forming apparently a single line and preserving station and speed throughout most beautifully, could not but excite is best when quarrelling with any one nowadays. You never know who's their accustomed halyards, but now you have cared for not to look at their who." main-truck an immense yellow new National ensign, a similar one sucman. She was engaged to him, you sign previously hoisted, the Admiral's aced by a larger one.

These twenty-two ships, trim and perience, Mr. Greig. It's a precious about it. You see, dear, I wasn't ex- bright new banting, and gay with fluttering signal flags, presented such a holiday aspect that one found diffithere simply for a friendly meeting. groups at the guns, waiting impatienty to kill and be killed. Sand was sprinkled on the decks, and more was

kept handy against the time when they might become slippery. In the superstructures and down out of sight in the bowels of the ship were men at the shell-whips and ammunition-hoists, in torpedo-rooms, etc. Here and there a man lay flat on deck. with a charge of powder-fifty pounds It did not take long to put the girl or more-in his arms, waiting to spring up and pass it on when it should be wanted. These men were "And they dare to think that you stationed at intervals to serve the guns quickly; for charges must not be massed along the deck, lest a shell nerves of the men below deck were in see the approaching enemy, but below nothing was known, save that any moment might begin the action, and bring a shell in through the side. Once the battle had begun, they were all right, but at first the strain was in-

#### tense. -- Century. Tree Trunks as Fillers.

A well known Austrian engineer, M. Pfister, is stated to have discovered a "Elsie, hadn't you better let me remarkable property of the trunk of through the trunk in the direction of the fibres. He has consequently conhave to forget our stupid quarrel of structed an apparatus designed to utilize this property in obtaining portable water for the use of ships' crews. A man has no business to kiss a girl This apparatus consists of a pump, as she is ascending the gangway of a which sucks up the sea water into a "Precisely. She's very charming, P. & O. steamship. It has been done, reservoir and then forces it into the no doubt. But you should remember no doubt, on more than one occasion, filter formed by the tree trunk. As "But," said the astonished Mrs. Ren- and then in fine streams, tue water salme taste which is such a drawback "She certainly said so. Why she to water obtained in the ordinary

### A Ring of Pure Gold.

Dr. O. D. Norton wears a ring of pure gold that has never left his finger There were a few hours of mixed since 1819. In that year a friend of now President of the Scientific Society

### The Ginseng Crop.

Chicago wholesalo druggists are receiving their annual consignments of "I talk to Miss Norman for leadle handkerchief. He called to one of the for about \$15 per pound....Ubiungo ime," cried Mr. Var. Straaten. "I sallors:

### REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

#### Subject: "Comfort."

Text: "And God shall wipe away all fears from their eyes."—Revelation vil., 17. Riding acrossa Western prairle, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sadden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought what a beautiful spectecle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paut's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born and as to the moment when they are born and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander in his sorrow had the hair ellipsed from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me, they are falling all the time! In summer you sometimes hear the grayling mer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears!

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live—the family record tolling a story of marriages and births, but of no death? Why not have the harvests characters of the rest of the rest. not have the harvests chase each other with out fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard strugge? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your Metionaries, and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of sait and lime and other compo-

nent parts, but he misses the chief (Caredients -- the neid of a soured life, the viperino ting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tour is. It is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I scourse of the uses of trouble: First, it is the design of trouble to keep most beautifully, could not but excite a feeling of admiration. Our fleet must also have presented an imposing appearance to the enemy. Since 8 a. m. our ensigns had been flying from their accustomed halvards, but now their accustomed halvards but now years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us.
We would say: "Let well enough along

If you want to die and have your body dis-integrated in the dust and your soul go out flag at the fore-truck being also re-blaged by a layer one Admiral's on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!" You tered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubenses and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any this wish to stay here God must somehov reate a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to deface His horizon, or to tear off a flery panel from ie sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's Cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you can-not expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where

trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not dis tress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. "If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah, he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to tnow how the next world was made, and tow it looks, and who live there, and how hey dress. He reads Revelation ten times tow where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the leavens and the earth," does not thrill him talf as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old nan's hand trembles as he turns over this ipocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his andkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That look of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate; the country in which he has lots al-

ready laid out, and avenues opened, and mansions built.
Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after awhile you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us

worth more.

feel our dependence upon God. Men think that they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay out our great plans and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down, As Promethens was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that hat threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said, "Cortainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after awhile we met a team and we had and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children, and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after awhile we neet some obstacle and we have to turn out and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah, my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough. After a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God und crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember. Once, on the Cincinnati express rain, going at forty miles the hour, the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep, and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope and got up on the backs of the seats, and cried out, "O God, save us!" There was another time, about 800 miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after o last lifeboat had been split finer thr kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend say, "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh! I tell you, a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bot-

tomless ocean of eternity.
It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of that we catch hold of God only. Why, you do not know who the Lord is! He is not an autocrat scated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded for the control of the days that remain for us!

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have get rid of, and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of ing a big fleet of battleships.

## No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you busi-

ness men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benedic-tion. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away.

falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lentence, and the answer he gets is, "If you don't pay up Saturday night, you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital. Cletting there he is freezel with erief. Getting there, he is frenzied with grief. and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postand he berows a sheet of paper and a post-age stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying. "Dear mother, I am sick un-to death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour

why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says. "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the ban-ker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditor's, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O, Lord, I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for Me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet and head, and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the offleo of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble

we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk.

Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it ail. At o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely girl. She knows all about it. She knows goes over to at up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and con-triving things to tempt a poor appetite. Drs. Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting

Where did Paul get the ink with which to to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelations? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments

and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi blank yerse, but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people! I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling

I am an herb doctor. I put into the catdron the root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. Then I put in the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the tree of life and the brazeh that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that portion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsels

the morning and God will wipe ail tears from their eyes. Jesus had enough trial to make Him sym-pathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story, "Jesus wept."
The sear on the back of His either hand, the scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that Great Weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a father who will take you on His left arm, His face ocaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand He shall wipe

away all tears from your eyes.

Friends, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would

make us so homesick we would be unfit for our everyday work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put in my hand a meteoric stone thrown off from some oth-er world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world whiel rolls on bearing the multitudes of the re-deemed. We analyze these aerolites and find them crystallizations of tears. No won-der, flung off from heaven! "God shat! ripe away all tears from their eyes." Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get nows there of a Christian's death from what t is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Caristian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. On the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubiled in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there—parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together! I never more appreciated that thought that when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the vil age cemstery, I looked around and said. There is father, there is mother, there is

grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred," and I thought to myself, "Fogether in the gravo-together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it. Is any fauntieism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying, "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith and I will join them after awhile." I believe the message will be de-livered, and I believe it will increase the Together are they, all their tears gone.

My friends, take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting a constitution what is the use of freeling about anything? Oh, what an exhibitation it ought to be in Christian work! See you the planacles against the sky? It is the city of our Go I, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. tears, and exult at the thought that soon it. No. But a Father willing, at our call, to is to be ended. There we shall march up the heavenly street And ground our arms at Jesus's feet.

#### POPULAR SCIENCE.

An accumulator should never b short-circuited.

The loss in a converter does not ex ceed five per cent.

To maintain an electric arc one incl long requires about 118 volts. A glow worm has a brush attached to its tail, because it is necessary that

the back be kept clean in order to

show its light. According to the Commander-in Chief of India, 50,000 out of 70,000 men composing the army have been sent to the hospitals within two years Leyden, Holland, is building a museum bigger than any in the world except the British Museum. Among

80,000 stuffed birds. Electricity from the power of a Swiss waterfall is about to be made to do the work of pulling carloads of pas sengers up Mount Cervin and to the top

its attractions will be a collection of

of the Gauergrat, about 10,000 feet. Newton's theory of gravitation was much closer to the modern than that of some of his commentators. He denied that one body can act on an other at a distance through a vacuum and called that theory an absurd

The Berlin Society for Anthropology, under the presidency of Virchow, the other night discussed the mooted question whether Bismarc's was, anthropologically considered, brachicephalous or delichocephalous, that is long or round skulled. Virchow on this occasion give it out that his great enemy, Bismarck, had a round skull.

A transparent mirror-glass recently introduced in Germany reflects light on one side, from which it is practically opaque, while from the other side it is transparent. It is proposed to use this type of glass for glazing windows in city residences, for, while it will not cut of light or vision from the interior, it will prevent outsiders from seeing into a room.

The "spectrum top" is one of the most interesting scientific toys of recent invention, and no doubt it is destined to prove one of the most important. It has only black and white markings, but when it is revolved rapidly, it presents all the colors of the rainbow as they are seen in the Newtonian spectrum. The inventor of the top thinks this is due to "fatigue of the eye," and that it has nothing to do with the wave theory of light.

A noted entomologist tells the following: "I selected a common black water beetle weighing forty-two grains, and found that he was able to carry a load of shot in a small bag, the whole weighing 81 ounces, or exactly 858 times the weight of the bug. If a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds could carry as much accordingly, he could shoulder a forty-five ton locomotive and then chain a train of cars together, and take the whole lot across the country at a five-mile au uour gait."

### Told About Dr. Parkhurst.

A laugh provoking episode of the late Lexow business is told by a young man who was employed by Lawyer Goff at the time. It happened in Goff's office, when Dr. Parkhurst, William Travers Jerome and the chief inquisitor were listening to George Appo's description of the various schemes worked by bunco steerers, flim-flammers and green goods men. When Appo finished Goff turned to his desk. Jerome picked up a newspaper and Brother Parkhurst gazed ceilingward while he turned over in his mind the ways of the sinners in this wicked world. Appo, who has a purring voice, looked at the good, brave man and said: "I beg your pardon, doctor." his revery was broken, and Appo consear on the arch of either foot, the row of tinued: "Could you let me have two tens for a five? I need some change.' "Certainly, certainly. To be sure. I guess I've got it. Here—yes—two tens—to be sure." With that blandness bred of a dash of Chinese blood in his veins, Appo handed the doctor a "fiver," which was pocketed with

scrutiny. Jerome and Goff, who had seen the game, managed to control their feelings until Appo had slipped into the outer office. Brother Parkhurst apparently caught their flushed faces, suddenly jammed his fingers into his vest pocket and pulled out a five-dollar bill. He arose and found the clever rogue, to whom he softly said: "Oh. Mr. Appo, didn't I give you two tendollar bills just now?" "Yes, doctor," replied the childlike product of a swift civilization, "that's what I asked you plays with fire is very apt be scorched. -Pittsburg Dispatch.

### A Brave Veterau.

A well-known inmate of the Hotel des Invalides in Paris has just passed away. The name of the old pensioner was Joseph Schmidt, and he was eighty-two years of age. According to all accounts he greatly distinguished himself in the Crimean campaign. At Balaklava he was corporaltrumpter in the Fifty-fourth Line Regiment. Being stationed in the advanced posts, he had strict orders not to sound his bugle, but seeing the Russians silently approaching the French ranks, he disobeyed his instructions and gave warning of the approach of the enemy. After the engagement, his commanding officer threatened to have him shot for disobedience, but the culprit glorified in the offence. "Shoot me if you like," he said, "but I am sure of having done my duty." At the taking of the Malakoff he was wounded in the face by a piece of shell, in the arm by a iyonet and in the leg by a bullet. A few years ago he received the unusual distinction, for a poor retired soldier, of the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The distinction was received without any mock modesty. "I have earned it," said Schmidt (literally, "I have not stolen it"). The funeral of the veteran was made the occasion of an impressive military ceremonial. -Loudon Daily News.

Kaiser Wilhelm never talks so cloquently of peace as when he is review-