about the country (presumably pros-

peeting); and he had been seen on

light-colored clothes were conspicu-

one, probably a stranger, who was as

yet unidentified, inasmuch as the two

had never yet been seen together by

daylight or within the limits of the

On the evening after the consulta-

tion of the powers in the Merchants'

Hotel, Professor Hendrix met the

stranger, who claimed the name of

Tennison, and tried, in his most suave

and diplomatic manner, to draw him

out and to learn something of his bus-

iness; but the young man, while will-

ing enough to discuss matters in gen-

are those who affect to believe you are

"What have I pretended to be?"

"Mr. Hendrix, we are in free Amer-

discuss other matters with certain

"See?" said Major Fulton,

knowed how 'twould be. They hain't

Little lke looked at him interroga-

"Nothin'!" replied the major, short-

"Who's there?" he called, sharply.

"Me-Hanks," was the response, in

Grumbling at thus having his sleep

"What does this mean, gentle-

Twenty minutes later the unfortu-

The New Kimberley Miner and

what the colonel intended to be a

tively. "Ye don't mean-" he began,

epeated raps at his door.

not what you pretend to be."

asked Tennison, shortly.

and retired to his room.

sentment.



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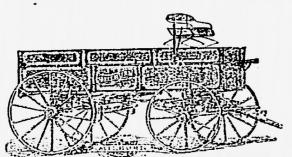
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DEATH VALLEY.

A broad plain stretching westward dry and

parse vegetation baking in the sun. and mountain ranges further to the west With white snow masses on each lofty crest, Except when turned to rosy tints at morn, Or glowing blood-red just 'ere night is born. No shade to soften heats or sun's flerce wrath, Lizards and scorpions in the dusty path, Where giant spiders like gray shadows

Each a small gnome with misshapen form-The yellow rattlesnake coiled low where meets

The boulder's shadow and the sun's white heats. At night strange reptiles crawled 'neath pal

lid moon. Squat toads and insects join in tuneless rune While coyotes howl, and heats are scarcely

Than in the noonday giare so shadowless; A world of dust and sand, low shrubs and nd 'mid them, gleaming white, bleached

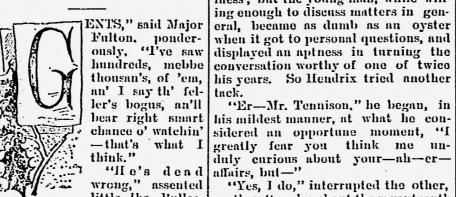
The red Apache o'er it sweeps sometimes To reinforce its horrors with his crimes, Or Mexicanos, on some sweeping raid, Add to its corpses with their bandit trade; Within its silences their rifles crash, In its sunglares their crimsoned knife blade

Too oft enacted on this sceniu stage Are dramas red with gore and flerce with

Men-monsters vying with the reptile horde-Their stings the bullet or relentless sword; Death Valley! where the drought and hol sun's breath

Furn skies to brass and shrivel life in death. -Boston Transcript.

RUNNING OUT AN ANGE



mysterious hain't really nothin' p'tie'lar ag'in' im. Folks out yere—that is, they hain't nobody, hardly, th't hain't o' them ducks is mysterious an' some's noisy, like," finished Ike, lamely, -the fact is, if I must tell you, thatrealizing that he had almost slipped | that there are rumors-that is, there into personalities. "Tried t' talk t' 'im," sighed "Lazy"

Wolf, with his customary stretch. 'S I, 'Fr'm th' States, I recon?' 'Yes,' 's he. 'Xpect t' go intuh min-in'?' 's I. 'Possibly,' 's he, an' then fessor, in some haste. 'That's just the 'e gits out of a good, comt't'ble cheer trouble. They think you ought to-" ın' walks off."

"Hain't nobody but my clerk gits ica, are we not? Well, then, I proought t' worry 'bout." "Oh, yes! oh, yes!" snapped little

layin', most likely, f'r t' jerk th' but he did not propose—even though cudgel. Will the latter shut up—props fr'm under ye! I'm f'r startin' he expected, before his departure, to now? im, I am, an' pretty quick, too!"

Professor Hendrix, editor of the Gold of him. capitalist escape ere he has been in- mouthed "tenderfoot." duced to invest."

"He hain't no capitalist," interjected the major, scornfully. "He's but one thing left t' do, as I c'n see."
too—too quiet. I think he'd better | Little Ike looked at him interroga-

"Easy, major, easy," said Hendrix, with some apprehension.
oftly. "Now I would suggest that "Nothin'!" replied the we select a committee of, say, two, to iv. "Jes' give this 'angel' th' run, sound the gentleman and endeavor, by that's all." peaceful means, if possible, to cause rim to give an account of himself. If he declines to do so-" The editor Tennison was suddenly awakened by concluded with a tolerably graceful wave of his hand, for the subject of the foregoing remarks-a pale, somewhat ordinary looking young man, in clothes of Eastern cut-had just en- trembling voice. "Open the door a

tered and was passing through the a minute.'

Time was when Gold Hill had been broken, Tennison complied and at politan aspirations. But its boom dozen revolvers in the hands of only a memory to the three hundred his hands and they entered the room, citizens (who remained behind because | pushing the apparently unwilling landthey could not afford to leave what lord, vehemently protesting against little was left them of their former what he called their brutality, before possessions), and to the "suckers" who | them. had dropped their money at the time a fairly good but steadily "petering" you propose to rob or murder me?—mining district, and there yet re- or both?" mained the hope on the part of many another big "strike," and the old grip, dam quick! Ye won't be hurt ef times come back; in which case they ye don't make no fuss." would be "in on the ground floor." But several years had seen only a nate suspect found himself some dissteady decline in Gold Hill, and an tance out of camp, grip in hand, and

its hated rival, New Kimberley, the ing injunction of his captors: inhabitants of which were wont to pro- "Ef y're w'thin ten mile o' yere b' fess ignorance of the existence of the daylight, ye won't need no breakformer metropolis, albeit only twenty ['st." miles separated the two camps. It was in the second year after the death of Gold Hill boom that the busi-

ness men of that camp began to realize that retrenchment was necessary. There was always the hope of a the meantime, it was necessary to cost. "look after the leaks." The gentlemen who kept the dispensaries had as son, a gentlemen of culture and relively a sense of the necessity for re- finement, who represents an Eastern trenchment as the rest, and they went syndicate with millions of capital, about economizing in a practical man- went to Gold (!) Hill with the inten-

known as Joe Godfrey, and Mr. God. his possession, and under the guidance and is always as punctual as clock frey had formerly resided in the of that veteran prospector Peter the clockwork. "moonshine" districts. This latter Hermit, to locate some of the old A number of Americans living at fact gave Major Fulton and Colonel Jesuit workings supposed to exist the Savoy frequently make wages as to Hanks an idea. The bottom lands there. Failing in this, it was his in- whether or not Mr. Astor will vary near by grew large quantities of ce- tention to invest in one or two prop- five minutes in his time of arrival. reals, including corn. Putting two erties which he considers are not be- Those who wager that he will be five and two together—Joe Godfrey and ing properly worked (as nothing, ex-|minutes late usually lose. By those the corn-crop—and—why, it was as cepting an occasional sucker, ever is connected with the Savoy Mr. Astor easy as anything could be! In a short at Gold Hill).

time Mr. Godfrey's work made itself "Behold the stupidity of Gold Hill- they frequently point him out to the ing arises 750m the internal rather felt by the wholesale men, who shook ites! Because Captain Tennison, who guests of the hotel as "the richest man than external application of the brine. their heads over the decadence of bus- is, as we said before, a gentleman of in the world."-Chicago Tribune.

iness, not only in Gold Hill, but in culture, refinement and education, did several outlying camps, as well. Revenue officers shook their heads, too, clare his business to the open-mouthed and sought to ascertain the cause of multitude, certain persons, ostensibly this unaccountable state of things. respectable business men, but who, But only one of them had found what from the environment, do not know a he sought, and he mysteriously disap- gentleman of culture, refinement, edpeared, failing even to call for his ucation, and good breeding-these baggage or to pay his bill at the hotel. swine, because he chose to step light-And Messrs. Fulton, Hanks, et al., ly while in their sty, took exception waxed fat and prosperous in the midst to his quiet and gentlemanly way of of seeming adversity, yet were ever of conducting himself; and at the circumspect, as behooves gentlemen darkling hour of two o'clock a. m., who defy the laws of Government. when all decent people should be in There were no informers in Gold Hill. bed, a cut-throat horde came and The man who gave the revenue efficer burst in his door, and, under pain of who mysteriously disappeared the in- death, compelled him to leave their formation that led to the finding of camp-which he was, no doubt, glad

the still, was shot in "self-defense" by to do. "Like the gentleman of culture, rea henchman of the ring within a day or two after the officer turned up missfinement, education, good breeding and unerring judgment that he is, Major Tennison came to New Kimber-Several circumstances had caused suspicion of the man who had been ley as fast as his legs would bring the subject of the afternoon's sessions him, knowing full well that the peoin the present instance. He had been ple of the city, who knew a gentlein Gold Hill about two weeks, and man when they see one, would treat had hardly spoken to any one in the him with hospitality and consideracamp; he had said nothing about his tion, as they do, indeed, every one business; he took not even a hammer who behaves himself in anything but

with him when he walked or rode Gold Hill's popular hoodlum style. "The distinguished visitor is at present the guest of Judge Williams several occasions, after nightfall (his and his charming spouse at their palatial home en Citrus avenue, and ous), outside the camp, talking to some has spent the past two or three days looking at some of the judge's partially developed bonanzas in this vicinity. The next issue of the Miner and Ranchman presented the following: "Last week the Miner and Ranch-

man published (exclusively) the account of the brutal treatment at Gold Hill of Colonel Tennison, the distinguished Eastern gentleman who is sojourning in our midst, and who, by the way, has made some heavy investments in New Kimberly mining property for the syndicate he represents. (Incidentally, the colonel states, without reservation, we may interpolate, Fulton. ponder- when it got to personal questions, and that the Miner and Ranchman is the

"There is another chapter to the bear right smart his mildest manner, at what he con-ceived by special courier a message -that's what I greatly fear you think me un- and Deputy United States Marshals duly curious about your-ah-er-Newton and Dwyer, stating that they wrong," assented "Yes, I do," interrupted the other, | years past, have operated the illicit little Ike Bullet, curtly; "you're about the seventeenth whisky still that has so long been baf- was about to demolish the fifth bivalve who always agreed with the major in man that has tried to sound me." And fling the vigilance of the Government something held his teeth apart. manner that betokened not a little re- their prisoners before this issue of the Hendrix was a bit disconcerted; news exclusive, as usual, the old, got somthin' t' be mys-that is, some but, not a bit east down, he resumed: worm-eaten, musty Prospector being,

cold from the press. "And will the venerable, moss-grown Prospector believe it? It affords us unmingled satisfaction to record for the hide-bound editor of that spavine 1 sheet that first and foremost among those captured, and more certain of conviction than he ever was of an honest living, is that Fidus Achates of his, that sweet thing known as Hi Bendrix, no talk out of 'im," put in Colonel pose to attend to my own affairs; and heretefore editor of that disgraceful Hanks, the landlord, "an" 'bout all 'e as for these prying gossips you refer rag the Gold Hill Avalanche—Hendrix, says t' Billy is 'Nice day,' an' 'Cigar, to, I have the sublimest contempt for the base, low-born creature whom we please.' But 'e pays 'is bills, an' car- them." Whereupon Mr. Tennison have exposed time and again in the ies a roll, too; I s'pose that's all I rose abruptly, went into the hotel, past four years, and for whom the poor old Prospector's editor, on the other hand, has (is it because birds of As a matter of fact, he was through Ike, excitedly, "an' all th' time, him with most of his business at Gold Hill; a feather, etc.?) ever carried an inky

"In addition to Hendrix, there are "I wouldn't be too hasty, gentle- mining men-to give the idie gossips old Dan Hanks, proprietor of the Mermen," counseled the mild voice of a chance to have any satisfaction out | chants' Hotel; Jim Fulton and Ike Bullett, of the Gold Hill Exchange; Hill Avalanche. "We may, after all, Hendrix, at a session of the ring in Mart Wolf, of the White Wings Sabe entertaining an angel-that is, a his back office, reported his failure to loon; Joe Godfrey and Pat O'Hearn, 'sucker'-unawares. Let no guilty extract anything from the close- the latter two being caught at work in the still.

"It appears that the night before Colonel Tennison was assaulted, he accidentally overheard a conversation between two loungers on the hotel porch, in which one of them said something about a "revenue officer." On reflection, the colonel decided that he was the person referred to, inasmuch as several parties had tried unsuccessfully to learn his business; and the re-About two o'clock in the morning sult was that he put two and two together, and on meeting Colonel Boggs in our office, told him of his theory as to what was back of the assault upon him. Thereupon the officers went to Gold Hill, with the gratifying result

above recorded. "If, as is believed, the arrested men can be convicted of the supposed murder of Deputy-Marshal White somethriving, busy camp, with metro- once found himself covered by half a thing over a year ago, it will go hard with them. At any rate, the people died, and the glories of Gold Hill were masked men. Sensibly he threw up of this county will be pleased to know that they are safe for good, long terms in the pen."-San Francisco Argonant.

Perpetual Motion Solved. A. C. Mott, of Plymouth, Mich., representative of several farm maof the rush. It was still the centre of men?" asked Tennison, angrily. "Do chinery concerns, has studied perpetual motion for several years, and, according to the verdict of expert ma-"Shet up!" was the reply, "an' git chinists, has succeeded in making an citizens that some one might make intuth them clo'es an' pack that there effective machine. His machine not only runs itself, but develops power to some extent. The machine con sists of a shaft, upon which is a balance wheel. Connected with one end of the shaft by hinged joints are two increase of prosperity on the part of with footsteps accelerated by the part- frames, carrying arms, which radiate nearly to the circumference of the balance wheel. The ends of these frames form the arms, and are slotted where they pass the shaft. To each set of arms are attached, by elbow Ranchman of a week later contained joints, the weights which furnish the the following item, and marked copies | motive power. Each ball as it reaches of the paper were sent to Gold Hill: the top of the circle is thrown to the "Again have the moss-backed deni- extreme limit of its reach, the one opzens of that antique settlement of posite being drawn by the same me-"strike," or a chance of unloading Gold (save the mark!) Hill stepped on chanical device closer to the shaft. It something at a good price on some un-themselves; one more blunder have is believed to be a practical solution sophisticated "tenderfoot"; but, in they committed, to their everlasting of the much-vexed question, although its utility is another question .- Chi-

'Astor a Punctual Man. William Waldorf Astor is a most punctual man in his habits. He puts tion of looking about for investments. in an appearance at the Savoy Hotel There was in the camp a prominent | First, however, it was his aim, with barber shop every morning he come but somewhat impecunious citizen, the assistance of certain documents in to London. He arrives there at 11.45

The Propagation of Roses. A writer in the Quarterly Review says: The luxury of the Roman Empire created the first great development of the cultivated rose. Lower motives may lead to refined results, as Carlyle used to insist. The first use even of the wreath, which seems to have been to a Greek the finel cause of roses, is said to have been only a glorification of the tight string tiel around the head to avoid the next day's headache? Thus, for example, the great Varro, though he was as om-

niscient as our own Bacon, and wrote most elaborately on cultivation, as well as everything else--de omnibus rebus et purbusdam atiis-still seems to think of roses as propagated only by cuttings; that is, on their own roots, a method in which no great advance in the perfection of blooms is possible.

Columella, on the other hand,

though he lived only a century later,

says, very truly, that roses should be budded on bushes (fruticibus)-by which we suppose he means wild briars—with laterals left about a foot long. And he adds, in words which modern rose growers will be please l to find inculcated so long ago, that the ground must thoroughly be hoed over, and careful thinning out of the shoots must be finished-here, of course, we must allow something for intitude-not later than the 1st of March. Pliny also gives us the gool advice to have our plants quite a foot apart, and to hoe around them well. It is certainly unfortunate that Columella did not tell us a little more about his "bushes;" whether they included anything like our "standards," for example, and what species might be used for budding or grafting upon.

Got a Valuable Pearl in His Lunch. David Hirsch, the assistant cashier of the Excise Board, bought a half dozen clams at a saloon in Second aveously, "I've saw displayed an aptness in turning the best newspaper west of St. Louis and auc on Friday night. The price was hundreds, mebbe conversation worthy of one of twice south of Denver.) are cheap. But even hal Mr. Hirsch's story, and an interesting one. At the | meal cost very much more he would ler's bogus, an'll "Er-Mr. Tennison," he began, in last hour before going to press, we re- not have objected to the bill, for he and captured a prize in one of the chance o' watchin' sidered an opportune moment, "I from Deputy Revenue Collector Boggs | shells which would have paid the reckoning a dozen times over. Mr. Hirsch cannot remember how far he had prohave arrested the parties who, for two gressed in his repast when he struck inck, but he thinks it was when he

everything. "O' course, his actin' he bit off the end of his eigar in a officials, and will arrive here with le thought he had hit upon a stone picked up the clam in the sandy shore Miner and Ranchman (which has the | of Blue Point Bay. Had it be in somebody not possessed of the luck of Mr. Hirsch, this might not have been so, "I'm sorry, Mr. Tennison, but-er as it ever was, too stupid to know an but Mr. Hirsch, having been born unitem of interest when it sees one) is der a lucky star, could not thus accidentally bite upon anything of less value than a pearl. And, sure enough, it was a pearl, and a big one at that. One side was opalescent, the other a clear blue, with intervening tints of purple. There was just one flaw in the gem, caused by Mr. Hirsch's eyo tooth, but the flaw is only the size of a pin head, while the pearl has a diameter of more than half an inch. As the lucky eashier rolled the prize

around in his hand and uttered an exclamation of exultant surprise, the proprietor stepped up and witaout further investigation flashed out \$25 and offered it for the pearl. The offer

was refused. At the office of the Excise Board yesterday the assistant cashier displayed his find to his mary friends, some of whom declared it was worth a

fabulous sum. -- New York Herald. Attempt to Resusitate a Boy.

At Heffron's undertaking rooms au effort was made yesterday to bring back to life Louis Fisher, aged nine years, who was drowned in the lake on the previous afternoon. Dr. Whitney, a physician living on

Wilson avenue, claims that he himself was drowned at one period of his life, and after being dead more than an hour animation was by a certain method restored. Dr. Whitney has for some time desired to put this process th another test, but never availed himself of the opportunity until yesterday. His theory is that a corpse can be resuscitated, providing there are no internal injuries. by placing the entire body, except the eyes, nose and mouth, in a bath of water heated to a constant temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit, and leaving it there for at least five hours. An ordinary bath tub was used yesterday. When the water had reached the proper temperature Dr. Whitney and his assistants carefully deposited the body in the tub. It was then about 11 o'clock in the morning, and from that time until 4 o'clock, when the experiment was given up, the condition of the corpse was studiously watched by Dr. Whitney. Although the experiment was a failure, at times the blood was started to circulate and the face and lips assumed the natural color. It is said that the heart was felt to throb several times. When the test was over Dr.

By the law of mutation of initial consonants peculiar to that tongue the root words field and medd are convertible terms. Their essential meaning is possession; transitive or intransitive, possession of something, or the act of being possessed or engrossed by some occupation or vice. Welsh medd, and Irish, Sanskrit and English mad

"Fa:1."

The derivation of this word is possi-

bly traceable in the Welsh language.

rowed it from the Welsh. Fad is therefore, equally derivable from ffedd. Proximately, of course, it comes from the Midland dialects, and ultimately from some root word common to many members of the Aryan family of speech. It would be strange if the two words, mad and fad, having a similar meaning, should be traceable to the same root. -Notes and Queries.

Swallowing Sea Water.

People who are in the habit of swallowing quantities of sea water when is regarded as a wonderful man and ment that the tonic effect of sea bath ing arises the internal rather Boston Budget.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sun day Sermon.

Subject: "Five Pictures."

Text: "Behold, I see the heavens opened."

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and, with curses and whoop and bellow, they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clambers upon his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples, and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." That was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." That was for his murderers. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asteep.

1 want to show you to-day five pictures: Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen ing at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keen us year.

There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of His realm. The whole universe is His palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments, tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure and purple and saffron and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhibitantions. St. John says of it, "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it. And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under They keep step to the sound of earthquake, and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myrind voiced acclamation of angelic dominions to wel-come them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have

nany friends there. There is not a man here so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older he number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had ne glimpse of them since the night we kissed them goodby, and they went away, but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steam tug, and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction. So when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows and gazing and gazing as though

we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimps of their blissful and transfigured faces. White you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the vipers of pain and sorrow and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, you will stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulders under your burdens. You won-der if they look any older, and sometimes in the evening tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer, and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God

and yourself are there you distinctly call their names and listen and sit gazing into Pass on now and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how He looks in heaven, we cannot say. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them upon canvas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see Him and with our own ears we can hear Him. And yet there is a way of seeing Him and hearing Hin now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth you will never see and hear Him in heaven.

Look! There He is! Behold the Lamb o God! Can you not see Him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way-try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul—saying, "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city and say, "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that and pardons like that-do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see Him. I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear the voice that pronounced my deliverance. Behold Him, little children. Whitney claimed it was not successful because the boy's body was rolled over a barrel after the drowning, thus causing internal injuries.—Cleveland Leader.

Generative and thin, inthe candren, for if you live to threescore years and ten you will see none so fair. Behold Him, ye aged ones, for He only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold Him, earth. Behold Him, heaven. What a moment when all the Nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing on Jesus.

His worth if all the Nations knew Sure the whole earth would love Him too I pass on now and took at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. se men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone re-bounded upon them. While these murderers are transfixed by the scorn of all good men Stephen lives in the admiration of all Chrishave similar meanings, and are probably kindred words. The word mad it not common in Teutonic idioms, so that the Anglo-Saxons probably borrowed it from the Welsh. Fad is, or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him. If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all

around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice and money and influence all on the right side, and some carleature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out. to destroy him, I say, "Stephen When I see a man in some great moral or

religious reform battling against grogshops, exposing wickedness in high places, by exposing wickenness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen

stoned." But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted Stephen they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him. succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him. On the day of his death Stephen spoke before a few people in the sanhedrin. This Sabbath morning he addresses Christendom. Paul, the apostle, stood on Mars hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern schoolgirl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of the resurrection. John Wesley was howled der3 of justification and the glories of the resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they de-nounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the Presidential chair, but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's Theatre there sprang up the new life of a Nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen

Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus receive my door, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Some-times I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir, but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to re-ceive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not eatch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to come up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you be-lieve in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I close this discourse I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text that when we die Jesustakes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the City of Light, Jesus could remove them. What hough there were darkness, Jesus could illume them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the Lord's Prayer, for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too fee-ble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, seventy years of age, said every night when he

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms, but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserved to be treated, but if on the dying pillow there shall break the light of that better world we shall have no more regret than about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beau

put his head upon his pillow:

sman, dark, damp nouse for one large, beau-tiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when, in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out, "I move into the light!" Pass on now, and I will show you one fore picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity pecular to the Scriptures the text says of Stephen, "He fel asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it so contented was it so so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he had distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sicktries of kindness and love, I do not know. Yet from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last in-sult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weign, he is susreptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come. They take him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow. and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for

the poor and died for the truth. Stephen steep: I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves erouch, and everything become smooth and urnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man whose life has been tossed and driven coming down at last to an infinite calm in which there was a hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep!

I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the doorknob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay. Yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep.
I have not the faculty as many have to tell

the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. But at the last Christ will come in, and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's fanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh and the devil," but peace-long, deep, overlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Uninjured by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, far from theo Thy kindred and thy graves may be, But there is still a blessed sleep,

From which none ever wake to weep. You have seen enough for one day. No one can successfully examine more than five pletures in a day. Therefore we stop, hav-ing seen this cluster of divine Raphaels— Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer. Stanhan ashon. dying prayer, Stophen asleep.

When people say in excuse for some bad action that "Boys will be boys," they mean that boys will occasionally be devils.

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